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Three years and more have passed since that sultry June morning, when the dread message, which the electric wires had brought us, spread from house to house and from town to town, and England knew that her sons had been driven in shame and agony from the imperial city of India, and that the prostrate Mogul had been proclaimed Emperor of the East. Three years; and out of what a cloud of darkness have we now emerged! What storms and convulsions have we surmounted, stilling, under God's good providence, the angry waters at last, and walking hopefully and gratefully again under tranquil skies! What deeds have been done; what sufferings have been borne; what mighty courage, and what mightier endurance, have been manifested under such ordeals as have seldom, it may be never, before tested, as in a fiery furnace, the stuff of which heroes are made! It will be a grand history when it comes to be written—a history to which Englishmen may point with pride as long as History endureth.

And now, entering upon a new year—the fourth which has dawned upon us since the storm first darkened upon India—there may be interest and profit in the study of the condition in which it has left us. The subject is a very large one. The mutiny of 1857 has precipitated so many important changes, and so much is to be said about them in their political, in their administrative, in their financial, in their social, and in their religious aspects, that we can only hope, within the limits of a single essay, to glance at all these varied topics—to indicate and to suggest, rather than to elaborate and to exhaust, leaving it to others, if they will, to work out the details. The reader must look at the whole subject in a catholic spirit, and with a comprehensive understanding, or he will be utterly dissatisfied with what we write. If he looks at it as a soldier, as a missionary, as a financier, or through any kind of class spec-

THREE years and more have passed away, since, on a sultry June morning, England awoke to the knowledge that India was ablaze. Not many days before, a meeting had been held in London, commemorative of the battle and the victory which, a hundred years ago, had placed the richest province in India at the feet of the English traders; and of the Man who had fought that great battle and gained that great victory. It was the centenary of Plassey; and men were speaking and writing about Robert Clive, and the mighty Anglo-Indian empire he had founded, little dreaming that that empire was reeling upon such a blow as had never before fallen upon it, and was not only in sore tribulation at the time, but, humanly speaking, in mortal peril.

tacles, he will surely find what we say altogether insufficient and disappointing. He will tell us that we might have said, that we ought to have said, this or that. To which, in such case, we should be minded to answer, "We know it; but if we were to say all that we know on so large a subject as this, where would be an end of our saying?"

Our Indian empire is now in a convalescent state. We have come out of the perilous ordeal purged and purified; and if we are discreet in this convalescent period, we may be healthier and stronger than before. It often happens that an acute disorder supervening upon a chronic malady, if the patient have sufficient robustness of constitution, expends itself and exhausts its predecessor, and leaves the system free from taint. But convalescence has its own peculiar dangers. We presume upon our new-born strength. We are proud of having wrestled with grim disease and thrown him. We think that there is nothing that we may not do. Or if, as sometimes happens, we take thought of what has gone before, pondering over our antecedent way of life, and reviewing our bygone habits in a cautionary spirit, honestly resolving to profit by the lessons of the past, there is greater danger, perhaps, in these good resolves than in the fruits of a hard, stubborn spirit; for at such times our logic often halts, and we confound coincidence with causation. Now, it appears to us that our convalescent Indian empire is exposed more or less to both of these perils—for they are not irreconcilable with each other—and that it especially becomes us to take heed of the latter. We are giving ourselves overmuch to the discovery of causes. What if a man, after a cruel illness, should say, "I was abstemious before I was ill; I lived regularly; I took much exercise. *Therefore*, these things were the causes of my illness; and now that I am recovered, I will live a freer life, take my glass, and lounge in an easy chair, instead of going abroad in the fields." Or, not to put what may be considered an extreme case, suppose he were to say, "I have lived in this house for years; I have had this or that establishment of servants; I employed certain tradesmen; I called in a certain physician; I had certain habits and ways of life; I have been ill; and these things must have made me ill. *Therefore* I will change them all." If a man were to argue in this wise, we should surely declare him to be frightfully out in his logic, and set him down as little better than an ass. But have we not been arguing, and more than arguing, very much in this way since our Anglo-Indian empire fell sick and was nigh to death? Have we not gone off into a rabid hunt after causes, and found the seeds of disease in all sorts of un-

suspected places, and written down sentence of death against this thing and that, simply because it co-existed with the mutiny,—because it was there when the crisis came upon us; as though we were to hang every man known to have been in Princess Street at a certain hour when a murder was committed.

That since the mutiny, in our over-eagerness to find causes in every co-existing circumstance, we have run into some extremes, and have with undue rapidity inaugurated new systems, and are building up a vast revolutionary structure, with a haste scarcely compatible with solidity and permanence, is a fact which we cannot help deploring. For we might have profited by the fearful lesson taught us, under God's good providence, and come out of our straits much strengthened as well as purified by suffering, with good prospect of running even a nobler career than before, if in our convalescent state we had consented to experimentalize slowly and cautiously, and had adopted the tentative system with prudence and care. Even now we see much of good augury in the prospect before us. And, perhaps, the results even of violent reactions are salutary, for without such violence the just equipoise might not be re-established. Indeed, we have no fear about public opinion adjusting itself in due time, into whatsoever extremes it may have been swept by such a whirlwind as that which recently overtook us. If we had only to think of public opinion, or popular feeling, we might leave those excesses to themselves, in the full assurance that they will find their level. But legislative excesses are of another kind. They do not right themselves. The mischief which they do is irremediable. We legislate in haste, and we repent at leisure.

We desire these considerations to be kept in view as the reader follows us, from point to point, in our survey of convalescent India; for to the errors and excesses of convalescence we shall have occasion to refer as we proceed. Great changes have, doubtless, come over our relations with the people of India. Every one who now comes from that country, tells you that it is not what it once was. A few years ago, and we laughed incredulously at the idea of the insecurity of our position. Far-seeing men, who ventured to talk of dangers, and to hint that we should some day wake to find the house all a-blaze, we scouted as weak-minded alarmists. It was a pleasant thing to feel thus secure. Englishmen, with their wives and children, settled in India, surrounded by the natives of the country, looking upon them as a harmless, feeble people, anything but afraid of them, sleeping with doors and windows open, sending perhaps their dear belongings

from one end of India to another, under the charge of native menials, without fear or misgivings. English ladies, without protection, but without inolestation, travelled hundreds of miles by river or by road. If our countrymen carried fire-arms with them, it was not to shoot human game. But all this is changed now. Instead of calm security and placid contempt, we have ceaseless anxiety and measureless detestation. It is impossible to wonder. It is equally impossible to condemn. We all know how, even in this country, at a distance of thousands of miles from the blood-stained theatre of action, and many weeks after the events of which we read had occurred, the great heart of society was stirred with horror and indignation, and an eager longing for revenge broke out in all the words we uttered. There were some, we know, who at that time could not meet a black man in the streets of London without an irresistible desire to strike him in the face. What, then, the feeling must have been in the breasts of men who witnessed these fearful scenes, or, if they did not see them with their own eyes, received the dread tidings, fresh and fresh, from the scene of blood—

“When straight one news came huddling on another,
Of death, and death, and death!”—

when they heard of near relatives or beloved friends ruthlessly butchered like sheep in the shambles—tender women outraged—little children slaughtered for mere sport,—what could they do but cherish bitter hatred against the perpetrators of these foul wrongs, and, in their honest manly indignation, burn with unappeasable desire to punish the wrong-doers? Nor can we reasonably expect this feeling to subside as rapidly as it arose. There are bitter memories which will not die when they are bidden. And it is natural, too, that men should include the whole race within the circle of their hatred. We do not say that it is right. Of the two hundred millions of natives of India, how small the portion that really did us any wrong; and how many fought for us, and died for us, and what many acts of noble fidelity and self-devotion might be chronicled to the honour of the people! Still we say it is natural that the hatred engendered, even by exceptional acts of cruelty and ferocity, such as have filled so many English homes with mourning, should extend to the whole race, and survive years after the causes have ceased. It is not the memory of fierce international strife that dies hard in the human breast. Nations slaughter each other one day, and embrace each other on the next. Witness the fraternal carousings

which succeeded the Peace of Tilsit, whilst yet the plains of Eylau and Friedland were moist, with the blood of the comrades of the boon-companions of Russia and France. But it is hard to forget treachery and outrage—murder committed upon unresisting victims, and foul indignities wreaked upon helpless, unoffending little ones. And it is hardest of all to forget, when our humiliation comes from those whom we had before trodden down and despised. When we say, therefore, that there has recently been, and that we fear there still is, among the majority of Europeans in India, or rather, perhaps, we should say, in Bengal, an intense hatred and distrust of the whole race of natives, we express neither surprise nor condemnation. It is a natural symptom of the convalescent period, and we are not without a hope that it will soon pass away.

It will pass away, indeed, if it be left to itself. But there are those who foster and encourage the feeling—who appear to desire that hatred between the white man and the black should be the normal condition of our tenure of India. They dwell upon the ethnological differences of Race; upon the natural superiority of the children of the West over the children of the East; upon the further distinctions engrafted upon it by the advancing civilization of Europe; and contend that, as conquerors, we have every right to impose disabilities and restrictions upon the conquered. Neither time nor space will admit of our entering upon the questions thus opened out to our investigation; but, it may be incidentally observed in this place, that the more we know of the people of India, of their early history and literature, of the civilization which was gleaming over the land when the nations of the West were shrouded in darkness, the less disposed we are to speak or to write contemptuously of them. To rank them with the black races of Africa is philosophically absurd; but it is more to our purpose to say, that the theory which upholds the expediency of a general recognition by the State of these distinctions of race, is politically false and dangerous. And we rejoice in the assurance that the viceroy of India has set his face stedfastly against it, and that her Majesty's Government have wisely and generously supported him.

But the tendency of this policy has, we are afraid, been rather towards the aggravation, than the diminution of the evil. For the refusal of Lord Canning to sanction any legislative recognition of the difference of race, has increased the bitterness of feeling with which the European classes in India regard the present position of affairs; they revolt at the idea of being in any way classed with men who have so recently shown, by their

conduct, that they require to be restrained by severe penal enactments; and they ask whether they are again to be placed at the mercy of miscreants who are still thirsting for their blood. The discordant views of the English Government and of the English community in India, found practical exposition in the great controversy which gathered round the Arms' Act; and in that controversy, the exasperation of the latter reached its culminating point. We repeat, that we are not surprised that the English community should chafe under the feeling that any legal restriction should be imposed upon *their* possession of arms, at a time when it appears to be demonstrably necessary that they should possess the means of protecting themselves, their wives, and their children, against the ferocious assaults of the treacherous enemies by whom they are surrounded. The feeling, we say, is a natural feeling; but it was not, therefore, less the duty of those whose privilege and responsibility it is, by any means, to influence public opinion, to illustrate the other side of the question, and to endeavour to allay the angry feelings of their countrymen. In this respect, the Anglo-Indian Press, with one or two exceptions, signally failed. Instead of endeavouring to smooth the exasperated feelings of their countrymen, the English journals, especially of Bengal, supplied new sources of irritation. And never was the unpopularity of the Governor-General so great, as when he refused to exempt the European and Christian communities of India from the operation of the Act prohibiting the possession of arms, except with the express sanction of the State.

Of the propriety of the course pursued by the Indian Government, we have not the smallest doubt. Had it been possible to draw a line between the loyal and the dangerous classes, some theory of exemption might have been admitted. But exemptions, based upon colour and creed, are as unsatisfactory in theory as they are objectionable in practice. Our enemies in India were really an exceptional class. At all events, in all parts of the country there were multitudes of native inhabitants who had done us no wrong, and who had never thought of doing us any wrong. At the Presidency towns loyal addresses from the most influential native communities had been presented to Government in the season of their tribulation, and there was really no reason to think that their declarations of sympathy and good-will were a solemn mockery. To have granted an exemption to the European, or to the Christian inhabitants generally, would have practically expressed a doubt of the truth and sincerity of the loyal natives who had never swerved from their allegiance. The State was in no

danger from the machinations of these men. We are sore afraid, indeed, that when history comes to take account fairly of the comparative loyalty of the native and the anti-native party, it will be found that the comparison is in favour of the former. It has been distinctly stated, and we believe never contradicted, that a plot was formed in Calcutta for the seizure and deportation of the representatives of the British Crown, and that the conspirators were not natives of India, but men of English name and lineage. This is, doubtless, called loyalty to the nation; fine words and specious arguments are never wanting on such occasions. But what the nation really demanded in that conjuncture was, that every Briton should stand by the British Government in the hour of its need—that individual opinions, individual feelings, and individual interests should be submerged for a while in the one paramount duty of supporting the State and presenting a front of union to the enemy. We may give men credit for believing that the welfare of the nation would have been promoted by the forcible expulsion of the Governor-General by his own countrymen; but, in doing so, we are constrained to admit the wonderful extent to which men are sometimes blinded by their passions. No more fatal blow could have been struck at our supremacy in India than that.

The extraordinary unpopularity of Lord Canning among the independent Europeans in Bengal is assignable only to the fact, that he resolutely refused to support them in the bitter war of races into which they desired to plunge. We speak of the "independent Europeans," not denying that the feeling was shared by a considerable number of Government servants; but, in their case, the animosity was comparatively reticent—they could not publicly avow it. Of course, the views of the Governor-General were misjudged; his policy mis-stated. Because he would not draw invidious and impolitic distinctions; because it was his desire to tranquillize the native mind: because he would not condemn and proscribe a whole race for the iniquities of a few; it was said that he was regardless of the interests of his countrymen, and willfully oblivious of their deserts. But rash judgments of this kind are not eternal. In India they are longer lived than in England; but even there they die out in time. A Governor-General has few opportunities of explaining himself. He speaks to the public in legislative enactments, often of an unpalatable character. An English minister has his parliament; his public meetings; his public dinners; he is never at a loss for an occasion to ventilate his feelings and opinions. Opportunities of popularising himself are con-

tially recurring; and, if they are not, he can easily make them for himself. A few graceful, genial sentences, pitched in the right key and uttered at the right time, will go far to smooth down the asperities of a public, irritated by an unpopular measure. At all events, they may relieve him of his own personal share of unpopularity, and change a groan of dissatisfaction into a shout of applause. When Lord Canning got a chance, he made the most of it. It was "long a-coming;" but when it came, it was turned to splendid account. At a banquet, given at Rajmahal in October last, when the completion of the railway to that place was formally inaugurated, the Governor-General made a speech. His lips were unsealed. He stood face to face with members of the European community, official and unofficial, and he spoke memorable words, "winged words," that flew from one end of India to the other, and made, wheresoever they went, an impression, deepened by the previous reticence of the statesman who uttered them. To borrow the language of the playing fields, he got his innings, and he made a long score. He did not hesitate to state, plainly and candidly, what are our besetting national faults; but he did full justice to the many noble qualities of the unofficial Englishman in India, and especially, as the occasion demanded, to that type of him represented by the railway engineer. He spoke of motives higher than those of mere successful enterprise, and then went on to say, that with those higher motives the engineers of the East Indian Railway "had sought to win the confidence of the people; and all their arrangements of pay, treatment, and exact adherence to engagements for time of services, tended to this end. And this was the true policy of Englishmen. Only so could we worthily represent England in the great work before her in the world. And to do this we must take pains to win the hearts of the people, not live among them as among a conquered people ruled by a government of force and fear, but to lead them up to the conquest of a pure faith over a dark superstition, to sway by the influences of a proved and unwavering honesty of purpose, and overcome our prejudices and their fears by the exercise of our higher principles. One word more he felt called upon to say. In the course of late events the dangers of the times had been met by the highest devotion in the servants of the E. I. Railway, and he took this as the first opportunity of acknowledging their great public services, and his gratitude to those who had so specially distinguished themselves, not only by such devotion, but, in many cases, by the greatest self-denial in a thousand ways which could never

meet with its just meed of especial acknowledgment. Boyle of Arrah, and many another as brave as he, were in the recollection of all. Kelly was a name remembered by them, and the mention of Colonel Evre, who was present, would recall other names of servants of the Company who had rendered good service, and not in Bengal only. Who had ever heard of E. I. Railway engineers not sticking unflinchingly to their posts? sometimes at the sacrifice of their lives; and if he did not recall other names, it was not that he forgot or neglected them, but that they were so many, and would be so well remembered."

It is to the credit of the European community of India, that these words were so well received. If, it was said, by some of the most influential journalists—if Lord Canning had only spoken out in this way two or three years before, he might have been as popular as he has been unpopular—and they talked about the dawning of a new era. But there was, in reality, no new dawn. It was only that the shutters were opened, and the light was suffered to stream in upon the darkened chamber. This does not much matter now. What we most care to know is, that the European public of India is subsiding into a better state of feeling; and with the animosity against Lord Canning, it would appear that much of the rancorous, indiscriminating hatred of the black races, which has been so ugly a feature of the convalescent period of our Indian empire, is dying out from the great heart of Anglo-Indian society. We have said that these were ugly symptoms; but perhaps, with a deeper insight into social nosology, we might have looked hopefully upon them. It is an inseparable condition of well nigh all diseases, that the convalescent period should be distinguished by extreme sensitiveness and irritability. Nurses and physicians are wont to regard this as a good sign. Society is regulated by nearly the same laws, and subject to nearly the same influences. The great convulsions of 1857-58 left all classes of society in India in an extremely sensitive and irritable condition. It was the business of the Governor-General, as the great State physician, to allay this irritability by the application of soothing remedies. It was his first care to deal with the native races. But as, in our treatment of the human frame, by removing one symptom, or relieving one organ, we may often aggravate or overburden another, so is it when we have to deal with the great framework of society. What soothes in one direction irritates in another. But, rightly and hopefully considered, there is truly nothing alarming in this. On the other hand, the sensitiveness which it indicates is

in reality an encouraging symptom; and so, looking calmly back upon it, we see that, in the present case, it might so have been regarded. Sensitive to evil influences, the European community of India is now shown to be equally sensitive to good. The almost instantaneous effect of Lord Canning's Rajmahal speech proves how much sound, good, healthy, loyal feeling was still left in the men's hearts, embittered though they had been by adverse circumstances, so heavy and overpowering, that human nature could not stand up against their resistless force. There is happiest augury, indeed, in the manner in which the Viceroy's well-deserved tribute to the high worth and the noble services of the unofficial Englishmen were received; and it is as much our conviction as it is our hope, that the danger which at one time seemed to threaten the State, from the hostility of our own countrymen, is now rapidly clearing away.

We have purposely commenced our diagnosis of India convalescent, with this the most formidable symptom of her returning health. And, in doing so, we have explained the relations left by the mutiny between the European community and both the Government and the native races. We now turn to the relations subsisting between the Government and those races. In these we see little that is not of a satisfactory and encouraging nature. That during the great paroxysm of the disease it was necessary to resort to measures of extremest severity, even the most merciful must admit. In some instances, perhaps, the responsible servants of the State, called upon to act for themselves in a sudden and unprecedented emergency, *did* in the field what Government might have hesitated to *order* in the bureau. But, on the whole, we are disposed to think that in such a crisis the most vigorous measures are the most humane, and that what will not bear writing and scarcely thinking about, may really be the best thing to do. At all events, we must yield ready forgiveness to those who, when any pause for consideration might have been fatal, acted promptly and resolutely, but with an excess of violence perhaps not demanded by the occasion. This, however, is not a question which we are called upon to discuss. Whatever may have been our bearing towards our enemies in the height of the mutiny, history will record that when England had once set her triumphant heel on the neck of the rebellion, she was as merciful as she was strong. A policy of forgiveness was inaugurated. An amnesty was declared. Rebellion, pure and simple, was held to be a pardonable offence. Men not stained with the foul crime of assassination, and not committed as leaders and instigators of rebellion, were invited to lay

down their arms and claim the mercy of the conqueror. There was, doubtless, a feeling in high places that some of our enemies had something to forgive, for with the inauguration of this policy of mercy there came a reconsideration of some of our past measures; and rapidly there dawned upon our rulers the knowledge that some grave mistakes had been committed—mistakes whose roots were buried deep down in the soil of injustice and oppression.

Only a few weeks ago, there passed away from amongst us, in the seclusion of one of our Scottish castles, the strong, brave spirit of one of the greatest of Indian statesmen. Eight years of incessant toil, of eager activity in that destroying climate, had utterly broken down a constitution lacking natural purity and vigour, and he had returned to England only to perish slowly by a process of decay which repose had come too late to arrest. He died for his country as certainly as did Lawrence or Havelock, Neill or Nicholson; and there was something heroic in the sacrifice, though it should be regarded rather as a warning than as an example to the younger statesmen of the age. Of late years, it has been the fashion to speak of Lord Dalhousie's policy as of a grasping and aggressive character. People talked and wrote vaguely but still forcibly, about his "annexation policy," as though it had been his rule to seize and appropriate every rood of territory, for the absorption of which there was any kind of plausible pretext. In this we think that considerable injustice was done to Lord Dalhousie. But, at the same time, it must be admitted that he had a somewhat exaggerated idea of the rightful claims of the Paramount State, and a perverted sense of its duties. It was his conviction that the welfare of the State and the good of the people were alike promoted by the extension, or, as his disciples say, the consolidation of our Indian Empire; and, therefore, he availed himself of such opportunities as Providence seemed to throw in his way for converting into British soil unseemly patches of native territory, and incruinating the whole map of India—"making the green, one red." It is our own belief that this was a mistake. But the theory has been maintained by so many able and good men, that we cannot speak of it with cold contempt, or with bitter indignation. It is true that among the statesmen who have upheld an opposite policy—who have believed that expediency not less than justice dictated the maintenance of the native States of India—are such men as Mountstuart Elphinstone, John Malcolm, Charles Metcalfe, Neill Edmonstone, St. George Tucker, George Clerk, and Henry

Lawrence. We believe, indeed, that the balance of authority, if the question is to be subjected to that test, will be greatly against the political system supported by Lord Dalhousie and his disciples. But now that the grave has closed over the frail body of that eager, restless-minded statesman, let us be in no hurry to speak of his measures as in any way the cause of the great malady from which we are now recovering. As we said at the commencement of this paper, we are too prone to look upon mere coincidence as cause and effect. And, it by no means follows that, because the great rebellion of 1857 has clearly demonstrated that Lord Dalhousie's foreign policy was a mistake, that policy caused, or was among the causes of, the outbreak.

It is now generally admitted—although politicians of the Dalhousie school may reluctantly shape the admission into words—that the British Empire in India, in 1857, was, under Providence, saved by the Native States. The idea is not one very pleasing to our national self-love; but we believe it to be a substantial fact. Not only is it true that, if the few remaining States of India had turned against us in the hour of our need, we must have been driven out of the country, but that, if there had been no Native States, we could not have recovered ourselves. There were other benefits which we derived from their existence at that time, beyond the mere resources which they placed at our disposal—the money, the munitions of war, the means of transport, and even the men, which they lent us when we were in our sorest straits. And apart from the mere feeling of gratitude, which now induces us to heap honours and rewards upon those who were loyal to the Paramount State, and faithful to their engagements, under great trial and temptation, we have now a conviction that our own interests are identified with theirs, and that to strengthen them is to strengthen ourselves. Our present policy may be described as a policy of restoration. In no respect is the change wrought by the rebellion more remarkable, than in our treatment of the Native States of India. We are once again beginning to respect the ancient rights and usages of the princes and chiefs, and, instead of compassing the extinction of the old ruling families, adopting measures to secure their perpetuation.

It is not to be doubted that the practice of the years preceding the great outbreak of 1857 had done much to unsettle the minds of all the remaining potentates of India. There was a general feeling of insecurity—a prevailing sense that the British Government was on the watch for every "lapse" and

"escheat," constituting itself Heir-General to all the principalities in the country to which no direct lineal successor was to be found. It may seem strange to the uninstructed that so many opportunities of this kind should be afforded by failure of direct heirs. In a country where no great respect is entertained for the institution of monogamy, it might be supposed that there would be rather a surplusage than a deficiency of heirs. But early exposure to the enervating influences of the Zenana is not favourable to the perpetuation of ancient houses, in direct lineal succession. The practice, therefore, of adopting heirs, in such default, is general in India, and the privilege greatly esteemed. Not only does it secure the continued existence of ancient families and perpetuate noble names, but it has a deep religious significance; it is embedded in the superstitions of Hindooism. A Hindoo believes that the performance, after death, by his son, of the funeral obsequies prescribed by his religion, is necessary to his salvation. An adopted son has all the powers and privileges of an heir of the body. Hence the general desire to adopt; and hence, perhaps, it might be added, the cruelty of refusing to recognise such adoptions. This, however, must be taken with some reservation. The negation interposed by Government does not, of course, extend beyond the question of political and territorial rights; and the power of adopting, *quoad* all personal and private property, remains, whatever may be the decree of the Paramount State. But the idea of this imperfect adoption raises doubts and inquietudes in the mind of a chief, even in relation to his spiritual prospects; whilst his ancestral pride and political ambition revolt at the thought of the extinction of his house.

And whatever benefits to the people may really result from the absorption of a native principality into English soil (benefits, however, which in the plenitude of our national self-love we are wont to exaggerate), we should deceive ourselves grossly if we were to believe that only the immediate members of a princely house feel a personal pride in its maintenance, and a personal humiliation in its decay. A third part of a century has passed away since the house of the Peishwah was extinguished; but among the Mahrattas of Central India it was still found to be a tower of strength, when Scindiah and Holkar, loyal under great trial and temptation, were sore pressed by the rebellion of their troops. And although a still longer period had elapsed since the princes of the house of Timour had shrivelled into pensioners and puppets, the traditionary loyalty of the Mohammedans of all parts of India, which had

never ceased during all that time to turn towards the shattered throne and the broken sceptre of the Mogul, burst out in a blaze, when news spread from post to post that the imperial standard had been raised, and that Delhi was at once the watchword and the home of a great movement against the power of the usurping Feringhees. There was scarcely a Mohammedan in India who did not feel a personal pride in the thought of the revival of the Mogul dynasty. And, as with the greater, so with the lesser houses, a personal feeling, partly of pride, partly of self-interest, gathers round them, from numerous dependents and adherents, who exult in the thought of their maintenance, and resent the idea of their fall.

Now, the present policy of the British Government towards these native families, whether venerable by long descent or of comparatively recent growth, is strictly of a conservative character. This policy, shadowed forth in her Majesty's Proclamation, has been wrought out in substantial practice by Lord Canning, who has wisely availed himself of every possible opportunity of reassuring the minds of the native princes and chiefs. The Durbars which he held in Upper and Central India during the cold season of 1859-1860, and which have been resumed in the winter now passing away, have had the best possible effect. The authoritative announcement, in open Durbar, by the representative of the British Crown, that it is the desire of her Majesty's Government to perpetuate the houses of the loyal princes and chiefs; and that, in the event of the failure of direct heirs, adoption in accordance with the national religions, and with the ancient usages of their respective houses, would be recognised by the Paramount State, has induced a feeling of widespread confidence and security, unparalleled in this generation. Nor is this all that has been done. It was formerly held to be expedient to reduce within the smallest possible limits the territorial dominion of these princes and chiefs—to lop here and to lop there whenever opportunity presented itself, and to keep a watchful eye upon them, lest by any means they should aggrandise themselves to our cost. But now we are aggrandizing them ourselves. We are giving, instead of taking. We are freely dividing among our friends the territory rightfully forfeited by the rebellion of our enemies. The princes and chiefs who have been faithful to their engagements have been exalted; their dominions, in many important instances, have been greatly increased; and in thus elevating their position and enhancing their dignity, we have believed that we have added to our own strength. The foreign policy of

Lord Canning, indeed, is as wise as it is generous. Its tendency is to flatter the pride of the native princes, to identify their interests with those of the British Government as Lord Paramount; and to induce them to devote their energies to affairs of internal administration, not to expend them in useless military pomp. He has dotted the great continent of India with friends, who will aid and assist us freely in the day of trouble, should trouble ever again come upon us,—friends, who know that, so long as the British Empire in India endures, they are secure in their possessions, and will not be unrighteously dispossessed either of a single foot of land or a single honour which appertains to their state.

Whilst thus pursuing towards the princes and chiefs, exercising sovereign jurisdiction within their own territories, a line of conduct dictated equally by generous feeling and by considerations of sound policy, the same cardinal principle was observed in the bearing of the British Government towards the landed aristocracy of our own provinces. It had long been our rule to depress these great landlords. The tendency of our revenue settlements in Upper India had been to dispossess them, and to vest the proprietary right in a number of small shareholders. We do not intend that this paper should be read only with the help of a glossary; so we shall eschew, as much as possible, technical terms and local phraseology. There is one word, however, in the vocabulary of Indian revenue, which recent events have rendered so familiar to the English reader that we may use it without a misgiving. Most people have a tolerably clear conception of a Talookhdar. In Oude, we found these great feudal chiefs rampant, and we humbled them. This was only in accordance with the system which we had wrought out more gradually and more noiselessly in the North-western Provinces of India. But in Oude, the rebellion of 1857, which, of course, saw the whole landed aristocracy of Oude arrayed against us, brought the question of the landed proprietary into unhappy prominence; and we found that we had committed, not only a great injustice, but at the same time a great mistake. The recovery of Oude by conquest placed the land at the disposal of the conqueror. There was nothing due to the village proprietors, chiefly with whom we had made the first settlement; for no sooner had our authority ceased in the province than they voluntarily placed themselves in subordination to the Talookhdars, from whose "hateful yoke" we thought we had done great things in dispossessing them. There was, indeed, a *rasa tabula* before us, upon which we might in-

scribe what names we liked as proprietors of the soil. So we went back to the state before annexation, and, except when all claim to the favourable consideration of the British Government had been forfeited by unyielding rebellion, or by crimes of a still deeper dye, the old Talookhdars, whom we had ousted, were restored to the position in which we had found them on our first assumption of the government of the country.

There was something in such generosity as this unintelligible to the native mind. It looked like a cunningly-devised plan to bring about, by false pretences, the pacification of the province, so long rent by internal convulsion. There were some, indeed, who thought not merely that it was our intention to keep them quiet for a time, and then, our object gained, to throw them over; but who suspected that we had a design to bring them into communication with our officers that we might the more easily seize them as soon as it suited our purpose to do so. And when the Governor-General went in person to Lucknow, and invited the principal Talookhdars to meet him in Durbar, some of them tremblingly believed that they were going to their doom. In the old time, under the native Government, Talookhdars had been summoned to the royal presence, and had never returned to tell what was said to them at the Court of Lucknow. But they soon found the difference between an English viceroy and an Oriental prince. The Governor-General addressed them in a frank, manly style, told them in a few words the policy of the British Government towards them, and caused the pregnant sentences he had uttered to be translated and circulated largely among the people of Oude. Nor did his efforts to secure the confidence of the great landholders stop here. Every Talookhdar with whom a settlement was completed, received a written sunnud, or grant, signed by the chief Commissioner, confirming him in perpetuity in the possession of his lands. This was not a permanent settlement, but a permanent recognition of the family with whom the settlement was made. The grant was, of course, subject to the payment of the Government dues, and the assessment of the value of the land was left open to revision. This was quite enough. There was no apprehension that the assessment would be so heavy as to render the proprietary right of little or no value.

Having thus restored the Talookhdars to their old position, every effort was made to improve their character. There was no sort of fear of their ever again defying their Government. Their teeth had been drawn. The whole country had been disarmed. The Ta-

lookhdars had given up their guns, had dismissed their followers, and suffered the impenetrable belts of jungle which had surrounded their fortresses to be destroyed. It was now proposed to give them new objects of interest—to identify them with the officers of the state in the cause of order and good government. So, in the first instance, a few were selected on whom certain magisterial and fiscal powers were conferred. Others were afterwards added to the list. It was a step altogether in the right direction. And the experiment thus happily inaugurated in Oude, was soon tried in the Punjab, where similar powers were conferred on some of the leading Sirdars; and that it will extend to other parts of the country we are justified in believing. It is rather a return to an old state of things, than the initiation of a new system; but, viewed in connection with the recent policy of the British Government, these laudable efforts to elevate the social and moral condition of the squirearchy of the country must be regarded with extreme satisfaction. Men are wont to become what we believe them to be. Treat them as though they were unfit for power, and unfit they will remain to the end of the chapter. Trust them, impose responsibility upon them, and they will rise to the point which they are expected to attain. It will be no small triumph of beneficent administration to convert an Oude Talookhdar into a respectable country gentleman; but we believe that the triumph is now in the way towards speedy accomplishment.*

Such, briefly described, is the present policy of the Government of India towards the native princes and the native aristocracy.†

* Sir Herbert Edwardes, in a note to his printed Exeter Hall Lecture, says very pertinently on this subject:—"The Talookhdar system, not only of revenue, but police and judicial powers and rights, which has by a kind of necessity been stumbled upon in reconstructing the province of Oude (which, as a natural consequence, had to be extended to the Punjab, and must inevitably be demanded and obtained ultimately by all India), is nothing short of a *political revolution*, though apparently attracting little notice. It is a first step and a long one towards the self-government of India." To this Sir Herbert Edwardes adds: "But how infinitely does this, which we have done already, add to the necessity of preparing the Indian people, as well as chiefs, for sound self-government, by beginning at the beginning of national strength,—a true faith and a pure religion capable of regenerating individuals."

† Our illustrations have been drawn mainly from that part of India which was convulsed by the recent rebellion. But similar beneficent influences have been at work in other parts of the country. We need only refer to the results of the Inam Commission. Speaking of the Madras Presidency, Sir Charles Trevelyan says: "Whatever conduces to direct the activity of the people into the channels of peaceful industry, to give the influential classes

We have made it the subject of preliminary explanation, because we believe that everything else is dependent upon it. We have nothing to dread from external enemies. If we are compelled to keep up at all times a gigantic military force, it is not because we have any danger to apprehend from the designs of Russia or of France, but because we believe that at any moment we may find that the country is bristling with internal enemies. Our defensive measures, which swallow up the revenues of the State, are necessitated by the insecurity of our tenure. But, safe in the affections of the more powerful classes, having with them a community of interests, trusting them and trusted by them, we might forego much of this ruinous display of strength. We are absolutely consumed by our legions. We are breaking down under the magnitude and costliness of our army. It happened that, when the Bengal army broke into revolt, there was not a sufficiency of European troops in the country to crush it at once. We are now, therefore, filling the country with European troops, and the revenues cannot bear the drain upon them. There is a continual deficit, only to be met by borrowing. And borrow we must, unless we can contrive to reduce the military charges of the Anglo-Indian empire. In other words, unless we are to regard the present cost of our defensive establishment as temporary and exceptional, appertaining only to this transition-state—this convalescent period—we do not clearly see how we are to drag through our financial difficulties.

For the revenues of India are not elastic; we cannot stretch them at our pleasure. It is the veriest delusion to suppose that we can transplant to India the financial policy of Europe, and deal with the natives of the former country as we would with the taxpayers of Great Britain. Sir Charles Trevelyan is undoubtedly right when he maintains that the only way out of our financial difficulties is by the reduction of our military expenditure. To make a great display of strength at the present time may be an absolute necessity. The liberal policy which we are now carrying out, and, we believe, with such happy promise of eventual success, espe-

cially demands a display of strength. If it were not for such display, our concessions might be regarded as indications of weakness. But permanently to maintain an overawing and overwhelming military establishment of this kind, is to stultify all our conciliatory measures; for these measures are based upon anything but the conviction that we can govern India only through her fears.

If we thought that the military expenditure of India must be maintained at its present figure, we should have no hope of her eventual recovery. For the idea of greatly increasing the revenue by striking out new methods of taxation, is clearly delusive. An increase of revenue from acknowledged time-honoured sources may be looked for under the fostering influence of good government; but this is altogether incompatible with the existence of a burdening, paralysing military force, clamorously demanding every rupee in the treasury, and leaving nothing for those great reproductive wants which restore tenfold the revenue they consume. If we are to endeavour to feed this voracious giant by flinging to it the bread wrung from the discontent of the people, we had better give up the game at once. The people of India, long accustomed to certain forms of taxation, pay those taxes quietly and uncomplainingly, even though they should be oppressive, because they are used to them. Every new thing alarms them. Timid and suspicious, they look with mistrust upon every change, though it may demonstrably be for their good, and they oppose to it an amount of passive resistance often more difficult to cope with than actual force. Sir Charles Trevelyan, no mean judge in such a matter, said that he thought that the dangers into which we were drifting from these experiments in taxation were greater than those from which we had escaped. And, in truth, if we had been asked, any time since we first began to study Indian affairs, what we conceived to be the greatest danger to which our tenure of power in India could be exposed, we should have answered, "An incursion of English financiers." We often hear, in periods of great public tribulation, that some one man is "worth half-a-dozen regiments to the State." An expert English financier, in such a crisis as that which we had reached in 1859, was worth a score of regiments to the enemy. It is true that there was no great amount of financial ability at that time in Bengal. India, since the days of Henry Tucker, has not been famous for her financiers. But the question which had arisen was not how we could make, but how we could save, money; it was, in fact, a military question, and a mixed commission of expe-

a stake in the permanence of the existing government, and to create a general impression of justice and security, has the double effect of increasing the productiveness of the public revenue, and of diminishing the military and police expenditure. The settlement of the Inam question in the Madras Presidency, whereby upwards of 300,000 small landed properties will be converted from a state of insecurity, which made them the habitual prey of corrupt native officers, into the highest description of freehold tenure, is alone worth half-a-dozen regiments."

rienced Indian soldiers and civilians, sitting in Calcutta with the one object of drawing up a plan for the future defence of the country upon the most economical basis, consistent with the public safety, would have done far more to restore the finances of our Indian empire to a healthy condition, than the mission of a crack Indian financier fresh from the treasury at Whitehall and the editor's room of the *Economist* newspaper.

And that, up to the present time, events have fully justified this conclusion, we have at least some evidence in the intelligence which comes upon us from India as we write. The income-tax, which was to have done so much to restore the balance of our Indian finances, appears, upon the best official authority, to contribute a million sterling a-year to a gross income of nearly forty millions.* Making every allowance for the fact, that the financial year 1860-61 may, so far as the new system of taxation is concerned, be considered an experimental year, and that a larger amount may be realized when the machinery is in more efficient order, we may still ask whether the gain is such as to justify the risk that we incur by exciting popular discontent. If the hazard of failure be great, the prize of success should be great also. "Nothing venture, nothing win," is a pregnant truth; but who ventures largely in search of small gains? We might have knocked five millions off our military expenditure with less danger than we have incurred by inflicting on an ignorant and susceptible people,—a new tax not yielding half the amount.

"India is at peace," says the Government of India, in the important manifesto from which we have gathered the fact of the failure of the income tax.—"India is at peace, externally and internally; and while the presence of an army much stronger than has ever before been at the disposal of the Government of India gives a feeling of general security, it has been the desire of the Government of India to give the fullest effect to the principles laid down in her Majesty's proclamation, to remove every cause of heartburning, distrust, and animosity, and to secure to her Majesty's subjects, of every rank and of all races and creeds, the fullest and most undisturbed enjoyment of their respective rights and lawful usages." This, in a few words, embodies what we had written, in the

early part of this article, on the wise policy of Lord Canning towards the natives of India, before the document now quoted was before us. The credit thus claimed is fairly due to the Governor-General and his colleagues; and, we may add, to the Home Government, who have consistently supported them. But, reading these official sentences, we hoped to find them leading straight up, with due logical directness, to the conclusion, that, all these favourable circumstances considered—all causes of discontent and irritation removed—the maintenance of an overwhelming military force in India had ceased to be a political necessity. The great fault, or rather the great shortcoming of this document, is, that it fails to strike at the heart of the evil. It does not declare with sufficient distinctness that the military expenditure is the one grand impediment to the restoration of Indian prosperity. No possible savings in any other direction can help the Government out of its embarrassments. A man who keeps a stud of race-horses, and spends his thousands on the turf, is called an idiot, and very properly too, if he talks of reducing his expenditure by limiting the amount of beer consumed in the servants' hall. Yet, to lay much stress upon small parings in this department and in that—upon reducing a clerk here and a ream of stationery there, and causing dissatisfaction and diminishing zeal among the executive servants of the Government by small retrenchments of salary (always penny wise and pound foolish)—instead of striking root and branch at the military expenditure, is really to emulate this domestic example of economical reform. We by no means wish it to be inferred that serious efforts are not being made to reduce the military expenditure. We know that, in all the Presidencies, reductions in the native establishments are being made. But we should have liked to see a more positive, a more outspoken recognition of the fact, not that the military charges are one of the many items of expenditure to be reduced, but that they are *the* one, from the reduction of which alone any substantial benefit is to be expected. Seeing our way clearly to this, we might see our way to the end of the difficulty. But whilst everything else is tolerably plain, here we go groping in the dark. What is to be the military establishment maintained for the defence of our Indian empire? We may assume this much,—that substantively it is to be an European army—that certain Native Regiments will supplement this European force, not that a few European regiments will supplement the Native force. It has been decreed, we know, that this European force shall not, henceforth, be a distinct army raised for local service, but a component, fluctuating

* See the resolution of the Government of India in the Finance Department, dated Fort-William, November 19, 1860, received as we are writing this page. The total income from all sources is set down at £39,141,000. The expenditure is set down at £45,413,000, leaving a deficit of £6,273,000.

part of the Line army of the Crown. It is understood that, after much previous consultation between the Secretary of State for India and the War Department of her Majesty's Government, the council of India, who are known to be averse to "amalgamation," have sat in solemn deliberation upon the scheme. Now, upon the result of all these consultations and deliberations everything appears to depend. It is ruled that there shall be an European army of overwhelming strength in India. The Native Army has rebelled, and, therefore, is substantially to be abolished,—one manifestation of that logic of convalescence to which we adverted at the commencement of this article. But an European army in India, with all its continual waste of life, with all the accompaniments necessary to obviate the effects of the climate, with all the cost of shipment and re-shipment and constant reliefs, involving many months' actual loss of service going and returning, is an institution of so burdensome a character, that unless it be very adroitly and very honestly managed, the finances of India may break down irrecoverably under the weight.

We are strongly of opinion that the interests of India demand the preservation of the local character of her army. But as, in spite of the balance of authority in favour of such preservation, irresistible influences have prevailed, and a contrary decision has been enforced, it would be of little service now to parade the arguments which have been so fruitlessly advanced by the advocates of the local system. On the main question of the defence of India by a Local or a Line army, the Council of India have been overruled. The Indian Minister, exercising the power constitutionally vested in him, has, in accordance with the views of the Government generally, and with the wishes of the Queen, set at nought the protests and remonstrances of the fifteen experienced advisers appointed to aid his counsels. But the Secretary of State cannot always overrule his Councillors. Whatever it may be in all other respects, the Council of India is, in financial matters, a substantial fact. It has a constitutional power over the public purse, which practically it may be induced, but it cannot be compelled, to abdicate. Parliament may, of course, limit this control, or deprive the Council of India of it altogether. If it does, it had better abolish the Council itself. But, as the law now stands, the consent of the majority of the Council is necessary to the validity of a measure directly entailing any expenditure of the public money. The Council can at all times refuse the supplies. To give it this power, and yet to allow any other authority to fix the number of regiments to be fastened

on the revenues of India, would be a preposterous inconsistency. Practically, then, whatever decision has been arrived at with respect to the character of the Indian army, it should rest constitutionally with the Council of India, and with no other authority, to fix, from time to time, the strength of the military establishment necessary for the defence of the country. It is of small use to be the custodians of the public purse, if others, though they may not put their hands in it at the mouth, may cut holes in it at the bottom.

Our great fear is this: that Indian interests will be made to subserve imperial interests; that it will not be so much matter for consideration among statesmen at home whether India requires the presence of so many regiments, but whether they are wanted or not wanted in England. Either British Governments must be more virtuous than they were, or greater restrictions than heretofore must be imposed upon them, if they do not, when England is at peace, yet, in spite of peace, groaning under an almost unendurable burden of taxation, endeavour to relieve their own Exchequer by throwing upon India the expense of regiments not wanted at home. "We can send for them when they are wanted; and in the meantime India pays." Such, practically, has been the language of English statesmen; and such it may be again. Governments not seldom stand or fall by their Budgets. But who cares for an Indian Budget? who listens to it? Parliament decrees that there shall be one, but Parliament will not sit it out. The Indian Minister, after all, is but a component member of the Cabinet. If the Cabinet fall, he falls with it. To expect him to care more for the finances of India than for the interests of the Ministry, is clearly only to provoke a disappointment. Our only hope, therefore, is in the Council of India. In Parliament they can do nothing. An act has passed for the exclusion of Indian knowledge and experience from the House of Commons; and unless the Councillors, to whom party is nothing, who care little whether a Whig or a Tory Government sits in Downing Street, have really a potential voice in the Council Chamber, there is every reason to apprehend that so large a body of troops of the line will be billeted on India, when England wants to be rid of them, as to render the permanent recovery of the former from her embarrassments a most improbable contingency.

The actual number, within certain limits, of European troops to be stationed at one time in India, being determined by the Secretary of State for India and Council, we should like to see some definite plan for the location and organization of these troops. What India

now requires for her defence is not an overwhelming body of troops, which will destroy our empire more surely than any enemy they can be brought against, but a force of moderate numerical dimensions, that can be brought to bear upon any given point at a few hours' notice. Hyder Ali had a true conception of the thing, when he said that we should keep our European soldiers, like *cheetahs* (or hunting leopards), in cages, to slip at the prey in the critical moment. But he had no notion of the facility with which the idea was coming in time to be worked out,—no notion of the kind of cages and the manner of letting slip which the science of the nineteenth century has placed within our reach,—no notion that the *cheetah* on the banks of the Hooghly could be slipped, in a few hours, at the game on the banks of the Jumna. But if we cannot, by means of railway communication, economize numbers in our military arrangements, Steam does not occupy that place in the history of nations which we have believed it to do. The military defence of India is a subject which we do not make profession of ability to deal with; but we shall be much surprised if it is not dealt with, ere long, by those who are competent to lay down a plan at once economical and effective, for utilizing to the utmost possible extent a small European force, and thus making it do the work of double or quadruple the number, with infinitely less expenditure of life and exhaustion of physical energy. If our regiments are not located in the right place, if they are not in good condition, if they are not in a fit state to move, and if there are no means of moving them, a hundred thousand English soldiers may be insufficient for the defence of the country. We have found this ere now to our cost,—we have found that numbers are not strength,—that, with a very costly establishment, we have lacked the means of meeting any sudden danger. A well-systematized plan of military defence at the present time would be annually worth crores of rupees. The waste of strength and waste of money have hitherto been most lamentable.

It has been urged reproachfully by those who clamoured for the extinction of the old local army of India, that it was only kept up so long to feed the patronage of the East India Directors, by affording a continual supply of cadetships. Even members of the War Departments of her Majesty's Government ventured to hint in Parliament, that the opposition of the Council of India to the proposal for the "amalgamation" of the two services, was founded on nothing but their natural distaste to part with their patronage. Let us now see what are the virtue and forbearance of the Horse Guards and the War Office; let

us now see what is their willingness to maintain in India the minimum force consistent with the safety of the State. This notion of minimizing the number of men, fastened upon India, and utilizing that minimum number to the utmost possible extent, must needs be a very unpopular one with the Army, and with all who have to do with the patronage and perquisites of the Army. But in no other way can we hope to educe, out of the present financial chaos, that grand desideratum, a surplus revenue. There are two facts which we submit to the especial consideration of all who take an interest in this discussion. The one is, that numbers do not make efficiency; the other is, that there is nothing so expensive as human life. Barracks cost money; fortifications cost money; railways cost money; but human life costs most of all. It is a continually recurring expense. There is no end of it; whilst the expenditure of masonry, and iron, and earth, has limits which are soon reached, and the percentage of repairs—the meat and drink and medicine, and clothing of these material works—is light in comparison with the amount consumed by our human defences. There is nothing plainer than this. There is nothing, we believe, easier in itself, than this maximum utilization of minimum numerical strength. But if we are to accomplish this, we must think honestly of Indian interests. We must not suffer English Budgets and Army Estimates to take any place in our thoughts. We must not be diverted from our duty, by considerations of the so-called "general welfare of the British Army"—of the expediency of keeping so many regiments in the Army List, to be available for general service when wanted by the empire. In a word, we must not sacrifice India to England; we must be honest and just to our far-off Eastern dependency.

But what hope is there for this? We are gradually imperializing everything in India, except her finances. Whilst England jealously guards her Treasury, lest a stray coin should ever find its way into the Indian exchequer, and not only refuses her money but her credit to India—thus increasing the difficulties of Indian financiers by compelling them to borrow at high rates of interest—she is setting the imperial stamp on everything on which she can lay her hands. Her first determination was to imperialize the Government of India. With that avidity to find causes everywhere in mere coincidences, on which we have commented above, the statesmen of England discovered that, because the East India Company existed in 1857, and the great mutiny broke out in the same year, therefore the Company were the cause of the mutiny, and therefore it should be abolished.

Such was the inexorable logic of the illogical. No other nation took this view of the matter. Lookers-on from a distance said that the East India Company had built up an empire in the East which was the glory of England and the admiration of the world, and that it was rank ingratitude, upon the first sign of disaster, to cry out that the country had been misgoverned, and that the old government must be extinguished.* But such was the outcry. It was a word and a blow. Judgment was executed, promptly and fatally, upon the East India Company; and now the India House, once in the City of London, has become the India Office, in the City of Westminster; the Court of Directors is turned into the Council of India; one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State presides there, instead of the Chairman of the East India Company; and the Governor-General of India is no longer the delegate of that Company, but the Viceroy of Her Majesty the Queen. Of all the results of the great mutiny of 1857, this, perhaps, is the most palpable and demonstrative. The Home Government of India is now a substantive part of the Ministry of the Crown. Only in the one fact, that the establishment of the India Office is paid out of the revenues of India, does it differ from the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, or any other department of Her Majesty's Government.

Whether the great change is a change for the better, or a change for the worse, it is too early a day to determine. We believe that since the government of India has been under the immediate superintendence of a Minister of the Crown, the business of the department has been conducted with a zeal and assiduity beyond all praise. It is no exaggeration to say, that the office of Secretary of State for

* See, for example, the very interesting German work placed third on the list at the head of this article. The writer, generally supposed, and, we believe, not erroneously, to be Prince Frederick of Holstein, says:—"In almost all the newspaper articles and pamphlets which have been published on the subject of the mutiny, and, with few exceptions, in the Parliamentary speeches, the blame has been attached to the ill-directed administration of the East India Company. This view of the case, however, must be controverted as altogether erroneous. If the Company be really so bad, why did not the mutiny break out sooner in India? How is it that the Company was able, in the course of 160 years, with only their own resources and efforts, to raise India to a greater and more flourishing kingdom than that of Alexander the Great? How is it possible that an empire could have maintained itself in such prosperity and security, unless favoured by the blessing of Heaven? The origin of this storm must be sought in other causes than the administration of the Company." The principal causes alleged are unjust wars, annexations, and resump-

India, rightly regarded, is the most laborious office under the crown. With a body of experienced councillors and competent executive officers at his elbow, the Indian Minister might, if so disposed, shift much of the burden of his work on the shoulders of other men, and content himself with fixing his imprimatur on business already done. Practically, indeed, if he had ten lives and ten heads, he could not *do* the work himself. The difference between an indolent and a laborious statesman, in such a case, consists in the amount of superintendence exercised over the general business of his department. One man may be a living agency in such a place; another, little more than a signature or a seal. Now, whatever may have been the result of their labours, it is generally admitted by all impartial minds, that the first two Secretaries of State for India—Lord Stanley and Sir Charles Wood—have thrown themselves into their work with a zeal and energy scarcely exceeded in the annals of administration, and that they have exercised their high functions most honestly and conscientiously, according to the light that was in them. It was to be apprehended that frequent changes of Ministers would be attended by frequent changes of policy,—that one Secretary of State might take a pleasure in undoing what had been initiated by his predecessor of an opposite party. But hitherto, we believe, there has been no such result. Party-writers have made grimacing attempts to show that all the good has been done by Lord Stanley, and all the harm by Sir Charles Wood; but, in reality, it would be difficult to show where the measures of the one statesman end and those of the other begin. The permanent Staff of the department of Government, except in Cabinet questions, acts as a sort of general transmitter of consistency, and ordinary business goes on much the same under one official chief as under another. The India Office throws up comparatively few Cabinet questions, and the Council of India is an additional guarantee for the maintenance of a consistent policy. Of all the members of the Cabinet, the Indian Minister is the one who is least interfered with, and, we may add, the least sympathized with, by his colleagues. So far as the business of his own department is concerned, except on very extraordinary occasions, he finds himself completely isolated from the rest of the Ministry. The stability of a Government seldom or never depends upon the result of a discussion of Indian affairs. They are hard to understand, and altogether uninteresting to statesmen of ordinary calibre. All this, of course, contributes to the maintenance of a consistent policy. An Indian Secretary, on entering

office, is far more likely to adopt the principles and practice which he finds there, than to reverse them; the more especially, as it is probable that he may regard them rather as the belongings of the collective Council than of his individual predecessor in office.

It is to be observed, however, that the actual position of the Council of India, in the new scheme of Government, does not appear to be very clearly determined. From certain indications, which presented themselves during last Parliamentary session, we should infer (as, indeed, has always been suggested with reference to the Army question) that, in the opinion of her Majesty's Government, the Council, except in money matters, have really no constitutional powers. If so, the expediency of maintaining so large and expensive a body, for the purpose of affording advice or information, when asked for, on matters of comparatively minor importance, may at least be open to question; and the question will not improbably be discussed in the course of the session now about to commence. We have seen it written, and heard it said, that business does not advance more expeditiously, under the present system of administration, than under that of the double Government of the Court of Directors and the Board of Control. We well know that this is a mis-statement. But it is a necessary consequence of a system which involves the deliberation first of a committee of five, and then of a council of three times the number of able and experienced men, that there should be considerable delay between the point of initial preparation and that mission to India of a despatch bearing the signature of the Secretary of State. That the Council of India cost money, and cause delay, is certain. But, if what we believe to have been the intention of the Legislature is fairly carried out, and if they themselves have courage and independence enough to do their duty, and to realize the constitutional idea which they were intended to embody, we believe that they may confer the most important benefits upon India, and therefore upon England, by resisting the encroachments of Parliament on one side, and of the Palace on the other.

We are approaching the limits of the space at our command, and we find very much unsaid that we had proposed to say on this most comprehensive subject,—but there is one especial branch of it to which, before we conclude, whatever may be the abruptness of the transition, we must invite the attention of the reader. To what extent, and in what manner—whether beneficially or injuriously—the great convulsions through which we have passed, have affected the great cause of Education, and the still greater cause of the Gos-

pel, it is not easy to determine. On the one side, it is to be said, that all the blood which has been spilt has excited in the bosoms of some nominally Christian men an increased animosity against the attempted evangelization of the heathen; but it has stimulated others to increased exertions, it has created a sustained energy of action on the part both of institutions and of individuals, and, instead of damping the ardour of their hopes, has kindled them into a stronger flame. Whilst, on the one side, it is alleged that, prominent among the causes of the insurrection, were the anxiety and alarm engendered in men's minds by the war which was being carried on against the doctrines, the usages, and the ceremonials of Hindooism, and that now, after this rude awakening from the sleep of security into which we had fallen, it behoves us to walk with double caution—if not respecting more those doctrines, usages, and ceremonials, at all events prudently veiling our detestation of them, and ceasing from all offence;—whilst this is alleged on the one side, on the other it is contended that it was not Christianity, but the want of Christianity, which brought down this heavy visitation upon us,—some regarding it as a special judgment inflicted upon us for our cold indifference to the interests of Christianity; others merely asserting, that if we had done more, if we had succeeded better, if we had infused more of the leaven of Christianity among the people, the atrocities, which have so sorely afflicted us, would not have been committed. In all of this there is some truth, and there is some error. It would be as wrong to say that our crusade against Hindooism had nothing to do with the rebellion of 1857, as that it was the exciting cause of that great movement. Doubtless it contributed something to the vague feeling of insecurity and alarm which predisposed men's minds to regard with suspicion the designs of the Christian Government, and to distort into the most grotesque shapes the manifestations of its power. If we had suffered Hindooism to run its course unmolested, it is probable that we should never have been suspected of an intention to destroy the caste of our sepoy, by forcing them to pollute their lips and their souls by biting off the ends of cartridges lubricated with animal grease. But not, therefore, are our previous efforts to strip Hindooism of some of its outer grossnesses to be condemned. We cannot always be fortifying ourselves against the possibility of misconstruction in the manner which some would have us do—by exhibiting ourselves as the patrons of Hindooism. But still it behoves us to move cautiously—to shape our efforts in such a manner as not to mar our chances

of success, by exciting alarm or impelling to resistance.

Irritability, as we have before observed, is an ordinary symptom of convalescence. In India now it pervades all classes; and it behoves the State physician to deal tenderly and forbearingly with it. The application of sedatives is, indeed, at such a time, an important part of the treatment. We cannot doubt therefore, that the British Government acted wisely and well in sending forth to the people of India, in the name of their Sovereign, a message of friendly assurance—of peace and good-will; and truly a message worthy of a Christian sovereign was that contained in the Royal Proclamation, issued on the memorable 1st of November 1858.—“Firmly relying ourselves,” said that great manifesto, “on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. We declare it to be our royal will and pleasure that none be in any wise favoured, none molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith and observances, but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law; and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us, that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure.” If we thought that this was intended in any way to discourage efforts for the conversion of the heathen to the saving faith of Christianity, it would never receive from us a word of approbation; but it is addressed only to that kind of interference which, whilst it is fraught with political dangers, is more likely to retard than to advance the diffusion of Christianity in India. It is only the authoritative influence of the State, and of the servants of the State, which is here repudiated. The natives of India, it must ever be remembered, cannot separate the one from the other—cannot divest in their minds the officer of his officialism; and, therefore, it was necessary, in such a conjuncture, to caution all in authority against anything which might be supposed to indicate authoritative interference.*

* We desire that the reader, perusing this passage, should lay stress upon the epithet which we have used, and thoroughly understand that we speak only of “authoritative interference,” that is, interference arrayed in the garb of external authority. In this sense the word “interference” in Her Majesty’s proclamation is to be understood. In this sense it was accepted by the missionary community at the time. But there never can be any intention on the part of a Christian Government to prohibit its servants, in their private capacity, from promoting the religion in which they glory.

But while we believe it to have been the bounden duty of the State, at such a time, to put forth these tranquillizing assurances, it is perfectly consistent with this belief to desire to see missionary enterprise very active and energetic in the present conjuncture. That the great mutiny of 1857, and the trouble which overtook the churches at the time, had a tendency to stimulate the zeal of the friends of the Gospel at home, is not to be doubted. Never was there so much Christian liberality. Much injury to the cause of missions, doubtless, was done. Property was destroyed; churches were dispersed; converts were alarmed; and a weapon placed in the hands of such of our own people as have not favoured the conversion of the heathen, which they will not readily cease to use. But the day of convalescence has come; and we believe that our missions will soon be planted more firmly in India than before.

We cannot all be missionaries by profession; and there are many of us who cannot do active missionary’s work without disobeying our Sovereign, and so dishonouring our calling. But there is one sense in which every man who treads Indian soil may be a missionary for good, as by walking in opposite paths he may be a missionary for evil. We speak of the leading of Christian lives, but especially of obedience to that great Christian mandate to “love one another.” And here we may borrow the words of another:

“As for ourselves,” says Mr. Kaye, in his History of Christianity in India,—“for the small handful of Christian men whose mission I firmly believe it is, in God’s good time, to evangelize the great Indian races,—what we have now to do is to possess ourselves in faith, and with faith to have patience; doing nothing rashly, nothing precipitately, lest our own folly should mar the good work, and retard the ripening of the har-

But where, it may be asked, does the officer cease and the man begin? To this we may answer, in the words of another “To lay down general instructions, defining the precise extent to which the inalienable right which every man possesses to promote the interests of his religion may be carried in practice, without coming into collision with the duties imposed upon the public officer by the Government he serves, and therefore which he is bound to obey, appears to be a hopeless task, and if not hopeless, perhaps an unprofitable one. It is better that every man should follow the dictates of his own conscience in such a matter, and that Government should deal with individual cases as they arise. Though it may be very difficult to define in written words the limits of the permitted and harmless interference of Government servants, in efforts for the religious advancement or social improvement of the people, I scarcely think that in a man’s own mind there can be any inward conflicts, or that any one can go far wrong for want of intelligible instructions.”

vest. But greater even than Faith and Hope is Charity; for, amidst much that is doubtful in the extreme, and of most difficult solution, there is one truth, most nearly concerning us all, that engenders no conflict of opinion, no inner or outer strife,—one truth which every man, without the shadow of a misgiving, may take to his heart confidently and courageously; and that truth is, that we have now reached an epoch in the history of our Anglo-Indian Empire, in which every Christian man who is brought face to face with the natives of the country may demonstrate his Christianity as never yet he has had chance of doing it before. He be in the service, or be he out of the service—be he old or young—be he high in rank or of humble station, he may assert his national faith by vindicating that great cardinal principle of Christianity, the forgiveness of enemies—praying for them who have persecuted and despitefully used his race. Increased kindness and consideration towards the natives of the country should now be the rule and the practice of every Englishman whose lot is cast among them. The amnesty which has been proclaimed by the Queen of England should be echoed by every Christian heart. Terrible things truly have been done; and the Lord God of recompenses has suffered a terrible retribution to overtake the wrongdoers. For every Christian man, woman, or child who has fallen in this great struggle, how many Hindoos and Mahomedans have perished at the bayonet's point, at the cannon's mouth, or in the noose of the gibbet! Does not such great national punishment wipe out the national offence? and ought we not to be so satisfied with such a measure of retribution, that boundless compassion may rightly take the place of anger and revenge in every Christian heart?"

Truly this is pitched in the right key; but we would add somewhat to the exhortation, and it is this,—Do not let your compassion and your love dwell at a distance from their objects. Do not stand aloof, but draw nigh to them. Is there a natural and ineradicable antipathy and repulsion between the two races? Is anything like social fusion an absolute impossibility? Many say it—many believe it in their hearts. Not many, we suspect, have tried it. It must be tried, doubtless, very tolerantly at first; but we believe that it will not be tried in vain. Inter-course is education. We complain that the natives of India are not fit to associate with us; and we deny them the only chance that they have of fitting themselves for such companionship. Is this great gulf for ever and for ever to yawn between the two races? Are we to be continually told that the English associated on friendly terms with Nana Sahib, and that he turned round on them and cut their throats? Perhaps Nana Sahib felt that the English tolerated him because he was rich—because he had elephants and horses, and carriages, and could contribute towards their amusement; but that their ha-

bitual bearing towards his countrymen was that of insolence and contempt. But pure Hindooism, it may be said, is exclusive; and the educated Hindoo, who has emancipated himself from the trammels of caste, is not always a good specimen of humanity. Well—we will admit that Young Bengal is something of a coxcomb. The *adolescentulus* almost always is. Young Bengal is in a transition state; we have to deal with an adolescent state of society, which demands from us, who are older and wiser, an exercise both of judgment and forbearance. He is in a somewhat perilous condition just now, and much depends upon our treatment of him. He yearns after better things, and especially after a better domestic life. His great stumbling-block is in the present condition of female society. A very anxious and significant fact has just been brought to light by the Indian journals. Whilst female education is making little progress in Hindoo homes, the professional courtezans of the metropolis are educating themselves to become attractive companions for the educated youths of Bengal; and these young men, weary of the inanity, of the dreary blank of their legitimate domestic circles, solace themselves with the more intellectual intercourse provided for them by the accomplished inmates of the brothel. Here is a fact that speaks volumes. It declares, trumpet-tongued, the great want of the one race, and the great duty of the other. Nothing could indicate more clearly the point to which it now behoves us to direct our efforts.

The present situation of India is one, in all its varied aspects, of the deepest interest. If we have induced any of the readers of this journal to think seriously of it, we have not written in vain. "Truly," says Sir Herbert Edwardes, "it will not do to go on 'never minding' two hundred millions of our fellow-subjects." We have done that too long already. And it is not difficult to see that upon the bearing of England during the next few years towards her great Indian dependency, hinges the practical solution of the greatest question which a nation has ever been called upon to consider, since the Almighty first raised up nations to weigh them in the hollow of His hand.

ART. II.—1. *Shelley and his Writings*. By C. S. MIDDLETON.
2. *Trelawney's Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*.

3. *Life of P. B. Shelley.* By THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG. London, 1858. Vols. I. and II.
4. *Shelley Memorials, from Authentic Sources.* Edited by LADY SHELLEY. London, 1859.

THE spirit of a man who has emphatically devoted both his life and genius to the process which an ingenious authoress (with a grace beyond our sex) calls "*building broken cisterns,*" appears to have survived him, and still to hang over his biography. Shelley well deserved not only a record of his life, but the study of his character. Human existence is often, or generally, interesting to others, in proportion as it is difficult and painful to the individual himself who sustains it; and Shelley had a large right to the sympathy we give to the unhappy. His mental and moral constitution was again peculiar, and presented much to attract the attention of the student of humanity, whether on its moral or its intellectual side.

It might therefore have been expected, that within a reasonable time of his decease, some one possessing the requisite capacity for such a task, and commanding the necessary opportunities, would have seriously devoted himself to a subject of so much attraction, and that we should have had, long ere this, a work which, for better or worse, must have remained as Shelley's Biography. This natural expectation, however, has not been fulfilled, nor, after this period, can it be much longer maintained. Shelley's own spirit, as we have said, seems to have influenced his biographers; and the result is a multitude of attempts, more or less ambitious, and more or less meritorious, but no achievement. Three new "*Lives*" of Shelley (or, strictly speaking, two and a half; for one is only half finished, and is not likely, we suppose, under the circumstances we shall have to mention, ever to be completed), published within the last two years, give us among them as large a supplement, probably, as we are ever likely to obtain to the facts previously known, but no one of them can be said to answer the desired conditions.

The history of Shelley's biography has been briefly this. After the newspaper paragraphs had announced the sudden and shocking end of the poet by the foundering, or more probably the running down, of his boat off the coast of Tuscany in 1822, the only notices of any importance which broke the silence in which his name seemed buried for seventeen years, were the "*Papers*" published respectively, in periodicals, by Mr. Hogg in 1832, and by Shelley's cousin, Captain Medwin, about the same date.

The latter was a very slight performance, of doubtful accuracy; the former was confined to the author's reminiscences of his friend's college life, of the brief course and violent catastrophe of which he had been equally partaker. In 1839, however, the announcement of a complete edition of Shelley's Poetical Works, with Notes by his widow, was presumed to promise the accomplishment of the duty to which she was understood to have devoted herself. But the Shelley fate hung over the enterprise, and considerable disappointment was expressed at finding Mrs. Shelley's biographical notes restricted to little more than a series of dates referring to the composition of her husband's poems. The explanation, as we now learn, is, that Sir Timothy, the poet's father, interposed, and forbade a biography under a threat of stopping the supplies. In this state—except for the production from time to time of additional material in the shape of Essays, Prose Translations, and Letters, the latter not always to be warranted authentic—matters rested till 1847, when Captain Medwin again came into the field, with his former notice expanded into what professed to be a complete life. Of this work, which was duly noticed in this *Journal* at the time,* it is sufficient to say, that if the nucleus had little substance, the tail appended was still more decidedly nebulous. Then again ensued a ten years' lull, broken only by a letter or an article in "*Notes and Queries,*" or the discovery of some long-lost treasure in America; when, like some whimsical tree which, after standing season after season dingy and dusty on the back stage of the greenhouse, scarce marking its vitality by an occasional leaf, suddenly wakes up, and throws out its luxuriant sprays on every side, the capricious plant of Shelley's biography in the last two years has burst out into no less than three complete "*Lives,*" to say nothing of such "*Recollections*" as those of Captain Trelawley;—and alas! a satisfactory, or even a tolerably satisfactory, life yet remains to be written.

But we have gained, indeed, a very considerable accession of matter; and, with the exception of the details of one very interesting period (for which, however, it would be idle to wait, when we find the vague promise of them at some future time, made by Mrs. Shelley in 1839, repeated with equal vagueness—in fact, in the identical terms—by her daughter-in-law in 1859), we may probably consider ourselves as fully possessed of the facts of Shelley's history as we are ever likely to be. And it is in consequence of

* See *North British Review*, Vol. viii. No. xv.

the new and very strong light which the recent publications, and especially one of them, throws upon what may be called the First Part of Shelley's life, that we desire to direct the reader's attention to them.

But, in discharge of our critical duty, we must first give a brief account of the several works; and the more so, that with two of them, at least, we shall have little to do hereafter.

Of Mr. Middleton's volumes we would fain speak with the respect due to a conscientious endeavour; but when we have said so much in their favour, we have said all that we can say. The work, except for one or two trifling facts, is merely a compilation; and we cannot assert that Mr. Middleton shows any talent for compilation. Of his style of thought and expression he can scarcely complain if we choose as a specimen his reflections on the unhappy separation between the young poet and his first wife. It is an occasion for pathos; so here the pathos is!

"This was a cruel finish to that little piece of romance, opened with so much earnestness and mutual satisfaction, having for its prelude vows of eternal fidelity—young lovers' vows, alas, how frail! but nevertheless, like the dews of morning to opening flowers, thence followed by an elopement to Gretna Green" [where Shelley never went], "in the very heyday of the blood, and all seeming to glide on so pleasantly, so satisfactorily."—*Middleton*, vol. i., p. 269.

We have been careful to reproduce the punctuation precisely, as in an unknown tongue one does not know what any sign may be worth. It is well to know—or it would be unfair to produce this glorious pan-nus—what English *can* be written, in spite of the Civil Service Commission.

Mr. Trelawney's "Recollections" are scarcely a subject for criticism. As conveying the impression Shelley made upon a mind like that of the author, the work is not without its value; and the narrative of the terrible office Mr. Trelawney so manfully discharged towards his dead friend, is painfully interesting. With the rest of the volume we are not here concerned.

And now we come to what was to have been *the* Life of Shelley. Circumstances certainly seemed to warrant the anticipation. Mr. Hogg had been the poet's bosom friend at Oxford, and had continued to see a great deal of him, till Shelley left England, after which, we believe, he still corresponded with him. He is a man of recognised literary ability, and, as a barrister of long standing, might be supposed to know the world. These particulars very naturally pointed him out to the family as a fit person to whom to entrust the task of at last executing a final memorial

of Shelley; and the papers which they possessed were unreservedly placed in his hands. The result is the instalment of two volumes (intended to be half of the work), which is now before us. A second and immediate consequence is, that the steed being indubitably stolen, all possible haste is made to shut the stable-door,—without figure, that the family in dismay withdraw their commission, and resume the custody of their papers,—and Mr. Hogg is hoist with his own petard.

Truly, the dismay of the family is not unreasonable; yet, as we do not belong to the family, we cannot pretend to espouse their cause any further than it coincides with that of the public. And the public is in this case much in the condition of a government, whose official happens, as officials do sometimes happen, to commit an indiscretion, by which his principals cannot help profiting. Of course, they rebuke the indiscreet official, perhaps turn him adrift altogether; and profit by his error. We are quite ready to rebuke Mr. Hogg, as indeed he most richly deserves; but we cannot help feeling that we profit by him.

Of this extraordinary production, if we were to say that it would be impossible to write a work more atrociously violating every canon of good taste, literary and moral, we should speak only the truth. And if we say that it is an invaluable contribution to our knowledge of Shelley, we speak the truth likewise. And, paradoxical as it may sound, the merits and demerits of the book enhance each other; at least, its badness is a condition of its goodness. If Mr. Hogg had been sensible of the proprieties and delicacies which men are usually supposed to feel in presenting themselves—and still more, we should imagine, in exhibiting the memory of a departed friend—before the public, it is quite certain that he would not have told us half what he has told us, either about Shelley or about himself. His extravagances on the latter head appear at first sight the more intolerable, because apparently so impertinent. We have, for example, sixteen pages (pp. 172–188, vol. i.) devoted to an excursion which he (Mr. Hogg) made from Oxford, without a word of reference to Shelley, or the slightest bearing in the world on the subject of the biography. Again, we have no less than forty pages (pp. 217–257, vol. ii.) given to a visit he paid to Ireland in 1813, the sole pretext for the introduction of which history is that he went to Ireland to see the Shelleys—and missed them! These instances by no means exhaust, they only exemplify, the liberties Mr. Hogg thinks himself entitled to take with his subject; and the first impression, in spite of a few good—rather too

good—stories which we get thereby, is a strong feeling of impatience, to say the least. But further consideration does much to justify Mr. Hogg. It is something to know so well what sort of person the chosen friend of the poet was; and Mr. Hogg has doubtless reflected, as we have, that to estimate the value of evidence, we ought to be acquainted with the character of the witness. Had it been possible to make the statements offered in these volumes without revealing the idiosyncrasy of the writer, we do not know what our opinion of Shelley might not have been; and we may remark that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, in reducing his correspondent's style in the *New Monthly* to the ordinary manner of reasonable men (of which Mr. Hogg bitterly complains in his present preface), made himself responsible for a serious mystification. But Mr. Hogg, now master of his own space, magnanimously throws off the disguise, and supplies a very handsome ha'porth of antidote to his own revelations. When the flaw in the mirror is obvious, we allow for the distortion of the image.*

Sufficiently scared, as we have stated, at the two volumes on which we have just commented, the family withdrew their papers from Mr. Hogg's hands; and the last work on our list is a sketch by Lady Shelley herself, intended merely, as she modestly implies, to connect together the remaining materials which they think proper to be published, but which they are unwilling to leave at the mercy of Mr. Hogg's fantastic manipulations.

Unpretending as it is, in point of taste and style it stands in very agreeable contrast with all the preceding biographies; but its very scale prevents its being all that we could desire. Of its kind, however, it is as good as the peculiar objects which its authoress had in view could perhaps allow it to be.

* Perhaps, as we have given a specimen of Mr. Middleton's style, it would only be fair to show at least how Mr. Hogg can write. Mrs. Shelley, had she survived, would surely have found her sorrow soothed by being introduced in such terms as the following, if, as we suppose—but are not by any means sure—the allusion is to that lady:—

"Let us next write," exclaims Mr. Hogg. "of the immortal dead whilst he was at Eton. And—oh! let us write of him with a tender sadness, as a dove would write about his lost mate; and why may not a dove write with a pen drawn painfully from his own wing?"

Why not indeed! It must be convenient for widowed birds of literary habits to have their writing materials so handy. We are presuming that this obscure passage refers to Mrs. Shelley, though the sex of the dove would rather suggest that Mr. Hogg meant to represent himself in that figure. But the instrument he was using cannot be doubted, whether he plucked it from his own wing or not; and it was not a dove-quill.

The earlier portion, especially, exhibits a tact in the selection of particulars, and a terseness in the narration of them, which suggest the study of Johnson as a model; and strikes the modern ear with a very pleasant quaintness. Its symmetry, however, as a biographical essay in the style of that master, is injured by the necessity, in the latter portion, of interweaving the new material which she desired to produce. For the matter itself, much cannot be said. There is an unfinished *Essay on Christianity*, by Shelley, hitherto unpublished, which would be valuable if Shelley had really had any opinions, or any claims to have his opinions regarded, but which actually is no more than a sceptical exercise of tolerable, and only tolerable, ingenuity. The matter of most interest is, it may be said, least to the subject; for it consists of illustration of Mrs. Shelley's character, which well deserves consideration—for she was a very remarkable woman,—but is only incidentally connected with that of her husband.

Having given this cursory account of the history of Shelley's biography, and the latest additions to it, we return to our object, which is to bring our present information—largely reinforced as it is by the new publications, and especially by Mr. Hogg's two volumes—into focus upon the character of Shelley during what we have called above, the First Part of his life.

In Shelley's life, as in that of many other famous men, there was a special epoch at which he first discovered his genius. This is a phenomenon which we often see exemplified—the born magicians roaming over the earth looking for their wands, the pre-appointed kings of men feeling for their sceptres. Scott before "*Waverley*," Byron before "*Childe Harold*," Cromwell a brewer, Washington a land-surveyor, are equally instances of this; and the life before and the life after the discovery of their true mission bears the resemblance indeed, but also the difference, between the fruit tree in its gaunt ruggedness of February or March, and the same tree in its glory of May or June. The epoch of Shelley's development we should fix about the year 1815; its proof will be the composition of "*Alastor*;" and, dividing his Life into two parts, the second will commence with this period. It is with the earlier of these periods, carrying us on to the twenty-second or twenty-third year of the poet, that we are now to deal. Although it was not the portion of his life when his genius triumphed, we select it as our subject, partly because the fresh material before us throws most new light on it, but chiefly because it enables us to trace the development of his

character. And we shall be surprised if the examination of his mental and moral constitution, as we shall here be able to observe it, will not considerably modify our impressions even of his genius; or, as we should more truly say, enable us to distinguish between what was really the fruit of a rare genius, and what, truly regarded, should be cast aside as the morbid excretions of a mind never healthy, and often, we have good grounds for believing, on the very verge of utter disarray.

The family tree which was to throw out so brilliant a flower, was no commonplace stock. The Shelleys had produced knights of name, in times when a less completely organized state of society hardly allowed a name to be acquired without some force of individuality. Of later generations, however, we hear nothing till we come to the grandfather of the poet. His achievements were conquests of the modern chivalric style; he ran away, successively, with two of the richest heiresses, respectively, in Sussex and Kent. In 1806 (when his grandson was fourteen years old), this doughty esquire won his spurs, and, in consideration of the combined merits of wealth and whiggery, was made a baronet. The last public exploit Sir Bysse Shelley performed, was to commence the building of a mansion out of proportion even with his large revenue; privately it appears that he lived, in his old age, alone in a mean cottage at Horsham, where he consorted chiefly with persons of a low class, and when his son, the poet's father, went to visit him, used "to receive him with a tremendous oath, and continue to heap curses on him so long as he remained in the room." But his son only went to visit him when he wanted money, it must be understood.

This strong-willed man was not likely to leave a futile progeny, nor did he. Of the second baronet, Sir Timothy, indeed, no such dashing feats are told as are related of his father. They were not needed; his throne was ready made, but he was quite as far from commonplace. He appears to have been one of the most astonishing braggarts ever heard of. Incidentally, too, we find the strong will of the race appearing even under what is usually a feature of weakness. In a conversation which Mr. Hogg once held with him, he gave Paley's arguments for the existence of a Deity as his own. When they were detected, he said that Paley had them originally from him. Clearly not a man to be beaten that! There was something, too, of the poetic temperament in Sir Timothy besides his tendency to fiction. Mr. Hogg says that, in the conversation referred to, he

cried, laughed, and scolded, as well as praised himself inordinately, and—of course—swore. But the hereditary obstinacy had its chief exemplification in the inexorable decision with which he ultimately cut the natural ties between himself and his son. That he should quarrel with him, was, indeed, far from strange. They were too much alike not to quarrel, and, as we shall see hereafter, his son behaved infamously towards him; that cannot be denied. We could not have been surprised, therefore, that the relations should have become difficult, scarcely that the full warmth of affection should have declined. But that so vain a man, whose complacency had, as we distinctly see, largely invested in his son's early promise, should have had the resolution to cut off his own paternal vanity when it would have been justifiable to the whole world,—nay, even twenty years after his enmity must, we should have thought, have been buried in the miserable end of its object, should have still maintained the separation by forbidding his widow to execute a biography of her husband—for he might easily have made his own terms as to the appearance he was himself to make in the proposed publication;—this perseverance shows how unlike this man was to other men, and how thoroughly he was the son of his own father, and the father of his own son.

Of Shelley's mother we hear so little that we cannot but presume that there is little to hear. She was a Miss Piffold; and when we have stated this fact, and added that she was very beautiful, we have said all we know. But we are disposed to derive from her that extreme sweetness of temper for which, with all his excitability, the poet was so remarkable; and there is some negative evidence of this, besides the existence of a good-natured brother of hers—a half-pay naval captain—who stood in the gap between Shelley and his father when it was first opened, and, as appears, saved the poet and his bride from being starved to death in their honeymoon. In general, however, Shelley must be reckoned an exception to the assertion, that eminent men receive their genius through the female line.

The eldest son of such parents—the future poet—came into the world in the summer of 1792. His birth was followed in time, it should be mentioned—for the circumstance essentially affects the character of his home—by four sisters and one brother—the youngest child. The locality of his birth, and his home up to manhood, was a large country house called Field Place, near Horsham in Sussex.

Of his actual childhood we know no-

thing; but of his boyhood certain features make themselves very apparent.

One of these is his more than childish taste for the wonderful, and especially for the mysterious. The locality seems to have been favourable to this tendency of his. In the garden of Field Place dwelt a "great snake" of unknown age, but said to have been known by the same title of distinction three hundred years before. This, doubtless, was the progenitor of that large brood of snakes which we find disporting themselves so constantly in his poetry. Then there was a Mere close by, haunted by a "great tortoise," which we had always supposed to be a land animal. But he was by no means dependent on such assistance for objects of "pleasing terror." His own imagination was soon at work to reinforce the deficient *magicity* of the neighbourhood. An alchemist, old and grey, was located with all proper furniture in a vast garret extending under the roof of Field Place, and a long-closed-up room served as a sort of chapel of ease for the worship of the prevailing mystery. His sisters were naturally his confidants in this pursuit, and one of them still remembers how he used to take her after dinner on his knee, and tell her thrilling tales. But this must be carefully distinguished from the vulgar, hobgoblin tyranny of a coarse boy terrifying timid sisters for the pleasure of giving pain. Such a feeling would have been utterly out of Shelley's nature, which was pure of cruelty to what, we fear, we must almost call an inhuman extent. His sisters were his fellow-worshippers; it was the pleasure of their sympathy with himself which he sought, and probably, as he grew older, some assistance to his own imagination from the reflection of their more absolute faith. The latter artifice is not altogether unknown to other religions.

Another trait very visible in these early days will lead us to the consideration of an important point in Shelley's mental constitution; and that is the inclination not only to mystery, but to mystification. The incidents in which this tendency is exhibited are in themselves trifles. One day, the ladies of the family are surprised to see a young rustic pass the window with a truss of hay over his shoulder. It is Bysshe going in this disguise to carry some hay to a young lady of Horscham, who had been recommended hay-tea as a cure for chilblains—a Sussex recipe, we presume, which we fearlessly take the responsibility of communicating. Another time he went to a neighbouring gentleman, and got hired as gamekeeper's boy. These and other similar tricks would be simple playfulness in most boys, but in him they mark a characteristic disposition, not only to imagine, but

to *act out* the imagination. It will be seen subsequently how greatly his life was affected by the practical form which the most impracticable thoughts assumed in his peculiar nature.

A branch of this tendency, which was of easier execution, was the at least occasional practice of downright fable. His sister recollects, as having been often remarked on since in the family, a detailed visit which he professed to have one day paid to some friends in the village, which visit, it turned out, was pure fiction from beginning to end!

What was the meaning of this? Mere schoolboy lying? We do not doubt that many schoolboys, and, still more often, younger children, do lie from the same cause; but we are not disposed to set this down as ordinary lying. It is in one view less serious; while, in another, it is of a much more serious character. This was, we apprehend, in Shelley that possession by the imagination which, often occasional with very young persons, would, if continued, become actual delusion.

It is not ascertained yet, we think, that the insane are absolutely convinced of the truth of their impressions; on the contrary, they often appear to betray a glimmering sense of their delusive character; and their insanity may be said essentially to consist rather in their inability to resist the fancy, than in the faith they actually lend to it. The explanation of the extraordinary falsehoods sometimes volunteered by children is, we believe, only the partial and temporary access of this infirmity: it is the imagination seizing them with a force that they cannot resist. And such we believe to have been the case with Shelley at this time, and, not improbably, on more than one important occasion of his later life. An astonishing assertion of an attempt at assassination committed upon him, according to his account, in Wales in 1813,—of which there was not a particle of corroborative evidence, except that of his wife, to which, we are compelled to say, we can give no weight whatever,—and a somewhat similar adventure at Naples, at a much later period,—were, we believe, instances of the same congestion of the imaginative faculty.

In connection with this subject, too, we must not omit to advert to the undoubted fact that he was subject to somnambulism, or, at least, that he more than once experienced fits of that strange disease. Medwin relates one, which occurred when he was ten or eleven; and another, when Medwin found him early one morning lying unconscious, the centre of a circle of admiring boys, in Leicester Square. Williams, too, relates, in his Diary, two instances, occurring, if we are not mistaken, during the last few months of his

friend's life, when he exhibited illusions which clearly belonged to this kind.

But while these things point too clearly to physical derangements to allow us to pass a judgment upon them as moral obliquities, it will be obvious that, unless the individual who is liable to them be very careful, they may easily lead to laxity in regard to the cardinal virtue of truthfulness; and this is the place to discuss a point of extreme importance with regard to a just judgment of what Shelley was. And though it is a little to anticipate, we shall examine the question as it affected his later as well as his earlier life, or at least as it affected the whole of the period with which we are to deal.

Generally, we may state that our conclusion is not in favour of Shelley's accuracy; but of the weight to be given to that result in an estimate of his character, we shall speak hereafter.

Of course, it would not be fair to make an assertion of this sort without giving grounds for it, which we shall do, partly in the shape of facts which we can examine for ourselves, and partly in that of the testimony of Mr. Hogg, the man who perhaps knew him best.

Here, then, is an instance of Shelley's treatment of facts. He used at college to speak with horror of the consequence of having inadvertently swallowed some arsenic while at school, and feared he should never entirely recover the shock it had inflicted on his constitution. We have both Miss Helen Shelley's and Mr. Hogg's testimony to this assertion. Let it be observed that the arsenic was taken *at school, and by accident.*

But, at p. 332, vol. ii., Mr. Hogg says that "Shelley told him that, shortly before he came to the University, he had taken poison for love of a young lady who had refused his hand." This poison was also *arsenic.*

Has Mr. Hogg's memory deceived him in regard to the circumstances? and does he forget in the second volume what he had told us in the first? or was it Shelley who was romancing, and told both stories? It is singular, certainly, that Mr. Hogg does not himself bring them into comparison; but he leaves us in no doubt as to what he thought of the former affair, for he very plainly intimates that he considered it the "exaggeration by his lively fancy" of some very trifling accident, and moreover asserts that Shelley showed no trace of such injury as he supposed himself to have received."—(Hogg, vol. i., p. 75.)

But, before we form our own opinion, let us cast a glance at a letter from Keswick in 1811. In that he declares that he has been unable to write, "owing to having been ill from the poison of laurel leaves!"

Why, the man who lives by swallowing

swords at a fair is nothing to Shelley. Three poisonings before he was 20! Let us not fail also to observe that this unlucky individual—being a private individual, whom nobody could have the slightest motive to assail—was exposed (according to his own account) in the brief remainder of his life to *two* most frightful attempts at assassination, of neither of which there was ever the slightest evidence but his own assertion. Shall we then set utterly aside that regard for human probabilities by which we live, or suppose that this young poet romanced?

But let us try again. There is a curious passage in a letter to Godwin. He is introducing himself to the philosopher, and giving the history of the persecutions he had endured in the glorious cause of No Religion.

"He was twice expelled," he boasts, "from Eton, but recalled by the interference of his father." We much doubt if parental influence ever was of such potency at Eton; but, at any rate, it never was tried in Shelley's case, for it is as certain as it well can be, that, unsatisfactory as his Eton life was, he never was expelled from that school at all.

But this is not all. Still to Godwin (Hogg, vol. ii., p. 56), he says, in relation to his actual expulsion from Oxford: "I was informed that if I denied the publication (sc. the Syllabus on the 'Necessity of Atheism') no more would be said. I refused and was expelled."

What heroism, to be sure, considering that the publication positively was his own! We might ask, perhaps, if any mind accustomed to treat fact as an immutable law of speech could ever have thought of making capital for vanity out of what such a mind could only regard as an inevitable necessity; but we may pass over that, to observe that the whole incident is imaginary. No such proposition was ever made to him!

In another letter to Godwin he tells him that he "had pored over the reveries of Albertus Magnus and Paracelsus, the former of which I read in Latin, and probably gained more knowledge of the language from that source than from all the discipline of Eton." Possibly; but Mr. Hogg positively asserts that he never possessed the works of Albertus Magnus, and, as he shrewdly observes, "as they fill twenty-one volumes folio, they could not be hid under a bushel."—(Hogg, vol. ii., p. 111.)

Perhaps this glimpse of his temperament will lead us to read with less distress such little notices as the following, which we take almost at random from his letters:—

"I am very cold this morning, so you must excuse bad writing, as *I have been most of the night pacing a churchyard.*"—(Hogg, vol. i., p. 161.)

He concludes the *same* letter by saying:—"I will write again: my head is rather dizzy to-day, on account of not taking rest, and a slight attack of typhus!"

Brain fever, we should rather have said. Really these letters never ought to have been published; only then, as Mr. Hogg says with an admirable preference of truth to Plato and Socrates, we should never have known his "incomparable friend."

After this, though he says it that should not say it, we may believe his friend had some ground for his very distinct assertion that it was an impossibility for Shelley to stick to "the strict and precise truth, and the bare naked realities of life;" and that, "had he (Shelley) written to ten individuals the history of some proceeding in which he was himself a party or an eye-witness, each of his ten reports would have varied from the rest in essential and important circumstances. The relation given on the morrow would have been unlike that of the day, as the latter would have contradicted the tale of yesterday."—(Hogg, vol. ii., p. 68.)

Save us from our friends indeed! But, of course, this was not "through an addiction to falsehood, but because he was the unsuspecting and unresisting victim of his irresistible imagination." No doubt; it never is the wine, we know—it is always that salmon. Mr. Hogg's defence, however, is a fine specimen of logic, and worthy of his legal reputation. Shelley romanced because he could not help romancing, and *therefore* he did not romance.

Mr. Hogg's attempt to found his defence of his friend on a distinction between inveracity and mendacity is feeble. Why not admit at once that there are degrees in truthfulness as in other virtues, and that some violations of the strict principle are more venial than others? As to general inaccuracy of statement, what between himself and his friend, we may consider Shelley fully convicted of it. But on this point may not weakness with weakness come to parle? What is so rare as accuracy of language? So long as there is no serious departure from good faith in the intention, we must certainly mutually condone the fault of careless language, unless we are to have a new world. Nor is it at all certain how a new world would run without the present elastic padding of fiction between us and the rude facts of existence. And the imaginative liars are the most pardonable of all, for the reason that they are usually least conscious of the extent of their excursions in the debateable land between fancy and reality. "Belief's the soul of fact," exclaims the most moral of poets and philosophers, though, possibly, not knowing exactly how wise he was

when he said so. And how easy to believe in the imaginations we have ourselves created! The poet's chateau en Espagne is as real to him as our agreeable Celtic friend's "kyastle" over in that distant country of Ireland, or those wonderful things that you and I, kindly reader, did or witnessed at what we may call generally "the last school." To confound these aberrations with the real ugly thing is to confess a superstitious spirit, into which no true sense of the real ugliness of that thing has yet penetrated.

Therefore, we are not at all intending to come down on this poor, weak young poet with the birch rod of majestic indignation; even though there were, as we fear there really was, some occasional tendency in his usually harmless fabulation to approach the real thing. The use we would make of the occasion is less to insist on his failure in this particular virtue, than to call attention to the deficiency in his character of that general principle which would at least have forced him to aim at accuracy of language—as first, indeed, at the far more important point of accuracy of thought.

What to call this principle is not so easy to say. Conscientiousness is usually limited to the moral action; accuracy to the intellectual. Comparing the human constitution, however, to a complicated machine, in which the various mental and moral instincts represent component forces, there is, or should be, in connection with each of these a regulative power, whose part it is to serve as a check upon them, and to reduce the action of each to the point of moderation and justice. Whether this part be indeed played by a central power, or by the counterbalancing action of the forces among themselves, is indifferent, as we are not writing a metaphysical treatise; but, allowing the illustration we have chosen, it will enable us to explain to the reader that it was exactly in this point of balance and regulation that Shelley's mind exhibited its radical defect. This it was which rendered his conduct senseless, his speech unreliable, and the results of thought which he produced—except as they were purely imaginative, and even those are greatly flawed from the same cause—utterly vain; altogether worthless, indeed, unless so far as the material his unceasing activity and remarkable natural capacities enabled him to accumulate may be wrought in conclusions often the reverse of his own by the manipulations of completer men. The remark applies signally, of course, to his religious speculations—opinions we do not call them, because we agree with Mr. Hogg that he had no convictions deserving to be so regarded. That any *thinker* should ever be affected by the views with which Shelley plays, *as results*, is what we cannot

conceive; and, indeed, there can be no fair appreciation of Shelley at all, except by looking upon him as a being marvellously endowed with genius, remarkably gifted, too, with peculiar abilities which we may distinguish from his genius, and exhibiting many moral qualities of a very high and rare kind, but withal radically incomplete and defective in a point more than any other, perhaps, essential to the idea of a sound-minded man.

But it is time to take up the external history of the future poet. After some elementary instruction under a clergyman in the neighbourhood, Shelley was sent, at about ten years of age, to an inferior sort of academy at Brentford, and at thirteen removed to Eton. His school life was not happy in either sphere. A nervous, dreamy, solitary child at this first school, he seems to have been a dreamy, solitary, and impracticable boy at the second. This last characteristic led him into antagonism both with his schoolfellows and the authorities; and, in truth, he rehearsed very completely at Eton the part he was afterwards to play in life. He was a fag, but he considered fagging to be a tyranny, and, having already the deepest sense of the divine right of rebellion (and, perhaps, one might say, of the duty of disobedience generally), he refused to submit to this custom of the school, and, it is said, succeeded in emancipating himself personally from its obligations. If so, we venture to transfer the admiration which the biographers generally are eager to bestow upon the youthful hero to the elder boys, who had the sense to see that, at any rate, he was not worth the trouble of coercing, and to perceive that, good or bad, the institution was in no danger from the opposition of a 'mad' fellow like Shelley. This epithet, which he enjoyed, sufficiently explains the estimation in which he was held by his schoolfellows. It is one of common occurrence, and, in a large school, there will usually be one or more individuals in the enjoyment of it. Applied, of course, to eccentricity in general, it especially marks that disregard of consequences which, with boys, little given as yet to *a priori* consideration, is not unreasonably considered a fair test of practical sanity. Shelley managed, however, it seems, before he left school, to distinguish himself, even amongst the class of the "mad" or "cracked" fellows, and attained the title of the "Atheist." But this title, according to himself, is to be understood in an esoteric sense, and not in the offensive signification which it bears in the ordinary dictionary. The allusion is stated to be to the giants, who are called *ἀθεοί* not as denying but as defying the gods; and it is asserted that Shelley, as others before him,

earned the distinction by exploits, in the shape of outrageous impudence towards the inhabitants of the scholastic Olympus. Shelley's feat was the setting fire to a tree or trees in the playing-fields with a burning-glass. We cannot confirm this interpretation; but it is given on Shelley's own authority, and is sufficiently in the spirit of the classical schools; and we should be glad to accept this view as the explanation of such an incident as that which gave so much offence at the time, when Shelley placed the word *ἀθεός* after his name in a Swiss Traveller's Book. If there happened to be any old Eton men on the same line, this act, though sufficiently thoughtless, need not mean more than that he intended to identify himself to their recollection by his school nickname. Shelley's intellectual ability appears to have been remarkable from the first. A most quick and subtle intelligence, combined with an excellent memory, made his school work only play to him. He learned his lessons as by intuition, says one schoolfellow. His facility in making Latin verses was wonderful, says another. But *how* did he learn them? He was never a scholar to the end, and at Oxford read the classics chiefly in translations. As for his Latin verses, Lady Shelley relates, with delicious simplicity, that he "never would at any time submit to the trammels of the *Gradus*." What a noble spirit? and how comfortable it is to reflect what bands of kindred heroes—those nursing-mothers of our country, the public schools, do breed? Britons never *shall* be slaves. Alas, for poor Shelley! the child was father of the man. This heroism was of the sort which he went on exhibiting all his life—making his Latin verses with wonderful facility, and utterly refusing to submit to the trammels of the *Gradus*!

But Shelley's mind was seething with other ambition than could be gratified within the limits of school life, even as free as that of an English public school. This passion was, of course, very strong in him, as it usually is in imaginative natures. His actual situation cannot have been in any way gratifying. To suffer that frightful tyranny of the *Gradus* in school, and out of school to be called "Mad Shelley," or the "Atheist," does not represent a position with which a nature even far inferior to Shelley's could have been satisfied. He was sane enough to know that the reputation of "madness" does not conduce to respect, either among men or boys. His consolation, however, lay in that invaluable friend of the unappreciated—the printing press. That strictly modern and European institution has never, perhaps, been sufficiently estimated in its capacity as a safety-valve to

the desiring and the disappointed. Why does not some grateful young genius in or out of Parliament take up, as a subject, the relation between the freedom of the press (including the facility of printing) and suicide? How the ancients used to commit suicide! Has it been sufficiently considered, in reference to this peculiarity, that printing was not yet invented? Look at India, China, and especially at our recent discovery, Japan! No printing press, and the prevalence of that fatal habit! Tearing ourselves away, however, from this fertile and fascinating theme, we may observe that Shelley had recourse to this fountain of consolation at an unusually early age. We hear of his actually having some productions of a little sister—not twelve years old, how much younger we do not know—printed. Before he left Eton, at which period he was not more than fifteen or sixteen,—we believe only fifteen,—he had published a romance in all form, the form being so complete, indeed, as to bring the boy in L.40 or L.50 (the sum is variously stated) for copyright; out of which treasure he gave a magnificent parting “spread” to eight friends. We never hear of his school friends on any other occasion, but doubtless there were found some who were ready to lend him their knives to cut up such a feast.

Now, perhaps, it is not of great importance to know how Shelley thought and felt at fifteen (although there is a certain interest in observing how early the main lines of his character were laid down); but it is worth any one's while, having the opportunity, to see what a publisher would give L.40 or L.50 for in 1809. The reader shall see the first half-page of “Zastrozzi:”—

“Torn from the society of all he held dear on earth, the victim of secret enemies, and exiled from happiness, was the wretched Verezzi.

“All was quiet; a pitchy darkness involved the face of things, when, urged by the fiercest revenge, Zastrozzi placed himself at the door of the inn where, undisturbed, Verezzi slept.

“Loudly he called the landlord. The landlord, to whom the bare name of Zastrozzi was terrible, trembling, obeyed the summons.

“Thou knowest Verezzi the Italian? he lodges here.’ ‘He does,’ answered the landlord.

“‘Him, then, have I devoted to destruction!’ exclaimed Zastrozzi,” etc.

Vixere fortes.—There were spasmodic writers long before you, Mr. Reade!

The rest of the story is quite worthy of this commencement. But it will not take us long to develop a plot which is mild in one sense, if very far from it in another. Zastrozzi, the gentleman who has just called and sent up that civil message to Verezzi, is in

intimate relations with Julia Marchesa di Strobazzo, who, however, does not seem to have changed her name, possibly because she thought her lover's as cacophonous as her own. In spite of this engagement, this lady entertains a passion for Verezzi, which, to add to the general eccentricity, Zastrozzi, for his own secret purpose, encourages. Verezzi, meanwhile, who has a sincere attachment to Matilda, Contessa di Laurentini, dutifully resists for some time the pursuit of Julia. But, forced at length, by the arts of Zastrozzi, too closely within the range of her seductions, he ends by yielding to them, and marries her. For a while he is as happy as a consciousness of his unworthy conduct will allow; but before many weeks have elapsed, on Julia's sudden appearance before him, remorse overcomes him, and he stabs himself, whereupon the jealous Matilda stabs Julia. And then Zastrozzi and Matilda fall into the hands of justice, and Matilda repents her crimes; but Zastrozzi, who has been the philosophical spirit throughout, declares his intention of “encountering annihilation with tranquillity.” Before he does so, however, he is good enough to explain to the reader *why* he has thus persecuted and ensnared Verezzi,—a circumstance which has been a perfect mystery hitherto, leaving, therefore, the whole main action of the plot absolutely irrational. But Zastrozzi had an excellent reason, for Verezzi's father had seduced his (Zastrozzi's) mother, and, naturally, it became a duty of filial piety to revenge her. He therefore, “devotes to destruction” both the seductive Verezzi père (his *own* father? the text leaves that obscure) and the innocent son. There is no explanation given, it should be observed, why he should devote the *son* to destruction at all; but it appears to be taken for granted, as a well known principle of ethics, that if you murder a father you will naturally proceed to dispatch the son. But having murdered the father, he had bethought him—with strange inconsistency for a gentleman who was just on the point of encountering annihilation with tranquillity—that his vengeance, even so far, was incomplete, inasmuch as he had only destroyed the seducer's *body*; therefore, when he proceeds to deal with the son, he determines first to induce him to commit some great crime whereby “his soul should be hell-doomed to all eternity!”

Matilda makes one of her many exclamations, in the course of the story, in a tone which the author describes as one “expressive of serene horror.” We imagine that our present reader is making an exclamation in the same tone.

Here is L.40 worth of imagination in 1809!

The story is almost too repulsive to tell, but it is worth telling for the sake of the reflections it forces. Only half a century ago, a bookseller—who doubtless knew his own interest—could venture to pay so much money to an unknown author for a composition like this; that is, he was satisfied that he could obtain readers enough to repay him this sum, and the expense of printing it, with a sufficient return. And, on the other hand, a young gentleman of that date—not, indeed, of a naturally well-tempered mind, but one on whom all the civilising influences of social position, and the best educational opportunities of the time, had been largely acting—could find a vent for his fancy in concocting such a farrago. Such was the taste bred between Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis; and it is much to say for Shelley, that his work is at any rate free from the worst characteristics of the latter writer, at least in the stage of which this is a copy. From what did not Walter Scott deliver us! How can we admire sufficiently that great genius, which was powerful enough to turn the pestiferous influences which he had received in common with Shelley, into the healthy growth of the *Waverley* novels! And how intelligible becomes the success of those novels when we see what our fathers had to feed on, when he first brought out his rich supply of delicious food! *Waverley* was published only five years after this date. Truly, to every one who had anything pure and sound in his own nature, Scott's novels must have come like fresh air to the survivors from Surahja Dowlah's dungeon!

The publication of "*Zastrozzi*" was the Vesuvio, as the firework spectacles call it, of Shelley's Eton life—a lurid enough conclusion, with more smoke than fire. A year of home ensued, which we may imagine well-suited to complete the ruin of his character; for if he were not wisely ruled at Eton, at home he was plainly not ruled at all. He was now sixteen, and the incidents of this period are his first serious incursion into the realms of rhyme, his second novel, and his falling in love—or fancying that he had done so. Perhaps the last incident ought to be placed between the other two, but the chronology is rather hazy here.

The verse was composed in partnership with his cousin Mr. Medwin, somewhat older, we believe, than himself, and consisted of innumerable cantos on the subject of *Ahasuerus*—a character which always had a great hold on Shelley's fancy, and reappears again in his very last poem, "*Hellas*." When they had completed a large amount, they sent it to Campbell for his judgment, and got for answer that there were only two good lines

in it. Campbell was, indeed, rather too apt to make *lines* the test of poetical merit, but in this case he probably gave the poem no serious attention, and only said what he thought would have the effect of putting the lads out of conceit with their work. It is curious, and not very consistent, that poets who hold up their vocation as the grandest of all, should always feel it a duty to society to discourage the adoption of it. The fact, however, is, that it is obviously unfair to put such a responsibility on a stranger; and the youths got no more than, had they been a little older, they would have known they would get. Yet it was rather a mistake, as everything but perfect candour is apt to turn out in the long run; for while it is impossible to deny that the poetry, judging by the specimens, which are all we have to judge by, would easily have permitted a more favourable verdict, we cannot look at the prose fiction which went before and that which is to follow in this case, without feeling that Shelley was in a far healthier atmosphere, when, as in writing verse, his sense of beauty was called into play to modify his tendencies towards the horrible and startling. It is not possible, of course, to attribute the portions of the poem to their respective writers with any certainty; but, at any rate, the author of "*Zastrozzi*" does not appear, while several of the qualities of the poet Shelley, especially the purity and flow, and something too of the grace, of his language, are often very traceable.

The wet blanket of Campbell's worldly wisdom effectually extinguished for the time the poetical fire of the two boys, and Shelley's energies were again turned upon a new novel. It is said that the female cousin by whom his fancy was at this time strongly attracted, assisted him in this new composition. We are for several reasons disposed to doubt this; if any young lady took a part in it, we rather imagine it to have been his eldest sister, and that the aid was probably limited to some of the lyrics. Mr. Hogg gives us some verses by Miss Elizabeth Shelley, of much the same character as those inserted in the novel.

We do not propose to delay the reader with any analysis of this production, which, somewhat more ambitious, is even less coherent than "*Zastrozzi*." It would be absurd, of course, to lay any stress on the opinions indicated in so boyish a rhapsody, yet it is noticeable that his mind had already embraced some of the views by which he acted in after life. This is the case on the subject of marriage. The hero seduces the heroine (of course on high moral grounds), and then decides to marry her, to which last degrading step he finds her naturally averse, till he overcomes her scruples by the argument, that

"'tis but yielding to the prejudices of the world wherein we live, and *procuring moral expediency at a slight sacrifice of what we conceive to be right.*" And, accordingly, "they soon agreed on a point of, in their eyes, so trifling importance."

He lived at least to learn to put his argument in somewhat less vulnerable shape, when he married the unfortunate Harriet, and again his second wife, on the ground of the "disproportionate sacrifice which the female is called on to make."

It would be a pity, however, not to give a specimen of the style of a "gentleman of the University of Oxford" of those days, for it was under that designation that he published the work. And as we quoted half the first page of "Zastrozzi," we will now quote half the first sentence of "St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian:"—

"Red thunderclouds, borne on the wings of the midnight whirlwind, floated by fits athwart the crimson-coloured *orbit* of the moon; the rising fierceness of the blast sighed through the stunted shrubs, which, bending before its violence, inclined towards the rocks on which they grew," etc.

A prose narrative of this pleasing kind is enlivened by such cheerful lyrics as the following:—

"'Twas the dead of the night when I sate in my dwelling,
One glittering lamp was expiring and low,
Around the dark tide of the tempest was swelling,
Along the wild mountains night-ravens were yelling,
They bodingly presaged destruction and woe!"

Or,

"The death-bell beats,
The mountain repeats,
The echoing sound of the knell,
And the dark monk now
Wraps his cowl round his brow,
As he sits in his lonely cell."

We apprehend that the reader is amply satisfied, but we must still extract one other passage, which will convince him, either that Shelley was an apt pupil of the painter who concluded to *cover* the face in which the highest expression was to lie, or possibly that Shelley was absolutely devoid of that feeling for the ludicrous, which is equally a condition of sense and humour. We give the passage *literatim*, first explaining that Ginotti, who had learned the secret of becoming immortal, is about to communicate it to Wolfstein, from whom, however, he first demands this awful condition:

"But first you must swear, that if ———
——— you wish G—— may ———,"

"'I swear,' cried Wolfstein in a transport

of delight; burning ecstasy revelled through his veins, pleasurable coruscations were emitted from his eyes. 'I swear,' continued he, 'and if ever ——— may God ———!'"

With that Barmecidal blasphemy we may dismiss the "Rosicrucian."

Before "St. Irvyne" was published, Shelley had gone into residence at University College, Oxford. This was in 1810, but in what term we do not make out. We shall not dwell on this period, because it has long been before the world in Mr. Hogg's Papers, in the *New Monthly* in 1832; and we find no further particulars given in his or any other later work. Nor, indeed, do we require any. The picture there drawn of the slovenly student, with his small, feminine, spiritual face, and his long, unkempt hair; his frail but bony figure, that was tall, but was carried so as to look low; his impetuous manner, and shrill, cracked voice; surrounded by his chaos of books, clothes, pistols, and philosophical apparatus; with his teacups half-filled with aqua regia, and his carpet burnt into holes; his mind equally full of matter in equal disorder,—this picture has been ably painted in the pages to which we refer.

What we are concerned, however, to observe is, that while, as was indeed to be expected, his mental activity took a larger scope, one especial defect which, often observed in boyhood, is usually corrected by age, became in him only more developed. The fault we now allude to was his extremely defective sense of relation. Want of modesty would be an incomplete description of this peculiarity of his, and impudence an incorrect one. He seems really to have been insensible of any relation of inferiority, or, to do him justice, of superiority either, as existing between him and others. He did not violate any *αιδώς*, simply because he felt none. On one occasion he made an explosion in his room at Eton with chemicals. A master came in and asked him what he was doing? Shelley answered that "he was raising the devil." This would, of course, in any other schoolboy, have been simple impudence, but we really believe that Shelley was not guilty of that crime in the ordinary sense. The idea was just the sort of joke he was capable of; and as it came into his head he uttered it, without any feeling of the unfitness. He shows the same obtuseness in regard not only to his father, whose own eccentricities must necessarily have somewhat abated respect, but towards his mother also, who at least had done nothing to forfeit her natural dignity. We believe that we may also attribute, in great measure, to this same defect his irreverent handling of religious topics at

the present and all later periods. He had no more consciousness of the pain he inflicted on those whose most sacred feelings he was wounding, than he had of the profaneness itself. But we mention this peculiarity now, to observe how directly it led to the first unfortunate occurrence, which was to poor Shelley's life as the first easy slip of the smooth stream over the edge of the precipice, from ledge to ledge of which it is to fall, till it is lost in the fathomless abyss at the bottom. The event in question was, of course, his expulsion from Oxford.

It was a practice of Shelley's (bearing upon this feature) to be constantly addressing letters to persons whom he did not know. We have heard of his writing to Campbell; but even at Eton he had largely adopted the habit, sometimes under his own name, sometimes under a pseudonym—the veil is sometimes supposed to mark the *want* of modesty. He entered on a long correspondence with Miss Felicia Brown, we hear,—afterwards the well-known and lamented Mrs. Hemans. Nay, at a later period, he even wrote to Rowland Hill, and offered to preach for him.

This last instance, however, differed in object from the rest, of which the purpose was uniformly to challenge to discussion, usually on religious points, and always in a sceptical sense. And so fascinating did this underground system of proselytism become to him, that while at Oxford he drew up and had printed a series of propositions (chiefly extracted from Hume), which he entitled the "Necessity of Atheism." This syllabus must have been very short; for it was intended to be conveyed by post,—in those days when a letter was worth its weight in gold—to the post-office, if to no one else.* This was enclosed in an envelope, with a note stating that the sender had met with it,—feared the argument was incontrovertible, and invited the refutation of it; and this (as we understand the account) under the dishonest implication that the writer was a distressed Christian who invited assistance;—and it was dispersed broadcast. How long this had been going on, we do not know, but by some means a copy fell into the hands of Coplestone, afterwards the well-known Bishop of Llandaff; and he, having traced the authorship, reported the matter to the Master of University. The result was, of course, that Shelley was sent for, called on to deny the

authorship if he could; and, as he could not, was expelled the University. Mr. Hogg, with a generosity we are quite ready to admire, came forward on his friend's behalf to remonstrate. In all probability he only anticipated his fate. This special intimacy, and probably their sympathy in views (at that period), was known, and Mr. Hogg found himself involved in the same sentence with Shelley.

And now, surely, it is time that the college authorities should be justified in this matter. They have now enjoyed fifty years of all but unmitigated obloquy, for an act of which it seems to us the half century since elapsed has only confirmed the substantial policy and justice. There may have been harshness in the manner; but on that point we are to remember we have only the evidence of one side. The argument, that a lighter punishment might have answered the purpose, would be a very strong one if we had known nothing of Shelley since; but, as it is, the course taken only shows how thoroughly the college authorities understood their man. The question really was, whether they should permit an indefatigable propaganda of free-thinking to be established within their walls. To imagine that Shelley would have consented to promise to abandon his proceedings—or, we regret to say, that if he had made such a promise, it would have been worth anything,—is, we humbly conceive, not to know Shelley.

Mr. Hogg is magnificently indignant because they were required to deny the authorship of the syllabus. It is true that the law of England forbids that any one shall be compelled to criminate himself; but the law of England, in establishing such a maxim, may be fairly reproached with being rather actuated by the fear of injustice, than by the love of justice. The explanation, of course, lies in the practical administration of the law lying necessarily within the possible bias of politics, or national passion; and the very foundation of the English Constitution is, we know, that the government of all is the enemy of everybody. But prudent as this blunting of the glaive may be when we do not trust the hands that wield it, in the family, and the societies formed on that model, surely justice may be sought in simpler fashion. "No man ever hated his own flesh," is the principle which authorizes a parent, and by analogy the master of a college, to employ direct questioning whenever it may be necessary. The only thing to be said against putting this question to Shelley is, that it was a superfluous precaution. They knew that he could not deny the authorship.

Before we dismiss Shelley's Oxford life, it may be mentioned that he had published,

* It is curious that this production should be diversely described. Lady Shelley (Memorials, p. 14) says distinctly that it consisted of only two pages; yet Mr. Hogg speaks of it as a "little pamphlet" (Hogg, vol. 1, p. 274), and Shelley himself refers to it as a "book." Does Lady Shelley perhaps mean two sheets?

while in residence, a few verses, under the title of "Remains of Margaret Nicholson,"—the name of the mad woman who attempted to assassinate George III. There is really nothing to be said about them, except that they are sumptuously printed in quarto. Mr. Hogg professes to have had some share in them, and says they were intended to be burlesque; but, in truth, the extravagances are no more than we might have accepted as serious from Shelley, if Mr. Hogg had not warned us. Is he possibly joking?*

It is also right to state, that with all Shelley's intellectual perversity, his habits and conduct were, we are positively assured, in very advantageous contrast for innocence and elevation, with the ordinary practices of the University society, both senior and junior, at that period. Superiority to sensuality, in any form, continued indeed to be an admirable distinction of his character all his life; yet we are not, we imagine, to credit his morality, in the sense of self-government, to any great extent on this head; for, in fact, such superiority to the lower tastes was a condition of his natural constitution. And one cannot help observing, in reference to this circumstance, how nothing can compensate for the just *balance* of natural instincts. It may be held certain, that, in Shelley's case, this very conscious independence of the lower feelings, was what encouraged him to outrage moral rules, for which he could not appreciate the necessity, nor, from his imperfect sympathy with any nature beyond his own, understand why others placed such value upon them.

From Oxford, which he quitted on Lady Day 1811, Shelley retired with his friend to London, to allow the fathers concerned to get over as they might this sudden and unpleasant catastrophe. The two youths—Shelley was not yet nineteen—took lodgings in Poland Street, "rather dark, but hung with a paper representing a trellis of vines," which took Shelley's fancy amazingly. But he was seriously vexed at his expulsion from Oxford,—the only place, perhaps, which in all his life he left before he was tired of it; and the position was not cheerful—much the reverse. Indeed, had it not been for one or two circumstances, it would have been nothing astonishing had the tragedy of Chatterton been re-enacted. One of these, doubtless, was the sympathy and company of his friend;

* For instance, what does he mean by the following sentence?—

"There was a poem concerning a young woman, one Charlotte Somebody, who attempted to assassinate, *Robespierre, or some such pers.n.*" We presume this to be facetiousness; but we cannot say that we at all understand the joke. The poem is, of course, on Charlotte Corday (or Cordé, as Shelley gives it).

the other was his contempt for his father, and his sense of his position as heir of entail to the ample fortune of his family. It is not to be supposed, however, for a moment, that Shelley looked at this last particular in the vulgar point of view; if he had been capable of so much worldliness, it might, perhaps, have been better for him. But it prevented his actual straits from pressing him so heavily as they otherwise would have done, for he knew they were only temporary. A great aggravation, doubtless, of his situation was, that, somewhere about this period (Lady Shelley says, after he left Oxford, but other circumstances incline us rather to believe shortly before), a young lady to whom he was, or supposed himself, attached, had begun to perceive that an union with him scarcely promised a happy future to his partner, and their correspondence was accordingly broken off. We have implied that we don't quite believe in this passion. A first love may be a real forecasting of the true needs of a man's nature, but, also, it may be a mere nympholeptic fit; and the latter, which is the commoner case, was, we believe, that of Shelley. However, we are not inclined to depreciate his disappointment. As his fancy had, no doubt, for the time made him very happy, so too, doubtless, its dissipation occasioned him considerable wretchedness. If a man dreams that he breaks his leg, he probably suffers quite as much as—not improbably more than—if he had really broken it. Nevertheless, it is a grand thing for a youth of this character (for any youth, shall we say?) to have an "eternal sorrow." Shelley's letters of this period are great on "one subject on which—"

And now Mr. Timothy Shelley comes upon the stage *in propria persona*. Well, he was not a wise man, nor a person of precise or guarded expression; but, on the whole, it seems to us that he was substantially reasonable and kind in this emergency. He required (1.) that his son should immediately go home, and abstain from communication with Mr. Hogg "for some considerable time;" and (2.) that he should place himself under the care and society of some such gentleman as he (the father) should select.

According to ordinary notions of human relations, and the duties consequent thereupon, one might have supposed that the young man would have felt himself bound to submit to such a requisition on the part of a father; but then Shelley had no such sense of relation or duty. And then, was it not an intolerable piece of tyranny to attempt to separate him and Hogg? What was to become of the regeneration of the world, if such high sentiments were to be

subjected to common reason and sense? Well, we may sympathize, perhaps, with his boyish feeling about the friend who had just made the same sacrifice for him which one man who cannot swim does in nobly jumping into the water after another man who cannot swim; but we can scarcely admire his conduct in preferring this feeling to the plain duty of his situation. Therefore, when Mr. Timothy Shelley's demand was met by a counter proposition, the gist of which was, that his son should do as he liked, and especially should *not* break off communication with his friend, one can scarcely be surprised that the father felt aggrieved, and, being hasty, threw up the negotiation. Yet, before the middle of May, we find that he had agreed to allow his son £200 a-year, with the permission to live where he pleased. Surely, so far, this father deserved—from his son at least—something more of consideration than to be spoken of in these terms. "I think" writes Shelley to his "eternal friend," "I think if I were compelled to associate with Shakspeare's Caliban—with any wretch—with the exception of Lord Courtney, *my father*, Bishop Warburton, or the vile female who destroyed Mary, that I should find something to admire!" (Letter of May 8th, 1811.)

Mr. Shelley's objects might, however, now seem to have been attained, for his son returned home, and Mr. Hogg was by this time reading with a conveyancer in York. The friends, therefore, were separated; and, moreover, in spite of the formal permission to live where he liked, it was perfectly understood that there was an exception in regard to York, and that the allowance would immediately be forfeited on the discovery of any violation of this tacit compact. It might have seemed, indeed, that either the rights of eternal friendship should have forbidden this unworthy compromise, or those of eternal morality procured its observance. Shelley, however, was either unconscious of the latter obligation or perhaps thought it well, like the hero of his novel, to "procure moral expediency at a slight sacrifice of what he conceived to be right;" for the line he took was to accept the engagement for the money's sake (the letters to his friend are quite frank about this, and, as usual, he seems quite unconscious of anything wrong in it), while he plotted how to evade the condition by going secretly to York under an assumed name.

He did not visit his friend in York, however, at present, but towards the end of August he dropped him a note as he passed through that city by the midnight mail on his way to Edinburgh, accompanied by a young lady named Harriet Westbrook.

If life is "all a muddle," as a modern philosopher has declared, certainly Shelley's life, at least, may be cited in emphatic support of the proposition. Let us see if we can explain the startling appearance of this new personage in the sad comedy.

Miss Harriet Westbrook was a young lady of somewhat inferior social position to Shelley, her father being a retired hotel, or coffee-house, or inn keeper,—we cannot positively state which, for the accounts vary. But he appears to have been in good circumstances; and the education which Mr. Shelley thought sufficient for his daughters, Mr. Westbrook did not think too good for his, for the young ladies of both families went to the same school. This was situated at Brompton, which was not yet in London; and Shelley—whether before as well as after his expulsion from Oxford we cannot say, but certainly during his sojourn in town after that event—used to go to Brompton sometimes to see his sisters; and there his attention was not unnaturally attracted by a young girl, who, if history be true, was more like Venus than later mortals have been privileged to behold. We have one (contemporary) lady's testimony that Miss Harriet Westbrook's red and white are now "quite extinct," and that she had "hair quite like a poet's dream;" which last feature is not the less fascinating for being perhaps slightly indistinct to the imagination. Anyhow, there can be no doubt that this young lady, then about 16, was exceedingly lovely; nor can we be surprised that Shelley, *æt.* 18 (although heart-broken at the time), should think so. And, unfortunately, the contact was not confined to that very restricted amount of intercourse which the rules of a ladies' school may be supposed to have permitted between the celestial inmates and the monsters of iniquity who inhabit the outer world. When Shelley was in his dismal straits for money, his sisters, like good girls—who deserved, we think, a better brother—saved up their pocket-money to help the poor lad to pay for his dark, vine-trellised parlour; and the two Misses Westbrook, when they went to town to see their parents, were the secret bearers of that charity. Moreover, the ex-vintner, who, like almost everybody else who came into connection with Shelley; had been ruthlessly sacrificed at the shrine of his genius, took pity on the desolate lad, and had him to his house when his own relatives were very shy of him; and when Shelley himself was describing one of them (who, it should be observed, was at the time doing everything he could for him) as "gelidum nemos"—the unlucky cousin's name being Grove!

And what did he do on these visits? We

can only infer; but we know at least what the elder Miss Westbrook was doing on one such occasion, and if we *have* lost that brilliant red and white, we trust that the style of study of that period is extinct also. "I am now at Miss Westbrook's," writes Shelley in May; "she is reading Voltaire's 'Dictionnaire Philosophique.'"

This was the elder sister (elder by some years), it must be observed; but then she was Harriet's ideal of wisdom and goodness, and acted as her guide, philosopher, and friend throughout. But we have sufficient proof of the tone of mind of the younger sister also. "Her indifference to, her contempt of surrounding prejudices, are certainly fine," writes Shelley (Hogg, i., p. 375); though he admits that she is not so cultivated as her elder sister. "Contempt," indeed, appears to have been a peculiar virtue of this young lady's, for we hear that when she had done something which shocked her schoolfellows (we do not clearly apprehend what, but we imagine it to be the opposition to her father, which we are about to mention), and the gentle sisterhood called her "an abandoned wretch," and "universally hated her," she "remunerated" this Christian conduct, says Shelley, "with the calmest contempt" (Hogg, i., p. 400). What was the extent of Shelley's own responsibility in producing this tone of feeling, we cannot say, but at any rate we see what it actually was.

When Shelley left town he still maintained this intimacy by correspondence, and, unfortunately, circumstances soon arose to deepen his interest in the proceedings of these young ladies. Apparently the study of the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* is not conducive to the domestic virtues, or perhaps the new wine was too powerful for the ex-vintner's old bottles. He was so prejudiced as to wish his daughter Harriet to continue her education; and when she refused, to compel her to return to school. But she had an ally of whom her father did not dream. Who should she so naturally appeal to as the young champion of freedom, who boasted that the only hatred he allowed himself was the hatred of intolerance? Let us hear his own account of this passage. "Her father has persecuted her in a most horrible way, by endeavouring to compel her to go to school. . . . I advised her to resist. She wrote to say that resistance was useless, but—that she would fly with me, and throw herself on my protection!" (Hogg, i., p. 388). And then he goes on, and it is really too sad to joke about—"We shall have L.200 a-year; when we find it run short, we must live, I suppose, upon love! Gratitude and admiration all demand that I should love her *for ever*."

Alas, alas!—and this was the end of it,—or, rather, the beginning of the end—that she left her father's house with him, and they dropped that note for Mr. Hogg (requesting the loan of L.10, for they were already in "a slight pecuniary distress!") as they passed through York by the midnight mail, on their way to Edinburgh, where, by a "slight concession to prejudice," they were married. We have before compared Shelley's life to a cataract, we have now come to the commencement of the second great fall.

And now let us see, if we can, by the light of reason or folly, discover how this dismal catastrophe came about. The obvious suggestion is, that Shelley was a young man of nineteen, and she a very lovely girl; but against this there is to be considered, first, that Shelley was little liable to such intoxication by mere beauty; and secondly, that in all his intimate letters to his friend—whom it is utterly impossible to suspect of discretion—there is not a trace of that sort of admiration, which might lead to such a result. Shelley neither was, nor, this time, thought himself "in love," whether in the higher or lower signification of that wide phrase. Yet, after giving the fullest consideration to all the circumstances, we do come to the conclusion that fundamentally this was a seduction of the senses. Fundamentally, we say, because we mean no more than that at any later period of his life he would not have been betrayed by the situation; he would have known that both the strength and the weakness of his nature forbade the union—that her character did not fill, in any commensurate degree, the higher requirements of his own, and that he could not trust himself to supply the want of original sympathies.

It would scarcely be worth while remarking this, but for the opportunity of observing how decisively the teacher's own experience contradicts his teaching. It is the practical inconvenience found to follow the transcendental view of marriage, whether among students of philosophy and professional regenerators of society like himself, or among village rustics, who may be better excused for seeing only one side of a complex subject, that it leaves the actual contraction of the union dependent at last on the inclination of a moment. The conduct of Shelley, with all his high professions of morality, when this foolish girl threw herself at his head—or was thrown by her sister, which we believe to be nearer the truth—was no whit better than that of the young man of no pretensions at all, who, falling in the way of a *bonne fortune*, yields to the temptation. And in either case we take the explanation to be the

same, that the relation is regarded as temporary, and that the considerations connected with it are not weighted by the solemnities and attendant ceremonies of public marriage. Shelley did indeed accept the ceremony, as affording certain legal and social conveniences; but it was exactly as he accepted the compact with his father regarding his separation from his friend, three months before—that is, without the least idea of completing its obligations; and the only thing to be said for him in this case is, that he undoubtedly committed no fraud in this instance upon his partner in the agreement. It was a collusive fraud by the pair upon society.

But it may be said, that many a marriage, as inconsiderately contracted as this, and even less promising in regard to the elements brought together, has yet fairly answered. How came this to result in such total failure? Our space will not permit us to follow the analysis as it might be made; but beyond the constant effect of the false principles of both parties, we must consider not only his character, but hers. It is fair to Shelley to say, that for near two years after his marriage, harassed as a life may be believed to have been, which, among other incidents, involved something like ten changes of residence—not visits, but changes of residence, intended to be permanent, and these changes embracing points as distant as Dublin, South Wales, and Devonshire—for so long Shelley does seem to have tried to do his duty by his wife, and fairly to have succeeded. She was not wanting in education, nor in ability of a certain sort; and he encouraged her to cultivate herself, and seems to have been at least as happy as could be expected. What occurred at length to destroy this interest, and that when the birth of their first child might rather have been expected to confirm it, it is impossible to say with any certainty, till we are allowed to see the documents, as yet withheld. But setting aside Shelley's characteristic fickleness of fancy, and the presence of a sister-in-law (the student of Voltaire), against whom his feelings at length rose to the degree of almost rabid hatred, there is one fact impossible to overlook, and that is, that with all her personal attractions, her neat habits, her even temper, her respectable cultivation, her perfect freedom from any unfeminine or unladylike tastes, her simplicity and truthfulness, and probably many other virtues, his wife belonged indubitably to that class in which Burleigh especially recommends his son not to seek a wife; because, says Elizabeth's sage secretary, "there is nothing so fulsome as a she-fool."

One word, moreover, we may say in Shelley's excuse, that before the period—early in

1814—when the separation took place, his mental condition, as exhibited in his letters—we would especially point to one of March 16, in that year—was something, at least so near insanity, that we may well hope it carried with it, to a great extent, the irresponsibility of that state. Whether the excessive irritability under which he was then suffering were only the effect of nervous exhaustion, the consequence of the reckless excitement in which he had now so long been living, or something for which he was less answerable, there are many symptoms about this time of a constitutional crisis, which culminated, as we conceive, in a dangerous illness of the following year. With that, however, we have nothing to do, except that it is just to remark that, whatever the cause, the year 1815 marked a decidedly favourable modification both of his character and habits. He had then found his genius, and with it his true vocation; and the political, social, and religious reformer became subordinate to the Poet.

But here what we called the first part of the story—never otherwise than sad—of Shelley's life concludes, and we have exhausted the new stock of biographical material. We have used it, as we believe, fairly. If the result be a far from pleasing picture, it is not our fault. We have endeavoured to indicate the leading features of Shelley's character both better and worse. Perhaps one or two of the former class have not been as distinctly produced as might have been possible had we been drawing on a larger scale—his benevolence, for example, and liberality. It would be possible also to enlarge on the rare capacity he displayed for sympathy with general objects, and his unusual superiority to personal considerations. These admissions may be accepted, if the reader think fit so to take them, as indicating the consciousness of a certain bias *in malam partem*. Let the preceding pages, then, be so read; still the features of defect and weakness which we have delineated belong to the character of Shelley, and must be included in any true conception of it. The fashion of what is called *genial* biographical criticism is a truth, but the fashion of *just appreciation* is a larger truth. It is well to sympathise with the individual, but it is better still to sympathise with humanity. But we have no space to enter on this topic now. Shelley rightly judged will certainly claim his "proper praise;" but the ordinary estimate of him will, we conceive, require considerable modification, both to his gain and to his loss. To his loss, in regard to the weight at present attached to his efforts as a thinker, whether he be looked on with dread or with admira-

tion. Defects, both in his moral and mental constitution, must, as we have said before, render any intellectual conclusions to which he may have come, not only void of authority but suspicious, simply because they are his. On the other hand, to his gain, inasmuch as the moral condemnation, which must otherwise fall so heavily upon innumerable points of his conduct, is necessarily suspended by the doubt as to his perfect responsibility, or the certainty of his original incapacity of sound judgment.

One other remark must be made. We have expressly excluded the consideration of Shelley's genius, for we have been endeavouring to appreciate him as a man. But the reader who has trusted the hitherto received account, from Shelley's own statements—more entirely than we think he can do henceforth—will be surprised at our having so decidedly postponed the true development of Shelley's peculiar vein of poetical power, till the second period of his life. For Queen Mab, which, though a feeble, is a real, exhibition of that power, is usually, on Shelley's own authority, believed to have been written when he was eighteen, which would place its composition before he went up to Oxford. In all probability there was some foundation in fact for this statement; for in fiction, as in other things, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, but how slight it must have been is sufficiently to be seen now from his newly published letters. In one of these, dated February 1813, he spoke unmistakably of the composition of his poem.

"Queen Mab has gone on but slowly, although she is nearly finished, and, with some restrictions, I have taken your advice, though I have not been able to bring myself to rhyme." He then proceeds to say, that the didactic portions are in blank heroic verse, and the descriptive in blank lyrical measure, quoting Samson Agonistes, the Greek Choruses, and Thalaba, as authorities for such treatment. And, in the latter part of the same letter he states, that the "rough sketch" of the poem is finished, adding expressions, however, which indicate that he was working on some former material. This date places its real composition in his twenty-first, instead of his eighteenth year, a considerable difference, and bringing it within recognition as a first glimmer and feeble forecasting of the development which was not to be fully declared till the following year.

We advert to this fact, not only because unless explained, the usual statement might be considered to invalidate the view which we have taken of Shelley's spiritual growth, but as a point of some literary interest in itself. The additional light it throws on Shelley's unreliability is superfluous.

ART. III.—1. *Agricultural Labourers as they were, are, and should be in their Social Condition.* By the Rev. HENRY STUART, A.M., Minister of Oathlaw.

2. *Statement as to the Mode of Erection and Tenure of Cottages for Labourers and Tradesmen on the Estate of Annandale, belonging to J. J. Hope Johnstone, Esq., M.P.* By CHARLES STEWART, Esq., of Hillside; with remarks by the Rev. PETER HOPE, Minister of the Free Church of Johnstone and Wamphray.

3. *The Right Condition of an Agricultural Community.* A Paper read before the Social Science Meeting of 1860, by the Rev. PETER HOPE.

4. *Sir John Sinclair's Report.* 1814.

5. *Scotsman Newspaper: October and November, 1860.*

6. *Newspaper Report of Public Meeting on the Condition of Rural Labourers, held in Edinburgh, January, 1861.*

LAST autumn, Sir John Pakington, when addressing a meeting of Worcestershire farmers, gave them the impressions he had just brought with him, from a journey a few days before through the celebrated farming district between Forth and Tweed. He dwelt on the splendid farms, with large fields and small hedges, the steam engines attached to every steading, the long leases, and the high rents. After drawing a splendid picture, and trying to provoke his audience to emulate it, he confessed that there were things in it which he would not like to have imitated. He should be sorry to see the beautiful elms, and wide-spread oaks, and rich apple orchards of Worcestershire, all felled, and their country as treeless as that he had just left between Forth and Tweed, where he saw many chimneys, but looked in vain for a lofty tree. Had Sir John been able to look more closely, he might have seen some other things to regret besides the loss of trees. High farming is no doubt unlovely to the eye that longs for natural beauty; but this defect, if it were the only one, might well be borne. But the magnificent system of scientific farming, in which Scotland justly prides herself, has other and more serious drawbacks,—serious at least, in the eyes that look not only for lofty trees, but for thriving and intelligent men. And while we look willingly at its bright side, and freely own all that Scotland owes to her scientific husbandry, we must not shut our eyes to the fact, that, socially regarded, it has a doubtful, we had almost said a dark side. The large farm system has long since spread not only from Forth to Tweed, but more or less throughout all the eastern counties of Scotland. By it the landlords, the capitalist

farmers, and the general community, have no doubt been gainers; but it may be doubted whether those by whose hands the result has been achieved—the farm labourers—have been fair sharers in the gain. That division, which is apt to pervade all branches of modern industry, and out of which so many social troubles come—the division into large capitalists who are employers, and poor workmen—has gone great lengths here. Throughout all the eastern counties, which have been the nurseries of high farming, on the one side stand the wealthy, enterprising, gentlemen farmers, living in a style of comfort, often elegance, which nearly equals that of the laird, and which lairds fifty years ago did not dream of,—active, energetic men, quick to avail themselves of all the newest modes of husbandry, and intelligent in the ordinary topics of the day, but in genuine worth and wisdom not superior to the old-fashioned race of small farmers whom they have put out. On the other side, but with a vast distance interposed, are the ploughmen and other labourers, who do the work of the farm. Between these the gap is immense in social rank, way of living, and general feeling. Many of the ploughmen are the sons or grandsons of the small tenants whom the new system has swept away; and it would almost seem, that as the large farmer has risen in the scale above the small tenants of last century, the ploughmen and labourers, at least in prospects and opportunities of rising, have sunk below them.

The workers on these large farms are either married or unmarried men. The former, the married ploughmen, are the best off. They live in their own cottage with their wife and family, that cottage being in most cases situated on the farm, held of the farmer, but provided, like the other farm buildings, by the landlord. Where there are not enough of cottages for all the married ploughmen—and on many farms there are not enough—some one or more of these must seek for a house in the nearest village. But take it at the best. Suppose a lad married at four-and-twenty, and settled in a cottage on the farm, with his wages of from L.20 to L.23 in money, four bolls of oatmeal, four do. of potatoes, with free house and coals driven. He has nothing more to look to as long as he lives. He is as well off when he starts in life as he can hope to be when he ends it. When, out of the above wages, a wife and family are supported, children reared and educated, there is no margin left for frugality to work on. And even if thrift were to do its best, what is there for him to look to? By no amount of saving can he ever hope to be able to lease any of the large farms he sees all

around him, which require a capital of several thousands to start with. The utmost that is open to him, in the high farmed districts, is to become a foreman on a farm, with a rise in wages of a few shillings a-week; or if he be too pushing a man to be contented with this, then he can but emigrate. But the great mass of ploughmen become neither foremen nor colonists. They spend the strength of their prime, as they began their married life, neither better nor worse, going with their pair of horses, and doing their allotted day's work. And when they have reached their threescore years, they for the most part cease following the plough, give up their pair of horses to younger hands, and either become the "orra" man—that is, the man for extra jobs on the farm—or take to breaking stones for the roads, or whatever other day labour they can find. Not a very bright existence certainly, nor one which we would willingly look upon as the best estate possible for a great portion of our countrymen, however we might acquiesce in it, if it be indeed inevitable. It wants the great, the only healing this world can offer to toil-worn man,—the hope of bettering himself, of some day rising above the ten hours' daily drudgery, owning something he can call his own, and being able in some small measure to shape the destiny of his children, and give them a better start in life than he himself had. With this state of things have come other evils, the sundering of all kindly ties between master and servant, too frequent changes of service, the want of any sense of responsibility for their welfare on the one side, and of personal or local attachment on the other, as if all duties were fulfilled and ended when the one had done his ten hours' work, and the other paid down the week's wages. Modern society, throughout all its classes, has freed itself entirely from the old feudal bonds and restrictions; but it is a sad thought, sometimes forced upon us, that with these it has rid itself of the natural and kindly attachments with which they were more or less entwined, and has relapsed into a state in which all relations between men begin and end with money payments.

But if such be the case with the best part of the farming population—the married ploughmen—it is still worse, and the problem becomes more difficult, when we turn to the young unmarried men. That some such must be maintained on every large farm, as well as some married ones, is clear. How these should be fed, housed, and tended, is the great practical difficulty, and those who have had most experience in rural affairs feel it most. It were well if we could look at it calmly, without passion or controversy, most

of all without fierce denunciations, which tend only to embitter class against class. The thing has arisen out of circumstances for which no one class is exclusively to blame,—out of the growth mainly of high farming, which is now a national glory, and by which all ranks of the people have more or less benefited. Blame will be then only just, if, seeing clearly one evil side to what is, on the whole, a great national gain, we do not honestly own and face it, and do our best to find a remedy.

That there must be many lads, from sixteen to two or three-and-twenty years—'halfin callants,' as they are called—employed in farm-work is clear, not only for the convenience of the farmer, but in order that you may have a supply of men coming forward to fill the place of regular ploughmen. What is to be done with these? how are they to be accommodated and looked after? In two ways this is practically answered: the one way common in large farms in the west of Scotland; the other mainly confined to the eastern districts. In Lanarkshire and the other western counties, the unmarried ploughmen have their meals in the farmer's kitchen, and their bed in the stable-loft or other out-house. During the long winter evenings they are admitted to the kitchen, and sit round the fire; but the talk of these raw lads is, as might be believed, not edifying, but such as 'corrupts the female servants, until the one sex will talk as plainly and coarsely as the other.' Besides this, it is alleged that they are often so troublesome and exacting about their food, and so difficult to please, as to become a serious practical annoyance to the master and mistress of the house. Indeed, so real is this inconvenience, that we know one very enterprising farmer who, although he had more than one large farm in the west, and was looked up to by all his neighbourhood, yet, for no other reason than to get rid of this evil, when his farm fell out of lease, left his native district, and took a farm in the east, where he could accommodate all his men in cottages on the farm, or close at hand. So disgusted was he with the troublesomeness of the unmarried ploughmen, and the nuisance he had found them to be, when boarded in his own house.

For accommodation of the same class, the eastern county farmers have adopted the bothy system, of which so much has been heard of late. It is now somewhat more than ten years since Mr. Stuart, the minister of Oathlaw, brought this system under public notice, and laid bare the evils which had arisen out of it, in a pamphlet which no one who read it can ever forget. He spoke of things he had long seen and known, in a tone of calm,

clear, impartial, yet humane wisdom, which contrasts strongly with much of the discussion which the subject has since called forth. The appearance of that statement forms an epoch in the history of our rural economics, and the force with which it told is proved by the immediate formation of a society for improving the dwellings of farm labourers, which numbers among its members many of the best landlords in the bothy districts. We mention the rise of this society, not as believing that it can cure even half the evils which Mr. Stuart's pamphlet disclosed, but because it proved that he had indeed laid his finger on a sore place. The discussion has of late drifted into a spirit of partisanship, in which fierce denunciation of classes and extravagant statements, founded on extreme cases, are met by too dogged denial of the evil, and refusal to admit the extent of it. From both of these we should desire to keep clear, believing that, if a remedy is to be found, it must come from an honest examination of the facts and their causes, equally removed from the exaggeration of the impugnors, and the special pleading of the defenders, of the system.

We may take for granted, in the first place, that some large farms are necessary to maintain a high state of farming; and if large farms, then the existence, throughout the country, of a number of unmarried ploughmen. What, then, is to be done with these ploughmen? how are they to be fed and boarded? This is the question which we must look at steadily. That the west country plan of their living in the farmer's kitchen and sleeping in the stable-loft is not satisfactory, we know by the testimony of those best acquainted with it. That the eastern plan of bothies is, as hitherto worked, at least equally unsatisfactory, we have abundant evidence. To prove this, we need not ransack the country for cases of flagrantly neglected and immoral bothies; we need not go to the northern barbarian and his Caithness bothy, in which unmarried men and women are said to sit, cook, and eat their food together, to pass the long winter nights, without any 'light but the flickering peat fire, in the room where the lads dress, undress, and sleep, while the females sleep in an off closet entering from the lads' apartment, and, in some disgraceful instances, the beds of both sexes are in the same apartment.' Such things need no comment. But they may be said to be singular and exceptional cases, and we would willingly believe them to be so. But from what we know of human nature, and especially of ploughman nature, it needs but small evidence to prove, that if you place some half-dozen or more young raw lads, rough and undisciplin-

ed, in one house, barely and coarsely furnished, there to cook their own food, with no one to make their beds, clean the house, or in any way superintend their life during other than working hours, the result will be coarseness, filth, and rapid degradation to most of the inmates. Cast ploughmen, cast any set of men out from the comforts and civilities of home, to herd, eat, and sleep wholly by themselves, without discipline or surveillance, and it needs no prophet to foretell the result. And there is abundant evidence to show that facts verify anticipations, founded on the knowledge of what men are. One of the ablest defenders of the system admits that, having been himself a farm servant for upwards of ten years, he 'had lived in bothies that had not been swept for years, where the cooking utensils were never washed, and where the beds were not made up for weeks together.' The writer of these words may have escaped contamination from such a life, but forty-nine out of every fifty men will be degraded by such treatment. We remember ourselves visiting a bothy a few years ago, not a picked specimen, but taken at random, in the richest, most highly farmed part of East Lothian, of which the above would seem to be a very fair description. It was a place for dirt, discomfort, and desolation, fit to harbour no human being. We know, too, that the lads, in the bothy district, too often spend their evenings after dark in 'raking about the country,' in those secret interviews, to the prevalence of which among our peasantry Dr. Struthers attributes so much immorality. And so untended and coarsening is their life, that we are assured that many lads who have left their homes for service, with a fair parish school education, able to read and write, have ere long, in the bothy life, unlearned and forgot both. But we are spared the trouble of going more deeply into the results of the system, and proving its evils in detail, by the indirect admission of its ablest recent defender, who gives it as his opinion that the late controversy about bothies will result in their improvement, and their more general adoption, when improved. Here, then, we find even their advocatè allowing the need of improvement, though as to the extent and kind of it he and we might not agree.

We should think it not too much to ask of every landlord that he should provide cottages enough on each farm to allow from one-half to two-thirds of the ploughmen employed on it to be married men, who might dwell there with their families. To ask more than this—for instance, a cottage for every plough, so as to have all the ploughmen on a farm either married, or able to marry if they choose—seems more than is required. For

among ploughmen, as in every trade or profession, there must and ought to be young men coming on who must bide their fair time to marry, and whom it is not desirable to drive to too early marriage, by opening for it too great facility. Supposing, then, that on every farm there are about one-third of the workmen unmarried, and that, in the altered mode of living in large farmers' houses, it is undesirable to have these men boarded in the kitchen. A few of them will probably be the sons of the married ploughmen, and will lodge with their parents. Supposing that some cannot be lodged in the cottages of the married men, either from their small size, or from the unwillingness of the occupants to lodge lads who may be strange to them, then it is clear that you must have an abode apart, devoted to the single men, call it a bothy, or what you will. The conditions to be observed in order to prevent such a dwelling from sinking, as so many bothies have done, into inhuman filth and wretchedness, are, first, that the house should be given over to the farmer fit for a human dwelling, not a wretched out-house; secondly, that the farmer, either of himself, or, it may be, by the young men contributing something, should furnish it in a style which should secure decency and comfort; thirdly, that no such cottage should have more than say four or, at most, five inmates; fourthly, that it should be under the charge of the grieve's wife or some other respectable married woman, who should have the care, not only of making the beds and cleaning the house daily, but of making the young men's meals. No house into which a woman never enters can be in a fit state for man's habitation. To these conditions we may add, that the grieve himself should be charged with the survey of these single men's cottages, see that they keep hours, and do not stay abroad or sit up to an unseasonable time of night. And if to these were added some of the social charities—the kindly visit of the master of an evening or at mid-day, and the furnishing the young men's table with a newspaper and some books, entertaining or instructive—the bothy might soon be changed from a byword into a scene of comfort. Such do exist here and there in favoured places, under considerate masters. And there is no reason why they should not exist on every large farm, if only all concerned would lay the evil to heart, and do their share towards its removal.

This would imply that landlords should be willing to erect, not one rude bothy, no better than a byre, on each farm, however large, but two or more, where needed, well built houses, capable of being dwelt in with

comfort; that tenants should furnish them in a way fit for the decencies and conveniences of life, should put them under good regulations and superintendence, and themselves see that these are carried out; lastly, that the men themselves should be willing to co-operate, to submit to some rules, to take care of good furniture if once supplied, and to lend themselves to clean and tidy habits. These last conditions, which lie with the men themselves, are far from the easiest to get fulfilled; for often they resist any efforts made for their comfort—resist it as an infringement on their freedom—and prefer to pig and brutalize uncontrolled, to being any way interfered with. Ministers, too, might do more than in many cases they have done, by not shrinking from laying honestly before all classes in private, and, if need be, publicly too, their responsibilities in this matter. But several causes have hitherto kept most of our Scottish ministers from meddling with the social habits of their flocks, though on these, to a very great degree, depends even their spiritual well-being. The proneness to divide too sharply between things religious and things secular; a tendency to dwell on high abstract doctrines, without bringing these down to the details of men's daily lives, and thus vitalizing them; and the not altogether manly fear of giving offence by bringing religious teaching to bear on the social and personal habits of men,—these, and like causes, have been at work to keep ministers from declaring to all alike—landlord, tenant, and ploughmen—their respective duties. A faithful minister, if respected in his parish, who would not shrink from speaking, privately or publicly, as he might deem best, to those concerned, would surely do something to make men feel it to be a Christian duty to extirpate this evil; and if he would, by friendly visits at mid-day or in the evening, or by whatever other means might occur to him, show a real interest in these lads, who have often none near to care for them, he would do still more. We are quite aware how easy it is to admonish others of their duty; but the suggestions here given are not offered from any wish to dictate to others, but from the belief that this and other public evils are gradually undermined by open discussion and by each man speaking out honestly what seems to him right. If, however, farmers will not take the trouble proposed, and men will not submit to any interference or control, even for their good, then we say that bothies are a moral nuisance, which, as it cannot be mended, ought to be destroyed.

On the whole, then, we fully acknowledge that some large farms are desirable in all districts, more in some districts than in others;

and that, ever since Cockburn of Ormiston, 'the father of Scottish husbandry,' let to Robert Wight, in the year 1718, The Murray's (Muirhouse) farm on a long lease, up to a quite recent date, large farms, let on long leases, have contributed much to the advance and present perfection of Scottish husbandry, benefiting farmers by good returns, landlords by high rents, and the community by increased produce. But we must not, on the other hand, shut our eyes to the fact that the peasantry have not, on the whole, shared equally in their benefits. Even if they have shared somewhat in the general gain and improved mode of living, they have not, we conceive, improved on their forefathers in intelligence and morality so much as other classes have done. While repudiating altogether such exaggerated statements, as that they have become 'a hissing and a byword,' or that they are 'sinking to the lowest moral level,' we do believe that there is much of good in them which large farms, if they do not positively depress, at least allow to lie fallow. Our Scottish ploughmen will still, we believe, stand comparison for shrewdness, honesty, and industry with those of any other country. But, whatever they may be relatively, it cannot be doubted that absolutely they would be better if they were not subjected as single men, to the rough, coarse, bothy system as it now exists; and if, as married men, they were not, by the exclusiveness of the large farms, shut out in many districts from all hope of bettering themselves, and condemned to a lifelong routine of day labour.

In all human nature, and especially in the pushing Scotch nature, there must be a vast reserve fund of energy, thrift, and perseverance, of which such a life never unlocks the springs. Those same natures which, transplanted to colonial or foreign soils, put forth such latent energy, subduing nature, overcoming all kinds of circumstance, everywhere rising to the top—for travellers remark that, in every town of Europe, the chief banker, or merchant, or tradesman, is sure to be a Scotchman—to those same natures, while they continue in the high-farmed counties, the path upward is closed. This is surely an evil, worthy the careful regard of patriotic landlords. Even in the large farm counties—the Lothians, Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and all the eastern straths and seaboard north of the Forth—landlords, if they really saw and felt the evil, might do something to meet it. In many parts even of these districts it might be possible, even prudent, to let an industrious man—mason, say, or wright, or dairyman—have a portion of land on lease, which he and his family might cultivate at their bye hours, evening or morning. By such a plan, a

deserving man might be encouraged, something done to bridge the gulf and break the social monotony of the few wealthy farmers and their many hired hands, while the landlord would find his rent-roll not a whit less by the change. No doubt the large farmers would eye such a procedure with jealousy; for they, like every other class, resent the appearance among them of any interloper either from a poorer district or a lower social place; and agricultural doctrinaires, who look on the necessity of large farms as a law of nature invariable as gravitation, would be ready to threaten any innovating landlord with the old bugbear—tenantry reduced to the state of Irish crofters—as the sure result of any return to small farms. To such impugners it might be replied, that the lowland Scotch small tenant of the present day is a very different being from the Irish crofter; that the whole system of farming and of leases is different in Scotland and in Ireland; that, even if there were any tendency to excess of population on small farms from over subdivision, the landlord has the thing in his own hand, and can check it; that in those parts of the lowlands where small farms still exist, no such evils have arisen; that so far are the native lowland peasantry from overpopulation, that, in many landward parishes, the Gibeonite part of labour, such as draining and quarrying, has of late years fallen to be done chiefly by Irishmen, for lack of Scots; lastly, that it is not a truth valid for all places and all times, that large farms are the only arrangement that will ensure the highest state of husbandry. They were necessary during last century, when farming was yet in its rude infancy, to give it the first impulse onward. They were necessary during the earlier part of this century, to carry it forward to its present perfection; but it does not follow from this, that now, when the true principles of farming are so generally understood, and the farming intelligence of the peasantry so much greater, and practical knowledge and improvements so much quicker in spreading, that the large farm system might not well be modified even in the eastern counties, and such a proportion of small farms admitted as would give scope for all grades of agricultural capital and enterprise. Sir John Sinclair, in his Report, published in 1814, when the rage for large farms was at its height, after showing the advantages of these at a certain stage of a nation's husbandry, goes on to observe that a time may come when the large farms may require to be modified, 'when by competition the rent of land increases, and when from various causes many competitors appear. The size of farms,' he says, 'must thus depend on the circumstances of a country: what is

proper in one district is not so in another; and what is a proper size at one time is not so at another, even in the same district. For this reason, a proprietor should not allow his buildings and fences to go to ruin; he himself may have little need of them, but his successor may require them.'

These considerations, taken together with the undoubted fact of the social gap which necessarily arises in exclusively large farmed districts, might well make any wise landlord reflect whether it is well to have none but wealthy tenants and large farms, even in districts where these are now wholly paramount. They ought certainly to make him pause, before transplanting into the southern and other counties, where a graduated scale of farms still exists, the exclusive system of the eastern counties with all its disadvantages. To this an advocate of large farms might reply—In proof of our plan we point to the present advanced state of Scottish husbandry as its undoubted fruit; in defence of the plan of mingled large and small farms, you urge only suppositions and general principles, which have failed in other countries, and might not succeed here. Such arguments, however, we are able to meet not only with *a priori* reasonings, but with ascertained facts and experiments.

There lies before us a paper by Charles Stewart, Esq., of Hillside, Dumfriesshire, on the mode of providing cottages with pendicles of land for labourers and tradesmen, which has been carried on under his care on the Annandale estate. The paper is made up of two separate reports; which, originally printed in the Transactions of the Highland Society, 1844 and 1859, have since been reprinted. Along with this we must notice a paper by the Rev. Peter Hope, Free Church minister of Wamphray, read before the last Social Science meeting, in which he gives what he has seen of the social and moral results of the experiments Mr. Stewart describes. Mr. Stewart, the author at once of the pamphlet and of the experiments, has for many years had charge of the estate of Annandale, belonging to J. J. Hope Johnstone, Esq., M.P., and of other extensive properties, and has had much opportunity of becoming acquainted with the present state and past history of farming and rural economy throughout Scotland. To those who know him, every statement and opinion of his will be sure to come with no common weight. To those who do not, we need only say, that as for nearly half a century he has been among the foremost promoters of every agricultural improvement and of all useful progress in the south of Scotland, and as his natural sagacity and wisdom have been enriched with a wide

and varied experience, his word on all rural matters is of rare authority. The following statements are taken from the above named reports:—In upper Annandale, the labourers and country tradesmen used, for the most part, to hold their houses from the tenant. About fifty years ago, as most of these houses had become ruinous or incommodious, a new plan was adopted. A lease of twenty-one years is given of a homestead and large garden at a moderate rent. The landlord supplies and saws timber and hewed freestone, needed for doors, windows, jambs, etc., etc., at a cost to himself of about twenty-two pounds. The rest of the cost of building the homestead falls on the tenant; and, besides his own labour, ranges from twenty-one to thirty-five or even forty pounds. The proprietor reserves to himself the right of resuming possession on six months' notice—a right, however, which as it would only be put in force in case of bad conduct, is said to have been in no case, as yet, exercised. None but persons of the best character, natives, or well known in the neighbourhood, are granted these leases. They are most of them, either men who have been ploughmen, have saved something, and wish to settle with their families; or elderly men or widows, with well-doing children, who help them; or country tradesmen, carpenters, masons, shoemakers, etc., etc. Great care is taken not to place any without certain prospect of future work, and an eye is kept on the state of population in each parish, with a view to keep the numbers rather under than above the natural demand for labour. This scheme can, of course, be best carried out on great estates, where the care of large woods, draining, fencing, and other improvements, afford a steady supply of work for these cottar tenants. Almost all these occupancies lie in the parishes of Kirkpatrick-Juxta and Johnstone, on a tract of eight or nine miles, stretching along the west side of the river Annan. The houses are generally placed singly, along the turnpike and cross parish roads, and care is taken that they shall not be grouped into hamlets or villages.

The second Report (1859) states that the demand for such leases is greatly on the increase; that the more recent houses are better built, and more roomy than the original ones; that pendicles of land from two to six acres, or grass for a cow, are greatly desired and now generally granted. 'The land being often coarse, the landlord, besides enclosing, helps to drain and lime it. It is improved till it affords not only summer grazing for one cow, or perhaps two, but green crop and corn, sometimes meadow hay. The rent charged is the same as it is worth

as part of a farm, from ten to twenty shillings per acre. It increases the interest of the cottar, and gives scope to the intelligence which is generally possessed, and to the industry of the family, without materially encroaching on the tenant's time for earning his regular money income. He can buy turnips, meadow hay, and corn from farmers at hand. A good supply of milk is secured for the family, and the ready sale of the pork, butter, and perhaps a calf or young beast, meets any outlay as well as rent, which last is paid with perfect promptitude.' All the above statements are taken almost word for word from Mr. Stewart's pamphlet. After nearly a lifetime's trial of the system, he expresses his perfect conviction of its success. He has found it advantageous alike to the tenants themselves, the landlord, and the community at large. In parishes where these tenants form a third or a fourth of the whole population, none of them ever come on the poor roll, and pauperism scarcely exists. While this or a like system may be most easily carried out on large estates, owing to the supply of home timber, saw-mills, etc., etc., and the power of regulating the number of such tenancies by the demand for labour; yet Mr. Stewart maintains that much may be done in the same or a like way by smaller proprietors, if they would give the cottar an interest and security in his house, by allowing him to pay more or less of the original cost, and to hold his lease directly from themselves, and, above all, by furnishing him with a pendicle of land. And it is cheering to learn that the experiment is not now confined to the estate where it originated, but is being tried by other liberal landowners, who understand and esteem the character of our peasantry.

While Mr. Stewart has given the statement of facts, Mr. Hope points the moral. He remarks that, in recent discussions on these topics, it is usual to notice only three orders in an agricultural community—landlord, farmer, and farm-servants, either hired, or cottars holding of the farmer. But he observes there is a fourth class intermediate between the small farmer and the hired labourer, not so high as the former, but higher than the latter, which ought not to be overlooked. This class, consisting of country tradesmen, retired ploughmen, etc.—a class having its own place in a well-ordered rural economy—mainly occupy the small tenancies on the Annandale estate. And Mr. Hope is convinced, by what he has seen, that the system above described has succeeded in elevating this class without burdening either landlord or farmer, but with benefit to both, and has fostered small holdings without depressing agriculture or retard-

ing improvement. Its advantages, as stated by him, are such as these:—

1. The fact that such leases are granted only to men of good character and orderly conduct, acts as a bounty upon these qualities, which make for the public not less than the individual welfare.

2. The system encourages thrift and industry both before and after obtaining such a tenancy; before, to save means to meet the necessary outlay, and after, to make the most of the allotment. 'What labour the cottager expends on his small holding, does not hinder his ordinary work; it is done at by hours or by his family. And the wife, with her cow to keep, milk for her household, butter and eggs to take to market, calf and pig to care for, becomes quite another woman from what she would have been had her husband been only a day labourer, renting a bare house from a farmer, and removable at every term. She becomes managing and thoughtful, fertile in resources, feels that she is respected and that much is looked for from her; she can do much for the support of her family, and she is put to her mettle to do it' The children, too, early take part in the field work, and so are trained to useful labour, and to habits which stand them in good stead when they go out in life.

3. Let no one compare this with the Irish crofter system. All the special evils of the latter are absent here. Character and conduct are well looked to before a lease is granted; security of tenure is combined with moderate rent; there is no middleman between landlord and cottar; the balance between population and demand for labour is carefully attended to. In Ireland, everything tended towards thriftlessness and idleness; here, all motives are at work to produce thrift and diligence.

4. The security of these small holdings is a mighty charm. The tenant feels sure that when his lease expires it will be renewed, that he himself will end his days in the house his own hands have helped to build, and that when he dies his tenancy will go to some one of his family. Of the advantages of this permanency of abode we need hardly speak. The children brought up at the same school, the family worshipping in the same church, known and respected by the neighbours, and bound by ties of affection to their native district; these, the very best outward influences for forming character, how few of the labouring class are blest with them!

One does not wonder on being told that from these cottar homes and small farms in Annandale a very large number of youths

have received a more than a poor man's education, and arisen afterwards to eminence. From such abodes it is that the purity and energy of the towns is recruited, and the Scotch character maintained throughout the world. There is scarcely a small farm in Annandale which has not one or more members of its family doing well in other countries and quarters of the globe, in every position, from the farm griever in England or Ireland to the merchant millionaire in India or China. This comes, in part, from the old border spirit of enterprise which two centuries of peace have not extinguished, but still more it is due to the existence of a class of working farmers. In the Lothians and Berwickshire, where the rural population consists of a few gentlemen farmers and a large number of mere servants, no such proportion make their way upward. The latter see little chance of rising, and the former have no call to make the exertion. This, however, though the most palpable, is by no means the highest moral effect of the system of cottar tenancy and small farms. It is not from the few who rise that it should be estimated, but from the numbers not known nor heard of in the world, who live on these holdings industrious, moral, and contented, and die leaving a good name throughout their neighbourhood. But while such is the solid good that accrues to the cottar tenant, how, it may be asked, does the landlord fare? It is well that we can answer this query on the authority of Mr. Stewart, who certainly has the best means of knowing. He informs us that these cottage leases and small holdings are not only not a pecuniary loss to the landowner, but are in the long run a decided gain. He gets interest for his original outlay on the cottage and field, and fully as good a return as he would have got for the same land included in a large farm. Besides these, there are other advantages of this system which few proprietors will think lightly of. It keeps in check and reduces the poor-rate, for rarely have any of this cottar population fallen on the poor-roll. And it peoples his property with a set of industrious, sober, well-to-do workmen, themselves and their fathers native to the soil, men bound to himself who has befriended them, and to the land that has reared them, by the best and strongest ties.

This system of cottage tenure, with small portions of land held directly from the landlord, might, we are convinced, be in some measure introduced by liberal and patriotic landlords, even into exclusively large farm districts, with safety and advantage. It would do much to relieve the hopeless condition of the hinds, of which we have already spoken

and something to lessen the social gap, though it could not bridge it. But it is only where there exists a graduated scale of farms, from those of one plough, or about 60 to 70 acres, through every size, up to the large farm, that the system of cottage tenure can have full scope. The existence of these small farms is a wonderful stimulus to the cottar tenants. They know, that if they hain and husband well the pendicle, this may lead in time to the small farm. In the parish of Johnstone, for instance, out of thirty-six farms, there are six or seven held by men who were themselves once cottar-tenants, and as many more held by men whose fathers rose from that class. When a small farm in a neighbouring parish, of about L.100 a-year rental, was lately out of lease, of fourteen eligible offers, four came from men who had once been labourers. To illustrate what is meant by small farms graduated upwards, take the above-named parish of Johnstone. It contains from 7000 to 8000 acres of mixed arable, improveable, and pasture land. Under the too prevailing system of lumping land into the largest farms possible, it would probably be parcelled out into half a dozen farms, rented from perhaps L.800 to L.1000 a-year each. On these would live a number of hired servants in cottages held of the farmers. Under the system we advocate, it is at present laid out in thirty-six farms, yielding a total rental of nearly L.5000 a-year. Some of the farms pay as much as L.350 to L.400 a-year of rent; while at least twenty farms, of from 70 to 130 acres, and affording tillage for one plough, pay a rental of from L.50 to L.150 each. Besides these small farms, there are the numerous cottar tenancies we have above described. It can easily be imagined how powerfully the existence of the former must tell on the occupants of the latter. The way upward is open; persevering industry may travel it; and the small farm once attained, there is the large farm beckoning, if not the man himself, then his children. Such a prospect acts far beyond the small circle of those who succeed in realizing it. It tells on the whole body of working men. They see their neighbours and equals rise to better things. They know that they themselves may do likewise; and this feeling has a heartening, healthful influence on many a man, who may never change his original condition.

This, then, would seem to be the type of a well-ordered rural polity. Beginning with the mere day labourer, passing upwards through the cottar tenant, the small farmer, to the large farmer, it would culminate in the landlord,—a social order as perfect as our country, with all its antecedents, would seem

to admit of,—an ideal, which is not only an ideal, but has in some places begun to be realized; and that not by sentimentalists or dreamers, but by the most practical of men. And there is no reason why it should not be still further realized, if landlords and others, who have power over land, would but all look at the matter with the same careful foresight, the same humane wisdom, as the landlords and their agents above named have done. By such a course they would help to heal those social sores which in many places have become serious; they would go far to fill up the social gap, which disguise it as you will, is a great, if it be an inevitable evil in many high-farmed districts; and they would help to build up a rural polity, in which, as in our good British constitution, all orders of men are linked closely to each other, and rank passes so insensibly into rank, that you can scarce tell where one ends and another begins.

It may be impossible greatly to alter things in the eastern counties and elsewhere, where large farms have been too long established as the universal rule. But might we not hope that, if landlords would examine closely the experiments made in Annandale, they would see it to be their true wisdom to stay the progress of enlargement, where, as in the western and southern counties, it is only entered on and not yet consummated. Let us not be misunderstood. We would not exclude some large farms from any district. They are prizes for enterprise, and they act as a stimulant on the small farmers around them. And, to some districts, a larger number of them is suitable. To wide plans, or easy undulations of equal soil, and under thirty inches of rain, the large farm with thirty or forty acre fields is more naturally adapted. But in the western counties the ground is broken, the soil unequal, the climate moist and uncertain. To these varieties of soil and weather, the small farmer, working with his own family, without many servants or high kept horses, better suits himself; and in bad years or low prices he can save and curtail consumption and expense in a way the large farmer cannot do. He bends more to the blast, where the other breaks. 'During the last fifty years,' says one who has watched country matters closely, 'I have seen three or four crises, in which the large farmer on poor soil went to the wall, while the small ones stood.' One argument for large farms, once unanswerable, has now lost its force. There was a time when they were rightly encouraged as the only means of bringing capital, enterprise, and intelligence to embark in agriculture, and raise it from its low primitive condition. But it is no longer.

Knowledge now spreads so much faster, every new discovery so soon finds its way, and is adopted by all kinds of husbandmen, that the skill of the small is already nearly on a level with that of the large farmer. In some points it is even greater, at least better in details of management.

In Mr. Mill's Political Economy there are two well-known chapters on the subject of Peasant Proprietors. He there shows, at great length and with abundant evidence, how largely this mode of life prevails in Norway, Germany, Belgium, France, and with how beneficent results. After passing in review the working of the system in these countries severally, he sums up by showing, first, that far heavier crops are produced on these small farms than in the best tilled large farm districts of Scotland and England. Such is the spirit of thrift and industry it engenders, that every spare hour, every odd moment of the small proprietor and his family, are devoted to the improvement of their ground. Secondly, he dwells on the educating effect of these small properties—that, not less than books and schooling, though in a different way, they draw forth and discipline the mental powers. The mind of the proprietor is always active, and therefore is being elevated, while that of the day labourer is passive, and therefore depressed. Thirdly, it is not only an intellectual, but also a moral training. It cultivates the virtues of prudence, temperance, self-control. And if in some cases these qualities are carried too far, and the small landowner becomes saving even to niggardliness, this he esteems a small evil compared with the temptations of the day labourer, living from hand to mouth, and hopeless of ever bettering himself—recklessness and improvidence. Lastly, he shows, at length, that such a system cultivates habits of comfort and ways of life which are the surest checks to over population—an evil to which Mr. Mill seems sensitively alive. To conclude with his own words, 'I conceive it to be established, that there is no necessary connection between peasant properties and an imperfect state of the arts of production; that it is favourable in quite as many respects as it is unfavourable to the most effective use of the powers of the soil; that no other existing state of agricultural economy has so beneficial an effect on the industry, the intelligence, the frugality, and prudence of the population, nor tends on the whole so much to discourage an improvident increase of their numbers; and that no existing state, therefore, is on the whole so favourable, both to their moral and physical welfare. Compared with the English system of cultivation by

hired labour, it must be regarded as eminently beneficial to the labouring classes.'

Most of this holds, in measure, of cottar tenants and small farmers, when organized with such checks and restrictions as have been mentioned above. This last system is the nearest approach which the present state of landed property in our country admits of. And we have seen that Mr Stewart and Mr. Hope together bear witness that it draws forth and cherishes the same habits and virtues, as Mr. Mill's authorities attribute to the peasant landowners of foreign countries. No doubt the tenancies have one great drawback, from which the proprietorships are free. They presuppose, for their beneficial working, landlords liberal and wise enough to have regard to the interests of the people on their estates, and to see that the prosperity of these is one with their own. And the same sage political economist warns us, that 'it is never safe to expect that a class or body of men will act in opposition to their immediate pecuniary interest.' As an abstract maxim, this is no doubt true. But, looking at facts, no one can help seeing that the happiness or misery of a peasantry on any estate always have been, and probably always will be, in some real measure dependent on the presence or absence in the landlord of the will and the wisdom to befriend them. And therefore we can but appeal to their sense of enlightened self-interest, of patriotism, and of duty. We can but ask them to look earnestly at the condition of the rural population, and to consider whether they have not been suffering one of the worst of peasantries on earth to go to the wall, and the fashionable rage for exclusively large farms, which bring to them no present advantage but easily collected rents, and must in the end entail sure and irreparable loss, by driving the best blood of the rural districts to foreign lands, and deteriorating what remains.

Since these remarks were in type, a public meeting has been held in Edinburgh, under the highest auspices, for considering the condition of the rural labourers of Scotland. All the speeches, whether of landlords or tenants, delivered at that meeting, as well as the letter of Lord Kinnaird published since in the newspapers, confirm the views which have been advanced in this paper, so far as the houses of farm labourers are concerned. But better houses, though very important, are but one step towards the elevation of the labourer. The necessity of a proportion of small holdings was hardly hinted at; and even the remarks made by Mr. Stewart on the Annandale scheme, fell flat on the meeting, and did not strike home. We feel it

therefore more than ever a duty to appeal to the landowners of the country in favour of a scheme which shall give scope to the latent worth and industry of the men who live and die toiling on their estates. It was on cottage holdings and on small farms, not in dwellings of day labourers, that the men were reared, who, for generations, have been the very salt of our land. And who can tell how much of that worth was bound up with these very tenures and the permanency of these homes? For, as was well said at the Edinburgh meeting, 'a man's house is not merely his shelter from the elements and the scene of his affections, but it is also the mould from which his social habits, and, in a great extent, his moral feelings, are cast.' To help, in some measure, to form that mould, in which the moral being of immortal men is cast, is the high privilege and deep responsibility with which landlords are for a while entrusted. A grave enough stewardship it is to exercise in any country and over any human beings; more grave in our land, when we think from what ancestry these poor men are sprung, and of what stuff they themselves are made. These are they whose forefathers in old time kept Scotland free. Among them were born those stern sons of the Covenant who made good for us another, a not less noble freedom. These are the men from whose hearts and homes were breathed our old Scottish songs, and who were the first to sing many of our sweetest melodies. From them were sprung Burns and Carlyle, and many more of lesser name—men in whose inmost hearts were graven the virtues of their order, transfigured by the light of genius. Among these it was that Scott found the originals of all his best and most lifelike portraits—those which will longest survive and go farthest to immortalize his name. And in such little farms and permanent cottage holdings, all Scotland over, more than anywhere else, there has lived and there still lives, dumb and inaudible, the great mass of worth and wisdom, of which some small samples only have yet found utterance in books. Is it nothing that such a race should be swept ruthlessly away, depressed into mere day's-wagemen, or driven to foreign lands?

The landlord who lumps his land into a few large farms, and merely lives on their rents, whether at his owl seat or at a distance, throws away a noble opportunity of usefulness, and converts himself into a mere superfluous functionary—a veritable 'burden on the land.' But he, who regulates the distribution of his farms on wise and humane principles, holding an even balance between the great tenant and the small, and giving

scope to the energies of each, not only secures his own permanent interests on a surer basis, but adds something at least to the sum of those healing and benign agencies which both brighten and better the condition of mankind.

ART. IV.—*The Autobiography of a Seaman.*
By THOMAS, TENTH EARL OF DUNDONALD, G.C.B., Admiral of the Red, Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, etc., etc. First and Second Volumes. London: Richard Bentley. 1860.

"THE world knows nothing of its greatest men." If this were true, small blame could be imputed to the world on that account. *De non existentibus et de non apparentibus eadem est ratio.* There is no infallible test for discovering "village" Hampdens or "mute inglorious" Miltons; and we should possibly be at a loss what use to make of such a test, if we had one. The struggles and trials of life have frequently proved the best training school for genius: there is no help like self-help; and Burke never uttered a prouder or more suggestive truth than when he exclaimed, "I was not rocked and dandled into a legislator." We are rather amused by the frankness than startled by the unblushing selfishness of the famous publisher, when he tells Balzac's *Grand Homme de Province*, "I am not here to serve as the footstool of celebrities to come, but to gain money and give it to men already celebrated." Such is the way of the world; such it always has been; and such, we fear, it is long destined to remain. But when the essential qualities of greatness have been manifested by unmistakable signs; when the tree is known by its fruits; when deeds or works speak trumpet-tongued; when the hero or man of genius stands confessed as plainly as the goddess (*oh, Dea certe!*) who betrayed her divine origin by her walk,—then deep, indeed, is the responsibility, and lasting should be the remorse, of the nation which permits him to be crushed by jealousy or withered by neglect.

If ever there was a hero or a man of genius, it was the late Earl of Dundonald, better known in the naval annals of his country as Lord Cochrane. He performed greater actions with smaller means than any other captain or commander recorded in history. He combined the chivalrous audacity of Sir Sydney Smith, and the calculated dash of Nelson, with an originality of conception to

which neither of them so much as approximated. His insensibility to danger, his perfect calmness, his accuracy of judgment, his fertility of resource at trying moments, were sublime. He seemed especially destined to compensate England for the loss which saddened her crowning victory at Trafalgar. Yet from the very commencement of his career, and long before a shade of suspicion rested on his character, no effort was left untried in high places to crush him; and the upshot was, that what might well have been regarded as a national treasure, became for a period a national disgrace, and, instead of being prized and watched over, was flung into the dirt and trampled on.

Ample proofs of these assertions are contained in the *Autobiography*, incomplete as it was left by his death; but they are scattered over a large space, and mixed up with a mass of desultory statements and querulous commentaries, which distract attention and impair effect. We shall endeavour to obviate this disadvantage, by giving a rapid summary of the exploits on which we found our very high estimate of his capacity.

The believer in blood and race would have no difficulty in showing that many of the late Lord's distinctive qualities were hereditary. "The Cochrans," remarks a Scottish writer, "have long been noted for an original and dashing turn of mind, which was sometimes called genius, sometimes eccentricity." Robert Cochrane, the founder of the family, aiming and arriving almost simultaneously at eminence as a warrior and an architect, and falling a victim to a court cabal, was a fitting progenitor for the hero of Basque Roads, at work in a manufactory on the very morning when his name was mixed up (as he contends, by political or professional pique) with a dishonourable plot.

He might also be cited in confirmation of the theory that the boy is father of the man. He was only in his ninth year when he was deprived of the inestimable benefits of a mother's guidance, instruction, and softening influence;* and "our domestic fortunes," he states, "were even then at so low an ebb, that great difficulty was experienced in providing him and his three brothers with the means of education." But, as is observed by Gibbon, every man who rises above the common level receives two educations,—the first from his instructors; the second, far the most important, from himself. Considering the part the young Lord Cochrane was to play and the work marked out for him, perhaps, as regards

him, the second would not have been much improved by all the appliances and means to boot, in the shape of private tutors, public schools, or universities, that unbounded affluence could have supplied. In his choice of a profession, as in everything else through life, he was destined to be thwarted; yet here again an item or two of good is to be placed to the creditor side of the account. Many a lad selects a vocation from caprice, and slackens his exertions to excel in it as soon as the first flush of novelty has passed away. Test his firmness by a little opposition; compel self-examination by remonstrance; and then, if he perseveres and is permitted to follow his bent, he will follow it in right earnest, and will be compelled, if only by the shame of turning back, to concentrate his energies and manfully struggle forward to the goal.

It must be admitted that, in the case before us, the repressive stimulant was injudiciously heightened and prolonged. Lord Cochrane's father insisted on the army, and actually procured a commission for him when he was barely thirteen. His uncle (Captain, afterwards Admiral) the Hon. Sir Alexander Cochrane, who secretly favoured his inclination for the sea, began entering his name about the same time on the books of the ships he (the Captain) successively commanded; "so that," he states, "I had simultaneously the honour of being an officer in his Majesty's 104th Regiment, and a nominal seaman on board my uncle's ship." Living, as we are, under the regime of a reformed Parliament and a perfectly free press, we feel some difficulty in understanding how such abuses could be tolerated, even in rare instances or for an hour. Sixty years since they were the normal state of things, and excited neither murmur nor surprise. Various members of the generation which witnessed them would even now defend them, on the ground that they supplied an antidote to the admitted danger of promotion by seniority; and it is undoubtedly true, that, but for his uncle's foresight, Lord Dundonald's rise in the service would have been fatally procrastinated. Four years and a half of what hardly merited the name of schooling or tuition intervened before the old Lord consented to resign the commission, and accept the uncle's offer of a berth on board his own ship. "The difficulty now was to equip me for sea, but it was removed by the Earl of Hopetoun considerably advancing L.100 for the purpose. With this sum the requisite outfit was procured, and a few days placed me in a position to rule my fortune, with my father's gold watch as a keepsake—the only patrimony I ever inherited." He joined the "Hind" at Sheerness, on the 27th of June, 1793, "at the ma-

* Anna, Countess of Dundonald, died Nov. 13, 1794. Her son, the late Earl, was born Dec. 14, 1795.

ture age, for a midshipman, of seventeen years and a half."

In Lord Cochrane (as it is most convenient to call him whilst he was earning distinction for the name) the pride of birth and rank was always subordinate to that of intellect. But although he never presumed upon his birth, it was taken for granted that he would, especially by officers who had risen from before the mainmast, like the first lieutenant of the "Hind," Jack Larmour. "On my introduction, Jack was dressed in the garb of a seaman, with marlinspike slung round his neck, and a lump of grease in his hand, and was busily employed in setting up the rigging. His reception of me was anything but gracious. Indeed, a tall fellow, over six feet high, the nephew of his captain, and a lord to boot, were not very promising recommendations for a midshipman." Congeniality of professional pursuit soon made them fast friends. When Captain Cochrane was moved from the "Hind" to the "Thetis," they both went with him.

"The 'Thetis' was ordered to equip at Sheerness, and knowing that her first lieutenant, instead of indulging himself ashore, would pursue his customary relaxation of working hard aboard, I begged permission to remain and profit by his example. This was graciously conceded, on condition that, like himself, I would put off the officer and assume the garb of a seaman. Nothing could be more to my taste; so, with knife in belt and marlinspike in hand, the captain of the fore-castle undertook my improvement in the arts of knotting and splicing; Larmour himself taking charge of gammoning and rigging the bowsprit, which, as the frigate lay in dock, overhung the common highway. So little attention was then paid to the niceties of dockyard arrangement."

The practical knowledge thus acquired proved of the greatest use in many ways. His crew always felt that they were working under a discriminating eye; they placed unlimited confidence in a commander who understood and could perform their duty as well as his own, and on two occasions he actually averted impending shipwreck by going aloft and doing the work of a common seaman in a storm.

In January, 1795, not quite eighteen months after his entrance into the service, he was appointed acting third lieutenant of the "Thetis," and the year following he was passed for lieutenant, his time being made up from his nominal rating whilst at school; and it is amusing to mark the earnestness with which he endeavours to support so palpably indefensible a practice, because a meritorious officer may be brought forward by it. Most of the greatest orators that ever adorned the House of Commons were brought for-

ward by the patrons of rotten boroughs; but was this ever admitted by his Lordship to constitute a valid argument against Parliamentary reform? Marlborough and Wellington were both indebted to their connections for their timely advancement and their resulting opportunities, yet the British army was not on that account content to remain under "the cold shade of aristocracy."

We have no space to dwell upon Lord Cochrane's career as a subordinate officer, although far from wanting in curious incident. The most curious was his being brought into personal communication with Nelson; and we shall quote his remarks on this occasion, as we may have occasion subsequently to refer to them as partly applicable to himself:—

"The impression left on my mind during these opportunities of a-sociation with Nelson, was that of his being an emboliment of dashing courage, which would not take much trouble to circumvent an enemy, but being confronted with one would regard victory so much a matter of course as hardly to deem the chance of defeat worth consideration.

"This was in fact the case; for though the enemy's ships were for the most part superior to ours in build, the discipline and seamanship of their crews was in that day so inferior as to leave little room for doubt of victory on our part. It was probably with the object of improving his crews that Admiral Bruix had risked a run from the Mediterranean to Brest and back, as just now detailed. Had not Lord Keith been delayed at Gibraltar, and afterwards recalled to Minorca, the disparity of numbers on our side would not have been of any great consequence.

"Trafalgar itself is an illustration of Nelson's peculiar dash. It has been remarked that Trafalgar was a rash action, and that had Nelson lost it and lived, he would have been brought to a court-martial for the way in which that action was conducted. But such cavillers forget that, from previous experience, he had calculated both the nature and amount of resistance to be expected; such calculation forming an essential part of his plan of attack as even his own means for making it. The result justified his expectations of victory, which were not only well founded, but certain."

The battle of the Nile affords a still better illustration than Trafalgar. The French ships were moored close to the shore in the form of a crescent round the bay, apparently the best possible position for receiving an attack. The commissary of the fleet said they were moored in such a manner as to bid defiance to a force more than double their own. "Where," said Nelson, "there is room for an enemy's ship to swing, there is room for one of ours to anchor." His plan was formed on the instant. It was to double on the French by placing an English ship on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter, of each of theirs. When this plan was explained to

Berry, he exclaimed, "What will the world say if we succeed!" "There is no *if* in the case," replied Nelson; "success is certain: who will live to witness it is quite another matter.*" The inference, and the manœuvre based upon it, although obvious when stated as Columbus' mode of dealing with the egg, were the prescience of genius. A spark or two of it would have prevented the terrible waste of life before Sebastopol. We were the first to prove, from peculiar sources of information, now universally acknowledged as authentic, that if the northern forts had been attacked by land when the flank march was undertaken, they would have been carried easily or abandoned without a blow.† We now feel authorized to state, that if, as soon as the movement could be effected after the battle of the Alma, the combined fleets had appeared before them, an equally decisive result might have been obtained. We have heard naval officers of experience maintain that, unapproachable as the Russians thought themselves at Cronstadt, if Cochrane had commanded the British fleet, he would have got at them. His exploits in the "Speedy," to which we are now coming, raise a doubt whether there was anything physically possible which he could *not* have achieved in his prime. His description of her is an essential part of this brilliant commencement of his commandership:—

"The 'Speedy' was little more than a burlesque on a vessel of war, even sixty years ago. She was about the size of an average coasting brig, her burden being 158 tons. She was crowded rather than manned, with a crew of eighty-four men and six officers, myself included. Her armament consisted of fourteen 4-pounders / a species of gun little larger than a blunderbuss, and formerly known in the service under the name of 'minion,' an appellation which it certainly merited.

"Being dissatisfied with her armament, I applied for and obtained a couple of 12 pounders, intending them as bow and stern chasers, but was compelled to return them to the ordnance wharf, there not being room on deck to work them; besides which, the timbers of the little craft were found on trial to be too weak to withstand the concussion of anything heavier than the guns with which she was previously armed.

"With her rig I was more fortunate. Having carried away her mainyard, it became necessary to apply for another to the senior officer, who, examining the list of spare spars, ordered the

foretop gallant-yard of the 'Généreux' to be hauled out as a mainyard for the 'Speedy!'

"The spar was accordingly sent on board and rigged; but even this appearing too large for the vessel, an order was issued to cut off the yard-arms, and thus reduce it to its proper dimensions. This order was neutralized by getting down and planing the yard arms as though they had been cut, an evasion which, with some alteration in the rigging, passed undetected on its being again swayed up; and thus a greater spread of canvas was secured. The fact of the foretop-gallant-yard of a second-rate ship being considered too large for the mainyard of my 'man-of-war,' will give a tolerable idea of her insignificance.

"Despite her unformidable character, and the personal discomfort to which all on board were subjected, I was very proud of my little vessel, caring nothing for her want of accommodation, though in this respect her cabin merits passing notice. It had not so much as room for a chair, the floor being entirely occupied by a small table surrounded with lockers, answering the double purpose of storechests and seats. The difficulty was to get seated, the ceiling being only five feet high, so that the object could only be accomplished by rolling on the locker, a movement sometimes attended with unpleasant failure. The most singular discomfort, however, was, that my only practicable mode of shaving consisted in removing the skylight and putting my head through to make a toilet-table of the quarter-deck."

He one day took a turn on the quarter-deck with a whole broadside in his coat pockets. With this vessel he encounters five or six gunboats at a time, "engages a tower which fired upon us," captures privateer after privateer, and takes so many prizes off the coast of Spain, that at length he grows into a marked object of terror, and a direct set is made at him. He chases a large ship having all the appearance of a well-laden merchantman, but on his nearing her she raises her ports, and is found to be a large Spanish frigate, crowded with men who had remained concealed till he had fallen into the trap. To fight her would have been the extreme of rashness, to outsail her was impracticable.

"There was, therefore, nothing left but to try the effect of a *ruse*, prepared beforehand for such an emergency. After receiving at Malion information that unusual measures were about to be taken by the Spaniards for our capture, I had the 'Speedy' painted in imitation of the Danish brig 'Clonar;' the appearance of this vessel being well known on the Spanish coast. We also shipped a Danish quartermaster, taking the further precaution of providing him with the uniform of an officer of that nation.

"On discovering the real character of our neighbour, the 'Speedy' hoisted Danish colours, and spoke her. At first this failed to satisfy the Spaniard, who sent a boat to board us. It was now time to bring the Danish quartermaster in-

* Bouthey's Life of Nelson, chap. v.

† The North British Review, No. L, July 1856. We have reason to believe that Mr. Kinglake's forthcoming work will prove unanswerably the soundness of our conclusion, that the prolongation of the campaign, and the conversion of what was planned as a *coup de main* into a siege, were entirely owing to the French.

to play in his officer's uniform; and to add force to his explanations, we ran the quarantine flag up to the fore, calculating on the Spanish horror of the plague, then prevalent along the Barbary coast.

"On the boat coming within hail,—for the yellow flag effectually repressed the enemy's desire to board us,—our mock officer informed the Spaniards that we were two days from Algiers, where at the time the plague was violently raging. This was enough. The boat returned to the frigate, which, wishing us a good voyage, filled, and made sail, whilst we did the same."

He was blamed by some of his officers for not attacking the frigate when she had been put off her guard by the false colours, and he mentally resolved to cure them of their delusion in suspecting him of want of enterprise. An opportunity soon occurred. His crew had been reduced, by manning prizes, to fifty-four, officers and boys included, when he fell in with a Spanish xebec frigate, the "Gamo," which some (he thinks without due warrant) alleged to be his old acquaintance whom he had tricked. Instead of taking to flight or trying the chance of another *ruse*, he gave orders to pipe all hands and prepare for action.

"Accordingly we made towards the frigate, which was now coming down under steering sails. At 9.30 A.M. she fired a gun and hoisted Spanish colours, which the 'Speedy' acknowledged by hoisting American colours, our object being, as we were now exposed to her full broadside, to puzzle her, till we got on the other tack, when we ran up the English ensign, and immediately afterwards encountered her broadside without damage.

"Shortly afterwards she gave us another broadside, also without effect. My orders were not to fire a gun till we were close to her; when, running under her lee, we locked our yards amongst her rigging, and in this position returned our broadside, such as it was.

"To have fired our popgun four-pounders at a distance would have been to throw away the ammunition; but the guns being doubly, and, as I afterwards learned, trebly shotted, and being elevated, they told admirably upon her main deck; the first discharge, as was subsequently ascertained, killing the Spanish captain and the boatswain.

"My reason for locking our small craft in the enemy's rigging was the one upon which I mainly relied for victory, viz., that from the height of the frigate out of the water, the whole of her shot must necessarily go over our heads, whilst our guns, being elevated, would blow up her main deck.

"The Spaniards speedily found out the disadvantage under which they were fighting, and gave the order to board the 'Speedy;' but as this order was as distinctly heard by us as by them, we avoided it at the moment of execution by sheering off sufficiently to prevent the movement, giving them a volley of musketry and a broadside before they could recover themselves.

"Twice was this manœuvre repeated, and twice thus averted. The Spaniards, finding that they were only punishing themselves, gave up further attempts to board, and stood to their guns, which were cutting up our rigging from stem to stern, but doing little further damage; for after the lapse of an hour the loss to the 'Speedy' was only two men killed and four wounded.

"This kind of combat, however, could not last. Our rigging being cut up, and the 'Speedy's' sails riddled with shot, I told the men that they must either take the frigate or be themselves taken, in which the Spaniards would give no quarter—whilst a few minutes energetically employed on their part would decide the matter in their own favour.

"The doctor, Mr. Guthrie, who, I am happy to say, is still living to peruse this record of his gallantry, volunteered to take the helm; leaving him therefore, for the time, both commander and crew of the 'Speedy,' the order was given to board, and in a few seconds every man was on the enemy's deck—a feat rendered the more easy as the doctor placed the 'Speedy' close alongside with admirable skill.

"For a moment the Spaniards seemed taken by surprise, as though unwilling to believe that so small a crew would have the audacity to board them; but soon recovering themselves, they made a rush to the waist of the frigate, where the fight was for some minutes gallantly carried on. Observing the enemy's colours still flying, I directed one of our men immediately to haul them down, when the Spanish crew, without pausing to consider by whose orders the colours had been struck, and naturally believing it the act of their own officers, gave in, and we were in possession of the 'Gamo' frigate, of thirty-two heavy guns and 319 men, who an hour and a half before had looked upon us as a certain if not an easy prey."

It will be observed that the gallantry of this exploit is the least of its merits. English soldiers and sailors are always ready to encounter any amount of odds. But the perfection of leadership consists in compensating numerical inferiority by position and contrivance. Getting under the lee of the Spaniard was an inspiration of the same sort as Nelson's doubling on the French ships at Aboukir. Lord Cochrane's own suggestions on this subject are remarkable for modesty and good sense:—

"Shortly before boarding, an incident occurred, which, by those who have never been placed in similar circumstances, may be thought too absurd for notice. Knowing that the final struggle would be a desperate one, and calculating on the superstitious wonder which forms an element in the Spanish character, a portion of our crew were ordered to blacken their faces; and what with this and the excitement of combat, more ferocious-looking objects could scarcely be imagined. The fellows, thus disguised, were directed to board by the head, and the effect produced was precisely that calculated on. The greater por-

tion of the Spaniard's crew was prepared to repel boarders in that direction, but stood for a few moments as it were transfixed to the deck by the apparition of so many diabolical-looking figures emerging from the white smoke of the bow guns; whilst our other men, who boarded by the waist, rushed on them from behind, before they could recover from their surprise at the unexpected phenomenon.

"In difficult or doubtful attacks by sea,—and the odds of 50 men to 320 comes within this description,—no device can be too minute, even if apparently absurd, provided it have the effect of diverting the enemy's attention whilst you are concentrating your own. In this and other successes against odds, I have no hesitation in saying that success in no slight degree depended on out-of-the-way devices, which the enemy not suspecting, were in some measure thrown off their guard."

The officer who succeeded to the command of the "Gamo" on the captain being killed, applied to his captor for a certificate that he had done his duty during the action, and received one to the effect that he had "conducted himself like a true Spaniard." With this document he appeared highly gratified, and "I had afterwards," adds his Lordship, "the satisfaction of learning that it procured him further promotion in the Spanish service."

It remains an uneradicable blot on Lord St. Vincent's administration as First Lord, that he steadily refused to recognise this exploit as a title to promotion, till he was shamed into it; and Lord Cochrane laboured in vain to get justice done to his first lieutenant, Parker, who was severely wounded in this action. "Lord St. Vincent," says his biographer, Captain Brenton, "was so much pressed on the subject of Lord Cochrane's promotion for taking the 'Gamo,' that it became almost a point of etiquette with the Earl not to make him a captain. An illustrious person is reported to have said, 'My Lord, we must make Lord Cochrane post;'¹ to which Lord Vincent replied, 'The First Lord of the Admiralty knows no *must*.'" When people in or out of authority meditate a wrong, they should be wary of giving reasons. In reply to one of the applications for Parker, the First Lord was imprudent enough to reply, that "it was unusual to promote two officers for such a service; besides, the small number of men killed on board the 'Speedy' did not warrant this application." This provoked the telling retort, that his reasons were in opposition to his Lordship's own promotion to an earldom, as well as that of his flag captain to knight-hood, and his other officers to increased rank and honours, "for that in the battle from which his Lordship derived his title, there was only one man killed on board his own flagship, so that there were more casualties in my sloop

than in his line-of-battle ship. It was a common remark made in the navy, that the battle of St. Vincent was gained by the inshore squadron under Nelson, the commander-in-chief being little more than a spectator.* Whether this were so or not, the objection that the exploit was performed with small loss of life, resembles the well-known one of the man who, being required to pay half-a-guinea for the skilful extraction of a tooth, exclaimed that he had been dragged twice round a country operator's shop for half the money.

"It's ill arguing with a king who has such very hard-soled boots," said Guichard, after having had his shins kicked by Frederick the Great for upholding the immortality of the soul. It's ill arguing with the dispensers of patronage, if you are looking for it, especially if you have the best of the argument. Lord St. Vincent never forgot or forgave the taunt, and when he resigned or was replaced, his quarrel was taken up, by a kind of fellow-feeling, by other persons in authority. He or they managed to convert a mishap, which should have been another stepping-stone to promotion, into a fresh excuse for delaying it. Still in command of the "Speedy," Lord Cochrane was convoying a packet-boat to Gibraltar, when he fell in with some vessels which ran ashore. Being prevented by his instructions from stopping to get them off, he set fire to them, and one being laden with oil, and the night dark, the blaze illuminated the sky for many miles round. The light attracted three French line-of-battle ships, which he mistook for Spanish galleons till it was too late to remedy the mistake.

"It was about four o'clock in the morning when we made out the French ships, which immediately on discovering us gave chase. Being to windward, we endeavoured to escape by making all sail, and, as the wind fell light, by using our sweeps. This proving unavailing, we threw the guns overboard, and put the brig before the wind; but notwithstanding every effort, the enemy gained fast upon us, and, in order to prevent our slipping past, separated on different tacks, so as to keep us constantly within reach of one or the other; the 'Dessaix,' being nearest, firing broadsides at us as she passed when tacking, at other times firing from her bow chasers, and cutting up our rigging.

"For upwards of three hours we were thus within gunshot of the 'Dessaix,' when, finding it impossible to escape by the wind, I ordered all the stores to be thrown overboard, in the hope of being able, when thus further lightened, to run

* Nelson brought the Spanish fleet to action by disobeying orders, and bore the brunt of the fight. But the credit of the manœuvre, by which nine of their ships were cut off from the main body, is due to Lord St. Vincent.—*Soutley's Nelson*, chap. iv.

the gauntlet between the ships, which continued to gain upon us.

"Watching an opportunity, when the nearest line-of-battle ship was before our beam, we bore up, set the studding sails, and attempted to run between them, the French honouring us with a broadside for this unexpected movement. The 'Dessaix,' however, immediately tacked in pursuit, and in less than an hour got within musket shot. At this short distance, she let fly at us a complete broadside of round and grape, the object evidently being to sink us at a blow, in retaliation for thus attempting to slip past, though almost without hope of escape.

"Fortunately for us, in yawing to bring her broadside to bear, the rapidity with which she answered her helm carried her a little too far, and her round shot plunged in the water under our bows, or the discharge must have sunk us; the scattered grape, however, took effect in the rigging, cutting up a great part of it, riddling the sails, and doing material damage to the masts and yards, though not a man was hurt. To have delayed for another broadside would have been to expose all on board to certain destruction, and as further effort to escape was impotent, the 'Speedy's' colours were hauled down.

"On going aboard the 'Dessaix,' and presenting my sword to the captain, Christie Pallière, he politely declined taking it, with the complimentary remark that 'he would not accept the sword of an officer who had for so many hours struggled against impossibility,' at the same time paying me the further compliment of requesting that 'I would continue to wear my sword, though a prisoner,—a request with which I complied; Capt. Pallière at the same time good-naturedly expressing his satisfaction at having terminated our exploits in the cruising line, they having, in fact, special instructions to look out for us."

He was speedily exchanged for the second captain of the "St. Antonio," who was taken in the action at Algeiras.

"Of the action which subsequently took place I have no personal knowledge, other than that of a scene witnessed by myself from the garden of the commissioner's house, in which I was staying.

"The enemy were overtaken at dusk, soon after leaving the bay; and when it had become dark, Captain Keats, in the 'Superb,' gallantly dashed in between the two sternmost ships, firing right and left, and passed on. Of course I do not assert myself to have been personally cognizant of the way in which the attack was made, the firing only being visible from the Rock, but that this is the correct version of the affair rests upon indisputable authority. The movement was so rapidly executed, that the 'Superb' shot ahead before the smoke cleared away, and the Spanish ships, the 'Real Carlos,' 112, and the 'San Hermenegildo,' 112, mistaking each other for the aggressor, began a mutual attack, resulting in the 'Real Carlos' losing her foretop-mast, the sails of which, falling over her own guns, caught fire. While in this condition, the 'Hermenegildo'—still engaging the 'Real Carlos' as an enemy—in the confusion fell on board her and caught fire also. Both ships burned till they

blew up, and nearly all on board perished; a few survivors only escaping on board the 'Superb' as Captain Keats was taking possession of a third Spanish line-of-battle ship, the 'San Antonio'—for whose second captain, as has been said, I was exchanged.

"The remainder of the combined squadron got safely back to Cadiz after an encounter between the 'Formidable' and 'Venerable.' I am aware that the preceding account of the action with the French ships at Algeiras differs in some respects from that compiled by naval historians from the dispatches; but this circumstance will not prevent me from giving my own version of a conflict in which it was my misfortune to be a reluctant spectator."

On his release, he vainly solicited employment, and his anxiety for it being somewhat mitigated by the peace (of Amiens), he formed and acted on a resolution which may be cited as one of the most remarkable instances on record of self-dependence and energy. We think by turns of Cato learning Greek at eighty, and of Peter the Great working in an English dockyard as an artisan. Conscious, he says, of the desultory and imperfect education that had fallen to his lot, he betook himself to the University of Edinburgh:—

"It was, perhaps, an unusual spectacle for a post-captain fresh from the quarter-deck, to enter himself as a student among boys. For my self-imposed position I cared nothing, and was only anxious to employ myself to the best advantage,—with what success may be judged from the fact of my never being but once absent from lectures, and that to attend the funeral of a near relative.

"Whilst at Edinburgh, I made few acquaintances, preferring secluded lodgings and study without interruption to the gaiety of my contemporaries. Besides which, if my object of getting into Parliament were to be accomplished, it was necessary to be economical, since all that the Admiralty Court had been pleased to leave me of my prize-money would not more than suffice to satisfy the yearnings of a small borough, for which the only hope of election was by outbribing my antagonists.

"Amongst my contemporaries at the Edinburgh College was Lord Palmerston, who resided with the most eminent of the then Scotch professors, Dugald Stewart, and attended the classes at the same time with myself.

"I might also mention others, of whose society in after life I should have been proud, had not the shameful treatment which it was afterwards my lot to experience from a corrupt faction, driven me from society at a time when it ought to have afforded me a welcome relaxation from hard and unintermitting exertions in the service of my country."

On the renewal of the war with France, he obtained an interview with Lord St. Vincent, having ascertained beforehand what vessels were in preparation. One after the other was refused on some frivolous pretence. This was

too large, that was too small, a third was not sufficiently advanced, and a fourth was promised. "In short, it became clear that the British navy contained no ship-of-war for me." He frankly told the Earl as much, remarking that, the Board being evidently of opinion that his services were not wanted, he had better go back to college and pursue his studies, with a view of qualifying himself for some other employment. This brought matters to a crisis. "His Lordship eyed me keenly, to see whether I really meant what I said, and observing no signs of flinching—for, beyond doubt, my countenance showed signs of disgust at such unmerited treatment—he said, 'Well, you shall have a ship. Go down to Plymouth, and there await the orders of the Admiralty.'" The promise, thus extorted, was kept to the letter, and broken to the spirit and the hope. He was appointed to the "Arab," an old collier, fitting out, through the vilest jobbery, as a vessel of war, a glance at which showed the practised seaman that, when all that could be done was done for her, "she would sail like a haystack." This mattered little as it happened, for the station assigned the officer of proved skill and gallantry was, under the guise of protecting the fisheries, to cruise to the N.E. of the Orkneys, where no vessel fished, and where, consequently, there were no fisheries to protect. "The Board had fairly caught me, for a more cruel order could not have been devised by official malevolence. It was literally naval exile in a tub, regardless of expense to the nation." His command of the "Arab" lasted from October 1803 to December 1804, a period which he sets down as a dreary blank in his life. Prior to its expiration Lord St. Vincent had been replaced by Lord Melville, who, on the pressing remonstrance of the Duke of Hamilton, made a show of repairing the injustice of his predecessor. Lord Cochrane was appointed to the "Pallas," a new fir-built frigate of thirty-two guns. In this vessel he became, as usual, the most formidable rover of the seas, and went far towards fulfilling the pledge, by aid of which he had managed to make up his complement, namely, that he would fill the pockets of his men with Spanish *pewter* and *cobs* (ingots and dollars). Following in the wake of several rich prizes, the "Pallas entered Plymouth harbour with three large golden candlesticks, five feet high each, upon the mastheads."

"In one of the captured vessels was a number of bales, marked '*inondables*.' Making sure of some rich prize, we opened the bales, which to our chagrin consisted of poor's bulls, dispensations for eating meat on Fridays, and indulgences for peccadilloes of all kinds, with the price affixed. They had evidently formed a

venture from Spain to the Mexican sin market, but the supply exceeding the demand, had been re-consigned to the manufacturers. We consign-ed them to the waves."

By an odd coincidence, the "Pallas," like the "Speedy," falls in with three French line-of-battle ships, and is within an ace of being taken by them. Her Captain's perfect seamanship, and his inexhaustible ingenuity of contrivance, enabled him to escape. The account does not need, nor, indeed, admit of compression:—

"Seeing it impossible to escape by superior sailing, it appeared practicable to try a manœuvre, which might be successful if the masts would stand. Having, as stated, secured these by every available rope in the frigate the order was given to prepare to clue up and haul down every sail at the same instant. The manœuvre being executed with great precision,—and the helm being put hard a-weather, so as to wear the ship as speedily as possible,—the 'Pallas,' thus suddenly brought up, shook from stem to stern, in crossing the trough of the sea. As our pursuers were unprepared for this manœuvre, still less to counteract it, they shot past at full speed, and ran on several miles before they could shorten sail, or trim on the opposite tack. Indeed, under the heavy gale that was now blowing, even this was no easy matter, without endangering their own masts."

He set sail on an opposite tack, and before the chase was fairly renewed, the night had set in.

He returns from his cruise at the eve of a general election, and stands for the immaculate borough of Honiton, where one of the first independent electors he canvasses tells him, "You need not ask me, my Lord, who I vote for; I always votes for Mister Most." He refused to bribe at all, and his opponent, who gives five pounds a head, is elected; whereupon his Lordship, having "made up his mind that, the next time there was a vacancy in the borough, the seat should be his *without bribery*," sends a bell-man round the town to proclaim that "all who had voted for him might repair to his agent, J. Townsend, Esq., and receive ten pounds ten." We turn at once to the result of this manœvre, although an adventurous cruise intervened. At the ensuing election, no questions were asked, and his return was triumphant.

"This effected, it was then plainly asked, what *ex post facto* consideration was to be expected by those who had supported me in so delicate a manner.

"'Not one farthing!' was the reply.

"'But, my Lord, you gave ten guineas a-head to the minority at the last election, and the majority had been calculating on something handsome on the present occasion.'

"'No doubt. The former gift was for their disinterested conduct in not taking the bribe of

five pounds from the agents of my opponent. For me now to pay them would be a violation of my own previously expressed principles."

A similar trick was played about the same time, at Ilchester, by a professed borough-monger, who naturally and consistently exulted in its success; but the curious thing is, that Lord Cochrane seems to fancy that he actually did get elected "without bribery, and without compromising his previously (and subsequently) expressed principles." He had been so much accustomed to act on the familiar maxim, *Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat*, that he insensibly acquired a habit of squaring his conduct and conscience by it in civil life. This is the only plausible solution of the very peculiar moral and mental problem suggested by such reasoning; for what is clearer to ordinary apprehension, than that, if the vote is given in consequence of the wilfully-raised expectation, the corrupt influence is the same, whether the money be paid or not?

Barring this commencement, his political career was honest and consistent, if mistaken. His seat helped him on in his profession in the way he least anticipated. The Admiralty took the earliest opportunity of ordering him on active service, to get rid of him as a formidable reformer of naval abuses. He was appointed to the "Impérieuse" frigate, in which, besides inflicting great damage on the enemy's marine, he gives the most timely and effective aid to the Spaniards, in their struggle against the French. Lord Collingwood reports "the heroic spirit and ability evinced by Lord Cochrane in defending this castle"—the Castle of Trinidad!—and the Spanish *Gerona Gazette* states: "It is a sufficient eulogium on his character to mention that, in the defence of the Castle of Trinidad, when the Spanish flag, hoisted on the wall, fell into the ditch, under a most dreadful fire from the enemy, his Lordship was the only person who, regardless of the shower of balls flying about him, descended into the ditch, returned with the flag, and happily succeeded in replacing it."

Sir Walter Scott, after commenting on the error of the British Government in not placing a flying force of five thousand men at the disposal of officers like Lord Cochrane or Sir Sydney Smith, goes on to say:—

"Lord Cochrane, during the month of September, 1808, with his single ship the 'Impérieuse,' kept the whole coast of Langueedoc in alarm,—destroying the numerous semaphore telegraphs, which were of the utmost consequence to the numerous coasting convoys of the French, and not only prevented any troops from being sent from that province into Spain, but even excited such dismay that 2,000 men were with-

drawn from Figueras to oppose him, when they would otherwise have been marching farther into the peninsula. The coasting trade was entirely suspended during this alarm; yet with such consummate prudence were all Lord Cochrane's enterprises planned and executed, that not one of his men were either killed or hurt, except one, who was singed in blowing up a battery."

When, harassed and irritated by the restless and adventurous spirit of the "great" Earl of Kildare, an Irish deputy cried out, in the bitterness of his heart, that "all Ireland could not govern that Earl," the sagacious monarch to whom the complaint was made, replied, "Then that Earl shall govern all Ireland;" and the experiment answered remarkably well. All the officers under whom Lord Cochrane was successively placed, could not command that Lord; but immeasurable would have been the gain to the country if that Lord had been appointed to command those officers. To justify this apparently paradoxical opinion, we have only to fix attention on the crowning exploit of his early life, the entrance into Basque Roads in April, 1809.

The fleet against which his operations were directed, consisted of ten sail of the line and two frigates. The blockading squadron consisted of eleven sail of the line, seven frigates, six gunboats, and some smaller vessels. Lord Gambier, who commanded it, had reported that the enemy's ships lay much exposed to fire-ships, adding, "it is a horrible mode of warfare, and the attempt hazardous, if not desperate." Lord Cochrane, at this period, stood very nearly in the same position, as regards the Admiralty, in which Sir Charles Napier stood towards the East India Company, when, after the battle of Chillianwallah, the Duke of Wellington sent for him, and said, "If you won't go, I must." Lord Mulgrave, the First Lord, did not present this precise alternative; but he sent for Lord Cochrane, and told him that the Government looked to his zeal, skill, and patriotism, for enabling them to satisfy the impatient expectations of the nation, that something to support the *prestige* of our navy would be done without delay. After pointing out the jealousy with which his suggestions and co-operation were sure to be received, he specified his plan, which impressed everybody at the first glance, by its boldness, originality, and admirable adaptation to the end. Its essential feature was, that the fire-ships should be preceded by explosion vessels; and his calculation was, that if even one of those was adroitly managed, surprise and terror would do the rest. Taking every fire-ship for an explosion ship, the enemy would fly from them instead of boarding and extinguishing

them; and the chances were, that, in the confusion of a night attack so conducted, their ships would be handled in such a manner as to fall an easy prey to an attacking squadron in the morning. Why did no one object at starting, that, if the charts spoke truth, no attacking squadron could get in without risks which the commander-in-chief would not incur in any case? No such objection was made, and the execution of the project was undertaken on the distinct promise of every description of support.

"The nature of the explosion vessels will be best understood from the subjoined description of the manner in which one was prepared under my own directions. The floor of the vessel was rendered as firm as possible, by means of logs placed in close contact, into every crevice of which other substances were firmly wedged, so as to afford the greatest amount of resistance to the explosion. On this foundation were placed a large number of spirit and water casks, into which 1,500 barrels of powder were emptied. These casks were set on end, and the whole bound round with hempen cables, so as to resemble a gigantic mortar, thus causing the explosion to take an upward course. In addition to the powder casks were placed several hundred shells, and over these again nearly three thousand hand grenades; the whole, by means of wedges and sand, being compressed as nearly as possible into a solid mass. This was the vessel in which I subsequently led on the attack."

When the question of manning her was raised, Lord Gambier said, "If he chose to run on self-destruction, that was his own affair, but that it was *his* duty to take care of the lives of others, and he would not place the crews of the fire-ships in palpable danger." The most favourable opportunity was lost by delay, originating with the admiral, but at length on the night of the 11th April, Lord Cochrane got on board the largest of the explosion-vessels (he had prepared two), accompanied by Lieutenant Bissel and a forlorn hope of four sailors (volunteers), and led the way. The night was dark, the wind high, the sea rough:—

"Judging our distance, therefore, as well as we could, with regard to the time the fuse was calculated to burn, the crew of four men entered the gig, under the direction of Lieut. Bissel, whilst I kindled the port fires; and then, descending into the boat, urged the men to pull for their lives, which they did with a will, though, as wind and sea were strong against us, without making the progress calculated.

"To our consternation, the fuses, which had been constructed to burn fifteen minutes, lasted little more than half that time, when the vessel blew up, filling the air with shells, grenades, and rockets; whilst the downward and lateral force of the explosion raised a solitary mountain of water, from the breaking of which in all direc-

tions our little boat narrowly escaped being swamped. In one respect it was, perhaps, fortunate for us that the fuses did not burn the time calculated, as, from the little way we had made against the strong head wind and tide, the rockets and shells from the exploded vessel went over us. Had we been in the line of their descent, at the moment of explosion, our destruction, from the shower of broken shells and other missiles, would have been inevitable.

"The explosion-vessel did her work well, the effect constituting one of the grandest artificial spectacles imaginable. For a moment the sky was red with the lurid glare arising from the simultaneous ignition of 1,500 barrels of powder. On this gigantic flash subsiding, the air seemed alive with shells, grenades, rockets, and masses of timber, the wreck of the shattered vessel; whilst the water was strewn with spars shaken out of the enormous boom, on which, according to the subsequent testimony of Captain Proteau, whose frigate lay just within the boom, the vessel had brought up, before she exploded. The sea was convulsed as by an earthquake, rising, as has been said, in a high wave, on whose crest our boat was lifted like a cork, and as suddenly dropped into a vast trough, out of which, as it closed upon us with the rush of a whirlpool, none expected to emerge. The skill of the boat's crew, however, overcame the threatened danger, which passed away as suddenly as it had arisen, and in a few minutes nothing but a heavy rolling sea had to be encountered, all having again become silence and darkness."

On reaching the "Impérieuse," he finds that the second explosion-vessel—which he also intended to conduct in person—had been cut adrift, and that the fire-ships had been grievously mismanaged. Out of twenty, only four reached the enemy's position, and not one did any damage. Almost every chance, therefore, had turned up against him, and yet so essentially sound was the plan, that its success, so far as depended on what fairly belonged to it, was complete. At daylight, seven of the nearest enemy's ships, including the French Admiral's, were observed from the "Impérieuse" to be on shore, and in a position for attack without the possibility of effective resistance. There was a period when they were lying over on their sides with their bottoms exposed to be riddled by a gunboat. This state of things was signalled to the Admiral, who, unluckily, was lying fourteen miles off. At 7 A.M. he was signalled again, "*All the enemy's ships, except two, are on shore.*" Again, "*The enemy's ships can be destroyed.*" Again, "*Half the fleet can destroy the enemy.*" Again, after several other signals, "*The frigates alone can destroy the enemy.*" A bare acknowledgment by the answering pennant was the only answer vouchsafed to either. The fleet did not begin to move till 11 A.M., and, after shortening their

distance from the stranded ships by about one-half, dropped anchor just out of range of the batteries. This was past bearing. "The words of Lord Mulgrave," exclaims Lord Cochrane, "rang in my ears: '*The Admiralty is bent on destroying that fleet before it can get out to the West Indies.*'" Accordingly, he drifted his own ship stern-foremost towards the enemy for fear of a signal of recall if he set sail, and after proceeding thus for half-an-hour (valuable time lost), at 1.40 p.m. the signal was run up to the peak of the "Impérieuse," "*Enemy superior to chasing ship, but inferior to the fleet.*" No attention being paid to this signal, at 1.45 p.m. he signalled, "*In want of assistance.*" Then at last the English Admiral was forced into something approximating to effective co-operation. Two line-of-battle ships and the frigates were sent to assist in the work of destruction, which a single frigate was carrying out by firing into three French line-of-battle ships, grounded near together, at the same time. The wind not having changed, all intelligible excuses for their not coming before are answered by their coming then. When their work was not half completed, they were recalled. Still, three French line-of-battle ships and a frigate were totally destroyed, and six were put *hors de combat*, with more or less amount of damage.

Wonderful to relate, the entire credit of this result has been recently claimed for Lord Gambier, who did all that man could do to frustrate it and reduce it to the smallest possible dimensions. His accomplished niece, Lady Chatterton, after devoting half a volume of her "Memorials"* to the court-martial, to which the Admiral was brought for his conduct in this affair, remarks: "The main question throughout this inquiry has been, 'Could more have been done?' But at the end of it, the question arises, 'What was done?' The main, the only question, after 'Could more have been done?' was not, 'What was done?' but 'Who did it?' To this question the answer will be given by acclamation,—the man who formed the scheme, and risked life and fame in its execution. We are not about to enter into a detailed examination of the evidence, nor to puzzle our readers with conflicting statements touching the depth of the channel or the trustworthiness of the charts. We do not

dispute the finding of the court-martial, although Mr. James has done so, and given plausible reasons for so doing.* We believe Lord Gambier to have been a well-meaning man and a good officer. His skill and bravery were unquestionable; and he was superior to the petty feelings of jealousy which actuated the majority of his officers. He may have been as right from his point of view as Lord Cochrane was right from *his*. The misfortune was, that two minds, so differently constituted, were required to concur; since genius, by its very nature, must outstrip duty, and heroism will always fret and disarrange discipline and routine by its impulsiveness.

Lord Gambier delayed sending the ships *in*, because he was not sure that they would get *out*, and he was afraid of their being disabled on their way by the batteries. He was prepared with what he thought excellent reasons for his caution. But, without hazarding an unprofessional opinion whether they amount to a justification, we will make bold to say that quite as good, or better, might have been urged for not attempting five out of six of the exploits which have shed most glory on our flag. In Lord Macaulay's animated pages may be read how Rooke, with a squadron of boats, burnt "The Royal Sun," the pride of the French navy, and three other first-rates, at La Hogue, under the fire of the batteries, and in the teeth of an army drawn up on the coast for their protection. Twice he dashed in on the flood-tide, and twice retired on the ebb. Lord Cochrane always maintained that the outlying squadron at Basque Roads might have done the same.

"Neither the terrors of an unknown coast nor those of a wintry storm," says Lord Stanhope, "could divert the settled purpose of Hawke. In vain did the pilot represent to him the perils of such a navigation. 'You have done your duty in this remonstrance; you are now to obey my orders, and lay me alongside the French Admiral.'"[†]

"The fate of the East," exclaimed Napoleon, pointing to Acre, "is in that petty town!" He was on the point of gaining possession of it. The relieving army was in the bay, but the besieged were hard pressed, and the chances were that the place would be carried before the arrival of the Turkish reinforcements, when Sir Sidney Smith, leaving his ship without men enough to steer or fight her, appeared upon the breach at the head of nearly his entire crew armed with

* "Memorials, Personal and Historical, of Admiral Lord Gambier, G.C.B., with Original Letters, etc., etc. Edited, from family papers, by Georgina, Lady Chatterton." London: Hurst and Blackett, 1861. P. 297. This book is a valuable contribution to general and biographical literature; but the title conveys an erroneous notion of its character.

* Naval History, vol. v. In 1757, a fleet, under Admiral Knowles, entered these Roads and silenced the fort; Howe, in the "Maguanime," dropped anchor under the very walls.

† History of England, etc., vol. iv., p. 253, describing the action off Quiberon on Nov. 20, 1769.

pike, and by the hour thus gained (if we may believe Napoleon) reversed the destinies of the East.

We have already seen how Lord St. Vincent's laurels were won for him by disobeying his orders, and everybody has heard how Nelson brought the critical affair at Copenhagen to a triumphant issue by clapping his glass to his blind eye and refusing to see Sir Hyde Parker's signal of recall.

Although the late Lord Lyons was the soul of the expedition against Sebastopol, the naval authorities mostly sided with Dundas, who disapproved the expedition and crippled the action of the fleet; and it is no secret that nothing but dread of a popular outcry saved the late Sir William Peel from a severe reprimand for "demoralizing" his men by his memorable co-operation with Lord Clyde.

The readiness to risk life counts for little. It is the readiness to risk fame and fortune—in other words, to incur responsibility in the deepest sense of the term—that is the characteristic of heroism. If there were no departure from rules, there would be no responsibility; if the chances were not, to common apprehension at least, very much against an exploit, there would be no extraordinary merit in performing it. Let the Basque Roads controversy be tested by these simple maxims, or considered with reference to the foregoing examples, and there will be little difficulty in arriving at the merits of the case.

On being informed that a vote of thanks to Lord Gambier was to be proposed in the House of Commons, Lord Cochrane announced an intention of opposing it. Lord Mulgrave sent for him and vehemently remonstrated. The answer was, that he was acting as an independent member of Parliament, and should be wanting in his duty to his constituents if he permitted such a vote to pass unchallenged. "If you are on service," rejoined Lord Mulgrave, "you cannot be in your place in Parliament. Now, my Lord, I will make you a proposal; I will put under your orders three frigates, with *carte blanche* to do whatever you please in the Mediterranean; I will further get you permission to go to Sicily, and embark on board your squadron any one regiment which is stationed there. You know how to make use of such advantages." This so-called indiscreet and impracticable man was always judged discreet and practicable enough when his assistance or his absence was required. He declined the offer, and by so doing left Lord Gambier no alternative but to demand a court-martial.

We think Lord Cochrane did right; for after the line he had already taken with refer-

ence to the commander-in-chief, his own reputation was at stake. But he multiplied the number and embittered the virulence of his political enemies; and those were times when political and personal animosity meant pretty nearly the same thing. The days of forbearance and liberality were yet to come. Each of the two great parties or factions ran down the heroes, orators, and authors of the other. The Whigs moved votes of censure on Wellington, laughed at Castlereagh's statesmanship, called Eldon an old woman, treated Canning as a "joker of jokes," denied Wordsworth to be a poet, and denounced Southey as a renegade. The Tories amply retaliated on Cochrane, Wilson, Brougham, Shelley, Burdett, and Sydney Smith. Byron and Moore partially escaped, by aid of a connection with Albemarle Street. Such being the fashion of the day, we feel more regret than surprise at finding half England exulting in the opportunity of degrading and incapacitating for future service one whose name they should have been eager to keep unsullied for their own sakes, if not for the moral well-being of mankind. To find fraud or corruption combined with intellectual eminence or chivalrous gallantry—to be obliged to write "wisest, greatest, meanest," in one descriptive line—to find a Bacon receiving bribes, or the hero of Basque Roads engaged in a stock exchange cheat—is to feel a cold chill come over our faith in what is best and brightest—to see our most cherished and most elevating illusions melt away.

The sad story is soon told. A little after midnight on Sunday, the 20th February, 1814, a person calling himself Colonel du Bourg, who afterwards turned out to be Captain de Berenger, presented himself at the Ship Inn, Dover, and was admitted. He was dressed in a grey military greatcoat, a scarlet uniform richly embroidered with gold lace (the uniform of a staff-officer), a star on his breast, a silver medal round his neck, and a dark fur cap with a broad gold band. He had a small portmanteau, and he said he had just arrived from Paris, bringing glorious news. Buonaparte pursued and killed by the Cossacks; allied sovereigns in Paris; immediate peace, etc. He wrote to this effect to the Port Admiral, who had the command of the telegraph; and as soon as a chaise and four could be got ready, he hurried off towards London, changing horses at the regular posting houses, and scattering his news as he went. On reaching the outskirts of London he began to look out for a hackney coach, and finding one at Marsh Gate, Lambeth, got into it and drove to Lord Cochrane's house in Green Street.

The funds rose rapidly, and Lord Cochrane

sold out *omnia* to the amount of L. 139,000, as soon as the premium had risen from 28 to 29, realizing a profit of nearly L.2000 on the transaction. His uncle's dealings were to a much larger extent, and it was shrewdly suggested that they sold hastily at a small profit, from a guilty knowledge that a reaction must ensue. It soon got abroad that the captain had gone first to Lord Cochrane's house, and his Lordship resorted to the extraordinary and imprudent step of a voluntary affidavit of the circumstances. On the 11th March, three weeks after the fraud or *hoax* (as he persevered in calling it), he swore that he was called away from a manufactory in Cock Lane to see a person, name unknown, in Green Street; that he found De Berenger, who had before applied to him for employment as an officer of sharpshooters on board his ship; that Berenger professed to have come for the purpose of pressing this application; and that, on being told it could not be complied with, he said he could not go to Lord Yarmouth or any other of his friends in the dress he had on, and that, apologizing for the liberty, he requested Lord Cochrane to lend him a hat to wear instead of his military cap. "I gave him," continued the noble deponent, "one which was in a back room with some things that had not been packed up; and having tried it on, his uniform appeared under his greatcoat. I therefore offered him a black coat that was lying on a chair, which I did not intend to take with me. He put his uniform in a towel, and shortly after went away in great apparent uneasiness of mind, and, having asked my leave, he took the coach I came in, which I had forgotten to discharge in the haste I was in. Captain Berenger wore a grey greatcoat, a green uniform, and a military cap."

The scarlet coat, with the star, was found tied up in a piece of carpeting in the Thames. At the trial, all the witnesses who tracked De Berenger to Green Street swore that, to the best of their recollection, he wore a scarlet coat; and Mr. Sergeant Best, who led for the defence, spoke as follows on this all-important point:

"Men do not commit crimes unless impelled to the commission of such by some strong motives. What object could Lord Cochrane possibly have for stating that this gentleman came in one coloured coat rather than another? I think I can account for the mistake. My Lord Cochrane made this affidavit a great many days, I think weeks, after the transaction had taken place. Mr. de Berenger belonged to a corps of riflemen commanded by Lord Yarmouth, and his proper dress, as a member of that corps, was a green uniform. My Lord Cochrane had often seen him in this green uniform. When he made

his affidavit he recollected this circumstance; but there being nothing to fix on his Lordship's mind the colour of the uniform, the sort of dress he had been accustomed to see Mr. de Berenger in, presented itself to his mind as the dress he wore when his Lordship last saw him.*

This was tantamount to giving up the case, and no witnesses were called on the part of the defence to prove the colour of the coat. Yet Lord Dundonald made it his main article of complaint against the presiding judge, Lord Ellenborough, that he left it to the jury to declare whether De Berenger had not presented himself at Green Street in "the livery of his crime." Lord Ellenborough manifested a strong bias against the accused; but the fault was not in his summing up, but in his refusing to adjourn the trial on the first day, and so compelling the counsel for the defence to proceed, late at night, without a consultation. We ourselves heard the late Lord Abinger (one of the counsel for the defence) declare that, if they had been allowed time for consultation, Lord Cochrane's acquittal might have been ensured. It was a fatal blunder in Best to admit the scarlet coat; and it should be remembered that Lord Cochrane vehemently protested against the admission. He moved for a new trial, on the ground that ample evidence was forthcoming to prove the red coat green. He never ceased to protest against the verdict of the jury and the judgment of the court upon this ground. He never omitted an opportunity of challenging inquiry into the justice of the decision, and in the book before us he states, on the honour of a man with one foot in the grave, that he was entirely innocent of the charge.

Rather past the middle of the last century, the streets of Dublin were infested by a man called "Tiger Roche." He had been in the army. He was in high esteem with his colonel, when a valuable fowling-piece belonging to a brother officer was missed. The regiment was then stationed in North America. The missing article was found amongst Roche's baggage. He explained that he had bought it of one Bourke, a serjeant, who swore that he knew nothing of the transaction. Roche was brought to a court-martial, and, as a lenient punishment, dismissed the service for theft. He challenged the officer who had prosecuted him, and, on his refusal to meet a degraded man, assaulted him. He flew at a non-commissioned officer like a madman, and, when deprived of his sword, fastened on the man's throat with his teeth; hence the sobriquet of *Tiger*. He rejoined the English army before Ticonderago, and by performing

* The Trial, &c., taken in shorthand, p. 275.

prodigies of valour as a volunteer he attracted the notice of General Abercrombie; but the brand of thief was on him, which no bravery could obliterate. He wandered from capital to capital, and whenever his honour was challenged, he forced the challenger into single combat, or ferociously assaulted him. In times when it was thought that no gentleman could honourably refuse a challenge, he became the pest of society. At length Bourke fell ill, and on his deathbed made a clean breast of it. He had stolen the fowling-piece and sold it to Roche.*

There is no longer a hope of any such revelation in Lord Cochrane's case; but there was a general belief at the time, that the uncle could have cleared the nephew had he thought fit, and Lord Brougham, one of the counsel for the defence, wrote to his distinguished client in 1845: "Your counsel were clearly of opinion that the verdict, as concerned you, was erroneous, and I always concluded that you had sacrificed yourself out of delicacy to your uncle, the person really guilty."

Our own theory is, that he suspected something of the kind to be in the wind; that he regarded it less as a fraud than as a *ruse de guerre*, like the Danish dress for entrapping the Spanish captain, or the yellow flag hoisted when there was no infection on board; and that, without being a party or directly privy to it, he suspected Berenger's errand, and aided him to get away, in the hope of saving a near relative from detection. To adopt the language of English law, he was, at worst, an accessory after the fact.

The sentence was atrocious; a fine of L.1000, a year's imprisonment, and to stand in the pillory at Westminster (which he represented) for one hour. But, atrocious or not, it was the unanimous judgment of the four judges of the King's Bench, not of the Chief-Justice alone; and we have good grounds for doubting the accuracy of Lord Campbell's statement, that Lord Ellenborough was looked upon coldly in the House of Lords in consequence of his conduct in this transaction, or that, having "misgivings" as to its propriety, "he became very wretched."† The degrading and insulting part of the punishment was remitted by the Home Secretary, although not till its execution had become impracticable, from the excited condition of the public mind, and the avowed

determination of Sir Francis Burdett to stand with his noble colleague in the pillory. Indeed, the reaction produced by the undue severity of the sentence was so strong and so lasting, that it largely aided in bringing about the restoration of the late Lord's professional rank in 1833, and of his hard-earned honours of knighthood—which, if restored at all, should have been restored at the same time—at the accession of her present Majesty.

Whilst an intuitive sense of right was influencing his royal mistress in his favour, another gifted woman was unceasingly employed in retrieving the pristine purity of his banner and wiping off the last blot upon his name. The eager, animated, and indignant appeals of his Countess, led many to investigate the facts who would otherwise have discounted the inquiry as wearisome or superfluous. This, however, is far from being the sole or chief example of the devotedness which he touchingly acknowledges in the chapter headed "My Marriage." During, we believe, the whole of his arduous services and romantic adventures in South America, she accompanied him, to soothe his anxieties, to sustain his hopes, to animate his exertions, to share his dangers. One night, whilst he was in command of the Chilian fleet, his ship got becalmed under a battery, from which he was assailed with red-hot shot. His men were seized with a panic, and deserted their guns. If the fire from the shore was not returned, it would speedily become steady, sustained, and fatal. He went down to the cabin where she lay: "If a woman sets them the example, they may be shamed out of their fears; it is our only chance." She rose and followed him upon the deck. We have heard her relate that the first object that met her eye was the battery with its flaming furnaces, round which dark figures were moving, looking more like incarnate demons than men. A glance at her husband's impressive features, and his "terrible" calmness, reassured her. She took the match, and fired a gun when he had pointed it. The effect on the crew was electrical; they returned to their posts with a shout, and the battery was speedily silenced.

The widowed Countess of Dundonald is quite as capable of narrating such actions as of performing them; and she must be possessed of ample materials for taking up his biography where it was abruptly cut short by death. The continuation of her husband's work would be the noblest monument that could be erected to his memory; and whilst engaged on it, she would be more rationally, if not more sentimentally employed, than the widow of a French hero, who paid a daily

* Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years ago. Dublin, 1857. Chap. x.

† "He denied in private, most indignantly, the imputation sedulously cast upon him, that he had wreaked a party vengeance on a political enemy." —*Townshend's Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges*, vol. i, p. 259.

visit to *Père la Chaise* to preserve and renew the *immortelles* on his tomb.

ART. V.—1. *Spiritualism*. By JOHN W. EDMONDS and GEORGE T. DEXTER, M.D.; with an Appendix by NATHANIEL T. TALLMADGE. Eighth Edition. New York, 1853.

2. *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World; with Narrative Illustrations*. By ROBERT DALE OWEN. Philadelphia, 1860.

THE work of Mr. Owen is a collection of ghost stories, intended to have a scientific application. The other work is described by the publisher as consisting "of a comprehensive and forcible analysis of the spiritual experience of Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter, through whose mediumship the work has been given to the public; of a faithful record of numerous interviews with spirits claiming to be EMANUEL [*sic*], SWEDENBORG, and LORD BACON, wherein they give philosophical disquisitions in reply to numerous questions respecting the life of spirits; and, thirdly, of a copious appendix, embracing the experience and observations of HON. N. T. TALLMADGE, late United States Senator, and Governor of Wisconsin, together with the similar experience of several other persons, correspondence, etc. The work is embellished with a beautiful frontispiece, DRAWN BY A SPIRIT, engraved on steel, illustrative of the departure of a spirit from the earth-sphere; also, six pages of fac-similes of spirit writing, and other engraved illustrations." The sum and substance of the book is a farrago of Christian doctrines and philosophical mysticism, so combined as to make up what is intended to be both an advanced philosophy and a new faith, founded on the basis of necromancy. We have selected it for notice, because it is really one of the most favourable examples, so far as regards moderation of tone and decency of diction, of a large number of books and other publications devoted to the defence and propagation of the new doctrines on the Continent, in England, and in the United States.

SPIRITUALISM, from whatever aspect we view it, merits a more philosophical and scientific examination than it has yet received. Millions are said to believe it. Men of considerable mental acquirements accept it, and expound it with all the fervour of believers in a new creed. Some of them are necromancers, with a deep conviction that they are in immediate communication with the illustrious dead, and from them receive reve-

lations of a world hitherto not only undiscovered, but believed to be undiscoverable. They proclaim themselves to be, and are accepted by thousands as, "mediums" of intercourse between the living and dead, and, without doubt or hesitation, set forth certain statements as the truth in regard to "spirits" and their habitat.

Less speculative and mystical, in profession at least, another class of cultivated minds accept the various phenomena of spirit-rapping, clairvoyance, inexplicable dreams, and alleged appearances of ghosts as facts, but yet beyond the ordinary observed course of natural phenomena, and as pointing to the existence of another and a spiritual world. They assume to be scientific spiritualists. They insist that it is a fallacious principle of inquiry to affirm that the facts are supernatural or impossible, simply because they are opposed to all our preconceived ideas and foregone conclusions as to the natural and possible order of phenomena. They endeavour to show that the scepticism as to the testimony of the senses, which is adopted and avowed as the rule of inquiry by physicists, is opposed to scientific progress, and has especially stood in the way of a knowledge of the immaterial and invisible. And they entertain hopes of a great advance in knowledge in this direction, if a suitable but dispassionate method of inquiry be adopted. Possibly—remarks a most able member of the school—possibly truths may have been knocking at the door of human faith for thousands of years, and are not destined to be taken in for many yet to come,—or, at the utmost, may long receive but an unhonouring sanction from the vulgar and obscure. Perhaps, nay, probably, some mystic law, centring deep in our nature, and touching far distant spheres of untried being, runs through the undefined phenomena with which spiritualism deals—which, if it ever be ascertained, will throw not a little light upon the past beliefs and actions of mankind,—perhaps add to our assurance that there is an immaterial and immortal part within us, and a world of relation beyond that pressing upon our senses. Such, *verbatim*, are the aspirations of at least one eminent inquirer into these strange things.

Now, these professedly scientific spiritualists acknowledge that many phenomena, hitherto termed spiritual, are due to morbid functional activity of the nervous system; but there are others which are inexplicable by any current physical or physiological theory, and *therefore* (they say) belong to the spiritual or ultramundane; or, in other words, it is apparently assumed (and we refer more particularly to Mr. Owen's as representative views), that the former class of theories are

complete, and have explained all they can explain. Others, however, profess to think that the inquiry *may* fail to demonstrate the supernatural character of all the phenomena. This admission, however, we must say, seems to us rather a diplomatic trick, adopted for the purpose of drawing men into the observation of the phenomena, and an inquiry into them in a spiritualistic sense, for all these have a preconception of spirit-existence. Hitherto the mystical has been constantly driven back with the advance of true physiological principles, so that many phenomena of a supposed ultra-mundane character can now be traced to natural laws of action of the nervous system. Obviously, the proper method of dealing with those inexplicable residua upon which the spiritualists fall back in proof of their doctrines, would be found in an extension of the method hitherto followed, and in instituting a deeper and wider inquiry into the correlations of consciousness and organization, and of the relation of mind to matter, so as to bring them within more general laws. This is the true inductive method. Now, this the spiritualists fail to do. They make no inquiry into cerebral physiology at all, except in so far as it is necessary to refute the application of its principles to an explanation of the residual phenomena with which they deal. There are the phenomena, they say to the sceptical neurologist; inquire into and explain them if you can;—themselves wholly holding back from the investigation, and even opposing it.

We learn from Mr. Owen that a society was formed in 1851, at the University of Cambridge, for the purpose of instituting, as their printed circular expresses it, "a serious and earnest inquiry into the nature of the phenomena which are vaguely termed supernatural." It was popularly known as the "Ghost Club." Most of the members, we are told, were clergymen, and Fellows of Trinity College. The Bishop of — was one of the most active, and brought it under the notice of Mr. Owen. It is remarkable that the physiological world has heard so little of this eminent club of scientific inquirers, and, in particular, of the facts they collected, and the grounds of one of the conclusions at which they arrived, namely, "that there *is* sufficient testimony for the appearance, about the time of death, or after it, of the apparitions of deceased persons." So important a conclusion from solid scientific data merits the widest promulgation. If, however, Mr. Owen's facts, and histories, and conclusions be taken as a specimen of those of the "Ghost Club," its doings have been utterly worthless, for there is nothing in Mr. Owen's book which can be admitted as even approximating to the esta-

blishment of that conclusion, or any other of the dogmas of spiritualism.

Before more deliberately examining the facts and conclusions of this spiritualistic necromancy, so far as they are embodied in the works before us, let us say one word as to the feeling which actuates us. We are disposed to recognise the importance of the inquiry thus instituted; we will most fully acknowledge that any established truths in this direction, or even any reasonable probabilities, would have our cordial respect. If men could establish, as a practical business of life, that intercourse with the departed which spiritualists profess, what a load of sorrow would often be lightened! How many hearts, now rent with anguish at the loss of wife, or child, or parent, or friend, would be joyous with the prospect of continued communion with the dear deceased! What unavailing regrets for injuries neglected, would be relieved by the certainty that the humble survivor could atone for all the wrongs he inflicted during life, by a life-long service of incessant devotion and love to the dead! Then, again (leaving all secular advantages out of consideration), to obtain the support of scientific certainty for the expectation of a future and separate existence of the soul after death, in aid of a too often trembling faith and dim intuition, would be to provide a sure balm to the sorrower, and lay a firm foundation for morals. Hitherto, all those strange phenomena of apparitions, dreams, and visions, upon which mankind formerly confidently relied for proofs of the future and separate existence of the soul, have not been able to stand before the cold lights of science. No elves, or fairies, or witches, or warlocks, or wandering ghosts, or guardian angels, embodying the spirits of departed wife, or husband, or child, find a place in modern kosmic theories. Even the place of heaven itself is not mapped out either by astronomy or geology, and nothing is left but a simple faith in Divine Truth and Divine Intuitions. How gladly would the evidence of sense be received by many, in support of such things! What groans and sighs are often needed ere the grieving heart can attain that "sure and certain hope" which is the triumph of Christian faith! Welcome, indeed, would be the alleged facts and truths of spiritualism, if they brought with them only a portion of the palpable certainty which attaches to the most imperfectly developed departments of modern science. But, on investigation, they are found to be only dust and ashes,—a delusion and a snare.

Nevertheless, science should strengthen faith, and be the handmaid of religious truth. Mental science may, however, be said to have hardly begun, in so far as it relates to that

wonderful kosmos of mind of which every human head and heart consists, albeit a *microcosmos*. Within that world of life and thought, what undiscovered laws may not lie concealed! what great truths may be dormant! Surely, if the natural be so wonderful and strange as to mimic the supernatural, it would be well to begin with the possible in inquiry, and first sound the depths of human thought, in its relations to the great laws and force of LIFE; for, just as the mind of man advances in knowledge of physical phenomena from the known to the unknown, so must it advance in the knowledge of metaphysical phenomena. And although the erroneous basis of a true belief be thus struck away, faith will only get the surer foothold on positive knowledge, and the chilling, cruel fears of superstition be dispelled.

The work on SPIRITUALISM is probably the most favourable example of modern necromantic literature. Mr. Edmonds is a United States judge, Dr. Dexter a United States physician, and Mr. Tallmadge the governor of Wisconsin, and formerly a senator of the United States. It professes to give revelations, made through Dr. Dexter, by Swedenborg, Bacon, and others, as to the habits, natural history, polity, etc., of spirits. The spirits were never visible, but made their communications by influencing Dr. Dexter's hand to write in Judge Edmonds's library, in answer to questions asked, and signing, through him, their dictations. The style of composition corresponds, we are told by Mr. Edmonds, to the style of the illustrious departed, while even the hand-writing of Dr. Dexter varied as the spirit-visitant. No doubt was ever entertained that the pathological processes of which Dr. Dexter was the subject, were other than the result of the direct influences of the spirits of the men mentioned; and yet the whole of the facts proper, even as stated by themselves, point most conclusively to a morbid condition of the nervous system as the cause of the phenomena. A notional hallucination, in short, constitutes the foundation upon which the whole structure of doctrine is built up. To set forth the proof of this proposition, let us observe, that the specimens of writing indicate clearly that the various styles were merely modifications of Dr. Dexter's ordinary handwriting (for a specimen of this also is given), under the influence of a morbid action of the brain. The prevalent character of one or two of these shows that the muscular or motor system participated occasionally in the morbid state. It is well known that the hand will both write and draw automatically under certain morbid conditions of the brain, the patient being either conscious or unconscious at the time, just as

the tongue will speak automatically. We know a lady in whom this automatic dexterity can be easily induced, by inducing a morbid state of the nervous system, so that her hand will move and write quite irrespectively of any volition on her part. When the state comes on, she is warned of its approach by a spasmodic feeling about the chin. This and similar phenomena are due to an automatic action of the brain, as the seat of the ideas and thoughts, just as various regular convulsions of groups of muscles are due to automatic action of the spinal marrow, and its continuation into the brain. A few extracts will suffice to show the symptoms of Dr. Dexter's "case," and indicate the nature of his hallucination and morbid automatic action, and the development of disorder.

First, as to the hallucination, and the involuntary or automatic character of his writing:—

"It was not until after I had become fully developed as a writing medium, against my will and determined efforts to the contrary, that I yielded an implicit faith in the truth of the spirit intercourse with man. . . . I were more than a man to refuse still to believe, when I was a living acting evidence, that through me, and against my will, spirits possessed the power and ability to write their thoughts and express sentiments and ideas as much opposed to the ordinary actions of my mind as if it were another person. . . . Let it also be understood, that the spirit-manifestation by my arm is absolutely involuntary. I have no direction in the act. My muscles are the medium of spirit-communication, not my thoughts," etc.

Like all persons with this form of hallucination, Dr. Dexter had others of great pathological significance, which occurred immediately before or during sleep:—

"After their concerted and continued attempt to impress me had passed over, I refrained from visiting circles, and thought, by staying away, I might be free from any impression; on the contrary, my arm would be moved when asleep, and awake me by its motion. During the time I abstained from sitting in any circle, I was twice lifted bodily from my bed, moved off its edge, and thus suspended in the air. The first time I was so dealt with, I had retired to a different room from the one I usually occupied. I had not been asleep, and was conscious of everything around me. As I lay composing myself for sleep, I discovered my whole body was trembling in every fiber [*sic*]. I attempted to raise my hand, but I could not move; my eyes were closed, and the lids fastened. My mind was unusually active, and I noted everything which took place with an intensesness of perception I never before experienced. My bodily sensation was likewise increased in power. As I lay there, unable to move a limb, my body was lifted from the bed, and moved gently towards the edge, with the bedclothes over it; there it remained a moment,

and then it was moved off the bed into the room, suspended in the air, and there held for an instant. [Hallucination of relation to space.] Just at this time the fire-bells rung an alarm, and my body was suddenly brought back to the bed, and deposited in the place I previously occupied, with a sort of jerk, as if it had been dropped from the power that held it. [The dream broken.] I immediately recovered my power of locomotion, and arose from the bed and examined the clothes, and found they had been drawn over toward the side where I had been lifted, and were trailing on the floor.

"I was deeply moved at this special evidence of spirit-manifestation. . . . For the first time it occurred to me, that, perhaps, in this evident design to develop me as a medium [notional hallucination of suspicion], I might, by submitting to their direction, arrive at the whole truth of spirit intercourse with man. I felt impelled to ask if there were spirits in the room. Three distinct raps were given in reply, indicating they were present; and then, too deeply agitated to question further, I again returned to bed to ponder," etc.

In short, the hallucinations gradually became more fully developed, and he began to find out that his hand "was seized and made to write." And the mode of development of this automatic movement is significant:—

"I was sitting alone in my office, late at night, and was leaning back in a rocking-chair. . . . As my hand lay on the arm of the chair, I felt a singular sensation in the whole limb, as if the arm were grasped by two hands at its upper part [hallucination of touch]. I attempted to raise it, but was unable so to do; and as soon as I made the effort to move it, the fingers were bent down tightly on the arm of the chair, and grasped it firmly [a spasmodic contraction of the fingers]. Immediately the hand began to tremble, and as I watched the movement the whole limb was shaken violently. At this moment I heard two loud raps at the upper part of the side wall of the room [hallucination of hearing]; and it then occurred to me that this unseen power, whose manifestations I had so often witnessed [in circles of inquiries], was in some way operating upon me [notional hallucination from suggestion]. To satisfy myself, I asked in an audible voice, 'Did the spirits just rap?' There were three distinct raps in reply. I then asked, 'Are the spirits trying to influence me?' Again there were three distinct raps. At this I arose from my chair, arranged my books, and then retired," etc.

Every physician familiar with the hallucinations of the insane, can recognise morbid phenomena in all these. Corporeal hallucinations of floating, etc., spectral sounds, and suspicions of unseen or mysterious agencies, are commonly associated in certain forms of maniacal melancholia. In Dr. Dexter's case, they came on late at night, when sitting alone, and when he was just entering, or already in, the first stage of sleep, a condition which al-

ways highly predisposes to irregular action of the brain, if it be not in the great-majority of cases one of actual incoherence of ideas (dreaming).

Dr. Dexter and Mr. Edmonds affirm most emphatically, that the style of Dr. Dexter's compositions corresponded to that of the "spirits" by whom he was thus involuntarily dealt with. That would have been nothing remarkable, if Dr. Dexter had been already familiar with the works of Bacon; but the converse is certainly the fact. Hence the assertion (itself founded on an hallucination), in common with many others, serves to show how utterly unfit these persons are to observe and compare even the most ordinary phenomena. Otherwise, we should be shocked to find that the English of the great Chancellor of England has degenerated in the "spirit-world," as well as his love of truth. We find, for example, that when Lord Bacon was in the full flow of his communications, and telling Dr. Dexter how to comport himself towards those who deny the phenomena and conclusions of spiritualism, his advice was, that there should be a "grand dignity" in Dr. Dexter's answers, and a "moral personification" of his communion with spirits. Again, Dr. Dexter took the great liberty, we must say, of asking Lord Bacon to stop, while he should "read to Judge Barbour some of Swedenborg's communications." Lord Bacon was good enough to say, in his polite way, "that he was always instructed by anything from Swedenborg;" but after listening to that great ghost's opinions for half-an-hour or so, he said, "I *guess* we will all go home, and so good night." We can understand Lord Bacon yawning, but the parting salutation looks more like a hint from Dr. Dexter himself to Governor Tallmadge and Judge Barbour to be off, than the pure idiom of the author of the "Advancement of Learning." Be this as it may, they acted on the hint, and he came back to the Doctor and the Judge (who remained in "cosy" conversation till after midnight), and moved the former, in answer to a question of Mr. Edmonds, to write as follows:—

"Sleep? Certainly, Judge, how can our bodies support the tear and wear of life without sleep? But the nearer I approach those I love, the more I identify myself with their present feelings. Thus, I feel inclined to-night to be cosy with you two, and to open my heart, and tell you of its high and noble aspirations, to tell you with what joy I shall wend my way to those worlds spoken of by Swedenborg, when I shall have accomplished the object for which I now labour."

The main object of Bacon and Swedenborg seems to have been to instruct Dr.

Dexter and the deluded Judge and Governor, and their friends, in the doctrines of spiritualism, and the best modes of propagating them. With that total defect of power to perceive the incongruous, which characterizes the insane affected by this class of hallucinations, Dr. Dexter and his friends can perceive nothing extraordinary in the circumstances, that he, an obscure transatlantic physician, had been selected by the greatest deceased philosopher of Europe as the medium of his modern speculations in ghostdom, and that he should adopt a Yankee idiom to express them. It is curious to note the particulars of Dr. Dexter's "case" in other respects. When the hand acted at first automatically, the writing and the ideas were equally imperfect, as is the case in all this class of hallucinations. The earlier attempts expressed a single idea, and could hardly be deciphered; while it was only after some practice that the writing became rapid, bold, and easily read. The "patient" knew nothing of what he had written until it was read to him, and even then the matter wholly passed from his memory. At first it was necessary he should "sit in a circle" before his hand would write, and even wait an hour or two; but practice made perfect, and as his susceptibility increased, the impression was felt almost as soon as the circle was formed. The morbid state would also come on when sitting alone at night, or during the first sleep, when he was compelled to write. In all these circumstances we have the usual conditions of morbid phenomena.

Let us now turn to the history of Judge Edmonds as given by himself, and we learn the history of his "case," as one of monomania also:—

"It was in January 1851 that my attention was first called to the subject of 'spiritual intercourse.' I was at the time withdrawn from general society; I was labouring under great depression of spirits [melancholia]. I was occupying all my leisure in reading on the subject of death, and man's existence afterwards. I had, in the course of my life, read and heard from the pulpit so many contradictory and conflicting doctrines on the subject, that I hardly knew what to believe. I could not, if I would, believe what I did not understand, and was anxiously seeking to know if, after death, we should again meet with those whom we had loved here, and under what circumstances. [Speculating on ghosts and ghostdom.] I was invited by a friend to witness the 'Rochester Knockings.' I complied, more to oblige her, and to while away a tedious hour. I thought a good deal on what I witnessed, and determined to investigate the matter, and find out what it was. If it was a deception or a delusion I thought I could detect it," etc.

This is the usual course of development of disease in these morbid mono-ideists. They

have an entire and unwavering conviction of their own cleverness, and their ability to detect fraud or explain phenomena, however remarkable and obscure. No suspicion ever crosses their mind, that at least some knowledge of the laws of action of the brain and nervous system is needed in these cases; and they are therefore speedily bewildered in the quagmires of superstition, mysticism, and deception. As his mental state became worse, Mr. Edmonds experienced a class of hallucinations of touch and other sensations very common in persons affected with a morbid suspicion of mysterious agency, as of galvanism, electricity, secret wires, and the like. In Mr. Edmonds's case, the agents are spirits, and, as usual, manifest their influence at night:—

"To-night after I had gone to bed, and while I lay reading, according to my usual custom, I felt a touching on my left thigh, which I at first thought was the twitching of the muscles, which all will at times experience. It continued, however, so long, and with such regularity of intervals, that I began to think it could not be from that cause. I accordingly put my hand down by the side of and upon my thigh, and the touching ceased. The moment I withdrew my hand it was renewed. This I did several times, and always with the same result. I then altered the position of my hand. . . . The touchings of my thigh were renewed; and not only that, but there was a feeling on the top of my hand and across my fingers as if that which touched my thigh had passed across my hand and touched each finger as it passed. It seemed like a stream of electricity passing across and touching my hand, and then touching my thigh with a spot about as large as my little finger. . . . I determined to ascertain if it was intelligent. I asked a question aloud. While I was asking, the touching ceased; and when my question was put my thigh was twice touched, with distinct intervals. I repeated the question mentally with the same result, only the answer was given by three touches," etc.

Then this poor gentleman had "a stream of touchings," from his left big toe, running up and down his leg several times, and finally touchings near his loins on the left side, very gently and at intervals, until he fell asleep. Between twelve and one, a few nights afterwards, he had a renewal of the touchings. The time and character of these phenomena are perfectly characteristic of the class of hallucinations to which they belong. No "expert" (not tainted himself by necromancy) would fail to recognise the true nature of the case. It is not surprising, then, that in this state Judge Edmonds believed firmly in the most extraordinary assertions of spirit-mediums, clairvoyants, and the like, and listened to Dr. Dexter's mad Yankee travesty of Lord Bacon's "style" with all the satisfaction of a brother lunatic.

As a pathological revelation of mono-ideistic insanity, this big book is very curious; as a revelation of new truths, we hardly need say it is a tissue of absurdities. Perhaps some apologetic explanation is needed for this serious investigation of the phenomena of spiritualism, when obviously the easiest method would have been to treat the whole thing with ridicule and contempt. Already, however, this method has been followed to the fullest extent; and it seemed far more useful to the numerous victims of these delusions, as well as to society at large, to accept the challenge of these necromantic lunatics to examine the phenomena of spiritualism in a serious and scientific spirit. The honest conclusions from the facts we give; and we find that Dr. Dexter and other so-called "mediums" write with a certain coherence, nothing more than their own incongruous aberrations.

Dr. Dexter is, doubtless, convinced that he is in communication with Lord Chancellor Bacon and Swedenborg as their amanuensis; but then stern science compels us to doubt the accuracy of Dr. Dexter's convictions. If convictions of that kind are to be adopted without further question, and made the starting-point of "scientific" inquiries, we should have as many "ultramundane" truths as there are "crazes." Our asylums (as we happen to know) offer multitudes of instances of men who have as strong convictions upon particular topics much less improbable than those of Dr. Dexter. But the stronger their convictions, unfortunately for them, the more prolonged their detention under treatment as lunatics.

It will, doubtless, be alleged that our diagnosis in these cases is erroneous, because Dr. Dexter and the Judge can, and do, perform the usual duties of their vocations in a sensible, rational way. Upon this point there may be some doubt, and, as far as at least as it regards the Judge, less than doubt; for, according to his own showing, his legal decisions have been publicly impugned and denounced, because founded on necromancy. But allowing the full force of the objection, it is no more than what is constantly seen in similar forms of insanity. So commonly is this the case, that it is sometimes difficult, in the most confirmed and unquestioned cases of monomania, to obtain such evidence from the conversation of the patient as is sufficient for diagnosis. And what applies to speech, equally applies to writing. We have known lunatics, with the most decided and absurd hallucinations, to be perfectly coherent in composition. Persons are occasionally observed to write letters, for example, in the midst of the most incoherent words and

actions, without introducing anything that could indicate the then state of mind of the writer. Nay, in the commencement of certain forms of insanity, in individuals of naturally dull intellect, the morbid change is not indicated by any perversion of the intellect whatever, but only by an exaltation of the mental powers, with greatly increased activity.

Nevertheless, these mono-ideists are always to be considered unsafe persons, and should never be trusted with any responsible duties, inasmuch as whenever, in the exercise of these, they come across their "craze," there is no longer mental soundness, and the most absurd acts may be done. It is certain, too, that the same causes which have operated to develop the monomania, have a tendency to widen the sphere of morbid action and develop mania. We lately, when visiting a large public asylum, observed the bust of one who must have been of a high order of intellect. It was that of a gentleman who had died an inmate of the institution, and who had been rendered insane by mesmeric manipulations. And it is a fact, that many of the persons who constitute the circles of the spiritualists, and of similar sects of the mystics, are either insane or on the verge of insanity. Hence our practical conclusion, that this work, like all others of its class, should be a warning to ignorant minds and weak heads how they venture to deal with things beyond their powers.

The work of Mr. Owen is of another stamp. Although of feeble judgment, yet, like all believers of his class, he is cunning enough to see that his book will be received by the thoughtful and cautious as an attempt to revive popular delusions which modern science has long since dispelled; and hence he labours hard to give his work a scientific, candid, and practical character. While he maintains the orthodox tendencies of his inquiries, he affirms that in this direction his book has already favourably influenced the sceptic. On the other hand, with much parade of learning and an overwhelming assumption of candour, he seems to admit the physiological explanation of the phenomena he examines, and goes even so far as to attempt to discuss dreams, hallucinations, and spectral illusions in a scientific and philosophical spirit. Nay, he undertakes to explain away some favourite stories by physicians; yet, while he admits candidly on the one hand, he doubts much more strongly on the other. The result of his method, in short, is to leave an impression on the reader's mind, that even ordinary dreams *may* have something in them ultramundane, while (in

fact) he ventures to affirm that occasional dreams are of this class.

It is very obvious, however, that Mr. Owen has no such knowledge as will enable him to distinguish ordinary from exceptional dreams,—hallucinations and delusions from visions and spirit promptings,—or the metaphysical phenomena of spirit-rappings from the physical. Every page of his book proves to us that he is neither physicist nor metaphysician, physiologist nor neuro-pathologist. He is a man of a sophistical temper, with some knowledge of the world, who has got bewildered by the doings of modern necromancers and weak people, and who seeks to establish foregone conclusions in the mode best adapted to catch converts. A book so mischievous in its tendencies requires to be dealt with in a way most likely to counteract it. We therefore propose to examine some of the histories therein given.

But we have first to examine the important preliminary question of evidence and of belief in the testimony of the senses. It is always a matter of surprise to a man when he first encounters a monomaniac, and finds all his arguments utterly powerless against a fixed idea, the absurdity of which must (he thinks) be apparent to a child. He fondly imagines a few plain facts will suffice to set the aberrant intellect right, and experience only at last convinces him how utterly hopeless is the attempt. Now, this aberration from healthy mental action is essentially of the same kind as the healthy action itself; it is developed according to the same laws, and has its seat in the same tissues. It is only, in fact, a morbid species of the natural *genus* error. How, then, does erroneous belief arise?

A cursory examination of the leading facts of consciousness in relation to the organization, suffices to establish the fundamental principle, that the belief of an individual is bound down to those conditions of the organism upon which consciousness itself depends. For example, in that mental state termed corporeal pain, it is not in the choice of the individual whether he shall feel pain or not, when the ordinary causes of pain are applied; nor also, when the brain is duly active, can he choose whether he shall think or not. Concurrently with the incessant successions of vital changes in the organism, there is dependent on them an equally incessant series of successive states of consciousness; so that, to modify the latter effectually, the former must be modified. Hence, practically, no better means are known for this purpose than the use of drugs which act directly on the brain, as alcoholic drinks, opium, haschisch, and the like. Chloroform will extinguish pain, but then it will induce transient mania. This

being the law, if the vital changes thus concurring with mental states correspond accurately to those induced by external things, the individual knows truly as to external things; but if not, then he labours under error regarding them.

Now, this exact correspondence of external things to internal sequences is a thing of such difficult attainment, that perhaps it is never attained. For, in addition to well-trained organs of sense, there must be a perfect organ of perception and comparison. And this is rare, for hardly any man addresses himself to the observation of things without some bias from a preconception or foregone conclusion; so that the result of his observations and comparisons is not a pure conception of things as they are, but a *tertium quid*, compounded partly of the perceptions, partly of the preconceptions or prejudices. The result is *error* in a man with a healthy brain; *hallucination* in one with diseased brain.

There has been so much vague discussion as to the true nature and origin of hallucinations, and so much imperfect knowledge elicited, that an illustration or two of their true character may be useful. A person in delirium, or even in the state between sleep and waking, if there be disorder in the brain, may fix his eye upon a visual object, say a shadow on the wall. This shadow, when looked at, does not, under the existing morbid condition of the brain, excite the ordinary changes in the organ of perception, so as to be recognised as a shadow; but other changes, such that it appears to the looker to be another object—as an animal, demon, man, instrument, or the like. Should the individual be able to determine the true character of the phantasm, by comparing his *present* experience with the past, or by experimental inquiry, as examination by the touch or otherwise, he has been the subject of a *spectral illusion*; but if he is not able, from the condition of his brain, to compare his past experience with the present, and so determine the falsity of the spectral illusion, he believes in its reality, and labours under an *hallucination*. A real object is thus transformed into a delusive object by the operation of a morbidly active brain, put into activity, however, by the impression of the object itself. Now, this is the condition in a vast number of insane persons, and in a great variety of morbid states not insanity.

But the morbid changes may not be thus excited from without; on the contrary, they may arise independently of all external impressions. Such are the illusions and hallucinations excited in cases of poisoning by various drugs, in epilepsy, in delirium, but especially in sleep. In those instances, the illusions and

hallucinations have often no reference to external things. There is no comparison of the knowledge obtained through the senses or by experience, with the illusions of morbid action; and, consequently, the latter are regarded with all the intensity of earnest conviction. It is thus that in sleep, when the senses are shut, and past ideas are confusedly presented as a present reality (*i.e.*, as an hallucination), that the wildest beliefs possess the man, so that he will even superintend his own interment, in the belief he is dead, without any perception of the incongruities of the notion with experience. Such hallucinations are very common in delirium, somnambulism, and other morbid states allied to dreaming. Perhaps the most typical of this class are the dreams of nightmares, etc., arising from indigestion, irregular circulation through the heart, lungs, etc., when the external senses are wholly shut.

Practically, however, no such sharp line of demarcation can be drawn between these various forms of illusions, hallucinations, and delusions. Thus, when Dr. Reid had a blister applied to his head, he dreamt he was being scalped by Indians: the dream-hallucination was manifestly excited by the pain of the scalp caused by the blister; and the senses being shut, no correction of the hallucination could be made. But if Dr. Reid had been insane, and had had a blister so applied to the scalp, he might, when awake, have mistaken those about him for the very Indians of whom he dreamt, and struggled violently to escape from his imaginary tormentors. This would have been a maniacal hallucination or delusion. In either case, it is to be noted, the belief in the reality of the hallucination is equally strong, so long as that cerebral condition continues, upon which the hallucination and the defect in correcting power both alike depend.

Now, it is obvious, that it is by no means necessary these delusions should have regard to the absurd and impossible alone; that, it is true, is the manifestation most commonly observed, because it is the most striking, and because hallucinations as to ordinary events would never be suspected to be such; they would only be looked upon as extraordinary errors in observation, or as contradictory evidence, unless, indeed, the subject of them manifested other symptoms of disordered intellect. This class are, however, of very serious import when the hallucinations are received as evidence in courts of law, and life and character depend upon the discovery of their true character. The criminal annals of this country, and, indeed, of all countries, abound with illustrations of the danger of receiving the evidence of hallucinated per-

sons, whether regarding themselves or others, as to murders and other crimes. It is notorious, that hardly an undiscovered murder occurs in this country, of such a character as to excite the imagination, but that some unfortunate imbecile surrenders himself to justice as the perpetrator, giving all details of the crime he committed, as to time, place, and other circumstances, all which are wholly hallucinations. And in the days when the belief in witchcraft and intercourse with Satan was universal, it was rather the rule than the contrary, for the women who were accused, to confess to their intercourse with the devil, with all particulars detailed in accordance with the superstitious imaginings of the time. In fact, this was simply what might have been expected. These poor creatures, themselves highly credulous, and most orthodox believers in the current dogmas of demonology and witchcraft, were thrown into noisome prisons, tortured, prevented sleeping, and deprived of food and drink, until the brain gave way; and then all the imaginings which the credulity of the times developed and expanded became realized in their morbid organizations as hallucinations.

But, perhaps, the most painful consideration is, that the credulous wretches who believed themselves or their children to be the victims of witchcraft, became the subjects of hallucinations, as to the practices of wholly innocent men and women, and boldly swore as to things done by them which were simply impossible. Many thousands perished throughout Europe by the hands of the executioner or died under miserable tortures, upon no better evidence than the hallucinations and delusions of credulous persons with an impressible nervous system; such, indeed, as bappily now believe in the less dangerous but equally morbid phenomena of modern necromancy.

Our modern courts are not wholly exempt from the dangers of hallucinated evidence, although in a less striking form than when it was founded on mysticism and superstition. Early in the morning of the 30th April 1857, the body of Eliza Hopley was found in the canal at Bradley, Wiltshire. The body presented no marks of violence, and it was believed that she had fallen accidentally into the water. In about three weeks after, a neighbour, named Samuel Wall, declared that she had been murdered by one Philip Clare, and that he had witnessed the murder. He gave all particulars as to the time, place, mode, his conversation with Clare, and the threats of violence which the latter uttered; all of which were proved, on the trial of Clare, to be wholly groundless. The celebrated Caupden murder, in which the supposed murderer was executed on hallucinated

evidence, is another illustration of this kind. Indeed, such examples might be multiplied to almost any extent.*

A few facts as to this class of phenomena may be given in the explanation of many of these ghost stories.

Delusions, hallucinations, and illusions, will vary in character according to the seat of the vital changes upon which they depend. Hence there are illusions and hallucinations of hearing as well as of vision, of smell, taste, touch. The feelings of floating, rising in the air, being reversed, and the like, so common in feverish sleep, constitute what may be termed corporeal illusions and hallucinations. They are very common in the nervous, and hysterical, and insane, and are evidently experienced by "mediums." Some of this class are very curious. We have known persons who felt as if their body was as large as the Pentlands; that their head was of enormous size; that their arms were indefinitely expanded; that they took enormous strides. Persons who have lost a limb are apt to have the illusion that it is still a part of their body, and even to suffer spasms and pain, referred to particular muscles and joints in the missing member.

Curious hallucinations as to personal identity are very common. In dreams, the arguments held with another person, are in reality the arguments of the individual himself. A man may thus defeat himself in debate, or in a combat of wit. A gentleman dreamt that a friend of his, looking at a piece of black cloth on the table, asserted it was of a *flesh colour*. This the dreamer disputed, and maintained it was black; and at last a bet was laid on the point, when the friend remark-

* "The Campden murder," and other cases, may be found detailed in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for July 1860, in an article entitled, "Judicial Puzzles," in which this kind of false evidence is ably illustrated. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion, that much innocent blood has been shed judicially, and much misery inflicted in consequence of undetected hallucinations being received either in evidence or as confessions of guilt, and that this department of the science of testimony merits the most careful inquiry, from a physiological as well as metaphysical point of view. And, in reference to our present subject, when so much stress is laid by the spiritualistic writers upon the testimony of the senses, and the dangers to society which may result from doubting it, it may be set forth at least as a sound principle, that all phenomena of an alleged supernatural or contradictory character, occurring under conditions of the nervous system which experience has proved to be morbid, are probably themselves morbid, and belong to the class of illusions, hallucinations, and delusions. In such a category must be specially included all dreams, nocturnal visions, and inspirations of persons with manifest disorder of the organ of consciousness, however induced.

ed, "Is not *black* the colour of half the human race?" whereupon the dreamer felt completely abashed, that he had not seen the point; yet the wit was his own.

This kind of mental condition, as to a duplex consciousness,—that is, of self as self, and self as another person,—is not an uncommon hallucination in the insane. It has also characterized the mental state of men of such highly developed powers as to trench on the line of morbidness. Tasso firmly believed that a familiar genius conversed with him. One day he proposed to convince his friend Manso, who maintained it was an illusion, of the reality of the thing, by showing it to him. On the following day, the friends being seated near the fire, Tasso turned his eyes towards a window, on which he fixed them so attentively, that he ceased replying to Manso's remarks, and probably did not hear them. At length he said, "There is my familiar spirit, who is so polite as to come and converse with me; look at him, and witness the truth of what I told you." Manso turned his eyes towards the spot indicated, but saw only the rays of the sun streaming into the room. Whilst he gazed all around, he perceived that Tasso was engaged in deep conversation, and his discourse was arranged as if two persons were conversing; he alternately interrogated and replied. During this state, Tasso's mental faculties were highly developed, for Manso reports that the conversation was so exalted, and the style so sublime and extraordinary, that he was astonished beyond measure. This kind of exaltation sometimes accompanies the hallucinations of the "mediums" of the spiritualists, and is, in fact, one of the chief characteristics of the morbid conditions known as ecstasy, clairvoyance, and coherent delirium, of which hallucinations are strongly marked elements. Thus Mr. Edmonds observes:—

"I pass to another consideration which has much weight with me, and that is, the remarkable manner in which the distinctive characters of those professing to converse with us are delineated and preserved. Thus, through a female, gentle, simple, unsophisticated, of not much education, and with no ordinary powers of mind, I have received communications purporting to be from different persons, each bearing the distinctive characteristic of the person professing to speak, each different from the other, and none of them like the qualities of the mind of the medium. It was impossible for her to fabricate these manifestations," etc.

So thought Judge Edmonds, in his entire ignorance of cerebral pathology. What to the mono-ideistic spiritualist is a spirit, to another class of persons is a "genius," the devil, or voices. Thus, a lady one day observed to M. Brierre de Boismont, "Voices suggest ex-

pressions to me with which I am not familiar; they give me words much superior to those I have been in the habit of using, or which my education justifies. Their conversation often runs on geography, politics, and domestic economy,—questions to which I am a stranger, but which I perfectly comprehend when the voices suggest them." Mr. Mayo mentions a clairvoyante who gave a learned discourse on some scientific subject: it was taken down, and found to be a page, *verbatim*, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

This hallucination of another personality takes other forms of a singular character. For example, an individual will have the feeling of another person being attached to him, or that he is made up of two bodies: we knew a case of this kind, in which the two bodies were felt to fight with each other. Another corporeal hallucination is, that a person believes everything he suffers is really felt by another person; or that which really endangers him, endangers not him, but some one else. Thus, a woman we know is in terror when she goes down stairs, lest,—not that she—but some one else, should fall headlong. This kind of condition may be observed in delirium accompanying cases of injury to the body, when the patient attributes his own sufferings and groans to another person. M. Descuret mentioned a case to M. Brierre de Boismont of triple personality. The subject of it was a clergyman, who, in every position, saw himself thrice repeated; when he turned in bed, the two other persons turned with him, and placed themselves upon him. In this case it may be said that each half of the body had a distinct personality, as well as the two halves unitedly. To this group of hallucinations belong all those of spirit-possession.

The various illusions or hallucinations which may be more strictly denominated mental, are *delusions*. They either refer to things or the causes of events, or both. Whatever is in the memory, or is desired, or feared, or expected, or anticipated in thought, may be realized subjectively* as an illusion or hallucination. Thus, the traveller suffering from thirst in the arid desert dreams of verdant fields and gushing streams. Thus, also, the man who desires earnestly to see a departed friend, may at last evoke a hallucination of his personal appearance. An instance of this kind is related by Mr. Owen. It is a curious story, as illustrative of the coincidences which impress the mystical so strongly. It is entitled

"THE FOURTEENTH OF NOVEMBER.

"In the month of September, 1857, Captain

* That is, in consequence of changes in the *subject* of the mental state, independent, partly or wholly, of an external object.

G—W—, of the 6th Dragoons, went out to India to join his regiment. His wife remained in England, residing at Cambridge. On the night between the 14th and 15th November, 1857, towards morning, she dreamed that she saw her husband looking anxious and ill; upon which she immediately awoke, much agitated. It was bright moonlight, and looking up, she perceived the same figure standing by her bedside. He appeared in his uniform, the hands crossed across the heart, the hair disheveled [*vis*] the face very pale. His large dark eyes were fixed upon her; their expression was that of great excitement, and there was a peculiar contraction of the mouth, habitual to him when agitated. She saw him, even to each minute particular of his dress, as distinctly as she had ever done in her life; and she remembers to have noticed between his hands the white of the shirt-bosom, unstained, however, with blood. The figure seemed to bend forward, as if in pain, and to make an effort to speak; but there was no sound. It remained visible, the wife thinks, as long as a minute, and then disappeared.

"Her first idea was to ascertain if she was actually awake. She rubbed her eyes with the sheet, and felt that the touch was real. Her little nephew was in bed with her; she bent over the sleeping child, and listened to its breathing. The sound was distinct, and she became convinced that what she had seen was no dream. Next morning she related all this to her mother, expressing her conviction, though she had noticed no marks of blood on his dress, that Captain W— was either killed or grievously wounded. So fully impressed was she with the reality of this apparition, that she thenceforth refused all invitations.

"It was on a Tuesday, in the month of December, 1857, that the telegram regarding the actual fate of Captain W— was published in London. It was to the effect that he was killed before Lucknow on the *fifteenth* of November. . . . So matters rested until, in the month of March, 1858, the family of Captain W— received from Captain G— C—, then of the Military Train, a letter dated Lucknow, on the 18th December, 1857. The letter informed them that Captain W— had been killed before Lucknow, while gallantly leading on the squadron, not on the 15th of November, as reported in Sir Colin Campbell's despatches, but on the *fourteenth, in the afternoon*. Captain C— was riding close by his side at the time he saw him fall. He was struck by a fragment of shell in the heart, and never spoke after he was hit."

It appears that the date of this officer's death was, in fact, wrongly stated by the authorities, and was subsequently corrected; but there is nothing remarkable in the lady's tenacity of belief as to the proper day. She had accidentally a dream during the night of the day when her husband fell, out of which she awoke to have it continued as an hallucination. The coincidence is curious, but there is no cognisable relation of cause and effect between the event and the dream. No doubt

the cause of the dream (which is wholly omitted from the history) was the anticipation of danger to her husband, which would be excited very naturally under the circumstances, and felt most at that date; for she would doubtless calculate the time of his arrival on the field of action, and thus her vague imaginings would take a more decided form just at the time when he was first incurring the dangers of his career. There is really nothing surprising in the coincidence, when the order of events is known. On the other hand, it must be remembered how many myriads of presentiment-dreams and hallucinations are experienced without any such coincidences occurring. Such, for example, is the following. It is quoted by Brierre de Boismont from the *Mercurie Galant* of January, 1690:—

“The best proof, my friend, that I can give you of the vanity of dreams, is that I live after the apparition which I had on the 22d of September, 1679. On that morning I awoke at five o'clock, but slept again directly. I now dreamed that I was in my bed, and that the covering was withdrawn (an accidental circumstance, but true). I saw one of my relatives, who had been dead some years, enter my room; she, who was formerly so lively, now looked very sad. She sat down on the foot of my bed, and looked compassionately on me. As in my dream I knew she was dead, I judged by her distressed look that she was about to announce to me some bad news, perhaps death. Indifferent to that event, I said, ‘Well, I must then die!’—‘It is true.’—‘When?’—‘To-day!’ I own that the time seemed short, but without any fear I questioned her anew: ‘How?’—She murmured some words that I could not catch, and I awoke.

“The importance of so peculiar a dream caused me to examine attentively my situation. I observed that I was lying on the right side, my body straight out, and my hands on my stomach. I arose to write down my dream, lest I should forget it; and finding that it contained all the circumstances peculiar to divine and mysterious vision, I was no sooner dressed than I went to tell my mother-in-law, that if serious dreams were infallible warnings, in twenty-four hours she would cease to have a son-in-law. I then related to her what had happened; I also repeated it to some of my friends, but without feeling the least alarm, or changing my habits, yielding myself to the will of Providence. Perhaps, had I been weak enough to believe in this vision, I should really have died; and my fate would have resembled that of the man spoken of by the Greek historian Procopius: I should have lost my life as a punishment for my belief in dreams, a superstition forbidden by God.”

This kind of presentiment as to a future event, is not uncommon in ecstasy, clairvoyance, and somnambulism, as well as in dreams; and it cannot be doubted, that if the individual yields to it, there is a great proba-

bility that it will work its own fulfilment. So also it is with fears as to the “evil eye,” as to witches, prophecies of evil, and the like. Thomas Britton, whose portrait hung some years ago at No. 113 in the British Museum, was a musical genius of the last century, and being a coal merchant, was nicknamed “The Musical Small-coalman.” His cause of death was a striking example of the power of suggestion over life itself. Being at a dinner party, a ventriloquist present, for the sake of a jest, predicted his death would occur that night, in such tones and such a manner as deeply to impress his imagination. He immediately left the table; and in spite of all the assurances of his friends, believed the voice he heard was ultramundane. He did die that same night. So true is the old saw, “Conceit [*i. e.*, imagination] can kill, and conceit can cure.”

Mr. Owen fortifies the deduction drawn from the hallucination of the officer's wife coinciding in time with the officer's death, by trying to establish another coincidence of the same kind between the hallucination of a “medium” and the fatal event. Mrs. M— had “all her life had perception of apparitions,” and her husband “is what is called an impressible medium.” The lady's solicitor (Mr. Williamson) related the vision and the coincidence to these two persons as “a wonderful circumstance,” and described the figure as it had appeared to her. The story had the immediate effect of a suggestion on their morbid organizations. “Mrs. M—, turning to her husband, instantly said, ‘That must be the very person I saw the evening we were talking of India, and you drew an elephant with a howdah on his back. Mr. Williamson had described his exact position and appearance: the uniform of a British officer, his hands pressed across his head, his form bent forward as if in pain. The figure appeared just behind my husband, and seemed looking over his left shoulder.’” They got into conversation with the spectre; and the ghost, that was speechless to his wife, could tell these strangers he had been killed in India, adding, “That thing I used to go about in is not buried yet.” The lady particularly remarked the expression! Mr. Owen is perfectly triumphant about the *facts* of this case. He says, “Those who would explain the whole on the principle of chance coincidence have a treble event to take into account: the apparition to Mrs. M—, that to Mrs. W—, and the actual time of Captain W—'s death; each tallying exactly with the other.” The looseness of assertion in which Mr. Owen can indulge in face of his own statements, is, at the least, most reprehensible. The events, even as related by

himself, show that the "time" with every regard to difference of longitude did not "tally exactly." Captain W—— was killed on the afternoon of the 14th of November, before Lucknow; Mrs. M—— had her alleged hallucination about nine o'clock in the evening of that day; but the wife had hers early in the morning of the 15th November. Exact dates are, however, nothing in necromancy.

The remarkable illusions and hallucinations which the linked sequences of vital and mental states will produce, and upon which depend what is termed association of ideas, have not been hitherto observed in a scientific way. Their connection with the states of the organism upon which memory depends, have in particular been greatly overlooked. In the aged, whose memory of events does not reach beyond the hour, the association of ideas is vigorous in relation to the events of childhood or youth, and their hallucinations correspond. Both phenomena equally depend upon the nutrition of the brain, which in old age is feeble, in youth vigorous. Something like this occurs not unfrequently in sleep, under special cerebral conditions. Thus persons born in India, and who in childhood had learnt something of the language of their Ayah, or native nurse, will dream of that language long after it has wholly passed from their waking memory. In certain forms of delirium, in which there is a cerebral state very analogous to, if not almost identical with, that of dreaming, similar long-forgotten reminiscences will occur. Of these there are various well-known examples in books.

Now this kind of hypnotic reminiscence may serve to recall important, but wholly forgotten facts to the memory. As an illustration of this class of dreams we may mention Mr. Rutherford's dream, as told by Sir W. Scott in his notes to the "Antiquary." Mr. Rutherford dreamed his father appeared to him, and revealed to him all particulars of a missing legal document, and which proved to be correct. This was, no doubt, an act of dream-memory, but in which (as in the law of dreaming) the reminiscences were presented to the consciousness as realities. Mr. Owen makes much of this story, which is obviously of a purely physiological nature, and is only interesting as illustrative of the laws of phreno-vital action.

The following instance indicates the influence of the association of ideas in causing hallucinations, both in a state of febrile disturbance of the brain, and in that condition which coincides with a fixed hallucination. It was communicated in a letter addressed to ourselves by a man of education and superior intelligence. We may designate it, in the Owen style, as

THE SPECTRAL BROTHER.

Presuming on your kind manner to me when we met in ——, I have ventured to send you the following details of perhaps as extraordinary a case as you ever met with. . . .

The fact, then, is, that I am the victim of a most singular spectral illusion; but in order to make myself fully intelligible, I must premise the relation of a few circumstances.

When I set out on my wanderings nearly six years ago, I left behind me a younger brother, to whom I was very much attached. He was the handsomest and cleverest boy I ever saw, and of a disposition so sweet as to endear him to all who knew him. He was my constant companion when at home. We went to school together, and were scarcely ever a day away from each other till I left England; and then the thought of being separated from him was far more painful to me than that of leaving all my other friends.

At Sourabaya, in the Island of Java, I was seized with fever, and removed to the military hospital there. One morning the doctor informed me that he considered my case to be a very serious one; and on the evening of the same day, I was lying in a state of semi-consciousness, with all sorts of strange phantoms passing before me, when I suddenly heard the voice of my brother speaking quickly. The words were as distinct as if the speaker had been standing at the foot of my bed, and were these:—"Write to Harry. Tell him to come home; tell him to come quickly." After I had recovered from the shock produced by this event, I thought but little of it; as I had several times before, when in the same state, fancied that the two Dutch officers who occupied beds in the same room with me were talking English, though I knew very well, when I was fully conscious, that they could not speak a word of it.

Judge, then, of the feelings of surprise and awe I felt when, nearly two years afterwards, I received a letter in Australia informing me of the death of my brother, and that, very shortly before he died, he called for a pencil and some paper to write to me, but not being able to trace the letters, he addressed to my sister those very words which I heard in the hospital at Sourabaya, many thousands of miles away!

No arguments could persuade me that this part of the story can be accounted for by natural causes. Whether it be that spirits so nearly freed from the body can in some instances hold communion or not, I do not pretend to say; but I am perfectly convinced that those words actually sounded in my ears as they were spoken by my dying brother. What follows, however, I know to be a mental delusion of a most extraordinary nature.

Ever since the receipt of that letter, long-continued residence in any place has invariably subjected me to a most painful trial. Though the time varies slightly, yet, generally, if I live in the same house for about three months, at the end of that time I begin to be haunted by an image or shadow of my brother; and I solemnly assure you that at this very moment he

seems to me to be sitting at the other side of the table, and looking upon me with that sweet smile I remember so well.

This imaginary presence gives me no alarm, or hardly interrupts my ordinary avocations, so accustomed have I become to it; but still it is an inexpressible relief to be free from it. And, strange to say, change of scene banishes it for a time, though the most active employment during the day is quite ineffectual to remove the illusion, if I return to the house at night. I see it without distinction of time or place. It landed with me in England, and then left me; but returned immediately on my arrival at home, where almost every blade of grass reminded me of the dead. It looked upon me while engaged in my studies at —; and I sometimes walk along the streets of London with this figure so plainly visible to me at my side, that I have almost expected the passers-by to turn round and wonder at my strange companion. I never visit my home now, as, when I am there, the shadow is as inseparable from me as the living original *was*.

I have struggled against this singular delusion for nearly three years in vain; and I believe that I shall continue subject to it for the rest of my life, unless something equally strange with its cause happens to remove it.

I have narrated this singular history to you, because I thought that you would be interested in it, and because If you should consider it worthy of any attention, I can have no objection to your mentioning the particulars, but I must beg of you to keep the name a secret.

This touching narrative is so highly illustrative of the natural history of illusions and hallucinations, that we have ventured to avail ourselves of the writer's permission to utilize it. The whole can be readily referred to natural causes. The fever-poison had placed his brain in such a condition that illusions were readily excited. Thus the conversation of the officers in Dutch was metamorphosed into an illusion of his own tongue. The announcement of the serious nature of his illness had naturally led him to thoughts of home, and especially of his beloved brother; and the creative imagination having acted as it always acts in dreams, he anticipated the thoughts and language of his brother, which anticipations became subjectively realized as hallucinations. That he should have thus anticipated what his brother actually said, is nothing surprising; on the contrary, it is just what might have been expected, for this kind of mental process is one of the most common things to be noted in dreams. The re-excitement of the spectral illusion at home, where every blade of grass reminded the sufferer of the dead, was also due to the association of ideas. That shadowy reminiscence of a deceased brother, or wife, or child, which remains internally as a fleeting act of the representative faculty, was in him projected

externally as a spectre, because of the peculiar predisposition of his cerebral tissue to vigorous presentative function. The only point to be specially noticed, is the coincidence as to time of the sickness of the two brothers; but this is also a natural phenomenon not so difficult of explanation as might appear at first sight.

Mr. Owen gives the history of a dream in which a murder was presented to the consciousness of a distant person as it occurred, and which is related by Dr. Carlyon in his "Early Years and Late Reflections." Of this dream Mr. Owen observes,—“The various coincidences taken together, as proof that chance is not the true explanation, have all the force of a demonstration of Euclid.” Let us see what this proof is.

“THE MURDER NEAR WADEBRIDGE.

“On the evening of the 8th February, 1840, Mr. Nevell Norway, a Cornish gentleman, was cruelly murdered by two brothers of the name of Lightfoot, on his way from Bodmin to Wadebridge, the place of his residence. At that time, his brother, Mr. Edmund Norway, was in the command of a merchant-vessel, the ‘Orient,’ on her voyage from Manilla to Cadiz; and the following is his own account of a dream which he had on the night when his brother was murdered:—‘Ship Orient, from Manilla to Cadiz, February 8th, 1840. About 7.30 P.M. the island of St. Helena N.N.W., distant about seven miles; shortened sails and rounded to, with the ship's head to the eastward; at eight set the watch and went below; wrote a letter to my brother, Nevell Norway. About twenty minutes or a quarter before ten o'clock went to bed; fell asleep, and dreamt I saw two men attack my brother and murder him. One caught the horse by the bridle, and snapped a pistol twice, but I heard no report; he then struck him a blow, and he fell off his horse. They struck him several blows, and dragged him by the shoulders across the road and left him. In my dream there was a house on the left-hand side of the road. At four o'clock I was called, and went on deck to take charge of the ship. I told the second officer, Mr. Henry Wren, that I had had a dreadful dream—namely, that my brother Nevell was murdered by two men on the road from St. Columb to Wadebridge; but that I felt sure it could not be there, as the house would have been on the right-hand side of the road, so that it must have been somewhere else. . . . It was one continued dream from the time I fell asleep until I was called, at four o'clock in the morning.

The murderer's confession is as follows:—

“I went to Bodmin last Saturday week, the 8th inst. (February 8, 1840); and in returning, I met my brother James at the head of Duntmeer Hill. It was dim like. We came on the turnpike road all the way, till we came to the spot where the murder was committed. We did not go into the house, but hid ourselves in a field. My brother knocked Mr. Norway down;

he snapped a pistol at him twice, and it did not go off. He then knocked him down with the pistol. I was there along with him. Mr. Norway was struck while on horseback. It was on the turnpike road, between Pencarrow Mill and the directing-post toward Wadebridge. I cannot say at what time of the night it was. [It was between ten and eleven o'clock.] We left the body in the water, on the left side of the road coming to Wadebridge. He took some money in a purse, but I did not know how much. My brother drew the body across the road to the watering."

Doubtless in this case the coincidences were remarkable, yet they may be easily referred to natural causes. These, however, we must speculate upon, as the history supplies few data in reference to the causes of the dream; nor, perhaps, would Mr. Edmund Norway have been himself conscious of the trains of thought that passed through his mind previously to dreaming. They would probably be these:—Writing to his brother on a winter's night, in the solitude of his cabin, his thoughts revert to home. It is market day; his brother will have gone to Bodmin; he will have to return home late on a winter's night, on a lonely road, with money. What if he is attacked, robbed, and murdered? The imagination realizes in sleep this anticipation, as a thing done, with all particulars. And these are of the most common. Two men usually co-operate in these robberies; the bridle of the horse is seized at a suitable spot on the road; then a pistol presented—all this is matter of course. The pistol being fired, it is next used as a bludgeon; and the surprised traveller being knocked from his horse, is assaulted again on the ground to make assurance doubly sure, and his senseless, perhaps lifeless body, dragged to the roadside for the greater convenience of hiding and rifling it. The dreamer would know the road well, and select in imagination that spot as the scene of the deed, which, perhaps, he had already remarked long ago as a suitable locality for a murder and robbery. If the murderers had been known to him as bad characters, or suggested to him in any way by any antecedents, he might even have fixed upon the identical individuals. The only point to be noticed is, that the pistol was snapped twice; but this is just one of the most common of occurrences. The chances, it is well known, are at least equal, that a pistol so presented will miss fire, and be snapped again; probably Mr. E. Norway knew this quite well. That he should dream of the murder of his brother on the very night on which it took place, is, in fact, no more remarkable than that he should write to his brother on the same night; it was the writing, no doubt, which led on to the dream.

There are two other points to be noticed: one, that the dreamer believed he had been dreaming all night, when it was far more probable the dream began only a few moments before he was called; the other, that he reversed the situation of the house. This reversal, however, is not uncommon in dreams, and is probably due to the crossed action of the encephalon. So much for this wonderful dream, the coincidences of which, Mr. Owen thinks, "have all the force of a demonstration of Euclid" in favour of his ultra-mundane hypothesis.

It may be well to notice here, however, the important circumstance that these coincidences, remarkable as they are, are by no means so numerous as they might be expected to be, when we remember the mode of their occurrence. It is often nothing more than the anticipation in dream-thought of an event which may probably occur. Possibly, if amongst the myriads of myriads of dreams that happen, every coincidence, however trivial, were noted, we should find them to occur much more frequently.

Amongst the causes of dreams of a distressing character, the most common are morbid states of the viscera, as the heart, lungs, liver. Now, there is a class of dream-coincidences and concurring hallucinations which may be explained through this fact. We have seen that the gentleman who suffered from an abiding spectral illusion of his brother was sick at the same time as his brother was; and thus, while he in his sickness thought of home and his brother, his brother in his sickness thought of him. The coincidence of sickness has been not unfrequently noticed in members of the same family, even although in widely distant localities. It has been most particularly observed, however, in the cases of twins. There are several histories on record, in which it is stated that twins (most commonly of the same sex) have gone through the successive infantile diseases at the same time, cut their several teeth at the same time, and had acute diseases at the same time, although inhabiting different and even distant localities. In such cases, it would be simply a matter of course that the nervous system should be similarly affected, and the mental states connected therewith be, if not alike, at least somewhat similar.

Nor is the explanation of these physiological and morbid coincidences difficult. From the moment of conception to old age, there occur in the individual a regular succession of vital changes, circumscribed within periods of time. For example, life in the egg and the uterus terminates at the end of a period varying in length in different orders and genera

of animals, but the duration of which is fixed for each. Then, again, various structures, as teeth, hair, feathers, appear subsequently to birth at regular periods, perhaps not equally definite as that of uterine or egg life, but still so decidedly regular as to afford proofs of age. Now, if two persons commence life at the same hour, and under the same conditions, constitutional and otherwise (as is often the case with twins), their wheels of life will run on parallel lines, and they will undergo these periodic changes at the same time; and as the condition of the body under which they take place is one which predisposes to disease, they will also be liable to attacks of fever or inflammation at the same dates, or to diseases of the same constitutional character, or to be influenced by the same kind of atmospheric or seasonal changes. Such a law serves to explain the following dream, of which Dr. Macnish was the subject, who relates it in his "Philosophy of Sleep":—

"I was in Caithness when I dreamed that a near relative of my own, residing three hundred miles off, had suddenly died; and immediately thereafter awoke in a state of inconceivable terror, similar to that produced by a paroxysm of nightmare. The same day, happening to be writing home, I mentioned the circumstance in a half-jesting, half-earnest way. To tell the truth, I was afraid to be serious, lest I should be laughed at for putting any faith in dreams. However, in the interval between writing and receiving an answer, I remained in a state of most unpleasant suspense. I felt a presentiment that something dreadful had happened or would happen. . . . Three days after sending away the letter, what was my astonishment when I received one written the day subsequent to mine, and stating that the relative of whom I had dreamed had been struck with a fatal shock of palsy the day before,—that is, the very day on the morning of which I had beheld the appearance in my dream! I may state that my relative was in perfect health before the fatal event took place. It came upon him like a thunderbolt, at a period when no one could have the slightest anticipation of danger."

The fundamental coincidence here is, that the two relatives were indisposed in their nervous system at the same time: in the one, it resulted in a nightmare dream; in the other, probably, in a rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain;—we say probably, for this seems to be the kind of apoplexy. Now, in a case of this kind, we should want to know whether the two relatives were alike in constitution, so far at least as to be equally predisposed to disease of the vascular system? whether there was not heart-disease in both? whether Dr. Macnish, at the time of his dream, had not disturbance at the heart's action?—for to that his dream points;—whether there was not something in the weather,

or the season, or the barometric conditions, such as would affect the circulation in the two relatives alike? whether it had not occurred to Dr. Macnish, as a passing suspicion, that his relative had such a constitution as predisposed to sudden death at some time by apoplexy or palsy? This is the line of inquiry that a coincidence of this kind would indicate, and we venture to think that an explanation would thus be reached. It may be alleged that this is wholly hypothetical. Allowed; but it is hypothetical because the relators of these interesting coincidences afford no solid data for an explanation; or rather, men like Mr. Owen prefer to wonder, and to suppress all facts which will help to elucidate the question in a simple and natural way. To do otherwise, would be to offend that love of the marvellous which is at the root of these ghost-stories and of strange coincidences.

Mr. Owen has some wonderful histories of knockings and other disturbances of houses. These he evidently classes with the "ultra-mundane" phenomena known as spirit-rappings and table-tippings. Here we have the famous story of the "Drummer of Tedworth," which has delighted so many young folk. We confess to an early liking for this rollicking drummer. Never was trick more cleverly played. Mr. Mompesson, a magistrate, had caused a vagrant drummer to be arrested; and the bailiff having taken away the fellow's drum, sent it to Mr. Mompesson's house. Henceforth there was no peace there. Drumming was heard in the room where the drum was, knockings here, knockings there, knockings everywhere,—not constantly, but intermittingly, at intervals for the space of two years. For an hour together this drumming devil would impudently "beat 'Round-heads and Cuckolds,' the 'Tat-too,' and several other points of war, as well as any drummer."—This story is one of Mr. Owen's *pièces de resistance*. He evidently believes every word of it.

The "spirit manifestations" of knocking, making noises, moving furniture, and playing mischievous tricks, such as pinning people together, may be attributed to fraud and hallucinations, or to supernatural agency, according to the taste or bias of the inquirer. It is for us to determine which is the more probable, for at least the sounds and movements of things may be hallucinations. To this explanation Mr. Owen objects, that we must believe the evidence of our senses, even although it contradicts our reason and the results of all our knowledge and experience.

"Suppose, for example (as occurred in my apartments at Naples), that sitting in one's own well-lighted apartment, where no concealed ma-

chinery or other trickery is possible, in company with three or four friends, all curious observers like oneself, around a large centre-table, weighing eighty or a hundred pounds, the hands of all present resting upon it, one should see and feel this table, the top maintaining its horizontal, rise suddenly and unexpectedly to the height of eight or ten inches from the floor, remain suspended in the air while one might count six or seven, then gently settle down again; and suppose that all the spectators concurred in their testimony as to this occurrence, with only slight variations of opinion as to the exact number of inches to which the table rose, and the precise number of seconds during which it remained suspended,—ought the witnesses of such a seeming temporary suspension of the law of gravitation to believe that their senses are playing them false?

Mr. Owen gives as the answer, "All they would be justified in saying is, that they placed their hands on the table, *and the table rose.*" No!—not that—it *seemed to rise*; for the natural conclusion one would draw from this statement of the facts would be, either that Mr. Owen would doubt whether the table did rise at all, or else examine experimentally into the facts. He would measure the height of rise and length of time occupied, and seek for the source of the motive power. But this does not suit the object in view, which is to prove that the table did—not apparently, but actually—rise in virtue of a motive power which is like nothing known to engineers or other terrestrial people. Hence neither measure nor chronometer was appealed to.

"I make no assertion [] that the tables are raised by spiritual agency. But suppose Mr. Faraday, by disproving every other hypothesis, should drive me to this, it would be much more philosophical to adopt it than to reject the clear and palpable evidence of sense. For, if we assume any other principle, all received rules of evidence must be set at naught; nay, our very lives would be made up of uncertainty and conjecture," etc., etc.

This, as the laws of hallucinations prove, is sheer nonsense. Mr. Owen may speak for his imaginative self and his credulous friends in this strain with much truth; but does he imagine that the common sense of mankind would not come to the prompt conclusion on the question, if nothing was said of spiritual agency, either that their eyes deceived them, or by some one, or by mechanical means, to them unknown, the table was raised? Tables, as every footman and housemaid knows, never move without being lifted by ordinary terrestrial means. If no trick was played upon Mr. Owen and his curious friends, then they undoubtedly laboured under an hallucination;—no wonderful thing, surely, when we remember how easily illusions take place.

Mr. Owen acknowledges the *possibility* of this; but then he insists "that, according to the doctrine in the most accredited works on the subject, if two or more persons, using their senses independently, perceive, at the same time and place, the same appearance, it is not hallucination; that is to say, there is *some* actual foundation in fact." This is a poor foundation—this "doctrine in the most accredited works"—upon which to build an "ultra-mundane" theory. The "doctrine" is all wrong, however accredited. In truth, to excite the same hallucinations in a number of persons is an old practical joke. Two wits station themselves in a crowded street in London, and gaze intently into the sky. First one passer, his curiosity excited, stops to gaze, then another; and thus a crowd assembles, anxious to know what is to be seen in the sky. The answer at last is, A flock of wild-geese,—there being nothing but a fleecy cloud or two; yet half the victims of the trick at once profess to see the aerial travellers and their varying evolutions.

But the fact is not as Mr. Owen states, in even accredited works. Brierre de Boismont, in his elaborate work on *Hallucinations*, gives all particulars of an instance in which a whole battalion of soldiers, eight hundred strong, were affected with the same hallucination. It was that of the devil, in the form of a huge dog with long black hair, who rushed upon them while sleeping, and flew over their breasts (nightmare). Twice the soldiers were affected by this spectral illusion, and fled from their sleeping-place, uttering most alarming cries of terror. And it is hardly necessary to say, that if several persons be placed under precisely similar conditions as the one person who has an hallucination in consequence of being placed in those conditions, they will have the hallucination too. That the art of inducing them in multitudes has been practised from time immemorial, might indeed be established by the most conclusive evidence, if that were necessary. Mr. Owen is evidently wholly ignorant of these things; but that is only another proof how little pains he and his co-believers take to ascertain the true causes of the phenomena they profess to investigate.

As to the physical manifestations of a character such that considerable force must have been used to cause them, so much has been printed already that the subject hardly needs further discussion. There is not the slightest proof that the force thus manifested is from an ultra-mundane source; its origin has simply escaped detection. And this is likely to continue the state of things; for the believers make no experimental researches whatever, while the unbelievers are excluded from instituting

them simply in virtue of their unbelief. So soon as this is manifested, and preparations are made for an investigation which accepts no mere assertions and takes nothing on trust, the manifestations cease; for the "spirit" is offended, and the "medium" becomes powerless. Fraud has been repeatedly detected in some of the best authenticated examples of rapping and clairvoyance; indeed, the whole thing has become an avowed and practised juggle. Under these circumstances, it is hardly reasonable to expect a scientific man to spend his time and ingenuity in examining phenomena which are mere impositions on the senses; it is only as aberrant phenomena, the seat of which is in the nervous system, that a certain class do really merit the notice of the physiologist.

Further, if we examine the results of spiritualists in any form, nothing whatever is revealed of all that man desires to know. Should he inquire into the past, the results are mere figments of the imagination, or well-known facts done into pretentious language. Nor as to the present is anything of the least importance revealed. The clairvoyant, with exalted perceptive powers and practised eye, can often read in his countenance the thoughts of the credulous inquirer, or cunningly guess at particulars of his history; but this amounts to nothing more than a species of conjuring by means of a morbidly exalted nervous system. Such divination amongst ancient nations was part of the routine of everyday life, and was far more extensively practised and honoured than the modern practices of mesmerism and spiritualism,—being, in fact, a large portion of religious duty.

It is to this class of phenomena, indeed, to which the inquirer in mental science should exclusively direct his attention. In these exaltations of the faculties by various processes, whether mesmeric, electro-biological, or hypnotic, or by intense thought operating on supersensitive brains, we have a series of experiments of the highest value to mental science. To ignore the reality of them, and to class them with ordinary frauds, however fraudulent their uses may be, can lead to no good results. If, on the contrary, they be examined as manifestations of peculiar mental and vital states, the inquiry can only result in a far more deeply grounded knowledge of the human mind, and its relations to the laws of vital action, than has hitherto been attained. Nor is it easy to predict to what large results such knowledge may bring us. Hitherto, the entire class of physiological mental phenomena with which these credulous necromancers deal exclusively, have been wholly neglected by the metaphysician, and but lately inquired into by the physiologist. Mental

science, in so far as it enables us to explain them, is almost as defective as was geology a century ago, when it dealt with fossil remains, and looked upon ammonites as petrified snakes, and the fossil bones of the mastodon as the bones of extinct giants; but let it be established on sound general principles, themselves the result of a true scientific method of research, and we may then reach depths of life and thought of which our forefathers have not even dreamt.

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- ART. VI.—1. *An Outline of the Progress of Civil Engineering in Great Britain since the time of Smeaton to the present day.* By SIR JOHN RENNIE, F.R.S. 4to. London, 1846, pp. 109.
2. *Construction of the Great Victoria Bridge in Canada.* By JAMES HODGES, Engineer to Messrs. Peto, Brassey, and Betts. London, 1860.
3. *A Manual of Applied Mechanics.* By WILLIAM JOHN MACQUORN RANKINE, LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Civil Engineering in the University of Glasgow. 2d Edit. London, 1861, pp. 648.
4. *A Manual of the Steam Engine.* By the SAME. 2d Edit. London, 1861, pp. 576.
5. *Useful Information for Engineers.* By WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, LL.D., F.R.S., etc. First and Second Series. London, 1856 and 1859.
6. *Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers* Private Press, 1850–1860.
7. *Observations on the Niagara Railway Suspension Bridge.* By PETER W. BARLOW, C.E., F.R.S., F.G.S. London, 1860.
8. *On the Crumlin Viaduct, and Wrought Iron Beams and Girders.* By HENRY N. MAYNARD, C.E., Merthyr Tydvil. 1860.
9. *Report on Iron and Iron Bridges.* By M. ROEBLING. In the *Engineer*, September 21, 1860.
10. *Report on the Grand Trunk Canal for 1859.* By THOMAS E. BLACKWELL, Vice-President and Managing Director of the Company. London, 1860.
11. *Life of Thomas Telford, Civil Engineer; Written by Himself.* Edited by JOHN RICKMAN, Esq. 8vo. London, 1838.
12. *Reports of the Commissioners on the Caledonian Canal.* 39th–43d. 1844–1848.

In contemplating the great architectural works of ancient times—works which have

been ranked among the wonders of the world, our attention is mainly arrested by their fine proportions, or their gigantic size. They are associated with no human interests, and are not even footsteps in the march of civilisation. The heathen temple, however lofty its dome, or rich its pediment, or noble its statuary, reminds us but of the barbarous or bloody rites which have been perpetrated at its altar. Even the Christian fane, however splendid with the jewelry of misdirected wealth, or the gifts of misguided piety, arose amid moral and intellectual darkness, and contributed by its very grandeur to enslave and demoralize its worshippers. In the gigantic pyramid, too, we see but the tomb of some vain and cruel despot; and in the noble aqueducts of Rome, which Time has spared, we deplore the enormous expense of their erection, and the scientific ignorance of the men who reared them.

With what different feelings do we survey the magnificent works of modern civilisation—those noble monuments which Art and Science have concentrated to the use of man, in whatever clime he lives, and whatever be his rank in the social scale! Within the narrow sphere of our own fatherland, and the brief period of our own lives, what wonderful strides have been taken in the march of science, and of its applications! The wayfarer travelling to the southern metropolis must stand aghast before the locomotive race-horse, snorting along its iron path; or even the steam-ship, defying tide and tempest in its course. Nor will he marvel less when he rushes through the echoing tunnel, or flies across the giddy viaduct, or finds at his journey's end the electric messenger to carry home, beneath ocean or over continent, the intelligence of his safety, or the success of his adventure. No less surprised must be the seafaring man of olden times, when he approaches the dangerous shelves of his native isle, or seeks shelter in a friendly harbour, or is driven upon some inhospitable coast. He no longer gropes his way at noon in fog or in darkness, or stands aloof at midnight from impending danger. He is welcomed to every land by its ocean light-towers, the finger-posts of the sea, which guide him to his haven; and should storm or tempest arrest him in his course, the life-boat is ready to save him, and the mortar rope to carry him to the shore.

But even where the locomotive cannot run, nor the steam-ship ply, Art and Science have to a great extent supplied their place. Roads, and bridges of stone and iron, suspension and tubular, carry the traveller over rapid rivers and arms of the sea, and connect with the living world, or the busy marts of trade and

commerce, sequestered glens where no roof-tree has been raised, and distant woodlands which no ploughshare has disturbed; and we have no doubt, that before a century has elapsed, we shall have in every valley a railway of wood or of iron, a steam-coach in every village, and a tram-road to every farm.

But it is not merely to man, in his social phase, that the arts and sciences have been subservient. As a mechanical agent, expending the sweat of his brow, and the strength of his loins, he is now liberated from the functions of the ox and the dray-horse; and the thews and sinews of his noble frame are reserved for higher and less exhausting labours. Even the animal creation, groaning under the bondage of its master, partakes in the blessed change. The noble steed no longer paces his giddy round, or mounts the steep incline, or paws the revolving wheel, or struggles in the clayey furrow. Fire and water now perform the exhausting and almost cruel tasks which man has so long exacted from the living and suffering agent.

If such blessings have been conferred upon our race—the noblest gifts of genius and of industry, how deep are the obligations which we owe to the men who have conferred them; and how interesting must it be to study the great engineering works of the last century, to mark the difficulties which have been encountered and overcome, and to learn something of the personal history of the men by whom they were executed!

In the sketch which we are about to lay before our readers, we must omit entirely the works of the architect, as belonging to a different category from those of the engineer. In the erection of buildings, however large and lofty, upon earth, or rock, or piles, no special risks are incurred; and when the foundations are laid broad and deep, the superstructure is exposed to no other force than the quiet action of its own weight. Friable stones may be splintered or crushed, whether in wall, arch, or buttress; but there is no adequate force to displace them, even in our ordinary edifices. In our temperate climate, the tempest is powerless to shake or overturn them; and though the lightning may revel amid the fretwork of our cathedrals and ornamental structures, it has never succeeded in mutilating or destroying them. There are, however, elements of danger from which even buildings of adamant can have no protection. The earthquake and the missiles of war are the irresistible enemies of all human constructions. It is therefore but to the æsthetical character of his works, and to their interior arrangements, that the architect has to apply his genius.

The works of the engineer have not the

same immunity from their atmospherical enemies as those of the architect. Local inundations and inroads of the sea burst the locks and banks of his canals. The elements, too, in fire, water, or tempest, assail the more aerial and fragile of his structures; and floods and river icebergs threaten with destruction the most massive of his works. While the engineer, therefore, like the architect, must be guided by the principles of taste in the form and outline of his works, his genius is severely taxed, and all his sagacity and practical knowledge called into play, to provide against forces ever varying in their character and intensity, and beyond the reach of scientific analysis.

The earliest productions of the engineer which we are called upon to notice and admire, are the canals, to which England owes so much of its commercial and manufacturing prosperity. Canals have existed in China from time immemorial; and they were long in use in Italy, Holland, and France, before their value was recognised in England. The productions of our soil, our minerals, and our merchandise, were carried on horseback or in waggons till the middle of the eighteenth century, when three individuals contributed their wealth, their genius, and their energies to relieve man and beast from this intolerable burden. These men were the Duke of Bridgewater, James Brindley, and John Gilbert,—names which will never be forgotten in the annals of England, even if their personal history had not been marked with those incidents of romance which embalm the memory of less distinguished men. It may be said, indeed, of all the three, as has been said of one of them, “that their history is engraved in intaglio on the face of the country which they helped to civilize and enrich.”

Francis Egerton, the third and last Duke of Bridgewater, was born on the 21st May, 1736, and, though the youngest of five male children, he succeeded to the dukedom. His early years gave no promise of his future character and aspirations. Ill educated, and ill treated by his mother, he was regarded as deficient in intellect; and so little did he profit by foreign travel, that on his return to England, he not only bought race-horses, but rode them, and indulged in all the gaieties of London and the sports of Newmarket. Love, which usually takes away other men's senses, was the means of restoring his; and a disappointment, as peculiar in its character as in its results, drove him from the dissipation of the turf to the solitude of his manor-house at Worsley. Two distinguished beauties at that time divided the admiration of the aristocratic world—the two Miss Gunning, —one of whom was Lady Coventry, and the other the

widow of the Duke of Hamilton. The Duke of Bridgewater, then in his 22d year, was taken captive by the lovely widow, and his offer of marriage accepted. When preparations were making for the marriage, the Duke heard and gave credit to certain rumours which affected the character of Lady Coventry; and under the influence of feelings which the world did not appreciate, he insisted upon his intended bride discontinuing her intimacy with her sister. The Duchess of Hamilton repudiated the unnatural condition. The Duke of Bridgewater broke off the marriage, and renounced the society of women; while the Duchess was rewarded for her sisterly affection by another ducal coronet, when she married Colonel Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll.

This untoward event in the life of the Duke of Bridgewater, while it withdrew him from the gaieties of fashionable life, led him to the quiet and useful occupation of improving his extensive but encumbered estates. Possessing coal-mines of great value and extent, he conceived the idea of sending their produce to Manchester by means of a canal; and with the assistance of James Brindley, a millwright, and John Gilbert, a land agent, he succeeded in accomplishing this noble enterprise, and adding to his name the higher than ducal title of *The Father of British Inland Navigation*.

James Brindley, the engineer employed by the Duke, was born in 1716, at Thorsett, near Chapel-le-Frith, in Derbyshire. He had been an agricultural labourer till his 17th year, when he was apprenticed to a millwright, who soon perceived and encouraged his inventive powers. At the termination of his apprenticeship, he commenced business on his own account, constructing machinery for draining coal-pits, erecting steam engines, improving the silk machinery and the methods of grinding flints for the potteries, and devoting himself to civil engineering as a profession. His education had been as much neglected as that of the Duke of Bridgewater. He could with difficulty sign his name; but his powers of memory and abstraction were so great, that he frequently executed his plans without committing them to paper; and whenever he was occupied with any intricate and perplexing undertaking, he retired to bed, and remained in it two or three days, till he had thoroughly mastered its difficulties. His mind, indeed, was so singularly constituted, that a night at the theatre, which he occasionally allowed himself in London, disturbed to such a degree his mental equilibrium, that he could not, for a considerable time, resume his professional pursuits. This nervous susceptibility was strikingly shown

on the occasion of opening the Barton aqueduct, which he had erected, as we shall see, over the Irwell. When the moment arrived for admitting the water, and thus testing the soundness of his design, "his nerve was so unequal to the interest of the crisis, that he ran away and hid himself at Stratford," leaving his friend Gilbert to superintend the operation.

The merits of John Gilbert, as coadjutor of the Duke, are not less conspicuous than those of his engineer. Having been engaged in mining speculations, he became acquainted with Brindley, and recommended him to the Duke; and while his Grace furnished the funds, and Brindley the science which was required for their great undertaking, Gilbert had duties to perform which were not anticipated at its commencement. The resolution to complete the canal without locks occasioned great additional expenditure on earthworks and masonry, and rendered it necessary to erect the costly aqueduct over the Irwell at Barton. Embarrassed with pecuniary difficulties, the Duke was obliged to reduce his establishment at Worsley to a groom and two horses, and to limit his personal expenses to £400 per annum. The wisacres of the day not only ridiculed his enterprise, but predicted its failure. A respectable banker in Liverpool refused to discount a bill of the Duke's for £500; and when he was told the size of the aqueduct for which the money was wanted, he declared, "that he had often heard of castles in the air, but till now he had never been shown where any of them were to be erected." In this emergency Gilbert's services were invaluable. He rode round the neighbouring districts of Cheshire to borrow from farmers such small sums as they could afford. "On one of these occasions," says Lord Ellesmere, "he was joined by a horseman, and after some conversation, the meeting ended with an exchange of their respective horses. On alighting afterwards at a lonely inn, which he had not before frequented, Gilbert was surprised to be greeted with evident and mysterious marks of recognition by the landlord, and still more so when the latter expressed a hope that his journey had been successful, and that his saddle-bags were well filled. He was unable to account for the apparent acquaintance of a total stranger with the business and object of this expedition. The mystery was solved by the discovery that he had exchanged horses with a highwayman, who had infested the paved lanes of Cheshire till his horse had become so well known that its owner had found it convenient to take the first opportunity of procuring one less notorious."

Such were the three "hard-headed men, of

simple manners and attire," who assembled "round the humble hearth of the black and white timbered manor-house of Worsley, or of the still humbler village inn," to discuss a project which in other countries had been the work of sovereigns; and which had been pronounced a chimera by some of the most sagacious of their countrymen. Brindley's services were at first secured at the price of two and sixpence a-day, and he afterwards offered to give them exclusively to the Duke for a guinea a-week. When the designs were completed, an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1759, and the works were finished in 1761. Between 1761 and 1766, Brindley executed for the Duke an extension of his canal 29 miles in length, branching in one direction to Runcorn and in another to Leigh, and terminating by a junction with the estuary of the Mersey; the six miles from Worsley to Leigh having been constructed after the death of Brindley in 1772. In addition to these open canals, a series of subterranean navigable canals were constructed, for bringing out, in boats, to the open canal, the main produce of the Worsley coal-pits. These remarkable canals or tunnels, commenced in 1750, were gradually constructed as new coal-workings were made; and in 1845 they extended to 42 miles in all. These tunnelled canals are at four different levels. Their vertical distances, beginning with the main line at Worsley, are 56, 83, and 36 yards. "The collective science of England," says Lord Ellesmere, "was shut up in this nether world for some hours, rather to the discomfiture of some of its members, when the British Association held its meeting at Manchester in 1843." Heads, if not crowned, destined to become so, have bowed themselves beneath its arched tunnels; among others, that of the present Emperor of Russia, and the Duke of Bordeaux."

Between 1796 and 1799 the Duke tried to drag his coalboats by means of a steam tug before Bell or Fulton had applied steam to navigation; but the use of it was discontinued in consequence of the injury which it inflicted upon the bottom and banks of the canal.

Such is a brief history of the first British canal, and of the distinguished individuals by whom it was executed. Though at first nearly ruined by the expenses which he incurred, the Duke of Bridgewater lived to enjoy the pecuniary advantages of his adventure; and he who could not get his £500 bill discounted at Liverpool, was afterwards able to subscribe £100,000 to the Loyalty Loan, to give in his income at £110,000 a-year, and to leave £10,000 for the composition of a work "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation."

Encouraged by the Duke's success, other capitalists and engineers entered the field; and in less than a century the country has been covered with a network of upwards of 110 lines of canal, amounting to above 2500 miles, and joining Liverpool with Hull, and Lancashire with the metropolis.

The Duke of Bridgewater seems to have entertained serious apprehensions that his own canals might, at some distant day, be rivalled, if not ruined, by the locomotive and the railway. The success even of a tram-road so disturbed his peace, that when Lord Kenyon was congratulating him on the success of his perseverance and sacrifices, he replied, "that he would do well enough if he could keep clear of these accursed tram-roads." The tram-road, however, thus distinctly foreseen, had occupied a different place in the imagination of others; and Lord Ellesmere informs us, "that one effect of the Duke's peculiar disposition of his canal property after his death, was to accelerate the introduction of those very tram-roads, in which his sagacity taught him to foresee dangerous rivals to the liquid highway." In 1801, two years before the Duke's death, an Act of Parliament was obtained for the first public railway in England; and in 1824 the royal assent was given to the *Grand British Experimental Railway*, as it has been called, between Liverpool and Manchester,—“the first-born of the great family of railways,” as Mr. Scrivener calls it,—“the pilot, the pioneer, the model after which all others were to shape their course, and fashion their appearance.” How this large family increased, how they were educated, and how its various members succeeded or failed in their after life, we have already fully described in our article on the Railway System.*

Contemporary with Brindley, and eight years younger, was John Smeaton, the first person who took the title of “civil engineer.” He was born in 1724, and at the age of eighteen he went to London, where he seems to have been for some years an attorney's clerk. In 1750 he was a philosophical instrument maker in Holborn; and in a few years after this, in 1752-3, we find him engaged in experiments “concerning the natural powers of water and wind to turn mills and other machines depending on circular motion.” The essay in which these experiments were published, was honoured in 1759 with the Copley Medal, the only prize which the Royal Society had it in their power to bestow. In the same year he completed the Eddystone Lighthouse, a work of peculiar difficulty, which we have already had occa-

sion to describe.* Between 1765 and 1771 he executed the fine bridge at Perth over the Tay, with nine circular arches of 75 feet span; and also the bridge over the Tweed at Coldstream, of five circular arches, and 61 feet span. He was the first to study the laws which relate to the formation and maintenance of harbours, which is so difficult on an alluvial coast under the influence of tides and currents; and he applied them in the improvement of many harbours in the United Kingdom, particularly to that of Ramsgate, where he founded the outer and inner walls of the outer piers by the aid of caissons or wooden boxes, and employed the diving-bell in carrying on the operations. Having visited Holland in 1754, his attention was directed to the important subject of drainage; and he made great improvements in the draining of marsh lands at Holderness, the North Level, and other places. He also rendered the River Calder navigable, and was the engineer on the Great Forth and Clyde Canal.

While Smeaton was thus laying the foundation of civil engineering as an experimental and practical science, other eminent individuals were labouring in the same cause. Smeaton had greatly improved the atmospheric engine of Newcomen, but it was James Watt's destiny to bring the steam engine to perfection. Its history and his have been amply detailed in this Journal; and we shall now only state the wonderful fact, as estimated by Mr. Fairbairn, that the steam power now at work in England, and in our royal and commercial navy, is equal to *eleven million of horses working ten hours a-day*. In the mechanical department of the profession, Hargreaves, and Arkwright, and Crompton were adding by their inventions to the wealth of their country. By the spinning-jenny of Hargreaves, invented in 1767; the spinning machinery of Arkwright, patented in 1769; and Crompton's mule, introduced in 1780, and combining the properties of Hargreaves' and Arkwright's frame—the cotton trade of England rose from *two millions* of money in value when carried on by the hand, to *sixty millions*, which it has now reached.

But though the railway has now to a great extent supplanted the canal, there are still localities where its value is recognised, and where it even competes successfully with its rival. The Birmingham Canal Company possess 157 miles of canal, the ramifications of which extend to every colliery and iron-work in the district; and though these canals are surrounded with railways, the traffic upon them has been gradually increasing. In 1832,

* Volume xi.

* See this Journal, vol xxxii.

1,492,000 tons of coals were conveyed along the canal, while in 1854 they amounted to 3,100,000. Owing to this increase of traffic, the Dudley Tunnel, which was the only communication between the Birmingham and Dudley Canal, became insufficient for the traffic. Being only 8 feet wide and 6 feet high, it had no towing paths, and the boats were propelled through it by the process called *legging*, in which men, lying on their backs, pushed with their feet against the sides and roof of the tunnel. The time thus occupied was usually three hours and a half; and the delay in pushing through it so many as 39,000 boats annually became so great, that a new canal and tunnel, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, became necessary. The execution of this work was entrusted to our distinguished countryman Mr. James Walker, whom we shall presently find engaged in still more important undertakings. This interesting work, begun in 1855, was finished in 1858 at an expense of L.200,000—the tunnel alone costing about L.40 per lineal yard.

The great success of canal navigation, for the conveyance of merchandise and mineral produce, led to the construction of works of more general utility, and of a more gigantic character. To cut through isthmuses, and unite distant oceans by means of canals wide enough to admit sea-going vessels, had in all ages been a favourite scheme of sovereigns and of governments. To join the Mediterranean with the Bay of Biscay—the Red Sea with the Mediterranean—the Atlantic Ocean with the Pacific—the Baltic with the German Ocean—and the German Ocean with the Atlantic in our own country, by means of canals, were long objects of national and even European interest. The first and last of these objects have been already attained. The second is the subject of a grave controversy; and had the Isthmus of Panama mingled the waters of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific Ocean, we might now have been receiving our Chinese despatches by a quicker and a shorter route.

The Caledonian Canal, by which the German Ocean communicates with the Atlantic, has been *justly* characterized by Lord Ellesmere "as the most splendid of our undertakings in conception and execution," but *unjustly* when he pronounces it to be a failure, in which "neither the sea-risk of the shipowner nor the toil of the mariner has been materially diminished." This great work was first surveyed by James Watt in 1773, and afterwards by Messrs. Telford and Jessop in 1801. The object of it was to connect the German Ocean with the Atlantic by a water communication between the Moray Firth and Loch Linnhe, an arm of the sea on

the west coast of Scotland. The valley which connects these inlets of the sea, called *The Great Glen of Scotland*, contains three fresh-water lakes—Loch Ness, Loch Oich, and Loch Lochy—which are connected with each other by a series of navigable cuts, and with the upper termination of the Moray Firth and Loch Linnhe. The canal thus formed is $60\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, passing through $38\frac{1}{2}$ miles of lakes, and 22 of canal cuttings. The summit level is in Loch Oich, 100 feet above the high-water mark at Inverness; and the descent to the sea is made by 28 locks, 170 feet long and 40 broad, with an average rise or lift of 8 feet. The canal is crossed by 8 swing bridges of cast-iron, and from Loch Lochy to Bannavie by several mountain streams, some of which are conducted under it by large tunnels, while others empty themselves into the canal.

After many formidable difficulties had been surmounted, the canal gradually advanced towards completion; but owing to the increased price of materials and of labour, the expense greatly exceeded the original estimate. The public loudly expressed their dissatisfaction with the promoters of the canal, as well as with the engineer. The annual grants, opposed in Parliament, or reluctantly granted, were at length discontinued. The utility, and even the practicability of the undertaking, were called in question; and in order to quiet the public mind, the canal was opened in October 1822, before the works were properly completed, and with a limited depth of water, obtained by a few temporary and doubtful expedients. By means of steam-boats, a regular communication was established between Inverness, Glasgow and the west coast; but as only an inferior class of vessels could be admitted, and as the revenue was inadequate to defray the ordinary expenses of its maintenance, the unfinished works were allowed to fall into decay—dangerous casualties occurred not only to the canal itself, but to the adjoining districts, and it became a public and anxious question whether the works should be wholly abandoned, or a vigorous effort made by the Government to complete them as originally proposed.

Under these circumstances, Mr. James Walker, then at the head of his profession, was employed by Government to make a careful examination of the state of the works, and to report his views respecting the present condition and future prospects of the canal. Thus instructed, Mr. Walker surveyed the whole line in 1838. He found that the breaking-up of the canal would be as expensive as its complete repair; and he reported that a sum of L.143,837 would be sufficient for completing the work, and fitting it for

the reception of vessels of 38 feet beam, and 17 feet draught of water. A committee of the House of Commons approved of this Report, and printed it in July, 1838. So great, however, were the financial embarrassments of the day, that the Government declined to make so large a grant till it was ascertained that the shipowners and merchants in the ports of Liverpool, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Leith, Newcastle, and Hull, would make use of the canal when the works were completed. Sir Edward Parry, having been appointed to make the necessary inquiries, came to the conclusion, that if the canal were made efficient, it would be used by almost all the coasting vessels trading by a northern route between the eastern and western coasts of the island—by nearly all the British and foreign vessels coming from the Baltic, and the western coast or the Irish ports—not unfrequently by vessels trading between our north-eastern ports and North America or the West Indies; and that it would almost wholly supersede the dangerous navigation by the Pentland Firth.

The hesitation of the Government, and the opposition of the public, having been thus removed or diminished, Mr. Walker, with the aid of his partners, Mr. Burgess and Mr. Cowper, and the resident engineer, Mr. George May, prepared the necessary plans, specifications, and estimates. A contract was entered into in 1843, and the canal was opened in 1847. The expense attending these repairs, together with the price of the necessary steam-tug vessels, amounted to £228,000; and the gross disbursement for the canal, from October 20th, 1822, to May 1st, 1848, amounted to the enormous sum of £1,306,032 3s. 5d. Since 1847 the traffic on the canal has been gradually increasing. Ships of 500 and 600 tons, to the amount of 100,000 tons annually, pass through it; and we have no doubt, as Mr. May has stated, "that as its facilities and advantages become more fully known and appreciated, they will yet exercise an important influence on the maritime interests of the northern part of the Kingdom."

When Lord Ellesmere, in 1845, pronounced this great undertaking to be a failure, the works were in an unfinished state, and he might not have anticipated their successful completion; but with his knowledge of the rapid extension of the railway system, we think he might have associated that extension with the completion of the canal, and taken the same views of its merits as the writer of this article had done six years before, namely, in 1839, when its navigation was almost in abeyance, and its unfinished works threatened with destruction.

"Another object of the Caledonian Canal," we said, "not less important, *though perhaps more remote in its accomplishment*, is the union of the great lines of railway communication which are rapidly extending themselves to Edinburgh on the east, and to Glasgow on the west coast of Scotland. Glasgow will, no doubt, be the terminus of the great western line; but there is every reason to believe that the eastern line will extend itself to a much higher latitude. When low-water piers at Newhaven and Burntisland shall be erected, a railway through Fife will be the next step in the progress of improvement; and in the county of Forfar nearly 60 miles of railway are actually completed—one of the lines stretching along the coast from Dundee to Arbroath. That these works will speedily reach Montrose, will scarcely be doubted; and though the eastern coast to the north of this port presents some embarrassing acclivities, yet we scruple not to predict that *a quarter of a century* will scarcely elapse before the great eastern line shall reach Inverness, the capital of the Highlands. When this grand object is gained, the value of the Caledonian Canal will be recognised by the blindest and dullest of its detractors. It will stand forth the connecting link between the great lines of traffic which embroider the skirts of our otherwise deserted shores—the grand aortal trunk into which the arteries of the South will pour their exuberant wealth. The remotest Highlands will then become a suburb of the imperial metropolis. The fruits of the South will be gathered in climates where they could not grow; and while the luxuries of the East are sweetening the coarse fare of the mountaineers, the more intellectual imports of civilisation and knowledge will gradually dispel the ignorance and feudal barbarism which still linger among their fastnesses."*

Even in 1850, when portions of these lines were completed, Mr. May, the accomplished resident engineer on the canal, in quoting the above passage, could not "venture to indulge such sanguine speculations;" and yet before *the quarter of a century* has run, the western railway of Scotland has extended beyond Glasgow to Greenock on one side of the Clyde, and Helensburgh on the other, while the eastern line has reached Inverness, and is now extending itself to the north. With such advantages, the wealth of England has been investing itself in Highland property. Travellers and sportsmen, transported in a day from the southern metropolis, repair in crowds to the glens and mountains of the north, while churches and

* *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1839, vol. lxx.

schools, in noble rivalry, are inviting into the Christian fold their uneducated and neglected population.

But so rapid is the progress of improvement, that we anticipate still greater benefits from the Caledonian Canal. The railroad forming through the eastern part of Ross-shire will doubtless be extended, by Bonar Bridge, Lairg, and Tongue, to Thurso, where the mail crosses to Orkney,—an event which will be expedited when the North Atlantic Telegraph is carried into effect. The short line from Dunkeld to Inverness will form an essential part of this great plan; and a line from Kingussie, by Loch Laggan to Fortwilliam, will connect with the south the most central portion of the Highlands. But even these lines will not satisfy the wants of the Highlands. A line is contemplated from Dingwall along the track of the present road to Lochcarron, which is the chief line of mail communication to the Hebrides; and we have no doubt that Mr. Matheson of Ardross, who has done so much for Highland railways, will exert himself in promoting so important a work. A large portion of the traffic of the Hebrides would radiate to this terminus, while the proposed line of railway from Oban would take up the traffic of the more western portion of the Hebrides and adjoining districts of the mainland, which finds its most adjacent direction to the great mart of Glasgow. As a line of railway from Inverness to Fortwilliam is impracticable on account of its expense, and a line from Oban to Fortwilliam equally so from the intervention of several ferries, the Caledonian Canal will thus become a necessary portion of the great network of Highland railways.

Thomas Telford, the engineer who planned and superintended the execution of this great work till it was opened in 1822, was born in Eskdale, a district in the county of Dumfries, in the year 1757. His father was a shepherd, and he himself was a shepherd boy till he was old enough to become a mason's apprentice. From Edinburgh, which he visited in 1780, he went to London, where he followed the profession of an architect till 1787, when he was invited into Shropshire, where he executed, as an engineer, some large works, to which we shall have occasion more particularly to refer. The stone bridge over the Severn at Mountford, near Shrewsbury, the iron bridge over the Severn at Buildwas, the Pontcysylte and the Chirk Aqueducts, were the most important of these, and added greatly to his reputation. Previous to the commencement of these works, Mr. Telford had devoted his leisure hours to the functions of a poet; but he was now obliged to give up his dalliance with the Muses, to explore

other fountains than those of Helicon, and mount steeper ascents than those of Parnassus. Amid the green pastures and picturesque scenery of Eskdale he had been inspired with that love of song, which in our border counties is native in the shepherd's breast. The thrill of Armstrong's harp had scarcely ceased in the vale of the Liddel, and the echo of Meikle's sweeter strains was dying away among the rocks and woodlands of the Esk, when the inspiration was caught by our young enthusiast, who had just exchanged the crook for the plumb-line. Nor was it merely to chide the dull hours of winter, or propitiate his mistress, that our shepherd-minstrel strung his rustic harp. He was a regular contributor to *Ruddiman's Edinburgh Magazine*, under the signature of *Eskdale Tam*, and contributed a descriptive poem, entitled "Eskdale," which he afterwards republished at Shrewsbury.

While the Caledonian Canal was advancing to completion, Mr. Telford was employed by the King of Sweden to survey the great line of canal for uniting the Baltic with the German Ocean extending from Soderkoping to Gottenburg, and consisting of 55 miles of canal, joining with the sea the two freshwater lakes of Wener and Wetter, 133 miles long. This remarkable work was opened in 1822, the same year as the Caledonian Canal.

Mr. Telford executed many other important works both for the Government and public companies—canals, bridges, harbours, and drainage operations. The more remarkable of these are—the Pontcysylte Aqueduct, which crosses the Ellesmere Canal over the Dee at the height of 127 feet above its channel, and consisting of twenty stone piers carrying a cast-iron trough, supported by cast-iron arches;* the Chirk Aqueduct, composed of ten equal arches seventy feet above the bed of the river; the Bridge of Cartland Crag, near Lanark, rising 122 feet above the Mouse; the bridges of Tewkesbury and Gloucester; the magnificent suspension bridge over the Menai; the harbours of Aberdeen and Dundee; the St Katherine Docks in London; and the operations for draining the great Fen District, in which he was associated with the late Mr. Rennie, and his son, the present Sir John Rennie. Mr. Telford died in London on the 2d September 1835, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

As the engineer who completed the Caledonian Canal, and made it a work really useful to the nation, Mr. James Walker, whom we have already introduced to our

* A description of this fine structure will be found in this Journal, vol. xi.

readers as the engineer of the Great Nether-ton Canal Tunnel, is entitled to the gratitude of the public. Mr. Walker was born at Falkirk, and, after being educated at the parish school, studied for five sessions in the University of Glasgow, where he gained, by the votes of the students, the four first general prizes, and afterwards was honoured with the degree of LL.D.* In 1800 he came to London, and assisted in the construction of the West India Docks, under Mr. Jessop as consulting, and his uncle, Mr. Ralph Walker, as resident engineer. In 1803, after the opening of the West India Import Dock, he went with his uncle to the formation of the East India Docks, where he remained till their completion.

The first work of his own was the Commercial Arcade from London to the West and East India Docks; and for more than half a century he has been engaged in numerous public works of the highest importance. The chief of these are—the Harbour of Refuge at Dover; the harbours of Belfast, Cardiff, Harwich, Alderney, and Jersey; the Commercial Dock in London; the Hull Junction Dock; the bridges at Vauxhall and Bow; Granton Pier; the sewers and embankments of the Thames; and the river foundation-walls of the new Houses of Parliament.

In the drainage of the middle level of the Bedford Level, Mr. Walker has been singularly successful. This level contains 140,000 acres lying below the level of high water in the River Ouse. The floods of 1841 had occasioned a loss of L.100,000. Mr. Walker was consulted in that year; and by the novel plan of a broad level drain, thirty miles long, fifty feet wide at its lower and ten at its upper end, he accomplished the difficult task at an expense of L.400,000. This drain passes under existing rivers and navigable drains by means of aqueducts, so as to separate entirely navigation from drainage.

As the engineer to the Trinity House, Mr. Walker has constructed, or repaired, all the lighthouses of England and Wales during the last thirty-five years.† One of the finest of these is the Bishop Rock Lighthouse, built upon the Bishop Rock, one of a cluster to the west of the Scilly Isles. It is 119 feet high, and of Cornish granite, with a lantern of gun-metal, and a catadioptric light of the first order. It was begun in 1852, and finished in 1857, at the cost of L.45,000. Mr. Walker is now occupied with another lighthouse,

which the Trinity Board and the Board of Trade have resolved to erect upon the Wolf Rock, near the Land's End. In these and other works, Mr. Walker has been assisted by his able partners, Mr. Burgess and Mr. Cowper.

On the death of Mr. Telford, Mr. Walker succeeded him as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, an office which he filled for ten years. He was elected also for the eleventh time; but having resigned, the office has since that time been held only for two years, and has been filled by the most eminent members of the profession. Mr. Walker is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and Member of the Senate of the University of London.

The most distinguished of Mr. Telford's contemporaries was doubtless Mr. John Rennie, whose various works exhibit a soundness of judgment, and a knowledge of practical science possessed by no other engineer of his day. He was born at Phantassie, in East Lothian, on the 7th June 1761, and received an excellent mathematical education under Mr. Gibson, schoolmaster at Dunbar; where his acquirements both in mathematics and natural philosophy were so remarkable as to excite the admiration of his examiners.* After working for some time under Andrew Meikle, a celebrated millwright at Linton, and erecting a mill on his own account at Dunbar, he went to Edinburgh, and attended the lectures of Professor Robison and Dr. Black on mechanical philosophy and chemistry. In 1781 he repaired to London to follow the profession of a civil engineer; and, with a letter of introduction from Professor Robison, he visited James Watt at Soho, where he spent several months acquiring that knowledge of the steam engine of which he afterwards made so important an application. In 1784, when he was established in London, he constructed the Albion Mills, near Blackfriars Bridge—the first that were driven by a steam engine; and afterwards the flour mills at Wandsworth, and the rolling and triturating mills at the Mint. His mills, and particularly his water-wheels,

* "On his examination," says Mr. Loch, "he discovered such amazing powers of genius, that one would have imagined him a second Newton; no problem being too hard for him to demonstrate. With a clear head, a decent address, and a distinct delivery, his master could not propose a question either in natural or experimental philosophy, to which he gave not a clear and ready solution, and also the reasons of the connexion between causes and effects, the power of gravitation, etc., in a masterly and convincing manner, so that every person present admired such an uncommon stock of knowledge amassed at his time of life. If this young man is spared, and continues to prosecute his studies, he will do great honour to his country." —Loch's *Essays on the Trade and Commerce, Manufactures and Fisheries of Scotland*. 1779, 3 vols.

* Mr. Walker has founded two prizes in the University of Glasgow, to be competed for by the students of civil engineering and mechanics.

† On the subject of Lighthouses, the reader is referred to our articles in this Journal, Nov. 1859, and May 1860.

were regarded as models of perfection; and in all hydraulic works he was the worthy successor of Smeaton. Iron was employed in every part of the machinery of the Albion Mills, except for the teeth of some of the wheels, which were made of hardwood, for working into the iron teeth of other wheels. Among the numerous works of Mr. Rennie, his bridges of stone and iron occupy an important place. The noblest of these structures is the Waterloo Bridge over the Thames, which was begun in 1809, and finished in 1817. It is built of Aberdeen granite, and consists of *nine* equal semi-elliptical arches, 120 feet span, with a level roadway which adds greatly to its beauty. The new London Bridge which he designed, but did not live to execute, was finished by his sons, Sir John and Mr. George Rennie. It is built of the finest blue and white granite from Scotland and Devonshire, and consists of five semi-elliptical arches, two of 180, two of 140, and the centre one of 152½ feet span, perhaps the largest elliptical arch ever attempted. The beautiful stone bridge over the Tweed at Kelso, and those at Musselburgh and New Galloway, were also designed by Mr. Rennie. The iron bridges which he executed are, the one at Boston over the William, with a span of 100 feet; and the noble bridge at Southwark over the Thames, begun in 1813, and opened in 1819. It consists of three circular arches of equal curvature, the centre one having a span of 240, and the other two of 210 feet.

The improvement of harbours and the construction of docks occupied much of Mr. Rennie's attention, and in these operations his diving-bell apparatus was of peculiar value. It was first employed in 1813 in building the East Pierhead at Ramsgate, which was founded 17 feet below low water at spring tides. It was afterwards used in founding the pierheads and outer walls of the harbours at Holyhead, Howth, and Sheerness, and other works under his direction. Among the numerous wet docks, introduced at Liverpool in 1716, and since constructed at almost all the principal seaports in the kingdom, Mr. Rennie executed the London Docks, and those at Leith and Dublin, and also the East and West India Docks along with Jessop and Ralph Walker. Among the artificial harbours, the largest attempted in this country, that at Kingston, was constructed by Rennie. Its depth was 26 feet at the low water of spring tides, and an enclosed area of 250 acres at low water. The breakwater at Plymouth for protecting the Sound from the swell of the sea, was also designed by him and Whitby, and was the first and largest example of a detached breakwater in this country. One of the most useful works executed by Mr.

Rennie was the drainage of the great Fen District, comprehending the low lands on each side of the Wash, and extending 60 miles in length by 25 in breadth. This great work, by which many hundreds of square miles were rendered productive, and the salubrity of the district improved, was executed by the joint labours of Mr. Rennie, Mr. Telford, and Sir John Rennie. Several magnificent works of great public utility were proposed by Mr. Rennie; but owing either to the parsimony of the government, or the illiberality of individuals, they have never been executed. The most remarkable of these is his design for a great Naval Arsenal on the Thames at Northfleet, intended as a substitute for the imperfect naval establishments on the river. It was to consist of six capacious basins, with an area of 600 acres within the walls, and to comprehend machinery for every operation connected with the naval service. Though this noble plan might have cost L.11,000,000, it would have been a measure of economy when compared with the vast sums which have since been expended on the old establishments upon the Thames and the Medway. Until a few years of his death Mr. Rennie enjoyed even robust health; but he was cut off in 1821, in the 61st year of his age, leaving the execution of several important works* to his two accomplished sons, Mr. George and Sir John Rennie. His remains were interred in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's.

The Messrs. Rennie surveyed and laid down several of the existing lines of railway. They gave the plan of the Manchester and Liverpool line for which the Act of Parliament was obtained, though they were not employed to execute it. Along with Messrs. Watt and Bolton they made the coining machinery for the Mints of Calcutta, Bombay, Lisbon, Mexico, and Peru; the great Armoury at Constantinople; the biscuit, chocolate, and great flour mills at Deptford, Gosport, and Plymouth, each with 20 pair of millstones; the ten pair of great dock-gates at Sebastopol; the steam factories at Cronstadt and Astracan; the dredging machinery for Odessa and other ports; the second cast-iron shield of the Thames Tunnel, executed by the first planing machine ever made; besides various other works on the Continent and in our Colonies,—such as locomotive and marine engines, iron caissons for floating ships of war and large vessels, both of wood and iron. In 1845, when Sir John retired from the firm, Mr. George Rennie carried on the business

* These works were docks, harbours, and canals in various parts of the kingdom, the Plymouth Breakwater, and several bridges to be afterwards described.

alone, and was subsequently joined by his two sons. Between 1848 and 1849 Mr. George Rennie constructed the Namur and Liege, and the Mons and Manage railways, and executed on the first of these lines the beautiful bridge at Val St. Lambert over the Meuse. This eminent engineer has distinguished himself by many valuable experimental researches on the strength of materials,—the friction of solids and fluids,—the resistance opposed by water to screws at different depths,—the heat given out by cold water when agitated, and on the employment of rubble, béton, or concrete in works of engineering and architecture, an account of which will be found in the *Philosophical Transactions*, in the Reports of the British Association, and in the Minutes of the Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers. Mr. George Rennie, Mr. Rennie's eldest son, was born in Surrey on the 3d January 1791. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and had the privilege of being boarded with Professor Playfair. While he was assisting his father in the great works in which he was then engaged, he was appointed Clerk of the Irons, or Keeper of the Money Dies, and Superintendent of Machinery in the Royal Mint, an office which he filled for several years, and which he resigned when he joined his brother Sir John as a civil engineer and manufacturer of machinery.

Sir John Rennie was knighted on the occasion of the opening of London Bridge, and since the dissolution of his partnership with his brother, in 1846, has been engaged on many important works. His great scheme for uniting the whole of the mouths or outfalls of the Rivers Ouse, Nene, Welland, and Witham, has been completed in the Ouse, where an additional fall of 7 feet has been gained, so as to improve the port of Lyme, and permit 4 or 500,000 acres of Fen land to be completely drained. An Act, it is expected, will be obtained this year to complete in a similar manner the outfalls of the other rivers, one effect of which will be to rescue 150,000 acres from the sea, a space nearly double the size of the county of Rutland, and capable of supporting a million of inhabitants. About three years ago Sir John completed, at Cardiff, a series of new docks for the Marquis of Bute, consisting of an entrance lock 55 feet wide and 220 feet long, connected with two basins, one 380 feet by 240, another 1000 feet by 300. He is now engaged in the curious operation, which we believe to be a new one, of underpinning the inner walls of Ramsgate Harbour. The work extends nearly 4 feet below the bottom of the caissons employed by Smeaton in founding the wall. Nearly 1000 lineal feet

have been already underpinned with solid masonry, so as to allow the harbour to be deepened 2 or 3 feet. Sir John is at present occupied in converting Dagenham Lake, where the famous breach took place in the Thames last century, into spacious wet docks; and in embanking 30,000 acres of marsh land from the sea on the coast of Essex, in a similar manner to that proposed on the coast of the Great Wash. In foreign countries he is carrying on very important works. In Sweden he is laying down a line of railway from Stockholm to Gottenburg, about 50 miles of which have been completed between Lake Malareu and Orebro. In Portugal he has been engaged in laying down 400 or 500 miles of railway; and the portion between Lisbon, Coimbro, and Oporto is now being carried into effect. He has also given designs for a great harbour of refuge at Oporto, and for improving the entrance to the rivers Douro, Vianna, Aveiro, Figuera, and St. Ubea.

Among the works of the engineer, bridges, as a class, occupy a high place, whether we view them in their relation to our social wants, or to the genius required in their construction. The architect of such works must be a man of taste as well as of science; and with these qualifications he must combine that practical knowledge which can be derived only from experience and tradition. Since the introduction of canals and railways, bridges of great beauty and grandeur have been constructed, and a variety of new and remarkable forms have thus become necessary.

The following is a list of the most important:—

1. Bridges of stone or brick, with circular or elliptical arches.
2. Bridges of timber.
3. Bridges with cast-iron arched ribs.
4. Tubular girder bridges.
5. Hollow girder bridges.
6. Bowstring girder bridges.
7. Suspension bridges.

1. The stone bridge has been long known, and among the finest examples of it in Britain, are the Waterloo Bridge, and the London Bridge, by Rennie, which we have already referred to. Another noble specimen is the bridge over the Dee at Chester, consisting of a single circular arch, 200 feet span, which is said to be the largest stone arch upon record. This fine work is due to the combined labours of Mr. Harrison, Mr. George Rennie, who equilibrated the arch, designed the centre, and gave the dimensions of the various abutments, and Messrs. Hartley and Trubshaw, who worked out the details and executed the work. The finest bridge of bricks is the one constructed over the Thames at Maidenhead,

by the younger Brunel, consisting of two semi-elliptical arches, each 130 feet span, with a rise of 24 feet. Bricks had been previously used by Rennie for canal drawbridges, and for railway bridges by various engineers.

2. To the common wooden bridges formed of rows of piles, and connected by straight girders forming the roadway, succeeded the straight-trussed frame of girders, so much used in America, and employed by Rennie as service-bridges during the erection of his bridges over the Thames. A bridge of this description is said to have been built over the large river Terrebonne, near Montreal, with a span of 600 feet; but it was unfortunately carried away by the floods when in the act of being repaired. The trussed system has been successfully applied in several bridges across the Tyne for the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. The system of Wiebiking, who combined small curved pieces of timber into the form of an arch, was first introduced in 1826 on the Ancholme, in Lincolnshire, where a bridge 100 feet span was successfully erected. It has been adopted also for viaducts on the Newcastle and North Shields Railway.

3. The finest example of bridges with cast-iron arched ribs is to be found in Mr. Rennie's Southwark Bridge, already described.

4. The tubular girder bridge is entirely a modern invention, and many examples are to be found in Britain. The most remarkable of these is the great Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits, the history and construction of which we have given at great length in a former article.* The late Mr. R. Stephenson proposed to cross the Menai and the Conway with bridges consisting of circular or elliptical tubes; and Mr. William Fairbairn was appointed (by the Directors of the Holyhead Railway) "to superintend the construction and erection of these bridges, in conjunction with Mr. Stephenson." He accordingly made experiments upon tubes of all forms. He found that circular and elliptical tubes would not answer the purpose; but that rectangular tubes, with a cellular structure on their upper and under sides—the one to oppose compression, and the other expansion—would resist the heavy transverse strains to which they would be exposed. The bridge was accordingly constructed upon Mr. Fairbairn's principles, and has been regarded throughout the New as well as the Old World as one of the grandest specimens of civil engineering. It was begun in 1846, and completed in 1850, at the expense of £600,000. As there was a double line of rails, four long tubes, each 472 feet in length, were required

to span the distance from shore to shore, leaving six feet for resting upon the piers, so that the real span of each of the tubes is 460 feet between the two piers. Other four tubes, 230 feet clear in the span, were required to join the piers to the abutments.

Although this bridge was nominally the joint production of Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Fairbairn, yet it was, in reality, the work of Mr. Fairbairn alone. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Stephenson would not permit Mr. Fairbairn's name to appear along with his as the first engineer of the bridge; and this proceeding was defended, on the ground that Mr. Stephenson was the sole engineer on the Chester and Holyhead Railway, of which the bridge formed a part, and that his name alone should be inscribed on the bridge.

Having been the sole inventor of the tubular girders, Mr. Fairbairn secured his right by patent; and he has constructed no fewer than 130 of these bridges, some with cells, and others without them, according to the extent of the span. The largest work of this kind which he has executed was sent to Australia. It is an open bridge of 250 feet span with tubes on each side forming the balustrade, and supporting the roadway upon cross beams of iron. The next in size is the railway bridge over the Spey, of 230 feet span, and 70 feet above the river. Upon the same principle, Mr. Fairbairn has executed three viaducts: one in 1858 over the Findhorn, 150 feet span, and 25 high; other two in 1860, one with three spans of 165, 235, and 135 feet, and 130 feet above the bottom of the ravine Etherow at Mottrum; and another with five spans of 125 feet, and 130 feet high, across the Dinting Valley. In the two last of these, the road rests upon the top of the tubes, which stretch across from pier to pier.

The principle of the tubular girder has been applied with singular success in the Great Victoria Bridge recently erected over the St. Lawrence. This magnificent work is a part of the Grand Trunk Railway which connects the different dependencies of Great Britain in North America, and passes through the richest parts of Upper and Lower Canada for a distance of 1200 miles. In the year 1844 there were only 16 miles of railway in Canada, but at present there are 1750 miles in complete operation. Of these the main line is the Grand Trunk Railway, by which the trade of the great lakes of Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, is brought from Detroit, on Lake Erie, to the Atlantic at Portland, and to the ocean navigation of the St. Lawrence at Montreal, Quebec, and Riviere-du-Loup. This gigantic scheme, which was commenced in 1852, is, with some trifling exceptions, completed,

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and so substantially as regards way and works, as to have no parallel in the history of transatlantic railways. The total expense of the line has been nearly *thirteen and a-half millions sterling*; but as the Government of Canada assumed the payment of interest on £3,111,500 of bonds lent to the company till the dividend was 6 per cent., the actual cost to the company may be assumed at £11,000,000, including £1,300,000—the cost of the Victoria Bridge.*

As this magnificent line, the longest in the world, extending along the north side of the St. Lawrence, had no direct communication with the south side of the river, a bridge was necessary to place it in connection with the eastern States of Canada and the United States. But “the rapid river ran deep and wide,” and it was the opinion of many that such a structure was impracticable. Steamers and timber rafts could hardly pass beneath the roadway of a bridge, especially when the water had risen 20 feet above its summer level. The state of the river at the breaking up of the ice was a more formidable obstacle. This event, though the harbinger of spring, is always a source of alarm in Canada. The ice, extremely thick in the middle part, melts at its edges, leaving on each side a line of blue water; and, when wrenched upwards by the flood, it is torn into fragments, which carry along everything which opposes them. The city of Montreal has suffered much from these ice-floods. It “has burst into that city, and been found sliding down its streets. It has broken into the second floor windows of dwelling-houses, after blocking up the front doors for weeks. It has forced down river terraces, and spoilt public and private gardens. Large warehouses, erected without due protection on the banks of the river, have been pushed over by the great moving sheet of river ice, as if they were mere houses of cards. At sudden bends of the river, where the ice meets with obstruction, it piles itself sometimes into huge icebergs, from *fifty to eighty feet* in height. At length, when the river rises, these icebergs get again into its current, and go rolling and sweeping down the St. Lawrence, carrying danger and destruction all before them.”

Notwithstanding these difficulties, various surveys and reports respecting the practicability of a bridge had been obtained from different engineers; and with the help of these, and information obtained on the spot, Mr. A. M. Ross of Dornoch, “on his return

to England,” as Mr. Hodges informs us, “designed the structure on the principle upon which it is carried out, and upon which the provisional contract was taken. As engineer in chief of the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr. Ross afterwards resided in Canada till the works were completed.” Before proceeding, however, with the work, the Directors of the Grand Trunk Railway wished to have the opinion of Mr. Robert Stephenson on the practicability of the undertaking, and on the plans of Mr. Ross. These plans were accordingly submitted to him by Mr. Ross; and having visited the site in 1853, he (Mr. Stephenson) approved of them, and, conjointly with him, decided upon the structure as it now stands.

The Victoria Bridge was begun in 1853, and finished in 1860. It is erected at the west end of Montreal harbour, where the river is *a mile and three quarters* broad. The bridge consists of 25 rectangular tubes, each 16 feet wide, and varying in height from 16½ to 22 feet, the height of the central one; the whole span between the two abutments is 6540 feet, and the total length of the bridge, from end to end of the approaches, is 13½ miles; the span of the central tube is 330 feet, and that of the others 242, whereas the central spans of the Britannia Bridge are 460 feet. The tubes of the Victoria Bridge have no cellular structures for resisting compression and expansion, on the ground, we presume, of Mr. Fairbairn having a patent for this beautiful arrangement. This want is supplied by a greater thickness in the plates, by a transverse framework at small intervals, and by numerous longitudinal T irons, L irons, and strips.

The whole of the iron work for the tubes was prepared at the Canada Works, Birkenhead, by Messrs. Peto, Brassey, and Betts, the contractors for the Grand Trunk Railway. A plan of each tube was made, exhibiting the very place of the 4926 pieces of which it was composed; so that when these pieces arrived in Canada, the workmen arranged them into the tubes with unerring certainty. In the Britannia and Conway bridges, the tubes, completed on the banks of the river, were floated and hoisted into their place by a Bramah's press; but in the present case, they were built plate by plate, in their final position, upon a rigid timber stage, supported upon massive pieces of wood. When the tube was completed, this mass of timber was cleared away, and the tube rested on the two stone piers, upon rollers, in order to allow it to expand and contract with changes of temperature. Each of the 242 feet tubes expands one-tenth of an inch with 8° of heat, but it is remarkable that the

* Mr. Charles Liddell states that this bridge could have been constructed for £337,000, by employing Warren's Equilateral Triangle Trussed Girders.—*Letter to the Shareholders*. Lond. 1856. p. xi.

central tube, weighing 600 tons, is lifted up 1½ inches by 80° Fahr. of the sun's heat.

In December 1859, the tubes were tested by Mr. George Bruce and Mr. Stockman, who went from England for that purpose. They found that all the works had been executed in the most admirable manner, under Mr. Ross the engineer, and Mr. Hodges, who acted for the contractors, and superintended the execution of the bridge. With a load of 1½ tons per foot, the tubes of 242 feet span were deflected 1 inch; and the central tube, of 330 feet span, was deflected 1½ inches with a load of one ton per foot.

5. The next variety of bridge is the open-braced, or lattice girder, introduced, we believe, in America. The finest example of this light, elegant, and economical structure is the Crumlin Viaduct, which carries a branch of the Newport, Abergavenny, and Hereford Railway over the Crumlin Valley. It was designed by Messrs. Liddell and Gordon, and Mr. T. W. Kennard was the contractor. This valley is 1000 feet in width, and 200 below the level of the railway; and adjoining it is another valley, 500 feet wide and 100 deep, and separated from the former by a rock rising up to the railway line, and therefore forming one of the pieces of the viaduct. The double valley, which is 1500 wide, is divided into ten spans of 150 feet, with eight piers, exclusive of the rock. These piers are open, cross-braced iron pillars, and the beams or girders, for bearing the floor of the bridge, consist of a top and bottom flange, connected by bracings or lattices, instead of a solid web.

This viaduct, which excites the wonder of the traveller, is reckoned one of the finest engineering works of the present day. Its total height above the water is 200 feet, and its length 1500 feet, only 13 feet less than that of the great tubular bridge over the Menai, and yet it contains only one-tenth of the metal, the latter having 11,366 tons in its superstructure, and the former only 1023 tons. The quantity of cast iron in it is 1388 tons, and of wrought iron 1290 tons. This bridge was begun in 1853, and opened on the 1st of June 1857. Owing to the piers as well as the girders being skeleton frames of iron, the cost of the viaduct was comparatively small, being only 3s. 6d. per cubic yard of the space covered.

6. The next species of bridge which we require to notice has been called *The Bowstring Girder*. An excellent modification of it was introduced by the younger Brunel a few years before his death, at the stupendous viaduct which carries the Cornwall Railway over the River Tamar, at Saltash, near Plymouth. The viaduct, including the land

openings, is about 2200 feet long. It consists of *nineteen* spans of 455 feet each, the other *seventeen* varying from 70 to 93 feet in span. These last openings are crossed by simple wrought-iron girders; but the two principal openings, of 445 feet span, are crossed by bowstring girders, the bow being a wrought-iron elliptical tube, having its horizontal axis 16 feet 9 inches long, and its vertical axis 12 feet. It is stiffened at intervals by transverse diaphragms. The string of the bow is a chain, hanging like that of a suspension bridge; and its curvature is so adjusted that, whether loaded or unloaded, the horizontal thrust of the bow and the horizontal tension of the string are equal to each other. Each tube, with its chains and suspended roadway, weighs about 1080 tons. The first tube was floated on the 1st of September 1857, and having been conveyed upon pontoons to its site, was placed by hydraulic presses upon the piers in about two hours. The bridge was finished in 1859. Before this bridge was opened for traffic, Colonel Yolland found that the ratio of the strength to the strain by the weight of the bridge was as 5.0 to 1, whereas in the Britannia and Conway bridges it was as 3.4 to 1 in the first, and 3.8 to 1 in the second. We consider this result as greatly superior to anything of the kind that has been attained elsewhere, and accomplished with less expenditure of money and material.

7. The last variety of bridge which we shall notice is the suspension bridge, of which that of the Menai is the finest example. Iron suspension bridges were first constructed in Scotland, by Capt Sir Samuel Brown. His Union Bridge across the Tweed, near Berwick, was erected in 1819, with a span of 450 feet; and he afterwards erected another at Montrose, and landing-piers at Brighton and Newhaven, upon the same principle. In these bridges the roadway is supported by chains passing over lofty stone piers, and they are firmly secured in strong masses of masonry, or in the solid rock. In the Menai Bridge, begun in 1819 and opened in 1826, the roadway is supported by 16 main chains, each 1770 feet long, and composed of 935 bars of wrought iron. The length is 580 feet, breadth 25, and height 130, and it is connected with the shore by three stone arches on one side, and four on the other, 52½ feet span. The total expense of the structure, which is 1710 feet long, was £120,000. Similar bridges have been constructed across the Thames—one at Hammersmith, by Mr. T. Clark, and another at Hungerford Market, in 1845, by Brunel. Mr. T. Clark has also erected one, 700 feet span, across the Danube. It was begun in 1839, and finished in 1849,

at an expense of L.622,042. The great suspension bridge at Freyberg, in Switzerland, was erected between 1831 and 1836, by M. Choley of Lyons, at an expense of only L.25,000, though its length was 905 feet, its width 28, and its height 174 feet.

These bridges, however, as originally constructed, though economical, have not resisted strong gales of wind. In 1836, a wave or undulation of the platform of the Menai Bridge was observed by the keeper; and in 1839, one still greater was the cause of much damage. These defects were corrected in the Montrose Bridge by Mr. Rendel, and in the Menai by Mr. Provis, by an increase in the longitudinal stiffness of the platform.

The suspension principle has been applied with great success and singular economy by Mr. Roebing in 1854, in the grand suspension bridge over the Niagara, across a gorge 240 feet deep, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles below the falls. Its span is 821 feet, exceeding by 361 feet the longest girder yet constructed; and it is the only communication for road and railway traffic between Upper Canada and the United States. It consists of four wire cables, stiffened by timber trussing, and contains between the towers, 600 tons of wood and 400 of iron; whereas in each of the two main tubes of the Britannia, only 460 feet in span, there are no less than 3000 tons of iron. Each cable contains 60·40 square inches, the two upper ones deflecting 54 feet, and the two lower ones 64 feet. The ratio of its strength to the ordinary strain, according to Mr. Barlow, was 6·5 to 1, nearly double that of the Britannia; and this eminent engineer, who has examined the structure carefully, is of opinion, that though its failure has been rashly predicted, "it is the safest and most durable railway bridge of large span which has been yet constructed;" and that "it will last for hundreds of years," and as long as the masonry of which the towers are built."

Mr. Roebing has, for the first time, applied the suspension principle to an aqueduct bridge for carrying a canal over the Alleghany river at Pittsburgh. This aqueduct has seven spans of 160 feet each. The two suspending cables are of iron wire; and from these, by iron rods, hang timber cross beams, which support the wooden trunk that forms the water channel, 16 feet wide and 8 deep, together with the framework and planking of the towing path. The uniform distribution of the load on an aqueduct is peculiarly favourable for a suspension bridge.

The American engineer is engaged in carrying the principle still further. The suspension bridge over the Kentucky river, on the Lexington and Danville Railway, will, when completed, form a single span, 1224 feet from

centre to centre of the towers, over a chasm 300 feet deep!

This new system of stiffening suspension bridges holds out a reasonable prospect of our being able to cross firths or arms of the sea far beyond the span of tubular and other bridges. Mr. Barlow, who has studied the subject, has proposed to erect a suspension bridge between Liverpool and Birkenhead, with a span of 3000 feet, and towers 450 feet high, at an expense of L.1,000,000; and if this should succeed, a bridge across the Forth at Queensferry might be regarded as no idle speculation.

The problem of stiffening suspension bridges is now occupying the attention of mathematicians, who alone can solve it. Professor Rankine has endeavoured to determine the strength required in an auxiliary girder, as stiff as a tubular or a lattice one of the same span; and the most important result is, that in order to make a suspension bridge as stiff as a tubular or lattice girder, under a travelling load, it is sufficient to use an auxiliary girder having rather less than one-seventh of the strength.

Among the greatest engineers of the nineteenth century, we must rank the two Brunels, the father and the son. Sir Mark Isambart Brunel was born at Hocqueville, in Normandy, in 1769. When at school, at Rouen, he was struck with the sight of a huge cast-iron cylinder newly-imported from England. He walked into it, took off his cap, and was unable to touch with it the roof of this huge casting. This produced such an impression upon his mind, that, from that moment, as he stated to the writer of this article, he resolved to visit the country that produced it. His passion for mechanics, however, was so great, and engrossed so much of his attention, that he was sent into the navy to prevent him from indulging it; but finding, on his return home in 1792, that France was not a safe residence for royalists like himself, he went to the United States, where he practised as an engineer and architect till 1800, when he came to the land of huge cylinders, and entered upon a career honourable to himself and valuable to the country of his adoption. In 1804 he began, with the aid of Henry Maudslay, to construct the wonderful machinery which he had invented for making ship blocks, and which was completed at Portsmouth in 1806. For this labour he received L.16,000, two-thirds of the annual saving effected by his invention. Among his numerous inventions we may mention his circular saws for cutting veneers, his circular knife for cutting them without any loss of material, and his pretty little machine for winding cotton balls. His own

furniture at Putney was made with veneers cut by the circular knife; but as the veneers were rolled up and cracked throughout their substance, the cabinet-makers in London refused to use them, and he was consequently driven to the adoption of the circular saws. The knife veneers, however, were greatly superior, as he himself assured us, to those cut by the saw, because the glue got into the cracks and made the veneer one mass with the subjacent wood. The cotton-ball machine he considered such a trifle, that he gave it to a friend, who realized £20,000 by the gift. These, and other facts in his life, he mentioned to Professor Pictet of Geneva and the writer of this article on a fine summer evening in 1818, when we were sailing down the Thames from his house at Putney to visit his tunnel. His double-acting marine steam-engine, his machine for making nails and shoes, and his copying machine, were works of peculiar ingenuity. His tunnel beneath the Thames, begun in 1825 and finished in 1843, is the work by which he is best known. He told us that he took the idea from the *teredo*, which made its circular path with its teeth, and carried off the fragments through its body. The shield pushed forward by steam power, with the workmen busy in its different compartments, represented the head of the *teredo*. This grand work, in visiting which he was our cicerone, consists of two arched tunnels, 1200 feet long, 14 wide, and 16½ high, separated by a massive wall four feet thick, with 64 arched openings in it. Its entrance and exit is a perpendicular shaft, 38 feet wide and 22 high, with a circular staircase. The crown of the tunnel is 16 feet beneath the bottom of the river. The whole structure, with its surrounding walls, is built of brick. He was knighted in 1841, and died at the age of eighty in December, 1849.

I. Kingdom Brunel inherited the genius of his father, and has distinguished himself by the boldness and grandeur of his works. The Great Western Railway, with its broad gauge, and its colossal constructions of every kind—the Great Western steamer—the Great Britain—the Great Eastern, six times the bulk of any existing vessel—and his stupendous bridge over the Tamar at Saltash, already described, are all striking monuments of the boldness of his conceptions, and of his genius as an engineer. He died on the 15th September 1859, at an early age, before the Great Eastern had performed its remarkable voyage across the Atlantic.

The history of this extraordinary effort of engineering skill, and of the labours and anxieties of Mr. Brunel, and of Mr. Scott Russel, its builder, will yet form one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of

modern enterprise. The first conception of iron ships we owe to Aaron Manby, who in 1821–22 constructed a wrought-iron boat 120 feet long and 18 feet beam, which was navigated across the Channel by Sir Charles Napier, and plied between Paris and Havre for several years. In 1830 Mr. Fairbairn constructed the iron twinboat steamer Lord Dundas, 68 feet long and 11½ feet beam; and in 1831 he made a voyage in her from Liverpool to Glasgow. In 1832 Maudslay and Field built four iron vessels for the East India Company, 120 feet long and 24 feet beam, for navigating the Ganges. Between 1830 and 1834 Mr. Fairbairn built ten iron vessels at Manchester, some of them 150 tons, which were taken to pieces and reconstructed at the ports,—two of which packets were for the Humber, and three for the Swiss lakes. About 1832 the Messrs. Laird, of Liverpool, began to build iron ships, and constructed a number of them. Between 1834 and 1848, when Mr. Fairbairn left the works at Millwall to be occupied by Mr. Scott Russel, he had built about an hundred vessels, including a yacht for the Emperor of Russia, and another for the King of Denmark, in all of which he introduced many improvements, the results of numerous and long-continued experiments.

The Australian Shipbuilding Company having engaged to supply the Government with steam-ships for that colony, Mr. Brunel, their engineer, stated to Mr. Scott Russel his conviction that a ship could be made large enough to carry, at a speed of fourteen miles an hour, her coal the whole distance of 12,000 miles, and 12,000 back again, without touching at any port. He computed that a ship of 24,000 tons, eight times larger than the largest existing steam-ship, would be necessary. Trusting, however, to finding in the colony a portion of the coals for the return voyage, the size of the ship was fixed at 22,500 tons; and she was to carry from 10,000 to 12,000 tons of coal, affording 220 tons a-day, steaming at the rate of 336 miles a-day, or 14 miles per hour, and reaching Australia in 30 days. In order to perform this work, it was found that, though in small ships a one-horse power would drag three tons in ten or twelve hours, a 2400 horse-power would be required for the new ship, or one horse for nine tons of ship.

Mr. Brunel resolved to divide this propelling power between the paddle-wheel and the screw, in the ratio of 1000 to 1500. The screw engines were made at Soho, and the paddle-wheel ones by Mr. Scott Russel. The paddle-wheels are 60 feet in diameter, their iron shaft 6 feet in circumference, and the weight of the propelling machinery 3000 tons.

The lines, or form of this ship, which received the name of *The Great Eastern*, were in accordance with the wave principle discovered by Mr. Scott Russel, in which the stern should be to the bow as 2 to 3; and consequently the stern is 220 feet, and the bow 330 feet; the parallel body, or middle portion, is 120 feet, to which, if we add the space for the screw, we obtain 680 feet for the length of the ship in the water, while on the deck she is exactly 700 feet. Her depth is 60 feet, 40 of these being above the water when she is empty, and only 28 when she is full. Her breadth is 83 feet; and her interior consists of eleven large spaces, 60 feet long, 60 high, and on the average 60 feet wide. When launched empty in 25 feet of water, she was perfectly stable; and when loaded down to 28 feet, and steaming at from 16 to 17 miles an hour, her oscillations were gentle, without any wave of resistance, exhibiting a fine example of the success of the wave principle.

In the mechanical structure of the ship there is much to admire. Mr. Scott Russel's longitudinal system, in opposition to the transverse system, has been followed; that is, the iron ribs run along the ship, and not across it. A consequence of this is, that three enormous iron walls run along the whole length of the ship, dividing her into three longitudinal compartments, adding to its safety as well as its strength. These compartments are divided into 30 or 40 separate chambers, so constructed that neither fire nor water can go from the one to the other. The ship too is constructed like the tubular bridge, having its upper deck and bottom with the cellular structures patented by Mr. Fairbairn for resisting compression and expansion, and so that the ship could not break its back, or be hogged, even if poised upon a single wave.

The general economy of the *Great Eastern* is above all praise. It has a promenade of 700 feet; a saloon 60 feet long, 36 wide, and 15 high; suites of well-ventilated bed-rooms, which can be made to accommodate 2500 first-class passengers, or 10,000 troops, if used for that purpose.

The performance of the *Great Eastern* has justified neither the exaggerated anticipations of the sanguine, nor the silly alarms of the timid. She has navigated rivers and oceans, and entered the harbours of Portland, Holyhead, and New York; and she is now lying in the magnificent harbour of Milford Haven, ready, with a few repairs now going on, to perform the great work for which she was built. She, or ships of her make and size, will reduce the voyage to Australia from its present length of 60 to 80 days, to 36 or 40.

To India, and our distant colonies, she may therefore prove of inestimable value.

In associating Brunel's name with the *Great Eastern*, we must do justice to the great merits of its builder. The application of Mr. Scott Russel's invention of the wave principle, and of his longitudinal system of construction, were necessary to the success of the grand experiment; and we must admire, what we often forget, that practical skill which embodies in stone and iron the ideas of the engineer. Mr. Scott Russel is a scientific shipbuilder, furnished with all the aids which theory can give to practice. He was born in the Vale of the Clyde in 1808, and graduated at Glasgow, after studying at Edinburgh and St. Andrews. He taught the Natural Philosophy class in the University of Edinburgh in 1833; and after being at the head of a shipbuilding establishment at Greenock, and constructing a steam coach for common roads, which we learn has been successfully done by the Earl of Caithness, he went to London in 1844. He had previously applied his wave principle to *The Wave* in 1835, to the *Scott Russel* in 1836, and to the *Flambeau* in 1839; and he has since that time built at Millwall more than 100 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 100,000 tons.

Having spoken of Mr. Fairbairn's fine invention of the cellular structure, and its application to ships, we must not overlook another valuable application of it by himself to cranes. Among a great number of these tubular cranes executed by the inventor, there are some that lift 60 tons to a height of 60 feet above the quay walls, and swing this weight round in a circle of from 100 to 120 feet. All her Majesty's dockyards have been supplied with this invaluable piece of machinery, and great numbers have been sent to Russia and other parts of the Continent. Mr. William Fairbairn, to whom we owe these and many other admirable works, was born in Kelso in 1789, and was educated partly at Mullochry in Ross-shire, and partly at Galashiels in 1803. After serving as an apprentice to an engine-wright near North Shields, and working as a journeyman mechanic in various parts of the Empire, he settled at Manchester in 1817. He was among the first to construct iron ships, and his improvements upon them have contributed greatly to their strength and safety. He has distinguished himself also by numerous admirable inventions and improvements in the construction of water-wheels and other machines, which our space will not allow us to describe. In his two interesting volumes, entitled, "*Useful Information to Engineers*," will be found a condensed view of the most

important of them. Mr. Fairbairn is a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Doctor of Laws in the University of Edinburgh, a corresponding Member of the Imperial Institute of France, and President Elect of the British Association, which is to meet this year at Manchester.

Sir Peter Fairbairn, whose death is just announced, was the younger brother of Mr. William Fairbairn. He was born at Kelso in 1799, and distinguished himself as an engineer by valuable improvements in the machinery for preparing flax and hemp. He was extensively employed in the construction of engineering tools of all kinds, but especially machines, at Woolwich and Enfield, for the manufacture of fire-arms and other implements of war.

Among the more important works of the civil engineer, are waterworks for the supply of large and populous cities. The most interesting structures of ancient Rome were the great aqueducts in the Campagna, and the magnificent Pont de Gard for conveying water to the town of Nismes. In modern times, we may rank among the finest and most costly, the Croton aqueduct for the supply of New York, the aqueduct of the Durançe for supplying Marseilles, and the aqueducts in our own country for the supply of Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow.

In the Croton Aqueduct, the Croton river, dammed up by a weir 38 feet high, is thrown back six miles into a reservoir of 400 acres. The contents of this reservoir, furnishing 50,000,000 gallons of water per day, are carried over 40 miles, to New York, in a close channel of masonry, interrupted only by the River Haerlem, a quarter of a mile wide, and the valley of Manhattan in the island itself. The river is crossed by pipes, laid along a bridge 1377 feet long; and the valley of Manhattan is crossed in the same way. The expense of this magnificent work was £1,875,000.

The aqueduct canal of the Durançe is 51 miles long, consisting of open cutting and tunnelling through three chains of limestone mountains, and a gigantic bridge across the ravine of the River Arc near Aix, 1230 feet long, and 262 feet high. The water is brought near Marseilles at a height of 400 feet above the sea. This bridge, which, with the other works, cost £450,000, is said to surpass the Pont de Gard both in altitude and size.

The Manchester and Glasgow Waterworks, erected by Mr. Bateman, are the largest in the kingdom,—the Rivington works, for supplying Liverpool, constructed by Mr. Hawksley, being the next to them in importance. The aqueduct which conveys the water to Manchester is 20 miles long, and passes through a high ridge of hills by a tunnel

3000 yards in length. The principal stone reservoirs are five in number, the three largest being one below the other, formed by embankments 80, 90, and 100 feet high, and filling a romantic valley with an almost continuous sheet of water nearly 5 miles long. The water is collected from a drainage area of about 18,000 acres, and supplies with the purest water 500,000 persons. By a peculiar and beautiful arrangement, the pure water of each stream is separated from what is occasionally turbid—the pure being carried to Manchester, and the turbid stored for other purposes. The reservoirs contain nearly 600,000,000 cubic feet of water. Owing to the great difficulties with which Mr. Bateman had to contend in the construction of these works, the total expense incurred by the company has been £1,500,000.

The Glasgow Waterworks, recently completed by the same distinguished engineer, are on a still grander scale. The scheme of bringing the water of Loch Katrine to Glasgow was broached in 1845 by Mr. Laurence Hill and Professor Gordon. It was revived in 1852 by Professor Rankine and Mr. John Thomson; and the Town Council submitted the various schemes to Mr. Bateman, who reported in favour of the Loch Katrine plan, and was employed to carry it into effect. An Act of Parliament having been obtained in 1853, the works were begun in the following year. Loch Katrine, 9 miles long, Loch Venachar, 4 miles long, and Loch Drunkie, with an area of 150 acres, containing about 1,600,000,000 cubic feet of water, are the sources from which Glasgow is supplied. Loch Katrine is situated 360 feet above the tide at Glasgow, an elevation which secures a fall of about 80 feet above the highest part of the city. The aqueduct from this loch is about 34 miles long, 10 or 11 of which consist of ridges of gneiss, mica slate, and whinstone, perforated with tunnels 8 feet in diameter. The water is conveyed through three wide and deep valleys by cast-iron pipes 4 feet in diameter; and at Mugdock Castle, about 26 miles from the lake, there is a reservoir of 70 acres, containing 500,000,000 gallons of water. From this reservoir the water is taken to the city by two lines of cast iron pipes 3 feet in diameter, one 7, and the other 8 miles long. Of the 26 miles from the loch to the reservoir, 13 miles are tunnelling, 3½ iron piping, and the remaining 9¼ miles is an arched aqueduct 8 feet in diameter. In the whole of this great and difficult work there are 70 separate tunnels, upon which 44 vertical shafts have been sunk to expedite the work. The first tunnel, which is in gneiss and mica slate, begins at Loch Katrine. It is 2325 yards long, and 600 feet below the

top of the hill. It has been worked by 12 shafts, some of which are nearly 500 feet deep. The last tunnel, close to the reservoir, is 2650 yards long, and is cut entirely through whinstone, at a depth of 250 feet below the top of the hill. The intermediate tunnels are 1400, 1100, 800, and 700 feet long. The rocks were so obdurate, that for several miles near Loch Chon it required a month, working day and night, to cut three lineal yards. Beside smaller constructions, there are 25 iron and masonry aqueducts over rivers and ravines, some 60 and 80 feet high, with arches of 30, 50, and 90 feet span. About 3000 persons were employed, exclusive of iron-founders and mechanics. It is a remarkable circumstance that the tunnels were driven with such accuracy that their junctions could be distinguished only by the different directions of the drill holes. The works were completed in little more than 3½ years, and the total engineering cost for new works was £700,000; the whole expense to the corporation, including everything, was about £1,500,000. The works were opened by her Majesty at Loch Katrine on the 14th October 1859; and in order to evince their high appreciation of Mr. Bateman's services and talents, the corporation entertained him at a public banquet on the 23d October, 1860.

Mr. John Frederick Bateman, the engineer on these magnificent works, was born in 1810 near Halifax. He was a pupil of Mr. Dunn of Oldham, a well-employed mineral surveyor and road engineer, and commenced business at Manchester in 1833. The important subject of water engineering occupied his particular attention, and in a short time he was employed in many important hydraulic operations. In 1835 he laid out, and subsequently executed, the Bann reservoirs in Ireland, and likewise the Saddleworth and Glossop reservoirs. He has been the engineer to various inland canals,—to the Mersey and Irwell navigation, the Duke of Bridgewater Canal, and the Forth and Clyde Canal. In 1841 Mr. Bateman commenced his earliest works for supplying cities and towns with water, and since that time he has constructed, or remodelled and extended, waterworks in various parts of the kingdom. Mr. Bateman is a Fellow of the Royal and Geological Societies, and the author of various papers in the Manchester Transactions, the Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and the Reports of the British Association.

We regret that our narrow limits will not permit us to give any account of the works of several other eminent engineers—such as Mr. Locke, celebrated as a railway engineer; Mr. Bidder, the engineer on the Victoria (London) and Grand Surrey Docks; Mr.

Rendel, the engineer on the harbour at Holyhead and the breakwater at Portland Island; Mr. Nasmyth, the accomplished inventor of the steam hammer; Mr. Whitworth, whose machines and guns have excited so much interest; Mr. Simpson and others;—but we cannot dispense with a brief note of Sir William Cubitt, the father of the profession, and well known to the public by his long and meritorious services. Sir William was born in Norfolk in 1785. Having shown an early taste for mechanics, his father apprenticed him to a cabinet-maker; and when his term of service was over, he wrought as a journeyman to a millwright near North Walsham, where he soon rose to be foreman of the establishment. About this time he invented the self-regulating windmill sail, for which he took a patent in 1807. Soon after this he settled as a millwright at Horning in Norfolk, and obtained such distinction in the construction of wind and water mills of every kind, that he was invited, in 1812, to join the celebrated firm of Ransome and Sons, the great iron-founders and implement makers at Ipswich. His engagements as a civil engineer, however, became so numerous, that he removed to London in 1826, where he has been occupied in every department of civil engineering. In 1836 he was appointed engineer to the South-Eastern Railway, from London to Dover; and in this capacity he had the courage to blow into the sea the Round Down or Shakspeare Cliff, nearly a million tons of solid chalk, which was effected by eighteen thousand pounds of gunpowder. He was appointed consulting engineer and one of the commissioners of the Great Exhibition in 1851; and in recognition of his high services on that occasion, her Majesty conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. Sir William's latest work is the great landing stage at Liverpool. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was President of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1850.

Among the more remarkable works of modern engineers, we must rank those of a military and naval character which the necessities of war have called into existence. When the weapons of offensive warfare become doubly destructive, we must increase in the same proportion the means of resisting them. When the 100-pounders of Armstrong and Whitworth, with their rifled interiors, deal death and destruction at the distance of three miles, the enemy must have more than hearts of oak to resist them. So long ago as 1834, General Paixhans, of the French Artillery, proposed to cover the exterior of vessels of war with a defensive armour of plates of iron several inches thick. In 1821 the United States had tried, experimentally, the resist-

ance of iron plates $\frac{1}{4}$ ths of an inch thick, fixed to a solid block of wood; and in 1834 and 1849 similar experiments were made in this country and in France; but the results which were obtained led to the condemnation of iron ships. Notwithstanding these failures, the Emperor Louis Napoleon, at the commencement of the Crimean war, suggested to our Government the construction of floating batteries armed with iron plates for attacking the Russian fortresses of Bomarsund, Helsingfors, Sweaborg, and Cronstadt; and in compliance with this advice, vessels of great burden and strength were covered with massive wrought-iron plates, 4 or 5 inches thick.

The application of this defensive armour to ships of war was not at that time considered safe, but the French Emperor had the sagacity to see its importance; and in 1855 or 1856 the "La Gloire" and four other vessels were covered, from stem to stern, with plates $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, of a peculiar soft homogeneous iron, well fitted for the resistance of shot. Various and opposite opinions have been entertained respecting the success of this experiment in reference to the sea-going qualities of the ship; but we are assured by an able writer,* who has visited all the French dockyards, and seen the "La Gloire" at sea, that she was severely tested in her trip to Algiers, when she cut through the giant billows of the Mediterranean with a steadiness little less than that of the Great Eastern, and that he himself saw her "stride, colossus-like," over the Mediterranean waves with almost perfect ease. Four other ships of this class—*fregates blindées*, as they are called—are now constructing in the French dockyards—the "Intrepide," the "Solferino," the "Magenta," and the "Couronne"—and ten more are to be laid down without delay.

These formidable preparations seem to have excited no alarm on this side of the Channel; but towards the close of 1858 the slumbering Admiralty were induced to take the subject of iron-coated vessels into consideration. "The problem," says Mr. Bidder,† "was one of great difficulty. An enormous weight of armour had to be added to the weights hitherto carried. At the same time, greater speed was demanded, and that involved increased weight of engines, and a larger supply of fuel. Then, again, the weight was too weight and wing weight, which had to be carried on fine lines for speed. To reconcile these conditions with the practical points in a war vessel, and to give such a ship good seafaring qualities, to make her a good cruiser,

and also well suited for a voyage, and for the probable conditions that would attach to a European war, was a problem which might well employ the professional skill of naval architects, and of every member of the institution."

These were indeed difficulties to be overcome; but there is no difficulty which science cannot master or abate, and were the world, like the British Admiralty, to be startled as they have ever been by the weak points of the inventions submitted to them, we should now have been navigating the ocean with a passport from Eolus, and trundling in stage coaches over the length and breadth of the land. The Emperor of the French saw only the grandeur and security of a bulwark of oak, with its epidermis of iron, and he overcame the difficulties with which others had been embarrassed.

The deliberations of the Admiralty resulted in a resolution to build two iron-cased vessels, "The Warrior" at the yard of the Thames Shipbuilding Company, and "The Black Prince" at the Lancefield Works, Glasgow, by Messrs. Robert Napier and Son, who had previously distinguished themselves as the builders of gigantic steamers. "The Warrior" was launched on the 31st December, 1860, and we doubt not will surpass the "La Gloire" both in strength and swiftness, and spur on our timid officials to the completion of a fleet of iron-cased vessels, equal in number to those of our imperial foe. This noble ship is one of 6177 tons burden. Her extreme length is 420 feet, her breadth 58, and her depth 41. Her defensive armour extends only over 213 feet of her sides, and 5 feet below the water-line, and consists of slabs of the finest wrought iron, 5 inches thick, and backed with planks of teak 20 inches thick. Her nose or beak, in imitation of the swan's breast, is one slab of iron, 30 feet long, and 10 inches thick, weighing no less than 20 tons. Her engine, made by Penn and Sons, is one of 1250 horse-power, and weighs 950 tons. She can stow 950 tons of coal, or a six days' supply. She is to carry 48 guns,—36 68-pounders, 10 of Armstrong's 70-pounders, and 2 of his 100-pounders. The weight of the whole armament, masts, and stores, will be from 12,000 to 15,000 tons. In order to compensate for the want of armour in other parts of the ship, these parts are protected by plates of iron $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick, backed by teak 24 inches thick. Beneath all this comes the "skin" of the vessel, which covers the ribs, and which varies in thickness from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 inch of wrought iron. The speed of the "Warrior" is expected to be 14 knots an hour, which exceeds that of "La Gloire." The vessel is divided into 20 watertight compartments. In the "Warrior" the

* Scotsman, December 15, 1860.

† Address to the annual meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, on the 18th December, 1860, p. 8.

port-holes are $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the water, while in "La Gloire" they are only $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet above it. In order to prevent rolling, two ridges of iron, composed of plates 2 feet deep, are placed along nearly the whole of her bottom.

The "Black Prince," now nearly completed by the eminent Scottish shipbuilders, Messrs. Robert Napier and Son, Glasgow, is of the same dimensions, and built from an almost similar specification as the "Warrior." Her extreme length is 419 feet; tonnage, 6057; extreme length on load water-line, 389; breadth, 58 feet; depth, 41 feet; nominal horse-power, 1250. About 213 feet of each side of the vessel is rendered invulnerable by shot or shell, by armour plates of wrought iron, from 15 to 16 feet long, 3 to 4 broad, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, each averaging upwards of 4 tons. Their edges are planed, and they are fitted together with tenon and groove joints. In order to deaden the effect of shot, 18 inches of teak wood are interposed between the armour and the "skin," or really water-tight iron shell of the vessel. The teak is of two thicknesses, of 10 and 8 inches, —the former being laid with the length-way of the plank, running fore and aft, and the other layer of eight inches being placed vertically. This armour of iron and wood extends from a little above the gunwale to about $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet below the water line.

The armour-sheathed space is pierced on the main or gun-deck with 13 port-holes on each side for 26 guns. These ports are contracted to about 2 feet, in consequence of the carriage being so constructed that the gun pivots round a point near the outer edge of the port; and it is expected that these portholes may be reduced to the size of the muzzle of the guns.

The armament consists, of—

34 68-pounders on the main or gun-deck.

2 68-pounders, pivot guns.

4 40-pounders, Armstrong guns.

In order to keep the vessel afloat if seriously damaged, the central armour-clad space and the bottom of the ship are divided into water-tight compartments, so that any damage to the exterior plating, and the flooding arising from it, will be merely local. The "Black Prince" is to be fitted up with the masts and rigging of an 80 gun ship, from the Royal dockyards. The engines, by Messrs. John Penn and Sons of Greenwich, will be taken on board at Greenock; and though the nominal horse-power is 1250, yet they may work up to about 4000 or 5000 indicated horses, so that a very high speed may be expected.

Previous to 1855, the same eminent ship-building company had built no fewer than twelve noble vessels in wood, for the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, namely—

In 1840.	Length of Keel in Feet.	Breadth of Beam.	Depth.	Tonnage.	Horse-Power.
The Acadia, Britannia, { Cal. donia, Columbia, }	207	34.2	24.3	1150	403
In 1834-5					
Hibernia, Cambria, . 1848.	219.7	35.3	26.5	1353	472
America, Niagara, { Europa, Canada, }	251	38	27.6	1757	630 and 648
1850.					
Asia, Africa,	266.5	40	30.2	2129	768
1855.					
Plata, Arabia,	285	40.7	30.8	2278	873

For the same company, Messrs. Robert Napier and Son built, in 1855, the noble iron paddle-wheel steamer the "Persia;" and they are now finishing the still larger one, the "Scotia," which is the next largest steamer to the "Great Eastern."

	Length.	Breadth.	Depth.	Tonnage.	Horse-Power.
Persia,	360	45	32	8587	850
Scotia,	366	47.7	33.5	4050	868

In addition to these two magnificent steamers, Messrs. Robert Napier and Son have built the following iron steamers, and many others of inferior tonnage:—

WITH PADDLE WHEEL.					
	Length.	Breadth.	Depth.	Tonnage.	Horse-Power.
Shannon,	330	44	34	3092	783
Emperor,	243	33	20	1256	396
Santiago,	244	29	16	1023	376
WITH SOREW PROPELLER.					
China,	322	40	28	2536	480
Colombo,	276	37	27	1848	450
Marathon,	264	36	26	1674	350
Hecla,	264	36	26	1674	350
Emu,	258	36	27	1673	350
Black Swan,	252	36	27	1631	350

If, in the brief and imperfect sketch which we have given of the principal works of modern engineering, we have conveyed to our readers any adequate idea of the grandeur, the utility, and the national importance of such works, it will not be difficult to persuade them that it is pre-eminently the duty of the Government to provide the means of instructing the young engineer in the various branches of his profession. If we require, in our universities, a high education for the members of the three learned professions, it is surely necessary to give the highest to a class of students who are entrusted with the expenditure of millions of the public money, whether it is that of the Government or of private individuals, embarked in enterprises of national importance. A skilful engineer will erect a public work for half-a-million, on which another will expend a million; and we have too often to deplore the frail and perishable nature of magnificent constructions, on which more money than science has been expended.

Twenty-five years ago, there was not a chair of engineering in any of our Scottish Universities, and no attempt was made to give such a practical character to academical study as to accommodate it in any degree to the requirements of the engineer. About twenty years ago a feeble attempt was made to supply this defect. The professors of mathematics, natural philosophy, and chemistry, in the United College, St. Andrews, resolved to introduce into their respective courses that kind of practical knowledge which would be useful to the engineer; and, in the same spirit, the professor of political economy agreed to adapt several of his lectures for the instruction of young men who meant to follow a mercantile profession. These arrangements were duly advertised, but we regret to say that no advantage seemed to be taken of them, owing, doubtless, to the small number of students that attended the United College.

About the same time, in 1840, the Government was induced to found and endow a chair of civil engineering in the University of Glasgow. This chair was ably filled for fifteen years by Mr. Lewis Gordon, who carried on, at the same time, the profession of an engineer; and it has been occupied since 1855 by Professor Macquorn Rankine, whose high mathematical attainments, and power of applying them to practical objects, place him at the head of our scientific engineers. The same reasons which justified the establishment of this chair, render it equally necessary in our metropolitan university, with its 1500 students.

Next in importance, if not equally important, are those institutions which our civil

engineers have founded for the advancement of their profession. The earliest and the most successful of these is the INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS, established in 1818, and incorporated and founded in 1828 by Royal Charter. The society was instituted, as stated in the charter, "for the general advancement of mechanical science," and more particularly "for promoting the acquisition of that species of knowledge which constitutes the profession of a civil engineer; being the art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man, as the means of production and of traffic in states, both for external and internal trade, as applied in the construction of roads, bridges, aqueducts, canals, river navigation, and docks, for internal intercourse and exchange; and in the construction of ports, harbours, moles, breakwaters, and lighthouses, and in the art of navigation by artificial power, for the purposes of commerce, and in the construction and adaptation of machinery; and in the drainage of cities and towns."

The Institution is composed of 855 ordinary members, 537 associates, 14 graduates, and 24 honorary members, and 930 of all classes. Mr. Telford was its first President, and filled that office till his death. He was succeeded by Mr. James Walker, who held it for ten years; and since his resignation of it, it has been filled by Sir John Rennie, Mr. Field, Sir William Cubitt, Mr. R. Stephenson, Mr. Rendell, Mr. Locke, Mr. James Simpson, and Mr. G. P. Bidder, its present distinguished president.

This flourishing Institution, under the admirable management of Mr. Manby and Mr. Forrest, its honorary and acting secretaries, meets weekly during seven months of the year; and the papers read at these meetings are fully and freely discussed, so as to subject every public work and proposal to the criticism of the most eminent members of the profession. These discussions are given in full in the Minutes of the Proceedings of the Institution, of which eighteen volumes have been published.*

An Institute of Engineers was founded in Scotland in 1857, under the presidency of Professor Rankine, and now under that of Mr. Walter Neilson. There are similar institutions in Dublin, Paris, the Hague, and Hanover. An Institution of Foremen Engineers has been established, and holds regular meetings in London; and the "South Wales Institute of Engineers" meets regularly at

* The Transactions of the Institution were first published in 3 vols. 4to, but have been discontinued. The valued property of the Institution amounts to L.13,094, contributed chiefly by Messrs. Telford, Manby, R. Stephenson, and Miller.

Merthyr Tydvil, and publishes an account of its proceedings.

Next in importance to academical instruction, and the transactions of public institutions, is the composition and publication of text-books or elementary works on the various branches of theoretical and practical science, which are necessary in the education of engineers. From causes to which it is unnecessary to refer, works of this kind have been few in number; and it is only in recent times that the high qualifications of the mathematician and the experimental philosopher have been combined with those of the engineer. In some of the works placed at the head of this article, this union of accomplishments has been admirably displayed. In Professor Rankine's "Manual of Applied Mechanics" we have a treatise of great value, sufficiently elementary as a text-book, and sufficiently ample as a guide to the working engineer. It treats in a compact form those parts of the science of mechanics which are practically applicable to structures and machines; and in the arrangement of the work the author has endeavoured to adhere, as much as possible, to a methodical classification of its subjects. After an interesting preliminary dissertation on the Harmony of Theory and Practice, Professor Rankine treats, in six parts, of the Principles of Statics—the Theory of Structures—the Comparison of Motions—the Theory of Mechanism—the Principles of Dynamics—and the Theory of Machines; and he has given in the Appendix tables of the strength of materials, and their specific gravities.

In Mr. Fairbairn's two volumes, containing "Useful Information for Engineers," we have treatises of a more practical and experimental character, and intended "to impart to working engineers, in intelligible and simple terms, all that he himself knew of the varied branches of practical science which their calling embraces." After a preliminary lecture "on the necessity of incorporating with the practice of the mechanical and industrial arts a knowledge of practical science," Mr. Fairbairn treats, in nine lectures, on the Construction of Boilers—Boiler Explosions—Steam and Steam Boilers—the Consumption and Economy of Fuel—and Metallic Constructions; under the last of which heads the subject of iron ships is treated with great ability. In an Appendix, occupying about 140 pages, Mr. Fairbairn has given an account of his valuable experiments on the strength of materials, and their application to the boilers of locomotive engines.

In his *second series*, he has reprinted several important articles published in the Transactions of the Royal Society and the British

Association, and added some original lectures of very great interest. The more important of these are the lecture on the machinery employed in agriculture, the lecture on the construction of iron vessels exceeding three hundred feet in length, and the lecture on wrought-iron tubular cranes. The lecture "on the progress of civil and mechanical engineering during the present century" will be read with much interest. In the admirable essay by Sir John Rennie, which we have placed at the head of our list of books, and which gives the history of civil engineering from the time of Smeaton till the year 1846, the reader will find fuller details regarding many public works than Mr. Fairbairn was able to give within the limits of a single lecture.

Among the books in our list, the most remarkable is the account of the Victoria Bridge, by Mr. Hodges, the engineer to the contractors, Messrs. Peto, Brassey, and Betts. This gigantic and magnificent volume, in imperial folio, is dedicated to the Prince of Wales, and does great credit to its author. It is embellished with eighteen coloured engravings, forty illustrative engineering plates, and numerous woodcuts. The splendid copy now before us, which cost twelve guineas, is 24 inches long, 18 broad, nearly 3 inches thick, and is sufficiently heavy to tax the strength of an engineer in appealing to its contents.

We cannot conclude this brief notice of engineering and engineers without alluding to the gratifying fact, that no country whatever has produced such a number of eminent engineers as our own, and that no engineering works are to be found which can equal, in expense and magnificence, those which have been executed in Great Britain and her colonies. The genius and sagacity of our engineers have been summoned to every quarter of the globe, and machinery constructed on our island is everywhere at work, administering to social wants, aiding individual enterprise, and adding to the wealth and resources of the people who employ it.

ART. VII.—1. *La Revue des Deux Mondes*.

EUGENE FORCADE.

2. *Le Journal des Débats*. SAINT MARC GIRARDIN.

3. *The Times*.

4. *Die Allgemeine (Augsburger) Zeitung*. HERMAN ORGES.

NOTHING is that remains unuttered. Utterance is a sign of life. Whatever lives, will

in the end express itself. Books are the expression of individual life. The *public* life expresses itself in the press. It is, we think, from an insufficient apprehension of this truth, that so many errors are committed in appreciating that tremendous power, the natural product of modern thought. One-half of the world reviles the press, and indulges in silly speculation upon the good that would result, and the safety that would be ensured, "if only the press did not exist." The other half entertains the hope of bending the press to its own ends. Both equally misunderstand its real nature; and, in the one case, the dread, as, in the other, the hope, is absurd. The press is, in fact, a manifestation of our collective self,—therefore not to be feared; but the press is also a manifestation of the entire external public,—therefore not to be absorbed by any unit, whether party or individual. We do not speak now of this or that representative of the press (of these by-and-by); we are speaking in the abstract of that prodigious force newly sprung from the necessities of the age,—so newly as to be yet to a great degree self-ignorant, but from which not one gain which the age is reaping can be altogether separated.

Public life is no novelty in Britain: from the earliest times it has been familiar to us; but public life and *the public* are not synonymous. Public life is the activity of the individual in the affairs of his country, by which activity the individual achieves renown; the public is that inglorious crowd that lives, acts, determines events, and never "achieves greatness." It is power without fame. The press is its voice. It is already a sort of universal conscience, and will one day be the universal judge.

We are somewhat inclined to believe that, of this anonymous expression of the universal thought, this impersonal press, we in Britain can alone furnish an example. The continental press is more or less individual in its character, and its foremost organs can almost always be identified with an individual or policy, a party or an opinion. In France, a newspaper derives force from the *clique* that supports it; in Germany, from the ideas it is supposed to advocate; whereas with us, the paper carrying most weight would be that which should most immediately express the thoughts and feelings latent in the public mind. Abroad, people like to know what *this* or *that* man, or *this* or *that school*, is thinking. We are busy with what we ourselves think. For us, the *public* is that portion of the universal life of which each of our own selves forms an element; but it is also that great stream of external vitality, by throwing one's self into which, almost entire-

ly, each one of us gets additional strength. Unless in exceptional cases, we care little for the particular opinion,—we care only for the collective impression; our object is not to be influenced or led, it is to discover our own true thought. And, after all, we are but doing, as a vast complex body, what a great master of other days advised those individuals to do who wished to find the adequate expression of their thoughts in words. Saint Augustine's precept is, "*Find yourself*," and for that purpose seek yourself in solitude." In an age of silence and contemplation this was sound advice; but ours knows nothing of the one or the other, and our duties towards it and towards ourselves are far different. Contemplation implies solitude; but solitude is not so valuable a source of inspiration in an epoch when evidently the *best* efforts of any man are those he makes *in common* with other men. Silence, too, can scarcely be the virtue of a time when distance no longer hinders the immediate transmission of words, and the very air around us beats with the pulse of speech. In this respect, the human race is living its life differently; it has other modes of ascertaining and expressing its thoughts; but the same intensity of thought and life are there, and we may "seek ourselves" now as when St. Augustine taught, and "find" our collective "self" in the midst of the newly awakened struggling collective life, as well as in the hush of that earlier time when the *thinker* was a watcher, and mankind were all asleep.

Truth is, therefore, to be found. Now we maintain that, at present, we alone—we, the public of Great Britain,—are sincerely desirous of discovering the truth about ourselves; and that in so far as we are really interested in this discovery, are we in advance of other countries; so far as we are really "seeking our own selves,"—seeking to know what *we truly are*, and are anxious to see the public thought faithfully expressed by the public voice,—by so much are we nearer than any other European community to the realization of what that vast modern institution, the *press*, ought to be.

The most impersonal newspapers in the European world are, without any doubt, the British; the most personal are the French; the Germans hold a position between the two. This is to be explained by the proneness to speculation of the Teutonic mind, and by the ready subserviency of the Frenchman to any one who will take the trouble to lead him. "Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word,"—said Shakspeare three hundred years ago; and the "word" is true still, and as "French" as ever. The natural consequence, however, is, that in France that exponent of

the general thought called a newspaper is individualized, and partakes of the character of a book. There is hardly a French daily or weekly journal that might not be written by one man. There is a sameness in all that it produces, a strong unity in its various articles, a cohesion so perfect between its component parts, that any distinctive variety they may have originally possessed is lost in the effect of the whole. Nay, more; it is in this unity that the strength of any organ of the public press in France lies, and the more any such organ is individualized, the more potent it becomes. It bears the mark of some one particular man or of some one particular set of men; and according as it faithfully represents them, or absorbs them in itself, it achieves preponderance. There is perhaps another reason for this in the circumstance that the French press is exclusively political. This requires explanation.

The physical law which forbids to any organization the simultaneous expenditure of equal forces in two opposite directions, prevents races, as it prevents men, from expending words most largely upon whatever they are doing most actively. We, with whose national life politics are for ever mixed up,—we, whose business it is to govern ourselves, who are more or less at all times, and in all classes, acting politically,—we, in Britain, are the people least occupied in “talking politics” theoretically, in building up political dogmas, or laying down abstract political principles. The French, who of all nations perform the fewest political acts, care the least for the exercise of any right of government, and possess the smallest amount of governing capacity, indulge most of all in political talk. Let any one take up the first ten English papers he can find, and the first ten French ones, he will find that, in the former, the proportion of space allotted to politics alone ranges from about a fourth to a sixth; whilst, in the latter, politics, when not occupying the journal exclusively, fill up at least three quarters of its space. Political theories are apparently to Frenchmen what the Arabian tales are to children and the poor: something to be dreamt about, not realized. Be it remarked, we are speaking of France as she now is,—as her strange adventurous history since the Revolution of 1789 has made her. France is in the position of a beauty whose youth has been spent in foreign courts, and whose “great effects” were achieved away from home. She likes to hear recalled the times and places where she trod a measure with this king or that, or went out hunting with such and such an Emperor. Like other faded coquettes in the hour of their isolation, she reverts eagerly to the period of her conquests.

Of home life she is ignorant; but the sound of names that are synonymous with her past glories is pleasant to her ear, and the “talk” she most loves, the talk she cannot live without, is the talk of *foreign policy*.

“I am only distinguished from my countrymen, or superior to them, in one thing,” used to be said by Paul Louis Courier; “I am the *only* Frenchman who does not think himself the *only* man who could govern France!” There was truth in that particular form of the national thought thirty-five or forty years ago, when Frenchmen were free to think any political thoughts they chose, and when, from the cabinet or the counter, it was allowable to aspire to any office in the State; (the fancy which most haunted French poets and dramatists was that of the headsmen’s son becoming a Prime Minister!) But now the political fancy of France necessarily assumes a different shape; her imagination, as we have said, leads her abroad; she gossips of foreign policy, as Falstaff “babbled o’ green fields.” But no one who had not forced himself to study the French press in its various representatives, metropolitan and provincial, would believe to what a degree this rage for politics is carried. When the bootmaker of the Rue St. Denis, or the innkeeper of Brittany or Provence, takes up *his* paper (in which alone he has any faith), he expects to be informed why the Emperor of Russia has met the King of Saxony at Carlsbad, or the King of Holland has paid a visit to Berlin; and it is lucky if all the time he does not conceive Carlsbad to be situate somewhere on the Spanish coast, and Berlin to be some rocky island in the Mediterranean, which the English have resolved to transform into a kind of Sebastopol. Foreign potentates and their territories are jumbled together in the heads of Frenchmen (unless the most educated), much as they are in the *dramatis personæ* of Shakspeare’s plays, and “Kings of Sicily” or “Bohemia” find themselves in localities they certainly were far from dreaming of. But this is no matter: leading articles, *correspondence*, telegrams, all have told of the affairs of other countries, and of their plots against France. Journal and journalist have done their duty; they have “babbled o’ green fields,” and the *abonné* is content.

Naturally, one of the first effects of this rapid individualization of any public organ, is the superiority of the journalist to the journal. The reverse is the case in Great Britain. The highest notion one can form of the importance of a French newspaper is, that it should speak *to* France; the acmé of distinction would be attained by a paper with *us*, of which it should be said that England spoke *through* it. But in the latter case

the individual is lost sight of. The journalist is absorbed in the journal, and the journal derives its weight from the fidelity with which it expresses the public thought. And when we use the word "thought," instead of "opinion," we do so advisedly. Our press, whether daily or periodical, is, we repeat it, *not* exclusively taken up with political discussion; it deals largely with whatever occupies the national mind, and will generally be found most earnestly engaged upon questions bearing directly or indirectly on the moral, physical, or social development of the country. The variety of the subjects treated, and the practical philosophy required in the treatment of them, serve materially to take from our newspapers the character of individuality; whilst that very character is, in some degree, imposed upon French newspapers by the narrow range of the subjects they are called upon to treat.

The peculiar characteristics of French journalism being granted, the part played by journalists in France within the last half-century is more easily explicable. *All* Frenchmen of any note in the political world have been journalists. This is a fact to ponder over. Yet, as we said above, France is the *one* country in which the *least* amount of governing capacity is to be found, and in which the elements of self-government are most wanting. Almost all Britons are, or may be, labourers in the grand work of government; if not at the present hour playing a leading part in the game of active politics, they are thinking of the time when they shall do so, and fitting themselves more or less to meet its exigencies. But perhaps the one mode of preparation for a political life to which they *least* recur, is that of writing upon politics. *All* Englishmen of note in the political world are *not*, have *not been*, journalists. They have been so, on the contrary, only in a very few exceptional cases. This may serve to elucidate many obscure points with regard to the press in the two countries.

It is common enough on this side of the Channel to hear people loud in praise of the superiority of French newspaper writers over our own. They are sometimes even surprised at what are considered in France very inferior productions. But the reason is, the ready *aptitude* of Frenchmen for discoursing of what they imperfectly know, their facility for talking of no matter what—be it politics or "high art," theology or the navigation of balloons. The demands of the public for political prose being large and constant, the supply is proportionably extensive, and the traders in foreign-policy articles for the Parisian and provincial press form a considerable

portion of the educated population. It is needless to say that the great majority of these productions are not only of the feeblest possible description, but are full of the worst and most mischievous tendencies; encouraging ignorance, promoting prejudice, fostering vanity at home, and envy and hatred abroad. We should say that, broadly stated, the craving of the French public for political *talk*, and, above all, for talk upon foreign policy, is one of the chief reasons of the inferiority of the French press* as an *institution*, when compared to our own; for it occasions one of the grandest themes for the speculations of civilised man to fall into the hands least fitted to touch it. But, on the other side, when the elevation of the subject is met by a corresponding superiority in the man who treats it, then it is easy to comprehend the excellence of the result. Whilst ninety-nine hundredths of the journalists of France are necessarily out of their places, because the wants of the public force them to discourse of what they cannot be otherwise than ignorant, the hundredth one is a man who has really attained eminence, for he brings the highest faculties to bear upon the highest subjects. It may even then be a query whether he too be not out of his place; for is not the proper sphere of all true political capacity, *action*, and ought not he who can not only penetrate but initiate statesmanlike combinations, to be employed in working them out rather than in describing them? This is a problem on the solution of which many others hang incidentally; certain it is, however, that in the midst of the foolish, noisy herd of French journalists, who talk nonsense about foreign policy, because their *trade* is to be for ever treating of it, there have been men, and there still are here and there, whose political capacity and brilliant eloquence have raised them far higher than political journalism in England (unless in the most exceptional instances) has ever attained.

We set out by stating that, in our opinion, the French press was the most personal of any, and the British the most *impersonal*; that, consequently, as the form assumed by one of the greatest forces of the modern world, the French press was inferior to our own; but that, from the very fact of the intense individualism of that press, the journalist was *always* in France superior to the journal, and, when of first-rate merit of his

* We wish it to be well understood, that when we speak of the French press, we refer to what it was, and may be again. At the present moment it is in a state of transition, and, *as a whole*, enslaved, therefore only to be alluded to exceptionally.

kind, was far superior to any English journalist. As examples of the highest class of newspapers in France, we can, after mature examination, find but two,—the *Journal des Débats*, up to a recent period, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and upon this choice there is a great deal to say.

In the first place, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is not a daily paper, and in the next, if we were called on to say whether either or both of these represented what we call "public opinion," we should certainly be obliged to reply that they did not. But, then, nothing else does. What we call "public opinion" does not exist in France, for the obvious reason that the collective, complex body which originates it, has no existence there. In France there is no *public*. France is a moral and intellectual confederation; it wants that *mental oneness* from which come public spirit, public virtue, public thought. This being the case, the only resource is, to discover what organs of the press suit the largest number of well-educated, *liberal* readers of various kinds. The two we have selected are the only two we can find. A narrow-minded, violent ultra-Royalist, a bitter exclusive Republican, a fierce Ultramontanist Catholic, or a blind, obstinate Atheist, will none of them read either of the two publications we have named. But a Royalist fusionist, a moderate Republican, a sincere Catholic, or an honest sceptic, will ALL read them, and can find little else to read. Whatever a Frenchman's particular opinion, creed, or aspiration, if with it he associate genuine *liberalism*, he will be obliged to read the two organs in question, because in *all* others he will only find the narrowest, most violent expression of party feeling.* The *ultras*, each according to his belief, read the *Siècle*, the *Gazette de France*, the *Monde* (replacing the *Univers*), or the *Presse*: but in these nothing is found but the reflection of a particular opinion current in a portion of the public. With *public opinion* none of them have anything to do. We repeat, then, that in France the only journals compatible with the existence of all opinions, political and religious, so long as these opinions are *liberally held*, are the two we have named.

Now, as to the fact of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* being a bi-monthly instead of a daily organ, it may be said that its influence is

similar to that of a weekly paper,—like the *Saturday Review*, for instance. Its weight at the present time is derived from its political excellence. It is important, from the soundness of its international views, from its courage, its honesty, and the extraordinary cleverness with which it carries on the most damaging opposition to the Empire, without ever laying itself open to punishment. The *Revue* is not now read for its literary merits, but for its political worth. The heavy articles, of different kinds, which swell its now far too numerous pages, lie for the most part (or, at all events, *very often*) uncut; but no man who belongs to the reflecting part of the community allows the 1st or the 15th of the month to pass without studying the sixteen or seventeen pages of the world-renowned "*Chronique Politique*." It is this that makes the *Revue* of first-rate importance in Europe, that gives it weight, and a foremost position in the ranks of the press-militant. Here again we have to recur to our previous remark upon the superiority in France of the journalist to the journal. From M. de Châteaubriand down to M. de Saint Marc Girardin, the importance of the *Journal des Débats* has depended exclusively upon the *men* who wrote in it, and upon the fact of their being *known to write in it*; and the political importance of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, at the present hour is represented by one man: its influence on those enlightened portions of society who, divided by opinion, but united by *real liberalism* of thought, form the only approach to a *public* which France has to boast of,—that influence is incarnate in Eugène Forcade.

In St. Marc Girardin the *Journal des Débats* has recently lost its most perfect representative. With his retirement a career of great distinction ends. What the journal was, at its very best, he represented in the fullest measure. The *Journal des Débats* passes over now to an official crowd of obligatory subscribers; it enters on the parade ground where the *Constitutionnel*, *Patrie*, and other imperial advertisement-mongers manœuvre under the watchful eyes of Messrs. La Guéronnière and Mocquard. Its independence is gone—it is no longer. *Fuit!* But though in its present state it can have no attraction for us, its past is replete with interest; and it would be impossible to attempt giving the British reader any notion of the contemporary French press, without awarding its due share of importance to the *Journal des Débats*, between the commencement of the Restoration in 1815, and the break-up of the monarchy in France in 1830. To the *Journal des Débats* is mainly attributable the Revolution of July.

* We do not advert to such papers as the *Constitutionnel*, because in reading them their *abonnés* are not actuated by party feeling. There is no *Bonapartist party* in France even now. The official journals are only read in order to know what the Government is about. They do not represent any current of public opinion, but only a necessity to which the entire community submits.

“M. de Villèle’s Ministry” (1827). says Saint Marc Girardin himself,* “was perhaps the best attempt made by the Government to liberalize the monarchy of 1814† without the help of the liberals. It is this that the *liberal party* and its chiefs were unable to forgive.”

We will paraphrase that speech, and say that the policy of the *Journal des Débats* in 1829–30 was the best attempt to establish constitutional practices without constitutional institutions, to separate parliamentary from representative government, and to make *Liberalism* a sect, and *Liberals* the members of a close caste whose war-cry should be, “*nul n’aura de l’esprit hors nous et nos amis!*” That the *Journal des Débats*, since it ceased to be the organ of official power, has been one of the two journals which in France represent the enlightened and really *Liberal* portion of the community, is undeniable. For the twelve years extending from 1848 to 1860 the action of the *Journal des Débats* has been an eminently useful one; but these years have been *forcedly* identified with true Liberalism, because employed in the work of opposition to a despotic rule. Up to 1848 the influence of this always ably-written paper tended essentially to narrow the public thought; and now, that it has abdicated all free agency, it only remains for it to be as subservient as the other members of the “inspired” Press. The *Journal des Débats*, however, is a most important subject of study to every one who wishes to procure an accurate account of what the Press in France can, and cannot be. For the twelve years which are but expiring now, the *Journal des Débats* has a right to all our sympathy; for the twenty years preceding those, it has a claim to our utmost and most inquisitive interest. The *Journal des Débats* is the irrefutable record of the political narrow-mindedness of Frenchmen, of their inborn incurable illiberalism, and of their incapacity for appreciating the true, and therefore grand principles, which animate the representative system of Great Britain. We have said, and we repeat, that journalists in France adequately represent the journals in which they write, that the journals are embodied in them, and ac-

quire importance in the eyes of the country for the reason that such and such men write in them. No man more thoroughly or better represents the *Journal des Débats* than M. St. Marc Girardin. He represents it most honourably during its most honourable period, withdrawing from it now that its career ceases to be an independent one; but he represents it also during the time of its shortcomings, and of its self-glorification as the prime supporter of Liberal doctrines. We would not have said this (for we have much respect for M. St. Marc Girardin, and for what he honestly believes himself to be), had he not himself furnished us with the glaring proof of all we have stated. In the volume he published some eighteen months ago, we find a collection of contributions to the *Journal des Débats*, all of which are significant in the highest degree. The *spirit of the Journal* breathes in every line, and we listen to the very words which, some thirty years ago, acted so strongly on the portion of the French community then readiest for enterprise, and lightly encouraged it to so many irretrievable mistakes. Yes! *lightly* did so: we purposely recur to the word, for there lies the worst sign, and there the distinguishing mark between the personal French Press and the impersonal Press of these kingdoms. Where a vital imperial interest should be at stake, and immediately so, it is not saying too much to say that the British Press, as an aggregate body, would treat it gravely: it might commit errors without end, advocate mistaken lines of conduct; but its utmost earnestness would be brought to bear upon the work, because it is really the interpreter of the public thought, and so grand a substantive as our public compels those who talk *with* it of its own affairs to do so seriously. The French Press, talking *to* the community out of doors, and more or less leading it, is never *compelled* to assume this tone or that by a pressure it cannot resist; it goes its own way, wilfully, and has but small remorse for any mischief it may occasion. It is of comparatively slight moment that, a quarter of a century after the commission of the sin, the sinner should exclaim, *meâ culpâ!*—his faults, and the recognition of them, are matters for his own conscience; the circumstance that it concerns us to recognise is, that such public sins could be so easily committed. “I was wrong—I should not do now what I did then,” cries M. de St. Marc Girardin, alluding to the levity of his attacks against M. de Villèle. But the thing to be noted is, that he *could* do at *any* time the wrong he *would* not do now. It is the fact of the *easy* perpetration of a crime against the country that is to be taken into consideration; the fact that a leading organ

* *Souvenirs d’un Journaliste*. By Saint Marc Girardin. Paris, 1859.

† This juxtaposition of the dates 1827 and 1814 demands explanation. The really liberal and just, the *sincerely constitutional* government of Louis XVIII. (1815–1825) stands midway between two deplorably *absolutist* epochs. The so-called “*First Restoration*” (1814) was one mistake from beginning to end; but all trace of its retrograde tendencies vanishes in 1815. In 1827, however, all these tendencies reappear, and the germ of them is visible from the hour of the advent of Charles X. to the throne.

of publicity *could trifle* with the dearest interests of the nation!

"If I were to judge M. de Villèle now," says St. Marc Girardin, "I should assuredly not confine myself to saying, as it was *our habit* to do then, that he was a 'good steward' (*un bon intendant*); I should say that he was *the one man* who, under a monarchy which unhappily tried to retain all its old-fashioned ways, sought the most to imbue it with the spirit of new social conquests. M. de Villèle was a *modern* minister, rather than a liberal one. He cordially liked that representative system that had enabled him to achieve power; and he tried to make his party like it too, though in this, his success was not great. All the men of any distinction in the Royalist camp were attached to representative institutions—Châteaubriand, Martignac, M. de Richelieu, M. de Fitzjames—in short, *all the superiorities*,—but the bulk of the party did not like them; and the King (Charles X.) only accepted them with those reservations of conscience which led him later to the coup d'état of July 1830. The difficulties of M. de Villèle lay then above and below him. He had to combat his own party, who secretly mistrusted him, and the 'Liberals,' who feared his antecedents. Such as M. de Villèle seems to me *now*, I believe he might have been the very minister of that Liberal Chamber that had newly sprung from the late elections. He would have felt more at ease with an assembly moved by the spirit of modern times, than with one animated solely by regrets for the past. But *no one at that period*, nor Chamber nor King, would understand the part that M. de Villèle might have played. . . . The difficulty of finding a cabinet that should mediate between the Crown and the Parliament prolonged M. de Villèle's ministry; and, meanwhile, the Press, charmed with the freedom so recently awarded it, became excessive in its uses of that freedom, and took for its ceaseless occupation that of attacking M. de Villèle's whole policy."

How much is there in this quotation! What a light does it throw upon the self-wrought misfortunes, and not yet self-acknowledged incapacity of France for political life! Mark the several confessions of this very honest and sincere-minded journalist: The minister whom he did his utmost to overthrow was—his later experience tells him—the "one man" who, from his "modern" tendencies, could have reconciled the country and the Court, had he but had fair play; he was a "lover of representative institutions," and tried to make those around him become so too; he would probably—had he met with fair play out of doors—not have been left to fight for his "modern" ideas alone, for "all the superiorities" of the Restoration were sincere constitutionalists, and would have ended by supporting him; he was formed to be "the very minister" who was then needed by France—he had *in himself* more qualifica-

tions for success, in his difficult task, at so difficult a time, than perhaps any other man; yet M. St. Marc Girardin—in the year 1827 a very brilliant writer in the *Journal des Débats*—had (he and "his party" too) a certain trick of always attacking M. de Villèle. It was a sort of "*habit*" with them. No one admits the wrong and the absurdity of the whole thing more frankly than does now St. Marc Girardin himself. But we go further: we do not blame him for what he did in 1827. There was nothing extraordinary in his doing it. He was tempted by his talent, as many another at his age and with his facility might be. There are fewer men than people think, who, were they unchecked by public opinion, would be worthy to be trusted with that mighty weapon, *a pen*,—fewer minds than we suppose awakened to the glorious power but grave responsibilities of written words. In 1827, in the mischievous work of attacking M. de Villèle, M. St. Marc Girardin did, we maintain, what many another young man would have done. We do not blame *him* for his want of political sense, for his shortness of political vision, nor even for the fact that his violent partisanship was *unimpassioned*—no! for nothing of all this do we blame *him*; but we look with terror and amazement at the condition of a Press and of a country in which it was possible for all the harm he did to *be done*. Let any impartial man reflect upon the position, and say whether a similar disaster is conceivable with *us*. Let any one try to imagine to himself the existence of a great *internal danger*, during which (moderation and patience alone being required) the impatient levity, the political insanity of a most *personal Press*, incarnate in some few talented individuals, should plunge the nation into revolution leading to ruin. *The thing could not be*. Suppose any amount of talent in the journalist—suppose a very Shakspeare of journalism;—still it will not do; he would be powerless to shake the columns of the *Times*. No genius he might possess, no fame he might have won, would enable any mere individual *lightly* to imperil the common weal, or, *at a great crisis*, to seduce the public voice into a betrayal of the public belief. No one has felt this more deeply than M. Forcade; and, as far as our knowledge of contemporary France leads us, he is *the only* French journalist who has done so, and who has ever regretted that absence of public opinion which acts as a check on any caprice of journalism. We have no hesitation in affirming M. Forcade to be one of the foremost political philosophers of our day. There is in him—what is so rarely to be found in France—sufficient devotion to a *cause* to make it indifferent to him whether

or not he be known to have furthered it. He has that "unselfish passion" of things, without which it ought not to be permitted to any man to call himself a politician. From among fifty or sixty of those famous "*Chroniques Politiques*" of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which the least that can be said is, that they are *State papers* of the rarest excellence, we will extract the following, because it goes straight to the very point of our own argument, and comes in support of our own theories upon the causes of the superiority of the British Press as an institution. The date is March 1859, three months after the Emperor's warlike speech to the Austrian minister, and six weeks before the outbreak of the Italian war.

"At the point of ripeness now reached by the European crisis,"—says M. Forcade—"we can no longer disguise our anxiety. Is it the fear of war that makes us anxious? No! Were the war proved to be a just one, we should not fear it; neither have we any systematic desire that a great nation should always elude the glorious but heavy responsibilities of war. Let the question of peace and war be discussed by Europe, however we may lament, we will not fear it. But what causes our deep anxiety, our deep emotion, is the state of public opinion in France, the state of the public mind at home, whilst abroad there is being discussed, in the country's name—and for her interest it is said—so complex, so vast a question; a question so bound up with all her past and all her future, and the settlement of which may modify the whole aspect assumed by European civilisation during the last forty years. What causes our anxiety is the ignorance and indifference of France, the little information and little care she has about the motives which are to plunge her suddenly into the solution of this terrific problem. Why to-day rather than yesterday? What knows she of that? Alas! within the last two months, how often have we indulged in a bitter smile at the hesitation and the inconsistencies of opinion out of doors! and now, how sincerely we repent having done so! It was no subject for irony; it was the very depths of our truest patriotism that should have been touched by such a sight. In our mind, the state of public opinion, as shown in France on the question of peace or war, should excite the utmost attention of all political men. What is termed 'opinion' out of doors allows it to be supposed that it has vague tendencies in favour of peace, simply because it is uninformed upon the real causes of war. Opinion with us is resolved, or determined, or nothing; for on nothing has it come to a definite conclusion. And how is such a conclusion to be reached, where no serious discussion is tolerated? Public opinion has recently been called the 'sixth great power in Europe.' A mighty honour truly! But how does it stand with us? and what is a great power deprived of knowledge and initiatory will, and which, instead of taking high resolves, and holding to them, is reduced to let the whole world see the ever

varying impression made upon it, not even by real facts, but by those puerile, ridiculous, dangerous imitations of truth, which haunt the national imagination under the shape of rumours and reports! If indeed, this famous 'sixth power' exists, it is elsewhere, and is not personified by public opinion here. . . . We believe this absence of general interest in what concerns the general weal to be a source of embarrassment even to the Government; and we find our belief confirmed by the language of the State itself, when on various occasions it warns the public mind against the over-credulous adoption of fables, invented to lead it astray. The evil must be great that makes a Government allude to it thus. But what is its cause? We believe this moral infirmity under which we are suffering, under which all high-toned spirits must suffer, to be an effect, a consequence:—the consequence of the extinction of the mental activity of the nation, the effect of the prostration of the national will. But by whatever cause generated, what has been produced is a Press that prefers retailing second-hand news to discussing lofty systems,—a public opinion without knowledge, courage, or coherence—a sort of general moral paralysis."

Of course, the particular application made by M. Forcade of his theories is, that were freedom of the Tribune and of the Press restored to France, public spirit would start to life, and a genuine public opinion find its adequate expression in the Press. We will not dispute this with him, although we have proved, as we think, how, when France was in the enjoyment of every freedom, both the public and the Press failed in their duties to themselves and to each other. What we have chiefly sought in the above quoted passage, is the confirmation by a French writer of great weight, of our own statement touching the absence of any intimate union between the Press and the public in France, and the inevitable inferiority entailed thereby upon the Press as an institution. Recurring to our assertion of the superiority, in the continental Press, of the journalist to the journal, we find, in the lines we have just translated, a mark of the incontestable superiority of M. Forcade over other French journalists. He, alone of them all (and we purposely remind our readers that we are treating of French journalism when it was free), admits the necessity of the great checking power; invokes the aid of the public to control the Press, to compel it to be true; and shows a really patriotic, a really philosophical sense of the vanity of the journalist's mission as a dictator to the public thought, and of his immense importance as a faithful exponent of it.

We should widely exceed our limits if we were to seek in M. Forcade's pages for examples of his merit as a political writer. We might refer the reader to every one of

his "*Chroniques Politiques*." But it is not for this that he appears to us so remarkable among his own countrymen: it is for having so perfectly just a conception of what a journalist's sphere of activity is, and of what are the proper relations between the public and the Press. In our opinion, M. Forcade stands far higher as a political polemic than M. Saint Marc Girardin; but that is a matter of opinion, and others may differ from us—we should not the least mind if they did so: we attach no importance to the fact of M. Forcade's bi-monthly pamphlets (for such they are) being models of style and of high thought upon the highest matters; but what we *do* attach importance to is, that he *sees* things as few Frenchmen see them; that his perceptions are straight where theirs are crooked; and that, if only a dozen men in France had held firmly the opinions he holds, journalism could not have worked the evil it has worked there, nor could the French be the "sons of newspapers" (to use *Eöthen's* famous words) which they are. It is a question of principle on which he stands, not of practice. In mere practice, he might, for instance, have committed the faults committed in 1827 by St. Marc Girardin, and have lightly written on the gravest subjects; but his principle is so to raise the condition of the Press, so as to modify its juxtaposition to the public, that such faults should become of impossible commission. His tendency is to call into life the great checking power—to create, to educate public opinion, to force it into self-development: the co-existence with it of a Press that is its interpreter is an immediate and inevitable consequence; as is also, naturally, the subordination of the journalist to the journal. It is *for perceiving these truths*, and vindicating them untiringly, that M. Forcade, in our mind, stands alone in France. He is catholic-minded in a country where, under let what will be the existent form of government, everything is animated by the narrowest spirit of exclusivism—he is that rarest of all political nature's products, *a true Liberal*.

As an organ of publicity, we will at once say that we place the *Revue des Deux Mondes* higher than any other in France,—far higher even than the *Journal des Débats* at its best and freest period. We do so, because we look upon the influence of the *Revue* as so very much more elevating than that of the *Débats*,—so very much better calculated to enlarge the public thought, and guide it towards the study of the one master-problem of self-government. Still, even the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, if considered as the representative of a vast institution, falls far short of what we can point to

in these kingdoms.—the *Times*, for instance. Nor has the difference of the form of publication by any means as much to do with this inferiority as might be supposed: modify very slightly the composition of one or two of its habitual articles and spread them all out over the eight pages, the forty-eight daily columns of the *Times*, and there will not be found any very great obstacle to the process being repeated every day; and, on the other hand, file the "*Leviathan*" for a fortnight (when Parliament is *not* sitting), and it will be seen that, with the exception of certain special articles, nearly every paper of any importance will bear reading as well as at the moment of its original publication. There is then no fundamental reason that should prevent our drawing a comparison between the two; for the influence they exercise is of the same species, whatever may be the difference of the form under which it works.

We are disposed to think that people in Great Britain very commonly underrate the usefulness of such a newspaper as the *Times*. We choose it as our example for more than one reason: first, on account of its enormous circulation; next, because of its perfect independence of parties; and lastly, because it is even here, in our own nation, quite *sui generis*, and has its like nowhere.

For want of the great, self-recognised, substantive public we have already spoken of, the *Times* never could exist abroad. It is thoroughly and exclusively British; for it is really and truly the expression of the public thought, whether temporary or permanent. Perhaps the very defects of the *Times* prove even more than its merits, its indissoluble oneness with the public. How perpetually, here at home, do we hear the *Times* abused for its vacillating policy, for its shiftings and changings, for its miserable uncertainty of purpose, and for its shamelessly sudden conversions! And as for the abhorrence in which it is held in the continental world, the violence of it would make us smile. But upon what does all this blame—amply merited for the most part—bear? Why, chiefly on the foreign policy of the *Times*. Now we are not by any means certain that, if the average of all tolerably well-educated Britons were taken, and if they were told to talk authoritatively upon foreign politics once in every twenty-four hours, they would not make just as many mistakes and talk just as much nonsense as does the *Times*. We firmly believe they would. It is the *one* point on which the British people knows the least, and on which the peoples of the Continent know the most; therefore they are not fairly matched. The superiority of the *Times* lies

in the fidelity with which it utters British thoughts,—in the *immediateness* with which the nation speaks through it, as with its own voice. But when it comes to treat of questions upon which *it is in the very essence of the British nature to be ignorant or deceived*, then it ceases, as it were, to speak for, or even to *be*, itself, and is led away by a sentiment, or dictated to by a party; and, as an inevitable consequence, becomes silly, unreliable, and often mischievously wrong. But what, we would ask, must be the intrinsic worth of a paper whose importance resists such repeated proofs of inferiority on one point? Any one of the mistakes committed daily by the *Times* would cost a political journal its reputation on the Continent; yet if the *Times* were to commit still worse blunders, its influence would not be diminished thereby, for the simple reason that its influence does not rest upon the ground on which its inferiority is shown. Take the *Times* where *it is itself*, and see what its genuine value is there.

We have said that it would be perfectly possible to read once a fortnight the back numbers of the *Times*; which, be it remarked, is the greatest praise that can be given to a daily print: we will add, that it would be perfectly impossible to subject any other daily paper in the whole world to the same ordeal. Why is this? Because, in the treatment of all *home* questions, the *Times* takes a high moral tone; chooses for the bases of its arguments broad, solid, permanent truths, that are proof against the action of time or fashion; expresses the *latent* thought of the whole public (which is always a generous one); and appeals from the nation to its better, nobler, but *more hidden* self,—fulfilling thus, as we said in our opening pages, the real office of the Press: that, namely, of being the nation's conscience. We would almost go the length of challenging any one to show, that for many years past, the *Times* has been unfaithful to these high duties. We again and again invite attention to the wide difference between the treatment of foreign subjects by this monster organ of publicity, and its treatment of home questions. We condemn it altogether as regards the former, looking upon it as inferior to even second rate journals on the Continent,—as ignorant, one-sided, unreliable, unsafe; but we affirm, that whenever the great *social and moral* interests of the British people are involved, whenever their internal development and their intrinsic worth are at stake, the *Times* makes no mistakes; and at any distance of time those who re-read what it *has said*, will be the better for it. This comes not only from the fact of the oneness

of the journal with the public, but from the constantly elevated idea of itself with which the public inspires the journal. The *Times* acts upon a very proper avoidance of two great, and generally adopted errors: belief in the materialism of the age, and of the degeneracy of the race. It virtually admits (for it *acts* on the admission), that the materialistic signs of the present wondrous age are mere appearances, the chief wonder of all the age's wonders lying in the *immateriality* of their causes. This a material age!—when, granted a breath of vapour, a flash of fire, an electric touch, and a new world *is!* Why, it is so directly the reverse of material, that it is *the* age that has gifted matter with a soul. And the two things go together: in *such* an age, the race that truly appreciates its gains cannot be degenerate. Most men are, in reality, nobler than they think; and it will be found that the invincible cause of the superiority of the organ we are speaking of—the cause, in honour of which all its other shortcomings are forgiven—is its indestructible belief in the utmost amount of nobility in the British race. Let any one take the trouble to study the line adopted by the *Times* when a question of public morality is at stake: we will take any of the questions that have arisen within the last two or three years,—the release of the prisoners from Winchester gaol—the case of Dr. Smethurst—the “*exclusive*” fête at Cremorne—Admiral Hope in the Peiho—the Field Lane Refugees—Sarah Dyer—the Catholics in Canada—the visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States—the Road child murder—the *Premier's* visit to the ragged schools,—these, and a hundred others of a similar nature;—and we unhesitatingly affirm, that the line followed by the *Times* has been bold, and eminently *unconventional*—far more than *strictly* moral, *loftily* so; and that any one studying it will be the better for so doing. On any and all of these occasions, the *Times*, thoroughly *one* with the public, has appealed to that public's higher sense, to its *superior self*, and has only helped to achieve such vast results because of its unshakeable faith in the greatness of the British race.

No more convincing proof of what we here advance can be found than in the Volunteer Movement. The superficial aspect of public opinion would have induced a belief in the degeneracy of the British race; Manchester, by its “school,” had preached itself into the notion that the so-called *positivism* of the age was to crush all more chivalrous aspirations; that men were to live only to trade, and that no amount of injustice or of wrong was henceforth to arouse

generous indignation, or imperil the gross, sensual enjoyments of the "peace-at-all-price" system. Superficially, the public connived at all this,—there is no denying it,—and great is the credit due to the *Times* for having felt that at bottom the public knew better, and for having been the awakener of the national conscience. The reasoning process was simply the following: "The men who advocate all this 'base abandonment' are *not* British; their one distinguishing characteristic is their total want of a spark of British feeling; therefore, if Britain still *be* Britain, she will arise and throw off these traitors to her fame." The thing was tried, did not at first succeed, but succeeded in the end; because they were right who refused to believe in Britain's degeneracy, who *trusted* her in spite of all outward seeming, and who, resolutely appealing to her own true self, called up that self in all its grandeur from beneath the mass of sordidness and falsehood under which an attempt had been made to stifle it. There is no denying the extent of the service done, nor the manner of its doing, nor to whom the deed is mainly attributable. That such a thing would be impossible abroad, is to be ascribed much less to the importance of the *Times* than to the inferiority of the Press in continental countries; to the circumstance of its *not* deriving its power from its *oneness* with the public, or from its being the medium through which the public thought is expressed.

Another mark of the superiority of the *Times* is to be found in its own prompt assumption of the weighty responsibilities laid upon it. When a power—vested whether in a man or an institution—makes a declaration of readiness to answer for stupendous results, it either really *is* answerable for them, or its vain assertions are blown to the winds by the explosion of universal ridicule. Lord Palmerston, lately, at Romsey,* celebrated the Press as "one of the wonders of civilisation," and as "an institution to which the progress of all civilisation and the interests of our own country are boundlessly indebted." The *Times* proudly asserted its right of returning thanks in the name of the "enormous power;" † and, two days afterwards, said, that "having some claim to represent this element in human affairs," it congratulated its "countrymen on the frank admission of its importance." Now, let any impartial reader say whether a similar piece of self-assertion would be tolerated, or could be attempted by any other organ of publicity in the United Kingdom. None other would

attempt it; but did any other do so, we all know what would be its fate. Yet this can be done by what those who hate it most join in denominating the "Leading Journal;" and that it can be so, is the fact we wish our readers to see in its true light. "Those who hate it most!" are the words we have just used: why, there are actually but few people who do not "hate" the *Times*; yet who does not see that this in no way diminishes, but only proclaims, its power?

Standing so widely apart as it does from the continental Press, there is, however, one organ of publicity in Germany which, in this one particular respect, may be said to resemble the *Times*; and it is for that reason we have chosen it as the fittest representative of German journalism. We allude to the *Allgemeine Augsburger Zeitung*, known to us under the name of the *Augsburg Gazette*. The distinguishing feature of this very remarkable paper seems to us to be, that in common with the *Times*, but with no other that we know of, it is read by its enemies. Other newspapers, all over the world, are chiefly read and mainly supported by those with whose opinions they agree. The *Times* and the *Augsburg Gazette* alone are read by those whose opinions are *not* the same as theirs. Germany is morally split up into as many theories as she is geographically into States. Not only does a Prussian read the Prussian papers specially, a Bavarian those of Munich or Nuremberg, and an Austrian those of Vienna, Prague, or Pesth, but a Radical from the south reads the *Gazette de Cologne*, as a high Tory from Baden or Stuttgart rejoices over the *Berlin Gazette de la Croix*; each finding therein the echo of his own individual opinion, the confirmation of his own particular creed. But, just as the Conservative country gentleman with us takes in the *Morning Herald* or *Press* for his own comfort, but *must* take in the *Times* in order to "know what is going on;" and as the "Advanced Liberal" reads the *Daily News* for his pleasure, grumblingly recurring to *The Thunderer* for his information,—just so, the Prussian Pietist, the Leipsicker Free-thinker, the Rhineland Socialist, the Hungarian Historic-policy partisan, or the Viennese Constitutionalist (or Absolutist as the case may be), after they have, each of them severally, revelled in the perusal of the narrow-minded exclusive prints, in which their own individual form of narrowness is reflected, just so, we say, do they turn to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* "to see what is going on." They don't read it because they *like* it, but because the reading of it is a necessity, and the non-reading of it would entail inferiority.

* Speech at Romsey, November 6, 1859.

† Leading article of 22d November, 1859.

This is the one point on which the *Augsburg Gazette* resembles the *Times*. For the rest, it shares with all its continental brethren the condition which separates them from the British Press. It is the work of a man, not the result of a demand for adequate utterance by the public thought.

This difference between the British nation and the other nations of Europe will be found everywhere. Abroad, a sovereign grants a constitution, framed by his ministers, to subjects who are to adapt themselves to its provisions as well as they can. In these Islands all institutions are the mere product of the growth of the people, who, outgrowing certain governmental forms, cast them aside, or let them drop. With us the capacity of the governed is on a par with that of the governors; and so, with the Press: the public who is to be spoken to, is in every sense the equal of the speakers to whom it is to listen. The public calls certain journalistic forces into life. It wants them, and they are never slow to come forth. But it is the consumer who is in advance of the supplier.

“The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread,”

as Tennyson truly remarks; but the “diffusive thought” is pre-existent to the expression of it, and it has both “worked and spread” before it has compelled itself into any definite form.

This is to be noted only in Great Britain. Most luckily for the German public, a man of vast intellectual superiority, of indomitable energy, of largely liberal views, and of a singularly varied education, determined to try if it were not possible so to modify the spirit and tendencies of an organ of German publicity, as to give it somewhat of the breadth and catholic-mindedness of a journal like the *Times*; to disengage it from the trammels of localism and party, and force it to become, at all events up to a certain point, the expression of the public thought, where the public thought was independently exercised. The journal was the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; the man was Hermann Orgès, famous enough in Germany, north and south, but comparatively little known, we suppose, to British readers. When M. Orgès came to have a share in the direction of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (some eight or ten years ago, if we are not mistaken), nothing distinguished that paper from its other German contemporaries, unless it might be its venerability as one of the stiffest representatives of the old Treaty-of-Vienna school, and every now and then, the insertion in its columns of a clever literary article. As to politics, it was “pigtail” all over, and therefore incapable of expressing what was latent

in the mind of the rising generation anywhere. But Hermann Orgès was of the “rising generation;” and when he came to have a voice in the guidance of its destinies, the *Augsburg Gazette* underwent a thorough transformation, cast its pigtail, and began to live the life of our nineteenth century.

What has made the change radical and enduring is less even the talent and eloquence of Orgès, than his character as a man—a character formed by out-of-doors experience, and moulded by action into something very different from what the usual German character is. By birth a Prussian, and a Protestant, Hermann Orgès began life, as do most Prussians, in the army. After having served as an artillery officer with distinction, he retired, and entered the navy. His existence as a sailor carried him round the world, from east to west, and north to south.* Hence the wide range of subjects he is competent to treat; his familiarity with all commercial problems; his profound knowledge of certain special questions, such as that of the condition of the Ottoman Empire, for instance, or the French dominion in Africa, or the Suez Canal; and hence, too, the strongly practical, business-like mode of dealing with political combinations, no matter of what species, which distinguish the writings of Orgès from those of any German publicist that we know of.

Old Blaise de Montluc, the sturdiest soldier of France under the Valois race, had a notion of the kind of man whom we want to make better known to the British public; and he was bitterly opposed to any one chronicling events if he had not been largely mixed up with them. Those, he said, who had “fought and lived” could best write; but of all who wrote of men and things from a distance, as it were, he had a strong suspicion, which he expressed by saying, “*cela sent toujours son clerc!*” Here is the universal defect of German political journalists—“*cela sent toujours son clerc!*” nor is it that alone—it is not the mere scribe you are sure to stumble against, it is the pedant; not the man of words merely, but the man of formulas; the *Herr Professor*, whose very inmost soul wears spectacles, and

* Hermann Orgès entered the Prussian army in 1838, having been educated at the *Artillery College* of Berlin. He left it in 1848, with the grade of first lieutenant of artillery. The formation of a German fleet had been decreed by the Parliament of Frankfurt, and Orgès repaired to Hamburg, entered the school of navigation there, and after a few months' preparatory study, in 1849 started on a voyage round the world, which lasted upwards of eighteen months. In the spring of 1851, the German fleet was disbanded, and the ships sold. From 1851 to 1853, Orgès employed his time in travelling over Europe, and in visiting the East. In 1853 he entered on his present position at Augsburg.

whose perceptions are "bemossed," as the bewildered student of the "Second Faust" expresses it. These would-be deep thinkers, who mistake darkness for depth, and fancy whatever is unreal must be grand; these insane theorists, who, like Goethe's hero, have studied

"Philosophie
Juristerei und Medicin,"

only, unlike him, have not found out that it all left them "as wise as heretofore;"—these are the men who have driven to despair the few genuine *statesmen* in whom Germany has rejoiced, and who have well-nigh made it seem impossible that active, healthy, political journalism should ever exist in Germany. Against this school of hair-splitters and cobweb-weavers—for whom assuredly, old Montluc would, with his primitive habits, have provided nothing less than the stake—Hermann Orgès stands out in sharp relief. There is in him nothing that "savours of the scribe," and in every line of his rapid, concise, short-sentenced prose, you feel the steady, sincere impulse of a man who would rather be doing what he is talking of, if he could, than talking of it; as if, after all, at this time, high, earnest, vigorous talk were not the best, nay, the only means of rousing Germany to action. The glorious uprising of 1813 was "sung in" by Arndt, Körner, and a few others. What these "*Lieder*" were to the more lyrical-minded patriots of that time, the prose-appeals of Orgès in the *Allgemeine* may well lay claim to be, to his more sober-minded countrymen at this day. He has been warring on resolutely now for six or seven years, to force the Germans into something like public life, to drive them into being, in a political sense, a public. No one out of Britain acknowledges as he does the vast advantages of so thoroughly impersonal a press as ours; perhaps in Britain no one takes the trouble to analyse these advantages so minutely. He scarcely allows a day to pass without warning his countrymen of the dangers that threaten them, and without showing them what they must themselves do to overcome them.

"There was actually a period of time," says Orgès in one of his earnest articles, "when the moral and political condition of the German people was so seemingly hopeless, that the very best strength of the race sought to escape the trammels of any nationality at all, and to lose itself in the anonymous life of general civilization only. Germans were not Germans, but only members of the human family! Now, up to a certain point, let us be lenient to this tendency, for it shows one of the highest aspirations of the Teutonic nature—it is one of the strongest proofs of its capacity of devotion to an idea, to an unselfish aim; but in real life, and in political life above all, the power of a tendency is best mea-

sured by what limits and defines it. A great race, to become a great State, must be selfish; that is, it must concentrate its energies upon the achievement of certain definite ends, which are in some shape identified with its interests. Without strong self-reliance, no man is of use to other men; without the strong habit of believing in its own resources, in its own individual self, no nation is of use to other nations, or of value as an ally. However it may look upon itself as charged with higher destinies in the dim future, no race can attain to greatness, save by the utmost development of its own purely national forces—its individuality is the root of all its power. Look where we may, we find Germans helping foreign nations to do things which are distinct from German interests: three-fourths of the soldiers in the 'foreign legions' of every State are Germans, and the half of all the professors, and of the artisans. Here they are fighting, teaching, working for strangers! It is a false state of things, and must cease, if Germans intend to be a self-subsistent race, determined to, and capable of repelling, attacks from without. In British India we find Germans without end, receiving pay for military service. How easy would you find it to raise a British legion abroad? There lies the example; we must follow it. GERMAN interests must be dearer to us than those of England in Hindostan, or of France in Algeria, or of any other foreign State whatever; we must, if we would exercise influence out of doors, be first an object of importance to ourselves at home."

This has been the one chief aim of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* ever since Orgès has aided in the guidance of the journal; and it has certainly contributed much to the present movement throughout the German family in all its branches—a movement of which, some eighteen months ago, an illustrious French statesman said, "*à force d'être une race ces Allemands sont un État!*"

Now, here again, as with M. Forcade, we find the journalist superior to the journal, and, up to a certain point, we have to note the same endeavour to bring the two upon a more equal footing. Forcade labours to awaken public opinion, Orgès strives to create a public; but both are truthfully and generously devoted to the work of evoking a force which, if it fully existed, must necessarily diminish their individual importance. This strong sense of a political duty so patriotically performed separates the two writers we refer to from the large majority of their brethren in either country, whose habit it mostly is to be anything rather than self-sacrificing. But, in the one instance as in the other, the subordination of the journal is accomplished. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* would relapse into a merely literary periodical without its "*Chronique Politique*;" it would still be first-rate in a literary point of view, but its political value is identified with

Forcade. And as to what the *Allgemeine Zeitung* would become were Orgès to withdraw from it, it would be hard to say. The best evidence is to be found in the disappointment of its readers on the days when the well-known signs which reveal his ever ready co-operation are absent from its columns.* If the talent and strong political sense, the energy and the self-abnegation, may be said to be equal in the two writers we have chosen as types of continental journalism at the present day, the field on which they have to exercise them is a very different one. In France there is a sort of public, though no public opinion; it is a dormant public, one that cares not to awaken from its slumbers, that neither takes its own part nor any part in the great human struggles of the age, but that has quite a definite notion of what it wants to have said to it; and it circumscribes virtually the labours of even so distinguished a writer as M. Forcade, who regretfully exclaims, † “When a powerful country like France will persist in concentrating all its mental activity upon foreign politics only, how can any other nation be at ease!” He sees the evil, he sees the inferiority it entails, he sorely laments over the want of “all mental activity in home affairs;” but what he must do is laid out before him: he knows it, and he does it incomparably. He must write on foreign politics, and lead the so-called “public,” who will not take the trouble to form its own opinion; to this he resigns himself, and his political essays are, as we have already said, excellent staple-papers. With Orgès, the position is different: it being necessary actually to call a public into existence, a greater variety of interests have to be appealed to, a wider range of chords have to be touched. Whatever can force a manifestation of collective life from Germans—as Germans, and not as Prussians, Austrians, Bavarians, or Saxons—falls within the sphere of activity of Hermann Orgès; and the consequence is, that you find him for ever bringing his world-wide experience as a man to bear upon the requirements of his calling as a journalist. At one moment you will have him contrasting the vast interests of Europe (in which naturally the possessors of the Adriatic and Baltic coasts have an equal share) with the particular interests or cravings of France; at another, he will compel attention to the necessity for railroads without end, because these, without asking for let or leave, throw their net over anta-

gonistic populations, strangling local rivalries, and promoting general good-will through the cheering influences of a wealth-insuring internal trade. His perfect mastery of nearly a dozen languages makes him familiar with the literature of many nations, as his travels have made him so with the nations themselves; and he will seek the example he needs in what such a man did, or in what such another thought. His object is to force his countrymen into *thinking, together*, and to this every hour is given up. He will leave no one subject untouched on which public thought can be aroused; he will, when he has explained the aims of Imperial France in the affair of the Suez Canal, enter into minute details upon her cavalry organization; he will show the moral supremacy of kindred England everywhere, and prove how it derives from her intense internal life; he will vary free trade with the arts, and naval gunnery with a tribute to the memory of Humboldt, and be everywhere first-rate, because everywhere prompted by the same purpose. When the treaty of Villa Franca is signed, and the entire south of Germany (ignorant of the noble reply already given by Francis Joseph to Bonaparteian temptations) is smarting under the idea of having been abandoned by the north, Orgès, who sees the danger, is the very first to cry—“No rancour! union amongst all!” And the cry is heard. *Union!* there is his watchword—union everywhere. On the occasion of the *Schiller Fest*, he calls upon all to recognise the oneness of German intellect; on the anniversary of the death of Queen Louisa of Prussia, he abjures all to honour the oneness of German patriotism in the hour of need, and to do undivided homage to the high-hearted woman who to the last said, “Desperate resistance alone can save us.”

What Orgès has achieved is very considerable; what he attempts is almost beyond the possible achievement of one man. But that word again stops us. What we have told our readers of him vouches for his very remarkable exploits on the field of journalism, but does not prove any increased development in the life of political journalism itself in Germany. Journalism remains where it was on the Continent,—subservient, namely, to journalists, and identified with them. The great public voice is no nearer than it was to making itself heard. In order to make still clearer the superiority of Britain in this respect, let the following words be studied:—

“It was an article in the *Edinburgh* (in 1840) which made Clive’s reputation, by a modern expression of an ancient truth—now, as of old, a sacred pen was required to rescue brave deeds from the night of oblivion: but it was no longer

* The sign in the *Allgemeine* is pre-fixed to the article. The two signs whereby M. Orgès is known are, as we have been informed, the letter *h* and three stars placed thus $\frac{h}{***}$.

† *Review*, 15th November, 1860.

by the old vehicle that the work was performed. It was not a poem, not an epic, not a rhapsody, which raised Olive from obscurity, and set him on the pedestal of fame. The work was done by an article in the periodical press. That was the poem of the nineteenth century, and no song of bard ever answered its purpose better. The fact deserves careful note, *for it is full of meaning*. The power of the press is insensibly expanding, day after day, until it will suffice to embrace every province of thought. This is undoubtedly a revolution, but it is accomplished. The position of the press is the result of gravitation alone, the natural product of circumstances and events; and it is the duty of all to turn to the best account an instrument of such unexampled power."

These lines are taken from one of those nameless *leaders* in the *Times*,* whose eloquence lies in their being true to the public thought, and which are coupled with the fame of no one individual thinker.

According to the proportion in which the public thought is truly and anonymously expressed by the journals of any country, the public of that country has acquired the habit of thinking for itself. The following result, therefore, of a very minute and (we hope) conscientious study of the press and of public opinion in the three great European countries, ought to surprise no one:—Whilst on the continent we find journalists, in Britain we find an impersonal press; on the one hand, we have such leading spirits as Forcade and Orgès; on the other, such an organ as the *Times*.

ART. VIII.—1. *Home Ballads and Poems*.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1860.

2. *Poems*. By the Author of "The Patience of Hope." Strahan and Co. Edinburgh, 1861.

3. *The Worn Wedding Ring, and other Poems*. By W. C. BENNETT. London: Chapman and Hall.

It is with our poetry as with our friends and wine, the longer we live, the more inclined are we to murmur over the new—"the old is better." We don't say absolutely better, but better to us—the old agrees better with us. One result of this taste of ours is an unwillingness, not quite reasonable, to read new poems, or to acknowledge the rise of new poets, or, indeed, new any things,—even planets; we stick to our old ones, beginning with Mercury, and ending with Georgium Sidus. Doubtless, poetry is perpetual, as are

* *Times*, 21st January, 1860.

flowers and stars; but we like the stars because they are old, and we think a rose, and a lily, and a violet, more beautiful than any new flowers we have seen since we first saw them. Of course, by this old fashioned way of dealing, we are constantly doing others and ourselves injustice, as in the case of the author of "Home Ballads." Mr. Whittier is a true poet, has a note of his own, as native and wild as is that of a linnet or a mavis. He is not one of the many clever writers of verses now-a-days, who are so, because somebody else wrote before them—clever mocking-birds, who have no song of their own, and can mimic any one else's. He sings because he cannot help it. It is his way of uttering himself; and, after all, this musicalness of thought and word is quite as much an essential element of poetry, as the philosophy, and theology, and general omniscience, which, in our day, seem to be its chief ingredients; indeed, to our tastes, we would much rather have this one without the others, than all the others without this one. Therefore we welcome heartily this genuine songster, and take some blame to ourselves—and much comfort too—when we see there is so much more of his we have yet to enjoy.

The best poems in this volume are the least ambitious. We like "The Witch's Daughter," a story as beautiful and touching as Mabel Martin's face was when "she sat apart," and as strong and cordial as Esek Harden's arm and voice, when

"So pleasantly the harvest moon,
Between the shadows of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm
boughs!

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;
And the wind whispered, 'It is well!'"

We like this, and "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "Telling the Bees," "My Playmate," and "The Red River Voyageur," better than "The Shadow and the Light," "Trinitas," and "The Preacher," though all these are full not only of power but of poetry. We wish he had let "The Pipes at Lucknow" alone, the less said about them the better: there is more of sound than of sense, for instance, in this, as well as in them—

"Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seeing,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call:
'Hark! hear ye no MacGregor's,—
The grandest o' them all!'"

This is nearly as distressing as hearing the bagpipes themselves in a room. They should

be heard in the Highlands, in the evening, and in the next glen; and Professors Aytoun and Blackie should be left to sing their praises.

But let us delight our readers, as we did ourselves, by a poem as truly native and inimitable as "Lochaber no more" or "Wae's me for Prince Charlie." We confess to having broken down more than once when reading it aloud. This is the best of all tests of poetry, does it move? does it "tirl the heartstrings a' to the life?" as Burns said and did; poetry that doesn't do this, is as little worth as a novel that doesn't divert.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

"Out and in, the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearily blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one foot on the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!"

Is not this a bright, consummate flower?
It fulfils its end, no less and no more; and though we cannot tell how to do it—as little, probably, as Mr. Whittier himself could—we may consider it, how it grows, how it gently and exactly answers its idea. First comes matter of fact—a bit of nature, the "long, red chain"—and then the first touch of human life, "the wild Assiniboins,"—just the very word. Then the feeling of the place, cold and dreary; you would be sorry for any one there; and instantly you are sorry for the "eyes that look" and "the hands that row"—then darkness is added and fear—then the sound is heard graduating, till

"The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace."

Then safety, light, warmth, food, sleep, peace;
—now springs up the reflex and deeper thought, ending in

"Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!"

We take leave to say, there is more of the aroma, more of the essence of true poetry in this song, than in all Festus, or in the last and worst half of Aurora Leigh.

Such of our readers,—a fast increasing number,—as have read and enjoyed "The Patience of Hope,"—listening to the gifted nature which through such deep and subtle thought, and through affection and godliness still deeper and more quick, has charmed and soothed them, will not be surprised to learn that she is not only poetical, but, what is more, a poet, and one as true as George Herbert and Henry Vaughan, or our own Cowper; for, with all our admiration of the searching, fearless speculation, the wonderful power of speaking clearly upon dark and all but unspeakable subjects, the rich outcome of "thoughts that wander through eternity," which increases every time we take up that wonderful little book, we confess we were surprised at the kind and the amount of true poetic *vis* in these poems, from the same fine and strong hand. There is a personality and immediateness, a sort of sacredness and privacy, as if they were overheard rather than read, which gives to these remarkable productions a charm and a flavour all their own. With no effort, no consciousness of any end but that of uttering the inmost thoughts and desires of the heart, they flow out as clear, as living, as gladdening as the wayside well, coming from out the darkness of the central depths, filtered into purity by time and travel. The waters are copious, sometimes to over-

flowing; but they are always limpid and unforced, singing their own quiet tune, not saddening, though sometimes sad, and their darkness not that of obscurity but of depth, like that of the deep sea.

This is not a book to criticise or speak about, and we give no extracts from the longer, and, in this case we think, the better poems. We advise our readers to possess the book, and get the joy and the surprise of so much real thought and feeling, on all that is best worth the one and the other. In reading this *Cardiphonia* set to music, we have been often reminded not only of Herbert and Vaughan, but of Keble, a likeness of the spirit not of the letter; for, if there is any one poet who has given a bent to her mind, it is Wordsworth,—the greatest of all our century's poets, both in himself and in his power of making poets. *Pax in Novissimo* will illustrate what we say about Keble; but we will not allow ourselves to wander farther. We give the following, because they are short. They are taken at random from the lesser poems:—

"ASCENDING.

"They who from mountain peaks have gazed upon

The wide illimitable heavens, have said,
That still receding as they climbed, outspread,

The blue vault deepens over them, and one
By one drawn further back, each starry sun
Shoots down a feebler splendour overhead?
So, Saviour! as our mounting spirits, led
Along Faith's living way to Thee, have won
A nearer access, up the difficult track

Still pressing, on that rarer atmosphere,
When low beneath us flits the clondy rack,
We see Thee drawn within a widening
sphere

Of glory, from us further, further back,—
Yet is it then because we are more *near*."

"QUI SAIT AIMER, SAIT MOURIR.

"I burn my soul away!"

So spake the Rose and smiled; 'within my
cup

All day the sunbeams fall in flame,—all day
They drink my sweetness up!

'I sigh my soul away!'

The lily said; 'all night the moonbeams pale
Steal round and round me, whispering in their
play

An all too tender tale!

'I give my soul away!'

The Violet said; 'the West wind wanders on,
The North wind comes; I know not what they
say,

And yet my soul is gone!

Oh, Poet, burn away

Thy fervent soul! fond Lover at the feet
Of her thou lovest, sigh! dear Christian,
pray,—
And let the world be sweet!"

This is as bright, as definite, as expressive
as the flowers themselves.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD: A LOVER'S
DREAM.

"So dreaming sad and true,
He dreamed he saw two outcast children
rove;
Oft had he nursed them fondly, so he knew
Their faces—Hope and Love!

And ever farther North—

Such heavy doom lay on them through some
sin;
And sorrow not their own—they wandered
forth,
And none did take them in.

The wild wind round them strewed
Brown whirling leaves, and sighed amid its
play,
While ever deeper in the wintry wood
Their small feet went astray.

Yet smiling as they sung
Their little songs, they held each other's
hand,
And cheered each other onwards in a tongue
None else might understand.

They fed each other kind—
For slender food these gentle Babes require—
With here and there a berry, left behind
On ragged thorn or brier.

And closer as the dew
Fell dank, unto each other's side they crept;
And closer, closer to each other drew
For warmth before they slept;

For by some law, these two
Together born, together linked for aye,
Could only die together; so they knew
What time their hour drew nigh.

And oft amid the chill
They woke and listened for each other's
breath,
And felt a pulse beat feebly; all was still,
And yet it was not Death!

'Still, Brother, thou art warm,'
They whispered to each other; till its fold
Relaxing languidly, each little arm
Grew stiff, and both were cold.

No pious Robins there
Brought leaves; but smitten with a late
remorse,
A pitying Spirit of the upper air
Wept kind above each corse;

And from undying bowers

Shook on those children, buried in the snow,
Sweet buds and blossoms of the very flowers
They played with long ago!"

We are childish enough to feel "queer" when reading this. As Sancho, at that wonderful dinner, where he got everything but his dinner, shouted out in hunger and despair, "less observance and more beef!" so would we call out for less omniscience and more poetry, from our poets. In this case, as in most others, we prefer their *forte* to their *foible*. It may be a fine thing for a writer of verse to be everything else—a psychologist, a physiologist, a pathologist (*usque ad nauseam*), and it may be, an embryologist too, and great upon "nucleated cells"—but it is a much finer thing for him to be a poet and to please—albeit these functions seem to be thought too humble and not sufficiently earnest in these loud times. But, after all, it is well to put in a protest about this nonsense of poetry being everything, because, in a certain and true sense, everything may be made poetical.

It is especially necessary in this age, which is so much that of science proper, to remember that science and poetry are at the opposite poles of human thought, the end of the one being truth, the end of the other pleasure. Whatever may be our views as to the right mode of interpreting the book of Genesis, no one can fail to admire the Divine beauty of the words expressing the fulness of the provision made for man in that garden which the Lord God planted eastward in Eden, "wherein He caused to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food, the Tree of Life also in the midst of the garden, and the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil;" or, as the Greeks would have said, the beautiful, the useful, the good, and the true. Here we have poetry and prose, religion and philosophy, the entire round of human wants and powers. Now, we don't object to any great thinker, when addressing the world, putting something of all these four into his words; indeed, every great thinker and every man who deeply moves mankind and is himself deeply moved, must do this; but if he writes poetry, let him, in the main, be poetical; if he is a minister of the useful, let him give us something we can use, and so likewise with the good and the true; let him answer to his name, but don't let our poetry become too physiological any more than our physiology too poetical. Poetry proper comes in by "the Beautiful gate of the Temple;" don't let her try any other, she looks best there. We have emerged, and upon the whole happily, from the age of systems, divisions,

and departments, the anatomical region, which postulates death to begin with; and are, now, as is usual in such cases, running into a course of "confused feeding," which, though it is better than feeding upon elements, and basic principles, and wind, has dangers and miseries and disorders of its own.

As to Mr. W. C. Bennett's volume, we feel inclined to begin and end by exclaiming, as did a boy of fourteen to whom we read one or two of his effusions, "does he call *that* poetry?" Whatever he may have done before, as certified largely by the press, at the end of this volume, this is indeed very sorry stuff, the strongest characteristic of which is its weakness.

Mr. Bennett seems curiously unaware of his own size; and writes lines "By the Sea," and on "My own easy Chair," quite unconscious that Byron and Thackeray had done so previously—no, not unconscious,—because there is a wretched mimicry of both;—he must have presumed on his reader's ignorance, or, more wonderful still, on his agreeing with himself as to the comparative merits of himself and the authors of "Don Juan" and "Vanity Fair"—or as Hogg the shepherd used to put it, "Me and Burns!"

But not to end with scolding, let us advise all our readers who have not seen it, to get and read, "Cobbett's Ride,"* the joint production of that "young Lycidas" Henry Lushington, and his friend and biographer, Mr. Venables. Here is the author of the "Register," and the "Twopenny Trash," as he trots out of London—

"To meet the freshness of the day,
While yet the millions slept,"

sick of his late hours in Parliament,

"From his broad weather-beaten face
A manly look of gladness spoke—
He snuffed from far the country air,
That blew from fields unvexed by care,
Unpoisoned by the smoke.

A labourer's son, 'mid squires and lords
Strong on his own stout legs he stood;
Well armed in bold and trenchant wit;
And well they learned that tempted it,
That his was English blood.

And every wound his victim felt
Had in his eyes a separate charm;
Yet, better than successful strife
He loved the memory of his life
In boyhood, on the farm.

* Printed, but not published, some years ago, under the title, "Joint Compositions," which they were in the strictest sense, having been produced in conversation—they were reprinted in *Macmillan's Magazine*, with a prose introduction by the survivor—full of strength and tenderness, and the sharpest characterisation.

Not for the song of nightingales,
Or murmur of poetic streams;
But whistling boys, and lowing cows,
And earthy sound of cleaving ploughs,
He heard in his dreams."

Is not this like Goldsmith and Wordsworth combined, and yet more like itself than either? The entire poem is as nearly perfect as anything in our language!

ART. IX.—*Sunday: its Origin, History, and Present Obligation; considered in Eight Lectures, Preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1860, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M. A.* By JAMES AUGUSTUS HESSEY, D.C.L., Head-Master of Merchant Taylors' School, etc. London: Murray. 1860.

THE yearly volume, known as the "Bampton Lecture," besides being one of the most regular products of our theological culture, has a certain mission to fulfil, as a sign of the times. In some respects it is sure to bear "the form and pressure of the age." The wide range of subjects from which the lecturer is allowed to select his theme—embracing all that is important in the Christian evidence, in the doctrines of our faith, and the practical obligations which it imposes—brings up for discussion all prevailing views and opinions that appear to carry either an adverse or a favourable aspect to the claims and interests of the Bible. The Bampton Lecture serves, therefore, as a landmark for indicating the ever changing tides of human thought and speculation respecting the sacred oracles. We may add, that the personal distinction which the lectureship confers on its holder (to say nothing of the ample endowment which ensures him an immediate pecuniary recompense for his labour), enables the heads of the University of Oxford, who have the appointment, to secure the services of the most competent men in the Church to undertake the duties of the foundation. No one, versed in this massive theological serial (numbering now about eighty volumes), will deny that the chief object of the foundation has to a large extent been accomplished; and that the Bampton Lectures, as a whole, have materially helped to strengthen the bulwarks of the Christian faith, and to frustrate the attempts which have been made from time to time to undermine them.

Nevertheless, it is remarkable how little our theological literature is indebted to the Bampton Lectures for the highest class of

productions. Of the fourscore volumes it has issued, only a very few have won the distinction of acknowledged celebrity and standard reference; and probably hardly any private theological libraries will be found to contain even a title of the whole, especially if selected with a view to comprise, in a limited compass, the largest possible number of works that have exerted a formative influence on the views and inquiries of subsequent times. This comparative failure in the nobler aims of consecrated talent and learning must, doubtless, be attributed in part to the stereotyped form of the volumes. By the will of the founder, each of them must consist of what has been first prepared and preached as sermons, and these always eight in number; so that every subject of lecture must be compressed or expanded (as the case may be) into the same eightfold division, and treated in a manner suited to the solemn dignity and hallowed associations of the pulpit. Such restrictions necessarily cramp the lecturer's freedom and energy of thought. Often, too, they oblige him to be general, where it is of importance to his argument that he should be minute and special; and cut him off from all playful strokes of fancy and humour, which, when skilfully plied, not only give liveliness and zest to controversial discussion, but contribute materially to its success. The result is, that the sermons, which constitute the proper body of the volumes, require to be supplemented by a huge appendix of notes, seldom inferior in bulk, and in force and pungency of spirit greatly superior to the discourses. They remind one not a little of those ideal creatures in the Apocalypse, which seem to have had bodies given them very much for the sake of their tails, "for their stings are in their tails." It is surely to be regretted, that a series of productions which, from their felicitous origin, might have been expected to form models of theological disquisition, should, by a kind of constitutional necessity, be thus marred in their structure, and take rank artistically among the most abnormal works in English literature.

This, however, is only one cause of the comparative failure of the Bampton Lecture to reach the highest style of authorship. Another still more potent inheres, we may almost say, in the very nature of the foundation. In its administration, it becomes necessary to limit the time devoted to the preparation and publication of each series. By the terms of the foundation itself, a year must elapse between the appointment of a lecturer and the fulfilment of his obligations; a few months, besides, are allowed for the completing and printing of his materials. But what

is so brief a space for the preparation of a work, that, at this advanced stage of literary progress, aspires to a permanent and influential place in the vindication or development of Divine truth? Add even another year, and still another—more, we presume, than is ever actually conceded—what should it still be for such a purpose? A work in theology, as in any other department of thought, destined to live for generations, and stamp its impress on present and future times, must be the growth, not of one or two years, but of the better portion of a life. The theme must be thoroughly congenial to the tastes and mental capabilities of him who handles it. It must have had time to sleep in his mind, sufficient to turn the important truths and principles involved in it *in succum et sanguinem*; he must have made himself familiar, not only with its more obvious bearings, but with its profounder depths and relations; and, by the deliberate study of its history and literature, he must have elaborated and matured all his views concerning it. Occasionally, among the Bampton appointments, a lecturer does turn up, in whom these conditions happen in a more or less eminent degree, to meet. No more memorable instance of it could be found than in the case of Mr. Mansel, whose intricate and arduous theme had, in some of its relations, been engaging his earnest attention for years. Bringing to it, as he did, the resources of a commanding intellect and most varied learning, his work readily surmounted the disadvantages of its faulty structure, and has taken its place in the class which not this age alone, but ages to come, will prize and study. But such a case is an exception to the general rule; it can scarcely be looked for but at distant intervals. In the ordinary run of appointments to the Bampton Lectureship, the selection falls on men who have distinguished themselves more or less in the studies prosecuted at the University; who are known to possess superior abilities and general attainments; and who, with a reasonable amount of time and fair opportunities, may be expected to produce a volume on some important topic connected with natural or revealed religion, that shall repay perusal and reflect no discredit on the nomination. Usually, the amount of special thought and learning brought to bear on the subject is simply what the lecturer, with such qualifications, and in so limited a space of time, may be able to command.

In the series of the Bampton Lectures now before us, it is only the latter and more general conditions of literary success that are realized. Dr. Hessey appears to be a man of good natural abilities, while the position he

occupies, and the honours he has obtained, indicate superior attainments in the scholarship and accomplishments which distinguish the well-educated English clergyman. Moreover, we meet in this volume with proofs of corresponding qualities of heart,—in particular, of a kindly spirit, of a generous consideration for the poor, and an earnest desire to promote the religious interests, and elevate the general well-being of the community, so as only the dangerous extremes of Puritanism be avoided. This is nearly the whole of what we feel called to say on the favourable side. In regard to the subject of his lecture, he exhibits no evidence of special qualifications or unusually extensive resources. We find nothing in the volume, either as regards its line of thought, or the learning brought in illustration of it, which might not, we believe, with comparatively common opportunities, have been produced, in the space of a few months, by any man of ordinary gifts. On several of the more interesting and important branches of the history of the subject, the author trusts to second-hand sources, which, at best, give but partial information, and are sometimes as apt to mislead as to guide. We hope we shall be excused if we add, that, in the more controversial parts of the work, we meet too often with what we must term hereditary prejudices, special pleadings, weak positions, and inconclusive reasonings. As a whole, we cannot regard the volume as bringing any fresh materials of importance in aid of the view to which it lends its advocacy; and we greatly fear that its result may be the very opposite of what its writer designs—to strengthen the hands of those who disown the obligation of the Lord's-day as one of religious observance, and who would remove the sanctions by which its sacredness is guarded.

The title of the volume explains at once the view which it seeks to establish. The appropriation of *Sunday* as the distinctive and fitting designation of the day, is meant to show that, in the opinion of the author, the institution belongs entirely to Christian times, and has no connection—except analogically, and by way of inference—either with a primeval or with the Mosaic Sabbath. To make good this point is a leading aim of the work. To show the entire independence, and even formal antagonism of the two ordinances, we have, first, the testimonies of Scripture, then those of the earlier fathers, appealed to in detail. The Lord's-day, he holds, originated after Christ rose from the dead, and even then not strictly with Christ Himself, but with His apostles, who, having respect to his resurrection as the culminating act of His work on earth, fixed on the day of the week on which

that event took place, as the fitting day for the meeting of His followers to join in public worship, to celebrate the Christian mysteries, and interchange the greetings of brotherly fellowship and charity. Having such apostolic sanction, the day is, therefore, to be recognised as mediately of divine obligation; and it is not, as Archbishop Whately and others maintain, of simply ecclesiastical institution. Dr. Hessey lays much stress on this view of the divine obligation of the Lord's-day, and regards the institution, when resting on this basis, as safe from the assaults of those who would turn it into a day of work or of worldly pleasure. According to this view, while the Lord's-day is simply a Christian festival, it is more than the other festivals adopted by many churches of Christendom, which stand on church authority alone, without apostolic appointment; and both from this distinguishing feature in its origin, and from the many moral, social, and religious benefits associated with its observance, it has a binding obligation on the consciences of Christians. For the same reason, it is entitled to a place in the legislation of Christian states, to the extent at least of prohibiting the ordinary prosecution of worldly business, and withholding all direct sanction from worldly traffic for purposes of gain, distracting exhibitions, and public entertainments.

Such, briefly, is the view of our author. In regard to the practical issues of the subject, we do not materially differ from him; but in some of his doctrinal positions we find ourselves compelled to assume an attitude of antagonism. We should have little quarrel with him as to the legislation proper for the subject, and the active measures fitted for promoting the due observance of the day in the present complicated state of society, especially as it exists in our larger towns. If, then, our practical conclusions are so nearly alike, why quarrel about the roads by which we reach them? We do so because we believe that the grounds on which Dr. Hessey rests his conclusions are incapable of establishing in the mind of the general community a felt obligation to suspend either business or pleasure on the Lord's-day; and, besides, they are set forth with many incidental statements and representations, which we feel persuaded will be turned to account by the opponents of what he, as well as we, would deem essential to the real well-being of the country. We do not for a moment doubt Dr. Hessey's sincerity in regarding his view of the obligation of the Lord's-day, not only as sufficient, but as practically the most effectual, the best fitted to promote true and healthy piety. But the reasons that carry conviction to his mind, and impress themselves on his heart, may be

quite too feeble to reach the rougher and less susceptible conscience of society at large. Indeed, the mode of argument pursued by him and by writers of his type of thought, we must regard as self-contradictory on the more essential points of the controversy. It seems virtually to unsay at one stage what it has said at another,—to take back from the adversary what it has already freely conceded to him. And nothing more would be needed, as we conceive, by a skilful opponent—one, we mean, who is against any distinction of days whatever—than to make Dr. Hessey refute himself.

Let us give a few examples. In a great variety of places he insists on the essentially different character of the Old Testament Sabbath, and the Lord's day of Christians. He even says, that "the ideas of the Lord's-day, and of the Sabbath, were originally quite distinct, and indeed almost antagonistic" (p. 89); and when speaking of Constantine's enactment in favour of Sunday, he affirms "it was not Sabbatarian; there is in it no reference to the Sabbath of the fourth commandment; no discouragement of the cheerfulness with which the genius of Christianity would suggest that the day should be associated" (p. 86). This, of course, implies that the Sabbath of the Decalogue was necessarily one of gloom and austerity. Yet, when we reach a further stage of the argument, we find, to our surprise, that the Sabbath of the fourth commandment was, in its own proper nature and design, no such frowning and imperious master. "The rest enjoined in it was not an end in itself, for which man should be distressed and constrained by unreasonable annoyances;" it admitted of "works necessary for the life or the preservation of man and beast,—for enjoying the contemplation of God's works, and even joining with one's brethren in social intercourse" (pp. 162, 164). Is there anything necessarily austere or gloomy in this to a religiously disposed and well-constituted mind? Is it materially different from what he himself describes as proper to the right observance of the Lord's-day? He says of this: "It is a divinely sanctioned religious day. It has the *nomen et omen* of the Lord's-day. As such, it is a day which, from its very character, draws us away from the ordinary things of this life—life's labours and life's cares—and bids us, with hearts 'swept and garnished,' invite the Lord's presence. It is a day set apart, a day for religion" (p. 307). Perfectly so; and neither more nor less we understand to have been the Sabbath of the Decalogue. The contrasts so often drawn by our author between the two—as if the one were all gloom, the other instinct with cheerfulness and joy,—the one perfect freedom, the

other a yoke of hardship and constraint— resolve into mere controversial flourishes,— except that they unhappily remain as poisoned shafts for the bow of a goddess adversary.

A similar inconsistency (as we must consider it) appears in regard to the *element of sanctity* in connection with the two ordinances. Sunday, it would seem, started into existence almost dissevered from the holiness which is the more distinctive characteristic of the Old Testament Sabbath, and yet somehow it becomes as much a holy day as the other. The author is here conscious of, at least, an apparent contrariety; but he leaves the matter without any adequate explanation (p. 71, compared with 53). So, again, in regard to the use made of the fathers of the first three or four centuries. They are quoted here, as they have often been before, by Heylin and others, in proof that the early Church sharply distinguished between the Sabbath and the Lord's-day, renouncing the obligation of the one, and owning the obligation of the other. By and by, we find these same fathers virtually disparaged, and proved to be incompetent witnesses upon the subject. For, after the notion of the Sabbath has been properly and clearly settled, we are presented with this formal deduction, "that the Sabbath had a character more evangelical than one has been accustomed to attribute to it, and is scarcely the exact institution to the continuance of which the fathers objected" (p. 165). The author should have considered the legitimate effect of such an admission on the use he had previously made of the writings of the fathers. It leaves unimpeached, indeed, their testimony in favour of the early and general observance of the Lord's-day as one of the most distinctive badges of Christians. But what does it imply as to their authority on the point so much pressed by Dr. Hessey,—the essential difference between the Lord's-day of the apostles and the Sabbath of the Decalogue? Simply, that the good men did not properly know what they were writing about: they were misled by names, which, in a great measure, they mistook for realities; and if their understandings had been more enlightened, their judgments would have been more cautiously delivered.

This touches on a phase of patristic theology which, had it been more thoroughly studied by Dr. Hessey, would have saved him from the inconsistency now adverted to, and kept him from pressing those earlier fathers into a service which they are specially disqualified from rendering. Their acquaintance with the earlier revelations of God was comparatively meagre and imperfect. In particular, the relation between the new and the old in the Divine economy, was just the point on

which their discernment was most defective, and on which their judgment should be received with the greatest caution. It was the field where they most frequently lost their way, wandering sometimes into puerile conceits, sometimes even into entangling and pernicious errors. The disadvantages of their position naturally led to this result, and form an adequate explanation of it. They were, for the most part, bred in heathenism; and coming to know Christianity before they knew much of what preceded it, they wanted the discipline of a gradual and successive study of the plan of God's dispensations, and the help of a well-digested scheme of scriptural theology. They knew the Bible in portions, rather than as an organic and progressive whole; and even for that knowledge they were but poorly furnished, either with grammatical helps or with formal expositions. Is it surprising if, in such circumstances, they should have but imperfectly caught the meaning of Old Testament Scripture, and should have appeared not always at home in proper acquaintance with its contents? Even Jerome, the most learned of them all in the Hebrew Scriptures, occasionally discovers what would now be regarded as a somewhat discreditable looseness and inaccuracy of statement. And both he and others, in applying what is written on the institutions and history of former times, often leave us at a loss to say whether the true or the false predominated; spiritualizings the most arbitrary go hand in hand with the crudest literalisms, and the most palpable Judaistic tendencies are fostered, while evangelical principles alone were thought to be honoured. Take the following from Tertullian as a specimen on this very subject of days. Pleading for the propriety of instituting and observing stated seasons of fasting, he thus defends himself against the charge of Judaizing, or, as he calls it, Galatianizing: "In observing these seasons, and days, and months, and years, we plainly Galatianize; if we are observant of Jewish ceremonies, of legal solemnities; for the apostle dissuades us from these, forbidding us to persevere in keeping up the Old Testament, which has been buried in Christ, and pressing the New. Because, if there is a new condition in Christ, the solemnities ought also to be new."* As if the mere connection of an essentially legal observance with a Gospel era or event could transmute it into an evangelical rite! There is here in embryo the principle of all the ritualism of Popery. Chrysostom saw the matter somewhat more correctly; he saw what Tertullian failed to see,—that stated times and ordinances of fasting, even if con-

* De jejuniis, c. 14.

nected with specific Christian events, were not thereby relieved of a Judaistic character; yet he also wanted clearness and strength of conviction to urge their abandonment, as foreign to the genius of the Gospel; and his advice is a compromise between the truth he apprehended and the practices he allowed.* A multitude of similar instances might easily be produced, if this were the proper place, showing that, in what relates to the connection between the new and the old in God's dispensations, the views of the fathers continually oscillated between the two extremes of excessive and arbitrary spiritualism on the one hand, and grossly literal and fleshly applications on the other. In this particular respect, they are in irreconcilable variance with themselves, and should not be appealed to as authorities on what they are so little qualified to determine. In truth, in this field, they are not the venerable doctors of the Christian Church, but rather its junior students; and while their *testimony* as to the religious observance of the Lord's-day is to be received with implicit confidence (for so far it was their veracity and Christian feeling alone that were concerned), small account is to be made of their *judgment* respecting the alleged contrariety between the Lord's-day and the Sabbath. Dr. Hessey himself has unwittingly admitted as much, though with apparent unconsciousness of having thereby surrendered an important link in his argument.

If we now ascend from the fathers of the Christian Church to the "grey fathers" of the world itself, and examine what our author has said of their position in regard to a day of sacred rest, we shall find, we apprehend, another instance of the inconsistency already pointed out. He holds, as we have already stated, the strict obligation of the Lord's-day upon Christians—not from its having been imposed by any explicit command, but because "it was observed by the apostles and their immediate followers as distinct from the Sabbath. Being so acknowledged and observed by the apostles and their immediate followers, it is of Divine institution; and so, in its essence and in the circumstantial of it mentioned in Scripture, it is binding on the Church for ever" (p. 51). A *holy example* is thus the chief ground for the perpetual observance of the Lord's-day. But when from the beginning of the Christian Church we turn to the beginning of the world, we find a similar, nay, a more explicit and a more sacred *example* of the observance of a day of consecrated rest; when it is said, that at the close of the six days' creation work, God "hallowed the seventh day and blessed it."

Was not this example also binding upon man? For what end could days have been distinguished at all in a series of operations so immediately holding of the Godhead, unless for some benefit to man? For whom but for him could the special blessing attached to the seventh day have been meant? Such questions naturally suggest themselves, and, we believe, force upon every simple and unbiassed reader of the Bible the conviction, that the very constitution of nature was framed, and man's position on the earth, physically, socially, and religiously, so determined, as to require an ever-recurring day in the week for bodily repose and spiritual employment. But what says Dr. Hessey? Oh! there is no evidence of any proper obligation in the matter. "It is merely an announcement of what God did, not a setting forth to man of what man should do. Besides, when was it enjoined upon man?" And then we have the usual objection of no further notice being taken of it in antediluvian or patriarchal history, with some additional considerations about Adam not being able to have understood such a command, if it had been delivered to him, about Genesis being a revelation for Moses, not for Adam, and so on.

Such is the way in which an intelligent Christian man can play fast and loose with the grounds of religious obligation, according to the demands of his argument. A specific command is necessary or not necessary—a Divine or divinely-authorized example carries with it an obligation to succeeding times, or it fails to do so, just as it happens to suit the purpose more immediately in view. This clearly indicates the blinding influence of theory. We have no objection whatever to what is said of the obligation involved in apostolic precedent for the religious observance of the Lord's-day; for here we hold with our author—the authoritative example and sanction of the founders of the Christian Church proclaim for all future time the duty of that Church. But why should the example and sanction of the Divine Maker of all things be held to have done less for the primeval Sabbath? If there was no explicit law in the one case, neither was there in the other. Nor, indeed, was any needed: formal law at the commencement of the world's history would have been out of place; had it existed in the earlier records of the Bible, it would have betrayed the intermeddling of a later hand. Has Dr. Hessey yet to learn that the age of formal law needed its period of preparation as well as the age of the gospel? From Adam to Moses we read nothing of formal law, except the enactment of blood for blood after the deluge (imposing a check on the fiercer passions of mankind),

* Contra Judæos, iii. 4.

and the prescription, some centuries later, of the rite of circumcision to the covenant seed. But the grounds of moral obligation—in other words, the elements of law—existed from the first; they were placed, primarily indeed, in the nature of man, but they were not independent of, but rather linked to, his position in the plan and order of God's creation. The one might even be said to form the necessary complement of the other. For how could man fulfil his calling as God's spiritual offspring, made in the Creator's image, but by entering into the design, and copying the example of his Father! And how could this be done, but by the communication of such knowledge as we find recorded in the opening chapters of the Bible, respecting the formation and arrangement of everything in nature! Here were the very footsteps of Deity laid before him; as a loving and dutiful child, he must strive to discern and follow them—reach after God's end—work and rest after God's pattern, as the indispensable condition to his enjoying the Divine life and fellowship. The instincts of his pure and holy nature would impel him to feel and act thus. But take from him the knowledge of what is contained in those primeval records, or deny their practical bearing on himself, and you leave him without a chart to guide his course; a child of God, indeed, but a child forlorn, not knowing how or wherein to do the deeds of his Father.

We cannot believe that this was the spiritual position of the first father of mankind, either as regards God's procedure at the creation of the world generally, or, in particular, as regards the institution of the Sabbath. It is, besides, most unwarrantable to handle the record as a lawyer would handle a document whose import he wished to render as meagre or equivocal as possible. The Bible is God's revelation for the bulk of mankind, and in its more important statements, the plain, broad impression is sure to be the right one. How much more true to the spirit of such a book, than the negative criticism of Dr. Hessey, and how much nobler is the tone of feeling expressed in the following utterance of the devout and learned Sartorius!—"With the Sabbath begins the sacred history of man—the day on which he stood forth to bless God; and, in company with Eve, entered on his divine calling upon earth. The creation without the creation-festival, the world's unrest without rest in God, is altogether vain and transitory. The sacred day, appointed, blessed, consecrated by God, is that from which the blessing and sanctification of the world, and tone of human life and human society, proceed. Nor is anything more needed than the recognition of its

original appointment and sacred destination, for our receiving the full impression of its sanctity. How was it possible for the first man ever to forget it?" If he, even in Paradise, could not forget it as a Divine ordinance, much less *should* he have forgotten it after sin entered, followed by the promise and the hope of salvation. The original Sabbatism of the Creator then acquired fresh significance, and became more peculiarly suited to the state of mankind. In perfect accordance with this is the view given by our Lord of the original constitution of things. "The Sabbath was made for man,"—not imposed on him, or prescribed to him, but *made* for him; made at the creation-era—one of the things which took their being from God's hand at the beginning; in the same class with marriage, also interwoven with the facts of the creation, and in like manner said to have been made "at the beginning" (Matt. xix. 4). The Sabbath was emphatically made for man, keeping him perpetually in mind of what he was himself made for,—inviting and admonishing him to participate in the blessed fellowship of Him whose image he bore, to mingle thoughtful and quiet contemplation with the exertions of active labour, and to refresh and invigorate the moral along with the physical energies of his being. Even the apostolic act, in substituting the first for the last day of the week, as the Lord's-day for Christian times, is never rightly understood till it is brought into connection with the Sabbath of creation. Redemption is constantly presented in Scripture under the aspect of a restoration, or a new creation; it was the recovery of the lost, the bringing back of the alienated; and when the incarnate Son of God completed the fundamental and typical part of his work, in His triumph over sin and death in His resurrection, it was meet that the new creation, like the old, should be marked by its commemorative weekly festival—a day in advance, to tell of a higher state of things begun with this great triumph, and of the birth of a world more perfect and glorious than the first. We find, not an analogy merely, but an organic connection, between the two days, when the relation between the new and the old is properly apprehended. And the difference in respect to the precise day of the week is not an arbitrary one, but has its ground in the proper nature and relation of things.

There is another branch of the subject closely connected with this, on which, though we cannot charge any inconsistency on our author's argument, we have to allege what we cannot but regard as injustice to the Reformers. These are, one and all, represented as simply anti-Sabbatarians, as maintaining that there

was no proper connection between the Lord's-day of Christians and the Sabbath of former times; and that with Christ the Sabbath passed away, with the whole yoke of Jewish observances. Dr. Hessey gives this as a fair representation of their views, and seems, indeed, to know nothing more regarding them than what he has gathered from a few quotations from their writings, culled by certain anti-Sabbatarian controversialists. He gives no evidence of adequate personal acquaintance with the works of the Reformers themselves, such as might enable him to make allowance for the circumstances in which they were placed, and enter thoroughly into their spirit; he even has the discretion to give the sentiments of Beza on this subject, in the words of Heylin, a writer who could scarcely represent anything correctly, and whose History of the Sabbath we do not hesitate to characterize as one of the most scandalously unfair historical works in the English language. As it appears in Heylin, and is endorsed by Dr. Hessey, Beza's judgment consists simply of a deliverance respecting the apostolical authority and tradition of the Lord's-day, and of the essential difference between the proper observance of this day and a Jewish cessation from work, along with a reflection upon Constantine for having introduced some Judaical elements into the Lord's-day, which led, in course of time, to more and more restraints. In reality, Beza was what our author would call a strict Sabbatarian; he couples the Lord's-day both with the fourth commandment of the Decalogue, and with the original Sabbath of creation; he says expressly in the very comment so grossly garbled by these writers, that "the fourth commandment was ceremonial, as far as it represented the particular day of rest and the legal services, but that, as regards the worship of God, it was a precept of the moral law, which is perpetual and unchanging during the present life. That day of rest (he goes on to say) had stood from the creation of the world to the resurrection of our Lord, which, being as another creation of a new spiritual world, was made the occasion (the Holy Ghost, beyond doubt, directing the apostles) for assuming, instead of the Sabbath of the former age, or the seventh day, the first day of this world on which not the corporeal and corruptible light created on the first day of the old world, but this heavenly and eternal light, hath shone upon us." He then refers briefly to Constantine, but apparently misunderstands what Constantine really did. According to Beza, "the good purpose for which the day was instituted should still be retained, namely, that the mind, freed from its daily labours, should give

itself wholly up to the hearing of the word;" but there is certainly nothing in the enactments of Constantine which in the least degree oversteps this line of observance. The one enactment of his which history records, had simply for its object to give Christian people the liberty of doing what Beza here says should always be done. Dr. Hessey himself, as we formerly noticed incidentally, has been at pains to show that the enactment of Constantine had nothing in it Sabbatarian in the Jewish sense. Beza must therefore have taken an erroneous view of this part of Constantine's legislation.

But what we wish specially to notice here, is the injustice done to Beza, and other Reformers, by picking out a few sentences or parts of sentences from their writings, isolated from the context, and from the specific forms of error against which they were contending; and conveying the impression, that, having these, you have the whole of their mind upon the Lord's-day or the ancient Sabbath. In reality, the other Reformers, as well as Beza, were quite explicit in holding the original institution of a seventh-day Sabbath at the creation, and the descending obligation of such an institution to all succeeding times. This, however, we deeply regret to say, is altogether ignored in the volume before us. Calvin remarks, in his Commentary (at Gen. ii.): "God first rested; then He blessed that rest, that it might be sacred among men through all coming ages. He consecrated each seventh day to rest, that His own example might serve as a rule." So also Luther, on the same passage, declares it as his opinion, that "if Adam had continued in innocence, he would yet have kept the seventh day sacred;" and affirms that "the Sabbath was, from the beginning of the world, appointed to the worship of God." It is needless to quote more; for every one, conversant with the writings of the Reformers, knows that on this point they were substantially agreed. Consequently, if in other parts of their writings they distinguished between the essential character of the Lord's-day and that of the day which it succeeded, and even seemed to repudiate the idea of a Sabbath in Christian times, this must either have arisen from some flagrant inconsistency, in which they all strangely participated, or, as is greatly more probable, from their having had in view certain false and superstitious notions respecting the Sabbath, which notions—not the devotion of the day to religious thought and employment—they were eager to subvert. This, beyond all reasonable doubt, was the real state of the case. Let us frankly admit that they occasionally used unguarded expressions, which can too readily be turned, as

they have been too often, to very different account from what they contemplated. In particular, Luther, from his unguarded utterances, has frequently been held up as an opponent, not merely of Sabbatical observance, but of all righteousness. The really intelligent and candid theologian will make allowance for such things, and will endeavour to give a rational explanation of them. This, when earnestly sought, is not very hard to find: it arises mainly from the prevalence, at the time, of two errors,—one of which the Reformers strenuously opposed, while to some extent they shared in the other. The first was, that a great part of religion consisted in the mere discontinuance of ordinary work on Sundays and saints' days, no matter how the time might be spent. This notion the Reformers did well to denounce as a vain superstition, a lazy and carnal assumption, which, instead of bringing the soul nearer to God, and preparing it for heaven, was the nurse of sloth and much unrighteousness. Rather, he said, than have a religion of that sort, let Sabbaths go altogether. For our part, we say the same; though in so doing, we would not express ourselves precisely like Luther and some of his fellow-labourers. The other prevalent error consisted in the notion—the result of centuries of superstition and erroneous exposition—that the Sabbath of the fourth commandment hallowed corporeal rest *per se*, and thus made mere animal repose a part of religion. If so, of course it must have belonged to the shadows of the old covenant, and, like the rest, must have passed away with the introduction of the new dispensation. Now, to a certain extent, there was a ground for this view, and an element of truth, as the Sabbath of the Decalogue, like the patriarchal rite of circumcision, was made a constituent part of the ordinances of the old covenant, and was allied to Sabbaths—the seventh year, and the jubilee—which were of a strictly provisional and shadowy nature. It hence became difficult to distinguish practically between the one and the other, so as clearly to eliminate the universal and abiding element in the seventh-day Sabbath; and it was a part of Divine wisdom to order events so that the sacred festival of the new dispensation should be transferred to another day of the week. All believers might thus understand, that whatever of a merely external or shadowy nature had gathered around the Sabbath from its association with the symbolical rites of the law was left with these in the grave of Jesus; and that with His resurrection to life and glory commenced a Sabbath for the people, not less holy than the former, but in its holiness making less account than the other had

practically come to do, of simple repose or bodily indulgence, and more of the deeds of an active and charitable, a cheerful and beneficent life. Now, it was the leading object of what our Lord did and taught respecting the Sabbath, to show that, even as enjoined in the fourth commandment, this was its proper tendency and design: that the Jews misunderstood it when they supposed that the hallowing of time which it required was fulfilled by mere abstinence from work; that the rest enjoined was chiefly for the sake of deeds of piety and beneficence, to labour in which was not to break, but rather to keep and honour, the day of God. The Reformers, unfortunately, misled by the spirit of the times, did not sufficiently enter into the purport and bearing of those instructions of our Lord; and failed to perceive, that the appointed abstinence from work of one description, was only that work of another and higher kind might be carried on—just as the prohibition of idol-worship in the first and second commandments was enjoined that men might give themselves to the pure worship of Jehovah. It was in this, that the doctrinal error of the Reformers lay: they viewed the fourth commandment in too carnal a light; they regarded the rest which it imposed as having more than was really meant of an external and negative character; and, hence, they unduly curtailed and modified, though they by no means denied the application of the commandment to Christian times. This, we believe, was the head and front of their offending; they erred in their view of what the fourth commandment sanctioned; they tried to extract from it elements, as not applicable to Christian times, which in reality it did not contain.

We deem it unnecessary to follow our author farther in his line of argument, having no purpose to give either a full exposition of our own views, or a strictly theological discussion. We may be allowed, however, to say, in regard to what may be called the marrow of the controversy, that we know of nothing in Scripture, or elsewhere, that, when fairly considered, is at variance with the principles we have maintained, but the more we reflect, the more do we find to confirm them. A connection, such as we believe to exist, and have briefly indicated, between Christianity and the earlier dispensations of God, involves the permanence of whatever is properly original—inherent in the nature of things—adapted to man's state generally, or necessary to his physical and moral well-being. Such a connection, therefore, requires, in regard to the special subject now under consideration the perpetual obligation of a weekly Sabbath, to be withdrawn from worldly occupations

and devoted mainly to higher purposes. But as the Christian economy was an advance on the Jewish, the same connection involves also superficial differences in mere adjuncts and accompaniments: it therefore admits of, and even requires, such circumstantial alterations as have actually taken place in the Lord's-day, as compared with the Jewish Sabbath; in particular, a change of day from the last to the first day of the week, to adapt it to the new phase of the Divine economy, which began with the resurrection of Christ; in consequence of which, Sabbaths—or what had become distinctively *Jewish* Sabbaths—fell away, that the Lord's-day might remain, radiant with the spiritual life, with the serene and heavenly, yet active and beneficent genius of the Gospel of Christ. Cast aside the sacred design and character of the day,—break its connection (in respect to the *substance* of the appointment) with the Sabbaths interwoven with the beginnings of the world's history, and enshrined in the moral legislation of Moses,—place it simply on the footing of ecclesiastical sanction, or even of apostolic usage and example: we believe that you thereby strike at the root of its obligation; you remove it from the one foundation on which alone it can get a proper hold of men's consciences, and lay it as a comparatively defenceless citadel at the mercy of the world. Men, even men not altogether or avowedly unchristian, will feel that the day is in some sense their own, and the demands of pleasure first, then of drudging, toiling business to meet these demands, will grow and multiply on every hand. No legislative enactments, nor well-meant efforts of Christian philanthropy, will be able to arrest the evil. It is the knowledge and belief of God's word that alone can secure the observance of His day. In proof of this, we appeal to three great historical evidences.

First of all, we point to the continent of Europe, where the doctrine of mere ecclesiastical appointment, grounded on apostolical usage, has had a free development. And with what result? That, except in the case of a few individuals, whose heart the Lord has touched, or in some isolated spots, a Lord's day, in the proper sense, is unknown. To say nothing of the papal countries, where the cause of laxity is patent to all, whence has it come in the Protestant? "I believe (says our author, p. 253) that the indifference with which the Reformers spoke of the obligation to observe any one day in particular, has issued in the particular day which they chose. It is Luther's day. It is Calvin's day. It is the day which the former adopted out of consideration to the multitude; the day which the latter, after some hesitation,

preferred for expediency sake to others; but it is not the day of the Lord." One scarcely knows how to characterize such a statement. That Calvin ever seriously felt such hesitation as is here ascribed to him, will find credit with no one who is acquainted with his mind and character. And if so many as one in a thousand ever think of Sunday as Calvin's day, or as Luther's day, we should imagine it to be a very liberal allowance. Both those eminent Reformers held the apostolic derivation of the Lord's day, and held, besides, the descending obligation from primeval times of a holy Sabbath. They taught, in fact, more of Bible doctrine on the subject than Dr. Hessey himself—though mingled, as already said, with some unguarded statements. But there was one unhappy error in their teaching. They relaxed the obligation of the Lord's day by dissociating it, in great measure, from the direct and positive enforcement of the Decalogue. Strict authority was wanted for it—the link that most of all was needed to bind it on the conscience; and the door, in consequence, was thrown open for laxity and disorder. Later theologians, and ministers following in their train, deviated still further from what we take to be the scriptural ground; they disowned the primeval institution of a Sabbath, and its descending obligation to future times. The foundations, in short, got wholly out of course, and other masters usurped the place of God. The evils of the continental Sunday have arisen from first weakening, and then removing, the divine element in the obligation to keep it holy.

Turning now to England—to which we point for our second evidence—we perceive that, in the business and legislation of the country, the Lord's day has much of a sabbatical character; that by the better classes of society it is treated with outward decency and respect; and is religiously observed by all persons of devout minds. To what is this state of things owing? We dread no contradiction worth naming, when we reply, it is owing most of all to the place occupied by the Decalogue in the Liturgy, and the prayer perpetually resounding in her churches, after the reading of the Fourth Commandment, that the Lord would incline the hearts of all to keep this law. This, more than anything else, has taught the people to associate with the worship of God the celebration of a Sabbath, and has gone far to counteract, though it has by no means nullified, the effect of much contrary teaching. Almost invariably, when men in England become earnest in religion, they show it in their conscientious observance of the Lord's day; and even Paley, whose theoretical opinions were loose enough on the subject, speaks of a serious-

ness in religion finding its proper expression in "the keeping holy the Lord's day regularly and most particularly." And if we refer to the agencies that have contributed to the revival of a due observance of the Lord's day in England, we shall find that none has been so efficient as the society that is based upon the strictly divine obligation of the day.

Our last appeal is to the state and history of Scotland. Dr. Hessey admits that no country has stood so high for its doctrinal teaching on the Sabbath, and for its habit and repute in respect to the observances of the day. But then it has gone as far to excess on the one side, as the continental nations have gone on the other. And if those at a distance were to take their impressions of a Scottish Sabbath from the allusions and notices in this volume, it must seem to them the gloomiest day conceivable. The very mountains of Scotland must be thought to frown more grimly than ever on that day. No sunbeam can play with the rippling lake; the very birds, it may be thought, are afraid to warble their pleasant wood-notes wild; on every countenance sits a stern severity; and—emphatic climax!—it is something like a deadly crime to strike the notes of a piano. In Scotland, he tells us, the Lord's day is "converted into a fast, a season of severity and self-denial" (p. 10); and, when "finding fault with the *tristesse* and rigour which the Sabbatarian theory of Sunday would introduce into the cheerful dispensation of Christianity," it is added, "Scotland is an instance in point" (p. 17). Reference is made, at a later stage, in proof of such representations, to the ordinance of the "Six Sessions," in 1644, prohibiting any one from going about the streets on the Lord's day, after the public service in the afternoon; to the actual employment, at Edinburgh, in 1658, of soldiers as "captors," to lay hold of such as might be found wandering about the streets; to the rebuke administered, he says, by the Presbytery of Strathbogie—we presume by some kirk session in that presbytery—to a person for bringing home a sheep upon his back on Sabbath, to save it from a storm (pp. 290, 291). And to certify his readers that the same spirit still lives in Scotland, though somewhat less stringently and roughly exercised, Dr. Hessey informs them, through the communication of an English friend, who has been for some time resident in the country, that it is deemed wrong to take a walk on Sunday, even between the services; that some, however, in order to get a walk without losing their religious character, fall upon the device of taking seats in churches at a considerable distance from their homes; that a distinguished Free Kirk minister had

openly avowed his wish to have Sunday walks prevented by the police, etc.; while the result of all is, not to bring people to church, but to make many hate religion as an iron yoke, many more to become pharisees and hypocrites, and not a few to alternate between sermons and public-houses (p. 437).

We confess it is not without pain, and even considerable indignation, that we think of this picture being exhibited to the University of Oxford as a photograph of the Scottish Sabbath. As to past times, there may have been stringent rules applied, and coercive measures adopted, to ensure the external observance of the Lord's day, which no one of sound mind would think of bringing into operation now; but a candid and liberal spirit will view such things in the light of the age they belong to; and if it cannot altogether approve of them, will at least hold them to be infinitely less blameworthy than the Sunday theatricals, public dancings, driving of mills, cutting and carrying of corn, holding open markets, and other even worse violations of common order and decency which they strove to supplant. We will frankly admit, too, that there may be individuals in Scotland at the present day—constitutionally, perhaps, of morose temper—whose Sabbath-keeping is sufficiently repulsive; there may, also, be ignorant and prejudiced persons accustomed to conventional modes of observance, and naturally shocked when these are transgressed; there may even be those by whom the violation of these conventionalities is regarded with more horror than certain current immoralities. The practice may not be unknown to some, of making an outward Sabbath-keeping the measure of piety, and of denouncing all, of whatever clime or country, who do not accord with their standard. But, with all these allowances, we do not hesitate to say that Dr. Hessey's representation will be regarded by all who take a fair view of the subject, not as a photograph, but a caricature. It is not a correct view of what, on the whole, the Scottish Sabbath is; still less is it a faithful exhibition of what the leaders of religious opinion in Scotland think that it ought to be, and desire that it may be. Our English friends, in their rapid visits to Scotland, do not always come into contact with the class of persons who are best fitted to give a just impression of Scottish piety. Nor, perhaps, do they consider sufficiently, that even those who are neither ignorant nor superstitious often feel that they are bound to avoid giving offence to what they may consider the prejudices of the humbler members of their households; and that restraints here, as in other things, may

be wisely practised, for the sake of preventing the introduction of a dangerous license.

Our author must repair to other sources of information than those he has unhappily used, if he would deal fairly by the religious feelings and habits of the people of Scotland, or even be capable of estimating them aright. Let him hear such witnesses as Grahame, the author of the "Sabbath," or the late Professor Wilson—neither of them tight-laced Presbyterians—not Presbyterians, indeed, at all, but the one a minister, the other a member of the English church, yet both thoroughly conversant with the character of a Scottish Sabbath, and its general effects on the temper and lives of the people. Wilson, speaking of Grahame, and quoting the first line of his poem, "How still the morning of the hallowed day!" says, "It is a line that could have been uttered only by a Scottish heart. For we alone know what is indeed Sabbath silence—an earnest of everlasting rest. To our hearts, the very birds of Scotland sing holily on that day. A sacred smile is on the dewy flowers; the lilies look whiter in their loveliness; the blush rose reddens in the sun with a diviner dye; and with a more celestial scent, the hoary hawthorn sweetens the wilderness." Or let him hear a very different, indeed, but peculiarly shrewd and intelligent witness; one who refrains from committing himself to the principle of the Scottish Sabbath, and thinks that in certain classes of the population some relaxation might be, at least, excusable, or even desirable, but still knows how to estimate the practical working of the principle. We refer to Mr. Laing, the Scotch traveller, who, in his "Notes on the Pilgrimage to Treves," thus remarks on the restraint put, partly in England, but more fully in Scotland, on all business and pleasurable entertainments: "This voluntary observance is the application of principle to practice by a whole people. It is a working of their religious sense and knowledge upon their habits. It is a sacrifice of pleasures, in themselves innocent—and these are the most difficult to be sacrificed—to a higher principle than self-indulgence. The sense of religion is not dead, even if it be applied erroneously in this strict observance of Sunday, and influences all daily life on that day. A self-acting population, voluntarily renouncing self-indulgence in pleasure, or business, from religious principle, stands on a much higher moral and intellectual step than the population of the Continent, who devote the Sunday to animal enjoyment, or the gratification of acquired tastes for music, dancing, theatrical representation, or other refined pleasures. They are of a higher character." Even serious-minded

and intelligent foreigners themselves respond to these sentiments. The son of one of the most distinguished theologians of Germany lately spent a summer in Scotland, and passed a Sunday in the house of a respectable layman for the express purpose of observing how such a day was spent in the God-fearing families of the country. After seeing how the family, in its younger and older members alike, servants along with children, were conducted through the various services of the day, ending as usual with private readings, catechizings, and worship, and all with apparent alacrity and delight, he could do nothing, he said, on rehearsing the occasion, but fall down on his knees when he entered his room, and weep to think how impossible it seemed ever to witness such a sight in the families of a like class in his native land.

Such testimonies, which might be multiplied an hundredfold, greatly more than counterbalance the one-sided representations and flippant sayings with which Dr. Hessey has garnished, but by no means enhanced, his volume. We regret these chiefly on his own account, and for the misuse which is sure to be made of them.

The tendency in present times is too plainly in the direction of undue laxity, rather than excessive austerity. Undoubtedly the Lord's day should serve, among a Christian people, as an exponent of the kindly and merciful, not less than of the heavenward and elevated spirit of the Gospel; but, at the same time, a certain seriousness of mind must ever form the fundamental and pervading element of its proper observance. For, where such seriousness is wanting, there can be no vital godliness. The very nature of the religion of the Gospel demands this; for the peace which it brings, is peace that comes only after an exterminating war. Joy—joy said to be "unspeakable"—is one of its fruits; but that fruit can flourish only when men "have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." If men *will* associate the idea of bonds with such a religion and such a Sabbath, we must, for our part, still say, they are the bonds we love, for they bind us to the service of Him whose service is true freedom. They are bonds which have greatly contributed to render the better portion of Scotland's sons thoughtful, intelligent, self-restraining, and useful members of society. And for those from whom we are compelled reluctantly to differ, we have but one wish: that in this matter they "were altogether such as we are"—not *except*, but *with*, these same bonds.

ART. X.—*Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk, containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time.* 1860.

WE are not surprised at the amount of attention and interest which this *Autobiography* has excited. Mr. Burton has very judiciously left Dr. Carlyle to tell his own story; and with the advantage of a good command of expression, lively spirits, keen observation, and a quick and pleasant sense of the ridiculous, he tells his story in a very light, entertaining, and agreeable manner.

His tale, in point of incident, is scanty and uneventful enough, deriving its chief attraction from the long period to which his experience extended, and the many men of distinction and historical celebrity with whom, in the course of it, he came in contact. The drama of his life, although one of quiet action for the most part, has one or two stirring and even romantic scenes; and the vividness of the pictures which he strikes off on these occasions, indicates what he could have done in the way of description, had his lot been cast in a more adventurous and active sphere. As it is, his *Autobiography* is a very pleasant book to read, and, in a literary point of view, deserves the great praise of having woven out of the threads of the every-day life of a Scottish minister, a fabric of varied and elegant texture, containing much which pleases, and some things which instruct.

The author, no doubt, intended that something deeper should lie beneath the surface; and it is so, although not quite in the way, or with the moral, which he himself contemplated. His book has fallen on unhappy times, in some respects, for his posthumous reputation. He hardly thought that it would see the light in an age in which, whatever its other pretensions might be, the cant of scepticism should have become vulgar among men of the world, and been banished not only from religious circles, but from society—an age in which it should be thought that it denoted anything but enlightened or liberal opinion in men of the world to scoff with Bolingbroke, or sneer with Voltaire; and in which, apart altogether from the stricter shades of religious opinion, clergymen should not stand higher because they played cards or frequented theatres. The tone of feeling and expression now prevalent is as different from what it was in 1760, as the opinions and habits of that period were from those of the Long Parliament. What was derided then, is revered now; what was then disparaged as prejudice, is respected as truth; what was then supposed to indicate knowledge of the world, is now regarded as betraying the most consummate

ignorance of it; and the deeper and more hidden springs of individual and social action which take their rise, not in formal rules, but in sympathy and sentiment, are now not contemned, but cherished. It was not so when Carlyle lived—it was not so when he wrote. Had it been so, he probably would not have left to us this cold and polished mirror, to reflect the hard features of a century incredulous of faith and intolerant of earnestness.

Still, the sketch he has given us of his contemporaries and himself, is, in the main, both vivid and true. As far as he is personally concerned, it is impossible not to like him. He is kindly and merry, with that flow of animal spirits, and that absence of too painful an appreciation of emotional feeling in others, or sense of it himself, which are apt to lead to an easy and tranquil life. The book discloses a vigorous, acute, and cultivated mind, and indicates, what he is known to have possessed, courtly manners and unruffled temper. He writes an admirable style, and wields what is generally very accurate English, with an ease and command of expression which bespeak a scholar and a gentleman. Armed with these qualities, he threaded his way from one circle of distinction to another, during sixty-five years of very stirring and important times, a favourite with all whom he chose to please, if not the centre of any weighty influence, or the object of any deep respect. Whether his ambition was worthy of his powers, or what he accomplished worthily of the labour he bestowed, are matters on which his critics may fairly differ.

The first part of his book, and the first years of the man, are certainly our favourites. Born in 1722, when George the First was king, when Walpole was minister, when Bolingbroke was idealizing in exile a patriot king, and chafing under the ingratitude of an actual Pretender; when the union with England was hardly consolidated, and Scottish peers and lairds were learning the fashions and trying to speak the language of an English court; when the '15 was little forgotten, and the Covenant little remembered,—our author came on the stage of life. Scotland was then in a state of transition very momentous to her. It was not until the commencement of another century that Carlyle sat down in his old age to recount the recollections of his youth. We cannot help envying the sunny temperament of one who, having seen our American colonies disown our power, an ancient monarchy vanish into mist, all the old-established dogmas which he learned in his youth and applied in his manhood swept away, and writing with the sound in his ears of the trumpet of Imperial France summoning the nations to war, could yet

revert, with a quiet, unruffled, and unconvinced equanimity, to the period when Scotland began her career as part of a united kingdom.

Nothing can be more graphic or lively than this part of his book. He hits off the incidents of the earlier part of the century, partly from boyish recollection, partly from his father's anecdotes, with great vividness and spirit; all the more so that he writes and thinks without any bias, and colours faithfully from nature. We know nothing of the kind better than his quiet but very clever sketch of the social condition of his native parish of Prestonpans, with its great and its little men; the great Lord Grange, and his mixture of Calvinism and dissipation; his famous deportation and imprisonment of his stormy wife; Colonel Charteris, whom our author saw when a boy in the church of Tranent, and thought was a wizard, whom it would be death not to look at; the Porteous mob, the commencement of which he witnessed, having been present in church when Robertson escaped; and other details of the period—all are described with a flowing and easy pencil, and with a personal relish which gives the narrative a pleasant and pungent interest. The picture of Lord Grange is one the author has taken some pains on, his object being to exhibit the conjunction, in one clever but unworthy character, of the formal observances of religion and much interest in controversial theology, with unbounded profligacy and undisguised immorality of life. It cannot be denied that he succeeds; and in all probability, in that age, it would not be difficult to have discovered many other examples, although there is a breadth and boldness about Grange's hypocrisy which makes him not an unfit type of his class. When religion is fashionable, just as when vice is fashionable, even those who do not practise will affect it; and we entirely sympathize with the goodwill with which Carlyle paints the incongruity, and holds it up to our disgust.

The companion picture of Colonel Gardiner is far from being equally successful. It may be true in its general lineaments, but the artist seems to have equal pleasure in depreciating the sincere piety of Gardiner, and in exposing the coarse and impudent pretences of Grange. That Colonel Gardiner may not have been a man of great intellectual power is probable; but it is obvious that his religious earnestness offended Carlyle, who did not wish to find that quality united with ability.

The description of the rising in '45, down to the battle of Prestonpans, is by much the best part of the book. Carlyle was at this time three-and-twenty, and had just returned

from Glasgow University. He had previously attended more than one session at the University of Edinburgh, where he had made the acquaintance of Dr. Robertson and John Home—was a proficient in mathematics—had learned to dance—and had graduated at a billiard-table within fifty yards of the College. There is little but a catalogue of names given us of his University life. One very graphic picture we find of Simon, Lord Lovat, with whom our young hero dined at a tavern, and whom he describes to have been as portly, good-natured, pious and profane, as insinuating and as profligate, as we should have expected to find him. But whatever Carlyle learned during his University years, he seems to have acquired very early the talent which never deserted him, of making and retaining friends.

Carlyle first heard of the landing of the Pretender at Moffat. He hastened to Edinburgh, where he learned that the Highlanders had baffled Sir John Cope, and were in full march on Edinburgh. Edinburgh was mustering volunteers for a defence, and the roll included Robertson, John Home, George Logan, and one or two others who were known afterwards, as well as Carlyle himself. At first the authorities put a bold face on the matter, and it was thought the town would be defended; and when it came to look like real fighting, the general consternation is very well commemorated: "In marching down the Bow, a narrow, winding street, the scene was different, for all the spectators were in tears, and uttering loud lamentations, insomuch that Mr. Kinloch, a probationer, the son of Mr. Kinloch, one of the High Church ministers, who was in the second rank just behind Mr. Hew Ballantine, said to him in a melancholy tone, 'Mr. Hew, Mr. Hew, does not this remind you of a passage in Livy, when the Gens Fabii marched out of Rome to prevent the Gauls entering the city, and the whole matrons and virgins of Rome were wringing their hands and loudly lamenting the certain danger to which that generous tribe were going to be exposed?' 'Hold your tongue,' says Ballantine, 'otherwise I shall complain to the officer, for you'll discourage the men.' 'You must recollect the end,' Mr. Hew, 'omnes ad unum periere.' This occasioned a hearty laugh among those who heard it; which being over, Ballantine half whispered to Kinloch, 'Robin, if you are afraid, you had better start off when you can find an opportunity. I shall not tell that you are gone till we are too far off to recover you.'"

Our author draws a striking picture of the utter want of organization, method, or spirit, on the part of the authorities. The volun-

teers were marched out of town, and then marched back, till at last, from pure panic and imbecility, they were disbanded; and, in the end, the dragoons, who had been posted at Colt Bridge, came helter skelter through the town, without having once caught sight of an enemy, spreading their own fears as they went, and strewing the roads to the eastward, as Dr. Carlyle tells us, "with accoutrements of every kind, pistols, swords, skull-caps, etc." "A foul flight," said Colonel Gardiner, in a conversation Carlyle had with him next day; "a foul flight, Sandie, and they have not recovered from their panic; and I'll tell you in confidence that I have not above ten men in my regiment who I am certain will follow me. But we must give them battle now, and God's will be done."

Gardiner's forebodings turned out to be only too well founded; for the day before the battle, Carlyle had acted as a sentinel for Gardiner, from the top of Tranent steeple. Seeing that a battle was imminent at day-break, he lay down to rest in his father's house—was awoken by the first cannon-shot, and before he could dress, the Royal army were totally routed:—

"I directed the maid to awake me the moment the battle began, and fell into a profound sleep in an instant. I heard the first cannon that was fired, and started to my clothes; which, as I neither buckled nor gartered, were on in a moment, and immediately went to my father's, not a hundred yards off. All the strangers were gone, and my father had been up before daylight, and had resorted to the steeple. Whilst I was conversing with my mother, he returned to the house, and assured me of what I had guessed before, that we were completely defeated. I ran into the garden, where there was a mount on the southeast corner, from which one could see the fields almost to the verge of that part where the battle was fought. Even at that time, which could hardly be more than ten or fifteen minutes after firing the first cannon, the whole prospect was filled with runaways, and Highlanders pursuing them. Many had their coats turned as prisoners, but were still trying to reach the town, in hopes of escaping. The pursuing Highlanders, when they could not overtake, fired at them, and I saw two fall in the glebe. By-and-by a Highland officer, whom I knew to be Lord Elcho, passed with his train, and had an air of savage ferocity, that disgusted and alarmed. He inquired fiercely of me where a public-house was to be found; I answered him very meekly, not doubting but that, if I had displeased him with my tone, his reply would have been with a pistol bullet.

"The crowd of wounded and dying now approached with all their followers, but their groans and agonies were nothing compared with the howlings, and cries, and lamentations of the women, which suppressed manhood, and created dependency. Not long after the Duke of Perth appeared with his train, who asked me, in a

very different tone, the way to Collector Cheap's, to which house he had ordered our wounded officers. Knowing the family were from home, I answered the questions of victorious clemency with more assurance of personal safety than I had done to unappeased fury. I directed him the way to the house, which was hard by that where I had slept.

"The rebel army had before day marched in three divisions, one of which went straight down the waggon-way to attack our cannon, the other two crossed the morass near Seaton House; one of which marched north toward Port-Seaton, where the field is broadest, to attack our rear, but over-marched themselves, and fell in with a few companies that were guarding the baggage in a small enclosure near Cockenzie, and took the whole. The main body marched west through the plains, and just at the break of day attacked our army. After firing once, they ran on with their broadswords, and our people fled. The dragoons attempted to charge, under Colonel Whitney, who was wounded, but wheeled immediately; and rode off through the defile between Preston and Bankton, to Dolphinston, half a mile off. Colonel Gardiner, with his division, attempted to charge, but was only followed by eleven men, as he had foretold, Cornet Kerr being one. He continued fighting, and had received several wounds, and was at last brought down by the stroke of a broadsword over the head. He was carried to the minister's house at Tranent, where he lived till next forenoon. His own house, which was nearer, was made an hospital for the Highlanders, no person of our army being carried there but the Master of Trophiceen, who was so badly wounded that he could be sent to no greater distance. Some of the dragoons fled as far as Edinburgh, and one stood all day at the Castle-gate, as General Guest would not allow him to be taken in. A considerable body of dragoons met at Dolphinston immediately after the rout, little more than half a mile from the field, where Cope joined them; and where it was said Lord Drummore offered to conduct them back, with assurance of victory when the Highlanders were busy with the booty. But they could not be prevailed on by his eloquence no more than by the youthful ardour of Earls Home and Loudon. After a short halt, they marched over Falside Hill to Lauder. Sir Peter Halket, a captain in Lee's regiment, acted a distinguished part on this occasion; for after the rout he kept his company together; and getting behind a ditch in Tranent meadow, he kept firing away on the rebels till they were glad to let him surrender on terms."

What the true explanation of this ignominious defeat was it is difficult now to say. Carlyle, who was on the spot, says that nothing but the "weakest and most unaccountable bad conduct on our part could possibly have given them the victory." With much mismanagement, there must have been little heartiness, and some treachery.

The little episodes of the day after the battle are very well told. How his father, the minister, wrote a letter to the school-

master in Latin, to tell him to bury certain money and watches he had in charge, in saddle-bags, in the garden; and how the worthy dominie buried the saddle-bags, and left the straps above ground; and sundry other incidents of so strange a time in that quiet village—a few notices of some of the wounded Royalists, and some of the victorious Highlanders, with more than one of whom he met in after times, give a great air of life and reality to the description. Carlyle, a few days afterwards, saw the Pretender in front of Holyrood; and describes him as a dark, good-looking, sunburnt man, about five feet ten inches in height, with a great air of melancholy.

Take it altogether, Scott, with all the advantages and licence of fiction, has hardly equalled in "Waverley" the interest and brilliancy of this description of a fortnight's romance. A few more weeks, and it was all over, and the hero of it a hunted fugitive. No one can wish he had succeeded, but none can read his story without emotion; and nowhere is it told more effectively than in the authentic although disjointed incidents of these pages.

Soon after this, Carlyle went abroad to Holland; principally, we suppose, to be out of the way at a time when things were so unsettled. As usual, he depicts his new scenes and sensations with great liveliness, and makes new and good acquaintances at every step. He is driven into Yarmouth by stress of weather, and lodges with one Robin Sad, at the sign of the Three Kings, who "standing at his own door, had such an inviting aspect and manner, that I could not resist him." "He entertained me much, for he had been several years a mate in the Mediterranean, in his youth; and was vain and boastful, and presumptuous and ignorant, to my great delight."

Arrived in Rotterdam, he found a large circle, both Scotch and English, of men whose names became afterwards celebrated. Among the rest were Charles Townsend and John Wilkes, Dowdeswell, the future Chancellor of the Exchequer, John Gregory, and several others, with whom he seems throughout life to have continued his friendship. Of Wilkes he says:—"When we came to John Wilkes, whose ugly countenance in early youth was very striking, I asked earnestly who he was. His answer was (Gregory's), that he was the son of a London distiller or brewer, who wanted to be a fine gentleman, which he never could be, for God and nature had been against him. I came to know Wilkes very well afterwards, and found him to be a sprightly, entertaining fellow—too much so for his years, for he was but eighteen; for

even then he showed something of daring profligacy, for which he was afterwards distinguished."

It is in vain for us to pursue the current of this interesting narrative, with which, doubtless, most of our readers have already become familiar, and the main features of which have been already forestalled by the press. His voyage home with Violetti, the dancer; his presentation at Court, at which his handsome exterior and graceful bearing excited great admiration; his introduction to London society, and to various celebrities of that time, those who have read must know, and those who have not had better read.

Soon after the battle of Culloden, he was presented to the living of Inveresk, near Musselburgh, in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh. It is plain enough that he never had any heart for his calling. He was ordained to the charge in 1747, in his 25th year, and he remained in it for 58 years, until his death in 1805,—how spent, this volume tells us. He passed his time with men of great intellect, and now of great fame. Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, and the circle which they gathered round them, must have given great intellectual relish to life; and many interesting and characteristic traits of them are recorded by Dr. Carlyle, which have been sufficiently and deservedly appreciated. Robertson he considers the most brilliant in conversation of the many brilliant men he had met; and there were few distinguished men of the period with whom he had not more or less acquaintance. He fostered, consoled, and encouraged John Home under his theatrical trials; fought and suffered with him in the cause of the drama; was, along with Dr. Robertson, one of the actors in the celebrated rehearsal of "Douglas," and, in short, was the prop and stay of a hero who, we rather think, was only the second-rate author of an indifferent tragedy. He belonged to the Poker Club, which was named and designed to *stir up* the militia question. He was a member of the General Assembly, in which he did his best to discourage high-flying, as he termed it, and promote coldness of doctrine and laxity of discipline. The leaders of the "wild" or evangelical party are sketched off with a spice of malignity, which the rest of the book plainly evinces does not arise entirely from their imputed frailties. And, finally, he supported the abject, subservient Scottish Toryism of the last century with zeal, with hearty liking, and with great effect.

The Autobiography comes, unfortunately, no farther down than 1770, when the writer was not 50 years of age. We should much like to have seen how his unimpassioned na-

ture would have dealt with that period of the shaking of nations, and thrones, and principles through which he lived, long after his companions in the main objects of his life had gone to their rest. But we have no intention of following him through the years he has recorded. Our main object in this criticism is to point the moral which lies below. As regards Carlyle, personally, the chief regret the reader feels is that he was cast in so uncongenial a sphere. As a captain of horse, he would have been a most agreeable companion and an excellent soldier. If his life had been destined for the senate or the bar, he had talents which must have raised him to distinction. As it is, the book is a just and a melancholy picture of one phase of Scottish life during last century: clever, shallow, polished, subservient, imitating the manners and sensitive of the scorn of England, ashamed of the honest creed and manly realities of the preceding century, ever striving not to be suspected of being what it was, and ever ambitious of being thought what it ought not to be. It was a century of great intellects and poor patriotism,—of great successes in philosophy and literature, and dire disasters and neglect among the people,—a century which advanced the mind of man in science and learning, but left its own peculiar duties fatally unperformed. It has taken us the best part of fifty years to retrace our steps. In all that tends to national dignity, to social self-respect, political independence, and religious truth, more than one-half of that time has been spent in undoing what Carlyle's contemporaries had done.

The spirit of the age may be very well distilled from one simple element in this volume. Written to instruct a succeeding generation, by a minister who held that position for more than fifty years, it does not contain one religious sentiment, one devotional expression, one allusion to his sacred duties, or one word of concern for his flock. It may be that Dr. Carlyle was not destitute of religious sentiment or pastoral fidelity. But he was ashamed of them. His vocation was to show that a man might be a minister, and yet a man of the world. But he does not succeed. He shows the man of the world, but hides the minister entirely from sight; thinking it a feather in his divinity graduation cap to show how little in earnest he could be. Sparkling and pleasant as much of the book is, we lay it down with a sigh,—wondering what, after all, was the object of this prolonged existence and these creditable gifts, and whether a man of undoubted talent and considerable attainments did really think that rehearsing an indifferent tragedy, or supping at questionable taverns, or forgetting divinity with divines,

was a nobler part to play than labouring in the sacred office to which he had devoted and owed his life.

It is an easy but a shallow remark, to say that Dr. Carlyle's object was to withstand the austere and Puritanic spirit of the age. But that was not his object. The age was not austere or Puritanic, or else Dr. Carlyle would have been so too. These qualities were out of fashion, and cold scepticism reigned in their stead. The Puritan, or rather the Covenanting spirit—in other words, the spirit of free thought in matters religious, and free action in matters civil, which the Scottish Reformation fostered—had struck its roots deep into the character of the people. In England, the tendency to compromise, and the tardiness to change, so characteristic of the nation, not unmixed with a degree of national jealousy, contributed to discredit in the South the simple Calvinism of the Presbyterian Church polity. Their great hierarchy stood, one foot on Rome, and the other on Geneva—with Calvinistic articles and a Popish rubric—ready to defend the one against the Scots, and the other against the Irish, with little regard to logic, but intense devotion to things that were. They could not forgive the Scottish descent of the great Rebellion. Although the last of the Stuarts had been expelled, the upper classes were quite as full of the spirit of the Restoration as of the Revolution. Divine right and passive obedience, although less paraded, were hardly less firmly cherished, or less studiously inculcated, among the clergy under William of Orange than they had been under James; and at the time at which Dr. Carlyle was born, when the death of Queen Anne, the undisguised treachery of Harley and Bolingbroke, and the discontent at the Hanoverian succession, had pointed out the moment to the exiled family again to cast the dice for the throne, the spirit which would not trust its liberties to the Stuarts was still as little inclined to trust its religion to the Scots.

The influence, however, of the Puritan spirit in England, and that of the Covenanting spirit in Scotland, have never yet obtained their due regard from history. The fashion is to sneer at them, and dismiss them with a patronizing opinion, that although these two great classes of religionists had been greatly persecuted, they would have done the same had they possessed the power and the opportunity. The incubations we sometimes find in the smart but superficial pages of some of our popular London journals, written by those who might be supposed to think all theology bounded by an Oxford circle, and all knowledge of mankind centred

in Pall Mall—who conceive it narrow-minded bigotry to avoid Sunday amusements, but consider the colour of a surplice or the intoning of responses matters of deep moment—who deride, in short, the peculiarities of their neighbours, but fight fiercely for their own,—merely denote how difficult it is to abstract the view from the passing crowd, and embrace and comprehend the larger and deeper results of national movements. These writers seem to be unconscious how deeply the Puritan and even the Covenanting spirit have leavened the institutions at their own door; and fail to see that the distance between them and the habits and customs which they sneer at is not appreciable, compared with that between them and their Parisian, or Belgian, or Italian neighbours. To a Frenchman, the religious difference in the aspect of London and Edinburgh is slight. He thinks the London Sunday as howling a desert as that of Aberdeen: no theatres—no races—no balls—few dinner parties—no newspapers published—no shops open;—the spirit of Puritanism seems to him to flit round the dismal day with as cold a chill as the London diner-out, perhaps himself a native of some breezy Calvinistic glen, affects to feel in the gloomy North.

The truth is, such reflections on national characteristics are shallow. To appreciate them aright, it is necessary to divest ourselves of that universal tendency to believe that what we are accustomed to is beyond the reach of ridicule, and what is strange to us is contemptible. Perhaps it might be said, that of all national peculiarities, this alone is worthy of contempt, unless indeed we prefer to it the spirit, too often exhibited, of decrying what is most valuable to us, and exalting what we have disowned—condemning our advantages with faint praise, and speaking lightly of tyrannies, and heresies, and oppressions, which our fathers withstood and conquered.

One plain and obvious truth, which these critics are too self-sufficient to see, lies on the surface. The Puritan and Covenanting elements are essentially productive of liberty—liberty personal, and civil, and religious. As to the sentiment that the Puritans and the Covenanters would have persecuted just as much as their oppressors, had they possessed the power, it is both common-place and superficial. Some of them would, no doubt: as many of our friends of the surplice and the responses would also, had they the power, which, we trust, they never will have. But these slender reasoners overlook the historical fact, that the Covenanters and the Puritans, when in the ascendant, did not persecute after the fashion of the Papists and the Pre-

latists. The general tendency of opinions can never be gathered from the views of those who hold them in extreme, but must be learned from their practical result. And the practical result has been, happily for this country, that from the Puritan and Covenanting elements we have reaped the rich fruits not only of civil liberty, but of religious toleration.

As to how far this is historically true, we shall say a word immediately; but it is plain, that, from the nature of these opinions, such must necessarily be their tendency. No doubt, there prevailed in both the Puritan and the Covenanting ranks a habit of exaggerating Old Testament examples, and assuming to themselves the powers which the rulers of the chosen people were divinely permitted to exercise. The zealots of either school might be prone to arrogate to themselves the "sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and to speak of dealing with their enemies as Samuel dealt with Agag, or Jael with Sisera. Probably there are not wanting facts illustrative of these extravagant modes of expression. But, on the other side, there existed the far more than equalizing element of the intimate recognition of the right of private judgment, and the directness of individual and personal responsibility, and the disowning of any lordly power over the heritage of the Church, alongside of which arbitrary power and the sword of persecution were paralyzed. It was as early as the first half of the 16th century that John Knox learned from Major, in his lectures on logic, in the University of Glasgow, the right of subjects to resist a monarch who betrayed his trust. But while Knox ruled Scotland, although the blood of Hamilton and Wishart, and of a cloud of witnesses besides, called for vengeance, no man in Scotland suffered death for his opinions. It was in the school of the great Puritan leaders of the next century that the rules which adjust the balance between governors and subjects were discussed, methodized, and ultimately settled. Under them we live and flourish to this day. But the foundation of their views was fixed in the depths of religious belief, and in the impossibility of realizing their principles of religious accountability and ecclesiastical polity, in any state in which the liberty of the subject was denied. Nor is it at all wonderful that the first essay to embody these principles, which took the impossible shape of a theocratic republic, should, with all its rude, unfashioned elements of strength and power, have been rent asunder by the very energies which composed it, and should have subsided into the iron order and rest of the Protectorate. The leaders of the Commonwealth had seen much

of what ought to have been done—they had not learned how to do it. But neither the severities of the Restoration nor the compromises of the Revolution have obliterated, in the minds of the people of England, the political lessons they then acquired; and while the clergy were hankering after Laud, and statesmen were flattering monarchs, the commonality of England remained, during the last century, with all their undoubted attachment to the Church of England, true to the principles of liberty, which neither Laud nor kings had ever taught them.

In Scotland the same result remained, under circumstances far more exceptional. William III., although much pressed to the contrary, had wisdom enough to perceive how deep were the influences on the national mind produced by the Presbyterian Church polity, for which so much blood had been spilt, and to which the great body of the people were so deeply attached. All that Scotland had ever learned of civil liberty it had drawn from the fountains of the Reformation. That constant conflict and alternate success and oppression should have moulded it into a more compact and sterner form, was only the natural result of the vicissitudes of a century and a half. But so thoroughly had the early Reformers done their work, so completely had the spirit of independence, self-reliance, and individual responsibility penetrated through the whole framework of society down to the very lowest ranks, that there was neither hope nor fear that the arts of statecraft, or views of policy, would shake their attachment to the heritage left them by their fathers. The peculiarities of speech or action which may have marked the Presbyterian leaders, although a favourite theme with unobservant minds, are really not worth the historian's notice. They are not in themselves either more peculiar, more austere, or more intolerant than those of the age in any part of the island. If they sometimes exaggerated the importance of details on which good men may differ, they did so with no more bigoted adherence to their own views, than that with which the Anglican divines adhered to theirs. They were strong earnest men, who believed religion to be a rule not only of faith but of life, and who wished to see it recognised as such in the daily and ordinary avocations of men,—a desire which, so far from being a fit theme for ridicule or contempt, is the truest test of the reality of their convictions. Nor would it be difficult to show, although our limits do not permit of our attempting it at present, that although working on a narrow sphere, on a people whose traditions, tendencies, and habits differed widely from their powerful

neighbours, the balance of enlarged views and liberal administration inclines to this side the Tweed.

With peaceful times there came of course a reaction, and, superadded to the withdrawal of excitement, came the union with England, which, fraught with mutual blessings as it has been, produced in Scotland social effects of which this book of Dr. Carlyle's is a living and vivid type.

The annihilation of the Scottish Parliament, and the transfer to London of many of our principal families, produced different results on different classes of the people. On the mass it operated no change at all. Satisfied with the religious freedom in which they were secured, and quite ready again to arm and struggle for it if they were attacked, they continued to cherish in its full intensity the spirit of the Reformation, and the study of evangelical theology. It is doubtful whether, beyond the immediate precincts of Edinburgh, the people cared much whether their legislators met in Edinburgh or in London, so that they enjoyed the benefits of the Revolution Settlement, their Presbyterian Church polity, and the complete freedom of worship. But the immediate effects of the Union on the upper classes in Scotland was one by no means flattering to our national pride. The century was not one, in any part of the island, of much public spirit, or much public morality. If the voice of English liberty now and then burst forth, as in the letters of Junius, to remind courtiers and placemen that there was a people behind them, these warnings came but seldom. It was a cold age. But in Scotland these things were copied in intense exaggeration. While our men of letters, like David Hume, were avowing their contempt for England, they were almost unconsciously trying to conform to an English model. They planted trees because Samuel Johnson saw none on the coast of Aberdeenshire. They carefully pruned their style from Scotticisms, and, with the energy of their countrymen, in some degree taught their neighbours how to write their language. If the broad Doric of their youth could not be moulded into the accent of Middlesex or Surrey, they might, at least, rise superior to the narrow prejudice of their fathers, who read their Bibles, and thought it worth their while to fight for the right of doing so. The fear of English ridicule, the desire of English approbation, the dread of displaying singularity, the ambition of being men of the world, seems to have seized the whole of that generation among the Scottish gentry; and here, in this work of Carlyle's, we have the embodiment of the spirit of the time, by the great high-priest of the art.

The result was, that, casting away the old traditions which used to stir the blood of their countrymen, they brought nothing to fill their place. They carried out the "*nil admirari*" doctrine so efficiently, that they left on the polished surface nothing to which enthusiasm or earnestness could attach. The triumphs of literature and philosophy, in their less impassioned moods, were ardently and successfully pursued. These suited with the quiet scepticism of the day, But it was the mission of the time to quench and still earnestness, and zeal, and realities. No orator stirred his audience to enthusiasm. No poet sung the notes of vehement and burning emotion, until one was called forth by nature, reared and nurtured outside the artificial pale. Evangelical religion offended against the decorum of this placid creed, and was discountenanced and discouraged. It was best if people did not believe at all; but, at least, the less they believed the better.

Is not this the moral of this entertaining narrative? It is the story of the life of a magnate of the Church. Does it contain the record of one single effort, one worthy aspiration, for the good of the people or of mankind? Is there one object to which he and those who followed him devoted their energies which was worth accomplishing? They did strive hard and successfully to prevent others from acting, but they did nothing themselves. The record of the proceedings of the General Assembly, which composes the second, and certainly the least interesting part of the volume, discloses an apathy of sentiment, a debasement of tone and standard, and an utter absence of conscientious action, of which even those who like to read of such things on the part of ecclesiastics would be themselves ashamed. It was all very well for Dr. Carlyle to exhibit the graces of his person, the charms of his manners, and his mental accomplishments, in society to which ministers were rarely invited, and sometimes from which they were better absent. If he had combined the manners of a man of the world with the fidelity and earnestness of a Christian pastor, there was nothing but what was commendable and useful in his ambition. It is one which might be more generally entertained with advantage; but he pursued the one object, while he not only neglected but depreciated the other. His idea of being a man of the world, was being as little of a minister as possible; and when we look back on this tale, told by himself, when we remember the powers he unquestionably possessed, and think that during the whole of his eighty-five years he accomplished nothing but the empty frivolities he here records—that he went to theatres when some ministers thought

it wrong to go there, and defended John Home for writing a tragedy—we come to the melancholy conclusion, that we have finished the story of an unprofitable life.

But far more disastrous is the light it throws on those who ruled last century in Scotland. Can we wonder at the fruits, now that we see the tree? We know what the fruits were. We know how thoroughly every spark of earnestness was trodden out of public affairs; how dead the Church, how neglected the schools, how abject the Town Councils, how powerless the people, how grinding the law, at the end of last century. Let those who dislike high-flying and fanaticism, study this picture with candour. Let them see with what even pace coldness in religion and loss of liberty accompany each other. Let them learn how certainly, as the old leaven of the Reformation was repressed, as the clergy grew indifferent, and the laity sceptical, so surely did the spirit of liberty languish. And then let them mark how, after many years, we have revived. They will find that the first stirring of the waters was the faithful preaching of the Church of Scotland. Many persons, true all along to their traditions, had left her communion, and had found in the ranks of the Seceders the fidelity which the Church had discarded. But the first movement toward a regenerated tone of public principle was accompanied with, if not preceded by, a recurrence by a portion of the Church to evangelical preaching and principles; and our politicians and rulers may rest assured, that the love of civil liberty which pervades the people of this great country, draws a large portion of its invigorating strength from those sources of religious opinion which, in all the vicissitudes of our constitution, have had so great an influence on our fate.

We have no quarrel with Dr. Carlyle's censures, one-sided and partial as they plainly are, on the leaders of the evangelical party. To investigate their accuracy in detail, would be to tax unduly the time and patience of our readers. We know that, in regard to Dr. Witherspoon, he greatly underrates him;* and, as regards Dr. Webster, the portrait is too elaborately coloured to be altogether just. When we find that Dr. Webster was one of Carlyle's accusers about the "Tragedy of Douglas," and that Carlyle says of him that

* Allusion is made (p. 66) to a scandalous rumour, that Dr. Nisbet, afterwards President of an American college, was Witherspoon's son. The story was retailed, Carlyle says, by Thomas Hepburn, "a distinguished minister." In reality, there was less than fourteen years difference of age between them. Witherspoon having been born 5th February 1722 (Chambers' Dict.), and Nisbet 21st January 1736 (Memoir of his Life).

he "could do mischief with the joy of an ape," it is very plain that his testimony is not without suspicion of bias. At the same time, it is right that it should be known what their antagonists said and thought of these men; nor can it be without benefit to observe that a man's conduct will be generally judged by his own standard, and his merits by that of his neighbours.

Still, looking back on our national history during the period over which this narrative extends, we should place far above the easy-going, light-hearted incumbent of Inveresk, those men whose names are almost forgotten, who kept their torch alight in the very darkest days, and handed down the pure flame of patriotism to a more fortunate generation.

We have thought it right to record, in explicit terms, our opinion of the moral which this volume conveys. But our strictures in no degree detract from its importance or its interest as a contribution to our knowledge of the last century. The misfortune is, it is all true: and the truth is conveyed in so pleasant and graphic a style, that it cannot fail to impress the public. To Mr. Burton's editing of the volume we are greatly indebted. He has performed his task with rare good taste and judgment, and has been the means of adding not only an agreeable book to the passing literature of the day, but a solid and lasting illustration of the principles and customs which prevailed during an influential period of our history.

ART. XI.—1. *Speeches of Viscount Palmerston, K.G., in the House of Commons.* Hansard.

2. *Despatches of Viscount Palmerston.* Blue Books.

THE pamphlets which have lately appeared in different countries, and in different languages, on the question of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, have been numerous enough to bring that subject within the legitimate scope of a quarterly Review. Some are fair and accurate; others are marked by the strangest ignorance and the wildest misconception. But they are, nevertheless, read by foreign populations who do not know what to credit and what to disbelieve. An instance may be taken in a recent German pamphlet, entitled 'Palmerston Unmasked,' which has been ascribed to the erratic judgment of an eminent personage beyond the Rhine. This German author has in reality put on the very mask which he proposes to strip off; and he

leaves it to his critic, if he have one, to divest the subject of a travesty which affects only his own repute for knowledge and fidelity. We cite this production simply by way of example.

The Reviewer, in his vocation, has his choice between silence and a refutation of misstatement; and Lord Palmerston has probably long learnt to be indifferent to literary judgments. But the subject is one of European interest. Lord Palmerston is once more nearly absolute; he is the only minister in that position in any Government throughout Europe; and, with the single exception of Napoleon III., he is also the only ruler who, whether in the capacity of minister or sovereign, is individually and distinctively identified with the foreign policy of his country. It is therefore a matter of great practical concern to us all to know what Lord Palmerston's foreign policy really is. And it is equally a matter of curious inquiry to ascertain what are the qualifications and antecedents which have led a free country to acquiesce, without reserve, in his administration of its whole authority.

'Steam has bridged the Channel,' said the Duke of Wellington in 1847; and one consequence of that fact certainly is, that Lord Palmerston has from 1855 to 1861, subject to a short interval, been Prime Minister with an influence apparently unknown to any of his predecessors since the death of Pitt. The connection of these two circumstances is in reality very simple. During our forty years' peace, we felt ourselves profoundly insulated, and accordingly we cared for little but domestic questions. The High Tories, proud of the alliances they had created in 1813, contrived themselves to demolish every one of them before 1820. Meanwhile there were no contingent enemies of this country, of whom it could be justly apprehensive. The Tories pursued their coercive government at home, and their obsolete theories of finance, as long as the nation would submit to them; and when the nation would submit no longer, the Whigs undid the work of the Tories; and the conservative spirit, as well as the content, which we now witness, are certainly due to their measures of reform. So long as the great questions of the day were questions of domestic administration, the leaders of parties were almost necessarily men whose *forte* lay in some great domestic question. England and Scotland were the Englishman's and the Scotchman's microcosm. In comparison of the present relations of Great Britain with the continental Powers, we may be said to have been in a state of isolation. Whether or not we were in fact indifferent to continental affairs, we could at any rate

afford to be indifferent to them. Abroad, John Bull was the most phlegmatic, apathetic personage in the world. At home, he was full of self-consciousness, self-opinion, and self-importance. He looked at his own constitution through the medium of a microscope; and he saw nothing to compare, in grandeur or consequence, with its slightest variations, in all the movements of the continental states. True, he sympathized in the great struggles of Belgium, Spain, Poland, and Hungary; but his sympathy was mere disinterested generosity. The leaders of parties in those days were precisely the reflex of this phasis of public opinion.

But at length it became impossible that this country could be longer governed by statesmen who seemed unable to rise above such questions as the difference of a six-pound and a ten-pound clause, a ballot and a poll, a rating and a renting franchise, a sliding scale and a fixed duty, a compulsory and a voluntary system of public education. The great questions of continental policy now became mingled with the daily life of British administration. Our insular securities against invasion were dwindling down to the same level with the securities of Austria or Prussia. The old distinction between land frontiers and sea boundaries seemed to merge: the *arva Neptunia* of the poet were becoming a veritable *champ de Mars* for the two nations bordering the Channel. So long as Louis Philippe possessed a great army, but no transport fleet, so long as the Republic possessed a fleet that did not steam, menaces from France were idle here. But when a great army and a great steam fleet, both in transport and in ships of war, were united in the command of the ablest and most daring sovereign of Europe, the insular position of England vanished. This truth was testified by changes descending to the minutest elements of our social life. It is not only that we are beginning to have great military establishments, that there is a cry for fortification, and that Woolwich, which (like 'the fat weed that rots itself in ease on Lethic's wharf') would have dwelt for ever by the Thames, is ordered off to Cannock Chase. The measured tramp of volunteers was heard in the streets of all our cities, common conversation turned on Whitworths and Armstrongs, the middle classes began to speak French (the language less of France than of Europe), British hotels gave you a table d'hôte, and you might even wear a moustache in London without being held to live in Leicester Square. England, in a word, had become a continental nation.

Lord Palmerston was precisely the representative of this great change both in public

affairs and in national feeling. International policy resumed the ascendant in British administration which it had lost since the peace of 1815, but which it meanwhile still possessed in almost every continental administration where the Minister of Foreign Affairs is the Premier. The two leading administrative qualifications of Lord Palmerston, were in foreign policy and in war; and to these two attributes of government every other now became subordinate. Lord Lansdowne, by his marvellous union of courage and judgment, might have assumed Lord Palmerston's position in 1855; but Lord Lansdowne then for the third time declined to be Prime Minister.

But this, as we think, far from presents the whole cause of Lord Palmerston's present political position. The nation required a leader who was capable of really thinking and acting for them. The situation of Europe had become as novel and as critical as the situation of England itself. Indeed, both in Europe and Asia wars and revolutions were being daily stimulated or repressed. The independence of Italy as against Austria; the independence of Europe in general as against France; the independence of Turkey as against Russia; the designs of Spain, under French dictation, against Gibraltar; the neutrality of Syria, as against Powers covetous of our ascendancy in the Indian seas;—these have been almost simultaneously the great questions of the day, by an adverse settlement of any one of which our influence might be lessened, our dominion endangered, and our principles defeated. It became necessary to centre the government of the country in a minister who, in addition to experience and public knowledge, possessed the ability instinctively to see what was right, and the courage also *to do it* on his own individual responsibility.

These are the rarest qualifications of a public man in a representative government. There is too common a tendency, in the minister of such a government, to consider what course is popular for the moment, how a certain decision may affect the collocation of parties in the Legislature, whether the peace party or the war party be in the ascendant, and whether at last he will obtain a majority. We need not point out the reputations which a navigation through such shoals has wrecked. The man who deserves to govern his country can generally lead his country. It has been a characteristic of Lord Palmerston in the great decisions which he has taken in foreign affairs, that he seems scarcely ever to have looked beyond the intrinsic elements of the question before him. There has been a reciprocal confidence between the country and

himself; he has done what he thought right, let the attitude of Parliamentary parties be as threatening as it may, and the country has almost invariably sustained his judgment. To such a minister, his position in a representative government becomes far stronger than his position would be in a despotic government. Foreign states can always measure his power in the one case, in the other they cannot. This distinction, much to the prejudice of a weak minister in a free government, is of great advantage to a strong minister. Intrigue may at any moment displace the minister of a despotic court; but the minister who really represents the views of a free people, is known to be unassailable. It is thus that the name of Palmerston seems to carry, at this day, as much significance through Europe as the name of Napoleon the Third.

It may be said, perhaps, that all this was not to be predicated of Lord Palmerston's antecedents. He never aspired to be the leader of a great party; he was a departmental minister in Liberal Governments successively headed by Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, and Lord Aberdeen. That, however, is little more than to say that all this was not to be predicated of the antecedents of the country itself. For a long period, Lord Palmerston was compelled to bear up against the nearly exclusive prominence which domestic interests were assuming in the government of this country, before he could divert the due share of public interest to the foreign questions of the day. But in the management of those questions, during the sixteen years for which he held the Foreign Office, he was understood to possess a nearly absolute authority. It seemed therefore, even at that time, to require little more than the elevation of the subjects in which he was master, to render him the acknowledged leader of the country.

But over and above all this, there is another characteristic which has served largely to assign Lord Palmerston's place among the British people. We allude to that which is commonly, though rather vaguely, termed 'his English spirit.' No one, probably, who applies this term, though with a distinctive signification, to Lord Palmerston, would deny the possession of an English spirit to Lord John Russell or Lord Derby. But the phrase, as applied to Lord Palmerston, still has its special meaning. A patriotic devotion to the British people is as much a characteristic of Lord Palmerston as devotion to the British constitution is a characteristic of Lord John Russell. At the same time, there can be no doubt that there has been no more faithful supporter of Continental liberty, and espe-

cially of Italian liberty, than Lord John Russell. When, however, Lord Derby said of the latter, that he courted Reform with the ardour of a lover, he precisely hit off one view of Lord John's character. And we might reciprocally describe Lord Derby himself, if we were to say that, in *his* dealings with Reform, *he* courted her as a gay deceiver. When Lord John told the House of Commons, as a reason for rejecting Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, that he 'loved the old distinction between counties, cities, and boroughs,' no one doubts that he spoke the most intimate instinct of his heart. When Lord Palmerston urged the necessity of carrying to a triumphant issue the war in which this country was engaged with Russia, he was actuated by a conviction of the pre-eminent necessity of maintaining the honour and dignity of Great Britain. Such instances as these may serve in some degree, however imperfectly, to illustrate the difference in the turn of mind of the two men. To maintain the just influence of this country abroad, and to support true liberty wherever true liberty appears, are the two cardinal aims from which the whole of Lord Palmerston's diplomatic policy, for thirty years, may be said to radiate. It is hardly surprising that such a policy should have excited so general a sympathy in such a country.

Perhaps Lord Palmerston's position in 1855, in 1856, and in 1857, will be hereafter quoted as among the most conspicuous passages of his life. No minister ever assumed the government of this country amid circumstances more difficult than Lord Palmerston did then. He was called upon, in February, 1855, to prosecute a great war in which his predecessors had failed deplorably. He was required to undertake vast military operations without the loss of a day, when nearly all the military resources of the country were exhausted. At the same moment he had to make head against two distinct political parties at home: the one of whom, with honest inconsistency, sought at all risks of true honour and policy to terminate the war; the other of whom, with consistent dishonesty, sought to cripple his administration of it, in order to promote their own accession to office. Lord Palmerston, in a word, was called upon, on his first accession to the Premiership, to maintain war without an army, at the moment that he was assailed for maintaining war at all. Yet, in 1856, he brought this war to a more successful issue than had marked the rapid termination of any great contest in which this country had been engaged since the days of Chatham. In 1857, he despatched an army of a hundred thousand men to suppress the mutiny in India, as in

1855 he had sent an army of eighty thousand men to close the war in the Crimea. In the same year he was exposed to still fiercer opposition on his policy in China; but he maintained that policy in spite of the invective of all the rhetoric of the House of Commons. Indeed, his leading opponents, who then nearly lost their seats in his appeal to the country, have now become the organs and the instruments of his Chinese policy. We certainly know of no other triennium of an English minister so conspicuously marked. In every Parliamentary struggle, while it lasted, as Mr. Bernal Osborne once remarked, the watchword of the Cabinet was, 'Each man for himself, and Palmerston for us all.' It is worth observation, that when that Ministry succumbed, in February 1858, to a successful intrigue, it was commonly said that, though Lord Palmerston might return to power, his dictatorship was finally terminated, since his Liberal opponents must share in any Administration that he might afterwards preside over. This is a curious instance of the combination of truth and error in political predictions. In June 1859, those opponents certainly took prominent part in the Cabinet which he then formed on a broad basis. But the result is, that, after twenty months of this fusion of the Liberal parties, Lord Palmerston is apparently in greater authority than before.

But in all these apparent inconsistencies of several of the leading members of Lord Palmerston's present Administration, few appear now to question that they then adopted the course which they sincerely believed to be just. Take Lord John Russell as an example. He certainly broke up two Governments and one Parliament in three years. He overturned the Aberdeen Ministry in 1855, he was an accomplice in the death of the Aberdeen Parliament in 1857, and in that of the first Palmerston Ministry in 1858. But it never appeared to us that Lord John's conduct on the former occasion demanded the criticism which it elicited. The compact between himself and Lord Aberdeen seemed at length to resolve itself into this—that Lord Aberdeen and his friends should govern, and that Lord John should defend whatever Lord Aberdeen and his friends might choose to do. No eminent man could endure this. Lord Aberdeen was a statesman well fitted to preside over a Coalition Cabinet in peace, by his temper, his tact, his really liberal views, and his conciliatory spirit. But placed at the head of a war Government, in an attitude of foreign alliances which overthrew the most cherished traditions of his life, he found himself in a position of all others the least adapted to the development of his capacity. In

addition to this, he reserved for his own party all the war offices in the Administration, and devolved upon his Whig colleagues little more than the routine of the offices of peace. Had he acted otherwise, he might possibly have been Prime Minister nearly until his death. A period must certainly have been put to a compact under which Lord John had to defend what he found that he could not control. Again, in 1858, Lord John appears to have acted under the almost fastidious sense of the independence of the House of Commons, which has commonly marked his views of the British constitution.

Take, again, Mr. Gladstone. The length to which he pushed his opposition to our hostilities in China in 1857, even after the Government had been out-voted, and its resolution to appeal to the country had been declared, was, indeed, in striking contrast to the apparent moderation of Mr. Disraeli, who declared himself ready to accept the issue of a dissolution. And so far did this plausible distinction to the advantage of Mr. Disraeli strike the leading men in the House of Commons at the time, that Lord Palmerston himself acknowledged the statesmanlike attitude of Mr. Disraeli, and regretted the continued and fretful interposition of Mr. Gladstone between the policy of the Government and the appeal to the country. But we confess we thought Lord Palmerston rather led away at the moment by a specious distinction; for the difference between the conduct of Mr. Gladstone and of Mr. Disraeli on that occasion seemed to lie between that of the true shepherd who sincerely deplored the destruction of life, and of the hireling who cared not for the sheep.

The observations, indeed, with which we set out, may appear obnoxious to a reply which we shall here anticipate. It may be said that the ranks of the Opposition do not exhibit any replacing of the former leaders by men versed in war and diplomacy, corresponding with the elevation of Lord Palmerston to the undisputed lead of the Government party. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli are still the undisputed leaders of her Majesty's Opposition; and they are by their antecedents essentially home statesmen. Hence it may be assumed that the phasis in our ministerial prospects, which we have just described, is but a temporary one; and that, whenever Lord Palmerston's Ministry shall withdraw, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli will again be the two leaders of the Administration. We do not, however, think so. Certainly, if the present phasis of European affairs were to be replaced by that of fifteen years ago, this might be the case. But we

see no prospect of such an event. And the fact that Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli are still the leaders of their own party, may imply, not that they will attain power, but that there are no 'statesmen of the age' in the same party to take the lead; and therefore that the Conservative party are the less likely to return to office, or, at any rate, to power or continued office, than they might otherwise have been. The country has twice made trial of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli during the last eight or nine years; and we believe that it has arrived at a nearly unanimous conclusion that its curiosity on that subject is definitively satisfied. We believe that Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli will never return to office, except in the capacity of stopgaps pending some dislocation in the ranks of the Liberal statesmen, or in the position of warming-pans during the formation of some new Liberal combination. We still think, indeed, that government by party must in a great degree survive; but that circumstances will more easily determine than heretofore who shall be the leaders of parties that are to become ministerial. In a word, during troubled times, the country will choose their ruler; and the party with which the object of their choice is connected will accept the verdict of the country by acknowledging the statesman so chosen for its own leader. Lord Canning is probably the only other statesman who has encountered and overcome such difficulties as Lord Palmerston, and has displayed the same independent judgment.

But to return to Lord Palmerston. We proposed, in the programme with which we set out, to offer some analysis of his remarkable career, and to inquire into the general principles into which his policy may be resolved. The third part of a century has now elapsed since the death of Mr. Canning; and it is with Mr. Canning's death that Lord Palmerston's diplomatic career may be said to originate. But Lord Palmerston had then already sat for twenty years in the House of Commons; and the contrast between his career up to that time, and his career afterwards, appears to suggest two inquiries in the public mind, the one of which admits perhaps of a more ready solution than the other. It is remarked that Lord Palmerston held for nineteen years the comparatively subordinate official situation of Secretary-at-War—an office now extinguished, its duties being incorporated into those of the Secretary of State for the War Department; and that, though then a Tory, he has been since a Liberal. The latter circumstance is certainly no phenomenon; for it would seem that Lord Palmerston has pursued a public career of half a century with actual, if not with ap-

parent consistency. For the former circumstance we may partially, although not indeed wholly account; and at this we will glance in the first place. Lord Palmerston's career may be divided into three phases—namely, as a minister of the second class of importance in the Tory Cabinets; as Minister of Foreign Affairs in the subsequent Liberal Cabinets: and finally as Premier. We have shown that the position which he now fills is to be traced in some degree to a corresponding change in the situation of the country. But his continuance for so long a period in the position of Secretary-at-War seems to be remarked by many. It is, however, a fact, that Lord Palmerston was offered the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer before the close of the war, and before he had reached the age of thirty. For whatever reasons, the offer was declined. The long remainder of the Liverpool Administration, from the final cessation of the war in 1815, was divided into two periods. The first of these ran from 1815 to 1822, when Lord Palmerston was probably the only one of the Liberal or Canning Tories in the Cabinet; and the second, from 1822 to 1827, when, although Mr. Canning was leader in the Commons, the Canning party were kept down by the whole force of the High Tory majority. Sir George Cornewall Lewis reminds us that the term 'heretic' was assigned by general councils of the Church as importing the decision of a numerical majority on a question of truth. Under the operation of the same process, Lord Palmerston was probably deemed a heretic through the bigotry of a numerical majority of the Liverpool Administration on a question of political truth. Moreover, with a packed House of Commons, the prominence of the greatest intellects in the greatest stations was of little consequence to the stability of the Cabinet. And Lord Palmerston at that time seems to have thought it useless fully to develop the abilities which he possessed.

We certainly have never possessed the capacity to understand why the Canning party have been adjudged inconsistent for effecting a junction with the Whigs in 1830. Those who have supported this judgment have certainly never charged the Whigs with inconsistency for previously effecting a junction with the Canning party during Mr. Canning's lifetime, in 1827. If the inconsistency does not hold in the one case, why in the other? Moreover—entirely apart from this consideration—to argue that fidelity to party obligations is the test of political consistency, is often to make factitious demarcations the test of conscience. It appears to be demonstrable that the Canning party in 1828 had much

more in common with the Whigs than they had with the Tories. Mr. Disraeli, in 'Coningsby,' describes either Tadpole or Taper, with a truth not the less for the designed satire, painting Conservatism as a mixture of Tory men and Whig measures. The fact is, that Mr. Canning was essentially the founder of the Conservatives, in their relation to the later and degenerate Tories of the Liverpool period. He established that intermediate party in 1827, which Sir Robert Peel—the 'huge appropriation clause' of the same felicitous author—affected afterwards to found, when he had at last floundered out of every conceivable Tory pledge in 1835.

It is often forgotten, also, that the Canning party of 1827, and even the Whigs of 1830, were essentially the Pittites of a quarter of a century before, so far as domestic policy is concerned. After Mr. Pitt's death, the smaller intellects of the High Tory school made a rapid retrogression. Even between Pitt and Perceval there was a great gulf fixed. Lord Liverpool—the Arch Mediocrity' of the great master of Parliamentary satire—was no more a disciple of Pitt than Pitt himself was a disciple of Lord North. Sixty years ago, Pitt was an advocate of Parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation. Little more than thirty years ago, the pretended disciples of that minister (such as Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel) were the vehement opponents of both the one measure and the other. The Canning party, meanwhile, were the consistent supporters of Catholic emancipation, and even of Parliamentary reform, though to a more limited extent than was then probably in contemplation of the Whigs. More, perhaps, than all, they were the earnest supporters of a liberal commercial policy, in the days in which Mr. Ricardo himself was a Protectionist. If, therefore, there is anything to surprise us in the successive relation of the Canning party to the Tories and to the Whigs, it is not that they joined Lord Grey, but that they found it possible to work so long together with Lord Liverpool. But in truth, the Canning party, and the Canning party only, were the true disciples of Pitt. As such, they may have been even termed the orthodox Tories; for even the Tories of these days acknowledge Pitt as their common political ancestor. They had thus a right to claim that title, until they were at length driven to abandon it by the sheer force of the Duke of Wellington's military influence.

We have sometimes heard it assumed, that Lord Palmerston must have been inconsistent because he has been so fortunate; and many of our readers will have met with the same

observation. Leaving the assertion of fact to individual judgment, the argument deserves notice, if only for the sake of the remarkable process of political reasoning by which it is arrived at. It would tend to show that the more inconsistent a politician may be (ordinary discretion in inconsistency being of course presumed) the greater will be his share of official distinction. So much for the morality of politics! But such a libel on free government is hardly to be tolerated. Is the statesman who trims his sails the most frequently the statesman in whom a people would be most ready to confide? No one surely can believe this. Lord Palmerston's title, as it were, to his position at this day chiefly rests, we apprehend, on the unwavering course which he pursued on the great questions with which his name is chiefly associated; and the fate of Sir James Graham is hardly less significant as a counterpart to Lord Palmerston's example. If we understand aright the true aims of public men in representative governments, office must be accounted as their just ambition. Its possession is the pledge of the public confidence to which they profess to aspire. It is also the engine of the public utility to which they profess to devote themselves. Lord Palmerston has been said—and has been said, as we imagine, with truth—to be fond of office, and to have enjoyed office nearly twice as long as any other living statesman. We confess that our ideal of a perfect statesman, *a priori*, would be a statesman who had been *always* in office under a free government; that is, a statesman who had always possessed the national confidence.

It is somewhat in the same way that public judgment appears to oscillate between regarding Lord Palmerston as an aristocratic and a liberal statesman. It is true that these terms of contradistinction, in their true import, are wide enough of the mark; but they are sufficiently intelligible to stand in the place of a long periphrasis. No doubt Lord Palmerston entertains, in the abstract, tolerably marked aristocratic prepossessions. No doubt he has sometimes given expression to them in a manner which some other statesmen, gifted with the same prepossessions, would have been reticent enough to avoid. Lord Palmerston has once or twice, we suspect, conveyed an offence to certain classes, by expressions in the House of Commons, which Lord Derby has had the rhetorical circumspection to repress. But no one, nevertheless, questions that Lord Derby is much more of an 'aristocrat,' to use the common and unpopular phrase, than Lord Palmerston. The plain truth is, that though social distinctions must inevitably exist in

such a country as this, there is nothing that arouses more jealousy than any reference to them by men of old family and ancient estate, yet especially if they are noblemen, and yet more if they are ministers into the bargain. There is probably no country squire of even three generations who does not think quite as much of social distinctions as Lord Palmerston. In this year of grace, 1861, every man, whatever his calling or station, is resolved to be a gentleman. Every man is equally resolved to assert the social postulate, that all gentlemen are equal. As the American journals lately phrased it, in order to reconcile with their republicanism the court which they were paying to the young Prince of Wales, 'Every man in his true state of development is morally a prince.' We very gravely doubt, however, whether Lord Palmerston, even in his most esoteric social prepossessions, would go further than this,—that he would regard a man of good family somewhat as he would regard a thorough-bred dog, or a thorough-bred horse, in its relations with others of the same species. He would presume, as between the man of old family and the man who aspires to found a family for himself, the former animal to be, *ceteris paribus*, the best. Probably every country squire would, rightly or wrongly, say the same. The mass of the public may differ with Lord Palmerston, and may consider that the analogy does not hold. This is a question of social zoology, into which it would be apart from our object to enter. But whatever may be Lord Palmerston's views in measuring the *mass* of one class with the *mass* of another class, few men appear more ready to pay homage to real ability, wherever it presents itself, than Lord Palmerston.

The Whigs, it is true, have always been an exclusive party; and although Lord Palmerston was not originally a Whig, he can hardly be supposed to have brought much 'independent Liberalism' from the ranks of the Tories. But the conduct, nevertheless, of Lord Palmerston towards Mr. Huskisson can be no more forgotten than the conduct of Lord Lansdowne towards Mr. Canning. In respect of what is called social prejudice, Lord Palmerston here stands out in marked contrast to the late Duke of Wellington. If the Duke disliked Mr. Canning—whom, however, he was compelled outwardly to respect, as well as really to admire—he detested Mr. Huskisson without measure, without disguise, without any qualifying sentiment. His Grace's antipathy towards the *former* statesman may have taken the shape of envy—a sentiment which it is believed that even so great and commonly straightforward a man as the Duke could imbibe; and he could

hardly forget that, let Mr. Canning's worldly wealth have been originally what it may, he could trace his descent as far back as the Duke himself. But there was nothing analogous in the political position of Mr. Huskisson; and that the Duke's dislike to the latter was personal and not political, is to be deduced from the fact that his Grace maintained the most friendly relations with Lord Palmerston, who uniformly identified himself with the opinions of Mr. Huskisson. But while the Duke ejected Mr. Huskisson from his Cabinet, apparently because he would not tolerate a representative of the mercantile classes within its pale, Lord Palmerston made common cause with the retiring minister, and withdrew from a Cabinet in which Mr. Huskisson was no longer allowed a place. No minister who would act thus could well be said to assert his social prepossessions injuriously in the government of the country.

There is another characteristic on which public judgment seems sorely perplexed. As some will have it that one who is aristocratic in his social prepossessions must be illiberal in his political conduct, so there are others again who seem to regard a joke as incompatible with a real aim. A statesman who jests, it is sometimes said, can hardly be in true earnest. We have often thought John Bull rather a heavy animal,—in fact, sometimes almost approximating upon a bore. There is no doubt that he objects to the mixing up of pleasure with business on very sound grounds; but we confess we are disposed to look upon it as rather an advantage in a minister who can work twice as hard as any of his colleagues in executive business, and can sit twice as long in the House of Commons as any other member, except the poor dumb Speaker, that he never loses spirit any more than he loses heart. We certainly never met with a joke on the part of Lord Palmerston which has betrayed the slightest tendency to trifle away a political question. The aim of Lord Palmerston's jokes, as rhetorical weapons, is commonly to show up an adversary. In this way, we have no doubt that every session suffices to instil some rivalrous feelings towards the Prime Minister, on the part of members whose speeches in opposition to his policy have demanded his reply and provoked his satire. Let members of Parliament be as forgiving as they may, the fact remains that no one likes to appear ridiculous. But in all this sarcasm of Lord Palmerston's there is never anything ill-natured. In truth, the manner which charms the audience, seems, for the moment, almost to disarm the words, even to the member who is in process of decimation. The satiric

sparkling of his brilliant eye, the fascination of his smile—which seems to incarnate humour blended with good feeling—serve to reach to the heart of his audience simultaneously as the words fall on the ear, and, somewhat like the alchemist's power of changing substance, so to change their purport or modulate their meaning.

We must acknowledge that, if this manner ever conveys a notion of want of earnestness, we prefer it incomparably to the late Sir Robert Peel's strained and unnatural assumption of transcendental motives. Hardly less do we prefer it, also, to the *acting* solemnity of Lord Derby, who is well known in private life to be a habitual and almost wearisomely incessant joker. But it may perhaps be wondered, why, if all this be so, Lord Palmerston is more often at loggerheads with certain Radical members than Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, or even Sir John Pakington and Mr. Disraeli. We wonder at the event hardly less. But the truth seems to be, that there are certain Radical members whose first instinct, when they enter Parliament, apparently is to run full tilt at Lord Palmerston. The result commonly is, as may be expected, that the less dexterous knight gets unhorsed; and Radical 'cherubs and seraphs' no more like to be 'rolling in the flood' than any other cherubs and seraphs. Hence there is on the next occasion a fresh encounter, in the hope of better luck and retrieved glory. Mr. White, the newly-elected member for Brighton, presents the latest addition to a long succession of victims. At the close of last session he undertook to measure swords with the Prime Minister during the Fortification debate, and a very sorry figure he made at the close of the encounter. It has been very much so with Mr. Bright. He has been more than twenty years in the House of Commons, and the power of debate which he has recently assumed, enables him commonly to hold his own, and his experience now deters him from throwing himself open to the overwhelming attack which a repetition in Parliament of the egregious mistatements which he palms off upon provincial assemblies would inevitably produce. But when he first entered the House, it seemed to be his first instinct to attack Lord Palmerston. Each recoil brought a desire for a fresh encounter, and thus, one may say of his attacks and of those of some of his allies, as the Duke of Wellington said at Waterloo of the French, that 'the enemy came on in the old style, and were driven off in the old style.'

We have lately had a remarkable instance of the national, as contradistinguished from party, character of Lord Palmerston's popularity. It must surely have somewhat dis-

quieted Mr. Bright to witness Lord Palmerston's victorious irruption into the manufacturing districts last autumn,—to see him effecting conquests, annexing the hearts of great cities, receiving the homage of tens and hundreds of thousands, undoing in an hour all that had been done by innumerable platform declamations, and by the most laborious organization that had ever been put into practice for the perversion of political opinion; while poor Mr. Bright, though the champion of the working man's public rights, unable to raise a finger in arrest of the triumph, was, if we mistake not, engaged in the sublimary occupation of retrieving the consequences of a strike among his workmen for better wages! It is thus not the country people,—not the Conservative party,—not the old Whigs alone, who are Lord Palmerston's supporters. The busy thousands working in their smoky factories, who fought for free trade against Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington,—finally against Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli,—while their nominal leaders would have striven to make the Anti-Corn-Law League the basis of a democratic revolution, are second to none in their earnest desire that Lord Palmerston shall continue minister. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, who lately conceded one point of the Charter—even Mr. Bright, for whom the point of the Charter was conceded—seem indiscriminately forgotten. The persevering efforts of Mr. Urquhart to prejudice the working classes in those districts against Lord Palmerston's policy, are yet more completely swept out of mind. These classes, no doubt, are not without a certain appreciation of Lord Palmerston's administrative success. Indeed, there can hardly be a greater misrepresentation of their general turn of mind, than to suppose them led by the declamation of every agitator, and accepting every assertion from mouth to mouth. Those who have seen the humblest of the working classes, for example in the Manchester Athenæum, reading the London as well as the provincial papers—the debates and the leading articles—with apparent intelligence; those who have spoken to them while so engaged, on some political question which the journals were discussing at the time, and have noticed the point and discernment of their remarks, will acknowledge that the working men of the manufacturing districts are very apt to search for their own facts, and to form their own opinions. It is thus that we account for the undoubted truth, that the success of local demagogues—powerful as those demagogues may nevertheless be in exposing real abuses—is at this day but transient and superficial. The working classes, then, we say, are by no

means disqualified from forming an opinion on the questions of the day. But what we believe chiefly actuates them, is their just conception of Lord Palmerston's national character and national spirit. This is the real source of their sympathy. They look upon him as the representative of the public desire to promote the wealth and grandeur of Great Britain.

But it is time to glance at the leading foreign questions in the settlement of which Lord Palmerston has taken part. This review carries us over a period of thirty-three years; for the rôle of representative of a liberal foreign policy was formally assumed by Lord Palmerston in 1828. One of the first problems presented by this part of the subject, is the degree in which the policy which we have under consideration has been original, and the degree in which it has been imitative, how far Lord Palmerston has pursued a policy of his own creating,—how far his career has raised a superstructure to that fabric of political liberty, both in Europe and America, which serves to perpetuate the glorious memory of George Canning. The answer appears to be, that Lord Palmerston's diplomatic career is nearly equally marked by either characteristic. If we look to the countries which Mr. Canning's untimely death left either imperfectly delivered from their oppressors, such as Greece,—or to the countries which that event left imperfectly settled in their government, such as the South American Republics,—we shall find that Lord Palmerston substantially carried into effect the policy of his predecessor. If we look, again, to the free settlements of which he was the chief author, in Belgium, in Portugal, and in Spain, we may also trace the extended application of the principles of which Mr. Canning was the founder as well as the representative. We hope that we may soon be able to add the establishment of a definitive Italian settlement, to the liberal triumphs which illustrate the principles of the one statesman, and reward the policy of the other.

But if, on the other hand, we look to the alliances which have been formed, or to the general principles for the maintenance of peace and security, by efficient provisions for the weak, and by efficient barriers against the strong, we have a policy stamped with the full originality of Lord Palmerston's own mind. The French alliance, beyond a doubt the greatest single work of this minister, was an achievement without a precedent in the foreign policy of Great Britain. It was attempted, indeed, by Pitt in his Commercial Treaty of 1785, but if any fresh evidence be required of the deliberate insincerity of the French Government of that day, it may be

found in the newly published journals of the first Lord Auckland. In previous periods of history—and almost without cessation from the Revolution of 1688 to the re-accession of the Whigs in 1830—hostilities with France, actual or contingent, formed the pivot on which the whole of our foreign policy turned. Since 1830, on the contrary, peace with France has become our invariable condition, and the basis of our political calculations. The wealth and happiness resulting directly to the two nations, and indirectly to a great portion of the globe, from this policy, are enormous. We cite the French alliance, not as an isolated instance of Lord Palmerston's political originality, but (as we shall yet show) as a salient example of it.

The foreign policy of this minister may be assumed to have, in great degree, taken its direction from the actual circumstances of Europe, when it was first put into practice in 1830. It is needful, therefore, to glance at our international position in that juncture. The most simple and terse designation of it is, that we were then without an ally in Europe. The France of the Legitimists, after having invaded Spain, was at the head of a conspiracy for the seizure of the line of the Rhine; Prussia, as an equivalent for the resulting loss of her trans-Rhenish provinces, was conspiring to relieve our Sovereign of the Hanoverian Kingdom; Austria was still writhing under the emancipation of Greece; and Russia, at once resenting our opposition to the Treaty of Adrianople (1829), and contemning our inability to resist its conclusion, was conspiring also for the seizure of Constantinople. A desperate conflict between Great Britain on the one side, and all the Great Powers of the continent on the other, seemed imminent. The French Revolution of July 1830 first averted this danger, by expelling the statesmen of the Restoration, and the subsequent commotions in the capitals of Germany and the Low Countries compelled ambitious sovereigns to be content with holding their own. Lord Palmerston, becoming Minister of Foreign Affairs in November 1830, found the plot of the spring of that year temporarily disorganized; but if the previous isolation of this country had continued, there is little doubt that it would have been soon resumed. The Duke of Wellington, indeed, and Lord Aberdeen, adopted the resolution to recognise the popular sovereignty of Louis Philippe; and Metternich, Hardenberg, and Nesselrode immediately followed the same course. But they did not attempt to go further, and the isolation of this country continued during the short remainder of the Wellington Administration. The isolation of England everywhere, the insurrection of nearly all European

countries against their respective governments, the fall of many institutions, the jeopardy of all,—these were the circumstances which presented themselves towards the close of 1830.

Lord Palmerston accordingly resolved to terminate these incessant conspiracies, to the prejudice of Great Britain, against settlements equally favourable also to the liberty of Europe, by securing the alliance of the Power whose complicity in them was essential to their success. He perceived that if France, Russia, and Prussia could together overthrow everything in the interest of despotism, Great Britain and France could together maintain everything in the interest of liberty, and also countenance liberalising movements, which should tend in the same direction. The peace of the last thirty years, and the liberalising changes of the last thirty years, have formed the common fruit of this resolution.

We often find it stated by Conservative writers and rhetoricians, that Lord Palmerston repudiated the 'conservative alliances' of this country, and created 'revolutionary alliances' in their place. This is the grievance of Sir A. Alison and of some other declaimers. It would be hard to conceive any more inaccurate description of the foreign relations of Great Britain, at the period of Lord Palmerston's accession to the Foreign Office in 1830. We have already shown that this country had then not a single 'conservative alliance' to overthrow, and that its choice lay between 'revolutionary alliances' or none. But the misapplication of terms in this description of the two classes of alliances is yet more ridiculous. The 'conservative' Powers here indicated are, of course, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and the France of the Legitimists; the 'revolutionary' Powers are the France of the Orleanists and the Bonapartists, and those minor kingdoms of the West, whose Governments were sympathetically reformed. Now, we have shown that the policy of the "conservative" Powers in 1830 was incomparably more revolutionary than that of their opponents. The true contradistinction is to speak of despotic alliances and liberal alliances, or of aggressive Powers and reforming Powers.

But it is beside our main purpose to insist on any such misapplication of terms. It is of more importance to consider whether any minister or any Administration of this country ever abandoned the alliance of any continental Power, until after that Power had first abandoned the pledges and the settlements to which the honour and the interest of the British Government were committed. We have seen that the Tories had brought all their 'conservative,' or rather despotic, alliances to an end before they left office in 1830.

The only alliances then left open to England were with France and the nationalities called into active existence by the force and protection of the Anglo-French alliance. The struggle between despotism and liberty from that date divided Europe into two great parties, somewhat as the Catholic and Protestant struggle had divided her two and three centuries before. The result of this policy was the creation of a counterpoise in Western Europe to the despotism and aggression which had previously allied itself together in Eastern Europe.

It may here be observed, that the Liberal (or, as it is mis-termed, the 'revolutionary') alliance of Lord Palmerston and Louis Philippe did not bring about any direct concussion with the constituted and established rights of any surrounding despotism. We believe that there is no act of that alliance which would not bear the strictest scrutiny, according to the recognised maxims of international law. Great Britain and France did not intervene between the Belgians and the King of Holland until after Belgium had freed herself by her own act, and was then threatened by the Power from whom she had been divorced. Again, the Quadruple Alliance, in which Lord Palmerston took a foremost part, for the support of Queen Isabella, was concerted in the interest of the great majority of the Spanish nation against the priesthood and a large portion of the nobility; while the Queen's Government, had the best pretension to be the *de facto* Government, and the Queen possessed at least as plausible a hereditary title as Don Carlos. On the other hand, the suppression of the Republic of Cracow in 1846, which Prince Metternich attempted to defend upon these precedents, was an absolute invasion and conquest.

If we were to define the policy of Lord Palmerston abroad in few words, we should characterize it as directed to promote the welfare of Great Britain by the following cardinal aims:—1st, By maintaining, so long as it may be possible, an alliance with France; 2dly, By encouraging, commonly on the basis of that alliance, the liberal party in Europe and America, and so placing the different Governments on a wider and more secure foundation, and setting free public enterprise to pursue a natural and unchecked development; 3dly, By means of commercial treaties, such as those negotiated by Lord Palmerston with Turkey, Sardinia, Spain, Portugal, the Low Countries, and the United States. We may add to these, the reciprocity treaty with France, assigning to Mr. Cobden a large share in its conclusion; 4thly, By preventing the undue preponderance of power in the hands of any one state, and especially so in cases in

which either our European or our Asiatic interests were threatened; 5thly, By maintaining this country in degrees of naval and military preparation corresponding to the danger or exigency of each period of his administration. On these five points we may, perhaps, rest the whole of Lord Palmerston's policy.

We should thus greatly misapprehend what the French term 'la Politique Palmerstonienne,' did we regard it as based invariably on the French alliance, or as formed of a perpetual counterpoise of the West against the East. No statesmen possessed of large views can ever regard a particular alliance as comprehending more than means to an end; and when such an alliance ceases to offer such means, the minister must look elsewhere for a support to his policy. Once during the last thirty years—in 1840—France deliberately broke away from the principles which had bound her to this country. That breach between the two Governments occurred on what is termed the Turco-Egyptian question. Louis Philippe and M. Thiers supported Mehemet Ali in his encroachments on the Porte; and in order to maintain the Turkish Empire, and to preserve the peace of Europe, it was necessary to extinguish the intestine contest in the Turkish dominions, and to settle the question by the concurrence of the great majority of the European Powers. But ten years of alliance with France did not prevent Lord Palmerston from concluding a treaty with Russia, Austria, and Prussia, at once in exclusion and in prejudice of France, which brought those Powers into the interest of Great Britain. This was the well-known Quadruple Treaty of the 15th of July 1840. Neither Lord Castlereagh nor the Duke of Wellington, in any period of peace, had so brought the three Great Powers of Eastern Europe into the alliance of Great Britain. Those who speak of our foreign policy since 1830 having compromised the support which we might obtain in emergency from Russia, Austria, and Prussia, would do well to remember that a Liberal policy has done much more for their concurrence with us in emergency than a Tory policy had done.

Indeed, it would be a great mistake to regard Lord Palmerston as a deliberate opponent either of Austria or Prussia. Lord Palmerston has always been desirous to maintain Austria as one of the great Powers of Europe, and rather to increase than to lessen her *legitimate* authority. But he has distinguished between legitimate authority on the one hand, and her illegal pretensions and encroachments towards the Italian people on the other. In the same way, he has opposed the suicidal policy of Austria towards Hungary, partly,

indeed, because it oppressed a free people, but partly, also, *because it was suicidal*. So, again, he has supported every Liberal movement that the Prussian Government has made. And he appears to set a full value on the alliance of Russia, whenever that alliance is practicable.

But the fact remains, that it has formed a great part of Lord Palmerston's Oriental policy to restrain the encroachments of Russia; and thus, no doubt, the normal attitude of Great Britain towards Russia has been an attitude of opposition. This was rendered essential to the freedom of Europe, and to the safety of our Eastern possessions, by the enormous strides which Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington had successively permitted the Russian Government to make, from the treaty of Bucharest in 1812 to the treaty of Adrianople in 1829. The insidious encroachments of Russia were experienced by this country in four distinct quarters,—as against Turkey, as against the Norwegian coasts and harbours, as against India, and as against our Chinese commerce. Indeed, Russia is more threatening to us from her Asiatic than from her European preponderance. Her generals have commanded against us at Herat; her envoys have counselled our exclusion from Peking, and have just obtained fresh territorial concessions from the Chinese on the Amoor; and she has buried a whole nation of soldiers to establish her dominion between the Black Sea and the Caspian, in order to paralyse Turkish resistance on the one side, Persian resistance on the other, and thus eventually to grow mistress of western Asia, and, perhaps, of the Indian peninsula. Lord Palmerston has certainly almost everywhere held Russia in check, and has in many cases driven her from her encroachments.

The views of one English statesman, however, stand out upon this question in marked individuality. We allude, of course, to Lord Clanricarde, who was formerly our ambassador at St. Petersburg, and whose singular success in reconciling the policy of Great Britain and Russia, in interests in which they were at vital variance, seems to warrant his conclusion, that the alliance of the Russian Government may be made available to us in whatever encroachments we may hereafter be called upon to resent from France; and that Russia, in fact, is the Power whom it ought in this juncture to be our leading object to conciliate. Lord Clanricarde may certainly speak with the authority of one who has succeeded where every other English diplomatist (unless, indeed, it were Lord Palmerston) has failed. The Duke of Wellington submitted, in 1829, to the imposition of the humiliating treaty of Adrianople by

Russia upon Turkey, because he was unable to arrest the ambitious policy of the Czar, except by war; and Lord Clarendon, as he himself acknowledged, "drifted into a war" with Russia in 1854, because he was unable to reconcile British interests in Turkey with the maintenance of peace. In the intervening Turkish question of 1840, however, which was at least as formidable and intricate—and more so, perhaps, considering that France was ready to join Russia in a partition—Lord Clanricarde, with much of that personal influence with the Russian Government which marked M. de Caulaincourt during the first French Empire, was able to bring the Emperor Nicholas into the British alliance for the support of Turkey, against both Louis Philippe and Mehemet Ali. Such a precedent certainly entitles us to assume that the alliance of Russia may be cultivated with success by this country, in spite of the insidious encroachments of that Power on our distant interests.

But it is time to pass from this rapid glance at the leading characteristics of thirty years of foreign policy, to the actual politics of the hour in 1861, and to the tendencies of Lord Palmerston's present dictatorship. Lord Palmerston is said to be dictator, by reason of the unsettled position of Europe at this moment. What, then, is that position?

The truth is, that Europe is in the midst of all sorts of indefinable perils. Few among us will venture to predict what the spring will bring forth. Will the moderation of Italy on the one hand, and of Austria on the other, result in a pacific recognition of the existing Venetian frontier, will that frontier be revised by mutual consent, or will war break out anew in tenfold scope and fury? And if the external question could be peacefully settled by the common wisdom and reciprocal abnegation of all, how shall the abnormal condition of the internal question be determined,—how shall the tenacious clinging of the Pope to the last relics of his Carolingian state, be reconciled with acknowledged rights and acknowledged demarcations of the great Italian kingdom? or how, on the other hand, shall the final repudiation of his claims receive the sanction of those Great Powers who are most interested in their maintenance?

To the conflict of opinions, which is now imminently threatening to break forth in a conflict of arms, there may be said to be six parties. There are, first, Garibaldi and his distinctive adherents; secondly, there are Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Farini, and those around them hitherto ready, indeed, to put Garibaldi forward as a stalking-horse, and either to accept or disavow identification in

the movements of the Italian liberator, according to the success or the danger they present; thirdly, there is Napoleon III. in single individuality, on whom more than on all others probably hangs the issue of peace or war; fourthly, we have Austria, whose power of forbearance and power of resistance must also enter into the result; fifthly, there are Russia, Prussia, and the minor German states, who may or may not become the allies of Austria; and, sixthly, there is our own Government, upholding non-intervention, while the question is Italian only, but capable of asserting immense authority in the delimitation or result of a European war.

Of these parties, all, with the single exception of the first, desire peace. The motives of each are obvious. The Sardinian Government wish to consolidate their new dominion, and they are ready to bound their ambition by their present fortunes; although they may, nevertheless, be carried away by a popular movement, which they would be compelled ostensibly to lead as a condition of their existence, but which they may be unable to control. The Emperor of the French, again, who is sensible of having floundered into a military reputation through the very incapacity of his opponents, is unwilling to put himself to the peril of a new campaign. Austria shrinks instinctively from a collision in which she has everything to lose, and has nothing to gain. Neither does Russia desire to see a Slavonic insurrection kindled on her south-western frontier; and the policy of Prussia appears to lie in maintaining peace with all Governments but Denmark.

But Garibaldi, and the Italian and Hungarian and Slavonian nationalities, desire war; and unless a satisfactory compromise of the difficulty shall be effected before spring sets in, there is good reason to apprehend that their choice will triumph. Before, however, we cling to the expectation of such a compromise, we must ascertain the necessary scope of its operation. We have spoken of a double question, at once a foreign and an internal difficulty, to be arranged: the extension of the Italian kingdom beyond the Po and the Mincio on the one hand, and the formal limitation and secularization, if not even the extinction, of the Papal government on the other. The latter problem possesses at any rate this facility, that it concerns a change which is finite and distinct. But have we really an assurance that the former question is limited to an extension of the dominions of the House of Savoy to the foot of the Carnic Alps? or is it inextricably commingled with a wide scheme for the common revival of the independence of all nations galled by the despotism of Austria? The

test of this question lies in the sufficiency of the abandonment of Venetia by the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, to disarm the coming insurrectionary war. It is by no means clear that Garibaldi and his adherents would not denounce an European arrangement based upon the cession of Venetia, as a capitulation of the rights of Hungary, and would not still pursue their resolution to make war upon Austria on the eastern shore of the Adriatic.

But, assuming that the Sardinian Government possesses the power to give effect to a pacification founded on such a cession by Austria, what are to be the terms of compromise? We understand that the Austrian representatives at the Western Courts, while they readily acknowledge the wish of all Austrian statesmen that Venetia could follow the fate of the marriage-ring that was wont to be cast yearly by Venice into the Adriatic, distinctly declare that they hold it a point of honour not to accept pecuniary compensation. If they will not sell Venetia, neither will they abandon her without at any rate a nominal territorial equivalent. We believe that the only prospect of peace lies in such a compromise; and that negotiations are at this moment in progress for a settlement of the Italian question upon the basis of an exchange of territory. If they fall through—and they would certainly fall through, but that Austria is in no temper to insist on an absolute equivalent—there will remain apparently no arbitration but in war.

If the Sardinian Government in its own territories were as absolute as the Austrian, and if the Austrian in its own interests were as clear-sighted as the Sardinian, the difficulty attending a pacific arrangement would be slight. The truth is, that it is the interest of the one to acquire what it is equally the interest of the other to abandon. The grounds on which Sardinia desires Venetia are obvious enough. A common race, a common language, a reciprocal sympathy, a country marked out by nature to be one and indivisible, and a strong boundary—these stand among the leading motives of annexation. The reasons for which the same policy would consult the interests of Austria are almost equally simple. Italy has become the enemy of that empire, not from a spirit of rivalry, but from a sense of oppression. As soon, therefore, as the oppression is at an end, there is ground to apprehend that the animosity will cease also. But France is, has long been, and will long remain, the rival of Austria. We have, before remarked in this journal, that it is one European aim of Italian unity to close the most frequent battle-ground of those two Empires. With a view to this result, we proposed the neu-

tralization of Italy—a scheme which the example of Belgium must encourage Europe to impose, in any general congress that may yet be held. There would then remain no other Austro-French theatre of war (except it were at sea) but in the heart of the Germanic Confederation, whose hostility, while true to the principles of its origin, France will scarcely have the temerity to provoke. The Carnic Alps would form a stronger frontier for Austria than the Italian rivers, and the abandonment of Venetia would relieve her of as great a drain of men and money as the Caucasus and the Crimea have proved to have been to Russia.

Lord Palmerston, so long ago as the session of 1862, recorded his opinion in the House of Commons, that Austria, by holding the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, “added nothing to her strength, and very much to her contingent danger.” We remember that these observations were vehemently resented at the time by those English journals which were the partisans of the Austrian cause, then not unpopular in this country. But Lord Palmerston, by adhering to convictions, which time has proved to be just, has now witnessed the conversion of the journals that had so indignantly arraigned them. We observe also, that some of those periodicals which only two years ago were foremost in defending the tyranny of Austria and the Italian Dukes, and in deriding the notion of secular government in the Papal States, are now paying obsequious homage to the Sardinian Court.

The external frontier of the Italian Kingdom once determined, we do not conceive the remaining difficulties to be great. The fall of Gaeta must in itself exhaust the Bourbon element in the question. There will then remain only the Papal one, so far as the extinction of existing sovereignties is concerned. The difficulty arising at this point may be stated to be this:—The centralization and consolidation of the Italian Empire require that its capital should be fixed at Rome; for political tradition and administrative convenience would give to an Italian sway emanating from Rome, a sanction before which every other Italian capital would instinctively sink its pretensions to the level of a provincial city. But this aim is irreconcilable with the temporal authority of the Pope, even within the narrow sphere which it embraces. It is alleged, also, that his very presence at Rome—his power not only secularized, but even extinguished—is incompatible with the parliamentary government of Italy at that capital under the House of Savoy. Meanwhile, it is also asserted, with probable truth, that the whole Catholic world

would resent the radical measure of his removal from Rome.

But this difficulty is surely not insoluble. In the first place, the temporal power of the Pope must go, if only because the French army of occupation must go. That power then extinguished by the mere municipal act of Roman citizens, who will now tolerate no compromise of secularization, there will remain only his spiritual power and his spiritual presence. Why should these be incompatible with the sovereignty of Victor Emmanuel and an Italian Parliament at Rome? Why should not the Vatican continue to survive in all its gloomy pomp, like a Faubourg St. Germain? Why should not Antonelli hold a seat in that Parliament, if electors will choose him, and confront Cavour and Farina, as Montalembert was wont to confront Molés and Guizots? If the Greek Patriarch could remain at Constantinople during four centuries of Moslem rule, much more may the Pope remain at Rome beside a Catholic Sovereign.

But if all our schemes of pacification should fall through, then war will be revived; and if war be revived, can it still be localized? The utmost that we can predict, is the shape that it will first assume. It is hardly to be doubted that the initiative will be taken by the Garibaldians; for, as we have said, the Garibaldians alone desire a renewal of the war. Their aim is undoubtedly, with the support, covert or active, of the Sardinian fleet, to commence simultaneously a bilateral attack on the Austrian dominions upon either coast of the Adriatic, and so to rouse and succour the Hungarians on the one side and the Venetians on the other. Then the great war of nationalities, foreshadowed through the past year, is likely to begin. Italians, Hungarians, and Slavonians, will probably rise together.

This grand scheme of general national independence may be disconcerted either before or after a passage of arms, either by the prevention of the maritime Powers, or by the victory of Austria and her allies. We think that the British and French Governments, by acting in concert, might now arrest this mighty danger. They might declare the Adriatic *mare clausum*, occupy it by a joint fleet, and seize all vessels bearing contraband of war. And we question whether the Garibaldians, without the possession of a sea common to both shores of action, would dare the attempt.

But if Garibaldi contrive to renew the war as we have described, what then? Will

Russia again crush, and perhaps this time appropriate, Hungary? Will Austria, still respecting the Mincio and the Treaty of Zurich, cross the Po; and if so, will she be defeated by the Sardinians alone, or will she re-establish the Italian despotisms that have been thrown down? Will France then advance to protect an Italian kingdom which she has not created, and which, beyond the Mincio and the Po, she is not bound in honour to sustain? Will Prussia and the rest of the German Confederation hold her in check; or if they do not, will the German armies cross the Rhine while the French armies cross the Alps, while the Austrian armies cross the Po, and while the Russian armies cross the Carpathians?

Here is a drama too wild to follow, and one which we may never witness. But if it be played out, it will present a grand struggle for the reorganization of Europe; and while we can divine so little of its scope, or of the aims of each Government when war begins, we can form of course no notion on which side victory will turn. There is, however, yet a hope that war will be stayed, either by the diplomatic arrangement or by the maritime intervention of neutrals. It is now much to be regretted that the tergiversation of the French Government on the Savoy question should have occurred to weaken its alliance with this country. For it is to Lord Palmerston that that Government, and nearly all other Governments, now look to preserve peace. Whatever may be the issue of the proposals and compromises now confided to his mediation, there will still, we hope, remain the more stringent alternative of measures of maritime repression. For ourselves, we shall not be drawn into the vortex of actual war until the jeopardy of our interests shall compel us to intervene. But it will be a fearful calamity to the world, if two distinct classes of hostile passions should prove so triumphant as simultaneously to paralyse the industry and trade of Europe and America.

In this phasis of foreign affairs, it is of the utmost importance that Lord Palmerston should be maintained by Parliament in the position of calm, unquestioned superiority which he now fills. He is at this moment more than ever the statesman of the crisis; and his continued recognition by the country in that position, will also illustrate to the despotic dynasties of Europe the capacity of parliamentary government to combine the double advantage of authority and freedom.

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It is not a criticism of particular books that we intend at this time; and assuredly it is not an assault upon individual writers. A mode of thinking upon the most momentous subjects has now been long enough in view of the religious community—in England especially—to have assumed a form marked by characteristics which are easily recognised, and in specifying which there can be little risk, either in falling into material errors, or of doing an injustice to any of the parties implicated. We must not affirm that there is before us a coherent doctrine or theory of religious opinion; for a prominent characteristic of this mode of thinking is—the incoherence of its elements, logically or historically considered. Or if at all it might be spoken of as a *scheme*, inasmuch as it is the product of much combined thought, and of consultations, and of co-operation, and of a distribution of tasks; on the other hand, it is not a scheme, if this phrase is taken to convey the idea of a symmetrical combination of solid materials: the word in this instance must convey no such positive meaning.

Nevertheless, unfixed, unsubstantial, intangible as this system may be, it has, in the course of time—say about a dozen years—developed its qualities, intellectual and moral, in so decisive a manner, that these qualities have become its ostensible *features*, recognised at a glance by every one who has acquired a knowledge of it, whether from the reading of books, and of our daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly literature, or from personal intimacy, or from the hearing of sermons (in some few churches). What we propose, then, to do in this article, is, to take up the most noticeable of these characteristics—to define them, so

far as may be done; and to show what they indicate as to the inner nature, as to the tendency, and as to the probable issue of the system itself. This, we believe, may be done—as without temper or vehemence, or an unwarrantable inculpation of individuals, so in accordance at once with philosophical equanimity and with Christian charity. Some matters, incidental and preliminary, require to be disposed of; and the first of these is the choice of a phrase, which, saving circumlocutions often repeated, shall well enough meet the peculiarity of the occasion.

A designation is still needed which shall be at once appropriate, unambiguous, and inoffensive, within the grasp of which, without inflicting upon its objects any injury, either personal or polemical, a class of English writers may be comprehended, including at this time many highly accomplished men, who, by their intelligence and their influence with the public as writers, and still more so by their ecclesiastical *position*, have lately obtained a hearing for what are deemed anti-Christian opinions. The term we are in want of should assume nothing as granted which may fairly be questioned; nor should it be of the mintage of a passionate antagonism: it should not be such as would be resented as an insult by those to whom it would be applied: in truth, the fair-play loving British public would, in this instance, be best pleased with some phrase that had sprung out of accident, apart from hostile, or from any other *intention*; definite enough to subserve its purpose, yet conveying the least possible amount of obloquy or of vituperation; which, in truth, should convey nothing more of either than what slowly accrues in the course of time to any designation, from the warrantable, or the unwarrantable feeling of the world toward a system or an institution. Jesuit, is an innocuous designation; *Jesuitical* is a term of reproach that has drawn its import from European experience in the course of two centuries.

So it was, more than twenty years ago, by a fortunate accident, those who laboured to bring about in England a return to mediæval superstitions, came to be spoken of as 'The Tractarians'—a harmless designation, well supplanting the disagreeable phrase, 'Romanisers;' and still better, in the opinion of right-feeling men, inasmuch as it released from so unenviable a service the name of an estimable, amiable, pious, and highly accomplished man. A designation, properly applicable to the writers who are now in view, is not unlikely to come into use, which, in truth, is innocent enough, abstractedly considered, but which has too little of distinctness, and would fail in comprehensiveness, unless we should append to it an explanatory circumlocution: as, for instance, if now we were intending to review the beliefs or the disbeliefs of a certain class of writers who have recently acquired extensive notoriety, and should, simply for convenience sake, call them 'The Essayists,' such a designation, must not be understood to apply, with any speciality of meaning, to the Seven noted contributors to a volume which has often enough been named; but it must be accepted as a sufficiently distinctive term when we are thinking of the opinions and teaching of, it may be, twenty or thirty or fifty writers, whose opinions would, in the ordinary modes of a broad popular judgment, be reckoned nearly identical with those of the Seven 'Essayists and Reviewers.'

It is thus, then, and it must be under shelter of a specification such as this, that we allow ourselves to employ the term—'The Essayists.' If, however, something more exact or more descriptive than this were required, then we must say, the English writers, who may fairly be spoken of as the colleagues, the coadjutors, the admirers, and the followers of the *Seven Essayists*, are those who, adopting in the main, and reproducing and repeating the most extreme conclusions of German Biblical criticism, carry it out, and obtain a hearing for it, under favour of their protestation that they themselves, nevertheless, are Christians, and not only that they are Christians, but in such a sense Christians, that, with a good conscience, they may exercise the Christian ministry, may sustain the responsibilities of Christian professorships, and may enjoy the emoluments that are therewith connected. Therefore it is that the Essayists, using the phrase as we have now defined it, while, on the one hand, they ought not to be denounced as infidels and atheists, so neither, on the other hand, may they be allowed to stand exempt from whatever censures arise from the fact of their position as ministers of Christ, and as clergymen of the Church of England.

It is six of the Seven Essayists that are clergymen of the Church of England; and if, as now, we are applying the designation in a more extensive manner to many writers of note who would not refuse to be classed with these, and who have employed their pens in recommending the same opinions during the last ten years or more, then it is certainly as many as six out of every seven that are professed members, and many of them clergymen, of that Church. It would be difficult, we think, to name so many as one in twenty of the class, lay or clerical, who belong to any other Christian communion. Within other communions, as is well known, there have been many approving listeners, many sympathizers—many who, in sincere perplexity, have kept their own counsel, awaiting the result—waiting to see whereunto this agitation would grow. But the agitators have been Episcopalians; the agitation has always had its centre within the Established Church; and, regarded as an ostensible movement, the eddies have circled within the same limit. It might safely be predicted that the *issue* also will be arrived at, and will be declared, within that enclosure.

Greatly will that issue, when it shall have been confirmed, and proclaimed, and accepted, affect the religious welfare of each of the surrounding communions; and yet these remoter results will be of a more indefinite kind, and will show themselves only in a gradually altered style of writing and teaching on certain subjects. But within the pale of the Episcopal Church, the upshot of the present agitation must be more sharply marked, more ostensible, more critical; and, therefore, it will be of deeper consequence. Who is it now that shall be bold enough to predict what that upshot shall be, or what it shall include? A more easy and safe task it may be to prognosticate what it will *not be*, and what it will *not include*. The Essayists will not realise their own intentions. This we boldly predict. They have egregiously misrepresented the mood and manner of their countrymen at large, religious and irreligious, when they imagine that liberty shall be allowed to a clergyman either to profess his belief in the resurrection of Christ, or to treat that alleged fact as an open question—a speculative point of little importance. When religious opinion in England has come up to—has fallen, to *this level*, there will be Church no longer, there will be Christianity no longer, in England. In asking for liberty to *this extent*, the Essayists have demonstrated what is their own intellectual condition—a mystification, affecting not merely their *religious* opinions, but, to an equal extent, their notions of the world around them—a world of which, as men of the cloister,

they know little; of which, as clergymen, they know little; and of which, as gentlemen conversant only with well-bred, well-to-do, leisurely folk, they form conceptions that are unsubstantial and illusory. This misjudging of their own forces, and of the masses around them, has led them to think it their vocation to lead on a great religious reform. This will not be.

Nor, on the other hand, will the timid expectations (must we dignify *such* expectations by calling them—hopes?) of the inert, the acquiescent, the unthinking, the unknowing conservative body in the Church of England—and not less in other churches—be realized. This is not probable: it can barely seem so. A hush up—a passing of the word in whisper—'all safe for the present'—if it might be thought likely to take place, would involve consequences the most disastrous. It is with a very different prospect in view that we propose to state our reasons for thinking that the Essayists will fail in their project; and in so failing, and in soon ceasing to attract attention, they will leave the ground open for labourers better qualified, and whose endeavours Heaven shall bless.

Upon the writings and the teaching of this school of English clergymen judgment has already been pronounced, and the public feeling has been expressed. A verdict has been given—a verdict in behalf of the defendants in some quarters; but a verdict most decisively adverse to them in most instances. These various and contrary judgments, issuing from different authorities—the favourable and the unfavourable—are very likely to be misapprehended, as to their import, by the defendants, and by their adherents; and it may be well to set this matter right—if it may be done—as preliminary to what we have further to say on the broad ground of the system itself.

The Essayists—we must now speak of the authors of the *one volume*—would claim, and their friends would claim for them, as equivalent to a verdict in their favour, the notable success of that volume, in the sense of a literary enterprise; of which success the publishers would, no doubt, have much to relate. The seven writers have made, one might say, a triumphant inroad, with flourish of trumpets, upon the territory of religious belief—a triumph, the news of which has been proclaimed with shouts throughout the domains of Irreligious Belief. It is more than should be looked for in human nature, that those who have done so much, and have done it so easily, and who have, it is probable, so far exceeded their own most sanguine expectations, should deny themselves all gratulations, while filling their arms with

the sheaves of this harvest. Let it be so, then: a perilous enterprise—perilous to those engaged—has been carried to its issue, and very great spoil has rewarded the risk. Let it be so: yet there are controversies—and this is such an instance—in which thoughtful men would rather take to themselves discomfiture on the one side, than accept the most brilliant success on the other side. Rather would they be overthrown and trampled upon for a time, if the field be our Christian faith, than divide the spoil with the mighty, who just now have rode that field roughshod.

Resemblances present themselves, to which might be likened the mutual gratulation of the Essayists in this instance: it might be compared to that of those who, intending only a fool's pastime, find that they have spread conflagration over a province; or to the plaudits of a mob that is putting its own riotous interpretation upon the intemperate utterances of a platform orator. Will not a thoughtful man always, who hears himself loudly and vehemently commended, wish to be told who it is that thus applauds him, before he cordially accepts the homage?

Grant it, that, abstractedly considered, it is not the approval of their labours on the part of avowed unbelievers, or even of outspeaking atheists, which should be taken as logical proof of the erroneous quality of the Essayists' principles. This sinister approval may, indeed, be ground of grave suspicion; but it shall pass for no more. Grant it, that if now the Essayists in troop, were to go the rounds of the pot-houses in Manchester, Birmingham, Bolton, Stockport, Glasgow, Paisley, and elsewhere, and were to hear their reverend names repeated with shouts of laughter—in and between ribald songs—they need not stop their ears—horror-stricken, at these approving clamours. Be it so, that brawny fellows, whom just now we can think of—men whose rude logic hits the mark often—are emboldened to say, what heretofore they have insinuated only, that the 'parsons themselves have thrown up the game, and have left the Bible to take care of itself.' Be it so, that no such ambiguous eulogies as these need to be listened to by gentlemen and scholars, as if fraught with inferences against the disputants in a learned argument! Nothing is proved, nothing is disproved, by what may be vociferated and riotously applauded in a gin-palace!—unless indeed it be this, that, when men who stand before the world as the representatives and, the official defenders of religious belief, come out with the announcement that in their opinion the authority of the Bible is on a level with that of any other good book, or collection of books,

they should first have made themselves sure, *quite sure*, that they are not the victims of a delusion from the entanglements of which they themselves may, indeed, make their escape in time; but which, throughout years long to come, shall be dragging hundreds of thousands of souls into ruin. Give us not, we say, commendations of this order, that are so rankly scented from perdition!

Yet there are verdicts for the defendants in this cause which are of a sort more fitting to be presented to scholars and gentlemen; better worded are they, and better scented too, than those above named. The Essayists, it is well understood, have had great success, these seven years past, among young men of the better class, in the Universities and the Colleges, which fill, or should fill, the ranks of the ministry in the Episcopal Church. Many such—and they are the choice young men of their class—retain so much of the sense of honour, the straightforwardness, the right feeling, which are characteristic of Englishmen, that, having, under the teaching of the Essayists, lost their faith in the Bible, they could not, without damage to honesty and conscience, take office as ministers of religion, could not either sign Articles or read the creeds. This teaching has, therefore, won for itself the triumph of turning aside from the service of the Church, the intelligence, the integrity, the useful and much needed zeal of many, whose places in the desk, the pulpit, and the parish-rounds must be filled, either by the unscrupulous and perfunctory, or by the good and worthy, but the mindless.

Verdicts in favour of the Essayists have also been noiselessly uttered in private circles, or smothered in hearts desolated—in blighted souls. Too little do gentlemen of the cloth come to the knowledge of what is passing in the minds of the laity, especially of young persons in educated and well-mannered families. If some of those who wear the surplice, and who read the Commandments and the Nicene Creed from within the rails, could look into souls—the souls and hearts of those who are stepping forward from the home-shelter into life, they would, we will not doubt it, start back dismayed in coming to the knowledge of what has lately followed, *in many families*, from listening to the casual utterance of 'Broad Church and Liberal opinions' upon sacred subjects. These victims are intelligent and well-taught enough to apprehend the ulterior meaning of innuendoes; and yet, wholly untrained and untaught as they are in Biblical argument, nothing else could happen, in many instances, but the sudden annihilation of a faith which had come to them only from early maternal

catechizings. The Bible is not what they have been used to think of it:—It is a good book, mixed with fables, and of no authority. To follow some such youth from his eighteenth year a five years onward in life, would be of no avail; and the attempt to do so would have the appearance of an artifice, as if we were endeavouring to work up a tragical subject for a purpose in argument. We have done, then, with instances of this quality; and will only suggest the caution to those who are boasting of their recent triumphs, that this triumph, *in thousands of instances*, has been *of the same quality* as that of those who, in any case, loosen principles of restraint, and open the path for the rush of the impetuous passions of early manhood! As to any promise or any threat that is found on a page in the Bible, *clergymen* have now pronounced upon it the contemptuous sentence—*valeat quantum valet!*

Has the enterprise of the Essayists—looking back now to its achievements a seven or a ten years—has it received the commendation of those of the Christian community whose approval might be cordially accepted and rejoiced in, as a valid testimony in their favour? We think not. Here and there, as it now appears, the ties of college intimacy, or friendship, or of blood, have secured for some of these writers a sort of tacit acquiescence—barely approval—from some good men, whose amiable dispositions have been more apparent herein than their intelligence. But in place of any valid testimonies, properly available in their favour, the Essayists, in the course of years past, may have taken to themselves; as if it were a verdict on their behalf, the rancid antagonism of parties whose want of reason, want of candour, want of learning, have well comported with their deficiencies in Christian temper. The rancour of an opponent *may*, indeed, be equivalent to substantial praise; but when, in argument, we thus endeavour to draw honey, not from the carcase of the lion, but from the fangs of the rattlesnake, we are courting our own harm. Neither the sophism nor the spite of an unreasonable and ill-tempered adversary can fairly be used to patch a rent in our own argument, or be boasted of as a demonstration on our own side. The tone of much that has been written by the Essayists and by their favourers for a long time past, has given indication of this misjudging and overweening tendency. These writers have wrongly taken it for certain that they are 'sons of the martyrs,' because they have seen, or have fancied, groups of monks collected in Smithfield. Men of larger mind, of more mature judgment, and of loftier and more holy purpose, would have been able, with

little effort, to forget, and to forgive, and to treat with silence, the species of assault of which they have been the objects. Too much have these writers turned to account the ignorance and the rancour of a few mindless adversaries, and have imputed the same to their opponents generally. Those who have fallen into this error must have known that this imputation was a poor and temporary artifice.

As to adverse judgments—well deserving of a respectful regard, if not of submission—they have been pronounced—First, by 'those in authority'—by the constituted powers of the Church, within the pale of which the Essayists and their adherents are mainly found; and to whom, by their own act in continuing to officiate as its ministers, they pledge their troth. This adverse judgment must not lightly be contemned: it is true that the British Christian community at large is not pledged to bow to the decisions of Convocation; but these writers will learn, if they have not yet learned it, that, notwithstanding any extenuations or explanations—in spite of earnestly respectful letters, breathing hatred, and thinly disguising mortified egotism—the world outside holds them bound to yield obedience, at least to show respect toward, the rightfully constituted authorities of their own Church. It must be so, not merely because Church obligations become moral obligations when freely taken up; but because calm-minded men *outside*, who are in no such manner bound, will listen with respect, and, to a great extent, with accordance, to these same judgments—these protests—these unanimous utterances of a feeling which does but re-echo the general feeling and judgment of the Christian public.

Mystifications are attempted on this ground, and sundry counter pleas will be urged; yet the true state of the case is not obscure. The reply of the archbishops and the bishops to the appeal of the clergy of the diocese of Oxford may have been irregular, or its publication precipitate—points whereupon we do not care to form an opinion; and as to the subsequent proceedings in the Upper House, and then in the Lower House of Convocation, they may be open to small criticisms, which also stand beyond the limits of our concernment; but then, as to the substance of these demonstrations, on the part of the clergy of the Church of England, touching the principles, avowed and implicit, of the Essayists, there is not, nor will there be, any appreciable difference of opinion among men of plain understanding and of straightforward English feeling. It is making a large allowance for the unaccountable and crotchety few, when we admit it to be likely that one in a hun-

dred of such persons might refuse to join in a finding of this sort,—namely, *first*, that the principles of the Essayists, and their methods of Biblical criticism, are subversive of all faith in Holy Scripture, regarded as a conveyance of the mind of God to man, and as carrying with it an authority not belonging to any other writings; *secondly*, that these same principles, and these methods of Biblical criticism, are flagrantly at variance with the professions, with the creeds, the articles, the liturgy, and the offices of the Established Church of England; and that the holding of these principles, on the part of those who have bound themselves with clerical oaths and engagements, offends every instinct of unsophisticated, honest, and open-hearted Christian men. In a word, that the continued position of the Essayists as ministers of that Church, although it might comport with public feeling in Germany, is an outrage upon the public feeling of England.

Consequent upon the finding upon these two matters, will be a general, if not a unanimous finding upon a third, to this effect, namely—That whereas the continued ministrations of clergymen, professing and maintaining the principles of the Essayists, offends the public feeling of religious integrity, and is therefore 'a scandal,' highly dangerous to the moral sense of the people, any attempt on the part of such ministers, *now, as an after-thought*, to reconcile their position and their retention of emoluments with their opinions by the means—the *only means possible*—of unintelligible mystifications, and of an attenuated casuistry, could have no other effect than that of aggravating, to an incalculable extent, the mischief which already has been done. It is far better that henceforth we, the bystanders, should continue to exercise, and to stretch to the utmost, the capacities of a blind charity, than that the mysteries—the unpleasing anatomies of ill-conditioned consciences—should be spread out in our view. To exercise this blind charity may inflict upon us no serious harm; but to be the spectators of the *dissection* might—it almost must do so—vitiate every healthful instinct. The mystery opened out—the crookedness exhibited, would not fail to suggest to infirm minds a means of glozing over similar, or worse, moral incongruities. We say, then, to these gentlemen, Leave us, if you please, to think as well of you as we can, knowing not your secrets; spare us the hearing of your laboured exculpations!

It is the more needful to speak plainly upon this subject, because, as we see, personal regards in some, and an amiable lenity in others, among those who took part in the proceedings of the Upper and Lower House

of Convocation, are likely to bring about the very issue which, for public morals' sake, is earnestly to be deprecated, namely—the production of exculpatory explanations, showing us how a clergyman may keep a conscience void of offence, in signing the articles, and in repeating the creeds, and in administering the offices of the Church, while his individual opinion of the source and authority of the canonical Scriptures differs barely by a tinge, if at all, from that of more honest deists, and differs from that of pantheists and atheists only by putting a strain upon a metaphysical abstraction.

Thus far, in affirming the fact, that judgments adverse to the Essayists and their adherents have been pronounced from various quarters, we have spoken of what may be called the spontaneous expression of English Christian feelings—not, perhaps, very carefully considered, not framed upon ample information, not strictly discriminative; yet, nevertheless, deserving of regard on this very account, that it has been *spontaneous*, and is, in a sense, instinctive. But alongside of this largely inclusive adverse opinion, there is to be taken account of—adverse also—the deliberately formed judgment of dispassionate and well-informed Christian men—and these not a few—who, although they might partake with others of a momentary surprise, occasioned by a first perusal of the 'unfortunate volume,' would quickly bring these seven Essayists into their true place in a long list of writers whose opinions they adopt.

If as yet the Essayists do not know it, they must ere long come to know it—that their doctrine, their teaching, and their course as writers, have been long ago, and are now, most decisively adjudged and condemned by more than a few of those who, as to their training, and studies, and their intellectual habitudes, are (almost) as well qualified as themselves to form, and to put forward, opinions upon the range of subjects that are now in question. It would indicate an utter misunderstanding of the state of the case, if any were to imagine that this adverse judgment on the part of the duly informed and educated Christian men, is a sudden and recent antagonism toward dangerous doctrines, into a denouncing of which these instructed persons have been frightened by the forthcoming of—a *single book*. This is not the fact. The fact is far otherwise. As to that volume which startled the mass of readers, and as to the writings generally of those whom we now designate as the Essayists, there is not so much as an *item*—there is not a one criticism, or a half-uttered surmise—on behalf of which these English writers can claim proprietorship. Every atom of this

conglomerate is an importation: not a particle of it is indigenous to England, except in this sense—that the antichristianity of Germany, as that of France, may trace its rise in the infidel outburst which was a reaction from the Reformation movement in this land of free thought, two centuries ago.

Whoever has given attention to the course and progress of religious thought in Germany during the seventy years now ending, well understands what is the place properly assignable to these much-noised English writers—it is that of reporters of German critical doctrines; but then it is not of such as are at this moment in the enjoyment of repute in the land of their growth, but, for the most part, of stale paradoxes which have severally had their day, and have long ago been discarded as 'done with' by men of intelligence, who themselves are looking out for paradoxes of a fresher aspect.

The difference between the obsolete disbeliefs of Germany, and the disbeliefs which English writers have of late employed themselves in retailing, is *relative*, it is not *substantial*: it is a difference which springs from a dissimilarity in the national modes of thinking and feeling, a dissimilarity so great as to touch the political as well as the religious consciousness of the two races. It must be enough in this place to remind the reader of the fact, that whereas in Germany (we will not now say how this has come about) public feeling is so indulgent toward all modes of belief, as to take it easy when a professor of Christian theology declares his opinion that the Christ of the evangelists is a mythical non-reality: it is not so in this country, nor ever will be! So vast a difference as this must not be understood as if it were indicative absolutely of the amount of religious feeling in the two people respectively; the difference is deep-seated in the intellectual constitution of each, and shows itself in the political history of each. The German mind, amused with dreams of the profound, is content to let the real world go its own way. The English mind (a few dreamers always allowed for) is ever ruled by its vigorous energies as toward the real world—it demands that an intelligible connection should be maintained between Theory and Practice. Distasting and distrusting Theory, it holds fast those instincts of common sense, its respect for which has carried England to the front place among the nations. Yet this is not all: there pervades the British people, religious and irreligious, an imperative sense of what is due to professional consistency. If this moral coherence in times past has been too feeble in act, it has of late years conspicuously revived. As to the re-

quirement of consistency in public men, especially, it may be affirmed, that the nation has 'renewed,' and is now renewing, 'its youth as the eagle.'

It is obvious in what way this feeling must touch the subject now in view, and how it will operate to determine the place (shall we say the *fate*?) of the Essayists. It is *because* political and religious liberty in the most absolute sense, is enjoyed in these islands, that *professional consistency* is so sternly insisted upon. Be of what religion you please, or be of none; but at least be true to the obligations by which so freely you have bound yourself. The strictness of the requirement, and the inexorable style in which it is enforced, are the proper correlatives and consequences of that liberty in which we triumph and exult. Of late some irritated partisans of the Essayists have made an outcry for a larger indulgence of individual opinion than at present is allowed to the clergy of the Established Church. We say in reply, this indulgence, even as large and as loose as they would wish, shall be granted them, if only we are all of us willing to pay the price—namely, a relinquishment of our birthright of religious liberty. Let it be so that a 'Holy Office' shall have leave to pen-fold the British people in ticketed enclosures, and then may licence be proclaimed for *individual opinions* good or bad. It is because we do not tolerate domestic slavery that the conditions of free service have so much of what is aristocratic in their style.

What may be the result of the appointment of a commission to examine the 'unfortunate volume,' and to make extracts from it, will not be known to the public for some time to come, nor will the public find it difficult to wait in patience till that time comes. Too probably the issue of that inquiry, as in many similar instances, will be an indistinct, ambiguous, indeterminate report, broken in upon too much by technical bars, by clerical reluctances, and, still more, by personal considerations. We should gladly believe that it will be such as shall satisfy the intelligent laity of the Church of England. No sympathy whatever have we with the sinister gratification in which some, perhaps, may indulge themselves in witnessing, or in imagining, the embarrassments and the embroilments that may entangle the venerable and the reverend members of this commission.* The occasion

is, in an extreme degree, peculiar and difficult. Authoritative Church action of some sort is urgently demanded—indeed, is indispensable—as well for maintaining the moral repute of the clergy, as for staying the advances among them of open infidelity; and yet this action, of whatever kind it may be, must be subject to the disadvantage of a course of proceedings against six writers individually, on the ground of various citations, which will be defended—the obvious meaning of them evaporated—shown to be susceptible of a sense tolerably orthodox, and which, it is quite likely, will be placed in parallel columns with similar passages, quoted from writers of unquestioned orthodoxy. In the end, a question which we shall all of us be putting—each to his neighbour, 'What, then, is going to be done?' will receive the disheartening answer, 'Nothing will be done; things must be left to take their course.'

A better issue than this may, it is possible, come about. *Possible* it is—and that is all that ought to be granted—that one or two, even three of the Essayists—we mean of the six clergymen implicated—may, on further thought, have become convinced of his individual error, and may see that he has yielded himself to the enchantment of a delusion, from which now at length he breaks himself away; and, therefore, and as in conscience bound, he makes acknowledgment to this effect. Not merely possible, but probable it is, that, among the many publications, larger and smaller, which this crisis will have produced, some few may be of such quality as effectively to disperse the congeries of sophisms upon which the Essayists have raised their precarious edifice. The Christian community, being thus relieved from a temporary bewilderment, shall quietly return to their ground of faith, none daring henceforward to make them afraid; or not in the same manner.

Further than this, it is probable—it is quite in the course of things—that, after a while, and even soon, what we have just now spoken of as the ostensible characteristics of the entire mass of Essayist writing and teaching—the prominent features of this system, shall so come to be recognised as indications of error and infatuation, that the mass of Christian people, satisfied that it is so, shall cease to concern themselves in the matter, the Essayists and their enterprise falling into well-merited oblivion. If this should be, then will the time have come for those who shall be called to the work to reconsider those weighty matters, touching Holy Scripture, a want of due attention to which has given the Essayists all the advantage they have had in making out their case.

* March 16.—THE LOWER HOUSE. *The Essays and Reviews*. The Prolocutor Archdeacon Bickersteth, nominated, as a committee for examining and reporting upon the volume, fourteen of the venerable and reverend members of the Lower House—Archdeacon Dennison being appointed to act as chairman of the committee.

What, then, are those prominent characteristics of—shall we call it—this *ESSAYISM*, which might be insisted upon as *sufficient* ground for rejecting it—apart from the discussion in detail of its several averments, in contradiction of the authority of the Scriptures? The counts of an indictment on *this ground* are, we think, these:—This *Essayism*, and especially in its most recent development, is to be condemned on the ground, first, of its *LEVITY*—the *subject* to which it relates considered. It is to be rejected on the ground of its *EVASIVENESS*. It is further to be suspected and rejected, inasmuch as, from beginning to end, it is made to rest upon a *SHALLOW PHILOSOPHY*; and still more decisively are its conclusions to be rejected, because they are the products of a *spurious*, or a *MISDIRECTED METHOD OF BIBLICAL CRITICISM*; and then, apart from all other grounds of exception, this *Essayism* stands self-condemned by its *INCOHERENCE*, so long as those who maintain it profess themselves to be in any sense Christians.

It is manifest that, within the compass of the few pages assigned us in this instance, nothing more can be attempted, in supporting these allegations, than what shall just suffice for putting the reader in possession of our meaning. If it were required that, under each head of indictment, as above specified, we should adduce proof in the formal style of a court of inquiry, or of a copious controversial work, then must we ask the ample dimensions of a bulky volume. If in any single instance we affirm what could not be made good by proper proof, then let all such unsupported and loose materials be set off accordingly. What we are intending to say, will, as we believe, be assented to as substantially fair by readers who are conversant with the mass of writings now in view.

The seriousness—the infinite importance—of the questions in hand duly considered, then the *Essayists* are open to condemnation on the charge of their

LEVITY.—Terms of this order must take their value from the context where they occur, or from the occasion to which they are applied. We do not quarrel, on this score, with disputants who are discussing a point of etiquette, or who are affirming and denying the genuineness of a Queen Anne's cutting, or who are at variance about the cut of a coat. But it is otherwise when, as sometimes happens, heartless jokes are exchanged across the table in court, while a wretch, in a fever of dread, is on trial for his life. Let it be understood what is the position of the set of *English* writers who, at this time, are attracting toward themselves so much regard: it is

not at all such as simple-minded readers may have supposed, and who may think, perhaps, that a few conscientious men—here one, in his rural parsonage, and there another—separately addicted to critical studies, have found themselves sorely perplexed—painfully embarrassed, among the difficulties that are known to attach to many points in the criticism of the canon of Scripture. Labouring under this burden of doubts, and yet—so it must ever be with Christian-hearted men—clinging to their professed faith, as men, and as ministers of the Gospel, and as *clergymen*, they have now come forward—honestly seeking relief in publication—wishing to unburden themselves to their brethren. Thus they came forward, inviting counter criticism, asking for a better guidance than their own judgments; and sincerely asking for it, especially because they are themselves alarmed at what may be the issue of investigations of this order, and foresee the sorrow, the deep trouble of heart, and the moral ruin to many, that may ensue when it shall be made known to the world, that the claims of the Bible to the place which hitherto it has held, are very questionable. Thus minded, they are looking about for a way of escape from this apprehended calamity; and they will be the foremost in declaring their satisfaction, when, as they hope, the sophisms that disturb them shall be dissipated.

It would, indeed, be a mockery, which the *Essayists* would treat with contempt, to impute to them—to any of them—feelings of this order, or thus to indulge any such charitable hypothesis. Everybody knows that the case has quite another complexion. These writers, or most of them, are not merely *Biblical* scholars, but are well-read men in the largest sense, and generally are well acquainted with *Continental* theological literature, and are better acquainted, probably, with *German* biblical works than they are with *English* literature in the same department. The *Essayists* have well known what they were about. They have come from a ground whereupon all that they have intended to say has been said long ago, and its issues proved, and the ultimate consequence fully developed. They have known that not a particle, either of the negative doctrine, or of the exceptive criticism, which they have now 'done into *English*,' is of their own excogitation, or is new to the theological community of Europe. They have known, moreover, that almost every item of this importation is now out of date abroad, and has been refuted or abandoned, or has given place to some more extreme paradox in the land of its birth; and, beyond this, the *Essayists* have well known what the result has been of the same doc-

trine and criticism, as to the standing of those who have carried it out consistently to its consequences—which has been a going off further and further toward universal disbelief, pantheistic or atheistic. It is with this knowledge of the staleness of the importation, and of the constant result of its acceptance, that these English writers have concocted their enterprise, and have coolly dared the issue.

Nevertheless—and most cordially we assent to the principle, come what may—TRUTH must be pursued, and it must be promulgated when it has been found. We are none of us competent to the task of estimating remote results. Onward we must go, hoping and believing that at length good shall come out of disaster, and that the immediate ruin shall be compensated by the largeness of the distant benefits. This, then, is granted. Yet are there occasions—and they are not very infrequent in life—when a man finds that he must nerve himself for the discharge of a painful duty, in making known to the parties concerned the breaking up of an illusion, the disappointment of long-cherished hopes, the loss of fortune, the death of the nearest and dearest relative. The discharge of grave offices of friendship such as these will undoubtedly have an effect upon the usual style and manner of a man of feeling; for not only he will not indulge in jests, but he will show, in his language and his demeanour, what is his own consciousness of the gravity of the announcement he has to make. In relation to any such obligation as this to speak the truth, there is a propriety, there is a sense which, if it be wanting, makes the party liable to an imputation of *levity*, although he may observe decorum, but show an utter want of feeling.

How stands the case, then, with the Essayists? If they are right, if their doctrine be true, and if *they know it* to be true, we applaud their courage; and yet denounce their easy-going, captious, petulant, frivolous mood, and the absence throughout their writings of expressions of sorrow and of personal regret in relinquishing what they relinquish when they discard the hopes of the Gospel. Expressions of sorrow of the sort which we ought to find abounding in the writings of the Essayists, *we should be able to cite*, if it were needful, from the letters of outspoken *atheists*. If indeed it be so, that the supposed authority of Scripture is an illusion—if it be so, that the hope of a bright immortality is at the best, only a probable surmise—if He who proclaimed this doctrine in His ministry, belied it in His sepulchre—if the threatened future which has held mankind in awe, and the promised future which the good have taken as their inheri-

tance, be—the one as well as the other—a dream; and if this be the issue of the trial of the so-called inspired men; and if these writers—the Essayists—have prepared themselves, as they ought to have done, with proof to this effect, then may we well demand of them, not only that they shall put away from them—which would be insufferable, the tones of jeering and of literary egotism, and of a petty pedantry, and of captious insinuation, but that they should present themselves in face of their countrymen in a manner indicative of their own inward distress, in finding themselves burdened with the duty of inflicting upon the Christian community a greater amount of moral damage than can be estimated or thought of. It would be fitting the occasion if each of the Essayists, in his turn, came on in dismay to make his protest against our faith in the Bible; with the doleful exclamation, 'Woe is me, that I am destined to preach *this Gospel!*' The levity of *jesting* and ribaldry is one sort; the levity of *heartless inconsiderateness* is another sort. The one is the fault of the ill-bred and coarse-minded; the other is the fault of those who have mind and breeding enough, but who are wanting in soul.

Thus we must write, when the Essayists, *collectively*, are to be spoken of. Very differently, no doubt, if, on the ground of personal intimacy, our part were to make a report of the individual dispositions of this or that estimable man, who has taken his position among them. So it is in a hundred instances, that, under the sway, or at the inspiration of, a *system*, worthy men utter themselves in a manner which strangely misrepresents their personal character. Some of these ingenious and learned gentlemen—who can question it?—would, if we were honoured with their friendship, show themselves to be seriously-minded, and honestly intent upon doing all the good in their power, whether in their parishes or in the wider range they may fill as popular writers. And some of them would be likely to affirm, in rebutting the imputation of *levity*, that their own mood of mind is far from partaking of that quality; and in proof of it they would say, 'Only let good religious folks—the idolaters of the Bible—learn wisdom from us, and they may be happy enough, and pious enough too. Our course is *this*, we take whatever we find to be profitable and right in the Scriptures: we use all such passages, longer or shorter. As to what passes for *history* therein, none of it is of very solid quality;—much of it we know to be fabulous, or legendary, or mythical, and therefore we leave it all where

it is: it shall not disturb our meditations. If you demand of us our opinion, in particular, as to the resurrection of Jesus—understood in any literal sense—we regard it as a “speculative point,” unimportant either as to the practical or the spiritual life. On *this* ground we have found peace, and can only wish others to make trial of the same method. We repel the imputation of levity;—we are quite serious in propounding to the religious community a *faith in Christ* which has disengaged itself from antiquarian and ambiguous discussions of every sort. *Christ is our master now*; and, in truth, we do not perplex ourselves with the question, whether the Jesus of the Evangelists ever lived and died as an historical person.

It is manifest, that, if *this* be the ground on which the imputation of levity is to be repelled, it involves contradictions so egregious as well as offensive, that those who take position upon it will be driven by the frequent and urgent necessities of so incoherent an argument, to conceal their embarrassment in a style of

EVASIVENESS, which, at every step, or at each sharp angle, saves them from propounding an inference which they obscurely suggest, and yet dare not, or will not—put into words. In this instance are we advancing an accusation which we should fail to substantiate? *Substantiated* in one sense our allegation could not be; for the evidence to be cited is negative—it is a *hiatus*;—it is a vacancy on every page, or at the close of every line of argument. Let the reader say what has been his feeling in coming to the close of the Essays, Sermons, Pamphlets of the writers. The natural and the inevitable inference!—Where is it!—has the printer dropped a page from his parcel of copy? Never does the reader find what his own honest reason has shown him *must be*, if it were outspoken, the conclusion of the writer's train of thought. Why is it so? There may be room for two or three surmises in searching for an answer to this question. No such delicate reticence belongs to the practice of the *Essayists'* masters—the German Rationalists. *These* have said what they had to say, with a manly frankness. Why should not their English disciples practise a similar honesty?

This usage of evasion should, perhaps, be attributed to a thoughtful tenderness toward the infirm religiousness of the English mind; does it not spring from a discreet recollection of our educational prejudices? If this be it, then we say aloud to the *Essayists*, that if they understand their countrymen in

one sense, they utterly misunderstand them in another sense. Yet this is a species of misunderstanding which those are very likely to fall into whose egotism has not received its due correction by a free intercourse with the open world; it is part of the illusion of cloisters; it is the doting way of men who have spun out their manhood within the dimness of venetian blinds, and have been used to look out only upon the pavement of college quadrangles. Is it so indeed, that we—Englishmen as we are, fronting all dangers in all climates, and daring all enterprises in the worlds of thought as well as of mechanic industry—must now be dealt with so tenderly? Are we indeed babes in understanding? Let these gentlemen—the *Essayists*—know it, henceforward let them know it—that their countrymen are tough-skinned enough in mind to listen to even the boldest things they can say; and, moreover, that we all shall think better of them *after* they have thus spoken out, than we can do now, while they wear the mask.

But if, after all, these *Essayists* will not be plain-spoken, we must be so for them. There is another mode of accounting, for this evasiveness which has become the characteristic of their writings. We touch here the disagreeable point of the subject before us; and as there is no imperative reason for insisting upon it, a word shall be enough. It is quite impossible to imagine that any one of these clerical writers can be blind, either to the infelicity of his position as a minister of the Church of England holding such opinions, or to the ominous fact that his persistence in that position will render him the object of *English resentment*, which, slow of utterance as it is, shall at length compel him to retreat from it. Has this evasiveness had its rise in a fore-thought of this inevitable consequence? We do not know—on the origin of the evasions we have done; but must yet say something of the evasions themselves—spring they whence they may.

The *motives* impelling writers to resort to equivocations or concealments may be various; but the *evasion itself* is likely to result, by a logical necessity, from the nature of an argument; and it is so in every instance in which a false position involves contradictions of so enormous a kind, that no ingenuity can avail to place them face to face in formal propositions. The indication that a fatal sophism is underlying an argument is, this cropping up of an evasion always at certain points of the surface. It is the case with the argument of those who, while labouring to retain their hold of Christianity, refuse to admit what is an inseparable part of it.

Evasions, multiform and interminable, are the inevitable attendants upon that species of Christianized disbelief upon which the Essayists have lately taken their stand. German disbelief is not thus driven in upon subterfuges; for the Christianity which it retains does not possess substance enough to support a logical contradiction of any sort;—a bottomless mud, upon the surface of which things may float, but not stand. Our English Essayists are evasive, inasmuch as they are ranged a few steps further in upon solid Christian ground. But now what does the evasion mean? There is before us, say, a certain train of events which has, or which is presumed to have, a twofold aspect—it has an aspect *historical*, and it has an aspect *spiritual*. No problem arises in such a case, if it be so that the faculty of historical verification may take its own, entire, from beginning to end, without leaving a residuum—thus allowing the faculty of spiritual perception, or of faith, to come in and take its own also out of the *same facts*, without disturbance of the parts or confusion of the elements. Thus it is in the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation—all is simple and clear to the *senses*; and all is also true and perfect in the eye of faith, after consecration of the elements. But now comes a problem which Christianizing rationalists have never yet been able to deal with, otherwise than by aid either of evasions, or by persisting in a dead silence. A course of events is in view which apparently belongs throughout, to this faculty of 'historic verification;' but which, as to its latter portion—a half of the whole, or, it may be, a third, or less—is affirmed to be cognisable *only and exclusively* by and to 'the faculty of spiritual perception,' or faith. Perplexing questions then thicken around the subject, as we shall see in an instance or two. It must be asked, Does the 'historic faculty' insensibly shade off into the region of the spiritual faculty? or does the one go on and lap over the other? or does the one faculty stop short of the other, leaving an interval, a neutral inch or so, which is claimable neither by history nor by faith? Is there no way of clearing a path through these perplexities? We think there is; but then it involves the painful necessity of bringing the most sacred subjects into contact with an argument which itself must be offensive to right religious feelings. We must not just now be blamed for this unavoidable indecorum.

No 'miracle,' no 'violence,' we are told, has ever been done, or could be done, to the 'order of nature' in any one instance. The supposition is absurd; the thing supposed is strictly impossible. Nevertheless,

our faith as Christians may, it is said, be conserved, and our consistency, too, as churchmen, may be saved! How is all this to be done? It may be done by help of a subterfuge, which is so offensive to common sense as well as to piety, that those who the most urgently need to have recourse to it have not hitherto dared to put it into plain English. Let the reader bear this in mind, that a series of events, from beginning to end, does not cease, as to its later portions, to be of *historic quality*, because, if real, these events demand the hand of God to effect them. The subterfuge of the Essayists rests upon this sophism—that the historic quality of ostensible facts is changed whenever the supernatural is affirmed or is implied. This will be fair and coherent if only we choose to say, that, as the supernatural is impossible, we therefore reject the entire narrative as a fiction. This is the ground of some German rationalists, but it is not that of their English disciples, who assure us—and they try to think it themselves—that the latter half of a *connected series of events*, which, if real, would be supernatural, and which, if *unreal*, is *false*, and ought so to be plainly spoken of as false, is yet to retained as a proper object of 'the spiritual faculty,'—true to faith, and yet neither true nor (amazing incoherence) false to reason!—spiritually real, historically unreal!

Bring this evasion to the test of common sense in that one instance, which, in truth, carries the whole burden of the Essayists' theology. The Essayists—what thanks do we owe to Tacitus!—admit the historic reality of the narrative of the Evangelists *up to a certain point*, or up to a certain hour or moment; or, otherwise stated, a red cross on the margin of my Greek Testament stands there as a beacon warning the 'faculty of historic verification' thus far to go, and not a step beyond! Nevertheless, at this turnstile the privileged 'faculty of faith' or of 'spiritual discernment' shows her ticket, and hears the comfortable words, 'Yes, you may go on.' Are we trifling on this sacred ground? Let none think so. God forbid we should trifle here! But Essayists must now be compelled to say out what it is they mean. The *crucifixion* is granted to be real; and there are few, we think, *now* who would profess to adhere to the desperate surmise that the *death* was *not* real. Nor can it serve any purpose either way to call in question the narrative of the embalming and the entombing. Thus, then, we come well agreed to the close of the Friday evening. But may not the historic faculty have leave to look into the sepulchre some time in the course of the Saturday? Who shall warn it

to draw back at the proper moment, so as to give place to the faculty of faith? A trembling moment is this surely for the two powers: the one is curious, and would stay, yet is afraid to linger; the other is impatient of the presence of its uncongenial companion, and is asking to be left alone until daybreak of that Sunday morning?

Now let us ask the Essayists for a few words of intelligible English. Their German teachers will give us their German: but that will not meet the occasion. If the supernatural is to be wholly excluded from our Christianity, then there was no resurrection of the dead on that morning; and then the ensuing evangelic narrative is *wholly false*;—it is not partly true and partly false; it is absolutely *false*. It will serve no purpose to say, 'Yes, Christ rose from the dead; for He thenceforward rose in the affection and reverence of His followers, who at length had come to understand'—who shall say what? If, indeed, their Lord did not rise from the dead *in the sense in which they affirmed Him to have risen*, then the affection and the reverence of His followers were grievously misplaced. Never have the deluded adherents of an impostor fallen into a delusion so frightful as was that of the 'hundred and twenty' that were 'of one accord' assembled in 'an upper room' on that Sunday evening!

We stop here, but shall have occasion to return to this critical subject before we have done. If the Essayists would put into an intelligible form, their own hypothesis, carried out into its inevitable consequences, as related to the promulgation of the Gospel by the apostles, they would find themselves confronted with suppositions which every instinct of reason and of piety must compel them to disavow. Hitherto they have screened themselves in a prudent reserve; but this must be abandoned before long. Evasions in controversy have what may be called their *natural history*, which is concerned with the various motives that may impel men to have recourse to concealments; and they have also their *logical history*, by which we intend that inherent property of a capital sophism, which forbids the bringing propositions face to face otherwise than by aid of subterfuges. The evasiveness of the Essayists has thus its natural history, and it has also its logical history. Denied evasions, how shall they *live*? Denied evasions, how shall they *write*?

It can scarcely be needful to repeat, in this place, our disclaimer of any intention to impute disingenuousness or evasiveness, or want of candour, to the individual writers, as *personal qualities*. This is the very proof of

the falseness of a system, that it drives the most honourable minds upon subterfuges.

We have named above, as a third count in the indictment of the Essayists, this, that these writers show themselves throughout to be struggling in the meshes of a *SHALLOW PHILOSOPHY*.

But who is it now that shall presume to speak of 'shallow philosophy,' when the profound things of German philosophy are in the offing? With the profundities of that philosophy, or of any other, we have no quarrel—in truth, no concernment at all—so long as the 'profound' keeps at home in the abyss wherein it was born. What we have actually to do with is, the slang—repeated on almost every page of the Essayists' writings—about 'modern science,' and 'our recent triumphs in natural philosophy,' when, in fact, modern science takes no bearing whatever upon the questions that are at this time in debate. The physical sciences can neither help nor hinder us on this ground; or they help us more than they hinder us; but those writers show themselves to be bewildered among the sophisms of an undefined theory, which, as often as it is brought into contact with the real world, or with matters that are determinable on other grounds, breaks down. The Essayists have not (so far as we are aware) put forth, in form, a Philosophy of Human Nature; and they may well think a labour of this sort superfluous, inasmuch as their belief on subjects of this class has been sufficiently represented in the works of those writers who treat of man as chief of the mammals, and who say they find no vestiges of a Creator in the creation. Nevertheless, in place of a formal philosophy of human nature, we have before us, fresh from their pens, a theology and an ethical system which, in their esteem, is fully adequate to every reasonable requirement of this human nature, and provides for it, as to its hopes, its fears, its immediate wants in a world of trouble, and its more remote welfare, if indeed man needs at all to speculate concerning a remote welfare! It must always be fair to take a system of theology as the counterpart, or as the representative, of the philosophy of those who propound it. These writers think their theology is *BELIEF* enough for the human mind, according to their own estimate of its religious capacity; and they also think that their moral scheme is powerful enough, as to its motives and its sanctions, for the work it has to do in the training, and in the restraining, and in the governing of men in their personal and their social relationships.

But now, does this theology of Essayism

and this ethical system—does this religion for the real world—does it invite our respectful regard by its exterior semblance? Is it manifestly a religion of power? has it a robust aspect? Is it apparently available for the work it will have to do? Let the reader who has made acquaintance at large with the writings of the Essayists, say of what kind those impressions are which a perusal of these negative and nugatory compositions has spontaneously produced, in suggesting to him the habits, and the qualifications of the writers. We here presume that the reader to whom we appeal knows nothing, as *we know nothing*, of these writers, otherwise than as they have exhibited themselves in their books. Prejudice and surmise apart, the reader feels that he is conversing with men who, whatever their accomplishments may be, are such as have had very slender experience among the grave and arduous realities of life. They are gentlemen, and they are scholars too, no doubt, who have looked out upon other men's strenuous courses of action, upon other men's hard lots, upon the wants, the woes, the distracting cares, and the heavy griefs of others, and have shrugged the shoulder, and have blessed themselves in the recollection of their exemptions and their comforts; *a-trim* they are, from morning till night of every day: how can we believe that men of intelligence whose philosophy of human nature had received its depth from a near-at-hand concernment with the terrible and deep things of the world, such as it is, can have put forward a theology which is as thin as air, and can have propounded an ethical scheme which they deny to have any authentication, which has no definite sanctions, has no ascertained hopes, has no terrors! How can we imagine that a religion which is a figuring upon gauze, can have come from heads and hearts conversant with human nature as it is? This cannot be; so flimsy a religion, and so powerless an ethics, must have had their rise in, or must have been suggested by, A BHAL-LOW PHILOSOPHY. Will not this appear if we look into it?

All the religions in the world, we are told, stand on the same ground as to their claims, or their authority; some are better, some worse—some are malign, some are benign—some pure, some foul. But now among these various religions there is one, and there is only one, which in a good sense deserves to be spoken of as a religion of power; there is one religion which, whether it be true or false in its pretensions, has shown itself to possess a force to which human nature yields itself for the better; there is one religion that has had its martyrs

by thousands without fanaticism; there is one religion that has sustained purity, self-devotion, noiseless virtues, in thousands of homes; there is one religion that, while it has made tyrants tremble, has made their victims patient, peaceful, triumphant. There is one religion now extant to the world, which, while it sorely perplexes sophists, civilises savages. There is near us, whether it be true or false, A RELIGION OF POWER. It is so by confession of all men.

The Essayists, who are the promoters of a carefully concocted scheme—prepared years ago—come forward to try their hands upon this one religion—they say to amend it. They well know that they have nothing in their bag that is better, or that is of more value, than the stale and done-with drugs of a foreign market. Thus provided, the course they take is this—They flatly reject the credentials of this religion; they declare its authentication to be spurious; they designate its sanctions as antiquated fables; they release vice from its fears; they rob virtue of its stay and its hopes; they affirm that, in the early triumphs of this religion, it drew its motives from a delusion or a fraud. A word, then, is enough; the Essayists, to the extent of their influence—and wherever they are listened to—deprive of its power this only religion that has any power for good!

And yet who shall find fault with them, if indeed the case be as these writers affirm it to be? If it be so, then the religion of the Bible is the last fruitless struggle of the human mind to provide itself with a belief that should be commensurate with its wants and its woes, and that should reclaim it from its wanderings. If, then, it be so, and if this be the dismal issue of this argument, then this human nature itself must be spoken of as all an outside affair. Man—vain and helpless, would best be represented by a figure of great height, and breadth, and pretension—cut out in pasteboard, and painted as a harlequin. As for man—there is nothing *in him*; and there is nothing *for him*: his last dream of immortal greatness is over; his last confidence in God is gone!

If, now, the reply of the Essayists be this, 'You are working up an exaggeration for a purpose in argument;' and if they say that they intend nothing so deplorable as what we impute to them, then we are driven in upon our conclusion—that if, in their view, a religion that is without authority, and without sanctions, be sufficient for the needs of human nature, their knowledge of human nature can be theoretic only; and their philosophy of human nature must be—as we have said it is—a shallow philosophy.

There are, however, other grounds upon

which the Essayists give evidence of the superficial quality of their modes of thinking. A noted writer of this school says, 'We know that there are no such beings in the universe as demons.' We ask, how do you know it? have *they* told you so? Another says, 'The Jewish notion about angels, as real existences, is to be traced to its rise among Chaldean superstitions.' As to a separate state, or a *region* for the dead, such as the sheol of the Hebrews, 'We know it is impossible; our modern science has demonstrated the falsity of this, as of so many other Jewish fables: the interior of the planet is'—what is it? We shall be glad to know. As to a resurrection of the *body*, 'Our chemistry and our geology alike agree to reject the supposition as an absurdity. As to an imagined transit of beings from this planet to any other, or to a celestial region, *it cannot be*:—think of gravitation, which even the fine tails of comets obey!—and think of the extreme cold of the celestial spaces, so many degrees below the freezing-point!' Or, to say all in a word, modern science rejects altogether the supposition of any spiritual existence, or of anything that is pretended to be out of sight, out of hearing, and beyond touch of our fleshly fingers.

This is a field upon which persons of easy-going intellectual habitudes reckon themselves sure of a triumph: 'Who is it in this age of scientific triumphs, that dares to profess his belief in ghosts, apparitions, witches, angels, demons, or devil? A man must be bold indeed who persists in his adherence to obsolete superstitions concerning an unseen world! It is true that the authors and preachers of Christianity were themselves the victims of these vulgar errors, but we are not so.' Nevertheless, there are other modes of thinking on subjects of this class. To dismiss, in a word, the cant—a thousand times repeated, about 'our modern physical science,' it is enough to say, that the question (if it be a question) concerning the reality of an unseen world, is, *by the very terms of the avowal*, altogether foreign to the range of physical science. Physical science can establish nothing on this ground: if it could, the spiritual would cease to be spiritual:—it can disprove nothing thereto relating. Which of the sciences, *in particular*, is it that opposes itself to the belief that the material universe is but a half of the universe? Go to the professors of the modern chemistry, or geology, or physiology, and if they are wise, they will tell you *they* know nothing that is contrary to such a belief; and if they are *philosophers* also, they will further say, that the wonders disclosed by the most recent of the sciences have taught them modesty, and

have shown them the folly of pronouncing this or that to be incredible or absurd, which is not understood, and which is unknown.

We boldly say, that minds more evenly balanced than the minds of the Essayists, and of greater depth, and of more modesty too, will follow another method on this ground. The facts we have to do with here are these:—A belief in spiritual existence, unseen, and yet near to humanity, and concerned in its concerns, has been *constant to human nature*. This belief has developed itself in the thousand forms of superstition, gay, sensuous, horrific, and pernicious: a world of delusions is before us. What, then, is the *philosophic* inference? It *may* be this; that where delusions have so much abounded, all is a delusion: the belief has *no* foundation; or, on the other hand, it *may* be this—the universality of the belief is *strong presumptive evidence* of a reality as its source. Superstition is wrong in its *forms*, in its exterior guise; but it is right in its origin. Monstrous in its fashions and visage, there is a life beneath that grim countenance! This hypothetical inference from the facts is at the least as probable, and it is as consonant with philosophy, as is the contrary inference; and we hold it for certain, that a flippant rejection of it, and a precipitate adoption of the alternative, is proof conclusive of the shallowness of the philosophy which prompts it.

A thoughtful and calm-minded reader of the Scriptures—Old and New Testaments—finds, on this ground, as on other grounds, the clear indication of a *restraining influence*, a silent control, effective and uniform, in the instance of each of this series of writers. Biblical affirmations, or allusions, to orders of beings other than the human, and which are ordinarily unseen, are distinct; they are sharply defined; they are brief, and abstinent of imaginative expansions or decorations; they are just adequate to the occasion, and nothing more; they satisfy no prurient curiosity; they refuse to entertain the sensuous fancy: these allusions are precisely such as we should look for on the twofold hypothesis, of the *truth of the facts*, and of the *purpose of revelation*.

The blunderings of our English version (and of other modern versions not less) on this ground, from which too many of us are indolently content to accept our confused beliefs concerning the unseen and the future world, need to be removed in *mass*, before an attempt could be made to bring into view what it is which the inspired writers have affirmed, and have indicated, and have assumed as certain, in relation to these several subjects. In truth, our Christianity at this moment is—we might say—groaning under

the weight of these inveterate misinterpretations of its own documents. These pages can be no proper place for entering upon subjects so grave, so difficult, so wide in their extent as these are. A passing allusion to it is warrantable, only on the plea of its presenting itself in course, while we are specifying the grounds on which we speak of that slenderness and surface-going style which is characteristic of the writings of the school now in question.

Frivolous in their notions of human nature, and of its needs—flippantly frivolous in their scepticism concerning the Unseen, these writers give proof, in a still more conclusive manner, of the same rate of their intellectual habits, when they approach subjects that touch the mysteries of the Divine nature, and of the ways of God toward man. Here again—and still more in this instance than in the last—the subject surpasses all limits, and also all proprieties, of this place and occasion. It has been a commingled levity of apprehension as to human nature, and an audacity in their reasoning concerning the Divine nature, that have prompted these writers in their rejection of that FIRST TRUTH of the Gospel—the vicarious death of Christ: but we draw back. Among the several subjects which would here claim a place, in a formal treatise, we take up one only, which is precisely of the kind to afford a criterion—no uncertain criterion—of the measure of the minds that entertain it. Religious argumentation quite out of view, we should never hesitate to accept the result of an experiment on this ground, if the purpose were, for instance, to gauge the intellectual compass of a candidate for honours in mental philosophy. The progress of the physical sciences, we are told, and the advanced position of thought, at this time, concerning the stern and inviolate order of nature, ‘absolutely condemns and rejects the doctrine of what is called a Particular Providence, and its companion superstition, concerning the efficacy or utility of prayer.’ We say to such a candidate: Is this your meaning? Do I understand you as intending to say, that, if we are fully persuaded of the invariable sequence of all events in the world of nature, we must, if we would be consistent, utterly reject the Christian doctrine of a Particular Providence; and must also abandon our belief in the efficacy of prayer? If this be your meaning, and you say that no reasonable being can think otherwise, then the most friendly advice I can offer you is this—that henceforward you should not trouble yourself with matters of this quality. Betake yourself to one of the professions, and leave metaphysics alone.

It need scarcely be said that the doctrine

which is clumsily intended by the modern phrase, ‘a Particular Providence,’ and the consequent belief of the proper efficacy of prayer, are BIBLICAL PRINCIPLES—affirmed, assumed, illustrated, relied upon, from first to last, throughout the canonical writings. This doctrine, and this belief, are the *one purport* of all Biblical history; they are the *very ground* of the devotional Scriptures, the Psalms especially; they are the *peculiar subjects* of Christ’s teaching; they are the *end* of many of His apologues; they so form the *basement of His ministry*, as that, to reject them, is to reject Christianity absolutely and in every sense. These peremptory averments will scarcely be called in question on either side.

There follows another averment which is equally exempt from reasonable contradiction. It is this—That what may be called a spontaneous, instinctive, *irresistible* belief in the speciality of the providential government of human affairs, as toward the individual, and a corresponding confidence in the reality and the effectiveness of prayer, belongs to every human mind which, whether in a better or a worse sense, is open at all to religious sentiment or feeling. If the force of this religious belief does not make itself manifest ‘in all time of our wealth,’ it fails not to come up from the depth of our hearts in the ‘times of our tribulation,’ ‘in the hour of death,’ and in every day of trembling and of woe. Spite of captious reasonings, we all of us thus believe in God, when we are *made to feel* that in Him only there is hope; and to Him, therefore, at such times, we make our requests known.

More than this may be said; and the sad experience of many religious persons at this time would, if uttered, attest its truth—That in every instance in which, either from the inroad and mastery of worldly ambitions, or of animal passions, or, quite as often, from entanglement in sophisms such as those which just now are in question, the belief or *sense* of the Divine Providence toward the individual has lost its hold of the mind, and when, as consequent upon this loss of faith, prayer and praise have lost their meaning, or have become lifeless forms—there, and in every such case, not only has Christian peace, but religious sentiment also died away—it has become extinct, all is gone. On this ground, therefore, at once of Biblical affirmation, and of instinctive feeling, and of religious experience, we take, as certain, the doctrine in view, and also its inference—the reality, the effective force of prayer; and this, as well in relation to the *earthly* welfare of the individual, as to his spiritual advancement. This, then, is our ground: the very

opposite is the ground of the Essayists, ambiguously or openly professed.

What, then, do we here propose to do? Assuredly we are not attempting an apocalypse of the mystery of the Divine government of the world! Assuredly we are not propounding a theory of Providence, or giving demonstration of a truth, which involves the attributes of the INFINITE. Not so: but this we intend, so far as it may be done within the compass of a page or two—to show that, *taken on its own ground*, the objection now so much insisted upon by the Essayists, and by all writers of their stamp, is a nugatory objection; that those of them who are indeed conversant with the physical sciences can scarcely have failed to know that it is nugatory; or, if not so, and if this difficulty stands in their way as a *bonâ fide* perplexity, then, that the philosophy of these writers must be—as we are now again affirming it to be—a shallow philosophy: as thus:—

We must just now assume that those who so often speak of 'modern physical science,' are indeed in some fair measure themselves conversant with these subjects; at least, they are so far as is now usual among college-bred and educated persons. We must also assume this—That whatever may be the difficulties that oppress them in admitting the belief of a *Creation*, and of a *CREATOR*, they do recognise, and they admire too, the ten thousand instances of the wonderful adaptation of means to an end—those instances of *design*, of intelligent contrivance, which meet the physiologist at every step of his progress in opening out the structure of vegetable and animal organizations. *All* is adaptation of means to an end—all is a relationship of parts, or a sequence in functions, as we say. Now animal and vegetable structures are just such combinations of parts and functions as the human contriver and mechanist would bring together, *if he could*; but it is only within narrow limits that he can thus contrive and create.

To an extent which is indeed admirable, human skill, aided by modern science, is effective for the contrivance and the construction of mechanisms, which, in some instances, go near to awaken, in the spectator, the wonder and admiration that we properly reserve for the works of the SUPREME MIND. Machines might be named that are highly complicated in their parts, that are astonishing in their products, that are unailing in the fulfilment of what is expected from them. But there is a limit which they never pass; and it is *precisely at this impassable boundary* that those instances occur of which just now we are in search. It is trite to say of human

machineries, that they have no *life*—no interior power of growth and development, they have no self-acting functions, they have no directive consciousness, or variable spontaneity. Yet this is not all; nor is it *that one broad distinction* between the works of God and the works of man, which should teach us the lesson of humility which we have need of, and which, if duly learned, would meet and *refute* the sophism now in view.

Human mechanisms—we do not now recollect an exception—however complicated they may be in structure, or however multifarious in the functions they fulfil, are always of that order which may be designated as *organizations of a single intention*. There are indeed machines which, beginning with the raw material, finish with the perfected article ready for the market. So it is in the cotton manufacture and many others, needful to name. But in all such instances, the structure of the machine must be *proportionably complicated*:—the several contrivances run on *in series* from the beginning of the process to the end. There is no human contrivance which we can now call to mind of which this might be said—That a complicity of parts and of functions, *wanting nothing* that should belong to it for effecting any of its purposes, and containing nothing that is *superfluous* in relation to any of those purposes, subserve *two, or three, or more* purposes, which are of *unlike quality*, and which are *altogether independent*, one of the others. If space were at our command, we could name *a few* instances in which human ingenuity has approached this limit; but there is not one (or we do not remember one) which fully reaches it. *Complex* organizations are, indeed, attainable by human skill. But organizations which, *within and upon the same structure*, provide for the requirements of two, three, or more *independent functions*,—these are the prerogative of INFINITE INTELLIGENCE. It is just at *this border* that, although the finite reason suffices for *understanding* the work, it can never imitate it. It is here that we find the very MARK of the CREATOR—a mark that is never fallacious, and which distinguishes whatever is of God, whether in the moral or the material world.

Now when, as in this place, we affirm the doctrine of a Special Providence, which is related to the welfare, and to the moral education of the individual man—what we have in view is a work or product of the same INFINITE INTELLIGENCE; and therefore *we expect to find upon it—and we do find there*—the well-known MARK of GOD—the very same stamping as that which signals so many of the organizations of the material

world. If the reader has not hitherto given attention to subjects of this class—obvious as they are, and familiar to physiologists—we ask his attention to an instance or two among hundreds, which, although they are less complete than some others, are of a familiar kind, and may therefore the more readily be understood. The telescope, and the microscope, and the chronometer, and the steam-engine, the spinning-jenny and the power loom, the telegraphic apparatus and the photographic camera, are severally mechanisms having a *single intention*, or one purpose only to subserve. If in any instance more is required of a machine than its primary intention provides for, an apparatus, *supplementary*, is subjoined to it, as an appendage: thus it is, when a steam-engine in a factory is required to do drudgery of a domestic kind; or when the telegraphic apparatus is made to *print* its own signals, or the calculating machine to do the like. In such cases, the appended apparatus is *wholly superfluous* in relation to the principal function of the machine. Now take an analogous instance in the animal organization: The eye, with its marvels of adaptation to its purpose, is a mechanism of single intention—namely, it is formed to admit and to transmit light, and to give distinctness to the images that fall on the retina. And so is the ear as to sounds; or if we take the head of the animal as the one organ of external cognisance, then each species has its apparatus to itself—the eye, the ear, the olfactory, the gustatory organs. This holds as to the animal orders throughout. But in the *human* organization several instances present themselves—one only of which is available in this place with propriety—in which we find a *complicity of purposes*, or intentions, so combined as that the same parts or members, the same muscular and nervous adjustments, and the same secretive glands also, are made to subserve independent and *unlike purposes*. The human mouth, and pharynx and larynx, and the appendages of both, are of this kind. This structure in man, and in the inferior orders, is the upper, or extreme apparatus of the process of nutrition—adapted to the reception, trituration, and chemical elaboration of aliment, and to its mechanical transmission, by the œsophagus, to the stomach. But in man, the same structure—osseous, and muscular, and vascular, and the same secretive organs, constitute also a musical instrument which is complete in its parts, for the double purpose of articulate speech and of musical intonation: cheeks, lips, teeth, tongue, the detached bones, the larynx, the saliva—all are as proper parts of *this* musical instrument, as they are of the

alimentative apparatus. If any one of these provisions be wanting, or out of order, both functions, although so unlike, and so irrelative the one of the other, show cause of complaint. Is it not so as to the lips, the teeth, the palate, the tongue, the saliva? Without this secretion, food cannot be manipulated; without it, the patient cannot even tell you his grievance. Easily we might fill pages—nay, big volumes, closely printed royal octavos—with instances, many of them the most amazing, in illustration of what we mean in thus speaking of this MARK OF GOD—this *genuine* vestige of the CREATOR, which abounds on every side—in the structure and functions of the animal and vegetable orders—in the dependencies of these orders upon each other—in the functions of the atmosphere and of the ocean, mechanical, chemical, meteorologic—in the manifold offices of light and of electricity: but we must stop.

What we intend, then, by this illustrative argument is just this,—We say that the ever-recurrent characteristic of the Divine operations, as these are distinguished from the products of human ingenuity, is this *Complicity of Intentions*, wrought out upon, and by the means of, one and the same structure, or combination of parts and movements. It is not (we pray the reader to mark this)—it is not as if here or there, by curious quest, and to subserve a purpose in argument, one lone instance, or two, might be hunted up, and might be made to fit into its place in that argument; on the contrary, these instances—so full of meaning as they are—meet the physiologist at every step in making his acquaintance with the material world—the world wherewith ‘our modern physical sciences’ are concerned. Our purpose in this, in this place, making this hasty allusion to a subject so voluminous will be obvious—a special, or call it, a particular providential ordering of all events, greater and less, for purposes related to the moral and religious welfare of men individually, is, if the doctrine be true, the work of God;—it is a *mechanism*, it is a contrivance, it is a combination of parts and of movements, governed by an ulterior intention. Yet these *same parts*, and these *same movements*, while they are thus subserving an occult moral purpose in the treatment and the training of the individual man, are *also* parts of a vast physical apparatus—they are the inviolate movements of a natural and of a moral scheme of things, which is going on always in its own silent way, and which is never deflected from its path; otherwise than by miracle: it is constant, unbroken, sure: on the side of this material and visible mechanism there are *no dislocations*—there is nothing irregular or

unorganic But then, on the side of the providential scheme, there is nothing wanting or faulty,—nothing casual—nothing that has not been provided for.

Now, with the inconceivable wonders of the material world full in our view, are we prepared to reject this hypothesis of a Providential scheme, on account of that vast complexity of parts, and of functions, and of intersecting movements, which it supposes? What we have here to do with is—THE INFINITE INTELLIGENCE; and if we stumble on the threshold when we are about to enter where this Intelligence displays itself, we give a sure sign of that arrogance which springs up where there is the least depth of soil.

Yet let us not be misunderstood. We are not pretending to theorize upon the doctrine of Providence, nor are attempting to open up its mysteries, nor are going about to *prove it*. The proper demonstration of this doctrine must be drawn from moral and religious sources. Nevertheless, we say this—That a more extended and a more thorough knowledge of THE MATERIAL WORLD than some writers have troubled themselves to acquire, brings into view innumerable and impressive instances, *any one* of which would be enough for quite annihilating the nugatory objection against the doctrine of Particular Providence which is drawn from the constancy of the order of Nature on *single lines* of causation. That objection, so much boasted of, is all of a piece with the slender and unsubstantial beliefs and the non-beliefs of the Essayists, and alone it would bear out our arraignment of them as themselves the professors of a shallow philosophy.

If we might so speak, the paradox of the Christian system is this—that, while propounding to men a bright immortality, the prospect of which might seem likely to make them indifferent to the interests and affections of the present life, it does indeed cherish, and it gives its explicit sanction to each of those vivid social instincts, and to each of those powerful emotions, which connect us with the ever-changing events of the passing moment. And now, within the circle of the Christian's daily life, what is it that *must* be taking place? The Christian life is—nearness to God; and the daily and hourly liturgy of this spiritual intercourse is the offering of praise, the uttering of prayer, the earnest supplication and entreaty that find their occasion in every day's enjoyments—in home blessings, in the cares, fears, griefs, joys, of ordinary life:—We say, the very substance of the Christian life, if only the *social* affections, as well as the *religious* affections, are both in full play, and if the Christian man or

woman be neither the mystic nor the ascetic, turns upon and requires this instinctive belief of the reality of a special Providence, and of the availing force of prayer. Destroy this belief, and then the Christian life goes with it: the man becomes a callous selfist; and, whether or not he professes Pantheism, his daily life has become smitten with the death which that delusion ever brings with it. At this time, a sophism which is utterly unsubstantial in itself, and which stands refuted *on its own ground* by a larger induction, has, no doubt, mastered the religious convictions of very many. It has been the easy triumph of the Essayists to effect this mischief, and to this instance might be applied, by accommodation, the passage—And the name of the star is called wormwood; and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter?

We have given so much space to this subject—the doctrine of Providence—from the conviction that the cobweb sophism concerning the immoveable order of nature, might be taken as the *core-principle* of modern disbelief, even of this Essayism; and, moreover, because there is reason enough to believe that perplexities, springing out of this illusion, have taken hold of very many intelligent but undisciplined minds. From these entanglements have resulted a dead, cold formalism, in public and family devotions (no doubt in private devotions also), a deadness which makes itself conspicuous in the tone and style of religious conversation—not to say in the tone and style of sermons. We believe, and wish formally to profess that belief—That, in hundreds of instances, among young persons especially, infidelity has eaten for itself a way into the soul *on this side*: manifest it is, that the doctrine of Providence, and of the efficacy and reality of Prayer, are *fundamental* in the religion of the Scriptures: with that doctrine, and with that practical consequence, Christianity *stands or falls*; with its rejection, all piety dies away from the soul—ceases from the lips—disappears from the daily and domestic usages. But if indeed the doctrine involves, or rests upon, a *demonstrable impossibility*, we must take our leave of it, and of our Christianity, and of everything, present and future, which intervenes between us and a sensual atheism. On what plea, then, is it that we are required to make these sacrifices? It is on the ground of a sophism which itself is the shallowest product of a shallow philosophy, and which, without calling in the aid of moral reasoning, is contradicted and refuted by ten thousand voices of the material universe, now in these last times made audible by those very

triumphs of the physical sciences to which the Essayists have made an ill-advised appeal.

The Essayists, as we think may easily be shown, have quite misunderstood the function of criticism as applied to the canonical Scriptures. Their fault, on this ground, may be designated as—A MISDIRECTION OF BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

No fault can be found—need we say it—with these learned persons, or with any others, who are seeking to know, and who use all available means for knowing, whatever it is that may be known concerning the books of Scripture, whether on philological and strictly critical grounds, or on grounds of historical elucidation and verification: this is perfectly certain. Nor can inquiries of this order be interdicted by any imagined restraints or reluctances of religious feeling. Such reluctances, on the part of religious persons, will always be found to have had their rise in confused modes of thinking, or in superstitions, or in some hypothesis concerning inspiration which receives no warrant whatever either from reason or from piety. And here, in fairness, it should be acknowledged that much of the petulance and of the unseemly irreverence which offend the religious reader of the Essayists' biblical criticisms, have been provoked by the unreasoning prejudices of a conservative party on the extreme right. These writers, the Essayists, have not attained the magnanimity which should enable them to treat these prejudices with indulgence, or to pass them in silence.

The case being as it is—superstitions and inherited prejudices on the one side, and a petulant and vexatious assault made upon them on the other side—the *blameworthiness*, whatever it may be, must, in equity, be evenly shared between plaintiffs and defendants; and each party must be left to pay their own costs in the suit. The product of this ill-understood litigation—and for realizing which in time we confidently look to the Church of England—will be, the bringing out, and the accepted establishment of a principle or doctrine of biblical criticism, which shall rid the Church universal of these nugatory altercations.

Between the ultra-conservative theologian on the one side, and the sceptical critic on the other side, two assumptions are allowed to pass as good, neither of which is, in fact, maintainable in the sense in which it is admitted on either side. The first of these assumptions is this: that the Bible, claiming as it does to be, or to contain, a revelation of the mind of God, attested as such by supernatural interpositions, ought not to be found to affirm doctrines or principles that are at variance with our instinctive beliefs or convic-

tions as to the Divine Nature and attributes. The second of these assumptions is this: that a book, or collection of books, pretended to be from God in a sense altogether peculiar to itself or to them, must show itself to be without flaw or imperfection of any kind.

On the part of the sceptical objector, or—just now, call him the plaintiff—it is urged that, as to the first of these canons, he finds much in the Bible which contradicts his theistic intuitions, and which, therefore, forbids his accepting this book as from God in any peculiar sense, and which, therefore, compels him to reject its supernatural attestations, even apart from, or anterior to, a critical examination of the evidence in detail. The defendant in this suit replies, and properly replies to this plea, that we—neither plaintiffs, nor defendants, are competent to give judgment in this case *à priori*. We do not possess the knowledge requisite for such a judgment; and, besides, we are interested parties, and ought to be conscious of a bias this way, and that way, in relation to the Divine attributes, and to what is fitting in the Divine administration of human affairs. On this ground no issue will ever be obtained, no verdict agreed to; the parties must leave the Court as they entered it.

On the ground of the second of the above-named assumptions—that a book, or collection of books, purporting to be from God in a sense peculiar to itself, and sustained in that belief by supernatural attestations, ought to be without flaw—ought to be in every sense *faultless*—an issue undoubtedly is attainable, and a verdict may reasonably be looked for; and it is our confident belief that the present critical agitation within the pale of the Church of England will lead the way toward, and will bring about, so desirable a result. But an issue on this ground must involve an abandonment of an untenable position on the part of ultra-conservative theologians; and on the part of the plaintiffs, as now represented by the Essayists, it must end in their retirement, with damages and costs, nonsuited on every plea.

If we say that a book, such as the Scriptures, taken collectively, must not be accepted as from God, unless it can show itself exempt from flaws or faults, we assume vastly more than we shall be able to make good. We must pretend to be able to define or describe what we mean by such faults and flaws as, if proved to exist, must be regarded as fatal to the claims of these writings. We must profess to be masters of the inscrutable mystery of the conveyance of the Divine Mind to the human mind; we must know—what we never shall know—what are the conditions of any such conveyance or impartation, ruled as

these conditions must be, on the one side by the Divine attributes, on the other side by the capacities and the necessities of the recipients. When the conservative theologian professes his adherence to this assumption, he listens to various influences,—to religious anxieties which should be respected; to modes of thinking which are of a remote age; and still more, to that overweening passion for the *logical*, which has wrought so much mischief in dogmatic theology. The remedy will come of itself; it will spring out of the now-present agitation. Untenable assumptions will crumble away, no man caring to inquire what has become of them.

The Essayists might convince themselves that they have wholly misunderstood the function of criticism, as applied to the Scriptures, if they would give attention to what follows from pursuing *an analogous course* in any other—we should say, in *every* other department of thought to which such a course may or might be applied. In any instance in which a Positive Principle, or system, or body of belief, is subjected in *detail* to an exceptive criticism, with the intention and with the foreseen result of establishing a negative principle, the issue is the same; which is—the dispersion or annihilation of the positive elements, and the substitution—not of a contrary positive, but of a blank vacuity, a no-one-can-say what, which we may gaze at in dismay until we are tired; as, for example, in these instances:—It is a positive principle that the material universe is a *creation*—that it is the product of intelligence—of a *MIND* fitting the means to the end, throughout its parts and functions. The human mind, unless debased and vitiated, accepts this doctrine as manifestly true. Nevertheless, when the purpose has been formed to destroy this belief, and when by putting contempt upon the doctrine of final causes, and by otherwise explaining in detail this, and that, and another imagined instance of design, progress enough may be made, and often has been made, to build up a standing place for atheism. A mind sophisticated by a practice of this kind—long continued, becomes actually incapable of apprehending the theistic doctrine: it is lost in the darkness itself has courted. What is the remedy? There is no remedy for the miserable victim. The remedy for those who are not thus lost, is this—*Circumspice!*

It is a positive doctrine, that the material universe is the work of *HIM* who is not only wise and intelligent, but good also—is beneficent; and this belief, also, is accepted as certain by all minds that are not grievously perverted; and yet the history of speculative philosophy offers a long series of counter enterprises, carried on in the same mode of ex-

ceptive criticism, against the Theistic principle, and in support of a negative inference, fraught with dismay and horror. And true it is, that, to minds of infirm constitution, these inferences, strengthened as they seem to be by many facts belonging to the world of animal life, take effect, even now, to an extent that is fatal to piety. Those who, in this instance, take upon themselves to work the engine of *exceptive criticism*, do so with so much success as that they strew the ground about them with ruins. Meanwhile our Theism stands firm, sustained as it is by overwhelming evidence on the positive side; and so it is that we continue, with a right mind, a good conscience, and a loud voice, to repeat the Creed, and say—‘I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things, visible and invisible.’ So it is, notwithstanding a thousand or more exceptive instances to the contrary, that we go on repeating our form of thanksgiving every Sunday, and bless God, ‘the Father of mercies, for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life;’ and acknowledge the same God as the fountain of ‘goodness and loving-kindness to us and all men!’

It is in a still more decisive manner than this, that this same *misdirected exceptive criticism* has shown its quality in the region of the moral sentiments, and of the warm and powerful social and domestic affections. Put yourself now under the guidance, on the one hand, of philosophers, such as the author of the ‘Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind’ (James Mill); and, on the other hand, listen to the ‘Maximes et Réflexions Morales’ of Rochefoucauld; and between the two—the man of abstractions, and the man who knows the world, male and female—you shall come to convince yourself that all the fine talk of moralists and romance writers about genuine and generous emotions, and about self-devotion, and disinterestedness, and generosity, and pity, and gratitude, and love—all is an illusion. Nothing is there in all these fair semblances of virtue—nothing better than so many phases, or masks, of simple, intelligible selfishness; or call it egoism. The philosopher for his part, and the duke for his part, give us their word of honour for it, and they say—We have carefully analysed the entire contents of our own hearts; and we find nothing there—no, not a fragment in a corner—that may not, if analysed, be shown to be pure selfishness. Quite true. Then what is the remedy; there is none as to writers and thinkers of this class. Argument will not help them. Logic will not put into them that which Nature has not put into them. Cold sophisms to the end, must be the portion of cold sophists. The *employment*

of such minds will be, to apply their exceptive criticism to every phenomenon, in turn, of the great moral system, until all things on earth have been dispersed, or reduced to ashes or a dry powder, and they then go on to try their hands upon the things of an upper world; and by a fatal necessity, which, in certain cases, converts a depraved tendency into an engine of awful retribution, the man advances until, in his own miserable conceit, he has driven God from His universe.

Other instances, strictly analogous to these, might easily be named, if it were needful so to do, or if space permitted. In stopping the course of this exceptive criticism, when it applies itself to the work of dissipating whatever it is which has been held sacred in Holy Scripture, or of dispersing the authoritative element therein, it should be well understood (so that time and vexatious controversy may be saved) that, as to the leaders of this criticism, *there is no remedy*;—there are no means available for giving a counter-direction to a tendency of mind which has already become an inveterate habit. What is it, in fact, but a fatal bent which deprives the mind of its power of apprehending at all what is great and real in the worlds of nature or of feeling. So it is that the material universe is looked at, until it can no longer be seen, or seen only as a vast confusion. A figure forces itself here upon our notice—The spider is a first-rate workman in spinning, and weaving, and patching, and darning cobwebs; but he can think of nothing except the catching of flies; and when he has well emptied out the abdomen of a fly, he hangs the torn wings and the legs upon his curtains, in front of his tabernacle, and looks upon them as proud trophies of his skill in fly-catching! Yet in those sparkling diamond eyes of his, upward turned as they are, there is no speculation for this bright and large world, beautiful as we think it. There is no remedy—it is grievous and afflictive to think so—there is none for this ill-habit of mind in the instance of those who have surrendered themselves to the infatuation; there is no stepping back on this road—it is a steep decline; it must seem so if we look at the instances.

At this moment a company of accomplished men—banded together, or not banded together, as colleagues in a plot, are seen posted at different distances in advance from the line whence they all started years ago: some are a little way gone on, some stand at a mid distance; some have neared the edge, some have gone over the edge. No one of themselves knows where he intends to stop. If we think of them assembled for conference, one says to another, 'How many of the miracles of the Evangelists do you

admit to be true?' 'Twenty.' 'And you?' 'Fifteen.' 'And you?' 'Three.' 'And you, reverend brother?' 'Not one!' Toward this issue—'not one,' all will be carried—carried by irresistible impulse; and carried also by logical consistency, if indeed this exceptive criticism is their premiss. The logical difficulties of the respondent who says, 'Not one,' are less, and are more easily disposed of, than are the hopeless incoherences of those who say, 'Three,' or 'Five,' or 'Ten.' This might soon be shown, if it were worth the pains to show it.

In respect of the mass of Christian people, the sound-minded, the right-hearted, the well-intentioned, the thousand to one of well-informed and professedly Christian men, there is a remedy; there are means available for staying the deluge of disbelief at this time. It is no preliminary to the use of this resource, or to the putting oneself under this course of treatment, to shun, or to stop the ear against, whatever it is which a well-learned and rightly-directed criticism has to say concerning the books of Scripture in any sense whatever. To the Essayists, one and all, we say, We are as list of hearing as yourselves in the class of biblical criticism; but our biblical studies we reserve for times thereto devoted.

If now it were our part to advise any who had become perplexed on this ground (and if only such persons will be true to themselves) our advice would be of this sort—Take at once the bold course, and this is the humble course too, if we know what we are, and what we need. Draw near to Him who is the brightness of the Father's glory; converse in heart, by help of the word of truth—converse with him in daily and hourly meditation, who is God and man. Become familiar with His blessed style, with His manner, His words; think of Him, not in the earthly modes of a sensuous fancy, but think of Him as Saviour of the world, Propitiation, Mediator, Judge, Redeemer. Be not afraid to take Scripture *as it stands*, and to accept it in its own bright amplitude of meaning. Fear not to read your Bible as God Almighty has given it you. He gave it you—not to lead you astray, not to mock you, not to bewilder, not to destroy you. Holy Scripture, trusted to, will lead you up to the world whereof it speaks. Holy Scripture, daily read, and *used in life*, and ingenuously relied upon, will lead you to Christ; and when you are near Him, and are filled with a consciousness of His grace, majesty, love, and power, you will be safe in the deluge. In what manner *now* do these inanities of this exceptive criticism affect you? The truest impulses of the moral nature, the

renovated spiritual consciousness, give you confidence in rejecting them as impieties.

There are those who say—we cannot accept advice of this sort until *after* we have sifted every particle of the contrary evidence, which, for aught we know, may contain what would be fatal to the pretensions of a religion professing to come from God. Such persons, as we have said, misunderstand their own competency, as well as the office of criticism, in relation to any Positive System which commends itself to unsophisticated minds. Let such persons make trial of the same rule of caution, as applied to the visible world, and especially to the vast scheme of animal life: this rule adhered to, will give them Atheism, or Manicheism, as its product. If it be applied to the great moral system, it will give them, for their home, a hermit's cavern on the flank of an iceberg. But if, in truth, such persons demand consistency and coherence in any system to which they are to surrender their convictions—if, in sincerity, they ask for a sure and intelligible guidance onward, whenever they are invited to advance—then if Christianity does not content them, let them lay hold of the skirts of these Essayists, even of these masters of modern intelligence, and follow whithersoever they may thus be carried. In place of the stumbling-blocks and occasions of offence which impede our progress on the path of Biblical criticism, we shall find, as we have alleged, that sort of

INCOHERENCE, resting at the very heart of that scheme, which not merely offends common sense, but which is too egregious—is too astounding—to admit of a statement of it in a formal manner, even by the ingenious masterspirits of the movement. This should be understood. It is with reluctance that we bring forward at all, in this article, the Seven Essayists; yet it is here unavoidable so to do; for it must be shown that the incoherence which we impute to the system at large, attaches, in the most flagrant manner, to this, the last and the most mature enunciation of it.

The first of these Essays has been regarded as quite innocuous or inoffensive by readers who heavily impugn each of the Essays following. We may safely regard it as *intended* to introduce what is to follow with advantage, by avoiding any collision with the religious reader's prejudices. What is affirmed is advanced with a forethought of the after part of the great argument. If the several writers persist in denying any such premeditation or concert, they presume much too far upon that easiness of belief which they impute to the believing community. That the volume is the product of *combined thought*, will and must be believed: is it indeed acci-

dent that has given Dr. Temple the *first* place, and Mr. Jowett the *last*? An incredible hypothesis is this. First an amiable vacuity, meaning little, to entice the reader: then a great reputation, a tenderness of feeling, a justness and weight of truth, for his comfort, and for the healing of his hurts, in the closing Essay; and yet the first and the last alike are availing for the purpose in view—the levelling of all those distinctions which mark off the Scriptures from other writings. We must deal with the Seven Essays as a concocted mass.

The accomplished—and no doubt he is a sincere Christian man—author of the Essay on 'the Education of the World,' brings before us, with beauty of language, and as the very hinge of his argument, this doctrine—that, in the life, and behaviour, and teaching of Christ, the world was to be taught a new and taught a higher lesson, than hitherto it had learned: and was to be led to contemplate in Him combined, the loftiest wisdom, and the purest virtue, and the most devoted piety. The early Church, we are told, had 'a keenness of perception which we (of this age) have not, and could see the immeasurable difference between our Lord and all other men as we could never have seen it.' . . . 'He came in the fulness of time, for which all history had been preparing, to which all history since has been looking back. Hence the first and the largest place in the New Testament is assigned to His life four times told. His life we emphatically call the Gospel.' . . . 'Our Lord was the Example of mankind, and there can be no other example in the same sense.'—(Pp. 24-26. *Second edition*.)

There is much more to the same purpose, expressed in the most devout style, which need not here be cited. The purport is conspicuous;—Christ is our pattern, teaching us in His life and discourses what we so much need to learn, the beauty of virtue, and its *meaning* too. The author of this Essay knows, and, from his peculiar position, he more vividly than other men must feel it to be true, that an example, bright as it may seem as seen from a distance, is of beneficial influence, or the contrary, according to its consistency, interior and exterior; it must be such as will bear a close inspection. The author affirms or supposes this consistency in the instance of our blessed Lord's character and conduct. Moreover, he would fully grant, that, in proportion to the loftiness and the brightness of the example—the early Church, as embodying the Divine excellence of Christ, gave forth, he says, a 'radiance which illumines the earth'—in this same proportion will the damage be the greater,

and the consequence the more fatal, to the morals of mankind, if *now*, in this age of mature intelligence—if now, when we have attained ‘a greater cultivation of our religious understanding, and a power of discrimination between different kinds of truth’—if now, the first and the *direct result* of this our modern and recent advance in intelligence is this, that we find the Originator of Christianity, this ‘example to mankind,’ to have been Himself the victim of a delusion so grievous, that it led Him forward upon a course of worse, and of still worse, errors, in his teaching, and in His practice! Dr. Temple intends nothing of this sort. There can be no question that he would reject with abhorrence the imputation of himself holding an opinion such as this. But then how has it come about that he has consented to lead the van, and so to give his sanction to the enormous impieties of this volume? Has the English language lost its power to convey a meaning upon intelligible matters? If not, and if Saxon retains still its pristine power as an engine of thought—if it be possible to know what a lengthened disquisition means, or what is the upshot of fifty pages of careful writing, and then of another fifty pages of eminently careful and well-compacted writing, then we may know what is the purport of the second of these Essays, and what is the purport of the third, as related to the ministry and the teaching of Christ, and as related to the first promulgation of the Gospel. What it is that Dr. Rowland Williams intends cannot be doubted; what it is that the late Baden Powell intended cannot be doubted; and therefore the simple-minded reader, in passing from the first Essay to the second, and then on to the third, is driven, in perplexity and dismay, to contrive all imaginable ways of escape from the flagrant offence which this incoherence gives to every right feeling.

We have already complained of the evasiveness of the Essayists, and have said that this suspicious quality attaches to their writings at large; but peculiarly so does it appear at certain nodes of their orbit in argument. This evasiveness has, of course, the effect of rendering any attempt to bring out their real meaning at once difficult and precarious. An equivocating witness will ever be turning upon those who conduct the cross-examination:—‘You misunderstand me; whatever my words might seem to mean, I intended to say no such thing.’ Not dismayed by this difficulty, we shall attempt to gather the meaning of the second, and then of the third, of these Essays, so far as they bear upon the purport and professions of the first Essay. With its author we shall have no quarrel; no doubt he has his own mode

of reconciling his position before the world as leader of Essayism, with the notorious opinions of his colleagues. What this means of reconciliation may be, we neither inquire, nor wish to know; it is better for us and for others not to know it. The case is not of that sort to which refinements or a nice near-going casuistry are applicable. Refinements and ingenious casuistry are prejudicial always to public morals. On the ground of the incoherences of Essayism, there is now an outcry of common sense; and if the plain understanding of men of sound mind is not equal to the occasion, then indeed there is no hope for us in any of the perplexities of ordinary life.

The author of the Essay on ‘The Education of the World’ commends himself to the esteem of the reader, not only by his intelligence, but by the indications which appear in it, of candour, breadth of feeling, and of religious sensibility. We are bound also to suppose that it is a sincere profession of orthodoxy which he makes as to its prime articles. Therefore he believes that Christ, the great Example of virtue and wisdom, was, in *some sense*, a Divine Person—He was more than human. If now the evangelic records of Christ’s discourses are not to be relied upon as in the main authentic, then this ‘Example’ can be no example to us; for we can know nothing certainly of what it was, what it included, or what it propounds to us for our learning. But if these records are in the main trustworthy, and if the ‘Example’ stands before us *authentically represented* in the four Gospels, then it is certain that Christ, from the first hour of His public ministrations to the last hour of His treading the earth, made His mission to rest upon the prophetic Scriptures, upon the testimony of Moses and the prophets, from the earliest to the latest of them. This is a trite subject, and those passages in the Gospels which attest this averment have of late been so often cited and appealed to, that they ring in the ears of the religious-reading public. There could be no good in repeating these texts in this place. They constitute the substance of the evangelic and apostolic testimony: this testimony has every variety of form, in adaptation to particular occasions, which could be needed for placing it beyond the reach of captious exceptions. The prophetic testimony, we might say, is not the corner-stone of the Gospel, but its foundation, throughout its length and breath.

How, then, do we propose to deal with the fact, which admits of no evasion? The question is *not* this, whether commentators, ancient or modern, admitted or rejected the Messianic import of the prophetic Scrip-

tures. We care not to know what Origen, or Jerome, or Newcome, or Ewald, or Coleridge, or Buusen have thought upon these matters. The one point before us is this-- In what terms did the Divine Person—the bright Example of virtue, truthfulness, and wisdom—in what terms did HE speak of the prophetic testimony relating to Himself, and His mission, His teaching, His miracles, and His sufferings? This is the only matter with which we are concerned; and the Essayists are loudly challenged to declare what it is which, on *this* ground, 'they think of Christ.'

In the second of these Essays, and within the compass of ten or twenty pages, from the page on which Christ is declared to be the 'brightness of the Father's glory, and express image of the eternal attributes,' we are assured that *the entire mass* of the imagined Messianic testimony is unsubstantial—is unreal—the belief in it is an illusion,—it is a superstition which modern intelligence and a better understanding of Hebrew dissolves and discharges. In citing detached passages, we can incur no risk of misrepresenting the author; for the book itself is now in everybody's hands. 'Coleridge,' whom the author applauds in this instance by implication, 'threw secular prognostication altogether out of the idea of prophecy.' . . . 'Declamatory assertions, so easy in pulpits or on platforms, . . . have not only kept alive, but magnified with uncritical exaggeration, whatever the fathers had dreamt or modern rhetoric could add, tending to make prophecy miraculous.' . . . 'In Germany there has been a pathway streaming with light, from Eichhorn to Ewald, . . . throughout which the value of the moral element in prophecy has been progressively raised, and that of the directly predictive, whether secular or Messianic, has been lowered.' . . . 'When so vast an induction on the destructive side has been gone through, it avails little that some passages may be doubtful;—one perhaps in Zechariah, and one in Isaiah, capable of being made directly Messianic; and a chapter, possibly, in Deuteronomy, foreshadowing the final fall of Jerusalem. Even these few cases, the remnant of so much confident rhetoric, tend to melt, if they are not already melted, in the crucible of searching inquiry? 'It is time for divines to recognise these things, since, with their opportunities of study, the current error is as discreditable to them as for the well-meaning crowd, who are taught to identify it with their creed; it is matter of grave compassion.'*

At this point we are emboldened to speak

* These citations, amidst much more to the same effect, occur between pages 65 and 77. *Essays and Reviews*. Second Edition.

a word on the behalf, and in the name of, the 'well-meaning crowd,' whose error, in relation to prophetic Scripture, is 'matter of grave compassion.' 'We are of the crowd;' we are also sure that we are 'well-meaning,' however ignorant and superstitious we may be; but, with an English sturdiness of resolution, we here demand of the Essayists that they should tell us, in terms thoroughly unambiguous, what their choice is among the two or three suppositions which may be entertained concerning the 'Divine Example' of all virtue and wisdom—the Christ of the Evangelists. As thus—it may be said that Christ, along with his countrymen, and the thousands in all times who have revered the Bible, was Himself in ignorance of the true meaning of the prophetic Scriptures. He believed them to be what they are not—Messianic predictions, centring in Himself, and foretelling His work as Saviour of the world. If not so—that is to say, if He was not Himself the innocent victim of a national error and superstition, but was well aware of the fact which is now ascertained, that *two* passages, and *two only*, of the prophetic Scriptures are *capable possibly* of such an interpretation—then, nevertheless, in full cognisance of the truth in this matter, finding the men of His age disposed to grant Him this false ground of advantage, He availed Himself of the popular delusion: He used, for His purposes, this mass of error; and on the most solemn occasions, He spoke so as He would have spoken if He had Himself believed that to be true which He knew to be false. Between these two suppositions, a third might perhaps be constructed, allowing us to imagine a case—of which there have been many melancholy instances—of mingled illusion, delusion, imposture, within the compass of which the moral consciousness of the man, his sense of truth and rectitude, has become, might we say, reduced to a pulp, inorganic, and yet beating with life.

To exclude evasions on this ground, it should be said that Christ's appeal, on His own behalf, to the testimony of the prophets was not an incidental utterance in accordance with popular notions; it was formal, it was solemn, it was authoritative in tone—it was constant, it was various as to its applications—it was *one appeal*, on the ground of which He claimed regard as the Christ of God. Among these suppositions—the first, the second, or the third—what becomes of the Christ spoken of by the first of these Essayists? where is this high example of Divine excellence? We say at once, that if the loftiness of His

pretensions be considered, a far greater damage is done to universal morality by holding up the example of Christ, than has ever resulted from holding up the example of Mahomet. And yet this is not the most enormous of the wrongs done to common sense by the Essayists; for there is a worse case to come, and as to the mischievous tendency of which the author of the first of the seven Essays will be held by the world to be indirectly responsible.

The opinions of the author of the *third Essay* have long been notorious; no reading man can plead ignorance of them. A few lines will be enough to state the case—a case standing far beyond the range of argument or explanation. The Essay on the ‘Study of the Evidences of Christianity’ must be read along with the same writer’s Essay, some while ago published, on ‘The Order of Nature.’ Taken together—the one supplying what may seem wanting in the other—the distinguished writer’s meaning cannot be mistaken. Miracles, he says, never have occurred, and are, in the most absolute sense, *impossible*. No testimony could avail to persuade us that some one had seen two and three making more than five or less. ‘In nature, and from nature, by science and by reason, we neither have, nor can possibly have, any evidence of a *Deity working miracles*.’ . . . ‘If miracles were, in the estimation of a former age, among the chief *supports* of Christianity, they are at present among the main *difficulties* and hindrances to its acceptance.’

Multiplied citations from these Essays—those of Baden Powell—cannot be needed. No reader can be so obtuse as to misapprehend this perspicuous writer’s intention. But if his meaning be clear, why did he hold back from declaring the inference which stands fronting us on this ground?—why not, in plain terms, set forth the consequence of these confident affirmations, as touching the foundation fact of the Christian religion—the resurrection of Christ? If the ‘Order of Nature’ never has been, and never could be, interrupted, nor the eternal succession of physical causes and effects ever arrested—then Christ is not risen from the dead; and then is it certain that the first preaching of the Gospel took its bearing upon a delusion, a falsity? Nay, not so, say the Essayists: there is a distinction here to be carefully observed;—although the resurrection of Christ did not take place *as an historical event*—like His crucifixion—yet it *did* take place, in the region of faith. Reason quite condemns the supposition of any such event as is narrated by the Evangelists; but Reason willingly retires from this sacred ground, and

resigns it to Faith. This is, in a few words, Baden Powell’s doctrine, and it is a doctrine accepted, generally, by the Essayists. A man so eminently clear-headed as he, must well have known that, if he had put this subterfuge before the world in perspicuous propositions, as related to the resurrection of Christ, the robust common sense of the British people, religious and irreligious, would have made short work of it. Not so many, who, not clear-headed as he, find the need of a mystification of some kind, which shall help them to make patchwork of their clerical professions, and of their Essayist disbeliefs. This subject brings us round to that with an allusion to which we set out: a few words must suffice for it, namely, the probable issue of this critical movement, as it affects the well-being of the Church of England.

The mystification, which is indispensable for screening from view the prodigious contradictions of Essayism, will find a large number of the younger clergy of the Episcopal Church only too well prepared to accept and welcome it. It saves them:—it is—shall we call it?—a godsend. The English *laity*, ten thousand to one, rejected the mummeries of Tractarianism; and the more intelligent of the clergy were themselves soon sick of it. Ritualism, after its novelty is gone, is adhered to only by the inert, the mindless, the *feminine*; but while it prevails, it is sure to open the door to infidelity. Those upon whom it does not take effect as a narcotic, become, under its influence, morbidly sensitive toward disbelief. The exploded Tractarianism left very many of the clergy in a mental condition of exhaustion; they felt their peril on the side of universal disbelief, even with atheism on the path in front of them. Coleridge, and then the always well-meaning Mr. Maurice, and a train of writers following this same sentimental guidance, came in to the rescue; they saved the invalids from their fears. But this was done by shedding over the entire field of Christian belief a thick mist—a mist, we venture to say it, through which no clear-headed reader of this class of books has ever been able to make his way; it is a cloud, it is an impenetrable fog, beneath the shadow of which you may lie down and sleep, or may wander in despair until nightfall. In the mysteries of this *orthodox* mystification, very many of the younger clergy of the Church of England have long been schooled. Within and beneath this shadow their religions and their intellectual early years have been passed. But the Maurice-mist will not avail, when, as now, the rough east wind of Essayism comes with tornado force, sweep-

ing the field: a tougher material is now needed; and the Essayists come forward to meet the occasion. They advertise a cloak that will stand any weather: they say—If you would keep your Christianity, and keep your clerical *status*, you must keep both *dry* under our patented mackintosh. Be sure that Reason and Christianity can never again walk side by side. Hold them apart, then. Let the one never confer with the other; ruin to the weaker of the two may ensue, even from a five minutes' chat. How is this to be done? Learn to think of Christianity altogether as an *idea*, a beautiful phantasy! Learn to disengage your thoughts from the *historical*, with which faith has nothing to do. On Sunday and saints' days, and always when you wear the surplice, be *spiritual*, be unreasoning; isolate yourself from the *real*; live (during those sacred hours) live in the region of faith!

A proposal of this kind, made at this moment to the younger clergy of the Church of England, is full of danger. Already by many it has been welcomed, and it will be welcomed by many more—by the more intellectual among them—unless speedily a new turn should be given to the course of Christian thought. But who shall originate any such much-needed revolution or renovation? Not, we fear not—the Church authorities—the men in high places at this time—whose earnest protests against the Essayists' errors, are, nevertheless, to be much commended. But these seniors, in high position, are little likely to understand the case in an intimate manner; their training has been wholly of another sort. Nor yet, we fear, shall those do it who stand well—deservedly well, with the country as the evangelical party;—faithful and laborious men. Clergymen of this stamp seem to want sympathy with *psychological cases*; and—must we say it?—too few of them are known to the world as accomplished, thoroughly-bred, and free-minded Biblical and classical scholars; and without qualifications of this order, nothing effective will be done. Certainly, it is not the men, or any of that class, who have wrought this mischief, who will remedy it. Infection breathes from every page of the writings of their school.

What, then, is our prospect? As to calculable human instrumentality, we think it is quite probable that, as in relation to Tractarianism, so now, in relation to Essayism, the plain good sense of the Christianly-minded LAITY of the Episcopal Church will be so provoked, by the offensive and enormous impieties of this scheme, and will so utter itself, as shall scatter the folly to the winds; and in a year or so it will cease to be heard of.

More than this—and looking now beyond the range of human instrumentality—we profess individually, our confidence in the permanence, the renovation, and the world-wide destiny of the Church of England, as leading the van of evangelic doctrine at home and abroad. Thus believing, we look with a settled hope to the working of that Divine Providence in its behalf which shall expel the poison now running in its veins, and, as so restored, shall fit it for its work.

Already the number of publications, greater and smaller, which have been called forth by the 'Essays and Reviews' is very great. To note, or to commend, or to criticise these publications, has not been our purpose in this article. Our readers may, however, wish just to see the titles of some of them—some being as they are deserving of special attention; but we decline the invidious task of attempting to pronounce upon their respective merits. Two or three may perhaps claim attention at some future time. Such are the forthcoming 'Aids to Faith,' by four contributors; 'Scepticism,' by Lord Lindsay; 'The Dangers and Safeguards of Modern Theology,' by the Bishop of London; 'Essays and Reviews Examined,' by Rev. Dr. Buchanan; and we may properly name in the same connexion, bearing as it does upon leading points in the present controversy, the valuable recent work of Rev. Donald Macdonald, 'Introduction to the Pentateuch.'

Among the *pamphlets* bearing upon this present agitation a front place should perhaps be given to Dr. Rowland Williams' 'Earnestly Respectful Letter to the Lord Bishop of St. Davids,' and his 'Critical Appendix' upon the Bishop's reply. Then come Bishop Connop Thirlwall's 'Letter to the Rev. Rowland Williams, D.D.,' and his lordship's Two Charges to his Clergy—the sixth and the seventh: *that letter*, worthy of the author's reputation, is as *conclusive* as it is temperate and dignified.

This imperfect list should include the following publications:—

- 'Neology not True, and Truth not New.' By Rev. Charles Hebert, M.A.
- 'Negative Theology, an Argument for Liturgical Revision.' By. Ch. Girdlestone, M.A.
- 'Idealism Considered.' By the Rev. Wm. Gresley.
- 'Some Notice of Prof. Baden Powell's Essay on the Study of the Evidences of Christianity.' Oxford.
- 'The Inspiration of Holy Scripture, Con-

stancy in Prayer,' etc. By Chs. A. Heurtley. D.D.

'Rationalism and Deistic Infidelity; three Letters to the Editor of the *Record Newspaper*.' By the Rev. A. McCaul, D.D.

ART. II.—1. *De la Démocratie en Amérique*, Par ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, Membre de l'Institut. 13e Edition. 1850.

2. *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*. Par ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, de l'Académie Française. 4e Edition. 1860.

3. *Oeuvres et Correspondance inédites d'Alexis de Tocqueville, publiées et précédées d'une Notice par Gustave de Beaumont, Membre de l'Institut*. 1861.

4. *Discours de Réception à l'Académie Française*. Par le R. P. H.-D. LACORDAIRE, des Frères Prêcheurs. (24 Janvier) 1860.

5. *Discours de M. Guizot, Directeur de l'Académie Française, en réponse au Discours prononcé par M. Lacordaire*. 1860.

Two things give a present interest to the name of Alexis de Tocqueville. One is the impending disunion of those American States which were the subject of his famous political treatise. The other is the recent publication of his literary remains and correspondence by the friend of his whole life, the companion of his American travels, M. Gustave de Beaumont.

Born in 1805, De Tocqueville died two years ago, still young, as we reckon the years of public men. Of an old Norman family, whose patrimonial manor lies not far from that great naval arsenal reared opposite our shores by the continuous efforts of successive French Governments, he had an hereditary title to the opinions of a Legitimist and an aristocrat. The value he set upon hereditary monarchy as an institution made him regret the interruption once more made by the fall of Charles X. in the old line of kings. But his regret never made him judge this event as other than a righteous and inevitable retribution. He had a strong sense of the social and political advantages of an aristocracy. But aristocratic prejudices may safely be repudiated on behalf of the author of the *Démocratie*, Foreign Secretary during four months under the Republican Government of President Louis Napoleon. In his letters, we find the refinement and chivalrous high

breeding which belonged to his birth; but his social position was to him only an additional means of judging opinions and men. It is interesting to notice, that, through his mother, he was the great-grandson of Malesherbes, the brave old man who stood beside Louis the Sixteenth, as his advocate at the bar of the National Convention. The relationship between De Tocqueville and his maternal ancestor seems to have been something more than mere family descent. Both were aristocrats by birth; both had the largest sympathies with popular suffering and popular rights. In the political opinions of each there is much which the other would not have disowned.

M. de Beaumont's short but most interesting memoir informs us, that in 1831 De Tocqueville and himself obtained a joint mission from Government to study the penitentiary system adopted in the prisons of the United States. The two commissioners were little more than twenty-five years of age. One result of their travels was an official report, not requiring any consideration here, the product of their joint labour. The other was a book written by one of them, and now known in every European language. The first part of the *Démocratie*, specially relating to the political institutions of America, was published in 1835; and the second part, showing the effect of these institutions on American manners, morals, feelings, intellect, and literature, appeared five years later. The success of this book, written by an author scarcely turned of thirty, was at once brilliant and enduring. 'We have seen nothing like it,' said the veteran Royer Collard, 'since the days of Montesquieu.' The name of De Tocqueville was then placed, and has since remained, in the very front rank of modern publicists.

What is a publicist? The word is not yet in such familiar use as to make a passing explanation superfluous. Probably a concrete account of the matter, by reference to certain proper names, will convey a clearer notion than any abstract definition would do. Plato was a publicist when he wrote the *Laws* and the *Republic*; Aristotle was a publicist, when he wrote the *Politics*; too much as a publicist, he wrote the *Nicomachean Ethics*; Machiavel was a publicist in the *Prince*, Hobbes in the *Leviathan*, Montesquieu in the '*Esprit des Loix*.' The term is wide enough to include not only the writer on abstract questions of political science, but also the writer on political topics of the day, — De Tocqueville, and the editors of our leading journals.

The success of the *Démocratie* resolves itself into these very simple elements,—

[We hear with pleasure that Messrs. Macmillan, of Cambridge, are about to publish an English translation of M. de Beaumont's volumes, with the valuable addition of notes, by M. Guizot.]

ability of the highest order treating from a point of view which had all the charm of novel experiment, a question more or less present to the mind of every thinking man in our generation. The progress of democracy is emphatically the problem of our times. Before turning to De Tocqueville's solution of it, let us for a moment consider the problem itself.

The term democracy is no favourite in this country. It is not ostensibly adopted as the watchword of any considerable party. Its associations belong either to the old world of Greece and Rome, the Agora and the Mons Sacer, or to the Jacobin excesses of 1793. We use it as a technical term in the science of politics, or as a term of reproach. Our democrats do not commonly talk about democracy. Rather do they proclaim the necessity of giving the people their just rights, the intelligent artisan his fair share in the national representation. Not so in France. 'Democratic' and 'liberal' are in common use there as convertible terms,—a convertibility not accepted either by the Legitimists, or by those thoughtful statesmen who, like M. Guizot, think that the all but universal worship of democracy in France has hitherto prevented in that country the permanent foundation of any Government on the just equipoise of liberty and order. Politicians who belong to neither of these schools always assume the progress of democracy as equivalent to the progress of civilisation. There is some truth in that opinion: it could not, consistently with human nature, be so generally accepted as it is, and yet be altogether false; but, as commonly happens, a portion of the truth has been mistaken for the whole of it.

No fact bears more unequivocal signs of its providential character, than the inequality of conditions among men. It is a law universal and unchangeable as those which govern the world of matter. A pure aristocrat contends, that this economy of nature should be strengthened by civil laws: that the proper function of the legislator is to keep asunder the various orders of society, by perpetuating a wide and inseparable gulf between them. Against this the pure democrat rebels as a perpetuation of injustice. With him, the true civil polity is that which continually recalls to the general level the inequalities continually surging above it from individual ability and industry. In the very nature of things, society must consist of high and low, of rich and poor. The denial of this fundamental truth inevitably leads to the wildest dreams of an impossible communism. Let the various orders of society subsist; but let them, though distinct, be open. The de-

mocrat is right when he insists that no artificial bar shall stand in the way of personal merit. But the richest rewards of personal merit are robbed of half their value, if in all cases they must be limited to the lifetime and personal enjoyment of the man by whom they have been won. In democracies, the cry of justice to personal merit often ends in the sacrifice of personal merit to the selfish tyranny of the many. We are but too familiar with combinations of workmen, democracies on a limited scale, in which the ablest and best must submit to an enforced equality with the idlest and worst.

This is the social aspect of the question. Its political aspect may be made equally clear.

The extreme aristocratic view cannot be more pithily expressed than in the dying protest of stout Richard Rumbold, when about to expiate his share in the Rye House Plot. 'He never would believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.*' In this we are all agreed. But the pure democrat fails to see that justice and wisdom alone have any divine title to govern society; that in the hands of every man, or of one man, political power is always a public trust, and never a private right. With him, on the contrary, the right to govern is as private and personal a matter as the right to use and enjoy his own property; a right for which the payment of taxes is the purchase money. Power, for the sake of power, is pure tyranny in one man, or in many men; the number of its holders being merely an accidental circumstance, modifying its application no doubt, but leaving individual rights and the rights of minorities defenceless. Let the best and wisest bear rule with a continual sense of their accountability to the intelligent classes of society, taken as trustees for all; this is the theory which representative government, with due allowance for the necessary imperfection of human institutions, has hitherto sought to realize. Responsibility much more than representation is its first principle, though representation is naturally its practical result. Particular interests, no doubt, have actual representatives in Parliament, as a security that their interests shall not be unjustly dealt with in legislation. But this is not in any sense nor to any extent an affirmation of the democratic theory of delegation, the necessary outgrowth and complement of universal suffrage. What universal suffrage leads to we all know; fortunately, by the experience of others. In a society ac-

* Macaulay's Hist. of England, i. 562.

customed to self-government, universal suffrage ends in the habitual exclusion of the most enlightened citizens from any share in the administration of public affairs; in a society not accustomed to self-government, it is a mere tool in the hands of a despotic ruler, the democracy of America or the democracy of France.

These two alternatives are ever present to the mind of De Tocqueville. Judging American institutions, he always remembers the democracy he has left on the other shore of the Atlantic, held back at that time by constitutional restraints, but tending even then to the result which we now see, and which he always feared. To his keen sense of the contrast between democracy in France and democracy in America, his opinions owe much of their peculiar interest, and much of their peculiar value.

The dominant idea of his work on America is not that democracy is the best possible government; no man is less than he a convert to that opinion. But there are, he thinks, signs by which Providence prepares mankind for the advent of a new order of things in which democracy will hold the chief place. Equality, which is democracy socially considered, as democracy is equality politically considered, is steadily advancing to the conquest of European society. The lines which divide the various orders of men are becoming fainter; governments tend more and more to become merely another name for the will of numerical majorities. This movement is universal and enduring; it escapes all human control; it gains strength from every change. Instead of a vain struggle against the evident will of Providence, let us study this great fact, this power which sooner or later must rule over us, and must overwhelm us if we are not prepared for it. Is it, as its enemies say, unmitigated evil? Has it not, on the contrary, great capabilities of good? May not large communities grow rich and happy under its sway, without ceasing to be free? These questions have not been fairly tried in Europe; there have been amongst us disturbing causes not sufficiently taken into account. When an inquirer in physics makes an experiment, he isolates the body on which he is working from its habitual influences; he shows it such as it would be, or become, were those influences absent which disguise its true nature. Just so with democracy in America. It is left there to its natural tendencies, free to move according to its own laws of progress. Let us study it there, because there only we can do it justice.

He has done it justice so fully, so anxiously, so sincerely, that his book is read with equal eagerness by the foes and the friends of de-

mocracy, with the rare result of a hearty admiration on both sides. The democrat likes to see in these thoughtful pages the assured advent of his political millennium. It is a stronger thing for democracy, that De Tocqueville not loving it, should have deemed it inevitable, than it would have been, if loving it, he had pleaded for its inauguration. In this light his views are precious to the democrat as the concession of an illustrious opponent. It is at once a consolation and a triumph for politicians of a different school, that although De Tocqueville has written much to show the peculiar advantages of democracy, it never can claim him as a convert. For the conclusion fairly deducible from his whole work is, that, for such measure of success and endurance as it has enjoyed in America, democracy is not so much indebted to its essential merits, as to the entirely exceptional history and position of the North Americans; their traditional habits of liberty and self-government; the wide sea which divides them from Europe and its political complications; the wide territory ever open to the indomitable energies, the ceaseless overflow, of its teeming population.

We have no thought of reviewing in detail a work so long in the hands of all readers, but only to retrace some of its leading features.

Foremost of all is its author's love of truth. One is often led to hesitate as to what may be his settled and final conviction; it is always plain that a settled and final conviction has been anxiously sought. He did not write to please any political sect or party. Had he wished to please aristocrats, he would not have called America the freest and most enlightened of nations. Had he wished to please the democrats, American or other, he would not have asserted, at some cost of consistency, that in no country is there less independence of opinion, less freedom of discussion. He did not write to support any preconceived theory. Even though saddened at the result of his investigations, he does not reject that result because it is distasteful to him. Satisfied that it is the true result, and never doubting the existence of Providence, he endeavours to ascend to such a point of view as shall enable him to see that the progress of equality is really the progress of civilisation; and that since God has so willed man's destiny, it must be for the best. The last pages of his work are entirely written under the influence of this feeling; they are his defence against the charge of fatalism, naturally arising from a perusal of its first pages. If democracy be inevitable, if democracy lead to the rule of the majority, if the rule of the majority lead to an endless vicissitude between the tyranny of many and the

tyranny of one, then there is a law at work in the course of this world's history which ensures the misery and degradation of the human race. To believe this is pure fatalism. Therefore, towards the close of this work, De Tocqueville, not as a figure of rhetoric, but speaking from an earnest faith, asks us to trust in Providence, to believe that a new order of things is beginning, and exhorts us to fit ourselves for that new order of things. He bids us meet the future with that salutary fear which may teach us to watch and fight, and not with that craven and idle terror which can only unman or weaken us for the coming dangers.

His settled belief in the coming rule of pure and uncontrolled democracy, rising like an universal tide above all existing political and social landmarks, forbade his acceptance of mixed government as an ark of safety. Mixed government, according to him, is a mere chimæra; belief in it a mere delusion. There is not, there never has been, any mixed government, in the proper sense of that term, except in those moments of anarchy which precede national dissolution. England, even after the Reform Bill of 1832, is not a mixed government. It is an aristocratic commonwealth, in which the people are sacrificed to the aristocracy. Our juries—whom, by the way, he studied rather in the abstract legality of Blackstone and the Statute Book, than in the concrete reality of Westminster and Guildhall—are an aristocratic institution. If, from the countries where an aristocracy still exists, we turn to those who have none, a good word might be expected from De Tocqueville on the government of the middle classes. No form of government has been more emphatically lauded by Aristotle; none has been more successful in modern experience. Scarcely an allusion to the government of the middle classes will be found in De Tocqueville's whole work, except as a new form of aristocracy, infinitely harder, infinitely less restrained by the principles of philanthropy and justice, than its predecessors. The manufacturing aristocracy of our day, after impoverishing and brutalizing the men whom it uses as its tools, casts them out in any crisis to be fed by public charity. There is exaggeration here, no doubt; but it is plain, that, except at the peril of a worse retort upon his own class, Mr. Bright must not quote De Tocqueville as an authority for his favourite dogma, that we are a people oppressed, trampled upon, and taxed by a selfish aristocracy.

Indeed it is rarely safe to quote the author of the *Démocratie* as an authority; never without examination of all that precedes and all that follows the bright keen sentence with

which you propose to slay your antagonist. His subtle intellect is fond of fine distinctions, which often lead him to the verge of contradiction, if, indeed, the verge be not sometimes crossed. The story of the shield, which was silver to the knight approaching it on the one side, and gold to the knight approaching it on the other side, will often suggest itself to his reader. Such a shield is more than once set up in his pages, to be claimed by opposing combatants. It is at once a testimony to his great qualities and to one of his defects, that when in any controversy he is quoted at all, he is commonly quoted on both sides. But there is another and a better explanation of this peculiarity; one which has already been given. In his anxiety to do justice both to the faults and virtues of democracy, he has supplied both its friends and its foes with offensive weapons and defensive armour.

His horror of commonplace sometimes leads him into paradox and exaggeration, often the mere disguises of commonplace. Here are a few examples:—In the *New World*, he says, the vices of men are almost as useful to society as their virtues; and he congratulates the *New World* on that account. He tells us that the Americans of the United States daily exterminate the Red Indians by the force of mere philanthropy and humanity. He states the difference between the civilized man and the uncivilized, so far as justice is concerned, to be this, that the one argues against justice, while the other violates justice without argument. Probably no darker picture of European civilization in the nineteenth century was ever drawn than in his Introduction: religious men have become the foes of freedom; noble and generous spirits defend slavery; low and servile spirits are the eulogists of independence; honourable and enlightened citizens resist all progress; men at once unpatriotic and depraved are the apostles of civilisation and of light. With the same exaggeration, he declares in another part of his book, that between the license of the press and slavery of the press there is no middle term. Many similar instances might be given of excessive theorizing and too rapid generalization. These are characteristic, not accidental blemishes; but they are blemishes in a work destined to the reverent perusal of all generations of thinking men.

By the Americans, De Tocqueville must ever be honoured as the most philosophical expounder of their constitution, alive equally to its excellences and to its dangers. As we watch the events now taking place on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, we must not invest him with a function of prophecy, which

he expressly disclaims. One feature in the revolution of which we are now spectators he did not anticipate. The agricultural interest of the Southern States, the manufacturing interest of the Northern States, are, in his judgment, as certainly they should have been in point of fact, a bond of union, not a probable cause of separation. But, in the presence of the black race on the soil, he foresaw, as we have been all accustomed to foresee, the most formidable danger to the future of the Great Republic. The Federal Union he considered as a mere accident, not likely to survive any difficulties which would seriously bring it into question. The separate commonwealths themselves were, in his opinion, alone charged with the great destinies of the Anglo-American race. He beheld the Union losing instead of gaining strength with years, and alone in peril from the coming events of which he only lived to see the shadows cast before.

The name of De Tocqueville naturally suggests that of his predecessor in a wider field, Montesquieu. With some resemblances between them, there is at least one conspicuous difference. De Tocqueville, though far from indifferent to literary glory, wrote as an ardent inquirer after truth, anxious to benefit the human race; Montesquieu, though far from indifferent either to truth or the public good, wrote chiefly for the sake of fame. The *Esprit des Lois* will always remain a landmark in the history of political science, the chief monument raised by the eighteenth century in that field of knowledge. No one before Montesquieu had judged the political constitution of England with such thoughtful admiration, or traced out with greater sagacity its influence on our manners, morals, and literature. The learning of Savigny and Guizot has not rendered obsolete what he has written on the legislation of the Goth, the Burgundian, and the Frank, and on the feudal laws of the earlier French monarchy. But he is ever mindful of display. He must needs sprinkle his work with prodigious travellers' tales, which make it at once less philosophical and more entertaining; he must needs show his vast and curious reading by recounting the three shades of colour among which the Emperor of Morocco selects his wives, the eccentricities of Japanese legislation, the queer customs at the court of the Chinese Emperor or the King of Bantam. Then he writes with the conscious dignity of a President of the Parliament of Bordeaux. He polishes his periods into epigrams, which justifies the famous criticism of Madame du Deffand;* he shreds down his reasoning into

chapters short and antithetical as a maxim of Larochevoucauld. Scarcely could he be restrained from beginning his book with an invocation to the muses. Contrast with all this the earnest self-forgetful manner of De Tocqueville. It is Bacon's distinction between learning as 'a tower for a proud mind to raise itself upon,' and learning as 'a rich storehouse for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate.'

Let us not leave what De Tocqueville has written upon America, without reference to two charming papers in which he has recorded his impressions of an excursion with his friend De Beaumont from New York to the north-west as far as Saginaw Bay or Lake Huron. They are in M. de Beaumont's first volume. One of them is entitled, *Course au Lac Onéida*; and the other, *Quinze Jours au Désert*. M. de Beaumont justly says, that these fragments will show De Tocqueville in a new light, adding that intimate friends alone will ever know how much sensibility, poetic feeling, and tenderness were in him united to an intelligence so clear and so deep. Here are a few extracts from the last-mentioned paper:—

'We had crossed the whole State of New York, and travelled a hundred leagues on Lake Erie; we had reached at last the very confines of civilization; but we were quite ignorant what direction we ought now to take. To learn this was not so easily done as one might think. To make one's way through impenetrable forests, to cross deep rivers, to brave marsh fevers, to sleep under damp trees,—these are efforts which an American easily understands if a dollar is to be gained thereby, for that is the point. But that one should do and suffer all this to gratify curiosity is a notion which his mind refuses to admit. Besides, he is an inhabitant of the desert, and therefore prizes only the work of man. He will readily send you to visit a road, a bridge, a fine village; but that one should set any store by large trees and a lovely solitude, is to him absolutely unintelligible.'

To get the information they wanted, the travellers had to throw out vague hints about the purchase of land. The land-agent appointed by the United States, Major Biddle, then understood them, and gave them all the information of which they stood in need. In the course of their travelling they unexpectedly met with a red descendant of a fellow-countryman:—

'We come down from our horses and await what will happen. After some minutes a slight noise is heard, and something is nearing the bank of the river.

'It was an Indian canoe, ten feet long, and hewn out of a single tree. The man who was crouching at the bottom of this frail vessel wore the dress and outward appearance of an

* *De l'esprit sur les lois*—wit upon laws.

Indian. He spoke to our Indian guides, who, at his word, hastened to take the saddle off our horses, and to place them in the canoe.

As I was preparing also to go on board, the pretended Indian advanced towards me, placed two fingers on my shoulder, and said, with a Norman accent, which made me start: "Ah! vous venez de la vieille France. . . . Attendez, n'allez pas trop vite, y en a des fois ici qui s'y noient." Had my horse spoken to me, I do not think my surprise would have been greater.

I looked full at the speaker, whose face shone like a copper-ball in the rays of the rising moon. "What are you?" said I. "You speak French, and you look like an Indian." He answered that he was a *bois-brûlé* (burnt-wood), that is to say, the son of a Canadian and an Indian woman.

Following the counsels of our countryman the savage, I sat at the bottom of the canoe, balancing myself as well as I could; my horse, which I held by the bridle, entered into the river and swam beside me, while the Canadian plied his oars, singing in an under tone, to an old French air, a song of which I only caught the two following lines:—

"Entre Paris et St. Denis
Il était une fille," etc.

We reached the opposite bank in safety, while the canoe returned for my companion. I shall remember all my life the moment when, for the second time, the boat neared the bank to which I had crossed. The moon, which was then full, was rising right over the prairie we had traversed, half her disk alone appearing above the horizon, like a mysterious gateway through which shone the light of another world. Her rays lay across the stream, a sparkling line of light ending at my feet. In the midst of that trembling splendour advanced the Indian canoe. The oars were neither seen nor heard. It glided rapidly and without effort, like an alligator of the Mississippi stretching toward the shore to seize its prey. Perched on the front of the canoe, Sagan-Cuisco, our Indian guide, bent his head over his knees, and showed only the shining tresses of his hair; at the other end the Canadian rowed silently, while behind him De Beaumont's horse drove the water of the Saginaw before him with his powerful breast.

'There was in this spectacle a wild grandeur, which then made and has left a deep impression on my soul.'

Here is the interior of a log-house:—

'We entered; the master was not at home. Sitting in the midst of the room, her legs crossed on a mat, a young woman was busy making moccasins. With her foot she rocked in its cradle a child of which the copper complexion betrayed the double origin. This woman was dressed like one of our peasants, except that her feet were bare, and that her hair fell freely over her shoulders. When she saw us she remained silent, with a kind of respectful fear. We asked her if she was a Frenchwoman. "No," said she, smiling. Are you an Englishwoman, then? "No," said she again, and, casting down her eyes, she added: "I am only a savage."

In the course of their wanderings through the forest on the shores of Cass River, De Tocqueville is visited by a sudden reminiscence of the Old Word. The lines in which he records it are the conclusion of this interesting fragment:—

'In the midst of this profound solitude we suddenly remembered the revolution of 1830, of which we had just reached the first anniversary (29th July 1831). I cannot describe the violent rush with which the recollections of the 29th July invaded my whole thoughts. The cries and smoke of the battle, the boom of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the yet more horrible clang of the alarm bell, all that day with its atmosphere of flame, seemed to rise out of the past, and to replace itself like a living picture before my eyes. It was but a sudden illumination, a passing dream. When I raised my head and looked around, the apparition was gone. Never did the silence of the forest seem more icy, its shade darker, its solitude more complete.'

In 1835, a few months after the publication of the first two volumes of the *Démocratie*, De Tocqueville came to England. His fame, which had already crossed the Channel, secured him a complete ovation in political and literary circles. Called to give information as to the machinery of the French electoral law before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, he afterwards received the characteristic honour of being cited as an authority on both sides of a Parliamentary debate. In the following year he contributed an article to the April number of the *London and Westminster Review*. The article, which was translated into English by the editor of that journal, Mr. J. S. Mill, was an anticipation of *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*. In 1839 he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1840 the second part of his work on America was given to the world. Here his political life interrupts his literary life for fifteen years.

M. de Beaumont does not claim the first rank for his friend's power as an orator. With some of the principal qualities of a statesman, De Tocqueville lacked some conditions of success as a speaker. He expressed himself with ease and elegance; but his voice was sometimes feeble. His habits of literary composition were, to some extent, an obstacle to his success as a speaker. In the *Démocratie* the amazing abundance and fertility of his thoughts, rising in serried ranks one out of another, are often a serious strain on the reader's attention, notwithstanding their originality and depth, and the ease and felicity of his style. As a spoken style, it could not have succeeded. There is no rule of public speaking so certain as this, that

the attention of the listener must be made easy to him, or the speaker fails. In spite of these disadvantages, De Tocqueville obtained some brilliant oratorical successes, his personal influence and authority being ever of the highest. During the reign of Louis Philippe he preferred the responsibilities of constitutional opposition to those of government, and persisted to the last in this line of public conduct. The turn of his thoughts gave him a keen insight into the democratic and socialistic tendencies of his time and country. He saw these blind forces surging up against the restraints of a constitutional royalty, to which the country was by no means zealously attached; he felt how delusive was the common belief in the stability of institutions undermined by such foes. Under the impression of this feeling he spoke in that last stormy debate which immediately preceded the fall of the House of Orleans. Read by the light of subsequent events his words seem to shine with the inspiration of prophecy. They were uttered on the 27th of January 1848:—

‘You maintain, said he, that there is no peril because there is no open riot; you say that because the surface of society shows no material disturbance, therefore revolution is far from us.

‘Gentlemen, allow me to express my belief that you are mistaken. There is, it is true, no disorder in the course of external events; but disorder has deeply sunk into the minds of men. See what takes place among the working-classes, who, I admit, are tranquil now. They are not, to the same degree as formerly, excited with political animosities; but do you not see that these animosities, instead of political, have become social? Do you not see, slowly gathering among them, opinions, ideas, which tend not merely to overturn this law, that ministry, or even that form of government, but society itself, shaking the very foundations on which it is built? Do you not listen to the words daily spoken among them? Do you not hear them repeating that the upper classes are incapable and unworthy of bearing rule; that the existing division of riches is unjust; that property itself exists on no equitable foundation? And do you not think that, when such opinions take root, when the spread of them is almost general, when they penetrate deeply into the masses of which the bulk of society is composed, they must sooner or later bring about, I know not when nor how, the most formidable revolutions?’

‘Such, gentlemen, is my profound conviction. I think we are sleeping, even now, on a volcano [exclamations of dissent]. . . . I am convinced of it [agitation].’

He beheld the fulfilment of his prophecy on 24th February 1848, with the sorrow common to all the wisest and most thoughtful of his countrymen. Anxious to save from ruin such elements of liberty and order as

still survived, he became what, in the political slang of the time, was called a Republican of the Morrow, and a supporter of General Cavaignac. He was elected a member of the Constituent, and afterwards of the Legislative Assembly. With Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic, he became Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Premiership of Odillon Barrot,—a ministry which endured from June till October 1849. As such, he must bear his share of the responsibility of the French expedition to Rome during that year. When the President dismissed his ministers on 31st October, he would willingly have retained De Tocqueville. But our publicist already saw that democracy in France was rapidly pressing on to its inevitable issue. When the blow of 2d December 1851 was about to be struck, he was at his post as a member of the National Assembly. With the leading statesmen of the time, he was seized in that eventful night, and sent to the State Prison at Vincennes. Released a few days afterwards, he felt that his political career was over. As his biographer remarks, it ended when liberty ceased to exist in France.

Not by what he did during his short ministry, or by his parliamentary labours, will he be chiefly remembered. He was essentially a man of thought rather than a man of action. Once more restored to his books, he bethought himself of fulfilling the outline given in the paper he had so many years before contributed to the *London and Westminster Review*. In 1856, the first, unfortunately the only, volume of *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution* was given to the world. Like his former great work, it has been translated into English by his friend, Mr. Henry Reeve. Two additional chapters, belonging to the period which ushered in the Consulate of Napoleon, are included in M. de Beaumont's present publication,—the only portion of the intended second volume which had received the final revision of the author. The second great work of De Tocqueville is therefore a fragment. We regret this the more, that we perceive in this fragment a ripeness of thought, a simplicity and strength of style, which in these respects at least would have placed it far above its predecessor.

If we were seeking for an example of a nation's life, suddenly and violently rent asunder into two distinct portions, with no surviving tie but their common nationality, we would naturally cite the French Revolution of 1789, as the most conspicuous instance of such a historical solution of continuity. Two opposite shores, once united, now divided by a sea irrevocably flowing between them,

—such is the usual metaphor. Well then, if in two such opposite shores a geologist should trace the strata common to both as the result of their common origin, he would fulfil a function precisely analogous to that of De Tocqueville writing *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*. Certain lines, which seem to begin on the hither margin of that sea, do not really begin there; their origin will be found on the other side of the Channel, if you will but cross over and look for them there. Certain institutions, certain doctrines, political and administrative, commonly lauded by modern French publicists as among 'the achievements of the Revolution,' were not achieved by the Revolution at all. They are not of its children, but rather of its progenitors; they prepared the way for it, it did not prepare the way for them. The book has thus a double relish: it refutes commonplaces implicitly believed and emphatically asserted on all sides; it refutes them completely, victoriously, and for ever.

The materials with which he wrought were the *cahiers* of the three orders represented in the States-General of 1789, containing their statements of grievances to be redressed; the correspondence between the central Government and its officers during the middle and towards the end of the eighteenth century; the petitions of provincial assemblies to the Crown during the same period; and the writings of contemporary observers, among whom the shrewdest and most impartial, as well as the nearest in date to the great crisis, was our countryman Arthur Young.

As an example of the results he has attained, take centralization. We knew before De Tocqueville's book, that the policy of successive French governments, from Richelieu downwards, had been to destroy any power intermediate between the Crown and the nation. But this policy, we also knew, did not fuse the nation into a homogeneous mass; it left the various provinces of France as distinct from one another in their civil laws and political administration as the kingdoms of the Heptarchy. Now we see a perfect uniformity, the central Government having precisely the same administrative machinery in operation at either end of the French territory,—in Normandy and in Languedoc. Accordingly, in the days of parliamentary debating in France, it was an oratorical commonplace to talk of administrative centralization as that splendid achievement of the Revolution which all Europe looks upon with envy. 'Let us admit,' says De Tocqueville, with a tinge of sarcasm, 'that administrative centralization is a splendid achievement; let us concede that it fills

Europe with envy; it is not in any sense an achievement of the Revolution. On the contrary, it is a product of the *ancien régime*; indeed, the only part of the political constitution of that older state of things which the Revolution has not destroyed, being the only part which would accommodate itself to the new social orders which the Revolution created.' Then, as now, Paris was everything, and local self-government nothing. The King's Council and the Comptroller-General were in the capital; in every province was the *Intendant*; in every district of a province was the *Sub-délégué*. It is just the Minister of the Interior, the Prefect, and the Sub-prefect of our own times. The names have changed, the thing is the same. Not merely the official machinery, but the official language, is identical. As De Tocqueville pithily puts it, reading a Prefect, you read an *Intendant*.

Here is another instance. No historical proposition is more commonly believed than this, that the great subdivision of the soil in France is the result of a civil code born of the Revolution. It is not so, however. There was a numerous peasant proprietary before 1789. With infinite pains constructing for himself a sort of Domesday Book of the old *régime*, De Tocqueville has drawn from it this clear and certain conclusion. Arthur Young, as he has shown, bears wondering and hitherto unnoticed testimony to the same fact.

No part of the book is worthier of note than the picture it draws of the old French nobility in this their season of decay. Lord Macaulay, in a passage which all the readers of his history will remember, points out a peculiar feature in our English aristocracy. 'Any gentleman,' he says, 'might become a peer; while the younger son of a peer was but a gentleman.' From this continually descending, and occasionally ascending movement, our peerage has ever been more closely intertwined with our national life than the peerage of any other nation. What De Tocqueville says of the French *noblesse* is exactly the converse of this, and its complement. In the eighteenth century the French nobility had ceased to be an aristocracy in the political sense of the term; they had become essentially a caste. They closed their ranks against any ennobled *roturier*; all their own descendants enjoyed the same privilege of nobility as themselves. They had no political function whatever; the power of the Crown had long ago absorbed any for which precedents might be found in old national traditions. Their wealth had been gradually absorbed by the industrious classes of society, to which they would not stoop to

belong. Their political nullity, their impoverished condition, rendered still more odious and intolerable the iniquitous exemptions from taxation which they yet possessed. And so they fell, and with them was lost even the possibility of services which an aristocracy like ours might have rendered to the cause of liberty in France.

We repeat by way of summary the leading thought of the book. Modern French statesmen, who, in name of the 'principles of 1789,' have laboured to invest the State with powers fatal to individual rights, are convicted by De Tocqueville of having reared up again an administrative tyranny, against which the principles to which they appeal were the most solemn and memorable protest known in history.

The style of the book is in every way worthy of its matter; it is stronger, simpler, clearer than that of the *Démocratie*. There is no exaggeration, no paradox; none of that crowding of propositions one upon another which in the older work are often a strain on the attention of the reader. Even the semblance of a contradiction disappears. Unfinished as it is, it is a noble example of the historical school of Guizot, doing for the later years of the French monarchy what the History of Civilisation in France did for the earlier, revealing to us the inner life of society when we had been accustomed to notice only the outer events of ordinary history.

The volume published in 1856 ends with a society ripe for revolution. An interval occurs. The two fragments now published for the first time by M. de Beaumont show a society sick of revolutionary change, and longing for the hand of a master :

'It is difficult even in our day to realize the excessive fatigue, apathy, indifference, or rather contempt for the commonweal, into which a struggle so long, so terrible, and so vain, had cast the souls of men. Many nations before this had presented the same spectacle; but as each nation brings to a situation in which, in common with others, it has been placed, its own distinctive characteristics, so the French now showed a kind of impassioned vivacity and joy in their own self-desertion. Despairing of escape from their own wretchedness, they undertook to put it out of their thoughts. The pleasures of Paris, says a contemporary writer, are not for one moment disturbed by any actual or expected crisis. Never were the theatres and places of public amusement better filled. At Tivoli Gardens people say that things are getting worse and worse; *la patrie* (fatherland) is spoken of as *la pataque* (crazy old machine), and then they dance. . . . Never did fashion hold a more extravagant or changeful sway. Strange to say, despair had brought back again all the frivolity of our ancient manners. With some addition, however; for manners had become odd, savour-

ing of disorder and of revolution, so to speak; things frivolous, like things serious, had escaped all limit, had broken through all control.

'Political establishments are like religions, in which the outward ceremonial commonly outlives the inward faith. It was strange, in the midst of this nation which cared no more for liberty and believed no longer in the Republic, and whose revolutionary fire had become ashes, it was strange to see the Government persisting in all the revolutionary routine. In May, Government devoutly went to the Feast of the Sovereignty of the People; in spring, to the Feast of Youth; in summer, to the Feast of Agriculture; in autumn, to the Feast of Old Age. On the 21st of January, Government gathered the public functionaries round the altar of Fatherland, to swear fidelity to the constitution and hatred to tyrants.'

Here is a bit of the revolutionary style then in use:—

'When we read the orations of that time, it would seem as if nothing could be said in simple terms. Every soldier is a warrior; every husband, a spouse; wives are faithful companions, and children are pledges of love. One talks not of honesty, but of virtue; one is always prepared to die for one's country.'

De Tocqueville pronounces this severe judgment on his countrymen:—

'The character of our nation is so peculiar, that a general study of humanity is quite insufficient to make that peculiarity intelligible. We are a nation which surprises continually even those who have made it the subject of their special study; a nation better endowed than any other in aptness to understand extraordinary things, and in zeal to rush at them, capable of all things which require but a single effort, how great soever it may be, unable to remain long very high, because we are a nation having sentiments and no principles, and instincts far superior to its morality; a people civilised among the civilised communities of the earth, yet in certain respects nearer the savage state than any other community; for the characteristic of savages is to decide on the impulse of the moment, without memory of the past, and without thought of the future.'

What were the public expectations towards the close of the year 1799!

'Everything being ready for a new revolution, it must not be thought that men had a clear idea of the coming change. There are moments when the world is like one of our theatres before the rising of the curtain. You know that you are about to behold a new spectacle. From behind the scenes comes a note of preparation; the actors are at hand, but unseen as yet; and the drama is unknown. It seemed impossible for such a state of things to continue; equally impossible seemed any issue out of it. In all the correspondence of that time the ever-recurring phrase is, "This cannot last." That was all. The wearied imagination of men was sick even of hoping and foreseeing.

'Left to itself, the nation, full of terror, but of helplessness as well, turned its eyes indolently hither and thither to see whether any one was coming to its aid. People saw that the expected deliverer would come from the army. Who was to be the deliverer? Some thought of Pichegru, some of Moreau, others of Bernadotte.

'Withdrawn in the country, and living in a remote corner of the Bourbonnais, M. de Fiévée says in his Memoirs: "Only one fact which I noticed recalled me to politics; every peasant whom I met in the fields, the vines, and the woods, stopped me to inquire if news had come of General Bonaparte, and why he delayed his return to France. Nobody made any inquiries about the Directory."

These are the last words of De Tocqueville's last work.

Once more in England, in the summer of 1857, he was received with esteem and respect by our most distinguished men, and with affectionate regard by his numerous English friends. His own account of his reception is in a letter to his friend, De Beaumont, written after his return home:—

'I have been received in England with tokens of esteem so numerous and so marked, that my feeling has been almost as much one of confusion as one of pleasure. The whole political world there overwhelmed me with kindness and attention. . . . Lastly, Sir Charles Wood learning that I lived near Cherbourg, and was returning thither, placed at my disposal a small Government steamer, which took me straight from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, on Tuesday last, to the great stupefaction of the natives, who expected to see nothing less than a royal personage step ashore, and beheld only your humble servant.'

Of his correspondence, which fills the greater part of these two volumes—much more remaining unpublished till a fitter season—M. de Beaumont says that his friend wrote, not *because*, but *although* he was an author. His letters have all the best qualities of his other writings, together with a personal charm which in these would have been out of place. In his communications with such intimate friends as Kergorlay, Stoffels, and De Beaumont among his own countrymen; Mr. and Mrs. Grote, Lady Theresa Cornwall Lewis, Mr. Senior, Mr. J. S. Mill, and Mr. Reeve, among ours; one can see how lovable a man he was, as well as how worthy of his fame. In him was conspicuous that moral thoughtfulness which Dr. Arnold used to think the chief criterion of value in boys and men. Here is an instance of it, in which we behold, as it were, the whole moral stature of De Tocqueville:—

'The more I advance in life, the more I see it in the light which I at one time attributed to the enthusiasm of youth; as a thing in itself of

small account, valuable only so far as used in the fulfilment of duty, in the service of mankind, and in taking up one's place in their ranks. In the midst of my greatest troubles, I find in these thoughts the spring which lifts up my heart.'

After the 2d December 1851, his letters are filled with bitter thoughts on the present prostration of liberty in France, and, above all, on the general satisfaction with which the nation bears the loss of so essential an element of national worth and greatness. No sympathy for such thoughts as these can be looked for from those liberal politicians among ourselves, whose liberalism stops on this side of the Straits of Dover, and who, in answer to any expression of regret as to the present state of public affairs in France, victoriously appeal to the contentment with which Frenchmen themselves view the loss of their liberties, and the substitution of men like Billault, Baroche, and De Morny, for men like Guizot, Remusat, and Montalembert. De Tocqueville enjoyed in his private life one exquisite compensation for his sorrows as a public man. Setting at naught the conventional rule of French marriages, which requires on either side a certain stake of money, and social position as required by the fitnesses of things, he married a young English lady, for no better reasons than these,—that he loved her, and that she returned and was worthy of his love. Thus he writes of her a year after marriage:—

'I can scarcely describe to you what happiness in the long run one enjoys in the daily companionship of a woman in whom any good of your own is reflected, and returned to you improved by the reflection. When I say or do anything which appears to me quite right, I read immediately in Mary's face a feeling of happiness and pride, which raises me up also; and in like manner, if my conscience blames me for anything, I immediately see a cloud in her eyes. Though I have obtained the mastery of her soul to an extent quite unusual, I see with pleasure that she intimates me; and so long as I love her as I do now, I feel sure that no wrong thing will have dominion over me. We have been a year married; and not a day passes without my thanking Heaven for having placed Mary on my path, or without a renewed belief, that, if happiness be attainable on earth, it is with such a companion. You have asked me, my dear friend, to speak of myself and Mary; I have just opened to you the very bottom of my heart.'

This element of happiness was fated to endure twenty-five years, and to be the consolation of his latest hour. In those last scenes at Cannes in spring 1859, the most touching are those which show the unbroken affection between the dying husband and the sick and suffering wife.

De Tocqueville died on 16th April 1859.

By his death a seat became vacant in the French Academy, that great literary College founded by Cardinal Richelieu, almost the only institution in France which has preserved its independence throughout all political changes. The honour of admission into its ranks is a distinction that Government influence can neither give nor withhold. Elected to succeed De Tocqueville, Father Lacordaire, on 24th January last, spoke, according to custom, in praise of his predecessor. The oration was worthy of the theme, and worthy of one whom his admirers rank as second to none but Bossuet. It must have been suggestive of a contrast between old times and new, to see and hear an orator clad in the white dress of a Dominican, praise the great Protestant democracy of America, for having, unlike the democrats of Europe, preserved their love of freedom without forsaking their faith in the Gospel. To M. Guizot, as chairman of that learned assembly, fell the duty of reply. We note specially in what he said the following allusion to *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*: 'Had this book preceded instead of following M. de Tocqueville's political career, it would perhaps have had some influence on his public conduct; perhaps he and I should have understood one another better, and been drawn nearer to one another, than our respective fates decreed.'

If you should go to Cherbourg, you will no doubt admire the harbour, docks, and arsenal, the steel-clad frigates, the huge breakwater, begun by Louis the Sixteenth and finished by Napoleon the Third. Metaphysicians tell us how trains of thought are set in motion by association and by contrast. In the midst of these tokens of war and international rivalry, you will perhaps remember, that not many miles away, in the parish churchyard of Tocqueville, lie the remains of a great thinker, an illustrious writer, an earnest and true man, one who loved his kind and his country well, and whose memory has a special claim on the reverence of the whole Anglo-Saxon race.

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- Afr. III.—1. *Men and Women*. 2 Vols. Chapman and Hall. 1855.
 2. *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day*. A Poem, Chapman and Hall. 1850.
 3. *Poems*. 2 Vols. New Ed. Chapman and Hall. 1849.
 4. *Sordello*. A Poem. Moxon. 1840.

It appears improbable that any great poet

will, in our time, pass from amongst his contemporaries, as Milton did, without seeing the dawn of his epic fame; or, as Shakspeare left his play-fellows, with so few of them really knowing what manner of man and majesty of mind had been with them. The true poet is pretty certain of a more immediate recognition in our time, and no great genius is likely to go down to the grave unknown. The recognition may be but partial. Yet the writer will be known to a chosen few who will stand by him, as did the friends of Tennyson in his day of need.

These friends, in the course of time, come into power, and occupy the old judgment-seats from whence the adverse verdict used to be given. They now write for thousands in sober certainty, what they before talked to one another in the intoxication of their young enthusiasm. The writer's merits are pointed out and set forth to win their widening way. The chances are also increased, from the fact that we have so many channels of literary opinion, and that no one organ can now either permanently make or mar the true fame of any worthy writer. Our criticism is higher and nobler. But for the well-known modesty of our craft, we might repeat what Emerson, in his 'English Traits,' says of criticism in this country. Undoubtedly we are improving. We do not permit all the work to be done by the merely classical critic who judges according to Greek canons; nor by the merely 'Queen Anne' mind that judges by the traditions of its Augustan era. We have here and there a mind in the lists that is also creative, and not shut up in the past, but, being open to all life, is open to any new life of the present, and can push forward to keep abreast with those who are forerunners of the age. Also, in the broader illumination of knowledge spreading over the land, there must be a continually increasing number of readers of poetry who are waiting eagerly for what the announcers may say of a new poet.

We may concede, then, that a true poet has a better chance of a more immediate recognition in our age, than in any bygone century. Yet, we still hold, that the more immediately popular writers of any time will seldom be the men for all time, and that the deepest thought cannot be immediately popular. The greatest fame must still be of slow growth, for it has to endure long! We are suspicious of all sudden reputations, and quite satisfied that the great enduring element is wanting to the fame of some of our foremost men. We do not wake up in the morning and find full-grown oaks where saplings stood over-night. And we doubt whether any man will, in his lifetime, attain to the fame which

we call immortal. We think, too, that there are writers even in our time who will pass away with but a very scanty recognition, whose after-fame will majestically rise and over-top many earlier reputations. And of all our living poets we believe that Mr. Browning is about the likeliest to win his least fame and fewest readers in his own lifetime.]

The spread of intelligence has necessarily covered a much larger surface with what we may term the reading mind of the present, which is acute and sensitive to all the fleeting glow of novelty; but, if fairly gauged, will not be found to have much increased in depth. We live in what has been called the Mudiæval era. A time that is well calculated to produce a run-and-read sort of mind; or rather, a mind that may run-and-ride at the rate of forty miles an hour! The haste in which so many people live and move and have their being, tends to foster a shallow and snatchy habit of mind, and to utterly destroy that attention which is so absolutely necessary for the appreciation of deep thought and subtle poetry. Much of our modern reading mind is a good deal like a bran-new house, built in the most recent style, and furnished for show. There is a great scarcity of all natural growths about it. Everything was done in a hurry, and run up in haste. Compo puts on a barefaced look and tries to stare you into a belief that it is stone. Oak graining and veneer smirkingly try to pass themselves off for the real wood. Tinsel and lacquer take the place of metal that will stand ringing. But all will not do. It cannot improvise reality, nor put on the stately air of the past. The leafy luxury, the depth of solemn shade and immemorial quiet are wanting without! And the solidity, spaciousness and choiceness of mellow-hues—with which all the fragrant flowers and perfect fruit of Time come to their ripe perfection—are wanting within. Haste is its great bane. Attention is the great desideratum. Sir William Hamilton used to tell his class that it was better to read one good book ten times over, than to read ten good books only once. So much attention is necessary to get all the good out of a good book; and only in this way can it be got out. Many people fancy that they are acquainted with our best authors, as a matter of course, who have never fathomed to one thousandth part of their meaning. Perhaps only those who write, adequately know how much attention it is necessary to bring to bear on all books that are worth knowing. These writers, when they have read and read, and written on the subject, will then begin to learn how little they know about it after all. It happens that a good deal of the poetry

produced in our time will require much more attention on the part of readers than the old familiar poetry of the past, which dealt more with action and objective circumstance. [And it so happens, that the poetry of Robert Browning is pre-eminent amongst our nineteenth century poetry, for those subtle qualities of thought and feeling which demand the profoundest attention. With a most penetrating power of genius, his works have failed to reach any considerable number of people.] The poetry of Alfred Tennyson was very long in obtaining the attention due to it. The present triumph of its popularity was only won by a thirty-years-long fight for it. And even now we think that one-half the sale of that poetry may fairly be set down to the fashionable fact of his laureateship. [But the peculiarities of Mr. Browning's poetry, and the peculiarities of our reading mind, as before specified, are so wide apart, as to make it very difficult for the two to draw together. We said the peculiarities of Mr. Browning's poetry, because we do not lay all the blame on the age that his poetry is not more read. Want of natural affinity and incompatibility of temper are not the only reasons for the separation.]

[In the first place, Mr. Browning scarcely seems at home amongst us. He is hardly an Englishman.] He has English instincts. It is the body and voice of an Englishman, as we know by a home-yearning like this:—

Sun

‘ Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there;
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning unaware,
That the lowest boughs, and the brushwood
sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows—
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the
hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops—at the bent spray's
edge—
That's the wise thrush! he sings each song
twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And tho' the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noon-tide wakes anew,
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy mellow-flower.'

And again, by this thrilling of proud thought—

‘ Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the north-
west died away;

Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into
 Cadiz Bay;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Tra-
 falgar lay;
 In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned
 Gibraltar grand and gray;
 "Here, and here did England help me,—how
 can I help England?"—say,
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to
 praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over
 Africa.'

But it would seem that into this English
 body of his the soul of some thirteenth-
 century Italian painter has got by mistake,
 and many of these poems are the signs it
 makes in trying to be recognised. Mr.
 Browning says, elsewhere,

'Open my heart, and you will see
 Graved inside of it, "Italy."'

Now, it is a wholesome prejudice with us,
 that if a man is to write for Englishmen, the
 first condition of national fame is that he be
 an Englishman; and, if he opens his heart to
 us, we expect to read 'England' written
 there; or, such of us as are Scotchmen,
 'Great Britain,' at least. We who are proud
 of the old land, are proudest of those poets
 who are also the proudest of her. We find,
 too, that all the greatest poets have drawn
 most on the national life; that Shakspeare,
 who was at home with all peoples and in all
 times, was never so mighty or so loveable as
 when delineating the heroes that moved
 around him in everyday life, and the sweet-
 natured English ladies, who became his
 'Imogenes,' 'Perditas,' and 'Helenas;' or,
 dallying with his own country wild flowers,
 as his fancy wandered back through the
 green lanes into the leafy nooks of Warwick-
 shire; or in any way exalting his own land's
 heroic life and loveliness, majesty and power.

Then, if the great poet is to mirror back
 human nature, and bring it home to us clearly
 conveyed, he must have a great deal of com-
 mon humanity, and show us how much may
 be hidden under the film of familiarity. Mr.
 Browning, on the contrary, seems to delight
 in that which is peculiar; something remote
 in interest that will permit of a recondite
 treatment. He loves a subject that gives full
 scope to the philosophic thinker, rather than
 one which calls out the emotional energies of
 the poet nature freely and fully. He dearly
 loves to worm his gnarly way to the dark
 heart of a good knotty problem that has not
 been hitherto penetrated. He does not care
 to tread in the path where the footprints of
 others are in the least visible; or, if any one
 has been in that direction, Mr. Browning will
 strike on a new clue, which leads him much

further than others went, or saw. For exam-
 ple, in the story of 'King Francis and the
 Glove,' which De Lorge's lady dropped, to
 see whether her lover would face death for
 her sake. According to the ordinary version
 and common opinion, the lady was rightly
 served for her heartlessness when the knight,
 after leaping among the lions, recovered the
 glove and flung it in her face. Our poet,
 looking through the eyes of Peter Ronsard,
 sees differently. He caught an expression in
 her face such as told him she had tried the
 gold of her lover's fine speeches in the cruci-
 ble, and found it mostly dross; and so she
 went out calmly amidst all the hooting and
 mirth, to find the truer love in one who
 would have died for her, and, like Curtius,
 jumped at the chance. While De Lorge
 sank into marrying the beauty that stood so
 high in the royal favour; and he would fetch
 her gloves, which she had always mislaid
 when the king called to see her. And when
 the king told the old story of the glove,

'The wife smiled—"His nerves are grown firmer;
 Mine he brings now, and utters no murmur."'

Mr. Browning's matter generally requires
 a minute and patient study, such as only
 comes of a loving disposition, whilst his
 manner is often the very opposite of that
 required to foster a kindly feeling. It fre-
 quently repels or irritates at first sight, in-
 stead of laying allurements on the reader for
 further acquaintanceship.

We once knew a lady who had the most
 tantalizing method of communicating intelli-
 gence. Whenever she stuck fast, and either
 did not know what she had to say, or how
 to say it, she always bridged over the break
 with a 'You understand!' Of course, you
 did not understand the least in the world;
 but the manner was so assuring as to make
 you pause to consider whether you did under-
 stand or not, by which time she had got over
 her little difficulty, though you had failed to
 surmount yours. Mr. Browning seems to
 have this knack of handing his little diffi-
 culties over to the reader, and of passing
 them by as jauntily as though the most per-
 fect understanding existed betwixt them.
 This manner is shown most provokingly just
 when the reader is in the greatest state of
 bewilderment. Again, he will propound all
 sorts of odd questions to the reader, and
 carry on a Socratic discussion; that is, if the
 reader can answer the questions. One piece
 concludes with two unanswerable questions.
 He asks—

'Who fished the innreux up?
 What porridge had John Keats?'

For ourselves we merely reply, 'Hav'nt the

least idea.] But we can imagine there may be readers who are not inclined to answer thus meekly. They will not know what to say to such a poser, and will feel rather like Byron's 'Jack Buntin' in a similar predicament. Not only does he take too much for granted in the way we have indicated, and pass on with the most chirping cheeriness; but, with his quick habit of leaping to conclusions, he often fails to carry the mind of the reader with him. There is a bright flash, a blank, and then a bright flash again; but all so sudden in the process, that the midway is not illumined.] We are left in the middle, in the dark. The manner is so hurried, that the matter is not held in suspension long enough for solution. The meaning is not brought into sufficient relief, ready for the spectator. We see too much of the sculptor, hear too much of the hammer, with both hard at it, and chips flying. [This, however, is only a natural impediment of Mr. Browning's manner; he has one other, which seems to be practised wilfully. It is the odd way he has of twisting words into grotesque rhymes. This is all very funny and effective where the matter is humorous, as in the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin,'] with the old Rat informing us how the Piper's jig-music affected his imagination:—

'At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, "Oh, Kats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your puncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!"
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone,
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, "Come, bore me!"
I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'

[But where the subject demands a serious treatment, these quips and cranks of rhyme seem to mock at our mood of mind. That curious mixture of grave matter and gay manner at the end of 'Christmas Eve,' constitutes a psychological riddle which many people cannot solve.]

[The first book of some writers—their stepping-stone to higher things—is the stumbling-block on the threshold for most of their readers. There they remain: and the faster the writer's after progress, the farther does he get from those who do not follow him. They judge his new books by the evidence

of the old; that was quite enough for them. Mr. Browning's stumbling-block was his second book, 'Sordello.' We cannot understand how this could have succeeded the promise of 'Paracelsus.' A story is told of Douglas Jerrold and 'Sordello' on good authority—his own. He was recruiting his health at Brighton, and had been so low as to have books forbidden him. His wife, who nursed him, being out one day, he got hold of a book; it was 'Sordello.' The wit read, and read, but could make nothing of it. Soon the sweat broke out on his brow, and the horrible thought flashed on him that his mind was wrecked. His wife came in, and he thrust the book into her hand with a life-and-death look, bidding her to read. She had not read far before she exclaimed, 'Why, it's gibberish.' 'Oh, thank God!' said Jerrold; 'then I'm not mad.'

[We, too, have read 'Sordello,' and found it incomprehensible.] 'Who will *may* hear Sordello's story told,' says the poet, again and again. We thank him for the permission, and find they *may* for anything he cares. Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble, goes the cauldron, and the incantation keeps time to it, but the witchcraft works no miracle; [no vision comes out clear and splendid.] The ingredients did not mix, or haste has snapped the charm. [Page after page is liberally sprinkled with Italian nouns; but to us they do not stand for things.] Poetic phrases flash from many lines with a lustre like the burnished hues on a dove's neck; and [a few pictures will arrest us,] to wit:—

'A breadth of watery heaven like a bay;
A sky-like space of water, ray for ray
And star for star, one richness where they
mixed,
As this and that wing of an angel, fixed,
Tumultuary splendours folded in
To die.'

And this of young and eager heirs watching for the profit and the pleasure that age must leave when they push into its place:—

'God help me! for I catch
My children's greedy sparkling eyes at watch—
"He bears that double breastplate on," they
say;
"So many minutes less than yesterday."'

And this strip of red sundown over dark woods:—

'A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests, like a torch-flare turned
By the wind back upon its bearer's hand,
In one long flare of crimson; as a brand
The woods lay black beneath.'

For the rest, we have not made it out. The fault may be ours. We are willing to think,

with Jerrold, that it is so. We are of the blind; but, as such, shall take the liberty of not trying 'Sordello' again until it is put into type for the blind. That would be a relief! and we should be able to feel what we were reading. Yes! on second thought, there is one other possibility of our attempting it. Should we ever go to Italy and get intoxicated with Montepulciano—just to see whether Redding be right respecting that wine—we may try once more. Perhaps, if we could see double we might do it. Till then, 'who likes *may* hear Sordello's story told.'

We have now made a fair and ample statement of all the difficulties that keep so many people from the poetry of Robert Browning; and, having broken through their encrusting surface, shall show a few of the treasures that may be found in its wealthy depths. For it remains to be said that Mr. Browning is one of the half-dozen original minds now amongst us who are fountain heads of creative thought. His influence on the young writers of the present is second only to that of Tennyson; often worth more to them in its suggestive matter, though not so easily identified as an imitation or plagiarism, because the manner is much less known. No other living poet has sounded such depths of human feeling, or can smite the soul with such a rush of kindling energy. Great and lofty and deep as Tennyson is, he has no such range. Indeed, without the least intention of making a comparison, we may venture to say that since our greatest dramatist wrote, no English poet has reached so wide a range of varied character as Mr. Browning. He is not a great dramatist. His plays are not for the stage. It is doubtful whether he could clothe characters sufficiently in flesh and blood, sights and sounds, and keep them going with action and incident, so as to become a writer of acting plays. It is certain that he is one of the last men to stoop to some of the conditions which seem necessary in order that theatrical success may be insured. But he is a great dramatic poet. What a line of characters start into memory in illustration of our assertion! Each sufficiently portrayed; often exquisitely, and some with consummate mastery. 'Paracelsus'—half-king, half-quack; the sunny little godsend, 'Pippa,' superb and haughty 'Ottima,' poor 'Mildred,' and 'Luria' the Moor; 'Jules and Phene,' 'David,' glorious in his ruddy youth, charming away the madness from King Saul; 'Blougram' the bishop, so catholic in his love of this world's good things; and he, the sumptuous old sinner of St. Praxed. The Duke and Lady of the 'statue and bust,' the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin; 'Andrea del Sarto,' and

loose, champagne-blooded 'Lippo Lippi,' little 'Evelyn Hope,' wise old pondering 'Karshish,' and many more whom we cannot stop to name. To mention one quality of Mr. Browning's poetry, in which he is pre-eminent, [we think out of 'King Lear,' no pathos can be found more tragic in its tenderness than that in the closing scenes of 'A Blot in the Scutcheon,' or more tragic in its grandeur than the pathos of 'Luria.]

But, first, we would show how clearly our poet can break through all mist of mannerism in a lyric that marches straight to its object solidly as a column of infantry; [doing the greatest amount of execution in the shortest space of time.]

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

'You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:

A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

'Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound,
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

'Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro')
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his
plans
Soared up again like fire.

'The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's
pride
Touched to the quick, he said—
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.'

Equally clear, direct, and forcible is the brave, galloping ballad, 'How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix,' [which has a

ring in it as of horse-hoofs on a frosty road, heard in the hush of night. [In the 'Confessional' we find a most smiting lyrical energy]—

'It is a lie—their priests, their pope,
Their saints, their . . . all they fear or hope
Are lies, and lies—there! thro' my door
And ceiling there! and walls and floor,
There, lies, they lie, shall still be hurled,
Till spite of them, I reach the world.'

The poor victim goes on to relate how the confessor set her to entrap her lover to save his soul! And—

'He told me what he would not tell
For hope of heaven or fear of hell.'

Next day, happy with the chance of saving her lover's soul in his own despite, she tripped to the church and told the father all the young man's patriotic schemes. That night, and the next, her lover did not come, and the morning after she hurried out and reached the market-place. There she saw the scaffold, draped in black for an execution, and her betrayed lover bound for the hangman's hands:—

'No part in aught they hope or fear;
No heaven with them, no hell, and here
No earth, not so much space as pens
My body in their worst of dens,
But shall bear God and man my cry—
Lies, lies again, and still they lie.'

[In 'Count Gismond,' again, Mr. Browning shows us an intensity of feeling and a simple force of expression that would go direct to the heart of a people] if he would write more in the same clear way:—

'He strode to Gauthier; in his throat
Gave him the lie; then struck his mouth
With one backhanded blow, that wrote,
In blood, men's verdict there. North,
south,
East, west I looked. The lie was dead
And damned; and Truth stood up instead.'

[In an airier mood our poet can give us dainty lyrics, that match anything done by the old dramatists] when they were lyrically inclined. [These are full of fresh natural music, and bright with a gay grace. Here is a carolling little song that quite sings of itself, and, once it gets into the head, makes the brain a sort of music-box, that some sprite keeps starting off on a sudden:—

'There's a woman like a dewdrop, she's so purer than the purest;
And her noble heart's the noblest, yes, and her sure faith's the surest:
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of lustre
Hid i' the harebell; while her tresses, zunnier than the wild-grape cluster,

Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted marble:

Then her voice's music! call it the well's bubbling—the bird's warble.

'And this woman says, "My days were sunless, and my nights were moonless,
Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the lark's heart's outbreak tuneless,
If you loved me not!" and I who (ah, for words of flame!) adore her!
Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably before her—
I may enter at her portal soon, 'as now her lattice takes me,
And by noontide, as by midnight, make her mine, as hers she makes me.'

[One other little lilt, quaintly beautiful, in which a lover's soul leaps naturally into song,] and then we pass on to our poet's profounder utterances:—

'Nay, but you, who do not love her,
Is she not pure gold, my mistress?
Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her?
Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,
And this last fairest tress of all,
So fair, see, ere I let it fall.

'Because you spend your lives in praising;
To praise, you search the wide world over;
So, why not witness, calmly gazing,
If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her?
Above this tress, and this I touch,
But cannot praise, I love so much!'

[Mr. Browning started on his poetic career with a great glow and glory of dawning power. His first effort was a noble one: a daring attempt to delineate a daring soul of the Promethean kind, that would snatch fire from heaven in the brave and blind old heathen way.] Another page of the old, old story of rebellion through pride of knowledge and of the sin whereby the angels fell. For this purpose he takes the Paracelsus of history, through whose grand failures the world learned so much, but refines and fills in the rude outline dashed on the historic wall.

We learn from Paracelsus, that one morn he woke up and ran over the seven grassy fields, startling the birds as he came to tell his friend Festus,

'Leaping all the while for joy,
To leave all trouble for futurity,
Since I have just determined to become
The greatest and most glorious man on earth.'

And here he sits in the garden at Würzburg, in the year 1512, talking with his friends for the last time before he starts on his wondrous way. He promises they shall be very proud of him yet. [A magnificent image of eagerness is set before us] in a line descriptive of his look:—

'That look:
As if where'er he gazed there stood a star.'

And so there does. Star after star of discovery already swims splendid into his vast vision of the future. Festus, whom love has made wiser by adding its 'precious seeing' to his eyes, has misgivings lest the motives of his friend be not sufficiently pure:

'Man should be humble; you are very proud:
And God, dethroned, has doleful plagues for such.'

Festus fears there may be a plague-spot in all this sense of self and boastful self-reliance; fears lest these bladders that float him so bravely now at starting may burst under him far out in the wild sea-storm; that this yearning of the infinity within will strive in vain to embrace and clasp the Infinity without, and collapse in utter failure. He perceives in Paracelsus the force whose first and final necessity is to be fitly confined in its own proper limiting conditions, so that it may find its own law and keep it. For these limiting conditions supply compression for the overflowing strength, leverage and vantage-ground for the mounting footsteps, and rest for the soul that might otherwise beat its wings in vain against the prison-walls, and waste its powers in trying to step off the edge of its world. But Paracelsus is so full of might, and blind to all boundary marks, that his friend, fears such self-reliance is of the kind that has so often tried to do without God in the world, soaring up in its enthusiasm to overlook the lines drawn by the finger of the Eternal, and ending in a fatal wreck. He will wipe out the footprints of all who have preceded him on the path of discovery, and accept nothing from the past of science. He yearns to save mankind, and yet despises them. He would help them, but scorns to accept anything in return,—

'Would gently put aside their proffered thanks:
Like some knight traversing a wilderness,
Who on his way may chance to free a tribe
Of desert-people from their dragon-foe;
When all the swarthy race press round to kiss
His feet, and choose him for their king, and
yield
Their poor tents, pitched among the sandhills,
for
His realm; and he points, smiling, to his
scarf,
Heavy with riveled gold, his burgonet
Gay set with twinkling stones—and to the
East,
Where these must be displayed.'

Festus dares not probe this feeling too far, lest he should learn too much of his friend's heart. He again warns him,—

'Presume not to serve God apart from such
Appointed channel as He wills shall gather
Imperfect tributes—for that sole obedience
Valued, perchance. He seeks not that his
altars
Blaze—careless how, so that they do but
blaze.'

In this first part of the poem, Paracelsus aspires to 'know.' He seeks knowledge for its own sake. He goes to prove himself. There are, he says,

'Two points in the adventure of the diver:
One—when a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
One—when a prince, he rises with his pearl.
Festus, I plunge.'

Nine years afterwards he has attained—to what? His youth is gone; his brave hopes lie round him, dead or disrowned. The heaven-scaler sits in dust, with the fragments of his splendid dreams shivered and strewn about him. He has emptied youth of all its gifts,

'To feed a fire meant to hold out till morn
Arrive with inexhaustible light; and, lo!
I have heapt up my last, and day dawns not!
While I am left with grey hair, faded hands,
And furrowed brow.'

He has sat up o' nights only to 'fight sleep off for death's sake,' paid down his life drop by drop in blood, piecemeal in brain, and has not even learned how to imprison moon-beams till they change into opal shafts. 'Aprile' appears. He personifies a love as rash as Paracelsus' lust for knowledge was infinite. Paracelsus now perceives that he who aspires to know must also love, and possess faith; and that he who loves must also know. These twain must be wedded to bring forth the spirit nobler, happier, wiser than both. Knowledge without sweet human love is poor indeed.

He has caught up the whole of life, and staked it on a single throw; so far he feels that he has lost.

'Still, this life of mine
Must be lived out, and a grave thoroughly earned.'

His feelings are so far modified that he will set about imparting to others such knowledge as he has gained. He becomes a professor at Basil; is famous for his miracles in medicine—a saviour to some, an impostor to others. Within himself the original flaw spreads wider and deeper, with its fracture and defacement. His fresh knowledge does not serve to set him right. He despises the fools that applaud his trickeries but do not appreciate his genius. He is dissatisfied with his present reputation, and grows bitter over his disappointments. The radiant wings in

which the strong and self-sufficient soul once sat pluming itself for a proud flight, are moulted now, and it is no more uplifted with the old exulting power. He tries to borrow wings of wine. In vain, in vain, he only sinks the deeper. The fire of life, that soared so gloriously, dies down in its ashes; life crumbles inwardly. That which he might have been stands more clearly revealed to him than that which he may be.

Here we meet once more with Festus, who has come, at his friend's call, to Basil, and tries to solace him and draw him up out of his sad condition with the cords of love. Paracelsus seems to sneer and mock at Festus, because he mocks at his own self so bitterly. Surely it is only a mask of simulated feelings he puts on to mock his old friend through, with painful satire and grim humour, wild words and ghastly laughers? Poor Festus is puzzled, but looks long with his serious, loving eyes, and strives to get him out of this mournful mood, and take him back to quiet Einsiedeln. Despite those who have treated you so badly, pleads Festus. But it is the curse of all who profess to despise mankind, that they are the slaves of the meanest, and wince at the word of the most despicable. It was so with Byron; so with Paracelsus. They who would despise the best are not permitted to despise the worst. As St. Jerome says, in this respect—the proudest are the poorest; they brag outwardly, but beg inwardly.

[In the fourth part the whole meaning of the poem is gathered into a little melodious allegory, being

'The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault, and withered in their pride.'

It is an immortal lyric, big with a meaning that most of us find out at some time or other. Alas for those who will find it out for the first time at the last day!]

'Over the sea our galleys went
With cleaving prows, in order brave,
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave—
A gallant armament:
Each bark built out of a forest tree,
Left, leafy, and rough as first it grew;
And nailed all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black-bull hides,
Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,
To bear the playful billows' game;
So each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view,
But each upbore a stately tent:
Where cedar-poles, in scented row,
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine:
And an awning droopt the mast below,
In fold on fold, of the purple fine,
That neither noontide nor star-shine,

Nor moonlight cold, which maketh mad,
Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar;
But when the night wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together of the wide sea,
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star;
And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the strangers from afar,
Lay stretched along, each weary crew,
In a circle round its wondrous tent,
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,
And with light and perfume, music too;
So the stars wheeled round and the darkness
passed,
And at morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast.
One morn the land appeared!—a speck,
Dim, trembling, betwixt sea and sky:
"Avoid it!" cried our pilot; "check
The shout, restrain the longing eye."
But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh;
So we broke the cedar-poles away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
And a statue bright was on every deck!
We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbour thus,
With pomp and pæan glorious.'

Alas! no sooner had they landed, and set up that statue of the soul which each in his own lifetime carves,

'When, lo! what shouts and merry songs!
What laughter all the distance stirs!
What raft comes loaded with its throngs
Of gentle islanders?
"The isles are just at hand," they cried,
"Like cloudlets faint at even sleeping;
Our temple gates are opened wide,
Our olive groves thick shade are keeping
For the lucid shapes you bring," they cried.
Oh, then we awoke with a sudden start
From our deep dream; *we knew, too late,
How bare the rock, how desolate,
To which we had flung our precious freight.*
Yet we called out, "Depart!
Our gifts, once given, must here abide;
Our work is done; we have no heart
To mar our work, though vain," we cried.'

In the last part of the poem we find Paracelsus on his deathbed in a cell of the St. Sebastian Hospital at Salzburg, 1541—Festus watching him, and anxiously waiting till the poor, lost, bewildered mind shall break from its surrounding shadows and drear phantoms, to recognise him once more. Gradually it feels its dark way back; the spirit regains its throne; there is fire in his eyes, music in his ears; all is growing plain. He who stood at first where all aspire at last to stand, now stands at last where the Christian

is enabled by faith to stand at first. He is humbled, broken, purified. [The poem is brought to a climax in a long-sustained swell of noble poetry, and leaves us with the feeling that the shining fragments of the shattered mind will be united to form a wondrous whole in worlds not realized.]

[Paracelsus' teaches a great lesson, and from end to end there runs a brimming stream of rare poetry.] Often it overbrims its bank from its abounding fulness, and runs to waste; but it carries its freightage of purpose right on into haven. [For us, each reading has brought out more meaning and fresh beauty]

It will be impossible for us to do any sort of justice to Mr. Browning's dramas by quotation or otherwise. Yet [these alone ought to be sufficient to build up the fame of a true and great poet. 'King Victor and King Charles' is a profound study of statecraft and human nature, finely interwoven and as finely evolved. [The 'Return of the Druses' is like-

ise most subtle and intense, with its perplexity of motives solved by passionate action, and the complexity of life made all clear by death. The conclusion of this tragedy is grand as a sunset. The Duchess 'Colombe' is one of our especial favourites;] our 'play-queen,' so natural and so brave on her birthday. [And 'Pippa,' everybody's favourite,] with her one day's holiday, going about like an unwitting missionary of heaven, doing good without knowing it. Imagining the life and world of others as so bright and beautiful, and then, as she passes them by—singing—she touches their world unconsciously with her own brightness, and lights it up with a sun-flash that shows the good their own happiness, the bad their life's hideousness, and both, that God is in His heaven.

[The 'Blot on the 'Scutcheon' is full of deep, moving power. The characters are living, breathing, loving and suffering human souls, real enough to stir the profoundest human feelings.] By the nearest and dearest ties they are bound up in the dark web of a bitter fate. We see how they might be saved, but cannot save them. We behold them striving in the toils, and the great shadowing cloud overhead coming straight down big and black to bursting. Life and death are brought to the fine turning-point of a single word, and it cannot be spoken. Thus [an interest is created intensely tragic.] We have before mentioned the passionate pathos of this drama.

[The pathos of that last parting betwixt Arthur and Guenivere in Tennyson's fourth *Idyll* is very noble, but this is yet more piercing.]

[Luria, again, is a magnificent conception,] —a Moor of nobler nature than 'Othello,' who can magnanimously forgive a great

wrong. Florence has called on him to save her, and placed him at the head of her armies. He has led them in triumph up to the very eve of a final victory. But his employers, with the cruel and jealous traits of the Machiavellian intellect, have set spies on spies at watch on every word, and in every way. Their own kith and kin have proved false to the commonwealth in the intoxication of triumph; how, then, should the stranger keep true with success? He may play false; why, then, he will. And so, on this assumption of his treason, he is being tried for his life at Florence, whilst he is fighting her battles so faithfully, crushing her foes so mightily, and believing in her, his heart's beautiful idol, so proudly! He learns what is their devil's-policy in time to have turned on them and trampled them in the dust. He is urged by those around him to do so. He looks and listens as one by one they turn on their various lights—the green and ghastly light of jealousy; the lurid blue light of suspicion; the blood-red light of revenge—but accepts none of these. He has in his Moorish mind a glimmer of the great white light of God contending with the heathen gloom. No mean feeling can span the girth and greatness of his heart. He towers up sublimely above all the suggestions of evil, and saves Florence at the sacrifice of himself. The gathering great black thunder-cloud of his suffering soul, that hung a moment over Florence, charged with death, breaks into harmless tears of softest pity and generous blessing for her. [There is an ineffable pathos in this Luria's life; an inexpressible dignity in his death.]

[The poetry of this drama is one great deep of beauty set with shining truths, and thick with starry thoughts. How the wave of feeling, too, rolls on and swells in these lines, till it bursts on the other shore:—]

'How inexhaustibly the spirit grows!
One object she seemed erewhile born to reach
With her whole energies, and die content,
So like a wall at the world's end it stood,
With nought beyond to live for,—is it reached?
Already are new undreamed energies
Outgrowing under and extending further
To a new object;—*There's another world!*'

Mr. Ruskin, speaking of the poem, 'The Bishop orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's Church,' has rightly said: 'Robert Browning is unerring in every sentence he writes of the Middle Ages; always vital, right, and profound. I know no other piece of modern English prose or poetry in which there is so much told as in these lines of the Renaissance spirit,—its worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, ignorance of itself, love of art, of

luxury, and of good Latin.' The bishop on his death-bed has reached Solomon's conclusion that 'all is vanity.' So he proceeds to specify his particular vanity in the choice of a tombstone. The lie must be as sumptuous in death as it was luxurious in his life. He tells his sons that Gandolf, his old enemy, who probably had their mother's heart, though not her hand, has cozened him at last by dying first, and getting the pick of the whole church for his burial-place.

'Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner south
He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!'

He bids them rear him such a tomb that old Gandolf 'shall not choose but see and burst,' for envy.

Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe,
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse,
Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
Rosy and flawless: how I earned the prize!

He promises them villas, and horses, 'brown Greek manuscripts, and mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs,' so they but do his bidding—

'That's if you carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters! Ulpian serves his need.'

Then he must have

The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus with a vase or so,
The Saviour at His sermon on the Mount,
St. Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off.'

So he shall lie for centuries in calm beatitude and perfect peace of mind, and be able to

'Watch at leisure if he leers—
Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-stone,
As still he envied me, so fair she was.'

This is quite perfect in its Pagan mixture. But Mr. Browning is equally successful in revealing the inner life of a large number of varied characters, and always true to place and time. Now, he will tell you what a heathen contemporary of Paul thought and said. Again, he will show you what young David saw when, with harp in hand, and face like the dawn, he peered into the tent of King Saul:—

'At first I saw nought but the blackness; but soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness—the vast, the upright

Main prop which sustains the pavilion; and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all;—
Then a sunbeam that burst through the tent-roof showed Saul.
He stood as erect as that tent-prop; both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the centre, that goes to each side:
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there,—as, caught in his pangs,
And waiting his change, the king-serpent all heavily hangs
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come
With the spring-time,—so agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb.'

As an example of our poet's dramatic power in getting right at the heart of a man, reading what is there written, and then looking through his eyes and revealing it all in the man's own speech, nothing can be more complete in its inner soundings and outer keeping, than, the epistle containing the 'Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician,' who has been picking up the crumbs of learning on his travels in the Holy Land, and writes to Abib, the all-sagacious, at home. It is so solemnly real and so sagely fine. He has found 'three samples of true snake-stone,' and has discovered a happier cure for the 'falling-sickness' in

'A spider here
Weaves no web, watches on the ledge of tombs,
Sprinkled with mottles on an ash-grey back.'

But strangest story of all, which he blushes to tell the wise master, and himself tries not to believe: he has met with one Lazarus, a Jew:—

'And first—the man's own firm conviction rests
That he was dead (in fact they buried him),
That he was dead, and then restored to life
By a Nazarene physician of his tribe:
Sayeth, the same bade, "Rise," and he did rise.'

This is not an instance of trance, says 'Karshish'; the man is of healthy habit beyond the common!

'Think! could we penetrate by any drug
And bathe the wearied soul and worried flesh,
And bring it clear and fair, by three days' sleep!
Whence has the man the balm that brightens all?'

There was something in the look of Lazarus which made the physician watch him while lending an ear to his story:—

'And oft the man's soul springs into his face,
As if he saw again and heard again

This sage that bade him "Rise," and he did rise.

Something—a word, a tick of the blood within—

Admonishes; then back he sinks at once
To ashes that was very fire before.'

Why not seek out the man who performed this miracle, and learn the secret that baffles all their knowledge?

'Alas! it grieveth me, the learned leech
Perished in a tumult many years ago,
Accused—our learning's fate—of wizardry.'

He was killed, as the sage conjectures, because he could not prevent the earthquake which befell at the time of his death. Of course it must be stark madness on the part of Lazarus, but it is well for him—Karshish—to keep nothing back in reporting the case to his master:—

'This man, so cured, regards the curer then,
As—God forgive me—who but God Himself,
Creator and Sustainer of the world,
That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile!
Sayeth that such an One was born and lived,
Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his own house,
Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I know.'

He tries to put his story of miracles out of his head for matters calling every moment for remark, such as the 'blue flowering borage, the Aleppo sort, abounding, very nitrous;' but is still haunted with its strong interest, and muses on in a weird wonderment—

'The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice,
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in Myself;
Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of Mine;
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me who have died for thee!"
The madman saith, *he said so*: it is strange.'

[Most faithfully conceived; most tenderly felt; most beautifully expressed.]

[Mr. Browning is nowhere more at home than with the old painters and their pictures.] With more than the affection of a brother of the brush does he enter into their secret thoughts and hidden feelings, to tell us how life went with them hundreds of years ago, from the most unknown of them to the most famous. Their pictures are windows through which he sees into their souls, and can show us the colour of life's under-currents. His picture of 'Andrea del Sarto' is perfect] as anything of that painter's, who was called the 'Faultless.' Here we find the beating heart belonging to the face that looked out

on us so mournfully from a picture at the Manchester Art Treasures' Exhibition. Very perfect is the poet's interpretation of the well-known facts of the painter's love for a beautiful bad woman whose influence darkened his life, embittered his lot; dragged down the lifted hand, and broke the aspiring heart. We write with an engraving of one of Andrea del Sarto's pictures hanging in front of us. It is curious to read Mr. Browning's poem and look up at the woman who held the painter in her 'strong toils of grace.' It is a bold type of face, physically fine, but a heartless nature lies couchant in the sleepy beauty of those slow eyes:—

'But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!

Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
God and His glory! never care for gain.
The present by the future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Angelo—
Rafael is waiting. Up to God all three.'

Many of our quotations have been made merely to elucidate our meaning, by the way. The following stanzas are given for their own sake. The subject is a picture by Guercino—'The Guardian-Angel.' They will bear reading and re-reading until their fine fatherly tenderness and peaceful desire of a gentle heart are fully felt:—

'Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!

Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find performed thy special ministry,
And time come for departure, thou, suspending
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

'Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
From where thou standest now, to where I

^{gaze,}
And suddenly my head be covered o'er
With those wings, white above the child who prays

Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opens its door!

'I would not look up thither past thy head,
Because the door opens, like that child I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low

Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garments spread!

'If this was ever granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy healing
hands
Close covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain, which too much thought
expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy and supprest.

'How soon all worldly wrong would be re-
paired!

I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! all is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty,
What further may be sought for or declared?

Lastly, we have to speak of Mr. Browning as a great religious poet. We have had too many poets who were endowed with the sense of beauty, without the fitting reverence for the Creator of all beauty; and there is too great a divorce between our poetry and religion for us not to rejoice over a poet who possesses the clearest of all seeing faculties—religious faith. The poet's nature, of all others, most needs that high reverence which is to the spirit what iron is to the blood,—the very strength that prevents a relaxing of the moral fibre in the presence of beauty, and keeps the health sound. The poet's nature, of all others, most needs the revelation of Christianity, by virtue of its own peculiar temptations, doubts, and fears, obstinate questionings, and yearnings for the bosom of rest. Mr. Browning has this reverence, and accepts this revelation. He is not, like some poets, half ashamed to mention God or Christ, though he never takes the name of either in vain. Nor does he set up nature for a kind of Pantheistic worship. His poem of 'Christmas-Eve and Easter Day' is passionately alive with an intense desire for the most personal relationship, lowly of heart as it is lofty in awe. The text of the poem is, 'How hard is it to be a Christian.'

The poet has a tremendous dream. It is the Judgment-day. Through the black dome of the firmament

'Sudden there went,
Like horror and astonishment,
A fierce vindictive scribble of red
Quick flame across, as if one said
(The angry scribe of Judgment), "There—
Burn it!"'

And he stands 'found and fixed' in his choice. He has chosen the world. He tries to plead that it was so beautiful, so near—

'It was hard so soon
As in a short life to give up
Such beauty; I had put the cup

Undrained of half its fulness by;
But, to renounce it utterly,
That was too hard! *Nor did the cry
Which bade renounce it, touch my brain
Authentically deep and plain
Enough to make my lips let go.*
But Thou, who knowest all, dost know
Whether I was not, life's brief while,
*Endeavouring to reconcile
Those lips—too tardily, alas!
To letting the dear remnant pass,
One day—some drops of earthly good
Untasted!'*

A voice tells him he is welcome to the world he has chosen. It is

'Flung thee as freely as one rose
Out of a summer's opulence,
Over the Eden barrier whence
Thou art excluded. Knock in vain!
'Welcome so to rate

The arras-folds that variegate
The earth, God's antechamber, well!
The wise who waited there, could tell
By these, what royalties in store
Lay one step past the entrance-door.

His trust is gone from natural things; hence-
forth, then, he will turn to art, and there fix
his choice:—

'"Obtain it," said the voice.

The one form with its single act,
Which sculptors laboured to extract,
The one face painters tried to draw
With its one look, from throngs they saw!
And that perfection in the soul
These only hinted at.'

What then? Can the possibilities of the
soul and the promises of God be judged by
this?

'If such his soul's capacities,
Even while he trod the earth,—think, now,
What pomp in Buonarotti's brow,
With its new palace-brain, where dwells
Superb the soul!'

At length the pleading spirit gives up the
world, intellect, and art, and will choose
love; love of family, friends, country; dear
human love. He looks up for the approval
of the *form* standing at his side. But its
look is as the look of the headsman who
shoulders the axe to make an end. Love?
you trying to be a Christian, and asking for
love? when He so loved the world as to give
His own beloved Son to die for love!

'And I cowered deprecatingly—
"Thou Love of God! or let me die,
Or grant what shall seem heaven almost;
Let me not know that all is lost,
Tho' lost it be; leave me not tied
To this despair—this corpse-like bride!
Let that old life seem mine—no more—
With limitation as before,

With darkness, hunger, toil, distress:
 Be all the earth a wilderness!
 Only let me go on, go on,
 Still hoping ever and anon
 To reach one eve the better land!"
 Then did the Form expand, expand—
 I knew Him thro' the dread disguise,
 As the whole God within his eyes
 Embraced me.'

It seems to us that Mr. Browning has narrowly missed being the greatest poet living. But he has missed it, and Tennyson is crowned instead. Mr. Browning has the wider range, and grasps more, but he brings less home to us. So much of his poetry wants releasing from an over-pressure. The reader is called in to the help of the artist. He has immense fertility of fancy and infinite tenderness, rare intuition; and his thinking is vivid and logically sequent in its profoundest depths. But his works do not come so clearly golden from the mint as do those of Tennyson, nor are they so calm with that repose of beauty which is the perfect harmony of restrained strength. His earlier poetry, more especially, was so profuse in riches, so tumultuous with thronging materials, so dazzling with many glancing lights, that half as much might have been made to go twice as far. Or rather, he had so much genius, as has been said of some one's wit, that he needed as much again to govern it. In later poems the art is choicer, and chaster. He may yet surprise us as Tennyson did when he finished his Greek studies, ranged his statues in their beauty and their majesty, and turned to pour the whole of his new life into English moulds. Mr. Browning is two years younger than the Laureate, and it is not too late for him to get down nearer the roots of our English nature. He has lived long enough abroad, figuratively speaking; let him come home and dwell a while. The man who wrote that 'Scene in a Balcony' might have reproduced our Queen Elizabeth, of haughty visage and aching heart, surrounded with her chivalry. There are many characters in our history whose dim personality Mr. Browning might evoke from their shadowy realm to kindle with the breath and light of life. There are many unsung actions worthy of setting to inspiring ballad music, so that the recital of them should beget deeds as noble in other times to come, and new heroism be created for the future, by looking on such heroes in our pictures of the past.

We wish that Mr. Browning could be induced to look beyond the 'fit audience, though few;' we are confident that he can write such poems as shall bring his books home to many. Meanwhile, if we cannot

bring the mountain to Mahomet, it is a great pleasure to help a little in leading Mahomet to the mountain, and to bear witness that these books are worth knowing; for, with all their shortcomings, they constitute one of the most precious gifts that our time will receive from the hands of Poetry.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Rev. Richard Hurd, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester; with a Selection from his Correspondence and other unpublished Papers.* By the Rev. FRANCIS KILVERT, M.A., Editor of the *Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton.* London, 1860.

Nothing can be more marked than the various intellectual epochs in the history of the Church of England. From the Reformation to the present time,—from the homilies of Cranmer and Ridley to the sermons of Dr. Newman, or the notorious *Essays and Reviews*,—how many changes in religious thought and mental taste meet us! Every rise and fall of the national consciousness may be traced in the literature which has characterized and adorned the national Church. In an age of speculative and practical heroism, it is grave and solid in the weighty thoughtfulness and eloquent dignity of a Hooker; under the Stuarts, it is quaint, pedantic, and subtle in the sermons of Andrews and Donne, or mystical without spiritual elevation in the self-communings of Land; it is again rich, passionate, and majestic in the pages of Jeremy Taylor; clever, scornful, and shallow in those of South; and clear, formal, and didactic in those of Tillotson,—all answering to definite conditions of the national temperament, and marking epochs in the intellectual development and religious life of the country.

Throughout the eighteenth century, this correspondence between the general mental life of the time and the literature of the Church is peculiarly marked and prominent; and from an obvious cause. Hitherto the writings of the great English divines have formed a literature, but also something more. They have mirrored the national feeling in its course, but they have mirrored also the faith of ages. They have loyally transmitted the dogmas of the creeds. But in the eighteenth century the literature of the Church of England ceases to be dogmatic,—we had almost said it ceases to be religious. It is polemical, it is moral, it is critical, it is

philosophical, or pseudo-philosophical; but it has ceased to be positive, authoritative, and, in a word, evangelical in its utterance. The sermons have no longer a voice of authority. They are disquisitional, explanatory, or persuasive; but they have lost all the solemnity of Taylor, the vigour of Barrow, even the cold didactic emphasis of Tillotson. The age has, in fact, ceased to rest on the old and sure foundations of belief. These have been attacked and loosened, if not overturned; and the Church has been driven forth from its consecrated circle of faith to fight in the open field with enemies all around *pro aris et focis*. This has imparted a certain worldliness to the theological literature of the eighteenth century,—sharpening many of its argumentative weapons, and strengthening them to inflict keener wounds, but also soiling them with a harder usage and rougher contact.

The outbreak of what was called Free-thinking in England, after the Revolution, is a curious and instructive phenomenon. It was the first manifestation of the rationalistic movement, which was destined to overspread a great part of Europe in the following century. Why England should have been the home of this movement, and English Deism should have prepared the way for German rationalism, and, in a less degree, for French infidelity, it would take a long inquiry to explain. Beyond doubt, one of the causes of the movement was the natural reaction from fanaticism in the preceding age. The outburst of religious feeling in the seventeenth century was all the greater from the long suppression of this feeling under the arbitrary formalism of the Church; so the license of rationalism was called forth the more readily from the previous excesses of the emancipated spiritualism. In some quarters, the place of reason in religion had been altogether ignored; the spiritual and emotional elements had wholly displaced the intellectual; till, among various sects, and preeminently among the Quakers, piety had become an ecstasy, and worship merely an inward communion of the soul with God. Such an excitement of the religious feeling, in the nature of things, could not last. The degraded Reason soon began to regain its place; and not only so, but, by that natural process of reaction which the history of human opinion exhibits throughout its whole course, to re-acquire, in its turn, an undue ascendancy, and to expel, by way of revenge, the emotional and purely spiritual elements from religion altogether. Deism was the extreme expression of this reaction. It was the enthronement of Reason in the sense of the natural light, or understanding common to all men, as the only

source and arbiter of religious truth. The promoters of high spiritualism had at first entrenched themselves on the authority of Scripture, and drawn much of their earnestness from it; but the objective evidence of Scripture had been somewhat displaced by the very intensity of the spiritual forces which it had evoked. A tendency had appeared to substitute the inner light for the outward revelation; and it is obvious how naturally this inner and subjective light might pass into the self-asserting Reason or intellect. Opposite as Deism and Quakerism may seem in many of their characteristics, they have in reality a close affinity. In both, the individual soul is everything. The difference is, that in the one case the soul is recognised as the organ of special Divine communication; in the other case, it is recognised in its independent self-authority, as fitted in itself to know and explain the Divine. Practically, the result is usually very different; but the channel of religious impressions is the same in both cases. The very excess of the spiritualism of the Commonwealth, therefore, helped to evoke the rationalism of the Revolution.

Apart from this natural development of religious principle, the mere sway of the returning balance from the over-religious excitement of the preceding age, carried the national mind towards indifference, and then towards free-thinking. Men were wearied with the ferment of sects, and, in many cases, they connected delusion and imposture with their conflicting arguments and appeals. It was natural for them to think that the key to religious truth and peace must be in the very opposite quarter from that which had been productive of such lawless and wild disorders. What remained but Reason to guide and control men in the midst of all the disputatious religious confusion which had so long prevailed? Church authority had perished; it seemed hopeless to endeavour to raise it up, and place it anew on the pedestal from which it had been so violently cast down. Scriptural authority had been disparaged by the contradictory appeals of the most opposite sects, and the extreme interpretations to which it had been subjected. Reason urged her claims as an authority open to all,—intelligible by all. Her weakness, long since proved, her inconsistencies and contradictions, were forgotten; and men turned toward her as a rising luminary to enlighten and direct them.

This respect for what was considered Reason more than for Scripture, more than for Church, was of course, in its very nature, a power hostile to the established Christianity. The Deists, from Toland to Chubb and Mor-

gan, were men outside of the Church, who defied its doctrine, and sought to displace it by their own speculations. But the spirit of which they were the extreme representatives, also infused itself into the Church, and modified it in various degrees. It had begun to do so before the close of the seventeenth century. It formed the intellectual atmosphere of the age of the Revolution, and no phase of the national culture can be said wholly to have escaped it. The philosophy of Locke, the learning of Bentley, and the Christianity of Tillotson and Burnet, alike partake of it. It shows itself in the sermons of Barrow. All indicate a deference to the rights of intellect, all own a necessity of vindicating their peculiar views in the court of Reason, and apart from both tradition and authority, which mark a new development of the national thought. Any reader who turns from the study of a writer, even so intensely liberal as Milton in the preceding age, to the study of Barrow,* or of Locke, or of Tillotson, will be convinced of the truth of this observation. Amid all his liberalism, Milton, even in his anti-prelatical and political writings, moves in an atmosphere of authoritative dogma. His arguments are arguments, not merely in the face of reason, but in the face of prescriptions and authoritative data, that have a claim in themselves to intellectual assent and obedience. In Locke, all this has passed away: in Barrow and Tillotson, it can scarcely be traced. In all these writers, argument is a purely intellectual appeal. A doctrine claims to be accepted, not from authority, or from any right of prescription, but because it rests on sufficient grounds. The change is more marked than might be imagined, without special attention to the phenomenon.

This change continued to characterize the literature of the Church of England throughout the eighteenth century. All the great apologists of the earlier half of the century—Clarke, Butler, Berkeley, Warburton—show it in their writings in a remarkable degree. While standing forward in the defence of the faith, the weapons with which they make their defence are attuned to the spirit of the rationalism they encounter. They carry the cause of Christianity to the court of Reason, and shrink not from an open and unprotected pleading for it in that court. Different views have been held as to the extent of the concessions which this policy involved; in the judgment of many, these concessions were equivalent to the surrender of most important Gospel truth. But in their own estimation, they left the substance, at least,

* Barrow, although his death only dates three years later than Milton, belongs, as a writer, altogether to a later age.

of the Christian doctrine intact, and their great apologetic arguments were, beyond doubt, successful at that bar of Reason to which both sides and all parties of the time alike appealed; yet the purely intellectual character, we may say (using the word in its etymological sense), the rationalistic character of the arguments made use of, will not be disputed. It is impossible to study Samuel Clarke, or Butler, or Warburton, and not feel that they are more intellectualists than theologians, in the old devout sense of the word. They do not write as men within the consecrated circle of the creeds, resting with a high confidence on a background of authority which forbids questioning. They have voluntarily abandoned the old enclosure of Faith, and gone forth into the world of Reason to fight the battles of the Lord against the mighty. That in this process they lost something, it would be impossible to deny; but that they were more than a match for the champions of Reason, and nothing else than Reason, that they beat them at their own weapons in a fair encounter, there is no impartial student of the history of theological opinion can doubt. They may have soiled the simple purity of their cause in the struggle, but they remained victors on the field.

Consistently with the change we have described in the theological literature of the eighteenth century, its representatives are found more mixed up with the affairs of the world, its speculation, its literature, its manners, than in the preceding century. In great affairs of state perhaps they have less to do, because the times are quieter, and there is no need and no call for them in such a capacity. But in all that is going on in the world they are greatly interested, and cannot help being so, because there is nothing making more noise there than the inquiries and doubts afloat about Christianity. Questions as to the being of God, and the nature of revelation, and the validity of miracles and prophecy, were discussed everywhere—in the coffee-house, in the tavern, in drawing-rooms, in the Queen's closet. It was in the common talk of the day that Butler heard those objections which had so worked themselves into his intellectual conception of Christianity; and it was in the Queen's closet that he held many of the discussions which afterwards germinated into the Analogy. Yet neither Clarke nor Butler show the full development of this change. They are not dogmatic theologians; their tone is more speculative; their writings discover a wider horizon of observation, and a more general worldly philosophy than in the older divines, but the theological element is still prominent in them. In Berkeley and in Warburton, this element

is much less conspicuous. The divine disappears in the one case in the philosopher, in the other case in the literary polemic; and in the friend and biographer of Warburton—Bishop Hurd—the change may be said to be complete. Hurd, although bred exclusively for the Church (in this respect unlike Warburton), owing all that he was and became to the Church and Christianity, and cherishing the most loyal and proud respect for the former, was yet more than anything else, in his intellectual activity, the *litterateur* and moralist. The fusion of the common intellectual life of the country with theology, which had begun with the Latitudinarians in the end of the seventeenth century, and which the Deistic movement, by carrying theological discussion into the world, and making it the theme of the coffee-room, had greatly promoted, is seen in Hurd accomplished. He is the literary divine, still more than Warburton. Like Blair in Scotland, his theology is the theology of worldly sense and graceful literary expression. In this view he may be said to be a representative man in the Church of England. He marks a characteristic point in its intellectual progress.

Our attention has been called to the life and writings of this prelate, by the volume of memoirs which stands at the head of our article. Mr. Kilvert had previously given to the world the 'Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton,* forming a supplemental volume to an edition of his works. His interest in Warburton, as well as a more personal feeling, seems to have led him to his present task. It was impossible to investigate the papers of the former without coming everywhere across the presence of his friend and biographer, to the study and exhibition of whose character; moreover, Mr. Kilvert was prompted, as he tells us, by the impulse of the long-omitted duty of paying a deserved tribute to a distinguished relative, 'by rescuing his memory from neglect, and holding him forth, not as a faultless model, but as an example well worthy in many respects of the imitation of those placed in similar circumstances with himself.'

It cannot be said that Mr. Kilvert has succeeded in imparting any special interest to his volume. The materials are carefully collected, but they are not fashioned into any coherent outline or picture. The style is good, but very level, without any light, or any felicity of touch. In our few remarks, we shall avail ourselves of his pages, along

with other sources, to sketch Hurd, not exclusively, but as one of a group—Warburton, Balguy, and Mason the poet, who were his friends, and with whom he was in constant correspondence.

Hurd was the son of humble but very respectable parents, of whom he never speaks without great respect and reverence. According to his own statement, in certain brief memoranda of his life that he left behind him, he was the second of three children, all sons, of John and Hannah Hurd,—'plain, honest, and good people, who rented a considerable farm at Congreve, where he was born; but soon after removed to a larger at Penford, about half-way between Brewood and Wolverhampton, in the same county.' He was born on the 13th of January 1719—20. Writing to Warburton, thirty-four years afterwards, or in 1754, he commends, in very characteristic language, his 'excellent father and mother;' and Warburton's reply is perhaps still more characteristic. Both letters show how greatly things have changed in this, as in other matters, since the middle of last century. Scarcely any one now in the position of Hurd and Warburton would write as they did. The well-turned phrases of the one in commendation of his parents, and his begging pardon for troubling his great friend with 'this humble history,' and the undisguised flattery of the other, are alike obsolete. Men—prelates, we suppose, are not to be excepted—neither abuse nor flatter now as Warburton did. Think of this: 'Sir E. Littleton had told me great things of them (Hurd's parents); and from him I learned that virtue and good sense are hereditary amongst you, and are family qualities. And as to filial piety, I know it could not but crown all the rest of your admirable endowments. Pray make me acquainted with your good father and mother; tell them how sincerely I congratulate with them on the honour of such a son, and how much I share in their happiness on that head. Sir Edward often sees your elder brother, and speaks of him as the best companion he has,—indeed, in a very extraordinary manner of his abilities. Your other brother was, I was told, not long since among the trading towns of this neighbourhood, where he fell into company, at dinner, with some of our Somersetshire clergy, by whom he was much caressed on hearing to whom he was related.'

It is pleasant to turn from this high-flown relation of friendship to a genuine bit of nature, in a story told regarding this younger brother, so 'much caressed by the Somersetshire clergy.' He had contracted marriage, unknown to his parents, with 'a highly respectable young person, but in humble

* Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton: A Selection from his unpublished Papers. By the Rev. Francis Kilvert. London, 1841.

life, and of no great personal attractions.' Being on a visit to his parents, he was observed to be unusually silent and thoughtful, when his mother asked him, 'What ails thee, child?' The reply, in a faint voice, was, 'Mother, I've married.' 'Married!' cried the old lady, 'and where's thy wife?' (Reply, in a still fainter key), 'I left her in the cart-house.' 'Go,' rejoined his mother, 'and fetch her in directly.' The poor little woman, shivering with cold and anxiety, was accordingly introduced, and, to the credit of the parents, received a hearty welcome. The same 'plain, little woman' used, in after times, on her visits at Hartlebury Castle, to be led up by the bishop, with stately courtesy, to the head of his table, and, adds Mr. Kilvert characteristically, 'proved the only medium through which the family was continued.'

Hurd was educated at the grammar-school of Brewood. He appears to have been fortunate in his teachers, the memory of one of whom he has embalmed by a high encomium in the dedication to his *Horace*. The foundation of his classical scholarship was laid under this teacher, the Rev. William Budworth.* Very early in his fourteenth year he was admitted a Sizar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, although he did not go to reside till a year or two afterwards. Here he had the advantage, says his biographer, of being under a tutor—the Rev. Mr. Hubbard—'of great judgment, of the most punctilious regularity, and a popular preacher.' To these characteristics of the tutor may be traced some of the peculiarities of the future Bishop of Worcester. He took his bachelor's degree in 1738-9; and in the following year, at the age of twenty, we find him engaged in a long correspondence with a friend in Shropshire, the Rev. John Devey.

One of the chief topics of his correspondence is Dr. Delany's *Life of David*, which had just then appeared. The youthful graduate greatly admired it. 'It is,' he writes, 'a charming performance; if you have not seen it, I am sure it will please you;' but he is obliged to own to the justice of his friend's strictures, and his own 'bad taste and wrong judgment' in his hasty opinion. The *Life of David* was, of course, a favourite target for the sharpshooters of Deism, and more than one elaborate reply was made in the shape of *Lives of the great king of Israel*. Dr. Chandler's *Life* is probably better remembered than Dr. Delany's, which, if it may be judged from the specimens of its arguments contained in Hurd's letters, was more ingenious and dogmatic than intelligent and satisfactory.

In June 1742, Mr. Hurd was ordained deacon at St. Paul's, London, by Dr. Joseph Butler, then Bishop of Bristol, and received the temporary charge of Reymerston, a small rectory between Thetford and Norwich. Later in the same year he took his Master's degree, and was elected Fellow of his College, to which he returned in the following spring. Here he appears chiefly to have resided for the next three years. His mind was naturally interested in the keen religious controversies whose excitement still lingered, although their main heat was past. His first attempt at authorship shows the bent of his thoughts. It was entitled, 'Remarks on a late Book, entitled, An Enquiry into the rejection of Christian Miracles by the Heathen.' It is a short pamphlet, in which he criticises, in an ironical vein, the views advanced by the author, to the effect that the heathens had a low opinion of miracles, and that to this is to be ascribed their discredit of the Christian miracles. The raillery is here and there sufficiently pointed, but somewhat affected and obscure in the feebly emphatic manner characteristic of the time, and peculiarly characteristic of Hurd in all his writings. There is a conscious play of controversial skill in it, and an easy abundance of learning in the notes. The argument is not very weighty; but the book to which it was a reply does not seem to have called for anything more elaborate.

This slight publication was followed in 1749 by his well-known Commentary and Notes on Horace's *Art of Poetry*. This volume immediately established Hurd's reputation as a critic and *litterateur*. The opinion which he maintained, that the *Ars Poetica* was designed to be 'a criticism, in the form of the didactic epistle, on the Roman Drama in Horace's time,' had all the advantage of novelty; and there can be no doubt that Hurd showed great ingenuity in the maintenance of his opinion, while his notes are marked by a varied learning and refinement of critical observation. There is an excess, indeed, of this latter quality, both in this and his subsequent work (1751) on Horace's *Epistle to Augustus*. He is always on the search for hidden and elaborate relations of harmony or beauty. He is great in details. He can take to fragments, with the most formal nicety, the parts of a figure—as in his famous criticism of the allegory which opens Virgil's third *Georgic*, pronounced by Gibbon to be 'exquisitely fine'—and show their accurate adaptation, and the manner in which they conduce to form the complete image. But in the midst of all his formal and nicely balanced details and elaborate patchwork of criticism, one is not made to

* Nichol's *Lit. Anecdotes*, vol. iii., p. 332.

feel that he has any deep or comprehensive appreciation of his author, or that he is moved by any life of sympathy with him.

There can be no doubt, however, that his critical art was greatly admired in his day, and looked upon as something new and unexpected. The testimony of so competent a judge as Gibbon is decisive on this point. 'Mr. Hurd,' Gibbon says, 'is one of those valuable authors who cannot be read without improvement. To a great fund of well-digested learning he adds a clearness of judgment and a niceness of penetration capable of tracing things from their first principles, and observing their most minute differences. There are few writers more deserving of the great and prostituted name of critic.' At the same time he adds, 'His manner appears to me harsh and affected, and his style clouded with obscure metaphors, and needlessly perplexed with expressions exotic or technical.'

The following brief definition of pastoral poetry may be taken as a specimen of his critical powers. It is considered one of his happiest efforts:—'A solution exact and complete, and which leaves nothing wanting to give absolute and entire satisfaction to the mind.' It shows very well the capacity and limits of his critical hand, his formal neatness without freedom or range. 'The prodigious number of writings called pastoral, which have been current in all times and in all languages, shows there is something very taking in this poem. And no wonder, since it addresses itself to the leading principles of human nature, the love of ease, the love of beauty, and the moral sense,—such pieces as these being employed in representing to us the tranquillity, the innocence, and the scenery of the rural life.'

But the chief result to Hurd of the publication of his Commentary on the *Ars Poetica* was his introduction to Warburton, and the speedy friendship which ripened between them. He had complimented Warburton in the close of his introductory remarks to his Commentary. Warburton returned the compliment in a note to his edition of the 'Essay on Criticism.' It was impossible that two authors with such a discerning appreciation of each other's excellence should be long kept apart. Warburton was at this time in the very blush of his literary fame and dictatorship. The first volume of the 'Divine Legation of Moses' had appeared in 1738. In the following year he had collected and published his fugitive papers, which originally appeared in a periodical work entitled 'The Works of the Learned,' in defence of Pope's Essay on Man. He was in the full career of his combative energy, ready and zealous for a fight alike with infidels and bigots.

'Tis the sport to see the engineer]
Hoist with his own petar,'

he writes to a friend, in reference to some attack upon the first volume of the *Divine Legation*. 'If it was he, never was there a more execrable scoundrel, who calls down the secular arm upon me. Can I outlive it? If I do, it will be in mere spite to rub another volume of the *Divine Legation* in the noses of bigots and zealots.* A second volume accordingly appeared in 1741, and his critical and editorial labours in connexion with the works of Pope followed soon after. He then turned to his defence of the *Divine Legation*, and launched forth his 'Remarks on several Occasional Reflections,' in answer to Dr. Middleton, Dr. Poccocke, Dr. Richard Grey, and others. His famous edition of Shakspeare was added to his numerous literary labours in 1747; and a host of pamphlets followed up to 1749, when Hurd published his Commentary on the *Ars Poetica*. Warburton was at this time, accordingly, one of the most conspicuous men of his day in the literary and theological world. His paradoxes and outspokenness had raised a host of objectors and enemies, and he was more abused than any man. He seemed to rejoice in the abuse, and to toss it back with delight upon his foes. This very abuse was the means of attracting younger men like Hurd. He confesses as much in a letter written long afterwards to his friend. At first, he says, 'I heard little of your name and writings; and the little I did hear was not likely to encourage a young man that was under direction to inquire further after either. In the meantime I grew into the use of a little common sense. Still the clamours increased against you, and the appearance of your second volume opened many mouths. . . . The effect of all was, that I took the *Divine Legation* down with me into the country. I read the three volumes (books?)† at my leisure, and with the impression I shall never forget. I returned to college the winter following, not so properly your convert, as all over spleen and prejudice against your defamers. From that time I think I am to-date my friendship with you.'

There was something singular in the warmth and constancy of their friendship; for no two men could be in some respects more dissimilar than Hurd and Warburton,—'the one cold, cautious, and refined; the other warm, daring, and unguarded.' Hurd was all punctilio; decorum is stamped on every page of his writings. Warburton was all fire and fervour, without regard to the proprieties or

* Nichol's Lit. Anecdotes, v. 568.

† This took place, Hurd says, in 1741, when only one volume was published.

decencies of literary art. The same love of paradox, however, marks both,—the former in a more modest and limited degree, yet no less unmistakably. One who admired the Divine Legation as Hurd did, must, in fact, have had a great deal of the same wild ingenuity and logical inventiveness. In this, as in everything else, however, Hurd was more dignified and reserved. Although his judgment was not really sounder, it appeared to be sounder, from his being less adventurous and free in his disquisitions. While Warburton's sympathies ranged through every branch of literature, Hurd was delicate, and easily offended in 'his tastes. As one who knew both has said : * 'Hurd could read none but the best things. Warburton, on the contrary, when tired with controversy, would send to the circulating libraries for basketfuls of all the trash of the town, and could laugh by the hour at the absurdities he had glanced at. The learned world could never guess from whence the bishop obtained so many low anecdotes; for his conversation, as well as some of his letters, were complete comedy.' Another instance of contrast between the two bishops, is equally characteristic in its way : 'The one would have gone from Bath to Prior Park on a scrub pony; the other, when he went from Worcester to Bristol Hot Wells, was attended by twelve servants, not from ostentation, but, as he thought, necessary dignity annexed to his situation and character.'

It was to Warburton's good offices that Hurd owed his first promotion in the Church. On the recommendation of his friend, he was appointed by Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of London, to be Whitehall preacher, in May 1750. To the same friend was he indebted for his introduction to the hospitalities of Prior Park. Mr. Allen, of Prior Park, was the friend of Pope, and one of those men fortunately to be found in every age, who, without any pretensions to literature themselves, take a special delight in the encouragement of those who cultivate it. He was a man of 'plain good sense and the most benevolent temper,' who had risen to great consideration by his industry, and whose mind had 'enlarged with his fortune.' 'He is sincerer and plainer,' Pope says, 'than almost any man now in this world *antiquis moribus*.' His house, in so public a scene as that of Bath, was open to all men of rank and wealth, and especially to men of distinguished parts and learning, whom he honoured and encouraged; and whose respective merits he was enabled to appreciate by a natural discernment and superior good sense, rather than by any acquired

use and knowledge of letters. In a letter from Bath, November 12, 1741, Pope writes to Warburton, that the worthy host of Prior Park invites him to share his hospitality in the strongest terms : 'You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man can serve us. There is a library, and a gallery ninety feet long, to walk in; and a coach, whenever you would take the air with me.' Warburton embraced the invitation; and the result was, that a warm friendship was formed between him and the owner of Prior Park, which terminated a few years later, (1746) in Warburton's marriage to a favourite niece of Mr. Allen, through whom he afterwards inherited the place. In his turn, he invited his friend to share in the comforts of the same pleasant retreat; and from this time, adds Mr. Kilvert, Hurd 'continued to be a frequent visitor at that scene of elegant hospitality, where he enjoyed the best and most accomplished society, and secured in so great a degree the respect and affection of Mr. and Mrs. Allen, that he was engaged, by a promise, to perform the last offices of religion for them both, on their decease.'

It is pleasing to record the good deeds of such a worthy Mæcenas as Mr. Allen. More than Thræle was to Johnson, Allen appears to have been to Warburton, Pope, and others. Had not only gave good dinners as the latter did, but showed an unaffected kindness and excellence of character—'good sense in conjunction with the plainest manners;' and it is interesting to notice, that there were those who shared in Mr. Allen's kind hospitalities who had more need of them than either Pope, or Hurd, or Warburton. Hurd writes : 'I dined with him yesterday, where I met Mr. Fielding, a poor emaciated worn-out rake, whose gout and infirmities have got the better even of his buffoonery.' The glimpse of the great novelist is not a cheering one—we shall charitably hope that it is somewhat darkly coloured; it is at least gratifying to reflect that he had such a kind board as Mr. Allen's to turn to, when in want, as he not unfrequently was, of a dinner.

It is at this period of Hurd's life that we come across another of his friends, with whom he held a lengthened correspondence, and who was a man of some literary and theological fame in his day,—Dr. Thomas Balguy, author of one of the numerous answers to Hume, entitled 'The Divine Benevolence asserted against Ancient and Modern Sceptics.' Balguy was, according to Hurd, 'a person of extraordinary parts and extensive learning, indeed of universal knowledge; and, what is so precious in a man of letters, of the most exact judgment.' Dr. Parr also testifies to his

* Mr. Cradock—quoted by Mr. Kilvert, p. 127.

great ability,—his 'habits of the most exact and enlarged thinking, and solid learning.*' After Warburton, he appears to have been our author's most intimate friend and correspondent. It was at his suggestion that Dr. Balguy undertook to reply to the scepticism of Hume's Dialogues. 'I agree with you,' writes Hurd in 1779, 'in the detestation of Hume's Dialogues, but not in thinking that no notice is required of them.' On the contrary, I hold it fit, and even necessary, that they be confuted: and yet I know but one person that can do it to the purpose. I beg of you, my dear sir, to think seriously of this design. You understand the subject perfectly; and you have the art of representing, in few and clear words, what would set it in a just light.'

Balguy certainly possesses a clear, neat, and withal forcible style both of reasoning and of language. 'The Divine Benevolence asserted against Sceptics' is more the heads of an extended treatise, designed for subsequent expansion, than a complete treatise on the subject, worked out in its several parts. It is characterized, however, by great precision of thought and grasp of argument. There is no evasion of difficulties. On the contrary, they are strongly and prominently seized, and, perhaps, even in some cases unduly obtruded. 'It is your infirmity,' Hurd said to him, 'to see difficulties where there are none, or none insuperable.' This very characteristic, however, only gives force to his general reasoning; modesty on such a subject is strength: and if the 'Divine Benevolence Asserted' is not in all respects a satisfactory answer to the dark cavillings of Hume, this arises only from those inherent difficulties which make it so much more easy to start questions on such a subject than to answer them.

Long before this encounter of his friend with Hume, which did not take place till the dreaded sceptic no longer survived to defend himself, Hurd himself entered the lists against him. This he did, however, only at second-hand, Warburton being (under disguise) the real champion. He himself has told the story in his *Life of Warburton*; and Hume, in his autobiographical narrative, entitled 'My Own Life,' has also made allusion to it in a manner not very complimentary to Hurd. After the publication of Hume's *Essays* in 1749—a 'hash of stale notions,' according to Hurd—Warburton, who was at the time just sending his 'Julian' to press, thought of adding some strictures on the *Essays* to the volume. 'He was tempted to have a stroke

at Hume in parting.' But he was stopped with the query, 'Does he deserve notice? For if his own weight keeps him down, I should be sorry to contribute to his advancement to any place but the pillory.' Apparently he came to the conclusion that the *Essays* did not deserve his notice, for he did nothing further at the time. But on the appearance, eight years later (1757), of the *Natural History of Religion*, Warburton, 'provoked by its uncommon licentiousness,' entered on the margin of his copy, and on fly leaves attached to it, a series of criticisms. These he showed to Hurd; and it was agreed between them that they should be given to the public,—the latter adding what he thought fit, and embellishing the whole. 'If I have any force in the first rude beating out the mass, you are best able,' writes Warburton, 'to give it the elegance of form and splendour of polish.' Hurd, however, refrained his embellishing hand, and merely wrote a short introduction and conclusion to the 'Remarks on Hume's *Natural History of Religion*,' which appeared in 1787.

The performance is thoroughly Warburtonian throughout. Strong language is made too often to do the work of strong argument. Hume did not guess the secret of the authorship, but he detected the Warburtonian hand. 'I published at London,' he says, 'my *Natural History of Religion*, along with some other small pieces. Its public entry was rather obscure, except only that Dr. Hurd wrote against it, with all the illiberal petulance, arrogance, and scurrility which distinguish the Warburtonian school. This pamphlet gave me some consolation for the otherwise indifferent reception of my performance.' A hint here, perhaps, of a useful lesson! Neglect of his Treatise would have been far more painful to Hume than abuse was. In the case of such writings, beyond doubt, neglect is often the best policy,—the hardest argument. It is always better certainly, and more convincing, than abuse.

In the same year that the 'Remarks on Hume's *Natural History of Religion*' appeared, Hurd received from his college the presentation to the living of Thurcaston, in the county of Leicester. Here he settled, and devoted himself to the quiet studies so congenial to him. 'The situation is pleasant enough for the country, which, you know,' he writes to his old pupil, Sir Edward Littleton, 'is no paradise; the house good enough for a bishop, and in good repair; and the gardens, which to a bookish man, you know, is a matter of consequence, quite excellent. But what, above all, recommends this rectory to me, is, that it lies within a day's ride or so from my dear Sir Edward.

* Bishop Halifax's well known edition of Butler's *Analogy*, as some of our readers may remember, is dedicated to Dr. Balguy.

I have calculated the distance. It would be very possible in a long summer's day to dine at Catton, and lie at Teddesley.' Here it was that the elegiac compliments of Mason followed him :—

'Him who, graced by every liberal art
That might best shine among the learned
train,
Yet more excelled in morals and in heart,
Whose equal mind could see vain Fortune
shower
Her flimsy favours on the fawning crew,
While in low Thurcaston's sequestered
bower
She found him distant from promotion's view.'

It was here that Mr. Cradock, 'a classical scholar, an antiquary, a wit, a dramatist, and no mean performer in private theatrical,' visited him, to whose gossip pen we are indebted for some characteristic and rather piquant glimpses of his life. 'At my vacations,' he says, 'I paid him occasional visits, and recollect, the first time I accompanied him on a Sunday to his parish church, he, after service, asked me what was my opinion of the discourse. "You are to speak freely," said he. I told him that I thought it was good, but I did not consider it his own; for it rather appeared to me that it was given from a printed book. "You are right," replied he, "it was one of Bourdaloue's, and I had only the French volume before me, with many marks and alterations." He recommended the practice to his young friends as a good way of acquiring the language.' On one occasion he said to Mr. Cradock, 'I wish you had come sooner, for Mason has just left me. He got up very early this morning to plant these roses opposite, and otherwise decorate my grounds. He boasts that he knows exactly where every rose ought to be planted.' Hurd, adds our gossip, 'was a man of strict integrity, and very kind to those of whom he approved; but he was distant and lofty, and not at all admired by those who did not estimate him in a literary capacity. Indeed, he paid no attention to them; for, in one of his letters to Warburton, he made use of a common phrase of his: 'I am here perfectly quiet, for I have delightfully bad roads about me.' This is very characteristic; and the following instructions to his young friend on the eve of a visit to him are still more so: 'My young friend, we shall not reach you till after breakfast, and then you will give us, as usual, only a nice leg of your mutton, and some turnips, a roast fowl, and a plain pudding, or something only of that kind, as I do not eat anything but what is plain. I know you will expect me to drink the "University of Cambridge" in a bumper of your old hock. After tea we want to have another walk, and return

in the cool of the evening to Thurcaston. My young friend tells me he has adopted my tea rules from me. I like none so well as Twinning's Hyson, at seventeen shillings a pound! By choice I never take any other, and indeed I never find it affect my nerves. . . . I do not wish to meet the Rev. Dr. Parry; he is a good Hebraist, but he is devoted to some dignitaries who are the avowed antagonists of Bishop Warburton.'

Mason, whose strains commemorated his retirement to Thurcaston, and to whose fondness for rose-planting he alluded to Mr. Cradock, was the well-known author of 'The English Garden,' the biographer of Gray, and the correspondent of Walpole. Hurd and Mason were warm friends and correspondents. 'You who love me so well,' says Hurd in one of his letters. There was a tranquillity of temperament in both, and a love of formal elegance, which drew them together, and made them delight in each other's society. Both were fond of the leisure and quiet of the country; and notwithstanding his Warburtonian predilections, the same calm and over-refined, and somewhat affected spirit that breathes in 'The English Garden,' breathes in many of Hurd's writings. Mason's frequent correspondent, Walpole, it will be immediately seen, was far from sympathizing in the former's admiration and regard for Hurd's literary abilities.

Two years after his retirement to 'Thurcaston's sequestered bower,' he published his 'Moral and Political Dialogues.' As on the subject of criticism, so on the subject of dialogue, Hurd believed himself to have illustrated a new and more perfect literary method. As it was his boast in the former case, that he had, after the manner of his friend and master, Warburton, struck out a middle course between the analytic severity of Aristotle, and the panegyric admiration of Longinus, and the numberless tribe of commentators who had followed him; so, in the latter case, he supposed he had improved on the Dialogues of Shaftesbury, and Addison, and Berkeley, his immediate predecessors, by the substitution of real for fictitious characters as the spokesmen in his compositions. The change was virtually an anticipation of the 'Imaginary Conversations,' which an eminent writer of our own day has rendered so well known. Waller, Cowley, Sprat, Addison, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Bishop Burnet, are among the speakers that figure in Hurd's Dialogues. Cowley and Sprat, his biographer, discourse on the subject of 'Retirement,'—a topic naturally suggested to the quiet dweller in 'Thurcaston's sequestered bower;' Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Digby, and Mr. Addison, discourse on the 'Golden Age of

Elizabeth; and Bishop Burnet, Sir J. Maynard, and Mr. Somers on the 'Constitution of the English Government.' A pleasing vein of reflective moralizing runs through all the Dialogues, and there is much acute and intelligent discussion; yet there is certainly a want of life and reality in them, as we glance into them now. There is nothing to carry on the reader; there is an air of real conversation, and yet nowhere the interest of genuine talk. The speakers, although they are labelled Mr. Addison, Mr. Cowley, and Bishop Burnet, are not much better known to us at the end than at the beginning of the Dialogue. Walpole is unduly harsh in his glancing, hitting manner, yet he touches acutely the weaknesses of the Dialogues, as of Hurd's other writings. 'It is impossible not to own,' he writes to a clerical friend in 1760, the year after the publication of the 'Moral and Political Dialogues,' 'that Mr. Hurd has sense and great knowledge, but sure he is a most disagreeable writer! He loads his thoughts with so many words, and these couched in so hard a style, and so void of all veracity, that I have no patience to read him. In one point in the Dialogues you mention he is perfectly ridiculous. He takes infinite pains to make the world believe, upon his word, that they are the genuine productions of the speakers, and yet does not give himself the least trouble to counterfeit any one of them.' If Walpole failed to appreciate Hurd, the author of the Dialogues could see nothing in the *Castle of Otranto* but absurdity. It is amusing to look behind the veil of their private correspondence, and see how naturally each disliked the writings of the other. Writing to his friend Dr. Balguy, Hurd says of the *Castle of Otranto*, that 'the sort of composition, even according to his own idea of it, is an absurd one. 'Tis true he (the author) explains that idea in his preface most miserably.'

Two years later, Hurd published his 'Letters on Chivalry and Romance,' and a further 'Dialogue on Foreign Travel' in the following year. The 'Letters on Chivalry' formed an expansion of certain views enunciated in his Dialogue on the 'Golden Age of Elizabeth,' as to the happy results which had sprung from the system, and the spirit which it had fostered in modern society,—the 'galantry, generosity, and religion' associated with it. He compares the heroic and Gothic manners, and maintains the superiority of the latter over the former.

Notwithstanding that his friend Mason conceived him, in the retirement of Thurcaston, removed 'far from promotion's view,' the eye of preferment ere long sought him out. Hurd's, indeed, was not a genius to re-

main hidden in such a time. His quiet sense and decorum, and the conservative moderation of his opinions, notwithstanding his reputation as a Warburtonian, were exactly the qualities to commend him for promotion in the Church. His first step, however, from the rectory of Thurcaston, was due not to any public or royal influences, but to the friendly hand whose favour and help he had already experienced. In 1767, Warburton, now Bishop of Gloucester, appointed him his Archdeacon. This was followed in the next year by his appointment to open the lecture founded by Warburton for the illustration of the argument in favour of Christianity derived from prophecy. The twelve sermons which he delivered on this occasion were published a few years later, and may be said to form the most important contribution of our author to the theological literature of the time. His remaining three volumes of sermons, which he delivered as preacher at Lincoln's Inn, are of a general and practical character, and cannot be said to add anything to his merits as a theologian. His sermons on prophecy, along with his Episcopal charges, enable us to appreciate better than anything else his theological position in relation to the rationalistic unbelief of his time.

There is nothing, certainly, in either that stamps Hurd as a man of comprehensive thought, and of any special capacity to deal with the religious difficulties of his time. He has the same confidence, and something of the same love of paradox, as his great master Warburton, without his clearness and agility of conception, his varied and exuberant learning, and his flexible and forcible style. Whatever may be the unsoundness of Warburton's judgment, and the extravagances of his logical conceptions—which, that they might appear in all their prominence, he took a delight in exhibiting in syllogistic form—he was always, in direct reply, powerful. He hits with vigour. The philosophy of his defence may be exaggerated and poor, but there is no mistake about his direct and detailed attacks. He grapples with his adversaries, and throws them without ceremony. Hurd has none of Warburton's pith or vehemence. He is cold, moralizing, and didactic. He expresses great scorn for his adversaries—an intellectual contempt which they did not deserve, and which he certainly was not entitled to express; but behind this Warburtonian feature, there is little of that manly and vigorous intellectualism which Warburton never fails to exhibit, and which, if it does not excuse, yet harmonizes with, the bitterness of his scorn.

After the delivery of his lectures on prophecy, Gibbon addressed to Hurd an anonymous letter, setting forth the difficulties, as

old as the time of Porphyry, as to the authenticity of the Book of Daniel. The letter, whatever may be thought of its reasonings—and they have no particular strength or novelty—is sufficiently courteous and dignified. Although it opens in a bantering manner, the argument is serious and formal. There is but little to indicate the covert scoffing spirit so habitual to the author of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Hurd obviously had no idea from whom it proceeded; and it was only after the publication of Gibbon's posthumous works that he was known to be its author. The opening may serve to give a good idea of the state of public opinion on the subject of religion, although allowances must be made for some liveliness of exaggeration. 'Some months ago,' says the writer, 'it was reported that Dr. Hurd was preparing to expound the Apocalypse, and once more to prove the Pope to be Antichrist. The public were amazed. By the gay and by the busy world the very attempt was treated as an object of ridicule. Polite scholars lamented that you should be prevailed on to give up your more solid and liberal studies for such obscure and unprofitable researches. Your own brethren of the Church hinted that it would be far more prudent to observe a respectful silence with regard to those awful and invidious mysteries. A more than common share of merit was requisite to surmount such adverse prejudices.' He then proceeds to compliment Hurd on the success of his lectures in the face of such obstacles, the 'vastness of his plan, the harmony of the propositions, and the elegance of the ornaments,' notwithstanding 'a weakness in the foundations.' In his reply to the letter, Hurd preserves his usual quiet, didactic manner, and in some points makes a very effective answer; but in his comments afterwards, when he understood the authorship, he gives way to undue bitterness and violence of feeling. Admitting Gibbon's talents, he says, 'They were disgraced, and the fruit of them blasted, by a false taste of composition; that is, by a *raised, laboured, ostentatious style*; effort in writing being mistaken, as it commonly is, for energy, by a *perpetual affectation of wit, irony, and satire*, generally misapplied and always out of place, being wholly unsuited to the historic character.'

The sermons on prophecy themselves do not merit any particular notice. They present nothing new or striking in the way of argument. After clearing the subject from various false conceptions, he expounds the usual arguments from the predictions concerning the advent of Christ. He dwells at length, and with great particularity, on the prophecies concerning Antichrist, fixing upon

the Papacy, according to the common Protestant view, as exhibiting their fulfilment. The most interesting and useful sermons are, perhaps, those in the prophetic style, in which the characteristic distinctions of symbolical language are pointed out. The field of literary criticism was Hurd's strong ground; and here, more than in any breadth of historical comprehension or force of theological argument, he excels.

Following the period which we have now reached, Hurd's life was a continued course of promotion, and quiet and dignified prosperity. He was made Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry in 1775. In the following year he was called to be preceptor to the Prince of Wales. His life henceforth ran on in an even flow of episcopal duty and of court favour. The King is said to have taken immensely to him after his perusal of the dialogue on the 'Constitution of the English Government.' He continued, in the midst of his more public avocations, his warm interest in literature; and we get glimpses of his opinions of the current publications of the day in 'his' continued correspondence with Dr. Balguy. There is a curious interest in some of these opinions. Beattie is his favourite among Scottish authors, 'the best writer beyond comparison that Scotland has yet produced.' In this respect he shared his royal master's predilections. Hume is his detestation, the 'enemy of all godliness.' Robertson is spoken of with contempt. There is 'a deal of prate in his history, according to the Scotch way of writing history, and, indeed, everything else. His civility to Gibbon and Raynal make me suspect his religion to be of a piece with that of his friend Hume.' Ogden's Sermons are his delight, as, some of our readers may remember, they were the delight of Boswell. And he is 'entertained' by a forgotten book, on the 'Colonization of the Free States of Antiquity,' by William Barron, Professor of Logic and Belles Lettres in the University of St. Andrews. His friend Dr. Balguy shows, in some respects, a deeper appreciation. He has enough of philosophic acuteness and comprehension to see that Beattie is no philosopher; and while he undertakes the task of replying to Hume, he yet feels the difficulties of doing so more truly than Hurd.

In 1781 he was transferred from the bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry to that of Worcester, with which his name is more prominently identified. He immediately set about the repair of Hartlebury Castle, 'his noble episcopal residence,' and built a fine library attached to it for the accommodation of the books of Bishop Warburton; which he had purchased. It was here that, some

time after this, Professor Mainwaring, of Cambridge, paid him a visit, of which Mr. Cradock tells us rather a good story, illustrative of his somewhat captious and finical character. His peculiarities of disposition had no doubt grown with his worldly prosperity. Mainwaring was giving at dinner some account of the French emigrants he had seen in passing through Worcester, when his lordship suddenly exclaimed, laying down his knife and fork, 'Have I lived to hear the Lady Margaret's Professor of Cambridge call it *emigrant*?' The company was struck with astonishment when the professor coolly replied, 'My Lord, I am certainly aware that the *i* in the Latin of *emigro* is long, but modern usage—Nay, sir, if you come to modern usage, I can certainly say no more,' was the response of the startled dignitary.

Hurd's favour at court procured him, in 1788, on the death of Archbishop Cornwallis, the offer of the primacy. This he had the good sense to decline, as 'a charge not suited to his temper and talents, and much too heavy for him to sustain, especially in these times.' He no doubt consulted his happiness in every respect in thus declining further promotion. His tastes were simple—all his ambitions scholarly and literary—and his temper, as we have seen, peculiar and methodical; and however much he may have felt himself at leisure amid the decorous hospitalities of the court, he would have been fretted immeasurably by the many public duties of the primacy. His refusal was graciously received, and did not affect his familiar and happy relations with the King and Royal family. Madame D'Arblay, in her Diary, gives us some glimpses of these relations. 'On Christmas day, 1786,' she says, 'the prayers of the Chapel Royal were ended with a sermon by the Bishop of Worcester. The sermon was excellent—plain, simple, devout, instructive; written evidently for royal ears, yet carefully and without disguise levelling them on this holy occasion with other creatures of the dust. The Queen sent for the Bishop, and ordered him tea in the concert-room that he might be more at hand. He is, and justly, most high in her favour. In town she has his picture in her bed-room, and its companion is Mrs. Delany.' She continues her gossip in a not very reverend vein, although nothing is further from her thought than the slightest irreverence. 'Piety and goodness are so marked on his countenance, which is truly a fine one, that he has been named, and very justly, "the Beauty of holiness."'

In occasional visits to court to preach a Christmas sermon, in executing episcopal duties in his diocese, in calm literary leisure

and correspondence, the days of our good Bishop wore away. The only two events of prominence in his life from this time were the King's visit to him in the summer of 1788, and his publication of the *Life of Warburton*, in 1795. From Cheltenham, where they had been sojourning, the King and Queen arrived at Hartlebury on the 2d of August, and, after inspecting the castle, they breakfasted in the library, and gratified the loyal curiosity of the country people by walking on the raised terrace in the garden visible from the park.' On the Tuesday following the Bishop had the honour of receiving the royal party at his palace at Worcester, on which occasion the King was pleased to acknowledge graciously an address presented to him by the Bishop in the name of the clergy. 'During the stay of their majesties at the palace they set the good example of attending prayers in the chapel every morning, which were read by the Bishop.'

What appears to have been the last act of this really cordial friendship between George III. and his Bishop deserves a record. When, in 1803, all England was astir with the threatened invasion of Napoleon, Hurd placed one or both of his episcopal residences at the King's disposal, as affording a safe and suitable asylum for the royal family. The King replied to this kindly offer in the following characteristic letter:—

'MY DEAR GOOD BISHOP,—It has been thought by some of my friends that it will not be necessary to remove my family. Should I be under so painful a necessity, I do not know where I could place them with so much satisfaction to myself, and, under Providence, with so much security, as with yourself and my friends at Worcester. It does not appear probable that there will be any occasion for it, as I do not think that the unhappy man who threatens will dare to venture among us; neither do I wish you to make any preparation for us, but I thought it right to give you this information.—I remain, my dear good Bishop,

'GEORGE.'

The publication of his '*Discourse containing some account of the Life, Character, and Writings of Warburton*, by way of general preface to a new edition of his works in 1795, was Hurd's last literary production of any consequence. It gives an admiring and extended account of the life and literary labours of his distinguished friend. It is more of a didactic panegyric, however, or 'discourse,' as the author called it, than a life strictly speaking. Hurd's turn of mind, although it led him to delight in drawing formal outlines of character—of which his

Commonplace Book published along with Mr. Kilvert's Memoirs, shows many examples—was unfitted for collecting and detailing those minute anecdotes and scattered traits which give us the true picture of a man and of his times. Warburton's was a life and character eminently admitting of such illustration, from his numerous relations with public men of his day, and his polemical earnestness both in literature and theology. Hurd has accordingly failed in imparting to his work the interest of which it was capable; but he gives us, in his biographer's language, 'a masterly view of Bishop Warburton's character and writings, judicious in its sentiments, and graceful in its composition.'

A volume of letters between Warburton and himself were printed by him in the latter years of his life, and left for publication after his death. The reader would probably gather from these letters a livelier impression of Warburton's real character; of the vigour, flexibility, and playfulness of his mind, and impulsive honesty of his character, under all his argumentative rudeness; of the earnestness of his theological convictions and the vehemence of his literary sympathies and antipathies, than he would do from a perusal of Hurd's Discourse. The careless freedom of the master mind, throwing off his thoughts as they strike him, contrasts noticeably with the cool moralizing turn of his pupil and friend. Hurd was a Warburtonian, if warmth of friendship and identity of theological opinion made him one; but in temper and in character he had but little of the Warburtonian vehemence.

In the dignified and luxurious retirement of Hartlebury our prelate's life was prolonged till 1808, when he died, full of years and honours, in his 87th year. 'No final close could be easier,' writes his nephew. 'He expired in his sleep without a groan or a struggle.'

In person Bishop Hurd 'was below the middle size, of slight make, but well-proportioned; his features not marked, but regular and pleasing; and his whole aspect intelligent, thoughtful, and, in later life, venerable.' His portrait is eminently clerical; every feature marks the Bishop; episcopal dignity, formality, and condescension beam in his eye, and shine forth from his copious forehead, straight authoritative nose, and prim decisive mouth. Notwithstanding that his health is said never to have been strong, there is almost a rosy fulness in his countenance. A hale and prosperous self-importance sits upon it, and looks out with a conscious benignity from the enveloping wig.

Without being in the least a man of genius, or even of fresh and enduring intellectual vigour, Hurd was distinguished by clear penetration, methodical aptitude, and considerable literary skill. 'He had a peculiar bent for tracing moral effects to their causes, and much ingenuity in framing hypotheses to account for phenomena.' He was also gifted with discrimination of character, and power in seizing its prominent parts. He had the analytic imagination of the critic, without any of the vivid and creative power which colours and fashions into impressive shapes original conceptions. His analytic expository tendency amounted to a weakness. As we have already said, he took to pieces and theorized over the component parts of a fine passage or metaphor, instead of illuminating his subject with one ray of comprehensive insight. Johnson has dwelt hardly on this feature of his intellectual character. He has also hit, in his rough way, Hurd's minute precision as a critic. 'Sir, he's a word-picker,' was the emphatic remark to his faithful Boswell. Even his admiring biographer allows that he partook of the 'fastidiousness and over-refinement which characterized Gray, Mason, and others of the same school; neither can he be cleared from a share of that superciliousness which conscious talent is apt with some to engender, and of that arrogance and disposition to undervalue his opponents which drew so much odium upon Bishop Warburton.'

What will perhaps strike a modern reader most in his works is their want of interest. It is impossible any longer to read them save as a literary task. They mark an epoch in literary criticism, and in the eighteenth century theology of the Church of England. The school of formal rhetoric and of court theology are more markedly expressed in Hurd perhaps than in any other. The parallel at which we have already hinted strikes us as true. Very much what Hugh Blair was in Scotland, Hurd was in England. There are many points of resemblance between the two,—the same cold and formal elegance—the same over-analysis of the elements of literary composition—the same love for phrasing, hiding rather than expressing a clear meaning—the same finicalness, dignity, and professional grace. Had they been acquainted, which they do not seem to have been, they would have acknowledged each other's greatness. In both we see the appropriate expression of their time,—a time of narrow and meagre intellectualism—of polite, but formal and feeble, Christianity—of graceful sentimentalism—of literary activity without life or earnestness, or (with a few rare exceptions) enduring power. We have diffi-

culty in realizing a time so different from our own. But only on this account the more, perhaps, does it claim our attention, as it may reward our study. In the midst of our high pressure, our too subjective philosophy, theology, and literature, we may perhaps gather from the calm moralizing, and the cool objective, if shallow thought of Hurd and Blair, some useful cautions and corrective lessons.

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- ART. V.—1. *Railway Accidents: their Causes, and Means of Prevention: detailing particularly the various Contrivances which are in use, and have been proposed.* By Capt. MARK HUISH, Assoc. Inst. C.E. Edited by CHARLES MANBY, Sec. Inst. C.E. Lond., 1858.
2. *The Economy of Railways as a Means of Transit.* By BRAITHWAITE POOLE, Assoc. Inst. C.E. Lond., 1856.
3. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Accidents on Railways, with Minutes of Evidence.* Lond., 1858.
4. *Report on the Proceedings of the Board of Trade, relating to Railways in 1858.* By Capt. DOUGLAS GALTON, R.E. Lond., June 20, 1859.
5. *Report upon the Accidents which have occurred on Railways during the Year 1858.* By Capt. DOUGLAS GALTON, R.E. Lond., 1858.
6. *Reports upon certain Accidents on Railways in the Years 1860 and 1861.* Lond., 1860, 1861.
7. *On the Results of Trials of varieties of Iron Permanent Way.* By F. Fox, M. Inst. C.E. Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution, Feb. 19 and Feb. 26, 1861.

THE subject of railway accidents is one of universal interest. In every quarter of the globe where life is sacred, the history of railway disasters is perused like the pages of a romance, though the heart may recoil, and the blood curdle, under its fearful details. In all its forms, whether witnessed or described, death has an appalling aspect. Even amid the tenderest affections and the brightest hopes, the vital spark seldom departs with a smile. In the battle-field, death may be comely to the soldier's eye, even amid the agonies which make it welcome. When the earthquake swallows a village population in its yawning crevices, or when the foundering ship casts into the deep its freight of life, the suddenness and completeness of the cata-

strophe divest it of those phases of horror which are impressed upon excruciating and lingering deaths. We are awe-struck, indeed, with the magnitude of the disaster; but our tears are shed over the grave of earth or of coral in which our friends have been embalmed. It is different, however, with other catastrophes to which our physical being is exposed. When the Divine image is rudely marred, and the human form cruelly defaced, death presents itself in its most appalling aspect.

In the ordinary accidents to which the wayfaring traveller was exposed, the loss of life was numerically small, and, even in their worst form, they were but rarely marked with those tragical accompaniments which thrill through the human frame. The mail and the stage coach were never chargeable with many homicides, and a few dislocated joints, or broken limbs, or cerebral disturbances, were the principal crimes of which they were convicted. In our own day, however, when animal power has been replaced by tremendous forces, which hurry us on our journey with reckless speed, the traveller is subject to dangers greater in number and more severe in character than any to which he was formerly exposed. But numerous as these accidents are, the railway carriage is yet the safest and most luxurious conveyance. While the train is almost on the wing,—rivalling the eagle in its flight, rushing along the narrow embankment or the lofty viaduct, or above the precipice with the sea raging at its base,—the passengers are reclining on their easy couch, reading or writing, thinking, or sleeping, or dreaming, as if they were under their own roof-tree, and safer in many respects than there, for the highwayman cannot rob them by day, nor the burglar alarm them at night. The steam horse starts neither at the roar of the thunder-storm nor the flash of its light. In its race through the insalubrious marsh we reach the pure air before the poison has begun its work; and, with conductors around us, the timid traveller contemplates without alarm the forked messenger of destruction, when shivering the spire, or rending the oak, or raging above the fear-stricken dwellings of man.

This picture, however, has its counterpart. Gravitation will not cease, nor crime slumber, when trains go by. Boulders of stone descend upon the iron pathway. Trees are thrown across it by the storm. The self-murderer lies down upon it. The drunkard sleeps upon it. The cattle stray upon it, and the felon maliciously obstructs it. The plate-layer and the mechanist, too, may have erred in their work. The wheel and axle of the locomotive may be unsound in material.

The frost may unshackle the atoms of iron; and from one of these various causes, the train, in its rapid flight, may be thrown over a bridge, an embankment, or a viaduct, and its freight of life crushed under its fragments of wood or of iron.

More alarming still is the collision when opposing trains, like infuriated bulls, rush into the embrace of death,—carriage piled upon carriage, tearing in pieces or crushing to atoms the precious life which they bear—the mother with the infant at her breast—the father taking his children to school—the bridal pair hastening to their honeymoon—the long lost pilgrim in sight of his home—the soldier, the sailor, the civilian, speeding to their duties or their pleasures—all in the flush of life and hope,—swept to a cruel grave, unwarned and unprepared for the change.

A scene like this,—the carnage of peace more appalling than that of war, can never be forgotten. However rare its occurrence, and however small the risk to which the traveller is really exposed, yet the horrors of a railway accident rivet themselves in the imagination, and abate all the pleasures which the scenes through which he passes would have otherwise inspired.

Exposed to such dangers, and deprived almost by statute of other means of travel, the public are entitled to every possible protection, not only from the railway companies, but from the State itself. The subject has recently been brought before the Legislature, and the time has arrived when causes of railway accidents must be carefully investigated, and every means taken to prevent them which wealth can command or science devise.

In order to bring this subject fully before our readers, we must lay before them a brief account of the railway system in Great Britain and Ireland.

The following table shows the state of our railways from 1846 to 1859:—

Years.	Railway Acts.	Length of Line Authorized.	Amount authorized to be Raised.
		Miles.	
1846	270	4538	L.182,617,368
1847	190	1854	89,460,128
1848	85	871	15,274,287
1849	34	16	3,911,831
1850	34	8	4,115,632
1851	61	185	9,558,275
1852	51	244	4,888,834
1853	106	940	15,517,601
1854	71	482	9,211,602
1855	73	368	9,192,088
1856	59	322	5,784,426
1857	82	663	10,886,418
1858	78	828	6,884,705

Of the 328 miles authorized in 1858, 174 were in England and Wales, 73 in Scotland, and 81 in Ireland.

The total extent of line sanctioned by Parliament down to the beginning of 1859 amounted to 15,654 miles, 1610 of which have been abandoned. Powers have therefore been granted for 14,049 miles, of which 9506 were open at the beginning of 1859, and were thus distributed:

	Open on Jan. 1, 1859. Miles.	Authorized on Jan. 1, 1859. Miles.
England and Wales,	6976	10,106
Scotland,	1342	1,880
Ireland,	1188	2,063
Total	9506	14,049

The total amount of money actually raised by shares or on loan, to the beginning of 1859, was L.325,375,507.

It is interesting to observe the difference in the gauge of the railways in the three kingdoms.

In England, 5976 miles are constructed on the narrow gauge, 749 on the broad gauge, and 261 on the mixed gauge; while in Scotland all the lines are on the narrow gauge, and in Ireland all of them on the Irish gauge.

When the traffic is not very great, and especially when short lines are required through thinly-peopled districts, single lines of railway have been constructed, and have proved the most lucrative. Of these railways there are 3148 miles,—1897 in England, 498 in Scotland, and 753 in Ireland.

On the 30th June 1858, 9323 miles were open for traffic, and the number of persons employed on them amounted to 109,329, or 11.72 persons per mile.

The financial position of our railways is a subject of great interest. We have already seen that L.325,375,507 had been raised at January 1, 1859, which corresponds with an expenditure of L.34,243 per mile, of which there has been spent for Parliamentary and legal expenses, 6 per cent.; land and compensation, 18 per cent.; works, 66 per cent.; and rolling stock, 10 per cent.

It deserves special notice, that though the cost of railways in the United Kingdom has averaged L.34,243 per mile—namely, L.38,779 in England, L.27,532 in Scotland, and L.15,061 in Ireland—yet the average cost of lines for which Acts have been obtained since 1848 has been only L.10,500 per mile,—viz., L.12,600 in England, L.8,700 in Scotland, and L.6600 in Ireland!

The amount of money raised to the 1st January 1859 has been,—

		Interest per cent. payable.
By Ordinary Share Capital, L.181,837,781		3-06
By Preference Shares, 61,854,547		4-68
By Loans 81,688,179		4-63
<hr/>		
Total, L.325,375,507		3-75

The following was the state of the passenger traffic in 1857, compared with 1858, when the panic created a stagnation in trade :—

	Passengers.	No. conveyed per mile.
1857,	189,008,888	15,617
1858,	189,193,699	14,944

The receipts from passengers are—

		Receipts per mile.
1857, L.10,592,798		L.1191
1858, 10,376,809		1112

The following are the general results of the traffic :—

In England in 1858.

Passengers, 1st Class,	15,162,796
“ 2d “	86,199,873
“ 3d “ and Parliamentary	64,568,572
Holder of Periodical Tickets	26,216
<hr/>	
Total,	115,956,957

General Merchandise,	21,287,649 tons.
Minerals,	88,298,709 “
Cattle,	1,770,846
Sheep,	5,527,180
Pigs,	1,871,398

In Scotland in 1858.

Passengers, 1st Class,	1,988,821
“ 2d “	2,150,384
“ 3d “ and Parliamentary	10,647,854
Holder of Periodical Tickets,	6,959
<hr/>	
Total,	14,788,968

General Merchandise,	2,895,916 tons.
Minerals,	9,040,908 “
Cattle,	816,458
Sheep,	1,062,638
Pigs,	47,496

In Ireland in 1858.

Passengers, 1st Class,	1,155,767
“ 2d “	3,848,582
“ 3d “ and Parliamentary,	3,929,088
Holder of Periodical Tickets,	19,387
<hr/>	
Total,	8,447,774

General Merchandise,	1,071,055 tons.
Minerals,	180,064 “
Cattle,	286,001
Sheep,	388,892
Pigs,	639,725

In Great Britain and Ireland in 1858.

Passengers, 1st Class,	18,302,884
“ 2d “	41,693,289
“ 3d “ and Parliamentary,	79,145,464
Holder of Periodical Tickets,	52,562
<hr/>	
Total,	139,193,699

General Merchandise,	25,654,620 tons.
Minerals,	47,469,676 “
Cattle,	2,323,305
Sheep,	6,938,160
Pigs,	2,048,619

It is interesting to notice in the above table the small number of third class passengers in Ireland, and the large number of the second class, in reference to the whole, the two numbers being nearly equal; while in Scotland the *third* class passengers are very large, and *five* times more numerous than the *second* class. It is curious, also, to notice the large number of holders of periodical tickets in Ireland, namely, 19,387, while in 1857 they were only 9207!

In 1858, in Great Britain and Ireland, the receipts from all sources, and the working expenses, were as follows :—

Passengers, 1st Class,	L.3,002,838
“ 2d “	3,527,377
“ 3d “	8,616,192
Miscellaneous, Parcels, Luggage, Horses, etc.,	1,551,497
<hr/>	
Total of Passenger Receipts,	L.11,697,904

General Merchandise,	7,711,386 tons.
Minerals,	4,046,061 “
Live Stock,	501,398

Total from all Sources,	L.23,956,749
Total Working Expenses,	11,738,807
Ratio of Working Expenses to Receipts, 49 to 100.	

The following are the average receipts :—

No. of Passengers, 1s. 5d.	Goods per ton. 6s. 2d.	Minerals per ton. 1s. 8d.	Cattle, Sheep, etc., per head. 1s.
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It is a remarkable fact, that though the length of railways in the United Kingdom had increased by above 400 miles, the receipts were less in 1858 than 1857 by L.219,861, and the working expenses 49 per cent. of the receipts instead of 47 per cent. as in 1857. In several of the railways, however, both in England and Scotland, the traffic had materially improved in 1859.

Having thus given a general idea of the work done upon the railways of the United Kingdom, we come now to treat of the number, the nature, and the causes of the accidents

on railways, and of the best means by which they may be prevented or diminished. The following table contains the total number of accidents to passengers, from causes beyond their own control, between January 1, 1850, and June 30, 1858:—

	Passengers.		No. of Passengers.	Proportion to No. of Passengers.	
	Killed.	Injured.		Killed.	Injured.
England,	114	2496	756,060,598	1 in 6,632,110	1 in 802,909
Scotland,	10	301	105,995,167	1 in 10,599,516	1 in 852,143
Ireland,	18	33	58,106,157	1 in 2,228,119	1 in 1,760,792
Total,	142	2830	920,161,922	1 in 6,480,018	1 in 925,222

It is interesting to observe that the safety of passengers is not very far from *twice* as great in Scotland as in England, and *five* times as great in Scotland as in Ireland.

The two following tables contain the classes of persons to whom accidents happened, and the numbers killed and injured in 1858:

PASSENGERS.	ENGLAND.		SCOTLAND.		IRELAND.		Total on all Railways.	
	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
Killed or Injured from causes beyond their own control,	25	386	1	23	—	10	26	419
Do. from own conduct or want of caution,	21	13	2	1	2	4	25	18
Total,	46	399	3	24	2	14	51	437

In the following table is given the number of *Servants* of the companies or contractors, and others who have been killed or injured from various causes in 1858:

PASSENGERS.	ENGLAND.		SCOTLAND.		IRELAND.		Total on all Railways.	
	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
From causes beyond their control,	10	47	6	1	1	4	17	52
From misconduct or want of caution,	71	31	30	11	13	7	114	49
At level crossings,	17	4	1	—	3	1	21	5
Trespassers,	46	8	10	1	6	2	62	11
Suicide,	4	—	1	—	—	—	5	—
Miscellaneous,	5	—	—	1	1	1	6	2
Total of Servants and Passengers, .	199	489	51	38	26	29	276	55
No. of Passengers conveyed, . . .	115,956,957		14,788,968		8,447,774		139,193,699	

Hence it appears that 1 passenger only has been killed in every 5,353,603, while in the 8½ years from 1850 to the middle of 1858, 1 was killed in every 6,480,013 passengers, showing that the security to life has diminished in 1858. In like manner, in 1858, 1 was injured in every 332,204 passengers, while in the period of 8½ years, 1 was injured in every 325,222, showing that the security against injury has been diminished in 1858.

The next step of our inquiry is to ascertain the causes of these accidents, and their relative influences. In Captain Galton's Report for 1858, the accidents during that year are divided into *two* classes—

- I. Accidents appertaining to the Rolling Stock of Roads.
- II. Accidents appertaining to the Management.

I. From Rolling Stock and Road.

	Persons	
	Killed.	Injured.
1. From Engines or Carriages getting off the Rails,	6	29
2. Fracture of Axles, Tyres of Engines or Carriages,	3	30
3. From Explosion of Boilers,	6	16
II. Appertaining to Management.		
4. Collisions from Trains following each other on the same Line of Rails,	17	217
5. Collisions from Trains and Engines following on the same Line of Rails,	—	44
6. Collisions from Waggons or Carriages moving back on a Line of Rails, and following a Train or meeting a Train approaching in an opposite direction,	—	9
7. Collisions from Shunting at Stations, Sidings, or Platforms	1	68

8. Accidents near Stations at Facing Points,	3	11
9. Collisions at Junctions,	4	29
10. Collisions on single Lines, between Trains meeting in opposite directions,	—	1
11. Accidents at Level Crossings,	4	2
12. Persons in Trains struck against Standing Works,	4	1
13. Accidents from Trains entering Stations at too high a speed,	3	18
14. From Miscellaneous Causes,	8	2
Total,	54	477

It is of importance to know how often these different causes of accidents occur, as the number of persons killed or injured is no indication of the danger arising from any cause of accident, since there may be a larger number of sufferers from a single operation of the cause. The recent return for 1860 enables us to do this:—

Number of Accidents to Trains, and Number of the Sufferers from them, in 1860.

	No. of Accidents.	Passengers.		Servants of Companies.	
		Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
I. Passenger Trains.					
Collisions between Passenger Trains,	12	12	191	—	6
Collisions between do., and other Trains or Engines,	33	10	216	3	18
Trains running into Sidings, or off the Line, and running against other Trains or Works,	2	—	3	—	3
Trains or portion getting off the Line,	11	1	25	1	9
Axles or Wheels of Carriages breaking,	2	—	—	—	—
Axles or Wheels of Engine breaking, &c.,	2	5	18	4	—
Couplings or Springs breaking,	1	—	—	—	—
Trains running too quickly into Stations,	1	—	15	—	—
Trains in Collision with Gates or Carts at Level Crossings,	2	—	1	—	—
Total to Passenger Trains,	68	29	479	8	36
II. Goods Trains.					
Collisions between Goods Trains or Single Engines,	1	—	—	2	3
Goods Trains getting off the Rail,	2	—	—	3	3
Axles or Wheels breaking,	2	—	—	—	—
Bursting of Boilers,	1	—	—	1	1
Total to Goods Trains,	6	—	—	6	7
Total to All Trains,	74	35	479	14	43

In 1860, therefore, the total number of persons killed was 49, and 52 injured.

Having thus obtained an accurate knowledge of the number, nature, and causes of railway accidents, we proceed to consider the means which have been taken, and which remain to be taken, for preventing them.

The attention of the Legislature was long

ago turned to this important subject, and the Board of Trade was empowered to inspect every railway before it was opened, and to require that every arrangement should be made necessary for the safety of the public. They received, also, by the Act 3 and 4 Vict., the power of inspecting railways at any time they chose. The Board has no

other power, not even that of inquiring into accidents, and examining the servants of the companies. Since 1840, however, they have assumed this power, and the railway companies have never objected to the exercise of it. Lord Campbell's Act, for making companies liable in a pecuniary penalty in the cases of fatal accidents to passengers,—the liability of railway officers at common law for the consequences of any breach of regulation, and of the companies themselves for every injury done to passengers in which neglect of any kind can be traced to the directors, have made it the vital interest of every company to prevent accidents on their line. The extreme difficulty of discovering the true causes of accidents, and the interest which the companies and their responsible servants have in concealing what may be the true cause, have, in many cases, prevented sufferers from receiving compensation. But it will appear from the following list of compensations, that large sums have been paid by several of the leading railway companies, either by the verdict of a jury, by arbitration, or by private agreement.

Sums Paid during Ten Years from Jan. 1, 1848, to Jan. 1, 1858.

London and North-Western,	£60,574
London, Brighton, and South Coast,	44,316
South-Eastern,	77,331
Great Western,	19,909
Great Northern,	20,230
Lancashire and Yorkshire,	35,487
Eastern Counties,	46,524
East Lancashire,	8,325
Caledonian,	18,891
Chester and Holyhead,	8,179
Great Southern and Western,	25,311
Lancaster and Carlisle,	2,557
Midland,	21,867
North-Eastern,	48,989

£424,190

As these returns are only from some railways, *half a million* of money will not nearly represent the losses sustained by all the railway companies of the kingdom, from the accidents that have taken place on their lines. It was stated, indeed, by Mr. Bentinck in Parliament, that a million of money will hardly cover the losses thus incurred.

Towards the end of 1857, when several fatal collisions had taken place, the attention of the House of Commons was called to the subject, and a "Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the causes of railway accidents, and into the possibility of removing any such causes by further legislation." Mr. G. W. P. Bentinck, M.P. for the Western Division of Norfolk, was chairman of the committee, which consisted of *eleven* mem-

bers, a majority of whom—namely, *six*—were directly connected with railway companies. Their report was presented to Parliament in June 1858, and has acquired new interest from its having been recently the subject of discussion in the House of Commons. After examining officers of the Board of Trade, eminent engineers, directors, and other officials of railway companies, they reported:—

1. That railway accidents may be classified under three heads—*inattention of servants*; *defective material* in the works or rolling stock; and *excessive speed*.

2. That the carelessness of the men employed, and the insufficiency of material, can be best checked by the companies themselves. That, from the serious losses incurred by any accident, it was sufficiently the interest of the companies to pay minute attention to these points; but as cases had occurred in which these points had been neglected by the companies, the Board of Trade should be invested with the fullest powers to investigate and report to Parliament upon every accident.

3. That a rate of speed, considerably in excess of what is considered safe by the great majority of the witnesses, is sometimes attained on many of the lines.

4. That this speed has arisen chiefly from the want of *strict* punctuality in the departure and arrival of trains, leading to an excess of speed to make up for lost time.

5. That the Legislature should not interfere 'on the question of the extreme speed at which trains should travel;' but that perfect regularity in the time of departure and arrival might be attained by legislative interference, to the extent of allowing the public means of obtaining prompt and cheap redress in the recovery of penalties for want of punctuality.

6. That it should be made imperative on railway companies to advertise a sufficient time beforehand the exact hour of departure and arrival at each station.

7. That it should be imperative to establish a necessary communication between guards and engine-drivers.

8. That it may be advisable to enforce a system of telegraphic communication, and enact that no trains should depart till the line is ascertained to be clear.

9. That, as the largest proportion of accidents arise from collision, a system of telegraphic communication would be a most effective means of preventing them.

10. That arrangements about night-signals, breaks, and other precautions, should be left in the hands of the railway authorities.

11. That it is incumbent on the Railway Board to apply to Parliament for further

powers to carry out the above recommendations, *which would tend greatly to diminish railway accidents.*

Although this report was published nearly *three* years ago, no measures were adopted to carry its recommendations into effect; but in the latter half of 1860, the occurrence of no fewer than 46 accidents, by which 32 persons were killed and 383* injured, roused the sympathy of the public, and, we believe, induced Mr. Bentinck to bring the matter before the House of Commons. He accordingly, on the 12th of March, moved a resolution that the Government should enforce the adoption by all railway companies of those precautions against accidents, which, by the general testimony of railway officials, were shown to be desirable. The subject, strange to say, excited little interest; and the opposition of Mr. Milner Gibson, the President of the Board of Trade, and of various railway officials and shareholders, induced† Mr. Bentinck to withdraw his resolution.

The two points urged during the discussion were, that it would be inexpedient to relieve railway companies of their present liability by legislative interference, and that, though many means of security were necessary, the Board of Trade could not decide upon the proper measures, such as the best mode of intercommunication, and the House should not settle by enactment what these measures of precaution should be.

With all respect for our legislators and railway directors, we venture to say that we have never read anything so puerile and illogical as the objections made to Mr. Bentinck's resolution. The adoption of that resolution could not have the remotest tendency to relieve the railway companies of their responsibility. Supposing, for example, that the Board of Trade ordered every company to establish an intercommunication between the guard and driver, and the guard and each carriage, and that this was done by calling into exercise all the mechanical science of the country, how could such a measure, when carried into effect, throw the responsibility from the company upon the Board of Trade? If accidents were occasioned by this contrivance, the Government might be held morally responsible, just as they are for all their mea-

asures; but if lives are saved by it, as it is admitted they must be, there can be no other responsibility than that which must fall upon the company if the machinery is ill constructed or negligently worked. The Board of Trade at present will not allow a railway to be opened without the authority of their inspectors. Should an accident happen upon the opening of the line from the imperfection of the permanent way, or the instability of a bridge or a viaduct, the company would still be liable for the consequences, even though the Government officials had failed in their duty. The Government, in short, could give all their influence and assistance to the directors as their friends, as well as the friends of the public, and renounce all responsibility for their arrangements. In foreign countries, where the Government regulates everything, the responsibility of the companies is in no respect diminished. Acting under the highest scientific advice, for which railway directors seldom apply, the Government imposes regulations which are as beneficial to the company as they are to the public. Whether the Government interferes partially, as ours does, or completely, as foreign Governments do, the railway companies are bound, and not the Government, to convey passengers with safety, to employ sound materials, to engage the best mechanists, to have a sufficient number of the best servants, and to use every reasonable precaution; and we can hardly conceive by what dictate of common sense, or what principle of law, the responsibility of an accident could be thrown upon the Government.

We had hoped that the press would have taken up this subject, and stimulated the Government to extend and render legal the powers over railways which it has already so wisely assumed; but we have been greatly disappointed. The railway atmosphere is so widely diffused, breathing almost into every household, that, we presume, the press is not placed beyond its limits. It would be in vain to argue with a writer who, while he admits that 'under Mr. Bentinck's system the railway companies would be less able to evade certain specified duties,' gravely maintains '*that they would escape altogether from the responsibility which now covers all duties!*'* 'It is incorrect to say,' observes a writer in the *Times* in reply to these statements, 'that these regulations (those of Mr. Bentinck) would lessen the responsibility of railway companies. Railways cannot be opened till a Government inspector gives his sanction. Does this involve responsibility? The Board of Trade, it is well known, licenses passenger

* Of this number, 20 were killed and 73 injured in the course of *ten weeks* by two collisions,—one on the 4th September on the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the other on the London and North-Western on the 16th November.

† It was stated by Mr. Baillie that the proportion of railway accidents in England to those in Germany was as 9 to 1, and to those in France as 7 to 1,—a result which could arise only from the surveillance of their Governments.

vessels even on the Thames. It gives certificates of competence to all masters and mates of ships, yet accepts no special responsibility in doing so. Does not all government imply the existence of rules or laws which increase rather than lessen the responsibility of those for whose guidance they are made? Sooner or later, some such plan must be adopted. The sooner the better, the less will be the sacrifice of life and property, the less grave the responsibility of those who have the power to act, but who hesitate to make an effort. Nothing less than a wholesome supervision will prevent railway directors sacrificing everything to a mistaken parsimony, which, while it adds a few pounds to dividends, brings anguish to the hearts and homes of many.*

We have already stated that the Select Committee of the House of Commons classify railway accidents under the three heads of inattention of servants, excessive speed, and defective material. We shall enumerate them differently, with a view of suggesting how each source of danger may be diminished or prevented. Railway accidents arise from the following causes:—

1. The condition of the permanent way.
2. Excessive speed.
3. Want of punctuality in the despatch and arrival of trains.
4. Want of a perfect telegraphic system.
5. Defective material.
6. Defective mechanism.
7. Want of intercommunication between the guard and driver, and between the passengers and driver.
8. Obstructions on the line.
9. Inattention of servants.

1. On the Condition of the Permanent Way.

An excellent and well-kept road, whether for ordinary or railway carriages, is the source of all safety for travellers. In railway travelling it is pre-eminently necessary, and we do not scruple to say that the best form of a railway line has not yet been ascertained. The first element in the inquiry is, the breadth of gauge, or the distance between the iron rails. Narrow gauges are clearly less safe than broad ones; and in reference to the risk of going off the line and being overturned, the safety must increase with the breadth of gauge. We presume that the broad gauge, used on the Great Western, is regarded as the widest that it would be convenient to adopt, though we think this is a point on which science, guided by experience, has not given its decision.

With regard to the nature of the line, it cannot be doubted that an absolutely rectilinear railway is the safest and the most economical, and that every deviation is a source of danger, and might in many cases be avoided. In passing stations especially, and sidings, where obstructions are most likely to occur, a straight path is essentially necessary; and wherever it has been found expedient, from economy or any other cause, to alter the direction or introduce a curve, a change should, if possible, be made.

The form and condition of the iron rails is the next point of interest. Sufficient attention has not been given to this fundamental question. A smooth continuous way is absolutely necessary for the economy of the rolling stock, and the comfort and safety of the passenger. Rails of superior weight and strength are required to bear the impact of monster locomotives at high speed, and the heavy merchandise which now passes over them. When contracting for rails for Egypt, Mr. R. Stephenson adopted the test fixed by the Sardinian engineers,—namely, to let fall, from a height of 16 feet, a weight of from 2 to 3 cwt.,—a process better fitted to discover defective rails than subjecting them to a still weight. Under this test only one or two of the Egyptian rails failed. Rails laminate, split, and bend, and transverse fractures are of frequent occurrence; so that, as Captain Huish observes, it is difficult to maintain the gauge of the line under present weights. In the Lyons Railway, where 27 fractures of rails, and 1200 fractures of chairs, had taken place from 1849 to 1854, the company adopted the following mode of testing them. The rails were divided into lots, each lot being the result of several days' manufacture, and the chairs into lots, being the result of one casting. About 1 per cent. of both rails and chairs were then selected; and if they did not bear the appointed test, the lot to which the imperfect rail and chairs belonged was rejected. Numerous fractures of rails, which occurred on the main line of the Eastern French Railway in 1852, were ascribed to inequalities in the wheels of the engines and tenders; and in the Nanteuil tunnel, where they were constantly occurring, they were rendered much less numerous by adding a fifth sleeper.

Several varieties of a continuous rolled iron permanent way have been recently and carefully tried in England, but they have been condemned by the most eminent engineers. Transverse sleepers are now preferred to longitudinal timber, and the steeling of the rails has been found to increase their durability.

As many accidents have taken place at level crossings and sidings, these peculiarities

* *Times*, March 21, p. 7.

should, as far as possible, be avoided. On the London and North-Western Railway, 53 miles of siding were added within a few years; but fortunately the *facing points* have been greatly increased in number.*

In order to supersede the personal attendance of pointsmen, self-acting switches have been introduced; but though they are allowed to be useful, it is said that many accidents have arisen from a reliance upon them. Captain Huish has denounced as dangerous all mechanical contrivances for superseding personal inspection and manipulation; but it is surely possible to make the one auxiliary to the other,—to cause the switches to act only in the necessary absence of the pointsman.

It is obvious from these considerations, that the sound condition of the permanent way is essential to the safety of the traveller. Almost all accidents arising from the trains going off the line, have arisen from defects or obstructions on the line; and though Captain Huish has stated 'that fewer accidents to life and property arise from the road than from any other cause,' yet Captain Galton assures us that out of 41 accidents that happened in 1857, 21 were from the trains going off the rails, and only 20 from collisions.*

Under these circumstances it can hardly be doubted that, while the Board of Trade is bound to inspect the permanent way before any line is opened, and have the power, which they do not exercise, of inspecting it at any other time, they ought to make periodical inspections of every line in the kingdom, and take care that the poverty of particular lines, and the ill-judged economy of others, are not inducements to neglect repairs and improvements which the public safety demands. Nor is the daily inspection of the line less important, owing to great and sudden changes of weather and other causes; but this of course can be done only by the railway servants, as in France, where the divisional inspectors examine the condition of the whole length of the rails *every morning* before they commence their occupations, and report this examination of the rails *every evening*. This periodical inspection of the permanent way ought certainly to be imposed by statute on the Board of Trade, and its inspection twice a-day by the railway officers, the responsibility necessarily remaining with the company.

2. Excessive Speed as a Cause of Accidents.

There can be no doubt that excessive speed is a fertile cause of accidents. In express

* It was suggested by Mr. W. B. Adams, in order to keep the permanent way in safe condition for passengers, that a separate roadway should be formed for merchandise traffic.

trains, where very high speed is the rule, the best carriages, the best locomotives, and the best machinery of every kind, is used; and as every functionary is on the alert, and the line more carefully cleared and watched, these trains are perhaps the safest, notwithstanding the greatness of their speed. Still, however, excessive speed is dangerous, even when it is the rule upon any line. Almost all the evidence taken before the Select Committee proves this. The greater the speed, the greater is the risk of collision. High speed also increases the 'strain upon the material, and upon all those parts that may be defective, although not outwardly so;' and it increases the tendency of the train to go off the line. It gives 'less time for pulling up, and seeing signals;' and 'in certain states of the atmosphere, when the signals cannot be clearly distinguished, it increases the danger.' Some engineers think that 35 miles an hour is a safe speed, though the general opinion is that 40 or 45 miles should be the limit.

If a high regulated speed is a cause of accident, how dangerous must excessive speed be when it is not the rule, but adopted in order to make up for time lost from detention during the journey, or from want of punctuality in the dispatch of trains! This is frequently done when, 'with a heavy load and a deficiency of steam power, the trains are compelled to travel slowly up an incline.' They are 'then obliged to run down the next incline, and over level places with curves, at a greater speed,' and thus expose the passengers to serious dangers.

It has been objected to the limitation of speed, 'that the absence of any restrictive enactment has led to improvements in the rolling stock and permanent way, which have made it as safe to travel at the rate of 50 miles an hour as it was formerly at the rate of 30;' but admitting this to be true, we have surely now arrived at a velocity sufficient for all social purposes, and may well permit the Government to say, that additional speed can be neither beneficial to railway companies nor to the public.

Taking these facts into consideration, eminent engineers are of opinion that Government should fix a limit of speed, and enforce punctuality in the dispatch and arrival of trains,—the responsibility, of course, arising out of the interference, remaining with the company.

3. Punctuality in the Dispatch and Arrival of Trains.

That punctuality in the dispatch of trains is an essential element of safe travelling, was admitted by every witness before the Select Committee. The excessive speed, and its

attendant accidents, are the necessary results of irregularity in the times of the trains; and Captain Huish remarks that, 'whenever an accident occurs, the press and public opinion, expressed through a jury, seize on this point as the primary cause of the mischief.' He thinks, however, that, 'an undue stress has been attached to a rigid adherence to punctuality;' and he is of opinion that, under a well-regulated system of signals, and with a well-disciplined staff, *the greatest irregularity*, whatever inconvenience it may produce, *ought not* to lead to danger. He illustrates this by the arrangements made at the time of the Great Exhibition, when 775,000 persons, in addition to ordinary passengers, were safely conducted to Euston Square by 24,000 extra carriages. This was effected by Captain Huish by the following method:—'The running speed of all excursion trains was fixed with reference to their weight;' and a telegraphic system adopted, by which 'the arrival at, and the departure of each train from, every terminus, was retransmitted from every important station, and repeated as the train passed in both directions. A time bill was then constructed according to the *prescribed table of speeds*,' from which experimental, in place of theoretical, times were acted upon. The advantage of such arrangements was so good, that 'in 1851, during which 7,900,000—nearly eight millions of passengers (about one-third of the population of England)—travelled on the London and North-Western Railway, only one person was killed.' In this accident Captain Huish himself sustained injury; and he assures us that the casualty 'was the effect of the *gravest disobedience of orders*.'

If it be correct, as Captain Huish asserts, that the press and the public regard want of punctuality as the primary cause of accidents, it is surely necessary to enforce punctuality by legislative interference. We have already seen that the Select Committee have recommended an indirect legislative interference for the purpose of enforcing punctuality, by affording to any passenger a cheap method of obtaining compensation when he is aggrieved by want of punctuality. Independent of the additional danger to which he is exposed, a passenger may suffer pecuniary loss by the detention of trains. He may be too late for transacting commercial or other business of importance. He may be exposed to great expense and loss by missing another train, or a ship which is to carry him to some distant shore. The medical man may come too late to save the life of a patient; and professional persons of all classes, who reside at a distance from their places of business, must be exposed to great inconvenience and pecu-

niary loss by want of punctuality in the dispatch and arrival of trains. The refusal of the House of Commons to carry out the plan of their own Select Committee is to be much regretted; and we fear that 'the press and the public' will be allowed to attribute railway accidents to unpunctuality as their primary cause, till some startling accident, fearful in its details and wide in its sympathies, shall thrill through the legislative mind, and summon them to their duty.

4. *Want of a Perfect Telegraphic System.*

• Among the recommendations of the Select Committee, one of the most important is that of 'enforcing a system of telegraphic communication,' and of 'enacting that no trains should be dispatched till the line is cleared.' Such a system they consider as the most effective means of preventing railway accidents, the greatest proportion of which arise from collisions. We have already seen that a system of this kind was successfully adopted by Captain Huish at the time of the Great Exhibition. It is now in use on parts of the Great Northern, the London and North-Western Railway, the South-Eastern, and some other lines. If this system were universally introduced, and if, on certain lengths of line, only one train could be travelling, no accident from collision could ever happen.

This security is obtained by dividing the line into certain lengths of three or four miles, and establishing a telegraphic communication between these stations. When a train starts from any town and arrives at the first station, they telegraph back to the town to say that the line is clear, so that they may start off a second train, then, as soon as the first train has passed station No. 2, No. 2 telegraphs back to No. 1 that the *second* portion of the line is clear, and so on. In some cases the stations employed are the regular traffic stations. By telegraphing from each station to those on either side of it, every portion of the line is necessarily clear before any train enters upon it, and no collision can take place. The wires which connect these stations are used solely for the working of the line, and cannot be employed for any other purpose.

Such being the advantages of a system of telegraphic communication, the expense attending it is the only possible objection to its introduction. The cost of it has been stated at from £20 to £25 per mile, beside that of additional servants; and as an interval of space is necessarily interposed between the trains, there must be some loss from the limitation of the traffic. But if it proves the means of saving life, and also large sums given to those who suffer in collisions, the

adoption of the telegraphic system would be a measure of economy as well as of mercy; and were Government to enforce it, the responsibility of working it effectually would remain with the companies.

5. On Defective Material as the Cause of Accidents.

A grave source of accidents, not only from the plant on the rolling stock of railways, but from every kind of machinery used in our factories, is a deficiency, or rather imperfection, in the material employed. The first point to be considered is the nature of the material,—whether it should be wood, iron, or any other metal, or combination of metals. There can be no doubt that iron must be the material of our rails, and wood the material upon which they rest, iron and stone having been found less fitted for the purpose of sleepers. But there are different kinds of iron, as there are different kinds of wood. The best iron must be that which, from its atomical constitution, can oppose the best resistance to the various forces to which it is exposed. It is expanded by heat and contracted by cold; and every day of the year it is under the alternating influence of these opposite forces. As the material of a rail at rest, iron is exposed to enormous pressures, and to vibratory actions of different kinds; and as the material of wheels and pinions, of axles, tyres, levers, cranks, and boiler flues, in motion, it is subject to a still greater variety of forces.

But even when we have obtained iron of the finest quality, much depends upon the care with which it is applied. A flaw in the weld, or the introduction of scoriæ, may in various parts of railway constructions be the cause of serious accidents; and when axles or lines have been broken, the fracture has not arisen from the speed, but from unsoundness in the material. The admirable experiments of Mr. William Fairbairn on the effects of temperature* upon the tensile strength of wrought and rivet iron, as described in his two volumes, entitled, 'Useful Information for Engineers,' will be of great value to the railway engineer; but much requires to be done, with the aid of the chemist and the experimental philosopher, before we obtain the soundest and most durable material for our railway constructions.

Some idea may be obtained of the effects

* As an illustration of the effects of temperature upon metals, we may mention the condition of engraved copperplates that had been exposed to a high temperature. The plate was swelled to twice its thickness, and it was so weak that it was easily snapped in pieces between the fingers like the thinnest slice of an apple.

of defective material, from a remarkable table, published by Captain Huish, entitled, 'Analysis of one thousand cases of engine failures and defects on the London and North-Western and subsidiary Railways, the stock of engines being 587.' Here we read of 157 burst or leaky tubes, 92 broken springs, 89 broken valve-spindles, 77 broken or defective pumps, 40 broken piston-rods and pistons, 13 broken cranks and other axles, 13 broken reversing levers, etc.; and though the return is spread over a lengthened period, and the breakages may have in many cases arisen from bad mechanism, yet many of them must have been owing to defective material.

6. On Defective Workmanship as a Cause of Accidents.

The table of failures in locomotives to which we have just referred, may give us some idea of the risks to which the traveller is exposed, when the very machine which conducts a long and heavy train is subject to so many evils. Captain Huish assures us that very few of these failures are attended with any direct danger to the public, though, by producing a temporary or permanent inability of the engine to carry on its train, it may be the remote cause of collision. Many improvements have been, from time to time, introduced into the form and proportions of the locomotive; and the delays and irregularities arising from its failures have been far less frequent than before. The most important parts of the engine—those from the failures of which accidents most commonly occur—are the wheels, axles, and axle-boxes. Wooden wheels, of which many kinds are in use, are deemed superior to iron ones. When the tire of a wheel fails, the wheel is in danger of flying to pieces; but the failure is rare, only six wheels having failed in four years on the very large stock of the London and North-Western Company.

When the permanent way is in bad order, as regards the joints, the axles of engines and carriages are apt to be fractured, from the continual jars to which they are exposed; and as the speed increases, the jar will increase the tendency of an axle to break at some particular point. In support of this opinion, Captain Huish found that, 'after a number of repeated small blows upon a bar of iron, it will break in two;' and it is well known that an artificial magnet may be deprived of its magnetism by repeated blows when in a state of suspension, an effect which can arise only from a change in its internal structure. The strength of axles, too, must be greatly affected by their heating, occasioned by the introduction of dust into the grease which lubricates them. This evil has,

indeed, been greatly remedied by the patent axle-box; but even with this improvement, in hot weather, and on a dusty line, it is difficult to keep the axles cool when the speed is considerable.

The risk of a fire in a passenger train from the heating of the axle, is a source of great danger and alarm; and hence the frequent lubrication of the axles is required in express trains. Cases of fires have not been numerous; and though there have been several narrow escapes, there has been no loss of life from this cause. Serious conflagrations have arisen from spontaneous combustion, occasioned by lucifer matches or other combustible materials in the luggage of passengers; and heated coke and sparks from the engine have sometimes set fire to luggage on the roof of the carriages. In merchandise trains, fires frequently take place from the presence of straw in the loading, or from the liability of the tarpaulin to ignite; but the substitution of covered waggon for open trucks has diminished this element of danger.

The want of breaks sufficiently numerous and powerful has been strongly stated by all the witnesses before the Select Committee, and by all the inspecting officers of the Board of Trade. Very few great collisions have taken place with fast trains, in which deficiency of break power has not been one of the principal causes; and when trains run off the line, or engines break down, the same cause adds greatly to the danger. If we conceive a train moving at the rate of 50 or 60 miles an hour, flying over 70 or 80 feet in a second, we may see the necessity of an instantaneous break power when an opposing train is in sight. Mr. Newall, Mr. Fay, and Mr. Maconnel have taken out patents for breaks of a novel construction, and Colonel Yolland was charged by the Board to examine and report upon them. The breaks of Mr. Fay and Mr. Newall are called continuous, because they make them continuous for two or more carriages,—Mr. Newall's being partly self-acting, while Mr. Fay's are not. Mr. Maconnel's steam sledge-break consists of sledges or skids forced down upon the rails by the pressure of steam. They have been applied to four engines on the London and North-Western line, upon which they have been used with great success. The train is stopped by them instantly, without producing any appreciable effect upon the carriages or passengers; and an accident was once prevented at the Harrow station by the use of them. Colonel Yolland is of opinion, that while this break offers a guarantee against collisions, it increases 'the facility for engines leaving the line,' and is also costly in its application. While he was making ex-

periments on these breaks, he had observed, what had been noticed also by Mr. Fay, that in a favourable day, without wind, when the engine-driver whistled for the guard to apply the break, the whistle, though sounded for half a minute, and only twelve carriages intervened, was not heard by the guard; and hence Colonel Yolland has reported the following conclusions:—

1. That all express and fast trains should have continuous breaks fitted to the carriage, so that the weight on the wheels (including that on the engine and tender), to which breaks are applied, may amount to from 70 to 75 per cent. of the whole moving weight of each train,—the guard in the van next the tender working the breaks which have been fitted to that van alone, and the two or three adjoining carriages having their breaks wrought by that guard or the fireman, while the three or four continuous breaks at the tail of the train are wrought by the guard at the rear.

2. That a portion of the retarding force of the train should be self-acting, and capable of being immediately applied either by the guard or the driver after sounding the alarm.

3. That the use of the steam whistle is objectionable, and should be replaced by an alarm bell or gong at one extremity, to be pulled or rung by the driver or guard.

In reference to defective mechanism as a cause of accidents, the construction of common passenger carriages demands our consideration. It is not yet settled, as a matter of experience, whether these carriages are safest with four or six wheels. On the Great Northern they are four-wheeled, and very light; but though the locomotive engineer on that line thinks that they are quite safe from their lightness, he admits that if a wheel or axle of a six-wheeled carriage were to break, the remaining four 'would be more likely to make the vehicle safe,' than if only two wheels were left. 'It is theoretically correct,' he adds, 'that if you have six points tending to keep you on the railway, and a breakage takes place at one, the six points would be much more likely to hold on the rail.'

In the construction of passenger carriages, their strength, or power of resisting external pressure, and the nature of their interior fittings, require a degree of consideration which we believe has not been given to them. There are accidents, no doubt, of such a fearful character, that a carriage built of the strongest material, and combined in the most scientific manner, would be crushed to fragments; but there are other accidents from the effects of which such a carriage might save the passengers. Every carriage, there-

fore, should be built like a ship sent to struggle with ice in the Arctic regions, in order to resist the greatest pressures, and should be submitted to a severe test before it is placed on the line. The interior fittings require equal attention, in order to protect the passengers from injurious concussion when accidents do occur.

7. *On the Want of Intercommunication between the Guard and Driver, and between the Passengers and Driver.*

The Select Committee on Railway Accidents of 1858, as we have already seen, consider 'that it should be imperative upon every railway company to establish a means of communication between guards and engine-drivers.' The Select Committee of 1853 also recommended that an Act should be passed for this purpose; but owing to the opposition of railway directors, and the culpable supineness of the Government, no such Act has been passed. In America, the guard can walk along a passage through the centre of each carriage, and communicate with the driver. In these carriages, which are very long, there is a door at each end of the carriage for the passengers to enter, but no communication at the sides. On the outside of each carriage, above the buffers, is a little platform, with a space about a foot wide between the two carriages, which allows sufficient room for the buffers to work. The guard can step over this space, and go along the train inside the carriages. Above the top of each carriage there is a line of common rope visible between each carriage, and communicating with the farthest end of the train and the engine.* When there is any occasion to communicate with the driver, the guard or a passenger has only to pull this rope, and thus ring a bell which hangs over the driver's head. On the network of railways of the Orleans Company, a communication between the guard and driver is made by means of a cord in the guard's van, which, when pulled, rings a bell in the tender, and the guard is so placed as to command a view of the whole line. In the French railway, *The Nord*, the guards can get from one end of the train to the other by a hand-rail running along the carriages. Although these methods are said to be adapted only on these two lines, it is distinctly stated in the French regulations for the management of railways, that 'a means of communication exists between the conductor in charge of the train, the guards and breakman, and the engine-driver.*' The method of communication be-

tween guard and driver by bells, has been introduced on several English lines. If it is thought advisable to allow passengers to communicate with the guard, it may be easily done by carrying the rope below the door of the carriage, the door just passing over it and clearing it, so that a passenger pulling down the window, can hook up the rope, and pull the bell. Another method of communication, by means of tubes of india-rubber, gutta percha, or iron, has been patented by Mr. Houldsworth, and has been tried on the South-Western Railway, by putting them beneath the carriage; but it caused delay, from there being a great number of carriages to shift. The 'most hairbreadth escapes' have been made when a communication between passengers and guard was required. The most remarkable of these happened when Lady Zetland was travelling with her maid in her own carriage. The carriage took fire, and the maid, in a state of terror, leapt from the train, and was severely injured. Lady Zetland, with great resolution, remained on the truck, and the carriage fortunately arrived at a station just as the flames had almost reached her. In another case, the guard, who was aware of the accident long before the train stopped, walked over the top of six carriages to the carriage on fire, but had no way of communicating with the driver, who, however, got notice of the accident by the presence of mind of a plate-layer, who saw the train on fire, and put down fog signals.

The Marquis of Chandos states in his evidence, that, on the London and North-Western, they tried most of the schemes of intercommunication. One of these, by means of electricity, and secured by patent, was favourably reported upon and recommended by the Board of Trade. The company purchased the license to use it; but owing to their trains being sometimes composed of a majority of carriages not belonging to the company, they could not carry out the plan.

The contrivance adopted on the Great Western, though costly, is considered among the best. A person is placed in a seat which he cannot leave, on the back of the tender, so as to see the whole of the train, and communicate instantly with the driver.

Notwithstanding the ingenuity of many of these inventions, it is the general opinion that one uniform system of intercommunication should be adopted, and rendered compulsory upon every line. The only objections that have been stated to intercommunication between the passengers and guard is, that timid persons might stop the train on very frivolous grounds, and quarrel with the guard; but there is no possible scheme to which objec-

* Captain Galton's *Report of 1858*, p. 139, § 125, and p. 146, art. 16.

tions may not be raised, and however forcible and numerous, they can never outweigh the arguments in favour of a process for saving human life.

8. *On Obstructions of the Line as a Cause of Accidents.*

Obstructions on the line have been the cause of numerous accidents. They have arisen from the descent of stones or earth from the sides or deep cuttings, or from the distortion of the gauge from these causes; from luggage or goods having fallen unnoticed from a preceding train; from trees falling across the line; from cattle straying upon it, or jumping out in transit; from drunkards lying down upon it; or from self-murderers laying themselves in front of an advancing train. Of a more serious nature are those obstructions which, from malicious motives, are placed in the way of trains. An iron rail was very recently laid across the line of the London and North-Western Railway, between Tring and Berkhamstead, when the 7h15m up-train from Liverpool had to pass in the dark; but it was fortunately discovered and removed by a plate-layer a few minutes before the arrival of the train. A similar escape was some time ago made in the North of Ireland, where obstructions were placed in the way of a train containing a large body of Orangemen returning from a party meeting. Captain Huish informs us 'that numerous instances might be given which would excite surprise, from the cunning designs exhibited, and the care apparently exercised in selecting a spot likely to be fraught with the greatest amount of mischief. A few weeks ago,' he adds, 'upon a branch line in Lancashire, the points of an important siding were jammed open; and in order to prevent the signal-man from averting the intended accident, the wire of the auxiliary signal was locked with a piece of string, and was thus prevented from acting. Happily, however, by a fortuitous circumstance, the villainy was discovered a few minutes before the passenger train approached.' When such cases have occurred, considerable rewards have been offered for the discovery of the perpetrators; but Captain Huish is of opinion 'that a patient watch, and careful inquiry throughout the neighbourhood, may be a more effectual means of tracing the culprits.' The punishment for this class of offences has been made more severe; but we think it cannot be doubted that, when malicious obstructions prove fatal, they should be treated as capital crimes.

Against this class of dangers, whether wilful or accidental, it is not easy to provide a remedy. In the day-time, when the path is rectilinear and visible, as it often is to a

great distance, the guards and driver ought to be held responsible in all those cases where it was possible to observe obstructions upon their line. If ships at sea require the use of telescopes and officers always on the watch, railway trains doubly demand them. The guards should be provided with telescopes of great distinctness, and with a large field of view, which might be fixed so as to deviate but little from the line; and with these it should be their duty to look along each line of rails, both in their front and rear, to observe approaching trains, or fractured chairs,* or fractured or sprung rails, or obstructions of any kind which accident or crime may have thrown on the way. When such obstacles are discovered, numerous and powerful breaks will enable the train to pause in its dangerous career. In the dark, when it is most probable that cattle will stray from the fields, light beacons should be erected at level crossings and other places where cattle and trespassers are most likely to invade the line.

9. *On the Inattention of Servants as the Cause of Accidents.*

When we consider the gravity and importance of the duties performed by the drivers, guards, pointsmen, and other officials on our railways, we cannot but be surprised at the comparatively small number of accidents which can be fairly ascribed to inattention, disobedience of orders, or other acts of culpable negligence on the part of railway servants. In many cases these servants are overworked, owing to the parsimony of the directors. In some cases, individuals, from political or personal motives, are appointed to offices for which they are imperfectly qualified. The rules under which they act are sometimes indefinite, and even contradictory, and therefore not easily obeyed. Captain Galton asserts that the rules are frequently defective, that they have often been made for the purpose only of appealing to them after an accident has happened, and that they have been in many cases habitually neglected, and, when good, have not been enforced. Captain Huish is of opinion that the chief cause of accidents is inattention to the regulations arising from the necessity of adopting human agency in the management of so vast a machine as the railway establishment. Of the 12,000 servants, he adds, on the London and North-Western line, about half that number have either immediately or remotely the public safety in their hands; and we

* On the Lyons Railway about 1400 fractures occurred in the chairs, and 27 in the rails, in four years, from 1849 to 1853. They took place chiefly after changes of weather.

need not therefore wonder that, from a single instant of forgetfulness, a momentary neglect on the part of one of those who may have been working for twenty years without forgetting himself, should lead to some lamentable disaster. The Select Committee of 1853 took a larger view of the subject. They maintained—and the same opinion was pressed upon the Committee of 1858 by the late eminent engineer, Mr Joseph Locke—that the best mode of obtaining security from railway accidents would be to register with the Board of Trade the general manager of the traffic on every line, the locomotive superintendent, and the resident engineer of the permanent way; and to make these three persons answerable for the pointsmen, signalmen, and other servants. Under these circumstances, all railway servants ought to be selected and appointed by the parties who are held responsible, and not, as they are now, by the directors.

Next in importance to the adoption of well-considered regulations, under which the leading and responsible officials shall have the choice of their respective servants, is a system of management which combines with strictness of discipline the most liberal treatment of every servant on the line. In France there is a superannuation fund for railway servants. A provision is made for the sick and the injured, and in the cases of death in the discharge of duty, compensation is given to the widow or the family. Upon the Orleans lines, when the profits reach 8 per cent., 15 per cent. of the surplus is reserved for the employés. When the profits are 14 per cent., 10 per cent. of the surplus is reserved; and when they rise to 16 per cent., the surplus reserve is 5 per cent. 'Of this surplus, a sum of 250,000 francs is first set aside as a fund for sickness, etc. The remainder is divided into three parts, one of which is given at once to the employé; the second is deposited in his name in the savings' bank, to be drawn out only with the consent of the council of management; and the third is paid into the superannuation fund.'

But while great liberality is thus extended to the employés on the French lines, there is much strictness and even severity in the discipline. On every railway, from the lowest servant to the highest, implicit obedience to his immediate superior is required; and strict military discipline is thus maintained throughout the whole staff of all the companies. The punishments for negligence, mistakes, and neglect of the regulations, are reprimands, fines, temporary suspension, degradation, and dismissal. Negligence or incapacity, involving the safety of the traffic, drunkenness, insubordination, untrustworth-

ness, fraud, or smuggling, are punished by dismissal. The limit of age in all the servants is 40, and those whose duties bring them into contact with the public are obliged to wear uniforms or some distinctive mark.

Such is a brief view of the leading causes of railway accidents, and of the means which have been, or may be, taken for preventing them, or at least diminishing their number. It is impossible to peruse the statements we have made, on the authority of distinguished witnesses, and even of the Government inspectors themselves, without arriving at the conviction that the railway establishments in Great Britain and Ireland are in a very unsatisfactory condition, and that every additional line, every additional source of traffic, and every additional element of human agency, is a new source of danger to the public. In place of diminishing, accidents are increasing in number; and when we are told that the railway system is so much extended, that, while in 1851 only 40,000 persons could be brought to the Great Exhibition by rail, and the same number taken back daily, '140,000 travellers could now be brought to the metropolis by rail, and the same number taken back each day,' we shudder at the probable mass of death which a single accident might occasion.

That great changes and improvements can and should be made, is the opinion of every witness examined before the Select Committees of 1853 and 1858; and when we learn from travellers, as well as authentic reports, that accidents are much less numerous, and the comfort and property of passengers much better secured on the Continental than on British railways, we cannot doubt that in the system of working, and in the general arrangements on these lines, there is much to be imitated by ourselves. These arrangements and regulations may be seen in the Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the means of securing regularity and safety on the French railways;* and it is impossible to peruse it without the conviction, that in almost every important department,—in the construction and maintenance of the permanent way, in the manufacture of the rolling stock, and in the multifarious arrangements for obtaining intelligent and trustworthy servants,—much remains to be done in this country.

The first point that attracts our notice is, that the French and foreign lines are placed under the surveillance of Government, and that all the regulations are issued by the

* A copious abstract of this Report is given by Captain Galton, in his *Report of 1858*, p. 120-149.

same authority. In Austria and Prussia, as well as in France, the Government lays down the regulations under which the line is to be worked. It compels the company to adopt improved systems of permanent way and rolling stock. It establishes a police over the whole line; and there are agents employed by the Government, but paid by the company, who superintend the mode of working, and the whole system of management. It appoints an officer, too—a *commissaire*, paid by the company—who has the power of inspecting the books, and reporting upon the condition and general management of the line.

With the experience which we have of the success of such surveillance and of such regulations, can it be doubted that the superintendence of the British Government is now demanded for the perfection of our railway system, and the security of life and property? This is freely admitted by many distinguished officials and engineers, provided that the Government had undertaken this superintendence at the commencement of railway enterprise; but in maintaining this singular doctrine, they all express the opinion, sanctioned by two Committees, that on many points, especially in regard to railway accidents, the interference of Government is of the highest importance. In assuming and exercising a superintendence over their railways, foreign Governments assume no responsibility. It lies, as it always must do, upon the railway companies; and they are relieved only from that heavy moral responsibility from which they cannot escape, and which every conscientious director must feel to be one of grave importance. When the Government has combined its irresponsible powers, and all the wisdom which it can command, with the experience and sagacity of the directors of railways, by making every arrangement for the safe conveyance of passengers, the public will be too generous to lay the blame of accidents upon those who have done everything in their power to prevent them. At present the railway companies are accused of parsimony in employing a niggardly staff of servants, and in keeping their permanent way and rolling stock in disrepair, and thus endangering life and property. Under Government superintendence this species of responsibility will be entirely removed, while the commercial responsibility will remain, and will be more sternly appealed to when either directors or servants fail in their duties.

Should Government assume the superintendence for which we plead, either wholly or partially, the railway companies and the public would be equally benefited. If we

suppose that the compensations for injuries are reduced from £40,000 annually to £30,000 or £20,000, the companies would be amply repaid for any extra expense to which the Government control may expose them; while the public will travel with an additional sense of security, and the timid, who now creep by sea or otherwise to their destination, will become railway customers.

If Government control is necessary, how is it to be obtained? The House of Commons has refused to recommend it. May not the House of Lords lend a more willing ear to the voice of humanity? Should not the public, whose interests are so deeply at stake, raise the cry of agitation, and load with petitions the tables of both Houses of Parliament? In the appeals for political and other reforms so loudly and pertinaciously made to the Legislature, there are always two interests in diametrical opposition,—one asking what the other deems injurious; but in the present case every man, woman, and child in the empire,—every beast too; that, like its master, is exposed to violent death,—has an interest in Railway legislation, in having provided for their conveyance the best mechanical contrivances for locomotion, and the most trustworthy human agencies for conducting them. Petitions to Parliament, therefore, and pledges on the hustings, are the only means of securing a cheap and safe system of railway management.

But whether Government shall agree or decline to adopt the resolution moved by Mr. Bentinck in the House of Commons—with which we believe the public would be satisfied as a reasonable instalment—much remains to be done in the improvement of the permanent way and rolling stock of every railway, and in various subsidiary pieces of mechanism for the safe working of the line. Some steps should, therefore, be taken to encourage railway inventions, to bring to bear upon them all the mechanical genius of the country,—to offer prizes and rewards, pecuniary or honorary, for important inventions; and, with such objects in view, to grant patents, without fees, for every contrivance, however trivial it may appear, which may be proposed for ensuring safe railway conveyance. If the scheme is frivolous it can interfere with no existing interest, but may prove the germ of a more valuable invention. The Institution of Civil Engineers, and our Societies of Arts, who have done so much for advancing the interests of practical science, would, if appealed to, willingly give the aid of their time and talents in a general attempt to ameliorate the railway system, now one of the grandest of our national institutions.

In pressing these views upon public atten-

tion, there is another motive worthy of consideration. In the disturbances which now agitate the political world, we may find some reason for the extension and improvement of the railway system. When Government is spending millions, and wisely spending them, for the defence of the empire; and when our youth and manhood are voluntarily marshalling themselves in the same noble cause, we may reasonably assume that an invasion is considered a probable event. At such a crisis the perfection and safety of our railways become objects of the deepest interest. The quick conveyance of troops to our coast, and their security from accident, amid the excitement and the tumult which would necessarily ensue, are objects of national importance which cannot be too anxiously pursued.

ART. VI.—*History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort; with a full view of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., etc. Vols. I. and II. London, 1860.

'In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue?' So wrote Sydney Smith about forty years ago. And, allowing for the peculiar style of the accomplished Churchman, such questions were at that time natural enough. But time, among the other wonders which it works, has done much to wipe out this reproach. Art, indeed, despite the Greek Slave, cannot be said to have found a home on the other side of the Atlantic. American plays may exist, but Englishmen are unaware of them; and American poetry does not rise above the graceful mediocrity of Longfellow. To one important branch of literature, however, Americans have in our day addressed themselves with a large measure of success. They have written history, and written it well. Mr. Prescott's picturesque narratives are read, we should think, in all the four quarters of the globe; and Mr. Motley may, without presumption, anticipate an equal popularity.

'The History of the Dutch Republic,' published some four years ago, won its way, not perhaps rapidly, but very surely. The subject was well chosen, and, on the whole, worthily handled. Hence the 'History of the United Netherlands' was anxiously looked

for. It has fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, the most favourable expectations. Though called by another name, the present work is a direct continuation of the former. The 'Rise of the Dutch Republic' closed with the death of William the Silent, in 1584; the 'History of the United Netherlands' takes up the tale at the date of that calamity, and carries it on till after the destruction of the Armada.

The narration of that destruction is a theme of which Englishmen can never grow weary. Yet, on the whole, these volumes are not so rich in scenes of striking and varied interest as were their predecessors. There is nothing here to compare, in wild romance, with the famous submarine expeditions of Philipsland and Zierickzee; there are no horrors like the horrors of the 'Spanish Fury,' or the sack of Haarlem; nor are our hearts stirred by any such picture of noble endurance, rewarded by happy triumph, as is presented in the agony and relief of Leyden. On the other hand, the drama has broadened and deepened. We are no longer concerned with the rebellion of a province. The revolt of the 'Beggars of the Sea' has expanded into the long strife of which the Reformation was the real beginning, and which was to end only with the peace of Westphalia. Mr. Motley's two volumes comprise the history of not more than six years. But in that brief period came the crisis of the most momentous struggle the world has ever seen—Despotism and Popery striving against Freedom and Toleration for the possession of the civilized world. It should always be remembered that this great war was a war for liberty of thought. There never was a moment in its early history in which the Dutch would not have returned to their allegiance had they been promised liberty of conscience; there never was a moment in which Philip dreamed of yielding to such a demand. It is not too much to say that the destinies of our race for many ages depended on the issue of this contest. Fortunately for the better part, the Emperor, busy with the advancing power of the Turks, stood aloof; the German Lutherans, filled with an unworthy jealousy of Netherlandic Calvinism, refused to succour; France, torn with internal dissensions, was powerless, at least for good: so that Holland and England stood alone against the gigantic empire of Spain. The Hollanders were held of small account. Despite their lengthened resistance, they were regarded as a band of reckless sailors, daring in piratical expeditions, but utterly incapable of offering any lasting opposition to the organized power of Philip. The English, indeed, had, some two centuries before, taken their place among the nations

in a true imperial style. Since then, however, cooped up within the limits of their own island, they had quarrelled plentifully among themselves, but had taken no share in Continental affairs. The memories of Cressy and of Agincourt were forgotten, and the victors in those fights were regarded as faithless and turbulent islanders. The following sketches give some curious traits, especially as to the tendencies of our ancestors in their convivial moments:—

'The English,' says an Antwerp historian, 'are a very clever, handsome, and well-made people; but, like all islanders, by nature weak and tender. . . . As a people, they are stout-hearted, vehement, eager, cruel in war, zealous in attack, little fearing death; not revengeful, but fickle, presumptuous, rash, boastful, deceitful, very suspicious, especially of strangers, whom they despise. They are full of courteous and hypocritical gestures and words, which they consider to imply good manners, civility, and wisdom. They are well spoken, and very hospitable. They feed well—eating much meat, which, owing to the rainy climate, and the ranker character of the grass, is not so firm and succulent as the meat of France and the Netherlands. The people are not so laborious as the French and Hollanders, preferring to lead an indolent life, like the Spaniards. They dress very elegantly. Their costume is light and costly, but they are very changeable and capricious—altering their fashions every year, both the men and the women.'

'They excel in dancing and music,' says a German tourist, 'for they are active and lively, although they are of a thicker build than the Germans. They are good sailors, and better pirates, cunning, treacherous, thievish. Three hundred and upwards are hanged annually in London. The English are more polite in eating than the French, devouring less bread, but more meat, which they roast in perfection. They are powerful in the field, successful against their enemies, impatient of anything like slavery, vastly fond of great ear-filling noises, such as cannon-firing, drum-beating, and bell-ringing; so that it is very common for a number of them, when they have got a cup too much in their heads, to go up to some belfry, and ring the bells for an hour together for the sake of amusement.'—(Vol. i., pp. 307-9.)

On the other hand, the Spaniards were esteemed throughout the world as a race born to command. Awe, hatred, and admiration, were the mingled feelings excited even among Englishmen by Spanish prowess and Spanish policy. Long years of successful warfare, daring enterprises in unknown lands, had conferred on Philip II. an extent of empire greater than was ever possessed by Napoleon I. In 1584, Philip ruled in Europe, Spain, Portugal, Celtic Flanders, the Milanese, and the Two Sicilies. The other States of Italy were obedient to his lightest wish. In

Asia he possessed the Philippines and the valuable settlements which had been founded by the energy of the first Portuguese discoverers. America was all his own. But his mightiest power was in his statesmen and in his warriors. The Great Captain had reared up a soldiery in the Italian wars before whom the impetuosity of France, and the steadiness of the Swiss legions, had been alike found wanting; Cortez and Pizarro, in the farthest west, had trained their followers to a pitch of courage and a fertility of resource which had often served to confound all the strange devices of a barbarian foe. The Spaniards of that day were the kings of the world. They had acquired the subtlety and serene wisdom of Italian statesmen; they possessed as their birthright a force of character and a knightly honour to which the Italian was a stranger. Aspiring politicians, stern and haughty rulers, they might be; yet formed of nobler clay than the unrelenting voluptuaries of Italy. They were dark, resolute, and dangerous men, reminding us of the blood-hounds frequently associated with them in the pictures of Velasquez. That such men, wielding such a power, should have been baffled by a band of wild, undisciplined sailors, inhabiting an inhospitable sand-bank, must be ascribed mainly to the bigotry and obstinacy of their king, but perhaps also to that inward consciousness of wrong which has often smitten the strongest with feebleness, and turned to foolishness the counsels of the wise.

Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, may be taken as the ideal Spaniard of his day. He is unquestionably the hero of these two volumes, as William the Silent was of the former. Mr. Motley draws character at once elaborately and vividly, and has in this instance done his very best:—

'Farnese was now thirty-seven years of age—with the experience of a sexagenarian. No longer the impetuous, arbitrary, hot-headed youth, whose intelligence and courage hardly atoned for his insolent manner and stormy career, he had become pensive, modest, almost gentle. His genius was rapid in conception, patient in combination, fertile in expedients, adamant in the endurance of suffering; for never did a heroic general and a noble army of veterans manifest more military virtue in the support of an infamous cause than did Parma and his handful of Italians and Spaniards. That which they considered to be their duty they performed. The work before them they did with all their might. . . . Alexander rose with the difficulty and responsibility of his situation. His vivid, almost poetic intellect, formed his schemes with perfect distinctness. Every episode in his great, and, as he himself called it, his "heroic enterprise," was traced out beforehand with the tranquil vision of creative genius; and he was pre-

pared to convert his conceptions into reality, with the aid of an iron nature, which never knew fatigue or fear. . . . Untiring, uncomplaining, thoughtful of others, prodigal of himself, generous, modest, brave; with so much intellect and so much devotion to what he considered his duty, he deserved to be a patriot and a champion of the right, rather than an instrument of despotism.

'And thus he paused for a moment—with much work already accomplished, but his hardest life-task before him; still in the noon of manhood, a fine martial figure, standing, spear in hand, full in the sunlight, though all the scene around him was wrapped in gloom—a noble, commanding shape, entitled to the admiration which the energetic display of great powers, however unscrupulous, must always command. A dark meridional physiognomy; a quick, alert, imposing head; jet-black, close-clipped hair; a bold eagle's face, with full, bright, restless eye; a man rarely reposing, always ready, never alarmed; living in the saddle, with harness on his back; such was the Prince of Parma; matured and mellowed, but still unharmed by time.'—(Vol. i., pp. 185-7-8.)

The cause which Parma maintained was hateful; the stage on which he acted was not extensive. Yet, even allowing for these things, it is a striking instance of the caprice of Fame, that his reputation should have fallen so far short of his deserts. No one who compares his achievements with his resources, can resist the conviction that he is entitled to be ranked among the very greatest commanders. The siege of Antwerp alone is sufficient to establish his renown. In all the highest characteristics of military genius he seems not unworthy to be named even with Hannibal or with Cæsar. Perhaps, however, his purest title to fame has been found in this, that the war, as conducted by him, put off the savage aspect which it had worn before. The storm of Neutz, indeed, was no very gentle affair; but it should be remembered that the garrison had provoked their fate by a flagrant violation of the laws of war, to the great personal danger of Farnese himself, and that, even then, he did his utmost to restrain the anger of his troops. His humanity and courtesy, his refined intellect and subtle policy, combine to impress the imagination far more powerfully than even the awe and terror which invest with a lurid splendour the soldier-like figure of Alva.

Pitted against such an antagonist, and deprived of their great leader by the crime of July, the Hollanders were in evil case. Speaking roughly, all Celtic Flanders,—Hainault, Artois, Douay, with the cities Arras, Valenciennes, Lille, Tournay, had fallen into the power of Spain, by the treason, or 'reconciliation' of the preceding year. The rebels held what is now known as the kingdom of

Holland. Between them lay the scene of strife—the rich territories of East Flanders and Brabant—the possession of which would belong to him who could hold the half-dozen cities which lie clustered round the Scheldt and its tributaries. At the date of William's murder, these cities were occupied by the Republicans. He had hardly been dead two months when Farnese was master of Ghent. Dendermonde had capitulated even sooner. Brussels fell in March of the following year, and Mechlin could hold out no longer than midsummer. Antwerp alone remained. On the fate of this town depended, in the judgment of Parma, the fate of all Christendom.

Dismayed, yet not despairing, the Hollanders looked around for help. They first sought it where they had been taught to seek it by their departed leader. The Prince of Orange had placed more reliance on the assistance of France than on the assistance of England. His reasons for this were many and weighty. France was, at that time, much the stronger power. The French Huguenots sympathized cordially with the Calvinists and Anabaptists of the Low Countries; the English Government disliked Calvinists and Anabaptists about as heartily as it disliked Papists. The next heir to the French Crown was the chosen leader of the Protestant party; the hopes of the Papists all over the world were centred on the captive who, on the death of Elizabeth, would pass from a prison to the throne of England. Above all, Elizabeth had uniformly repelled the overtures of the Provinces; Catherine de Medicis had as uniformly welcomed them. But affairs in France had greatly changed since such considerations had determined the policy of Orange. The Duke of Anjou was dead; Henry of Navarre was away at Pau, with nothing to do but to make love to his wife's maids of honour; Henry III. was every day sinking deeper in degradation; Henry of Guise was every day rising higher in renown, and the power of the League had already overshadowed the throne. Even before the death of Orange the increasing influence of the Catholic party in France had caused some modification of his views. But now the ascendancy of the Papists was beyond a doubt: the king was in the hands, and at the disposal, of the Guises. When the ambassadors from Holland arrived in France, they found that the Queen-mother was playing for her own claims on Portugal, that Henry of Guise was playing for Philip and for himself, that Henry of Navarre held no cards, and that Henry of Valois could not play the cards he held. After much solemn trifling, when much time, altogether priceless, had been lost, the eyes of the ambassadors were opened at last. On

the 18th July 1585 the Edict of Nemours was published, banishing all Huguenots from the kingdom on pain of death. The game was up; and every man in Holland became aware that their last hope was England.

We will not follow Mr. Motley in detail through the negotiations which ensued. They were especially discreditably to English sense and English candour; in truth, it is hardly possible to read of them, even at this distance of time, without a feeling of shame. Hesitation and delay seemed our only policy. Our statesmen, or rather our queen, trifled with opportunity, and let occasion die, in a manner which would have been laughable had it not led to results so disastrous. At last the genius of Parma achieved its deserved triumph. Antwerp capitulated. One great point was lost; yet much remained to fight for. Terror inspired a temporary vigour into English tactics. An inadequate force was despatched to Holland, and the Earl of Leicester was sent in command. A more unhappy selection could not have been made.

The public men of that epoch seem to derive a sort of reflected grandeur from the strangeness of the events which they witnessed, and from the magnitude of the interests in which they were involved. They appear somehow men of loftier stature than the men of other times. Nor, perhaps, is this appearance only. We can well believe that their characters took an impress from what they saw and heard around them. Stimulants of no common potency were applied to their natures. They had seen the Old World changing its religion—they had been amazed by the discovery of the New—legends of wild adventures in lands far distant rung each day in their ears—they had marked the greatest empire of the world rise and overshadow the earth with its pride; and they were now matched against that empire in a deadly struggle, of which the issue would determine the destinies of the whole human race. Such things could not fail to strengthen, even if they did not elevate. 'Dans un grand siècle,' says Cousin, 'tout est grand.' Hence these men displayed, beyond all other traits, an abounding and irrepressible vigour. Their very excesses of conviviality command a certain respect. It is not every set of Bacchanalians who, like Brederode and his compeers, could lay deep the foundations of rebellion at a riotous supper party, and in their cups adopt the name by which the sailors of Zeeland, through long years of peril, were proud to be called. And now, when their wild youth was spent, the men who finally won freedom for the Netherlands come before us, intensified by time, sobered by danger, yet undaunted—one of the no-

blest groups in the gallery of the heroes of the world: sailors, like Drake and Nassau; soldiers, like La Noue, Norris, and Sidney; partizans, like Schenk and Hohenlo; statesmen, like Buys, Barneveld, and Walsingham.

Into the counsels of these men came Leicester, at once incapable and unworthy. In the field and in the cabinet he was a child in the hands of Farnese. Every step he took in the Netherlands was a blunder, or worse. He began by guzzling at Utrecht, he ended by an attempt to establish his own power in the scene of his revels, and to destroy the constitutional government of the Provinces. His first step was eminently judicious. Elizabeth had expressly forbidden one thing—that he should accept the supreme authority in Holland. The moment he got there, this obedient subject proceeded to take all the authority he could get, and to intrigue for more. He got all he wanted; and having thus grievously offended his sovereign, he made no attempt to deprecate her certain anger. When the storm burst, he poured forth whimpering appeals, imploring permission to return, were it only to 'rub her horse's heels.' The Queen was appeased; but the envoy had been publicly degraded, and the confidence of the States was not easily restored. Leicester took no pains to regain it. He would brook no restraint from the Hollanders, determined, as he wrote to Davison, that he would 'have no other alliance but with gentle blood.' He weakened the cause of the patriots by persecuting all the Papists on whom he could lay his hands. Indeed, this good man's hatred of Popery was most exemplary. A loose, easy-going fellow like William the Silent, denounced all oppression, and sheltered within his young republic Papists, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Anabaptists alike. But a man of rigid principle, and edifying life and conversation, like the husband of Amy Robsart, could not act thus. He was no Gallio; and under his administration, therefore, Papists were oppressed, plundered, and banished. He quarrelled with every English diplomatist, and with every English soldier, save one who wisely truckled to him. His hatreds were conceived in a moment, and endured for a life-time. At last, when his arrogance, his revengefulness, his deceit, had brought distrust and dislike to a height, he suddenly crossed to England, leaving the patriots without a leader for seven months; and yet refusing to resign his office that it might be filled by another. Hating every competent officer under him, he confided the city of Deventer, a large, prosperous, commercial, and manufacturing capital, to a pack of wild Irish kerns, headed by Sir William Stanley. For the only time in the

annals of England, deliberate treason in the field stained the honour of the English arms. Stanley betrayed Deventer to the Spaniards. The Hollanders went mad with grief and rage. The services of the English were forgotten; the sufferings of the starving English soldiers were unrelieved; their lives were hardly secure. In the midst of the turmoil Leicester returned, but only to work more evil. He returned to be denounced by Barneveld in the States—to display again his incapacity as a general—to form abortive conspiracies in Leyden and Amsterdam—in a word, to do his utmost to destroy the commonwealth of the Netherlands in the very crisis of the struggle—to make himself perfectly odious to the nation whom he came to govern; at last to be recalled by his blindly-indulgent Queen, and to receive a welcome which she seldom vouchsafed to better men and more faithful servants.

Throughout Mr. Motley's pages, the said Queen—Mr. Kingsley's Titaness, 'Alruna-Maiden,' and what not—generally appears in very untitantic proportions, and often indulges in proceedings quite unmaidenly. Her true policy was shown to her very early in the day by Vavasour: 'If your Majesty desireth a convenient peace,' said the diplomatist, 'to take the field is the readiest way to obtain it; for, as yet, the King of Spain hath no reason to fear you. He is daily expecting that your own slackness may give your Majesty an overthrow. Moreover, the Spaniards are soldiers, and are not to be moved by shadows.' Walsingham never ceased to urge the same views. He longed for peace; yet he knew that peace could only be reached through 'a good sharp war.' But to pursue such a policy as this required consistency and generosity, and Elizabeth was incapable of either. When she first heard of the authority confided by the States to Leicester, jealousy of her favourite, and especially of her favourite's wife, was the ruling passion. She stormed, and raged, and swore, till poor Lord Burleigh took to his bed, and even Walsingham was filled with dismay. It is curious to see what her fury was all about, and how it was appeased. Send her Majesty 'a present—a love-gift,' wrote all the courtiers to Leicester. 'Lay out two or three hundred crowns in some rare thing for a token to her Majesty,' was the advice of Sir Christopher Hatton. Leicester does not seem to have adopted the plan of the dancing Chancellor, but to have preferred the more economical expedient of expressing his desire to come home and rub the heels of her Majesty's horses. This, however, was enough. Burleigh forthwith reports, that 'her princely heart is touched with a favourable interpreta-

tion of your actions, affirming them to be only offensive to her in that she was not made privy to them, not now misliking that you had the authority.' But the mischief was done. The plain Hollanders were unable to comprehend these lover-like quarrels and reconciliations on questions of state-policy. The Queen had shaken the authority of the Earl, had destroyed the confidence of the States in her own sincerity; and no sooner had she thoroughly accomplished this, than she veered right round. She was a perfect Dame Quickly in her politics. When Leicester's position had been weakened by her idle jealousies, when he himself had forfeited all respect from his conspicuous incapacity, and alienated all affection by his arrogance, she would listen to no word in his dispraise. She stood by him, now that he was wrong, as heartily as she had cursed him when he was right. She must still—at the age of 53—write to him as her 'Sweet Robin,' in a style unseemly from any woman to any man, doubly so from a queen to a subject. She scolded the States most virulently, because they estimated him at his true value. She treated her ablest servants with contumely, if they ventured to thwart, in any particular, the imperious favourite. Sir John Norris was the object of Leicester's especial hatred; therefore, despite his brilliant exploits in the field, he was forbidden her Majesty's presence. Buckhurst, afterwards Lord Dorset, who had discharged the duties of plenipotentiary in the Netherlands, with an honesty and ability beyond praise, was ignominiously imprisoned in his own house till the death of Leicester. Wilkes, whose merits were only second to those of Buckhurst, who had lavished his own money to feed starving English soldiers, had been called a 'villain and a devil' by Leicester, and was therefore thrown into the Fleet. And this is the Queen who, according to Mr. Kingsley, kept the 'balance even between her courtiers as skilfully, gently, justly, as woman ever did, or mortal man either!'

Perplexed by such caprice, the Hollanders had ever before their eyes a fact about which there could be no mistake—the fact that the English army was utterly neglected, unpaid, and unclothed. Nothing could cure the Queen of her miserable parsimony. 'The brightest jewel in her crown,' Sir Philip Sidney, remonstrated, and gained only ill-will for his pains. 'She was very apt,' says Walsingham, 'upon every light occasion, to find fault with him;' as, indeed, she was with

* Every one remembers her treatment of Davison, who appears, in these volumes, to have served her as faithfully in the Netherlands as he did afterwards at Fotheringay, and to have been required much in the same fashion.

every one who would not approach her with debasing adulation—who would not pray for permission to ‘rub her horse’s heels.’ On this one point, even Leicester ventured to speak, but he spoke in vain.

‘The English soldiers who fought so well in every Flemish battle-field of freedom, had become—such as were left of them—mere famishing, half-naked vagabonds and marauders. Brave soldiers had been changed by their sovereign into brigands, and now the universal odium which suddenly attached itself to the English name, converted them into outcasts. Forlorn and crippled creatures swarmed about the provinces, and were forbidden to come through the towns, and so wandered about, robbing hen-roosts, and pillaging the peasantry. Many deserted to the enemy. Many begged their way to England, and even to the very gates of the palace, and exhibited their wounds and their misery before the eyes of that good Queen Bess, who claimed to be the mother of her subjects, and begged for bread in vain.’—(Vol. ii., p. 183.)

Especially they thronged Greenwich Palace—starving, wounded, and in rags, and were driven from the gates of the ‘Alruna Maiden,’ and threatened with the stocks as vagabonds! Such is the lamentable and disgraceful truth, told by no enemies of the English Queen, but by her own generals and confidential counselors. The soldiers, perhaps, found consolation in the reflection, that she treated her sailors exactly in the same way.

Nor was this the worst. A mystery, which even the researches of Mr. Motley have hardly made clear, hangs over Elizabeth’s secret negotiations with Spain. Yet we know enough to throw great doubt on her good faith towards Holland. Her changefulness—coming very near to duplicity—is beyond question. We will give but one instance. On the 1st April, 1586, Elizabeth wrote to Sir Thomas Heneage, then in the Netherlands, stating that she would do nothing that might concern the States ‘without their own knowledge and good-liking.’ On the 21st April, Walsingham instructs Leicester to acquaint the Council of State, that ‘overtures of peace are being daily made to her Majesty, but that she meaneth not to proceed therein without their good-liking and privity,’ etc. These statements were unquestionably in accordance with the spirit, if not with the letter, of the treaty of the preceding August. For either Holland or England to have contracted a separate peace with Spain, after that treaty, would, in the words of Mr. Motley, have been ‘disingenuous, if not positively dishonourable.’ Yet on the 26th of April, five days after Walsingham’s despatch to Leicester, we find the Queen furious at this communication having been made. ‘Think

you,’ she writes to Sir Thomas Heneage, in a letter filled with much abuse, ‘think you I will be bound by your speech to make no peace for mine own matters without their consent? It is enough that I injure not their country nor themselves in making peace for them, without their consent.’ Poor Sir Thomas might well take to his bed, and write in great despair, ‘I fear that the world will judge what Champagny wrote in one of his letters out of England (which I have lately seen) to be over true. His words be these: “Et de vray, c’est le plus fascheux et le plus incertain negocier de ceste court, que je pense soit au monde.”’ Mr. Motley does not go beyond this. He accuses the Queen of slackness, of timidity, even of a certain degree of insincerity; but he acquits her of deliberate treachery. We wish we could concur in the gentler verdict. But a careful study of the evidence which he has himself adduced, inspires us with uneasy suspicions. Elizabeth’s order for the arrest of Hohenlo, the General of the States, hardly seems becoming a faithful ally. But a much darker story remains behind. There is no manner of doubt, that towards the close of his administration, Leicester formed the treacherous design of seizing some important Dutch cities, so as to enable the Queen to make good terms for herself with Spain, ‘if the worst came to the worst.’ That this treason was suggested from England does not appear, but it certainly was communicated to England. On the 27th June 1586, the Earl wrote thus to the Queen:—

‘This will I do, and I hope not to fail of it, to get into my hands three or four most principal places in North Holland, which will be such a strength and assurance for your majesty, as you shall see you shall both rule these men and make war and peace as you list, always provided—whatsoever you hear or is—part not with the Brill; and having these places in your hands, whatsoever should chance to these countries, your Majesty I will warrant sure enough to make what peace you will in an hour, and to have your debts and charges answered.’

And again, on the 5th November, 1587, at the very time when the Queen was loudly protesting her good faith to the States, and denouncing all who refused credence, the following despatch was on its way to England:—

‘I will not be idle to do all that in me shall lie to make this island of Walchern assured, whatsoever shall fall out; which, if it may be, your Majesty shall the less fear to make a good bargain for yourself, when the worst shall come.’

It must be confessed that, in the face of all this, Queen Elizabeth has need of a sturdy advocate. The truth is, it is absurd to speak

of her as the champion of Protestantism in any true or unselfish sense. The 'proximus ardet' adage is the real key to her policy in the Low Countries. Had her own safety been assured, we are persuaded that she would have looked on with the most philosophical composure, while the fires of the inquisition were blazing at Amsterdam, or at Utrecht. This much is certain: that in the spring of 1586, the Hollanders were united as one man, ardent in their resistance to Spain, eager to welcome the English as their deliverers;—that by the end of 1587, between the 'Alruna Maiden' and her 'Sweet Robin,' dissension had broken out in the Provinces themselves, distrust of English policy was universal, and the whole alliance was brought to the verge of ruin. The Queen and her favourite had played the game of Parma well. It was in no sort owing to them that, ere the close of 1588, the only two free States in Europe were not prostrate at the feet of Philip. Mr. Motley sums up the matter in language far too gentle, when he says,

—'English valour, English intelligence, English truthfulness, English generosity, were endearing England more and more to Holland. The statesmen of both countries were brought into closest union, and learned to appreciate and to respect each other, while they recognized that the fate of their respective commonwealths was indissolubly connected. But it was to the efforts of Walsingham, Drake, Raleigh, Wilkes, Burchurst, Norris, Willoughby, Williams, Vere, Russell, and the brave men who fought under their banners or their counsels, on every battle-field, and in every beleaguered town in the Netherlands, and to the universal spirit and sagacity of the English nation, in this grand crisis of its fate, that these fortunate results were owing; not to the Earl of Leicester; nor—during the term of his administration—to Queen Elizabeth herself.'—(Vol. ii., p. 551.)

Nor, when the final struggle came, does her Majesty appear in a very striking light. She would not avert the blow by an adequate and timely succour of the Hollanders; she was not even prepared to meet it when it fell upon her own land. Duplicity is always bad. But duplicity unsuccessful, duplicity over-reaching itself, so bent on deceiving that it overlooks the possibility of being deceived, and falls blindly and unsuspectingly into the snares spread openly before it, such duplicity becomes beyond measure contemptible. And such was the duplicity of Elizabeth. The Netherlands were to be hoodwinked; but it was forgotten that Farnese was ten times more subtle than the Netherlands and the English put together. The records of diplomacy do not generally convey pleasing views of human nature. And perhaps in the whole

history of diplomacy, nothing can be found more discreditably to all concerned than the English negotiation with Parma in the year 1587 and in the beginning of 1588. On the part of Parma they were conducted with apparent sincerity, in reality with the most profound perfidy. While amusing the English envoys he was urging on night and day the preparations for the invasion of their country. The strange thing is that he does not seem to have expected to be believed. It never occurred to him that even those stupid islanders could be so stupid as they actually were. Nor, indeed, would he have obtained credence for a moment had not the English Queen; and every English statesman, save Walsingham, been smitten with an infatuation which had well-nigh proved fatal to their country. At the same time, we must not be too loud in our denunciations of Spanish treachery. Farnese was indeed perfidious—perfectly so; but after the letters which have been quoted above, the less we say on this head, perhaps, the better.

At the very end of July, 1588, one of the ambassadors, an ingenious and learned gentleman of the name of Dale, wrote to Burleigh a very peaceful letter, containing the following passage:—'I have written two or three verses out of Virgil for the Queen to read, which I pray your Lordship to present unto her. God grant her to weigh them. If your Lordship will read the whole discourse of Virgil, in that place, it will make your heart melt.' When this letter reached England, Queen Elizabeth and her ministers had something else to do than to melt over the pages of Virgil. Yet, strange to say, their delusion continued till the Armada was actually exchanging broadsides with the English fleet. Lord Burleigh indeed does not cut a distinguished figure in Mr. Motley's pages. He is always doubting, shaking his head, and praying for a Dædalus 'to direct us out of the maze;' but, even at the most critical moment, he never gets beyond these very inefficacious proceedings. Dr. Nares, his venerable and partial biographer, were he alive now, would be much scandalized at the following expressions from the Admiral of England:—'Since England was England,' writes Lord Howard to Walsingham, 'there never was such a stratagem and mask to deceive her as this treaty of peace. I pray, God that we do not curse for this, a long grey beard with a white head witless, that will make all the world think us heartless. You know whom I mean.' And, indeed, it required no witch to guess at the allusion to the Lord Treasurer. Nothing produced any effect. Hesitation and delay prevailed till the last. The very day the Armada sighted

the Lizard, and the light of ten thousand beacon fires was flaming over England, the Lord Admiral received orders to dismantle four of his largest ships. The same miserable parsimony sent the fleet to sea short both of ammunition and provisions. After the fight off Gravelines, half the fleet had to return for want of food; and the rest, in the words of the Admiral, 'put on a brag countenance and gave chase, as though we had wanted nothing, though our powder and shot was well-nigh spent.' To chase a formidable enemy up and down the Northern Sea, without powder, without shot, and with nothing to eat or drink, could hardly be considered an agreeable pastime, even by English sailors. As Mr. Motley remarks, 'Had the Spaniards, instead of being panic-struck, but turned on their pursuers, what might have been the result of a conflict with starving and unarmed men?'

Matters were not much better on shore. On the 7th of August—the day the Armada was at Calais, the day a landing would have been effected had Farnese been able to break through the Dutch fleet—only some 4000 troops lay between London and the sea. And, by way of mending matters, the command of these troops was entrusted to 'Sweet Robin,' the man whose incompetency had lost the battle of Zutphen, and had sacrificed the garrison of Sluys. The celebrated scene of Elizabeth at Tilbury was not enacted till nine days after the Armada had fled northward. At no time did the army quartered there exceed 17,000 men. Well might brave Roger Williams declare, that nothing but a series of miracles had saved England from perdition.

One painful topic remains. We have seen already how the soldiers who bled for England in the Netherlands were rewarded by the English Queen. The sailors, who had saved England in the English seas, met with a like requital. The same unworthy meanness led to the same barbarity. August—the month of the great deliverance—had not expired, when the men by whom that deliverance had been wrought, unpaid and unfed, were dying by hundreds from want and neglect. They rotted away in their ships, or fell dead, uncared for, in the streets of the ports. Hospitals there were none; there were not even doctors on shipboard.

'Tis a most pitiful sight,' writes the noble Lord Howard, 'to see here, at Margate, how the men, having no place where they can be received, die in the streets. I am driven of force myself to come on land to see them bestowed in some lodgings; and the best I can get is barns, and such outhouses; and the relief is small that I can provide for them here. It

would grieve any man's heart to see men that have served so valiantly die so miserably.'

The enormous folly of this at a time when the Armada might have any day returned, is bad enough. But the folly is forgotten in the cruelty and ingratitude. Such was the administration of Queen Elizabeth.

On the evening of the 6th August, 1588, the roads of Calais presented a spectacle which, both in its outward pomp, and in the magnitude of the interests at stake, can hardly be paralleled in the history of the world. A hundred and fifty small sloops and frigates bearing the flag of England, lay face to face—hardly out of gunshot—with about the same number of Spanish ships, the largest and most heavily armed which could be produced by the naval architecture of the time. The opposing fleets rode at anchor, rising and falling on the long, slow swell of the calm sea. On the English side, anxiety and great alarm, yet a firm resolve to do all that men could do; hot without some hope of a happy issue inspired by recent success. Among the Spaniards a proud and foolish confidence; their banners flaunted gaily in the silvery moonlight; salvoes of artillery were poured forth in celebration of their anticipated triumph; and strains of exulting music filled the midnight air. The dawn of Sunday, the seventh, smiled good fortune on the invaders. The weather was bright, the sea was smooth; the elements would no longer fight for the heretic islanders. Their hearts swelled high within them; the storm of London should be for a greater terror to the nations than had been even 'the fury' at Antwerp. As the day wore on, disquietude succeeded to expectation; as night drew near, disquietude gave place to doubt, fear, and terrible suspicion. Through long hours the Duke of Medina Sidonia paced the deck of the Saint Martin, a prey to the bitterest emotions, 'straining his eyes towards the eastern horizon, with the words, 'Where is Farnese?' ever on his lips. Farnese came not; and with that day's sunset the hopes of the Spaniards sunk, the danger of England passed away. On this second night of anchorage no moon looked down; thick clouds overspread the sky; the moaning of an approaching tempest was heard far out on the western sea; and the gloom was fearfully illumined by the blaze of English fire-ships. The Spaniards were smitten with nameless terrors; confusion and turmoil disturbed the darkness; and returning dawn showed many ships disabled and aground, the body of the fleet driving, panic-struck, towards the Flemish coast. The fight off Gravelines was the fitting sequel to the night

at Calais. All was over. The Armada fled away into northern storms, to be dashed to pieces against the rocks of Norway and the Faroes.

The crisis of the struggle was on Sunday, the seventh. On the events of that day the whole affair depended. Farnese did not appear; and the expedition was from that time necessarily a failure. For it cannot be too often repeated that the Armada was never intended to conquer England by itself. The theory of the invasion all along was, that a junction should be accomplished with Farnese, who was then to take upon himself the command of the expedition. To the invading force the Armada could only contribute some six thousand troops; the rest was to be made up of those stern warriors who had followed Alva and Parma to victory on a hundred fields. Medina Sidonia had no orders to attempt a landing alone, and never contemplated doing so. His sole object was to effect a junction with Farnese, and to protect the passage of the open boats which were to convey the veterans of the Netherlands to the shores of England. The answer to the question of Sidonia, 'Where is Farnese?' is also the answer to the question, 'How was England saved?'

This answer has not been frankly given by English historians. Farnese was kept a close prisoner by the Dutch fleet; and the importance of this service has never been sufficiently recognised. The sea, on that Sunday, was at rest; and had Farnese been able to put out with his flotilla, very different might have been the results. A hand-to-hand fight between the English and Spanish fleets would have been inevitable. The harassing mode of attack which the former had hitherto practised, would have been no longer of any avail. They must have come to close quarters. And when we remember that this would have been before the panic of the night of the seventh, when the Spanish were yet confident, and buoyed up with well-grounded hope, and that it would have been in weather so serene that seamanship could hardly have come into play, it is impossible to resist a fear that Providence, in the words of Napoleon, 'would have been on the side of the strongest battalions.' That such an engagement never took place, was owing to the vigilance of the Dutch. Upwards of a hundred vessels, of every description, and of all sizes, under Nassau and Van der Does, swarmed in all the estuaries on the Flemish coast, blocking every egress to the ocean from Dunkirk or from Sluys. The 'Beggars of the Sea' had come into the game at last. Now was their chance to requite Philip for the desolation he had wrought upon their

country—for the sufferings of Leyden, for the treacherous sack of Haarlem. They could now take a leading part in frustrating the great design of his life, in giving the first blow to the overgrown fabric of his power. Now had come an opportunity rewarding them for years of sorrow, of suffering, and of peril, the history of which makes us stand amazed at the fortitude of the men who could endure to the end. They had waited for it long, and they used it well. Even at this distance of time our hearts beat in sympathy with those wild sailors, as, exulting in their long-deferred and often despaired-of triumph, they marked their cruel enemy cowering in his trenches, and dared him, with taunts and jeers, to come forth and meet them on the sea.

'As for the Prince of Parma,' said Drake, 'I take him to be as a bear robbed of her whelps.' The Admiral was right. Farnese was transported with rage, and he had cause to be so. The miscarriage was no fault of his. He had all along told Philip that he could not possibly come out with his soldiers unless the sea were cleared. His boats, he had urged, were mere transports, only fit to float in calm weather; and that, as for fighting, four ships of war would destroy them all. The idea, that with these open boats he could put out in the face of the Dutch fleet, he had denounced as the wildest folly; and he had foretold the failure of the expedition if such a delusion were entertained. The delusion was entertained, and Farnese's prophecies came true. Philip insisted on regarding the rebellious Dutchmen as of no account: the 'Beggars of the Sea' convinced him of his mistake. Farnese had made his arrangements with wonderful forethought and skill. So complete were his preparations, that he could have embarked all his men in a single day. He actually did embark a large portion of his troops, and kept them in the boats, 'like sacks of corn,' for two days. But 'the Beggars' were always there, filling every outlet; and the soldiers would not face them. For the only time in his life, Farnese forgot generalship in his anger. He ordered a thousand musketeers to attack the Dutchmen. Their officers remonstrated. Alexander struck them dead with his own hand. The men reluctantly advanced to a hopeless contest, and not one returned alive. At last came the news of the flight of the Armada; and Farnese, of all men least to blame, yet most of all men bearing the reproach, disembarked his troops, and turned to new projects with the patient energy of genius.

The service which the Hollanders had rendered in preventing his putting to sea was

incalculable. Had a man of his ability stood on the decks of the Armada, even without the soldiers who so devotedly loved him, affairs would have worn a very different aspect. This service has not, we think, been sufficiently acknowledged by English writers. The careless Hume, and the painstaking Lingard alike, pass it over in almost total silence. Mr. Motley brings it prominently forward, in no unfair spirit towards England, but simply from a love of justice. He puts the question in its true light when he claims for the Dutch sailors an equal share of honour with the English. And the sailors of the two countries must share all the honour between them. That England would, in any case, have been permanently conquered, Mr. Motley does not for a moment insinuate. But no candid man can doubt, that had a landing been effected, Leicester and his four thousand men would not have stood before Parma for an hour. London would have been stormed, and misery altogether inconceivable would have been spread over England. That such horrors were averted, is to be ascribed, under Providence, to Philip's obstinate neglect of the advice of Farnese, and to the heroism of the Dutch and English sailors,—in no way whatever, as we read the story, to the measures of a Government deficient both in wisdom and in energy.

To whatsoever cause attributable, the deliverance had been wrought, and all the land was filled with the sound of pious thanksgiving. Spain was humbled in the dust, her maritime power was overthrown, another invasion of England could never be attempted. Holland, indeed, continued to be pressed by Parma for some eighteen months more; but, when Mr. Motley closes his second volume in 1590, Holland also was secure. Changes had occurred in France which transferred thither the struggle between freedom and despotism, and left to the Netherlands a breathing space. The assassination of the Duke of Guise, and of the last Valois, brought prominently on the stage the greatest character of the time. Mr. Motley has laboured much in portraying Henry of Navarre: we can only quote some portions of a very brilliant delineation.

'We see, at once, a man of moderate stature, light, sinewy, and strong; a face browned with continual exposure; small, mirthful, yet commanding blue eyes, glittering from beneath an arching brow, and prominent cheekbones; a long hawk's nose, almost resting upon a salient chin, a pendent moustache, and a thick, brown, curly beard, prematurely grizzled; we see the man of frank authority and magnificent good-humour, we hear the ready sallies of the shrewd Gascon mother-wit, we feel the electricity which flashes out of him, and sets all hearts around

him on fire, when the trumpet sounds to battle. The headlong desperate charge, the snow-white plume waving where that fire is hottest, the large capacity for enjoyment of the man, rioting without affectation in the *certaminis gaudia*, the insane gallop, after the combat, to lay its trophies at the feet of the Cynthia of the minute, and thus to forfeit its fruits;—all are as familiar to us as if the seven distinct wars, the hundred pitched battles, the two hundred sieges, in which the Bearnese was personally present, had been occurrences of our own day. . . . Beneath the mask of perpetual, careless good-humour, lurked the keenest eyes, a subtle, restless, widely combining brain, and an iron will. Native sagacity had been tempered into consummate elasticity by the fiery atmosphere in which feebler natures had been dissolved. His wit was as flashing and as quickly unsheathed as his sword. Desperate, apparently reckless temerity on the battle-field, was deliberately indulged in, that the world might be brought to recognise a hero and a chieftain in a king. . . . Thus courageous, crafty, far-seeing, consistent, untiring, imperturbable, he was born to command, and had a right to reign. He had need of the throne, and the throne had still more need of him.'—(Vol. i. 45, 51-2.)

Such was the man who now laid his iron grasp upon the Crown of France. His success would be fatal to the designs of Philip. The sluggish Mayenne, who spent as much time in eating as the Bearnese did in sleep, wielded the strength of the League in vain. Farnese turned to encounter an antagonist worthy even of his genius, and Holland was blessed with comparative repose. Some fifty years of strife, indeed, had still to be endured, before the times of her great trouble should be ended. But the struggle which remained, was a struggle for recognition, not for existence. In 1590 the victory was won. The foundations of the Batavian Commonwealth were secure. Freedom had made her home on those bleak and barren shores, from whence she was to go forth to bless the nations. That noble Republic was destined, in the years to come, to check the overgrown power of France as it had checked the overgrown power of Spain; to humble the pride of Louis as it had defeated the craft of Philip; to send a deliverer to England; to bear her share in the Triple Alliance, and in the great War of the Succession.

It was a glorious future. And, even at the time of which we write, the promise of that future was bright in the sky. Despite a desolating war which had raged unceasingly for twenty-five years, Holland was exhibiting strange signs of prosperity. Population was increasing, property rising in value, labour was in demand, wages were high. The beautiful manufactures for which Brussels and Valenciennes had long been celebrated, were becoming known in the

cities of the Netherlands. Their commerce was extending itself every day. Their traffic with the Baltic was immense; nay, in spite of the most stringent regulations, they maintained a constant intercourse with the Spanish possessions in the west; and the power of trade brought the products of the mines of Potosi to sustain rebellion against the lord of Peru. Nor was learning forgotten amid the horrors of the time. The Universities of Franeker and Leyden were founded; with all fitting pomp and circumstance, as if peace had been smiling on the State. 'Truly,' says Meternen, 'the war had become a great benediction to the inhabitants.' With peculiar pleasure the mind reposes on the spectacle of a people who had ventured so much for the best interests of mankind, reaping such a great and unexpected reward. Far other was the aspect of the provinces which had stooped to the yoke of Spain. 'La Révocation de l'édit de Nantes,' says Michelet, 'fut précisément l'exil de l'industrie française.' The 'reconciliation,' as it was called, of 1583 had been the same to the Walloon Provinces. The successes of Farnese brought a like evil fortune on Flanders and Brabant. Troops of exiles, skilled in the most productive branches of industry, fled from Popery and oppression, to enrich Holland, Friesland, and England. Great cities were depopulated; fertile tracts of country had been turned into desert. Wolves littered in the deserted farm-houses; men were torn to pieces by wild beasts at the very gates of Ghent. Nobles were converted into savage robbers, or supported life by degrading beggary in the towns which they once had ruled. The hum of busy labour was silent; the trim gardens, the rich pastures, the blooming orchards, once the admiration of all strangers, had become wildernesses. Prices were high, employment impossible; utter misery over-spread the land, and barbarism seemed impending.

Such was the contrast, then, between free and servile states. The after careers of both were in harmony with the beginning. Holland advanced in glory and in well-being; the 'reconciled' provinces languished through long years under the alien domination of the Empire. In our own time we have seen them raised to independence; and Belgium is, on the whole, a prosperous and a happy country. But even now the traveller, as he gazes on the deserted quays of Antwerp, and hears his footfall sound strangely loud amid the desolation of Ghent and Bruges, can hardly realize, by any effort of imagination, the grand tumult of life which filled these Flemish cities in the days when they were welcomed as allies by our own Edward III.,

when they scattered the chivalry of France at Courtrai, and held their ground so stubbornly on the field of Rosebecque. The history of the Netherlands is an illustration of the priceless value of freedom, as well as a record of the great things which men have done to win it. It is a lesson fraught with instruction—especially worthy of study now-a-days, when so many shallow thinkers, echoing the words of one or two men of genius, endeavour to appear wiser than their neighbours by under-estimating the blessings of constitutional government.

Mr. Motley has done his work well. His research has been unwearied and extensive, and he has given us the results of that research clearly and powerfully. If we compare him with Mr. Prescott, we shall find occasion to admire the good fortune by which each of these American historians has been led to select subjects best suited to his ability. Mr. Prescott is a beautiful and picturesque writer; but he is somewhat deficient in political feeling and political knowledge. This appears strikingly in his *Life of Philip II.*, unhappily left incomplete. He celebrates worthily the great defence of Malta against the Turks; he narrates, with almost unnecessary detail, the savage crusades against the Moriscoes; but he labours reluctantly when he has to penetrate the tortuous policy of the prince, when he has to unravel the complex web of European affairs. So, too, his edition of Robertson's *Charles V.* has not greatly aided us to an understanding of that most difficult period, when the whole system of modern politics had its birth. He is most at home among the scenes of adventures through which the early Spanish discoverers passed; and his genius has achieved its most signal triumphs in depicting the varying fortunes of Cortez and Pizarro. Mr. Motley, on the other hand, has far keener political sympathies; and is altogether, we venture to think, possessed of more intellectual vigour. He is never so happy as when exposing the incompetency of Burleigh, vindicating the sagacity of his favourite Walsingham, or detecting the subtle wiles of Farnese. Not that he wants the power of graphic narration. On the contrary, he possesses it in a very high degree. His battle-pieces are almost Homeric in the vividness with which individual prowess is brought out. Nothing can be more exciting than the fight under the walls of Zutphen, or the desperate struggle on the dykes which sealed the fate of Antwerp.

We have alluded to Mr. Motley's research. His investigations into the manuscript records of the time have been so laborious, and he has brought to light so much curious and novel information, that it seems almost un-

grateful to hint that we have somewhat too much of it. But the readers of this generation are an impatient race; and Mr. Motley does tell us of intrigues, and abortive negotiations, and diplomatic nothings with a painful minuteness. Prolivity, indeed, seems the vice of American writers. Whether it be that art strives to imitate the gigantic scale on which nature manifests herself in the New World; or whether, as we rather fancy, all Americans are demoralized by the awful length of that message which is yearly delivered to them by their President, the fact is at once certain and deplorable. Two volumes of a 'History of New England,' by Mr. Palfrey, have lately appeared—a most valuable work, but which has failed to obtain popularity owing to this fault alone. Mr. Motley has not erred quite so fatally, but we must say that he tries the patience of his readers severely. The latter half of the first volume is far too full of quotations from letters and reports, and of dialogues which are given at full length. This last is a very favourite device. Throughout these volumes, we have repeated instances of "imaginary conversations" between the chief performers, after the fashion of that dreadful "controversy" at Melos, which, in the pages of Thucydides, has vexed the hearts of so many mortals. Against this style of writing history we beg to enter our most decided protest. We value highly dramatic power in an historian. Its presence, indeed, makes all the difference between an historian and a mere annalist. But it must not develop itself in this particular way. The introduction of speeches and dialogues, purporting to be set forth in the very language used at the time, is now-a-days utterly out of place. It is intended to give an air of life; it only succeeds in giving an air of unreality. We fully believe Mr. Motley's assertion, that 'no personage in these pages is made to write or speak any words save those which, on the best historical evidence, he is known to have written or spoken.' Yet, even with this confidence, suspicions of unconscious invention will intrude upon the reader's mind. We feel ourselves brought back to the manner of Herodotus. We are told what Walsingham said, to Bodman, and what the Queen said to Shirley, exactly after the fashion in which the Father of History tells us what Candules said to Gyges, and how Solon moralised to Croesus. If Mr. Motley will indulge in this sort of thing, he should do it thoroughly. He should remember that, according to the best models of this style, no battle can be fought without much preliminary speechifying. The great William himself should have broken his accustomed silence, ere he entered the Meuse

at the head of his troops; and we must anticipate, that even the fiery Maurice will be made to improve the occasion by an encouraging address before he leads the great charge at Nieupoort. Seriously, in writings of the present time, all this is utterly incongruous. The effect produced by it is simply grotesque. It is a mere trick, and an unsuccessful trick, and a trick to which Mr. Motley need not condescend. It is in his power to give life to his pages by other and more legitimate means.

Neither is it worthy of Mr. Motley to seek a source of attraction in strange contortions of style. As he advances with his work, he improves in this respect. The History of the United Netherlands is far less disfigured with uncouth expressions, meant to be effective, than was the Rise of the Dutch Republic. Yet, even in the later work, a very superficial search will detect many eccentricities of language. We would not make much of a habit of speaking of 'Henry Tudor,' and 'Elizabeth Tudor;' though we confess that this sounds somewhat strangely in our loyal, or perhaps we should say in our enslaved and degraded, ears. But such phrases as, a 'champion to the utterance,' 'England was palpitating with the daily expectation,' etc., and 'Howard determined to wrestle no farther pull,' are, to say the least, very inelegant. It is at once confused and tawdry writing to speak of the Earl of Leicester as 'that luxuriant, creeping, flaunting, all-pervading existence, which struck its fibres into the mould, and coiled itself through the whole fabric of Elizabeth's life and reign.' Nor is it much more accurate to describe canals as 'those liquid highways, along which glide in phantom silence the bustle, and traffic, and countless cares of a stirring population.' Will Mr. Motley think us very matter-of-fact, if we ask him how a bustle can possibly glide, or at all progress, or indeed, do anything, in phantom silence? We regret this passage the more, that what we must venture to call its absurdity spoils an otherwise faithful and picturesque description of the Hague. Nor can we think it a very fitting representation of the state of Holland after the death of William the Silent, to say that 'the newly-risen Republic remained for a season nebulous, and ready to unsphere itself so soon as the relative attraction of other great powers should determine its absorption.' We would really impress on Mr. Motley the importance of cultivating simplicity of style, and of not reading one word of Carlyle until his own historical labours are concluded.

Should these remarks be read by Mr. Motley, we trust he will not misunderstand the spirit in which they are made. They spring

from no vain love of fault-finding, but from a sincere desire that what we regard as blemishes should disappear from a great historical work. And we think it the more incumbent on us to make them, that Mr. Motley proposes to write so much that will be valuable. It is his purpose to carry on the present book to the date of the Synod of Dort. He then hopes to take up the history of the Thirty Years' War, which broke out immediately thereafter, and to end the whole when repose was given to wearied Europe by the Peace of Westphalia. He will thus tell the story of a conflict which lasted, with one short interval, for about eighty years. He will accomplish this ambition all the more successfully if he strives after condensation and simplicity.

That he will accomplish it well in any case, no one can doubt. In addition to the other excellences which we have already mentioned, Mr. Motley possesses the rare merit of being able to sympathize with all the various characteristics of the era of which he writes. Nor is this a slight matter; for he has selected an era which presents, perhaps, more varied characteristics than any other in the history of the world. There are certain periods of history in which the course of events seems to be regulated by individual actors—to follow the dictates of some imperial will. We come best to understand the epoch by studying the character of the man or men who ruled it. Such a period was the period of the downfall of the Roman Republic. Again, there are other periods of history in which national life is vigorous, over which the individual has little power. We can only understand these epochs by studying the influences brought to bear upon the masses, and the emotions which excited them to action. Such a period was the period of the Peloponnesian war. The period of which Mr. Motley has chosen to write combines both these characteristics in a very striking degree. National life was then coming into being; and the leaders of the time were among the greatest of the rulers of mankind. William the Silent, the Prince of Parma, Henry of Navarre, have left the impress of their characters indelibly on the history of their era. And all Holland was then learning to be free, and England was fighting for existence; and the spirit of Protestantism moved on the face of the waters. Mr. Motley has seen all this. He rightly estimates both the influence of individuals and the strength of popular feeling. He sympathizes with both, and he makes his readers do the same. Therefore, from a study of his pages, we arrive at a true understanding of the whole marvel of the epoch. The great men live and move before us; yet the

people, 'as a lion, creeping nigher,' are visible in the background. We are made to know the statesmanship and valour of William and his brothers, all dying for the infant State—of Henry of Navarre—of Norris and Walsingham; we appreciate even the spirit of reckless defiance which animated men like Brederode and Hohenlo; yet we are never allowed to forget the dogged resistance of the lowest Hollander; we are taught to admire the austere enthusiasm of the French Huguenots; and the determination which nerved all England, and made a hero of every English ship-boy, is always present to our minds. Even on the other side, the genius and influence of Farnese is Mr. Motley's favourite theme; yet he delineates vividly the mingled virtues and vices which gave such a peculiar power to the soldiery whom Farnese led. Higher praise can be bestowed on no historian; yet it is only Mr. Motley's due.

We heartily hope that health and strength will be given to him to accomplish the great task which he has set before himself. When accomplished, it will be a valuable addition to our historical literature, and will win for its author an enduring title to fame. Meanwhile we are truly grateful for what we have got. Readers of Mr. Motley's five volumes will not only find a most instructive and entertaining narrative; they will also find a book written with the feeling and fervour with which all history should be written—a book which cannot fail to communicate, even to the most indifferent, some portion of the love of freedom and of truth which glows along its eloquent pages.

ART. VII.—*The Theory of Vision Vindicated and Explained.* By the Right Rev. G. BERKELEY, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Cloyne. Edited, with Annotations, by H. V. H. COWELL, Associate of King's College, London. Cambridge, 1860.

'IRELAND,' says Sir James Mackintosh in his *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy*, 'may truly be said to be *incuriosa suorum*.' This remark must be understood with considerable reservations. As far as its orators and wits are concerned, there is no nation in Europe that is more careful of its intellectual glories. No Irishman requires to be reminded that he is the countryman of Burke. The names of Grattan and Flood, of Curran and Plunket, have actually degenerated into clap-trap. The memory of Sheridan and Moore is in no danger of being lost,

and Goldsmith is a household word that lives on every lip. Here, indeed, the fault of an Irishman would seem to lie in an opposite direction. He claims Swift as a countryman, because Swift, though the son of English parents, first saw the light in Dublin; and he arrogates the genius of Sterne, because Sterne happened to be born when his father, a captain in a marching regiment, was stationed at Clommel. In philosophy, however, the remark of Sir James Mackintosh is true. A native born Irishman, Johannes Duns Scotus, is generally regarded as a Scot. The birth-place of Hutcheson, the Irish founder of the Scotch philosophy, is unknown. The philosophy of Berkeley, overwhelmed as it has been with misrepresentation, has been vindicated by no Irish pen. The existence of one of his most important works was first pointed out by a Scotchman; and it is an Englishman who has at length superintended its republication, and transmitted it to Ireland, as a contribution of the English press. And yet, in earlier times, the Irish genius was more remarkable for dialectic subtlety, than for either impassioned eloquence or spontaneous wit. The disputants of the Irish College in the University of Paris were satirized as

'Gens ratione furans et mentem pasta chimæris.'

An Irish tutor harassing a professor of Salamanca with a sorites was regarded by Bayle as the very type of scholastic subtlety. It was to the uncouth Hibernian figures that prowled about the halls, that Gil Blas addressed himself for disputation when prosecuting his logical studies at Oviedo. In short, as Sir William Hamilton remarks, the Hibernian logician was long celebrated in every university of Europe for his logical acuteness, and—tell it not in the Island of the Saints—for his pugnacity and barbarism also.*

Nor even in more recent times has the early philosophical reputation of the country been altogether lost. Recommended by Molyneux, Locke's *Essay concerning Human Understanding* was a text-book in the University of Dublin, when the heads of houses were conspiring to ignore its very existence at Oxford, and when it supplied nothing better than a thesis for an occasional disputation in the more liberal University of Cambridge. The spirit infused by the new philosophy was soon apparent. King published his *De Origine Mali* in the year 1702. Elected a Fellow of Trinity College in 1707, Berkeley, in 1709, gave the world his 'Theory of Vision,'

and in the following year his 'Principles of Human Knowledge.' Stimulated by the philosophy of Locke, though he misunderstood its tenets, Hutcheson published his 'Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue,' in 1725, and dedicated it from Dublin to the Viceroy Carteret. In 1728, he followed up the Inquiry by an 'Essay on the Nature and Conduct of the Passions and Affections, with illustrations on the Moral Sense;' and in 1729 he was permanently lost to Ireland, by being appointed Professor of Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. The University of Dublin, however, in 1728, had resumed its philosophic reputation in the person of another Fellow of Trinity College, Dr. Peter Browne, whose 'Procedure, Extent, and Limits of Human Understanding,' published in 1728, was followed in 1733 by his work entitled 'Things Divine and Supernatural conceived by Analogy with Things Natural and Human,'—a book the interest of which has been revived by Dr. Marshall. The illustrious Burke followed in the footsteps of Berkeley and of Browne. A scholar on the foundation on which they were Fellows, he, in 1757, gave the world an intimation of his philosophic genius, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, and, had not politics directed his attention from philosophy, would have followed it up by an *Essay on the Idealism of Berkeley*.* In his 'attempt to prove the existence and absolute perfection of the Supreme Unoriginated Being in a demonstrative manner,' Dr. Hugh Hamilton essayed a task which had been in vain attempted by Locke and Clarke. He also was a Fellow of Trinity College. In the University, however, up to the year 1837, there was no chair for the cultivation of the science which had been prosecuted so zealously by its alumni. This deficiency was supplied by the influence of the then Provost, Dr. Lloyd, the scientific father of a scientific son. The first incumbent of the new chair was the much lamented Archer Butler. A scholar of the house like Burke, he rivalled Burke himself in the magnificence of his diction; while in his *Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy* he showed himself worthy to be at once the exponent of Plato and the countryman of Berkeley. His successor was Dr. Fitzgerald, the editor of Butler's *Analogy and Aristotle's Ethics*. A Bishop of Cork and Cloyne, he at present holds in his own person the united bishoprics of Berkeley and Browne; and had he not devoted himself exclusively to the discharge of the duties of his high office, he

* See Sir William Hamilton's *Discussions*, p. 6; *Stewart's Works*, iii. 58, 211.

* See Boswell's *Johnson*, Croker's Edition, ch. xvii.

would still be the centre of the hopes of the Irish votaries of mental science. His successor was Dr. Moeran, an accomplished metaphysician, who, like his predecessor, has subordinated his metaphysical reputation to the discharge of his duties as a clergyman of the Church of Ireland. The last in the succession is the present Professor, Dr. Webb, an ex-scholar of the House, who, in his 'Intellectualism of Locke,' has endeavoured at once to defend the memory of Locke from the charge of empiricism, and to vindicate the University of Dublin for the prominence which it has never ceased to give Locke's Essay in its University curriculum.

The great glory of Irish philosophy is Berkeley. The events in the life of this illustrious man are easily chronicled. He was born near Thomastown in 1684. Educated in Kilkenny, he was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1707. In 1713 he went to Italy as chaplain and secretary to the Earl of Peterborough. Created a senior Fellow of the College in 1717, he resigned his Fellowship, and was promoted to the Deanery of Derry in 1724. In 1728 he consented to resign the most opulent preferment in the Irish Church for £100 a-year, and the privilege of 'keeping a school for savage children' at Bermuda. Disappointed in the promises of Walpole, and having expended much of his private fortune in the promotion of this abortive scheme, he returned to Europe in 1731. In 1734 he was promoted to the See of Cloyne. In 1745 he refused to be translated to the See of Clogher, though the value of the preferment was double that of the one he held. In 1752 he entreated to be permitted to resign his bishopric, but the king refused to accede to his request. In 1753 he died. Whilst sitting in the midst of his family listening to a sermon, he was struck with palsy in the heart. His remains were interred, not in the vaults of the University of which he was the glory, but at Oxford.

The estimation in which the character of this illustrious man was held by his contemporaries, is better known than even the actions of his life. Every one knows how he charmed the fierce misanthropy of Swift—how Pope attributed to him the possession of 'every virtue under heaven'—how Atterbury exclaimed, that till he knew him he did not think that 'so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, had been the portion of any but the angels.' To the present day the memory of the mild metaphysician is as dear to his countrymen as that of their most turbulent orators and statesmen. Nor is the instinct of the nation wrong. He was one of

the first eminent Anglo-Hibernians that were not ashamed of the name of Irishman. He was one of the first Irish Protestants who would honestly tolerate a 'Papist.' He was, perhaps, the first Irishman who had the courage to tell his countrymen their faults. He was the first to denounce the race of patriots. The character of this great and good man, indeed, is not the exclusive property of his countrymen; it is the common glory of the human race. His life was one of an ideal purity. The metaphysician of Idealism was an ideal man. He was as nearly a realization of the conception of the Stoic sage as the imperfection of humanity permits.

The range of his intellectual accomplishments was almost as wonderful as his virtue was unique. In his 'Analyst' he was the first to point out that logical inconsistency in the modern calculus which Carnot attempted to explain by a compensation of errors, which Lagrange endeavoured to obviate by his calculus of functions, and which Euler and D'Alembert could only evade by pointing out the constant conformity of the conception with ascertained results. The 'Que-rist,' to use the language of Sir James Mackintosh, 'contains more hints, than original, still unapplied in legislation and political economy, than are to be found in any equal space.' In his 'Minute Philosopher,' modelled on the Dialogues of Plato, he catches the manner of his master; and, while tracking the free thought of the day through its various evolutions, exhibits an exquisite elegance of diction that is unsurpassed in the literature of philosophy. It is in abstract philosophy, however, that we are to seek his glory. His 'Theory of Vision,' his 'Principles of Human Knowledge,' his 'Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous,' and his 'Sirias,' entitle him as a metaphysician to be ranked with Locke and Hume; and their publication vindicated the claim of Ireland to an equality with England and with Scotland in the glories of metaphysical research.

Berkeley's Idealism, in fact, is an epoch in the history of modern speculation. The effect which it primarily produced was a species of stupid bewilderment or unintelligent disdain. 'Coxcombs refuted Berkeley with a grin.' Old rugged Rhadamanthus Johnson endeavoured to refute his Idealism with a 'kick.' Burke was determined to assail his paradox, but did not venture on the task. Arbuthnot could only regard the 'Ideas' of 'poor philosopher Berkeley' as a theme for jest. Even Clarke was invited to examine 'Mr. Berkeley's subtle premises,' and to explain away 'his absurd conclusions,' but 'declined.' The glory of 'refuting'

Berkeley was reserved for Reid; and Reid could only recommend the Berkeleian to 'run his head against a post,' and 'to be clapt into a mad-houſe for his pains.' Reid, indeed, profeſſes to have been himſelf for twenty years a believer in the ſcheme of Berkeley; but of the intelligence of that belief his after criticism affords the beſt illuſtration. He miſconceived its whole purport. He miſrepreſented its every tenet. He imported into it a monſtrous chimæra, which made it a chaos of contradictions; and while Berkeley was in reality to be identified with Plato, with Cudworth, and with Clarke, identified him with Gaſſendi, Hobbes, and Condillac.

As the errors of Reid, repeated as they are not only by his more immediate followers, but by the more ſcientific thinkers educated in the ſchool of Kant, continue to vitiate philoſophical criticism, it may be well once more to ſubject the Berkeleian Idealism to review. The republication of Berkeley's 'Vindication of the Theory of Viſion,' ſupplies us with a fit occaſion. The republication, indeed, at once neceſſitates and facilitates the performance of the taſk: *neceſſitates* it, for the annotations of the editor reproduce all the miſconceptions to which we have adverted; and *facilitates* it, for the text itſelf ſupplies the beſt materials for their refutation. The diſcuſſion of ſuch recondite ſubjects in the pages of a Review, is attended with peculiar difficulty. Unleſs the diſcuſſion be ſuited to the apprehenſion of the general reader, it will ſcarce be read; unleſs it be conducted with ſcientific rigour, it will ſcarce be worth the reading. The region into which we are about to enter is one of twilight, which is eventually loſt in gloom. If the reader has any metaphyſical curioſity, let him accompany us as we deſcend from the light of day into the chasm of this ſubterranean cave. The diſcipline of Plato's cave is here reversed. The great difficulty is not to become accuſtomed to the light; it is to become accuſtomed to the darkneſs. Let us deſcend and ſtrain our eyeballs to deſcry, as beſt we may, the objects that glimmer through the gloom.

'The privilege of reaſon,' ſays the Leviathan, 'is allayed by another, and that is by the privilege of abſurdity, to which no living creature is ſubject but man only, and of men thoſe are of all moſt ſubject to it that profeſs philoſophy.' But philoſophy itſelf, to ordinary apprehenſion, would ſeem never to have propounded an abſurdity more monſtrous than when ſhe proclaimed, in the perſon of Berkeley, that 'all the choir of heaven and furniture of earth—in a word, all thoſe bodies which compoſe the mighty frame of

the world—have not any ſubſiſtence without a mind, and that their being is to be perceived or known.' The paradox, however, was the natural birth of thought; and the hiſtory of the ſpeculations of which it was the iſſue, will prove it to have been a legitimate product of the human mind. What, in fact, was the poſition of philoſophy in the time of Berkeley? That philoſophy exiſted, was itſelf a proof that the unreflecting *natural reaſon*, which is the primeval inſtinct of the human race, had been diſſipated. From the natural point of view, as it has been well expreſſed, it appears as if ſenſe actually apprehended things out of itſelf, and in their proper ſpace. The external world in its objective reality is preſent. It is not a matter of inference or mere belief; it is abſolutely known. We are in preſence and poſſeſſion of the *object*. But how can the diſtant be apprehended, the external known? how can thought be made the depository of alien things? The queſtion haunted the mind the moment that reaſon and reflection awoke; and the firſt and obvious ſuggeſtion was, that the world was matter not of knowledge, but belief, and that what was preſent to the mind was not the object, but its idea or conception. *Idealism*, therefore, was the firſt ſuggeſtion of philoſophy. Curioſity aroſe, the career of hypotheſis commenced. Whence came this concept or idea? Men were not contented with a fact; they wanted an efficient cauſe; and as efficiency eludes the graſp of our intelligence, they were fain to gueſs what it was impoſſible to know. What is the *cauſe* of our ideas? Impelled by the quaſi-externality of our perceptions, we naturally regard them as determined from without; urged by the primary inſtinct of reality, we naturally regard them as determined from without by matter. The firſt hypotheſis that was excogitated to explain our ſenſible perceptions, therefore was the *Theory of Phyſical Influence or Influx*. The material films of the atomiſts, the matterleſs forms of the ſchoolmen, the material properties and powers of the modern materialiſts, were ſo many modifications of the ſame hypotheſis. Matter was the efficient cauſe of our ideas. This was the hypotheſis which was adopted by Gaſſendi and Hobbes, by Sir Kenelm Digby, and the corpuscularians who preceded Locke. But matter is conceived as paſſive and inert; how, then, can it be conceived as cauſe? It is conceived as eſſentially unthinking; how, then, can it be conceived to operate as cauſe of thought? The hypotheſis which Locke adopted to elude this difficulty is characteristic of his philoſophy of compromiſe and caution. Holding that the mind, as far as the ſenſible world is con-

cerned, is conscious of nothing but its own ideas, he held that those ideas are produced by impulse (ii. i. 1—ii. viii. 11). It is true that, in reply to Stillingfleet, he admitted this to be an error, and proposed to rectify it on the first occasion. But on reflection he found there was nothing which he wished to rectify. He found he had expressly stated that the 'mechanical affections of bodies have no affinity at all with those ideas they produce in us' (iv. iii. 28), and that impulse, consequently, was not the efficient, but the physical cause of our ideas. This was the introduction of a new conception. The thought-producing powers of matter were to be 'attributed wholly to the good pleasure of our Maker' (iv. iii. 6); and a theory of what may be denominated *hyper-physical influence* was the expression of the opinions of the English sage. The notion of efficiency was thus transferred from the world of matter to the power of God. Philosophy had entered into an alliance with theology, and the great systems of *theological idealism* were added to the empire of hypothesis. Holding that the mind is conscious of nothing but ideas of reality—holding that matter is essentially and unalterably passive,—the Cartesian proclaimed that God is the immediate cause of our ideas, that He caused our ideas on the occasion of the presence of material things. Thus was evolved the celebrated hypothesis of *occasional causes*. Still holding the doctrine that the mind is conscious of ideas only—still holding the hopeless and helpless imbecility of matter,—Leibnitz rejected the Cartesian hypothesis of the incessant agency of God, as reducing the order of nature to a miracle; and, inconsistently reverting to the principles of the old mechanical philosophy, maintained that the modifications of the mind and modifications of matter had been so pre-arranged by God that the necessary evolutions of the one corresponded to the mechanical evolutions of the other. In short, he broached the hypothesis of *pre-established harmony*. But this hypothesis soon followed in the train of its abandoned predecessors. It was succeeded by the hypothesis of Pere Malebranche. If matter could neither be known as object, nor make itself known as cause, Malebranche perceived most clearly that the existence of a world of matter could not be recognised by reason. He accepted the fact, however, on the authority of Scripture, and he framed his hypothesis to account for the production of the idea. The Deity was the universal Being. He was intimately present to the mind of man. He, at all events, in his omniscience, possessed an objective knowledge of the fact, which His Scripture had revealed, and at times He allowed the human

mind to participate in His cognition. Our sensations, it is true, were produced by His power; but our ideas were participations in His intelligence; and thus the knowledge of the world of matter was a *vision of the world in God*.

It was in this position that philosophy was found by Berkeley, and it determined the evolution of his system. Erroneously conceiving the Divine Ideas of Malebranche to be physical modifications of the essence of the Deity, whereas in reality they were merely acts of the Divine Intelligence, he rejected the hypothesis of the vision of material things in God, as unintelligible and absurd. But he rejected it for another and a better reason: the 'Vision' of Malebranche, the 'Harmony' of Leibnitz, the 'Occasional Causes' of Descartes, and the 'Hyper-physical Influence' of Locke, were all vitiated by the same fundamental fallacy. Not only were they hypotheses—they were hypotheses that were superfluous,—and they were hypotheses replete with contradiction. Schemes of theological idealism, they were also schemes of theological realism. They admitted the existence of a reality, and yet they admitted the consciousness of nothing but the idea. They admitted that the reality was incompetent to produce the idea,—they admitted that the idea could only be produced directly or indirectly by the agency of God,—they admitted that the agency of God was amply sufficient for the production of the mental phenomenon; and yet they admitted the concurrence in, or at least the co-existence of, a reality *ex hypothesi* unknown, inactive, superfluous, and void. Berkeley was too fearless, too acute a thinker, to acquiesce in this. He held, with his predecessors, that mind has no objective knowledge of a world of matter. He held, with them, that in this respect the mind is conscious of nothing but ideas. He held, with them, that these ideas must have a cause. He held, with them, that these ideas were not generated from within, but were determined from without. With them, he held that the external cause of our ideas could not be matter; and, with them, he held that the external cause was God! But if God were the cause of our ideas, why gratuitously suppose the existence of an unknown world of matter? The world of consciousness was known. It was a series of conceptions which the mind was stimulated by the Deity to form. It was a dream, such as that with which the Hebrew prophets were inspired. It was an apocalyptic vision. It was a perpetual trance.

This conception, indeed, was no novelty in the history of speculation. The Hindoo philosophers, centuries before, had maintained

that 'creation was rather an energy than a work, by which the Infinite Mind, who is present at all times and in all places, exhibits to His creatures a set of perceptions like a wonderful picture, or piece of music, always varied, yet always uniform.' They had denied 'the reality of all created forms,' except 'as far as the happiness of creatures could be affected by them.' They had held that the world of matter was merely *maya*, or illusion.* Berkeley himself professes to have found intimations of his own Idealism in the philosophy of Plato. But a just and intelligible criticism of the philosophy of Plato is still a desideratum, and but little reliance can be placed on the isolated passages which Berkeley quotes. Faint adumbrations of the idealism of Berkeley as well as that of Fichte, may be discovered in Cicero's exposition of scepticism in the *Academica*. He refers to the seeming externality of the dreams sent by the gods, and of the fictions of the imagination generated by madness or by natural sleep. But this is Idealism merely in its germ. As Sir William Hamilton has shown, the idealistic principle was contemplated by the early fathers in their opposition to Maricon's doctrine of the merely phenomenal incarnation of our Lord, and by the schoolmen in their disquisitions on the representative character of *Species*. As he has also shown, the principle was recognised by Leibnitz. 'Nullo argumento absolute demonstrari potest dari corpora, nec quicquam prohibet somnia quædam bene ordinata menti nostræ objecta esse.' 'The world may be merely a well-ordered dream—an iris—an image on the glass. In Locke the idealistic tendency of the age is equally conspicuous. 'It may seem strange,' says Reid, 'that Locke, who wrote so much about ideas, should not see the consequences which Berkeley thought so obviously deducible from that doctrine.' Strange indeed, if true; but the infelicity of Reid's assertion is stranger still. 'There can be nothing more certain,' says Locke, 'than that the idea we receive from an external object is in our minds: this is intuitive knowledge. But whether there be anything more than barely that idea, whether we can thence certainly infer the existence of anything without us which corresponds to that idea, is that whereof some men think there may be a question made.' Who were the Berkeleyans that thus speculated before Ber-

keley? Locke does not tell us. He does not accept their conclusions; but he clearly perceives that all 'we see and hear, feel and taste, think and do, during our whole being,' may be 'but the series and deluding appearances of a long dream whereof there is no reality.'

Contemporaneously with Berkeley, another fearless thinker has combined the idealistic elements with which the speculations of the times were fraught into a system. In his '*Clavis Universalis*,' or '*New Inquiry after Truth*,' Arthur Collier had sent forth from his country rectory 'a demonstration of the non-existence or impossibility of an external world.' The perfect correspondence between the independent speculations of these two philosophers is one of the strangest facts in the history of thought. Not only were their conclusions identically the same, they were arrived at in the same way. Both started from the phenomena of vision. Both proved that the world of vision could have no existence but in mind. Both transferred their Idealism into the realm of truth. Both held not only the non-existence, but the impossibility of the existence, of an external world of matter. As to the production of our ideas, the two philosophers were equally agreed. Both rejected the theory that was afterwards embraced by Fichte. Both rejected the doctrine of material efflux. Both rejected the doctrine of impressed and expressed species. Both rejected the hypothesis of seeing things in God. Both held that our sensible ideas were the effect of the Divine will. In some respects, indeed, the Idealism of Collier is more rational than that of Berkeley. He explains, instead of denying, the deliverance of common sense. He shows that the quasi-externality of the object is part and parcel of perception; nay, that it is as much an attribute of the figments of the imagination as of the facts of sense. He shows what Berkeley omitted to show,—the ambiguity of the word *idea*; and all but anticipates the analysis of Hamilton, by raising the question whether the *idea* 'exists in the mind' as 'in its proper place,' or 'inheres in it' as 'in its proper subject,' or is 'dependent on it' as 'on its proper faculty.'

The reference to Collier's analysis of the various modes in which ideas may be conceived to exist in the mind of God or man, suggests the first grave misconception to which the Idealism of Berkeley has been subjected,—a misconception which, if undisputed, would leave it a chaos of contradiction and chimæra. As we have interpreted the views of Berkeley, the human mind is left as it were face to face with the Divine. The Divine mind operates on the human mind, and the human mind is forthwith affected

* See the passages quoted from Sir William Jones by Stewart (*Works*, v., 108). We are at a loss to conceive on what grounds Mr. Stewart maintains that this Hindoo theory 'has not the most distant affinity in its origin or tendency to the system of Idealism.' He represents it as recognising the existence of the universe 'as *matter*,—the universe which it distinctly characterized as *maya*.'

with a variety of ideas. There is nothing to mediate between the two. Ideas, as thus conceived, are mere modifications of the mind itself, mere states of consciousness determined by the mystic agency of God. But the idea of Berkeley, if we are to believe his critics, is a separate entity,—a something numerically distinct from mind, a *tertium quid* which mediates between the human intellect and the Divine, a sort of unsubstantial substance, an incomprehensible essence neither mind nor matter,—an atom, as it were, of thought. If such be Berkeley's idea, it is evident that his whole philosophy is naught. The theory of entity-ideas, as Sir William Hamilton remarks, was principally devised to explain the possibility of a knowledge by an immaterial substance of an existence, so disproportioned to its nature as the qualities of a material object. In other words, the entity-idea was invented as a mediator between mind and matter. What occasion, therefore, could there be for a mediator when the existence of matter was denied? Why continue to employ the go-between when there were no longer two parties between which to go? Why invoke the aid of a representative when there was no reality to represent? Why, in a word, annihilate the substance and retain the shadow? But in Berkeley's Idealism the entity-idea would not be superfluous only; its introduction would be suicidal. 'The existence of ideas as separate from the mind,' says Brown, 'and the permanent existence of these when they have ceased to exist in the individual mind, are evidently assumptions as gratuitous as the assumption of the external existence of matter itself; or, rather, the permanent and independent ideas are truly matter under another name.' And this undoubtedly is true. If the Berkeleyian idea be an entity distinct from mind, then Berkeley admits the existence of an external world objectively existing and objectively perceived,—the very notion which he denounces as a contradiction in terms,—the very notion which his whole philosophy was intended to explode. 'To believe,' says Brown, 'that these foreign independent substances, which pass from mind to mind, exist *in* the mind, is not to intellectualize the matter, but to materialize intellect.' And this is likewise true. If the mind be a receptacle of entity-ideas, it is as much material as if it were a crystal globe, and its ideas gold and silver fish. And this is a doctrine to be attributed to the great immaterialist,—this is an absurdity to be foisted upon a philosopher whom his very critics acknowledge to have been the most acute of men,—this is to be the idea of an Idealism which Sir James Mackintosh, with all the world, proclaims to be the touch-

stone of metaphysical sagacity! Why, there is not a single argument with which Mr. Berkeley controverts the existence of matter, that would not react upon the existence of the alleged ideas. Is the term 'material substance' destitute of meaning? Is the assumption of rational bodies incompetent to explain the phenomenon of thought? Is the existence of external bodies a fact impossible to be known? Is the assumption of matter an unnecessary multiplication of entities? Every one of these questions is decisive of the fate of the entity-idea. And yet, without a moment's misgiving, without a dissentient voice, the critics, one and all, attribute this monstrous entity-idea to the system of the idealist, and allege him to have borrowed the monstrosity from Locke. 'Mr. Locke,' says Reid, 'had taught us that all the immediate objects of human knowledge are ideas in the mind. Bishop Berkeley, proceeding upon this foundation, demonstrated very easily that there is no material world.' Stewart re-echoes the criticism of his master, and tells us that 'it was chiefly in consequence of the sceptical conclusion that Bishop Berkeley and Mr. Hume had deduced from the ancient theories of perception, that Dr. Reid was led to call them in question.' Dissenting from Reid in every other instance, even Brown acknowledges that Reid was right with respect to Malebranche and to Berkeley. As Brown agrees with Reid, so for once Sir William Hamilton agrees with Brown. 'Berkeley,' he says, 'is one of the philosophers who really held the doctrine of ideas erroneously by Reid attributed to all.' And, finally, Mr. Mansel persists in the ancient error, and holds that the idea of Berkeley and of Locke was something numerically distinct from mind.*

This question of the entity-idea does not affect the philosophical reputation of Berkeley alone. It affects the reputation of his most illustrious predecessors. It vitally affects the reputation of Reid as a critic; nay, it vitally affects his reputation as a philosopher. On this point, Brown has endeavoured to annihilate the philosophical character of Reid, and Sir William Hamilton that of Brown. We may well be forgiven if on such a subject we for a while digress from Berkeley.

'All philosophers from Plato to Hume,' says Reid, 'agree in this, that we do not perceive external objects immediately, and that the immediate object of perception must be some image present to the mind.' On the detection of this

* Reid's Works, pp. 293, 306, etc. Stewart's Works, ii. 108; v. 70, etc. Brown's Lectures, ii. 88. Hamilton's Reid, p. 288; *Diac.*, p. 91; *Lect.*, ii. 30, 50. Mansel's Prolegomena, p. 318.

alleged absurdity Reid plumes himself as his peculiar glory. And it must be acknowledged, that a variety of circumstances may occur to give a philosopher the appearance of holding this doctrine. In the first place, he may employ the word *Idea* to denote not the *Idea*, but the Idealism, with Locke; or he may employ it to denote not only the mental modification, but the corporeal concomitant, with Descartes and Wolf. Even when the word is restricted to the sphere of consciousness, there are various sources of ambiguity and misconception. Foremost among the causes which thus tend to objectify the ideas, is to be remarked the use of metaphor. Take, for instance, a most remarkable passage from the works of Locke. Our ideas, he tells us, are 'shadows flying over fields of corn'—they are 'pictures laid in fading colours'—they are 'inscriptions that are effaced by time'—they are 'images which the flames of fever may calcine into dust.' And yet these expressions are preceded by an unequivocal declaration that our ideas are 'nothing but perceptions, which cease to be anything when there is no perception of them.' Still more treacherous, however, are the metaphorical expressions in which all trace of metaphor is lost. From the days of Cicero, philosophers have been accustomed to speak of ideas infused into the mind, of ideas stamped, imprinted, and impressed. 'Quid igitur? utrum capacitatem aliquam in animo putamus esse, quo tanquam in aliquod vas ea quæ meminimus infundantur? An imprimi quasi ceram animum putamus et esse memoriam signatarum rerum in mente vestigia?' The question would be put with equal scorn by many a philosopher who unsuspectingly employs the obnoxious phrases. The term *representation* is itself a source of ambiguity and doubt. If we are unable objectively to attain reality, if reality to us is only a matter of inference and belief, our thought of course may with strict propriety be regarded as vicarious, as representative of things. But the critics have forced upon the word an inference which philosophers would undoubtedly repudiate. The recognition of ideas, says M. Cousin, supposes a theory of representation; all representation supposes resemblance; all resemblance supposes an image; an image supposes figure; and figure is one of the qualities of matter. The idea of the representationists is, therefore, a material idea image. A similar view is held by Dugald Stewart. 'From the word representation employed by Buffier,' he says, 'it would appear that even he conceived the idea or notion of the mind to bear a resemblance to the external corresponding object.' Even the word *resemblance* is itself ambiguous. Speak-

ing of Locke in his Discussions, Sir William Hamilton alludes to 'the resembling and consequently extended ideas of the primary qualities of matter.' In his celebrated note on the primary and secondary qualities of matter, however, he makes a more enlightened criticism, and tells us that, 'if we modify the obnoxious language of Descartes and Locke, and instead of saying that the ideas or notions of the primary qualities resemble, merely assert that they truly represent their objects, that is, afford us such a knowledge of their nature as we should have, were an immediate intuition of the extended reality in itself competent to man—and this is certainly all that one, probably all that either philosopher intended—Reid's doctrine and theirs would be found in perfect unison.'

But what seems in a peculiar manner to have misled the mind of Reid himself, was the philosophical employment of the word *object* as matter of consciousness. We know that not only can we perceive, but that we can make our perception an object of ulterior thought; and hence, though philosophers, while concentrating their attention on the act, have called it a *perception*, yet when regarding it as an object, they have named it an *idea*. Simple as this consideration may appear, it was altogether overlooked by the sage of common sense. Forgetting that the mind can make its own operations its object—forgetting that the operations of the mind are the appropriate object of reflection in the philosophy of Locke—forgetting even, what he had himself observed, that Arnauld (who in this is only the follower of Descartes) employs the word *objective* to designate the mental presence of a thought as distinguished from the local presence of a thing,—he imagined, that when the philosophers spoke of ideas as objects in the mind, they necessarily regarded them as entities endowed with a separate existence; nay, did not hesitate to aver that 'philosophers, ancient and modern, have maintained that the operations of the mind, like the tools of an artificer, can only be employed on objects that are present in the mind or in the brain.'

But perhaps the most general cause of misapprehension on this subject, is to be found in an ambiguity which is pointed out by Mr. Mill. 'Before recommencing, under better auspices, the attempt made with such imperfect success by the great founder of the science of Logic:—Mr. Mill is alluding to the categories—'we must take notice of an unfortunate ambiguity in all the concrete names which correspond to the most general of all abstract terms, the word *existence*.' When we have occasion for a name which shall be capable of denoting whatever exists, as con-

tradistinguished from non-entity or nothing, there is hardly a word applicable to the purpose which is not also, and even more familiarly, taken in a sense in which it denotes only substances. But substances are not all that exist; attributes, if such things are to be spoken of, must be said to exist; feelings also exist. Yet when we speak of an *Object*, or of a *Thing*, we are almost always supposed to mean a substance. The word *Being*, strange as the fact may appear, is still more completely spoiled for the purpose which it seemed expressly made for, than the word *Thing*. Attributes are never called beings, nor are feelings. The soul is called a being; God and angels are Beings; but if we were to say, extension, colour, wisdom, virtue, are beings, we should perhaps be suspected of thinking, with some of the ancients, that the cardinal virtues are animals; or at the least, of holding, with the Platonic school, the doctrine of self-existent ideas, or with the followers of Epicurus, that of sensible forms which detach themselves in every direction from bodies, and, by coming in contact with our organs, cause our perceptions. We should be supposed, in short, to believe that attributes are substances. 'Now, this, in point of fact, is the very thing that has actually happened. Attributes have been denominated things and beings, and the result which Mr. Mill considered likely has ensued.' The very doctrines to which he himself makes reference afford a proof. The case of Cudworth is a good example. An avowed disciple of Plato, and a devoted student of his works, he professes to reproduce the Realism of the Athenian master; and what is his account of the 'Immutable *Rationes* and Ideas?' He denominates them 'Things.' He invests them with 'certain determinate and immutable natures of their own.' He attributes to them 'not only an eternal, but a necessary existence.' He confers upon them 'a constant and never-failing entity.' He tells us that they 'always are, whether our particular minds think of them or not.' He regards them as 'the immediate objects of intellection and of science.' He endows them with a 'constant being,' like his mighty master. Cudworth has accordingly been made responsible for holding the monstrous chimæra of the self-existent ideas. But what are the explanations of Cudworth, — explanations which, doubtless, would have been those of Plato also? 'The *Rationes* or essences of things,' he says, 'are not dead things, like so many statues, images, or pictures hung up somewhere by themselves alone in a world,' — which is a distinct repudiation of the monstrous Realism of the critics; 'neither are truths mere sentences

and propositions written down with ink upon a book,' — which is an equally distinct repudiation of their equally monstrous Nominalism; 'but they are living things, and nothing but modifications of intellect or mind.' Another illustration of the justice of Mr. Mill's remark is supplied by Malebranche, as criticised not only by Reid and his followers, but by Locke and Berkeley. 'One thing more is incomprehensible to me in this matter,' says Locke, 'and that is, how the simplicity of God's being should contain in it a variety of *real beings*, so that the soul can discover them in Him distinctly one from another, it being said in the fifth chapter that the ideas in God are not different from God Himself.' The answer to Locke's difficulty is obvious to any one who has studied the philosophical enthusiast with care. The 'distinct real beings that are in God,' are neither 'parts or modifications of the Deity,' nor 'comprehended in him as things in a place:' the real beings in question are merely the real acts of the Divine Intelligence; and the theory of seeing things in God is merely an assertion, that by the Divine fiat the human mind may be made cognisant of the acts of the Divine. But Berkeley himself was equally misled with Locke. The only conception he could form of the Vision of Malebranche was, that his Divine Ideas were physical modifications of the Divine *Essence*; and, labouring under this delusion, it was no wonder that in the person of Philonous he professed himself unable to understand 'how our ideas, which are things altogether passive and inert, can be the essence, or any part (or like any part) of the essence or substance of God, who is impassive, indivisible, pure, active being.'

We are now in a position clearly to explain how it comes to pass that Berkeley himself has been so grossly misunderstood. 'Ideas,' he says, 'are the *objects* of human knowledge' (§ i.); 'they exist only *in the mind*' (§ xxvi.); 'they are *inert, fleeting, and dependent beings*' (§ lxxxix.); 'they are *real beings*, and do *really exist*' (§ xc.); — was there ever a more explicit avowal of the idea-entity of Reid! So *prima facie* it would seem. And yet Berkeley has himself anticipated the remark of Mill. 'Nothing,' he says, 'seems of more importance towards erecting a firm system of sound and real knowledge, which may be proof against the assaults of scepticism, than to lay the beginning in a distinct explication of what is meant by *Thing, Reality, Existence*; for in vain shall we dispute concerning the real existence of things, or pretend to any knowledge thereof, so long as we have not fixed the meaning of these words. Thing, or Being, is the most general word of all. It comprehends under it *two*

kinds, entirely distinct and heterogeneous, and which have nothing common but the name, to wit, Spirits and Ideas. The former are active indivisible substances; the latter are inert, fleeting, and dependent beings, which subsist not by themselves, but are supported by, or exist in, minds or spiritual substances.' The care with which the most obnoxious expressions of Berkeley should be interpreted, is therefore plain. They were part and parcel of the philosophical phraseology of the day. Even the great sceptic himself, the philosopher that exclaimed *non liquet* to every affirmation of existence beyond the sphere of thought,—even Hume maintains, 'that every perception which enters into the composition of the mind is a distinct existence,'—how?—'as different, and distinguishable, and separable from every other perception, either contemporary or successive.*'

But we are not left to mere inference for the determination of this vital point. Berkeley, it is true, describes our ideas as 'real beings,' as 'objects of knowledge,' as 'things which exist whether we think on them or not.'* But he distinctly repudiates the monstrosity attributed to him by Reid, and Stewart, and Brown, by Hamilton and Mansel. What, in fact, is the fundamental principle of his whole philosophy? It is that 'the *esse* of every idea is *percipi*;' that it is not 'possible to separate, even in thought, any of our ideas from perception;' that 'as it is impossible for me to see or feel anything without an actual sensation of the thing, so it is impossible for me to conceive in my thoughts any sensible thing or object distinct from the sensation or perception of it.' As, when speaking of those ideas as inert, fleeting, and dependent beings, he tells us that they 'subsist not by themselves, but are supported by, or exist in, minds or spiritual substances,' so, when speaking of them as 'real things,' he states that 'their being consists in being perceived.' In the Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, he is even more explicit than in his 'Principles of Human Knowledge.' In the first Dialogue, the Berkeleian Philonous calls upon the anti-Berkeleian Hylas to 'confess ingenuously whether light and colour, tastes, sounds, etc.' (and it must be remembered Berkeley acknowledged no distinction between the

primary and secondary qualities) 'are not all equally *passions or sensations in the soul*;' and Hylas confesses that 'he can discover nothing else but that he is a thinking being, affected with variety of sensations.' 'The things immediately perceived,' says Philonous in the second Dialogue, 'are *ideas or sensations*, call them which you will. But how can any idea or sensation exist in, or be produced by, anything but mind or spirit?' In the third Dialogue all ambiguity is disputed, and the matter is put beyond all doubt. 'Explain to me now, O Philonous,' says Hylas, 'how is it possible that there should be room for all those trees and houses to exist in your mind? Can extended things be contained in that which is unextended? Or are we to imagine *impressions* made on a thing void of all solidity? You cannot say objects are in your mind, as books in your study; or that things are imprinted on it, as the figure of a seal on wax. In what sense, therefore, are we to understand those expressions? Explain me this if you can?' What is the reply of Berkeley in the person of Philonous? 'Look you, Hylas,' he says, 'when I speak of objects as *existing in the mind*, or *imprinted on the senses*, I would not be understood in the gross literal sense, as when bodies are said to exist in a place, or a seal to make an impression upon wax. My meaning is only, that the mind comprehends or perceives them, and that it is *affected from without*, or by some being distinct from itself—in other words, by God.'

But all these explicit declarations are to be set aside by argument. The entity-idea is to be intruded on the philosophy in spite of the protest of the philosopher. The reasoning of Berkeley, we are told, is this:—Ideas have no existence but in the mind; in the human mind they do not continuously exist; and yet we are convinced that their existence is continued: therefore they must exist in some other mind, when they cease for the moment to exist in ours. But if the same idea exists at one time in the mind of man and at another in the mind of God, it must have an existence numerically distinct from either. The Berkeleian idea is, therefore, an idea-entity. Such was the argument of Brown, and such, to the present day, is the argument of Mansel. As we interpret the philosophy of Berkeley, his demonstration of the existence of a Deity has a very different scope. We are conscious of the existence of certain states of mind which we denominate Ideas. These states of mind, we are convinced, must have a cause. This cause, we believe, is not ourselves, neither can it be material substance. The cause of our ideas, therefore, must be sought in Spirit; and, considering the infinite variety

* Locke's Essay, ii. viii. 7; Hamilton's Disc., p. 72; Locke's Essay, ii. x. 3, 5; Cicero, Tus. Disp. i. 25; Cousin's Hist., iii. 225, 6; Stewart's Works, ii. 167, v. 71; Hamilton's Disc., p. 79; Reid's Works (p. 842); Ibid., pp. 225, 277, 373; Mill's Logic, i. pp. 51, 52; Cudworth's Immutability of Morality, pp. 245-251; Locke's Examination, sect. 31; Berkeley's Dialog.; Berkeley's Principles, *ut supra*; Hume's Works, i. 329.

and grandeur of the conceptions which this Spirit by His agency determines, we are justified in regarding Him as God. This demonstration is, at all events, intelligible. The primeval cause is postulated as the perpetually operating cause of our sensations. But in what sense is God postulated by Berkeley, if we adopt the view of Mansel and of Brown? Professedly, as a constant percipient,—in reality, as the mere recipient, the mere receptacle of entities,—a receptacle into which the idea flits, as the bird flits into the air when it leaves its nest, as the fish floats into the open pool when it leaves its lurking-place under the hollow of the tree. And mark the consequences which such a theory entails. Ten million men, individually distinct, open their eyes, and they have each an individual idea of the sun; they shut their eyes, and there is an immediate reflux of ten million ideas into the mind of God. Ten million ideas find shelter in the mind of God, and have their being there, just as ten million flowerets have their being on a plain, ten million spangles on the sea, ten million star-lights in the abyss of space. And the mind of God before this influx of ideas, what was it?—A wilderness without a flower—a strand which the sea waves had abandoned—a heaven from which the stars were blotted out. And this they call the demonstration of the existence of a God! This is the argument which, according to Berkeley, was to banish atheism and irreligion from the world! What atheist could ever have been convinced by such a preposterous argument as this? Why, this conception, which they have attributed to Berkeley, is the very conception of the atheistic theists of the olden time: ‘Epicurus docet eam esse vim et naturam Deorum, ut primum non sensu, sed mente cernatur; nec soliditate quadam, nec ad numerum, ut ea quæ ille propter firmitatem *σφραγισμῶν* appellet, sed imaginibus, similitudine et transitione perceptis.’ So says Vallaieus the Epicurean; and so we are to believe, says Berkeley. What difference is there between this theory of Images and the theory of Ideas? One only, and that in favour of the ancient sophists. The old materialist made the image flow from God to man, and left us some proof of His existence; the immaterialist makes the ideas flow from man to God, and leave us to postulate a God as a material receptacle for an infinity of immaterial atoms.

The type of the passages on which this monstrous misrepresentation is based, is supplied by that which Dr. Brown has quoted. ‘When I deny sensible things an existence out of the mind,’ observes Philonous, ‘I do not mean my mind in particular, but all minds. Now, it is plain they have an exist-

ence exterior to my mind, since I find them by experience to be independent of it. There is, therefore, some other mind wherein they exist during the intervals between the times of my perceiving them, as likewise they did before my birth, and would do after my supposed annihilation. And as the same is done with regard to all other finite created spirits; it necessarily follows that there is an Omnipotent Eternal Mind, which knows and comprehends all things, and exhibits them to our view in such a manner, and according to such rules, as He Himself has ordained, and are by us all termed the Laws of Nature.’ But the rational interpretation of passages such as this is obvious to the critic who has any respect for the intelligence of the great man whom he presumes to criticise. Throughout the Principles of Human Knowledge, throughout the Dialogues between Philonous and Hylas, throughout his Theory of Vision and its Vindication, Berkeley, without a moment’s wavering, assumes God as the simple ‘cause of our ideas.’ He is the ‘cause whereon they depend.’ He is the cause by which they are ‘imprinted,’ ‘excited,’ ‘suggested,’ and ‘produced.’ He is the sole ‘efficient cause’ of all things.* But if God be the cause of our ideas, He is an intelligent cause; and if he be an intelligent cause, He is cognizant of the effects which He produces. The idea in this sense, therefore, may be granted to exist in the Divine mind; and as God is omniscient and unchanging, we may even grant, with Philonous, that they ‘have an eternal existence in His mind.’ But does it follow that the idea which thus has an eternal existence in the mind of God, is numerically one with the idea which is subsequently produced in the mind of an individual man? Does it follow that it is numerically one with each of the million ideas which are produced in the minds of a million different individuals? The inference is preposterous, and is repudiated by the two great idealists alike. Berkeley admits, with Collier, the existence of ‘the great mundane idea, by which the great God gives sensations to all His thinking creatures;’ but he holds, with Collier, that ‘every material world perceived by creatures’ is not only ‘numerically different’ from that perceived by other creatures, but ‘numerically different’ from that perceived by God. The source of the illusion on this subject is pointed out by Collier and by Berkeley. It is to be found in an ambiguity which Archbishop Whately takes the credit of pointing out—the ambiguity of the word ‘same.’ ‘The sound which one hears,’ says Collier, ‘is not the

* See Principles, sects. xxvi. xxix. xxx. lxxvii. cvii. cxlix.; and Vindication, sects. xi. xii. xiii. xvii. xx. xxix.

very *same* with the sound that another hears; because the souls or persons are supposed to be different.' We are not 'obliged to understand an *absolute and strict identity* between the visible world considered in the will of God, or in the minds of angels, and that which was afterwards perceived by Adam.' There will be found only an *identity of similitude* between the visible world which God made in the beginning, and that which Adam had a sensation of; and, consequently, between that which Peter and that which John sees, at the same or different times.' The language of Berkeley on this point is as explicit as that of Collier:—'If the word *same*, betaken in the vulgar acceptation,' says Philonous in answer to the objection that on his principles 'no two can see the same thing,' 'it is certain (and not at all repugnant to the principles I maintain) that different persons may perceive the same thing, or the same thing or idea exist in different minds. Words are of arbitrary imposition, and since men are used to employ the word *same* where no distinction or variety is perceived, I do not pretend to alter their perceptions.' 'Let us suppose several men together, all endued with the same faculties, and consequently affected in like sort by the senses, and who had yet never known the use of language, they would without question agree in their perceptions: though, perhaps, when they came to the use of speech, some, regarding the *uniformness of what was perceived*, might call it the same thing; others, especially regarding the *diversities of persons who perceived*, might choose the denomination of *different* things. But who sees not that all the dispute is about a word?'

The Berkeleian idea, therefore, it is plain, has no permanent existence. Not only is it not the same in different minds, but it is not even the same in the same mind at different moments. Its perception is its very essence, and it perishes with the momentary state of consciousness of which it is the expression. It is 'a fleeting and dependent being.' Perishing at the moment of its birth, it is nevertheless momentarily reproduced with the identity of perfect similitude, though not with the identity of number. Incessantly produced and reproduced by God, our ideas are a never-ceasing intimation of His presence and His power. They are, as it were, the silent language in which He speaks to man. 'This language,' says Crito in the 'Minute Philosopher,'—and his remarks

are an eloquent summary of the whole theory of Berkeley,—'This language hath a necessary connection' with knowledge, wisdom, and goodness. It is equivalent to a *constant creation*, betokening an immediate act of power and providence. It cannot be accounted for by mechanical principles, by atoms, attractions, or effluvia. The instantaneous *production and reproduction* of so many signs combined, dissolved, transposed, diversified, and adapted to such an endless variety of purposes, ever shifting with the occasions and suited to them, being utterly inexplicable and unaccountable by the laws of motion, by chance, by fate, or the like blind principles, doth set forth and testify the *immediate operation* of a Spirit or Thinking Being; and not merely of a Spirit which every motion or gravitation may possibly infer, but of one wise, good, and provident Spirit, which directs, and rules, and governs the world.*

But every metaphysical scheme must be based on a psychological foundation, and the psychological principles presupposed by the Idealism of Berkeley are easy to be seen. Its generative principle is the principle of causality. Its fundamental position is, that there must be a cause of our ideas. But Berkeley, concurrently with this, maintains that our ideas 'subsist not by themselves' (§ lxxxix.), and that a 'cause' is inconceivable apart from 'substance' (§ xxvi.). The principle of substance is, therefore, another essential element in the Berkeleian system. It is evident, therefore, that the psychology of Berkeley must account for the principles of causality and substance, or Berkeley's Metaphysics is an edifice without foundation and without cement. And it is the second great objection to his system which, with scarcely a dissentient voice, the critics of philosophy advance. Erroneously believing that Locke's Theory of the Origin of Ideas ignored the existence of our *à priori* concepts, they have erroneously held that Berkeley adopted the fancied theory of Locke. 'There are philosophers,' says Reid, 'who maintain that a body is nothing but a collection of what we call sensible qualities, and that they neither have nor need any subject. This is the opinion of Bishop Berkeley and Mr. Hume, and they were led to it by finding that they had not any idea of substance. It could neither be an idea of sensation nor of reflection.' The same double misconception pervades the works of Stewart, and he devotes

* Brown's Lectures, ii. 17; Mansel's Prolegomena, p. 317; Berkeley's Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, Dial. iii. *ad med.*; Collier's Clavis, republished in Parr's Metaphysical Tracts, p. 79; Whately's Logic, p. 281 (9th edition).

* Minute Philosopher, Dial. iv., sect. xvi. Compare Principles of Human Knowledge, sect. xlv., where Berkeley admits it to be a consequence of his theory of Ideas, that 'things are every moment annihilated and created anew.'

the whole of one of his Philosophical Essays to a pretended proof, that the paradox of Hume and Berkeley concerning the existence of the material world, affords the most palpable and direct means of exploding the principles of Locke. The errors of Reid and Stewart are endorsed by their editor, Sir William Hamilton. 'Unable,' he says, 'to controvert the reasoning of Berkeley, as founded on the philosophy of Descartes and Locke, Reid had quietly resigned himself to Idealism; and he confesses that he would never have been led to question the legitimacy of the common doctrine of perception, involving though it did the negative of an external world, had not Hume startled him into hesitation and inquiry, by showing that the same reasoning which disproved the existence of matter, disproved, when fairly carried out, the substantiality of mind.' Even Mr. Mill mistakes Berkeley's argument against 'matter' for an argument against 'substance,' and Mr. Mansel does not hesitate to proclaim that 'in Berkeley's system the relation of substance and mode has properly no place.*'

To assert that, in the Idealism of Berkeley, the relation of mode and substance has properly no place, is to identify it with the scepticism of Hume, and, as it appears to us, to interpret it by opposites. Berkeley has no more discarded substance in discarding matter, than he has discarded causation in discarding material causes. The position which he takes is not that quality can exist without substance, or that changes may occur without causation,—absurdities which, in his earlier work at least, Hume does not hesitate to broach. He takes his stand on the position that 'spirit' is 'the only substance,' and that there is no 'efficient cause' but 'mind.' Berkeley himself was fully aware of the conclusions which his misinterpreters might draw from his tenets, and strenuously laboured to obviate the danger. 'Notwithstanding all you have said,' says Hylas, 'to me it seems, that, according to your own way of thinking, and in consequence of your own principles, it should follow, that you are only a *system of floating ideas* without any substance to support them.' This is the very language that was afterwards employed in the Treatise of Human Nature. Berkeley repudiates the inference. He tells us he rejects the motion of matter, not because he rejects the motion of substance, but because the existence of matter cannot be proved

either by inference or intuition, and because the very motion of matter is replete with contradictions. There is no such repugnancy, he says, in the notion of spirit; and as to the existence of spirit, I know it by reflection.* Whether by reflection, in this passage, Berkeley means the Internal Intuition of Mansel, or the Rational Inference of Kant, may perhaps be doubted. To us it appears that Berkeley, in spite of his unfortunate phraseology, would regard substance, as he undoubtedly regards causation, as an Inference of Reason. But what place do these Inferences of Reason find in his psychology? If Berkeley held the theory that has been attributed to Locke, if he held that there are no elements of consciousness but those supplied by the external senses of the inner sense, undoubtedly these concepts of the understanding—Ideas of Reason, as Cousin calls them—would be a gratuitous assumption. Nor can it be denied that Berkeley's language at times would seem to avow not only the so-called empiricism of Locke, but even the sensualism of Condillac and his disciples. But his language is vacillating in the extreme. In one place he tells us, that the only 'objects of human knowledge' are *ideas* (§ i.). He subsequently tells us, that 'human knowledge may be naturally reduced to two heads,—that of *ideas*, and that of *spirits*' (§ lxxxvi.). He tells us, finally, that 'the object of human knowledge and subject of discourse' are '*ideas, spirits, and relation*' (§ lxxxix.). The clue to the labyrinth is to be found in the distinction which he makes between ideas on the one hand, and consciousness and notions on the other. His Ideas, being properly the mere passive affections of the mind through sense, correspond to Locke's Ideas of Sensation (§ iv.). The consciousness which he admits of the various forms of operation which the mind performs on these, its original material, is equivalent to Locke's Ideas of Reflection (§ lxxxix.). His 'Notions' coincide with the relative ideas which Locke recognises with modes and substances as the complex ideas of the understanding (§ cxlii.); and it is under this category that Berkeley, following in the footsteps of his predecessor, places the indispensable ideas of substance and of cause.†

But if substance and causation be thus 'inferences of reason,' in what manner did Berkeley account for the origin and genesis of these intellectual concepts? Ideas, as we

* Berkeley's Principles of Human Knowledge, *ut supra*. Reid's Works, pp. 322, 347; Stewart's Works, v. 85; Sir William Hamilton's Lectures, i. 396-7; Mill's Logic, i. 62; Mansel's Prolegomena, p. 38, 2d edition.

* Principles §§ vii. cvii.—Hume's Works, i. pp. 111, 321. Third Dialogue between Hylas and Philonous *ad initium*. Cf. Mansel's Prolegomena, p. 315.

† Principles of Human Knowledge, §§ xxvii. lxxxix. cxlii.; Vindication of the Theory of Vision, §§ xi. xii. *Siris*, §§ 264, 294, 297.

have shown, he regarded as impressed upon the mind of man by the immediate agency of God: does he regard the mind as equally receptive in the acquisition of its notions? In other words, does he hold the theory of *Iunata Ideas* which Locke endeavoured to explode in his *Principles of Human Knowledge*? The existence and objective value of these notions is everywhere assumed, but the circumstances of their origin and genesis are nowhere stated. But this psychological defect is supplied elsewhere. In that wonderful miscellany of crude physical hypothesis and vast metaphysical research, the treatise which he denominated *Siris*, he propounds the problem. 'Aristotle,' he says, 'held that the mind of man was a *tabula rasa*, and that there were no innate ideas. Plato, on the contrary, held *original ideas in the mind*,—that is, notions that never were nor can be in the sense, such as being, beauty, goodness, likeness, purity. Some, perhaps, may think the truth to be this, that there are properly no ideas or passive objects in the mind but what are derived from sense, but that there are also, besides these, her own acts or operations; such are *notions*' (§ 308). 'The mind, her acts, and faculties,' he elsewhere says, 'furnish a new and distinct class of objects, from the contemplation whereof arise certain other notions, principles, and verities, so remote from, and even so repugnant to, the first prejudices which surprise the sense of mankind, that they may well be excluded from vulgar speech and books, as abstract from sensible matter, and more fit for the speculation of truth, the labour and aim of a few, than for the practice of the world, or the subjects of experimental or mechanical inquiry' (§ 297). Yet Berkeley does not regard the development of these intellectual elements as independent of the phenomena of sense. 'Natural phenomena,' he says, 'are only natural appearances. They are, therefore, such as we see and perceive them. Their real and objective natures are, therefore, the same,—passive without anything active, fluent, and changing, without anything permanent in them. However, as these make their first impressions, and the mind takes her *first flight and spring*, as it were, by resting her foot on these, they are not only first considered by all men, but most considered by most men' (§ 292). It is thus that Locke attributes the original of our knowledge and ideas to sensation (ii. i. 24). It is thus that Kant regards the sensibility as supplying the chronological condition of the development of intellect. The co-operation of intellect, however,—this intellectual origin of the elements which give light and life to the phenomena of sense,—is everywhere

admitted. 'Sense,' he says, 'at first besets and overbears the mind. The sensible appearances are all in all: our reasonings are employed about them; our desires terminate in them; we look no further for realities or causes; the intellect begins to dawn and cast a ray on this shadowy scene: we then perceive the true principle of unity, identity, and existence. Those things that before seemed to constitute the whole of being, upon taking an intellectual view of things, prove to be but fleeting phantoms' (§ 294).*

So far, then, is Berkeley from having been betrayed into Idealism, by his adoption of a certain theory of the origin of ideas from Locke, that neither Locke nor Berkeley ever held the theory in question. Not only was Berkeley not a sensualist of the school of Condillac, not only was he not an empiricist of the school of Hume, but he was a transcendentalist of the highest and the purist school of Kant. With Kant, he held the intellectual origin of certain concepts. With Kant, he held the dependence of these concepts for their development on sense. With Kant, he even discriminated the peculiar functions of sense and intellect,—the one as the source of intuition, and the other as the source of thought. With Kant, he distinguished between the phenomena presented by the senses, and the phenomena conceived by intellect. Nay, with Kant, he held that space had no objective reality, but was 'the child of imagination grafted upon sense;' and he expresses the same opinion with respect to the objective reality of time.†

Such is the real philosophy of Berkeley; such is his theory of Ideas; such are the energies and powers which he attributes to the human intellect. The relation of his philosophy to Locke is obvious. As far as the material world is concerned, both held that the mind is conscious of nothing but its own idea. Both held that our sensible ideas are nothing but passions or affections of the mind. Both held that these affections must be determined by a cause. Both denied that they were originated from within. Both held them to be determined from without. According to Locke, the external cause of our ideas was to be found in body. According to Berkeley, it was to be found in spirit. But neither Locke nor Berkeley were perfectly consistent. Taking his stand on a prejudice of natural instincts, Locke maintained the existence of material things; but taking his stand on a prejudice of philosophy, he denied to these material things the possession of all

* Cf. *Vindication* (§ xlii.).

† *Siris*, § 305; *Vindication*, § xlii.; *Principles*, §§ xxviii., cxvi.; *Siris*, § 292.

proper powers, and attributed their efficacy in the production of ideas to the arbitrary will of God. The course which Berkeley took was different. Bidding defiance to consciousness, he denied the fact of any instinctive belief in the existence of a world of matter, and, armed with the law of parsimony, he assailed the philosophical belief as a gratuitous assumption. But as, in denying the existence of material things, he renounced the dictates of common sense in favour of the law of parsimony; so, in denying that our sensible ideas are the product of the spontaneous energy of our own individual thought, he renounced the law of parsimony in favour of the dictates of common sense. Nor was this the only case in which common sense asserted her common rights over the mind of the Idealist. If, as his philosophy proclaimed, the existence of a God be abundantly sufficient to explain all the appearances of nature (§ lxxii.), what necessity is there for assuming the existence of other spirits to account for the production of any of our ideas? (§ cxlv.). Nay more, it is under material appearances that the existence of finite spirits, other than ourselves, is originally suggested to our belief; and it is evident that if the belief in the existence of matter be annihilated, the belief in the existence of finite spirits should be annihilated also. The Idealism of Berkeley thus merges in the Idealism of the Cartesian egoists; and the soul, like a stranded mariner, is left alone upon the desert island of its individual consciousness, with no solace for its solitude but a belief in the existence of a God. But what if even that belief abandon it? What if, driven mad by solitude, the soul pronounces God to be the mere creation of its fancy? What if it proclaims itself a god? The egoism of the Cartesian resolves itself into the egoism of Fichte. The world of matter is blotted out—all finite spirits vanish—God shrouds Himself in everlasting darkness, and the soul is left the solitary of the universe,—the universe is lost in self.

The relation in which Berkeley stands to Malebranche is not generally understood; and this, too, must be explained. Both held that an objective knowledge of matter was impossible; both held that the mind was conscious of nothing but ideas. Both held that ideas could never be produced by body; both held that they could never originate in self. Both finally found a refuge for philosophy in God. But while Malebranche, influenced by the fancied bearing of Scripture authority,—influenced, perhaps, by the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist,—was a firm believer in the existence of the material world, the illustrious Irishman believed in the existence of nothing answering to our ideas.

Nor, while they thus differed as to the existence of the material counterparts to our ideas, were they agreed as to the manner in which our ideas are themselves produced. According to Malebranche, the ideas of the mind of God are perceived by the mind of man; according to Berkeley, the ideas of the mind of man are produced by the action of the mind of God. It is true that Berkeley misconceived the meaning of his rival. It is true that, with Locke, he conceived the idea of Malebranche to be a physical modification of the Divine Substance, whereas in reality it was only an act of the Divine Intelligence. The Theologic Vision of Malebranche, however, was obnoxious to a more merited objection. In what sense can the human mind be said to be cognisant of an act of the Divine, as individually distinct? The cognition of an act beyond the sphere of the individual consciousness is as hard to be realized as the cognition of a world of matter as participant in the Divine Essence? The human mind may then well participate in an act of the Divine; but Theology immediately finds itself face to face with Pantheism. The Pantheistic phantom, indeed, hovers over the whole system of the Catholic philosopher. He believed in the impersonality of Reason. He held that God is the place of spirit, as space is the locus of material things. He insisted on the existence of a universal reason which enlightens every one, and of which every one partakes. He held that God is the Universal Being. Here, then, we find ourselves at the opposite end of the diameter of thought. The Panegoism of one Philosopher is superseded by the Pantheism of another; and as in one case the existence of God is lost in the hallucination of self, in the other all self-individuality is absorbed in the abyss of God.

In the train of these great dogmatisers came the shadow of the illustrious sceptic. Holding, with his predecessors, that the mind is conscious of nothing but its own ideas, Hume ignored the existence of those rational conceptions, on the wings of which their metaphysical speculations had taken flight into the region of the unknown. Ignoring the principle of substance, he saw in mind nothing but a system of evanescent thoughts; ignoring the principle of causality, he regarded the world as a shadow, and God as a phantom dream. Not, indeed, that the scepticism of his metaphysical system was of necessity dependent on the empiricism of his psychological analysis. Even if he had admitted the principle of causality, he would have arrived at a similar result. 'By what argument,' he asks, 'can it be proved that the perceptions of the mind must be caused by external objects entirely different from

them, though resembling them, if that be possible, and could not arise either from the energy of the mind itself, or from the suggestion of some invisible and unknown spirit, or from some other cause still more unknown to us? The weakness of all the theological theories of perception he clearly saw. 'We are ignorant,' he said, 'of the manner in which bodies operate on each other; their force or energy is entirely incomprehensible. But are we not equally ignorant of the manner or force by which a mind, even the Supreme Mind, operates either on itself or body?' 'It seems to me that this theory of the universal energy and operation of the Supreme Being is too bold ever to carry conviction with it to a man sufficiently apprized of the weakness of human reason, and the narrow limits to which it is confined in all its operations.' The result at which the fearless speculator arrived is familiarly known. His dilemma posed philosophy in his own day, and, we fear, will continue to pose it to the end of time. 'Do you follow the instincts and propositions of nature in assenting to the veracity of sense? But these lead you to believe that the very perception or sensible image is the external object. Do you disdain this principle in order to embrace a more rational opinion, that the perceptions are only representations of something external? You here depart from your natural propensities and more obvious sentiments, and yet you are not able to satisfy your reason, which can never find any convincing argument from experience to prove that the perceptions are connected with any external objects.'*

Of the truth of the prediction of the great sceptic, the philosophy of the sage of common sense supplied a proof. It was in vain that Reid appealed from philosophy to natural instinct; the dictates of natural instinct had never been the theme of doubt. It was in vain that he appealed from philosophy to reason; the ideal theory which he denounced in the philosophers had no existence in their works. The Perception of Reid himself was nothing but Idea. It was a mere concomitant of Sensation. It was a 'notion,' a 'conception,' a 'suggestion.' It was a mere act or state of mind. It was no objective knowledge. And how did he explain the manner in which this mental phenomenon was caused? As the result of the arbitrary constitution of the mind—as a fact of which no account could be given but the will of the Supreme—as the last link in a train of material machinery which the wisdom of God had made necessary—as a species of 'natural magic'—

as a form of 'inspiration.' What was the gain to philosophy in this? This was the very theory of Descartes and Locke—this was the theory of those who endeavoured to bolster up an unknown Realism with an unrevealed Theology—was only the theory of Occasional Causes in disguise. 'But,' exclaims Sir William Hamilton, 'if Reid, as Brown and his coadjutors maintain, accomplished nothing, then is all philosophical reputation empty, and philosophy is itself a dream.' But the philosophical reputation of Reid—nay, the interests of philosophy itself—are as nothing when compared with the interests of truth. The reputation of Reid was founded mainly on the destruction of the reputation of his predecessors; and the reputation of Malebranche, of Berkeley, of Descartes, and Locke, and Leibnitz, is as dear to philosophers, and as important to philosophy, as the reputation of their critic.*

And Sir William Hamilton, what is his position among philosophers? What has he contributed to the discussion of this everlasting question? 'Natural Realism and Absolute Idealism,' he says, 'are the only systems worthy of a philosopher; for, as they alone have any foundation in consciousness, so they alone have any consistency with themselves.' But what is the nature of the Natural Realism by which the ghost of Absolute Idealism is to be exorcised? As matter of consciousness, it is a figment; as matter of consistency, a dream. It gives the lie to consciousness with reference to the world of vision—it upholds its veracity with reference to the world of truth: as far as sight is concerned, it admits that

'The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,'

are but 'the baseless fabric of a vision.' It admits that they exist but in idea. But Natural Realism claims Reality for truth. Stand, then, as it were, upon the pinnacle of the temple of existence. It is your *δὸς σου στῶ*. The universe above you, and beneath you, and around you, is an unsubstantial pageant—it is visionary merely. You do not exist in this universe; this universe exists in you. And what is the only reality of which you are admitted to be conscious beyond the reality of your thought? The point, the pinnacle on which you stand. And this we are to believe is the testimony of consciousness—this is the common sense of mankind in general—this is the principle that is to reconcile philosophy with the necessary convictions of the human race! What are the

* Hume's Works, iv. pp. 178, 85, 84, 179.

* Reid's Works, pp. 183, 318; pp. 260, 248; pp. 122, 188. Hamilton's Lect., ii. 45.

convictions which we can regard as necessary? So, through all the theories which have ever been propounded by the wit of man, which of them is your reason necessitated to adopt? Blind instinct, gratuitous assumption, hap-hazard hypothesis, and guess-work—these abound. But where is truth? And necessary convictions of reason and reflection, where are they? The only conviction which the student of the history of human speculation can regard as necessary is the conviction of our hopeless ignorance of all the mysteries of existence. Truth, like the Deity, is hid in darkness. It is not that we are unable to divine the mysteries of the soul and God; the simplest phenomenon of sense defies our wit. Of the future destinies of philosophy it is in vain to speak. Phenomena we can observe—their laws we are able to ascertain—existence is beyond our ken. The riddle of the Sphynx has never yet been read. The veil of Isis has never yet been drawn. The hieroglyphics of the universe are yet undeciphered.

ART. VIII.—*Horæ Subsecivæ*. By JOHN BROWN, M.D., F.R.S.E. 1st Series. Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1859.
Horæ Subsecivæ. Second Series. Edinburgh, 1861.

THIS book must be a great consolation to Mr. John Stuart Mill. That great writer and thinker has lately told us, in an essay full of gloomy forebodings, that every fresh originality of character is disappearing so rapidly from our society, that any deviation from one uniform type will soon become so rare as almost to be monstrous. This melancholy conviction gives rise to vaticinations still more dismal. And if it be true that the once rich and various life of Great Britain is now fused into one homogeneous social system, no wonder that thoughtful men should look to the future with more anxiety than hope. But to us the case does not appear so desperate as to Mr. Mill, for we do not think the world so monotonous. It is quite true that the remotest districts have now been brought so much nearer one another than they used to be, that the modes of thought of town and country have been assimilated in a remarkable manner. We are all interested and excited by the same things, and very much in the same way. In every corner of the three kingdoms people are engaged at the same moment in abusing Major Yelverton or in deifying Garibaldi. Every pulse of the

great nation beats with its mighty heart; and though it is not impossible that Edinburgh should be in a ferment and London apathetic, London can hardly be moved very deeply without Edinburgh or without Kirkwall being almost equally agitated. It is true also, that this closer contact of remote districts has produced some bad effects, as well as effects that are unquestionably beneficial; and of these perhaps, it is not the least formidable that 'the circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their characters, are daily becoming more and more assimilated.' But though this may in some respects be an evil, we do not think it quite so serious an evil as Mr. Mill does, simply because we do not believe that the characters of individuals are shaped entirely by the circumstances which surround them. We do not believe, therefore, that by this assimilation of circumstances all variety will be blotted out from the picture of English life. The characteristic distinctions between the different classes of society are not so broad now as they were in the last generation, and every day they are growing finer and more evanescent. But this is no new phenomenon in the history of manners. It would not be very easy, perhaps, to find a characteristic squire now-a-days, like Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's Hazeldean, or a characteristic parson like his Dale; but Squire Hazeldean and Parson Dale have only followed Squire Western and Parson Adams, as they themselves had long ago followed Sir Hugh Evans and Holofernes. Every element in these characters which is owing directly to the circumstances that surround them, has disappeared, or soon will disappear, from our modern manners. And if human life were a bad theatre, where the plumes and the tartan make all the difference between the Macbeth of to-night and the Hamlet of to-morrow, it would be reasonable enough, in the disappearance of such elements of difference as these, to see the approach of that dreaded uniformity which would surely be one of the greatest calamities for the national mind.

But though men may no longer differ greatly from one another, merely in virtue of their different conditions, it seems to us that the diversities of natural character will nevertheless remain as inexhaustible as ever. Even in these bad times, when the public voice is, no doubt, monotonous enough, when 'the organs of public opinion' are all engaged in expressing the same sentiments, and inculcating the same doctrines, and the *Eatanswill Gazette* suspends its heroic struggle with the *Eatanswill Independent*, only in order to re-echo the proclamations of the Jupiter, there still remains, we are convinced, enough of

individuality, enough of energy, and, what is quite as much to the purpose, enough of devotion also, among quiet, simple, sequestered people to save us from the Chinese stagnation which Mr. Mill so mournfully predicts. And if any of our readers is more inclined to agree with Mr. Mill than with ourselves on this subject, let him turn for consolation to Dr. John Brown. The *Horæ Subsecivæ* of this Edinburgh physician will reveal to him, if he will take the trouble to read it, not only the existence of 'marked character' in one author, but of whole worlds of doctors, carriers, clergymen, shepherds, and, let us not forget, to add, dogs,—all strongly-marked characters, and all as different from other doctors, clergymen, and the rest, as Dominie Sampson differs from Dr. Proudie. And, in this point of view, Dr. Brown's originality is probably all the more important because of the manner in which it is expressed. For although we cannot attribute to the 'influences hostile to individuality,' so powerful or so unlimited an operation as Mr. Mill seems inclined to do, it is impossible for any thoughtful man not to see that such influences are truly at work; and, perhaps, they are at work so extensively nowhere as in the world of letters.

We do not mean to say that the number of original and powerful writers now living, and publishing books, is either actually or comparatively small. The ten years—to go no further back—which elapsed between 'Vanity Fair' and 'Adam Bede,' have given no contemptible amount of new and admirable writing to the world. We are not speaking of such great masters as Thackeray and George Eliot. And yet it might be curious to consider the extent to which the greatest writers of our day have allowed their thoughts to be directed and coloured by that of the age in which they are living. Even the most illustrious of them all, the poet who of all modern poets is the most profoundly thoughtful and meditative—we mean Mr. Tennyson—seems far oftener to be moulding into some exquisitely beautiful shape the thoughts of an intellectual and highly cultivated age, than to be taking things new and old from the inexhaustible treasury of an individual mind, richer by the gift of nature than the accumulations of great libraries could make it. It need hardly be said that this is true of Mr. Tennyson only in a very limited sense. The commonest thoughts, when he utters them, are transfigured and glorified by the touch of a great imaginative poet; and the thoughts he is most fond of uttering are not common. It is in much humbler regions of literature than any that are haunted by his Muse, and yet in regions

that are neither unimportant nor unadorned by talent of a very high order, that the absence of individuality is to be remarked.

What the cause of this effect defective may be, we do not stop to consider; but it is certain that, while we find writings every day in reviews, and magazines, and newspapers, which show great cleverness, learning, scholarship, every kind of ability, it is rarely indeed that we find any which show character. Now, Dr. Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ* is only a collection of miscellaneous articles, some of them reprinted from magazines and newspapers, some of them published apparently for the first time in their present form; but we think it worth while to occupy some space with a notice of them, not because of any exceptional degree of talent which they evince, but because of that individuality which Mr. Mill finds nowhere, and which we have owned that we find very seldom in the 'literature of the day.' Dr. Brown is not without admirable talents as a writer; but the chief value of his book consists in the freshness and force of character which it describes very well and often in others, and displays as prominently in himself. The charm of these papers, in short, consists in the constant presence of the author. Dr. Brown talks familiarly with his readers, instead of exerting himself to write for them; and there is so much of ease and richness of thought and feeling, so much love and goodness as well as genius and culture in his conversation, that these fugitive pieces have a value in our eyes a great deal higher than that of far more pretentious, laborious, and deeply considered books. The one defect, the appearance of which at least is inseparable from this kind of writing, is both the result and evidence of the originality which makes it valuable; we mean the exaggerated importance which the writer is sure to attribute to the things and persons which interest himself. We remember how Lord Cockburn was accused of thinking Edinburgh a bigger place than London. We should not be surprised if the same charge were brought against Dr. John Brown. In both cases it is a misapprehension. It is quite impossible for such men to

'Take the rustic murmur of their burn
For the great wave that echoes round the world.'

But, however paradoxical it may seem, the most original mind is the most sensible to the form and pressure of the life that surrounds it. The freshest and richest nature is always the most alive to the things that are passing. And when such a writer as Lord Cockburn, or as Dr. Brown, has received a lively impression of any kind, he is by no means disposed to conceal the traces of it out of defer-

ence to criticism. He is fearless of literary circles. He is never thinking of the *Café Procope*; and since he looks at the world for himself, and judges its life by no artificial standard whatever, his own genial enjoyment will seem to him sufficient warrant for attaching importance to the sayings and doings of men. People who have formed a fixed set of associations out of books and newspapers, may possibly think things trivial which he finds to be instructive and interesting. But that is because they are conventional and sophisticated. Their life is a kind of cut-and-dry criticism. Dr. Brown's very criticism is buoyant and vigorous life. There is a great deal of the schoolboy about our Doctor's love of dogs and horses. There is something of the same quality in his hearty dislikes and exuberant admirations. Sometimes we think this leads him wrong, as when he talks of Mr. Harvey's pictures as if they were works of great genius. Generally it leads him right, as when he condemns that big impostor *Festus*. But, right or wrong, his severity and his praise alike are generally to be traced much more to the genial than to the intellectual nature of the critic. We do not mean that his judgments are capricious. He has a very fine critical faculty; and his natural taste has been chastened and educated by the constant and reverential contemplation of excellence. But the one thing he requires in writing or in painting is, that he himself should be moved by it; and if that is done, he is independent of external rules. His private judgment is not to be affected by the weight of authority. He is entitled, in short, to say with a more famous essayist: '*J'ay une ame libre et toute sienne, accoustumée à se conduire à sa mode.*'

The preface to the first series of the *Horæ Subsecivæ* contains a very unnecessary apology for what the author describes as 'the tendency in him of the merely ludicrous to intrude, and to insist on being attended to and expressed.' This is a very inadequate account of a rich and penetrating humour, not unworthy of so enthusiastic an admirer of Charles Lamb. He has not indeed—who ever had?—the wild yet tender imaginative wit of *Elia*, so subtle and wonderful, that even Scotchmen adore him, when he is 'bleating libels against their native land.' But he has the genuine humour which, in his own words, is 'the very flavour of the spirit, its rich and fragrant *ozmazome*, having in its aroma something of everything in the man, his expressed juice.' Dr. Brown's humour illustrates admirably the definition of a thoughtful writer, whose own wit, by the way, was rather leathery.—Archdeacon Hare, who explains humour as 'a sense of the ridiculous,

softened and meliorated by human feeling.' This is a true but hardly an adequate definition; for it fails to express how thoroughly the humour and the feeling interpenetrate each other. The two elements cannot be separated by the most searching analysis. Nor is the result, though always humanizing, so invariably gentle as one might suppose. Dean Swift, at least, is an illustrious example to show that some slight infusion of gall is by no means inconsistent with true humour; and it might not be impossible to name another instance almost as striking among our great living authors. But we have quoted Archdeacon Hare, chiefly to show how broad a distinction there is between such humour as Dr. Brown's, and the mere tendency to be always joking, with which he seems modestly afraid that it may be confounded. There is a great deal of fun in Dr. Brown: his gravelly comic power is inimitable; but it is hardly ever, as it seems to us, the purely ludicrous which gives occasion for its exercise. The incongruity which moves him is that of ideas, and not of words. Sometimes his humour is merely quaint, as when he says of an eloquent talker, 'He flowed like *Cæsar's Arar*, *incredibili lenitate*, like linseed out of a poke.' Generally it is so interused with the human feeling of Mr. Hare's definition, that the smile with which we receive it is very nearly akin to a tear. It looks at the realities of life, and reveals at a touch the infinity and the limitations of our nature, as only the greatest masters of the human heart can reveal it in fiction. And for this very reason, perhaps, it is more felicitous nowhere than in cases where duller men would be puzzled to understand how human feeling should be imported into the matter at all. His descriptions, or rather characters of dogs, for example, are really like nothing so much, either in the result or in the mode of treatment, as the *Ellistons* and *Captain Jacksons of Elia*. We do not put *Toby* on a par with *Captain Jackson*; but the peculiarities of his mental organization are made known to us in much the same way. The most impalpable niceties of the character are seized with the same firm and delicate touch, and brought out, one after another, with the same gradual art, till the picture is complete. And we know nothing anywhere, except in Charles Lamb, which in the least degree resembles the grave fun with which the whole dog is then presented to us. Nor in this process does the one artist ever degenerate into caricature any more than the other. We have not personally known his *Tobys* and *John Pymys*, and their fellows; but we feel there is no reason why we should not have met them. They are actual canine beings; and it is as impossible to mistake

them for one another, as it is to forget the individuality of the characters of a great dramatist in their general resemblance and their common nature. Unfortunately we cannot support this opinion by extracts, for we have no room for any complete picture; and we have not the heart to tear any into fragments. But there are two characteristic anecdotes, which we cannot resist. Our readers must understand that Dr. Brown, when a boy, had brought a shepherd's dog from Tweedside to Edinburgh:—

'She came, and was at once taken to all our hearts—even grandmother liked her; and though she was often pensive, as if thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home, and behaved in all respects like a lady. When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, the being so making her wonderfully happy. And so her little life went on, never doing wrong—always blithe, and kind, and beautiful. But, some months after she came, there was a mystery about her. Every Tuesday evening she disappeared. We tried to watch her, but in vain. She was always off by nine P.M., and was away all night, coming back next day wearied, and all over mud, as if she had travelled far. She slept all next day. This went on for some months, and we could make nothing of it. Poor dear, creature, she looked at us wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond though tired. Well, one day, I was walking across the Grassmarket with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and, looking at her, one said, "That's her; that's the wonderfu' wee bitch that naebody kens." I asked him what he meant, and he told me that for months past she had made her appearance by the first daylight at the "buchs," or sheep pens, in the cattle market, and worked incessantly, and to excellent purpose, in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and laubs in. The men said, with a sort of transport, "She's a perfect meeracle—flees about like a speerit, and never gangs wrang—wears, but never grups, and beats a' oor dowgs. She's a perfect meeracle, and as soople as a mawkin." Then he related how they all knew her, and said, "There's that wee fell yin; we'll get them in noo." They tried to coax her to stop and be caught, but no: she was gentle, but off; and for many a day that "wee fell yin" was spoken of by these rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace.'

We think our readers will thank us for transferring what follows to our pages:—

'It is very touching the regard the south country shepherds have for their dogs. Professor Syme, one day, many years ago, when living in Forres Street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North Charlotte Street, as if making for his house. It was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr. Syme noticed that he

followed the dog, and not it him, though he continued to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room. He wished advice about some ailment; and Mr. Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad-dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain of death. "And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came in to me?" "Oh," said he, looking awkward, "I didna want Birkie to ken he was tied." Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He didn't want to hurt Birkie's feelings.'

We did not intend to quote more about dogs; but is there not something at once very absurd and very touching about this:—

'Puck had to the end of life a simplicity which was quite touching. One summer day, a dog-day, when all dogs found straying were hauled away to the police-office, and killed off in twenties with strychnine, I met Puck trotting along Princes Street with a policeman, a rope round his neck, he looking up in the fatal, official, but kindly countenance in the most artless and cheerful manner, wagging his tail and trotting along. In ten minutes he would have been in the next world; for I am one of those who believe dogs have a next world, and why not? Puck ended his days as the best dog in Roxburghshire. *Placide, quiescat.*'

It is plain that, even in the dog-days, Dr. Brown would have no sympathy with the timid scholastic Gray, who said with some indignation, when he was asked if that was his dog—"Do you suppose that I would keep an animal by which I might possibly lose my life?"

The same faculty for seizing the subtlest distinctions of character, which enables Dr. Brown to describe his dogs so admirably, is displayed quite as effectually when he is dealing with men. We do not know that he gives evidence anywhere of that highest imaginative power which consists in the invention of a character; but in the exposition of an actual character, a man whom he himself has seen and known, it would not be very easy to mention many writers by whom he has been surpassed. And this is neither a small talent nor a very common one. It is a much slighter achievement, as it seems to us—and certainly it is a far less useful one—to collect a number of salient features, to solder them cleverly together, and call them a man or a woman, as some of our very popular novelists are much in the habit of doing, than to represent an actual human being as he lived, not by describing attributes merely, but by drawing his character. The power of conceiving an original character is, no doubt,

among the rarest and highest of gifts. No description, however excellent, of real people will place a writer on the same level as the great dramatists or the great novelists. But you may count on your fingers the dramatists and the novelists who in this scuse are entitled to be called great. As soon as the invention ceases to be human and true, the most dazzling effects of humour or of pathos will give the cleverest caricaturist no right or title to a place beside Sir Walter, or Fielding, or Jane Austen. And no inferior exhibition of imaginary persons is half so excellent a thing, in our view, as the most unpretending portraiture of people who have really existed. With all the amusement we have derived, and hope still to derive, from their productions, the talents of a second-rate novelist—and we should include some very distinguished names in that category—do not appear to us to be so admirable, nor their functions nearly so estimable, as those of the quiet and truthful painter of the things and persons his own eyes have witnessed. To invent a true and many-sided human being, ideal or real—a Hamlet or a Jonathan Oldbuck, a Portia or an Elizabeth Bennet—demands all the qualities which Dr. Brown evinces in describing his own friends, and an imaginative power in addition, which infinitely transcends them all. It is a very different matter to invent traits of character, however funny or however beautiful, or in however clever a combination, without that marvellous interfusion of individual traits with the characteristics common to humanity, which makes the resemblance between the people we see in the world and those we meet with in the great masters of imaginative literature. This may be done with very brilliant effect; but it shows the absence and not the possession of the excellences that are necessary for the exposition of true characters, whether actual or imaginative. We have no hesitation in saying that it required a far higher and more capacious mind, a finer insight, and, in every sense of the word, more genius, to delineate such a character as that of the late Dr. Brown in the way our author has done it, than to invent a score of the grotesque exaggerations which have moved the tears and the laughter of this most sensitive generation.

We mean no disparagement when we say that Dr. Brown generally approaches the people he is describing from the outside. If he remained there we could say nothing worse of him. But however he begins, he has almost always penetrated to the heart of a man before he has done with him. And if it be accompanied in any sufficient degree by feeling and humour, there is, after all, no finer instrument for the de-

tection of character than a keen, rapid, and comprehensive eye for external peculiarities. Dr. Brown says he thinks that he could have been a painter; and it is certain that he possesses the prime requisite of being able to see the outward form of men and things. Nor would it be easy to present in words a more vivid image of a picture than he can when he pleases. Here, for example, is a sketch from the beginning of 'Rab and his Friends':—'Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting; it was the flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active compassionate woman fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men as so many "brutes;" it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards to one common focus.' This clear perception of physical appearances is employed with great skill and success in Dr. Brown's biographical sketches. It is by penetrating observation of all the lovely organs of a life that he seems to arrive at the idea of the life, and he evolves the idea for the benefit of his readers in much the same fashion—

•
 'As when a painter poring on a face
 Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
 Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
 The shape and colour of a mind and life,
 Lives for his children, ever at his best
 And fullest.'

There are two peculiar worlds of which, by sketches of some remarkable inhabitants of both, Dr. Brown gives us glimpses—the medical and the clerical. There are no professions of which the human element ought to be more interesting for laymen; and we cannot help thinking there are none for which, in this aspect, literature has hitherto done less. A good biography of any kind is rare; but rarest of all, is a good biography of a clergyman. One reason may be, that the dignity of their calling makes it so impossible for clergymen to regard it merely as a profession, that it hardly occurs to them or to their biographers to look at their relations with the rest of the world from the human point of view at all. And it is not impossible, that, while the great difficulty of all biography is to trace the intricate connexion between the one man whose life is being written, and the qualities ascribed to him which are common to all men, that difficulty may be greatly increased when the subject of the life is a di-

vine. For the qualities which make the life of such a man worth writing, are those of all others which the finest hand is required to individualize. Devotion, for example, and love of truth, identify no man. They are qualities of which we have the vaguest and least personal conception. But, unless the biographer of a man whose life was illustrated chiefly by devotion, or spiritual feeling, or love of truth, be a very able and discriminating person indeed, he is almost sure to think that he has done his work when he has pronounced a panegyric on such characteristics as these. To show how they were characteristic, not of good men, but of the one good man whose life he is writing, and no other, is the most subtle and delicate office a biographer can be called on to perform. Nothing short of dramatic genius can bring out clearly the fine evanescent lines by which such a man's personal peculiarities are interwoven with the sublimest feelings and emotions that elevate humanity. The best illustration of this rare and happy art that we could quote from Dr. Brown's book, would be his picture of his father; but we find that, if we were to begin to copy that, we should not be able to spare our readers a single sentence; and it is far too long to transfer entire to our pages. Another illustration may be found in a notice of Dr. Chalmers, in a paper contributed to this journal several years ago, from which, therefore, we do not need to quote.*

Perhaps we could find nowhere a more quiet and graceful picture, without any exaggeration or straining for effect, than the touching and beautiful character of 'Uncle Ebenezer,' the well-known pastor at Inverkeithing. It is little to say, that such things as this give a truer insight into the life and nature of a certain class of Scotch divines than any amount of lives and church histories:

'Uncle Ebenezer flowed *per saltum*: he was always good and saintly, but he was great once a week: six days he brooded over his message, was silent, withdrawn, self-involved: on the Sabbath, that downcast, almost timid man, who shunned men, the instant he was in the pulpit, stood up a son of thunder. Such a voice! such a piercing eye! such an inevitable forefinger, held out trembling with the terrors of the Lord! such a power of asking questions, and letting them fall deep into the hearts of his hearers, and then answering them himself with an "Ah, sirs!" that thrilled and quivered from him to them! . . . Nothing was more beautiful than my father's admiration and emotion when listening to his uncle's rapt passages, or than his childlike faith in my father's exegetical prowess. He used to have a list of difficult passages ready

for "my nephew;" and the moment the oracle gave a decision, the old man asked him to repeat it, and then took a permanent note of it, and would assuredly preach it some day with his own proper unction and power. One story of him I must give. . . . Uncle Ebenezer, with all his mildness and complaisance, was, like most of the Browns, *tenax propositi*, firm to obstinacy. He had established a week-day sermon at the North Ferry, about two miles from his own town, Inverkeithing. It was, I think, on the Tuesdays. It was winter, and a wild, drifting, and dangerous day: his daughters—his wife was dead—brought him not to go: he smiled vaguely, but continued getting into his big coat. Nothing would stay him, and away he and the pony stumbled through the dumb and blinding snow. He was half-way on his journey, and had got out the sermon he was going to preach, and was utterly insensible to the outward storm; his pony getting its feet *balled*, staggered about, and at last upset his master and himself into the ditch at the road-side. The feeble, heedless, rapt old man, might have perished there, had not some carters, bringing up whisky-casks from the Ferry, seen the catastrophe, and rushed up. Raising him, and *dichting* him with much commiseration and blunt speech: "Puir auld man, what brocht ye here in sic a day?" There they were, a rough crew, surrounding the saintly man, some putting on his hat, sorting and cheering him, and others knocking the balls off the pony's feet, and stuffing them with grease. He was most polite and grateful; and one of these cordial ruffians having pierced a cask, brought him a horn of whisky, and said, "Tak that, it'll hearten ye." He took the horn, and, bowing to them, said, "Sirs, let us give thanks;" and there, by the road-side, in the drift and storm, with these wild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverers, and took a tasting of the horn. The men cried like children. They lifted him on his pony, one going with him; and when the rest arrived in Inverkeithing they repeated the story to everybody, and broke down in tears whenever they came to the blessing. "And to think o' askin' a blessin' on a tass of whisky!" Next presbytery day, after the ordinary business was over, he rose up—he seldom spoke—and said, "Moderator, I have something personal to myself to-day. I have often said that real kindness belongs only to true Christians, but"—and then he told the story of these men—"but more true kindness I never experienced than from these lads. They may have had the grace of God, I don't know; but I never mean again to be so *positive* in speaking of this matter."

We wish Dr. Brown had not omitted in his Second Series the two professional papers to which he alludes in the preface. The essays of that kind in his first volume are among the most interesting and valuable that he has written: and they are so because they deal far less with the mere details of his art, in which doctors only are likely to be interested, than with the far larger question of the way in which the art can be taught

* *North British Review*, vol. viii., No. xvi.

and learned, so as to afford the best chance of its being exercised for the benefit of men. The mere acquirements of the physician are only alluded to; but the way in which these acquirements can be turned to practical account is discussed in more than one excellent paper, which neither young doctors nor patients of any degree of age or experience can read too often or think over too thoroughly. The position of the medical profession has greatly changed within the last half-century. People no longer expect quite the same things from their doctor; and, fortunately or unfortunately, they are no longer inclined to feel the same unquestioning confidence that they will receive what they do not expect. The edge of the old sarcasm is blunted. A physician is not now an unfortunate gentleman who is expected to perform a miracle every day. Most of us have been made to understand that the issues of life are not in the pharmacopœia; and, in the natural progress of things, the very time when the mere accumulation of learning is beginning to afford less and less consolation to the mind of a much suffering universe, it is in itself growing vaster and more imposing. The science is crowded and overwhelmed with details in every direction. Nervous and hypochondriacal persons suffer frightfully from Mr. Churchill's advertisements of books. It is only too evident from that appalling evil, that every minute organ of the human frame is the centre of a whole system of diseases, all too probably in active, though hitherto unsuspected operation, at the very moment we are trying to spell out for the first time their cacophonous and mysterious titles. And when he turns from the diseases incident to humanity, to the almost equally numerous and distinct sciences, by the aid of which medicine proposes to combat these diseases, the reflecting layman begins to fear his well-armed champion almost as much as his natural enemy. He cannot bring himself to believe in the possibility of moving lightly under so elaborate and cumbrous a panoply. Such a layman will find some comfort in several of Dr. Brown's papers; for this is the aspect of his 'noble and sacred' profession with which those papers are concerned. We believe with him that that profession requires more 'intellect, energy, attention, patience, and courage, and that singular but imperial quality, at once a gift and a requirement, presence of mind—*αρχινοια*, or nearness of the *νοῦς*, as the subtle Greeks called it—than almost any other department of human thought and action, except, perhaps, that of ruling men.' We make no doubt that these qualities are to be seen in operation every day, it is not for us to say where or how;

but in writing, they are explained nowhere that we know of with more 'sense and genius,' than in the book before us.

We had marked for quotation some passages from his criticisms on art, but we have left no room to insert them. We have hinted already, that on this subject we do not always agree with him. The eye, it is said, sees no more than it brings with it the power of seeing; but some eyes bring with them the power of seeing a great deal more than the painter has had the power of showing; and in such eyes, it is not impossible for a daub to appear a masterpiece. But, after all, it is not often that we disagree with Dr. Brown; and where we are at one—to take his distinction—we know no abler exponent of the *soul* of painting than he. With the *body* he does not meddle. But in perception of the thought and feeling of a great picture, and in the faculty of teaching others to understand these things also, he is truly excellent; and this is the one essential element of good art-criticism. We know few things of this kind better than his description of Wilkie's 'Distraint for Rent,' or of Turner's *Rizpah*, except some of Mr. Thackeray's criticisms, and of course, and above all, those of the most mistaken, most unmannerly, and the best art-critic that ever wrote—Mr. Ruskin.

We are not going to criticise it, and we have no doubt that it is well known already to most of our readers; but we cannot part from this book without boldly asserting that 'Rab and his Friends' is, all things considered, the most perfect prose narrative since Rosamond Gray. We can find in many books a wider combination of excellences, but so perfect a combination of those which do belong to it of humour and pathos, and genuine human feeling, in none.

We have been going back in this article to those half-forgotten days when Quarterly Reviewers, instead of writing elaborate essays, actually ventured to criticise and talk about nothing but the book before them. We have given a few extracts, after the fashion of those good old times, when Mr. Mudie and his colleagues did not put books into more hands than reviews. But we are not aware that the elder brethren we have been imitating ever indulged in wholesale panegyric. They let no author go without explaining, with something like paternal kindness, to him and the world, the nature of all the faults with which his excellence might happen to be alloyed. If we are like them in the rest, we will resemble them also in that; and before we bid farewell to an author who has been both amusing and instructing us, we mean to take the liberty of indicating

some of his defects. It seems to us, for example, that there is a want of fusion in the longer and more important essays; and Dr. Brown interrupts his own sound thinking and good writing a great deal too often, to give us scraps of other people's. We do not object to his Latin and Greek in moderation; but the tender melancholy with which he sees 'the tide setting in against the *literæ humaniores*,' induces him to tag to his discourse rather too many patches from that quarter, and 'quote quotation on quotation' a little too frequently? There is something a little irritating in the very appearance of pages so deformed with dashes, italics, and inverted commas; and still more so, in such awkward and even dangerous collisions between Greek definite and English indefinite articles, as even Dr. Brown's great skill and practice in driving half a dozen languages at once, have not enabled him to avoid. This is one fault of his otherwise admirable style. Another is, the trick of running a simile to death. Dr. Chalmers, for example, is the sun for half a dozen pages, and then he is a river for half a dozen more. But we must own that, even when his figures of speech are long enough to be wearisome, they have always the merit of bringing out clearly and graphically the meaning they are meant to convey; and this is so rare a merit in new similes and short ones, that it almost induces us to forgive our old friends the sun and the river, even when they have grown to be unwieldy. The worst sin remains. Dr. Brown has studied many great philosophic writers, and knows how to reverence their greatness; and yet there seems to us something singularly free and easy, careless and disrespectful, in his dashing way of disposing of their merits occasionally in half a line. We limit this criticism to his *Excursus Ethicus*. Elsewhere his tone is different; but that disquisition reminds us of nothing so much as the great Madame de Stael's famous question to Schelling—'Monsieur, voudriez-vous bien m'expliquer votre système en peu de mots?' She thought, 'a petit quart d'heure' was quite enough for such a purpose; and Dr. Brown, in the *Excursus*, seems to think so too.

Our readers do not need to be told again, even after all this fault-finding, that good sense, sagacity, scholarship, humour, and genius, are not to be found in finer combination anywhere than in those two excellent books, in which Dr. Brown has given us the fruit of his leisure.

ART. IX.—1. *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*. 1860.

2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the State of Popular Education in England* Vol. I. 1861.

3. *Report of the Elgin Academy Cause (the Presbytery of Elgin v. the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of the Burgh of Elgin)*. Scottish Jurist, Vol. XXXIII., Nos. 9 and 10. 1861.

THE Education Question in Scotland is again forced on our attention, whether we will it or no. The recent judgment of the Court of Session in the Elgin Academy case, by which it has been decided that the tests, and the presbyterial jurisdiction, well known to be applicable to parochial schoolmasters, extend also to the teachers of burgh schools, administered by the municipal authorities, is one of those new incidents which inevitably suggest the necessity of legislation, and, as its preliminary, of a consideration of the conditions and limits of any prudent or practicable enactment.

The existing relation between the Church and the public schools in Scotland, incongruous though it may be with modern and existing arrangements elsewhere, is yet quite consistent with our ecclesiastical and scholastic traditions. The natural inference is, that in obviating the inconvenience of that relation, now so generally acknowledged, it may be desirable to reconsider, with a view to its readjustment, the whole subject of our educational machinery, of which this forms one, though by no means the most important, part.

In one of his recent Reports to the Privy Council, Mr. Morell designates the question of popular education as 'but a question of yesterday in any country whatever.*' The first sentence of the Report of the Commission is to the same effect. As regards Scotland, we may take exception to this description, and claim for the question a much higher antiquity; at the same time, there can be no doubt that at least it is a *question of to-day*. Year after year, in one form or other, it comes into public notice, with increasing demands, new advocacy, larger concessions, fewer enemies—if indeed any now remain, except the oldest and most inveterate—indifference or apathy. Of this interest in the

* Report for 1857-8, p. 514. Mr. Morell adds, 'The Prussian law dates from about the year 1820; the education system of Holland from about the same period. The French law was introduced only about the year 1833; and the American system, which has now grown up into such large proportions, is not at all older than the European efforts above mentioned.'

Education Question throughout Great Britain, the relative importance conceded to education in the Transactions of the Social Science Association, at its recent meeting in Glasgow, and the valuable Report, now issued, of the Commission appointed in 1858, with the attention bestowed on it, may be taken as indications.

In the remarks which follow, we propose to confine our attention to Scotland, which, in regard to education, differs so materially from the other parts of the United Kingdom; and, our object being practical, we shall endeavour to direct our observations to *the present state of the question*, as respects the education of the Scottish people, although, in doing so, we shall necessarily be led into some historical inquiries. We shall consider, *first*, the existing public schools, having regard to their origin and legal conditions; *secondly*, how far these are adequate to the public wants; *thirdly*, what are the chief impediments to an improved and extended education; and *lastly*, in what direction we may look, with any hope of success, for the means of obviating the hindrances which have hitherto prevented any such general advance as might have been anticipated.

The earliest schools established in Scotland were the burgh schools. Of these, a considerable number are known to have been in existence in the 15th century, although their early history can hardly be traced. 'Long before the Reformation, all the principal towns had grammar-schools, in which the Latin language was taught. They had also "lecture schools," as they were called, in which children were instructed to read the vernacular language.* Among these, we find a grammar school in Glasgow in the 15th century, and the High School of Edinburgh in operation very early in the 16th century.† The earliest Scottish legislation on the subject of education appears in an Act of James the Fourth (1494, c. 54), which is so brief, and affords so interesting a glimpse into the condition of Scotland only fifteen years after the invention of printing, that it may be worth while to quote it.

'Item, It is statute and ordained through all the Realme that all Barronnes and Freeholders that are of substance put their eldest sonnes and aires to the schules fra they be sex or nine zeires of age, and till remaine at the Grammar Schules quhill they be competentlie founded and have perfect *Latine*. And thereafter to remaine three zeires at the schules of art and jure, swa that they may have knowledge and understanding of the Lawes: throw the quhilks justice may re-

maine universally throw all the Realme: Swa that they that are Schireffes or Judges Ordinares under the King's Hiennesse may have knowledge to doe justice, that the puir people sulde have no neede to seeke our Sovereine Lordis principal Auditor for ilk small injurie: And quhat Barronne or Freeholder of substance that haldis not his son at the schules as said is, havand na lauchful essoinzie, but failzie herein, fra knowledge may be gotten thereof, he sall pay to the King the summe of twentie pound.'

It was the Reformation that gave birth to popular education in Scotland; and the debt which is due to Knox, on account of his labours on this behalf, can hardly be overstated. The comprehensive scheme of education, embraced in the First Book of Discipline, included a proposal 'that every several kirk have one schoolmaster appointed;' and 'that in every notable town there should be erected a college, in which the arts, at least Logic and Rhetoric, together with the tongues, be read by sufficient masters;'—an extent of provision for the educational wants of the community which has not been yet attained. We do not know any way in which the several Reformed Churches of Scotland, which have lately been celebrating the Tri-centenary of the Reformation, might more worthily combine in practically carrying out the work of the Reformers, than in endeavouring to secure an educational provision such as they contemplated, adapted to the present state of the country.

The parochial schools, like the burgh schools, did not owe their origin to any legislative enactments. They were in many instances established, through the unceasing efforts of the Reformed clergy, by the parishioners, under a system of voluntary or ecclesiastical assessment. From the Record of the northern part of the diocese of St. Andrews, containing a report of a visitation of parishes in the years 1611 and 1613, it appears that the parishes which had schools were double in number to those which had them not.* The earliest legal provision for parish schools appears in an Act of the Privy Council, following upon a letter from the King, and dated 10th December, 1616. It directs that a school be established in every parish where the means of maintaining one existed, with a view to the instruction of all the youth, and especially to the expulsion of the Irish language, one of the principal causes of 'barbaritie and incivilitie.' This Act of Council was ratified by Parliament A.D. 1633; and power given to the Bishop, and heritors, and parishioners, to assess the parish for the support of the schools.

* M'Crie's Life of Melville, vol. ii., p. 365.

† Op. cit., Notes K and L.

* M'Crie's Melville, ii., Note T.

More explicit provisions were made for the establishment of parish schools by one of the Acts passed during the Commonwealth (1646, c. 46), which, although rescinded at the Restoration, was, together with many other beneficial Acts, re-enacted almost *verbatim* after the Restoration, in the statute 1696, c. 26—the foundation of our present system.* The amount of stipend specified by this Act is ‘not less than one hundred merks (L.5, 11s. 1½d. sterling), nor above two hundred merks.’

The records of the Church show how much it was concerned in the establishment of schools, and how great were the opposing obstacles, even after legislative sanction had been obtained. It would be out of place here to give the details. Among other things we find it enacted by the General Assembly in 1705—‘*That the poor be taught upon charity, and that none be suffered to neglect the teaching of their children to read.*’ In 1706, electors are recommended to prefer as teachers ‘*men who have passed their course at colleges or universities and taken their degrees.*’ In 1802, a strong representation is made that the gains of parochial teachers are not equal to those of a day labourer, and that the whole order is sinking into a state of depression. This was happily followed by the passing of the act of Parliament in 1803 (43 Geo. III, c. 54), which still mainly regulates the appointment and removal, the duties and the emoluments, of parochial schoolmasters.

By this Act, the heritors and minister of every landward (or partly burghal and partly landward) parish are constituted a Parliamentary Board for its administration; *heritors* being those only who have lands within the parish of not less than L.100 Scots valued rent. In this respect the Act differs from that of 1696, which was interpreted as giving the right of appointment to the whole heritors of the parish paying cess, with the minister. The presbytery have an exclusive and final jurisdiction in matters of neglect of duty, or criminality,—the grounds of removal being specified in the Act; and every schoolmaster-elect must, as the condition of office, sign the Confession of Faith, and Formula of the Church of Scotland, and undergo an examination as to literature and character, and be approved of by the presbytery; to whom also, and specially to the minister of the parish, is committed the superintendence of the school. The salary provided by this Act for the schoolmaster, in addition to a small dwelling-house, is ‘not less than 300, nor more than 400 merks Scots.’ This has

yielded, for the period from 1828 to 1853, a *maximum* of L.34, 4s. 4d., and a *minimum* of L.25, 13s. 4d. sterling.

A lower average of prices having lately come into operation, the *maximum* legal salary is now reduced to L.27, 11s. 9d., and the *minimum*, L.20, 13s. 10d. So inadequate has this provision been regarded, that, in a large proportion of parishes, the *old maximum* salary, or a salary above the present legal *maximum*, has been granted. From a return obtained in December 1859, it would appear, that, at that date, in 400 parishes, no meetings had been held to fix the salaries under the Act of 1857. In some parishes, the legal *minimum* only, that is, a salary of L.20, had been allowed!

Having now stated the legal provisions for the establishment and maintenance of the parish schools, and reminding our readers that this remarkable institution for popular education, having been established at a time when it had probably no parallel in Europe, has been in full operation during a good deal more than a century, and in partial operation during nearly three centuries, we have next to consider the connection between ‘the School’ and ‘the Church’ in Scotland: a just view of which is of practical importance in the present state of things.

Our readers do not need to be reminded that, during the Middle Ages, *literature*—the art of reading and writing—was, in Europe, almost exclusively confined to the clergy; so exclusively, indeed, as to be regarded as a proof of ‘Clerisy.’ They were the first to give instruction to the people; even when laymen began to teach, they did so, in a manner, as the substitutes or assistants of the clergy, who thus, by a long established tradition, came to have the superintendence of education as an unquestioned right. Thus it was that, at the period of the Reformation, the existing schools in Scotland were probably all directly in connection with the Church. In Edinburgh, for instance, the High School, and a grammar school in Canongate, were both dependent on the Abbey of Holyrood; the school at Elgin was dependent on the Cathedral Church of Moray; and so elsewhere. When, therefore, in 1560–67, the authority of the Pope was abolished in Scotland, and a Confession of Faith ratified, the question arose, What as to the schools? There could be no doubt as to the answer: they were to remain under the jurisdiction of the Reformed Church. Of the first twelve public Acts, passed in the first Parliament of K. James VI. (1567), no fewer than ten relate either to religion or to the Church. One of these directly concerns our present inquiry. It is in these terms:—

* Dunlop's Parochial Law, 2d edit, p. 463.

'*The Teachers of youth sould be tryed by the visitoris of the Kirk.*—Item, Forsameikle as be all Lawes and constitutionis it is provided that the youth be brocht up and instructed in the feare of God and gude maneris: and gif it be utherwise it is tinsel baith of their bodie and saules gif God's word be not ruted in them. *QUEIRFOIRE* our Sovereigne Lorde, with advice of my Lorde Regent and the three estaite of this present Parliament hes statute and ordained that all schulis to *Burgh and land*, and all Universities and Colleges be reformed: And that *none be permitted nor admitted to have charge and care thereof* in time cumming, nor to instruct the youth privatlie or openlie, but sik as sall be tryed by the superintendentes or visitouris of the Kirk.'

This Act seems to have been passed in answer to a claim made by the General Assembly two years before.* That the Reform clergy claimed this right then and subsequently, there can be no doubt. In the Second Book of Discipline, presented to Parliament in 1578, the application of teinds to the maintenance of schoolmasters is urged, on the ground that they are 'comprehended under the clergie.† We shall see presently that the Church has never relinquished this claim, although the exercise of the right of visitation of schools and colleges has been materially curtailed, partly by usage, and partly by legislative enactment. This Act of 1567 (c. 11) is expressly ratified by the Act 1581 (c. 99), which again is ratified by the Act 1592 (c. 116), whereby also the government of the Church by General Assemblies, Synods, and presbyteries, already existing, first received legislative sanction. Then came the great struggle in Scotland between a royal Episcopacy and a popular Presbyterianism; and the powers of visitation and government of schools passed over, with the other ecclesiastical authority, from the presbyteries to the bishops, and from the bishops again to the presbyteries. By an Act passed in 1662 (c. 4), it is 'ordained, that none be hereafter permitted to preach in public or in families, within any diocese, or teach any public school, or to be pedagogues to the children of persons of quality, without the license of the ordinary of the diocese.'

With the Revolution, Presbyterianism was again established; and in the first Parliament of William and Mary (1690, c. 17), an Act was passed for the visitation of universities, colleges, and schools, which provided, 'that from this time forth, no professors, principals, regents, masters, or others bearing office in any university, college, or school within this kingdom, be either admitted, or allowed to continue in the exercise of their

said functions,' but such as should 'subscribe the Confession of Faith,' and be found 'submitting to the government of the Church now settled by law;' and the Act of 1707 (c. 6), embodied in the Treaty of Union, contains a similar provision, in nearly the same words. But with reference to schools, a very important enactment, is contained in the Act for settling the peace of the Church, passed a few years after the Revolution. By 1693 (c. 22), 'it is declared, "That all schoolmasters and teachers of youth in schools are and shall be liable to the trial, judgment, and censure of the presbyteries of the bounds for their sufficiency, qualifications, and deportment in the said office."

It is not unimportant to consider what view the Church took of its powers under these statutes. Without venturing further into this field, we may refer to a Report of a Committee of the General Assembly, unanimously approved of and adopted June 3, 1799, in which, after a narrative of the various statutes on the subject, there follows a recommendation that presbyteries be enjoined 'to call before them all teachers of youth, whether in parochial schools or schools of another description, and to take trial of their sufficiency and qualification in those branches of education which they profess to teach.' And again, in 1817, we find the General Assembly approving of the firmness of the presbytery of Brechin, in asserting 'their indubitable right to visit schools of all descriptions within their bounds.' How far the powers thus claimed by the Church were exercised in earlier times, it may not be very easy to determine; but that, during the last sixty years, they have been asserted successfully, as regards the burgh schools, only in three instances, appears from an important Parliamentary Return, relating to grammar and burgh schools in Scotland under municipal government, obtained by Mr. Murray Dunlop, and received while we write. The total number of these schools is 61, situated in 36 burghs. The teachers of these schools are 113, of whom 60 are adherents of the Established Church. In only three of the burghs—Anstruther Wester, Brechin, and Jedburgh—are the teachers reported to have, on their appointment, subscribed the Confession of Faith and Formula, during the last sixty years, to which period the return extends; and in no case has any teacher been removed by the presbytery. In the case of the Elgin school there was a dispute as to the state of the facts—the presbytery having to some extent interfered in the administration of the school. The general question raised was, the jurisdiction of presbyteries over burgh schools, and the subjection of the

* Act of Assembly, June 3, 1799.

† Dunlop's Parochial Law, p. 457.

teachers thereof to tests. In the publication quoted at the head of this article will be found a very full report of this case, to which we would refer those who may desire to look a little more closely into the question. We would especially direct attention to the elaborate Note by the late Lord Handyside, in which the statutes bearing on the question are examined with much accuracy and ability. His opinion was in agreement with the judgment delivered by the Court, to the effect that the statutes must be held to apply to public schools within burghs as well as to rural parochial schools. The decision has naturally attracted much public notice, especially from the municipal authorities,—its practical bearing being immediate and important. At present, almost half of the teachers in burgh schools are not within the communion of the Church of Scotland; and, if this judgment is to be effectual, they are disqualified and liable to removal. That this will be the ultimate result, probably no one anticipates. It is one of those instances in which the judicial authorities, by declaring the state of the laws—instantly felt to be in violent conflict with the present social condition and tendencies of the community—materially aid in procuring a remedy. And this remedy, we trust, will not, in its application, be limited to the burgh schools. Our universities have been recently emancipated, with obvious advantage, from the antiquated ecclesiastical control which extended to all seminaries of education, and the existence of which has hitherto formed an insuperable barrier to such an improvement of our national parochial schools as would render them more commensurate with the public wants. How far they are thus commensurate is what we have now to consider. We shall afterwards advert to the attempts which have been made to supply any deficiencies.

We begin by calling special attention to the remarkable contrast between the parish schools and the burgh schools. The former, since they were finally settled under the Act passed in the beginning of this century, have been, both in respect of their administration and the emoluments of the teachers, too rigidly fixed; the latter have been progressive. The parish schools, although endowed, have been also fettered; the burgh schools, under the administration of the magistrates and councils, while generally dependent for their endowments upon the liberality of the municipalities, and in many instances insufficiently maintained, have been practically unfettered, and have thus freely become adapted to the local necessities. In the larger and wealthier burghs, the original schools have thus expanded into Institutions

fitted to take the place of gymnasia, or intermediate schools, not yet otherwise provided in Scotland, and affording such education in the higher branches of study as adequately to prepare their pupils for the universities; in a few instances, they have acquired a distinguished reputation.

Such expansion or development is unknown in the parochial schools; although, in many cases, the parochial teachers have made great efforts to supply the defect; and, besides furnishing the elementary instruction, have also provided the only teaching locally attainable in classics and mathematics, by which a very large proportion of the students could make even the present ordinary, though insufficient, preparation for entering upon a university curriculum. By those who have seriously considered in how great a degree the elevation of the middle classes in Scotland has been due to the university culture, thus brought within their reach, these services, and those of the burgh schools, are not likely to be undervalued. Now, what is the remuneration of these teachers? In his interesting Report for the year 1858,* Mr. Gordon, the Inspector for the South-western District, has given an estimate of the total emoluments of the parish schoolmasters within his district, which contains the counties of Renfrew, Lanark, Ayr, Dumfries, Wigtown, and Kirkcudbright, and may be reckoned probably as among the best provided in this respect. Including the allowances by parochial boards, kirk sessions, and private individuals for the education of the children of the poor, and also including mortifications, he concludes that 'the average income of a parish schoolmaster in this district (not including the value of the dwelling-house) is L.70; consisting of L.27 salary, and L.43 from school fees.' With reference to Scotland generally, this must be considered much above the average. On the other hand, in the northern counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, the position of many of the parochial schoolmasters has been greatly benefited by allowances from the Dick Bequest, through a distribution of that fund conceived with great judgment, and executed with great fidelity and success. By means of an annual expenditure never rising above L.5000, and often falling far below that sum, the parochial schools in these counties have been materially elevated. The number of parishes containing schools admissible to the bequest is 124, and the population in 1851 was about 250,000. The bequest came into operation in 1833, and the first Report regarding it was issued in

* Report, 1858-59, pp. 227-8.

1835. The Report from which we quote, prepared with much ability by the late Professor Allan Menzies, was issued in 1854. During that interval, the yearly worth of the office of parish schoolmaster 'had risen from L.55, 12s. 5d. to L.101, 1s. 7d., including in the latter sum the allowance from this bequest. L.20 additional is enjoyed by the Aberdeenshire schoolmasters in receipt of the Milne Bequest. At the same time, their domestic comfort and respectability has advanced; the dwelling-house, which in 1833 consisted of three apartments only, having been enlarged to five by the liberality of the heritors.' At the end of that period of twenty years, there were thirty more pupils, upon an average, enrolled annually in every parish school than at the beginning. 'The elevation of the literary character of the school pervades every part of the instruction; and the large numbers who now receive a knowledge of English grammar and geography, as well as the increase in the study of mathematics, Latin, and Greek, give unequivocal testimony to steady upward progress, and the rising standard of attainment among a widening circle of the people.' It is highly encouraging and instructive to learn, that so small a sum as L5000 annually, *well spent*, in aid of parish schools, will materially benefit a population of not less than a *quarter of a million*. Before leaving this Report, which contains much interesting matter relating to the state of education in these counties, attention must be called to the statement, that, after a careful inquiry, '*forty-nine of the parishes within the district are reported as containing no person between the ages of eight and twenty years unable to read; and thirty-eight parishes as containing none within these ages unable to write.*'

We have said something as to the emoluments of parish schoolmasters in the best provided districts; were we to travel to the Highlands, we should find many of them in a state not far removed from pauperism. Many of them have incomes not exceeding L.40 a year. That their emoluments, on the whole, are utterly inadequate, no man can question; and it may be assumed that, in order to raise the quality of the teaching, the pecuniary position of the schoolmasters must be improved. What might have been anticipated under the ordinary laws which regulate industry, is also stated to be the fact. Mr. Gordon writes: 'There is a proportion observed to exist, in general, between the income of a master, and his efficiency in the duties of his school; but this proportion is apt to be disturbed when he is encumbered with several of the adjunct offices now men-

tioned, and with one of them in particular.* The offices here alluded to are those of session clerk, heritors' clerk, pariah registrar, and inspector of the poor; the last 'often laborious and lucrative, and always ill according with the proper occupation of a schoolmaster.'

Next, *in number*, the parochial schools have long been felt to be quite insufficient for the public necessities. Their number is about 980; and we have seen that so early as 1704 the General Assembly began to take steps for the establishment of schools in the Highlands by means of general subscriptions. The efforts then begun seem never to have been entirely discontinued; and they have resulted in the establishment, as appears from the last report, of not fewer than 189 schools. Then there are sessional schools, some of them of considerable antiquity and importance; the number aided by the Privy Council being 66. The schools established by the Christian Knowledge Society seem to be about 150. To these, perhaps, should be added about 78 schools, established by the United Presbyterian Churches, and receiving no public aid; also the very large number of private and adventure schools and academies, carried on by individuals or societies both in town and country districts, but chiefly in the former.

The schools already named as additional to the public schools, may be regarded as auxiliary or allied; a considerable proportion, at least, of those we have now to notice must be deemed rival. When the disruption of the Church of Scotland took place in 1843, it was not unnatural that, actuated by a deep conviction that they were the representatives of the past tendencies, objects, and traditions of the Presbyterian Church, those who left the Establishment should endeavour to realize, in their new capacity, the old connection of church and school. The execution of this plan would probably have been postponed until more pressing claims had been provided for, had not several of the parochial schoolmasters been unfortunately removed from their office, in consequence of their adherence to the Free Church. This gave rise to the establishment of a separate system of schools over Scotland, not determined by the educational destitution of the localities, but by the religious views of a section of the inhabitants. These schools had thus their origin in the old connection between the public schools and the Church. They now amount in number to 619, besides two normal schools; and the scholars attending them to more than 62,000.† The large

* Report for 1858, p. 228.

† Report of Free Church Education Committee for 1860.

proportion of these schools receiving aid from the Privy Council—viz., 405, besides the normal schools—testifies to their general efficiency. The scholars are usually drawn from all denominations, especially in towns, where, except in name and management, the schools hardly preserve a denominational character. Indeed, it is certain that eighteen years' experience has considerably modified the views prevalent in the Free Church as to the constitutional connection of the church and school; and were the subject to be now considered from the beginning, the practical result would, in all likelihood, be materially different.

We must here say a few words about the Privy Council system in its relation to Scotland. This can be done without any general impeachment, for it was not originally designed for Scotland, but for England. When it was established, popular education in England was afforded chiefly by benevolent societies, having an ecclesiastical or religious organization. There were no national schools; and as it was not contemplated or deemed practicable to establish them, but only by means of regulated aid to elevate and extend the existing institutions, the system was probably well adapted to that purpose, and, it must be said, has done very much to improve the quality of popular education. The Report of the Commission affords satisfactory proof of this. In Scotland it was far otherwise. There the system came into contact with an established organization of public schools, which in many respects it has affected injuriously. Its tendency is to dissociate them from the Universities. It has improved the mechanical part of teaching, but is introducing a lower class of teachers; less cultivated, and of inferior education, as compared with those who, in the best districts, occupy the parochial schools. Of these a large proportion have studied, during several years, at one of the Universities; in the counties to which the Dick Bequest extends, *one hundred* of the schoolmasters are graduates in Arts.* This injury, or incongruity, seems acknowledged by Sir J. K. Shuttleworth himself, who proposes to meet these cases by establishing University bursaries in favour of some of the students of the training colleges.† But not only are the pupils, thus expensively and laboriously trained in the technical part of teaching, comparatively uncultivated and immature; they are also in many instances defective in scholarship,‡ to such a degree as to disqualify them for discharging efficiently

the duties of parochial schoolmasters; and yet their special training tends to favour their appointment. Besides, as is truly observed by Mr. Bryce,* the system is objectionable, as being a system of 'bounties on the production of schoolmasters.' It may perhaps be justifiable, to meet a temporary necessity, but it can never be admitted as part of a permanent system. The present number of pupil-teachers is above *fifteen thousand*,‡ with annual allowances beginning at L.10, and increasing to L.20, payable during five years. It is obvious that, against such an army, individual teachers, although in the most essential respects superior, must contend at a serious disadvantage. Patrons of schools naturally go to the largest market. Again, the regulations as to age, with reference to certificates of merit, operate against the parochial schoolmasters.‡ Then, more obviously, by giving aid to rival schools, this system injures the parochial school. And here the *wastefulness* of the system comes out prominently. In some cases it grants subsidies to two or three schools in the same locality, where one school would do the work better; for schools are not improved, but rather made worse, by the reduction of the number of pupils below a certain standard.§ And this wastefulness occurs at a time when its formidable expense is limiting the efforts for popular education.¶ It is the case of a father keeping up two establishments, while his children are crying for bread. We want aid for Gymnasias, or higher schools; we want aid for Ragged Schools; and meantime not only the public exchequer, but the public bounty, is drained of the means so much required. And the poorest classes are not reached by this system. The evidence on this point is uniform and conclusive; and it seems doubtful whether, even with the considerable amendments proposed by the Commissioners, the present system can be made available to the poorest. The amount stated in the estimates for the present year, just issued, is L.803,794, showing an increase on the preceding year of L.5627. The total amount of this sum appropriated to Scotland is L.87,664.¶ For England and Wales the capitation grant amounts to L.77,000; and,

* Transactions, etc., p. 338.

† Estimates, 1861-62.

‡ Report, 1858-1859, p. 244.

§ Dr. Guthrie said, the denominational schools introduced a system of ruinous rivalry. He had been visiting a place in the Highlands, where they had three schools close together; he proposed that they should teach day about, and let two of the teachers go to the fishing, or where they liked.—Transactions, etc. p. 423.

¶ See Report of Commission.

¶ Expenditure from Education Grants, 'classified

* Report, 1858-59, p. 244.

† Transactions, etc., p. 101.

‡ See Dr. Cumming's Report (as to defect in Latin grammar especially) for 1859, pp. 266, 267.

taking the estimated populations as a measure of proportion, this grant, if extended to Scotland, would add about L.11,000 to the sum already stated,—giving a total of very little less than L.100,000. If, as we have seen, L.5,000 well spent has materially elevated the education in the northern counties, representing a population of a quarter of a million, what advantage may be anticipated from L.100,000, as well spent, over the whole of Scotland?

We are still suffering in all directions from the intensity of denominational animosities, although less now than formerly. It is the plain duty and interest of the Central Authority, while showing all respect to religious convictions, not to increase, but by all means to soften, these asperities. The present system puts a premium on them. It is sufficiently distressing that these feelings should remain in the hearts of adults, who have so much in common as to Church symbols, worship, and government; anything that tends to introduce them into the breasts of children, or to associate them with the business of education, is doubly to be deplored. This condition of things can be endured only if the state of religious feeling in the country renders a better system impossible.

Now, it is of the utmost importance to find that, by those who attend the schools, the denominational element, as among Protestants, is scarcely regarded at all. The Report of the Commission as to England, founded on a very careful inquiry, is on this point quite decided; and also shows that, except where combined with Church attendance, the schools have no appreciable proselytising influence. As to Scotland, the reports of some of the inspectors are to the like effect.* If there be difficulty, it does not come from the parents of the children, but from the managers of the schools, who attach importance to differences to which the parents do not give weight, where *good teaching* is the thing required. The condition of

according to denomination of recipients,' so far as these relate to Scotland (*Estimates for 1861-62*):—

On schools connected with	
Established Church	L.44,376 11 9
Free Church	36,650 8 0
Episcopal Church	4,436 7 5½
Roman Catholic	2,202 13 6½

The number of schools thus aided appears (so far as we can collect them from the enumeration in the last Report for 1859-60) to be:—Parochial, 256; General Assembly, 205; Others—Established Church, 68; Free Church, 405; Episcopalian, 77; Roman Catholic, 28,—amounting, exclusive of the Roman Catholic schools, to 1011 schools. The expense of the *Establishment* in connection with this system amounts to L.65,205, 17s., of which there is charged, under the head of *Inspection*, L.43,164, 17s. 8d.

* Reports, 1858-59, p. 247; and 1859-60, p. 277.

the burgh schools, already stated, shows that no ecclesiastical control is necessary, either to secure religious instruction or efficient general teaching. The reports of presbyteries to the General Assembly for last year, where the question of religious teaching is specially inquired into, mention *no instance of the neglect of religious teaching*, so far as we observe, although they embrace 1741 non-parochial schools, of which 51 are burgh schools, and 371 adventure schools. The answer under this head is uniform, 'None neglect religious instruction.' The private schools in Edinburgh, attended chiefly by children of the wealthier classes, afford another instance of excellent teaching and unobjectionable instruction, quite irrespective of ecclesiastical organization or control. We are informed by a friend, who has made direct personal inquiry into the matter, that of six of the principal schools of this class, having an aggregate attendance of about two thousand scholars, the head-master is in no case a member of the Church of Scotland. Yet the parents of the pupils are satisfied, because the teaching is good as respects religious as well as general instruction. It may therefore be regarded as certain, that no system of elementary education could be maintained in Scotland in which religious instruction, conducted substantially as at present, did not form a part.

The denominational schools are more ecclesiastical in their constitution than the parish schools. And so long as the public schools continue to be under the operation of the present tests and ecclesiastical control, so long will the other schools be ecclesiastically constituted. The question seems to us a very serious one, and the decision rests with the people of Scotland. The interests of all seem to point to the removal of the tests. They are slowly, or not very slowly, undermining the parochial schools, on whose behalf their continuance is urged. They render futile attempts to improve the condition of these schools, and of the schoolmasters, who are the unhappy victims of the religious animosities of others. If the present system of Privy Council grants is continued a little longer, and unless some new cause avert their fate, the parish schools will have ceased to hold their old historical, national character. The interest of the members of all the Churches is against the continuance of that system. They are finding great and increasing difficulty in maintaining their denominational schools, even with the large aid from the public funds, the continuance of which, on the present conditions, is very uncertain. The education reports of the Established Church and of the Free Church for last year

tell the same tale: the subscriptions are falling off; if the schools are to be maintained, new efforts must be made,—a continually increased pressure, with diminishing results.

Former attempts to put the parish schools on a more national basis have failed; and we believe all such attempts will fail until the pressing necessity is better recognised. In the words of the Lord Advocate, at the meeting of the Social Science Association in Glasgow—'Of all the difficulties which stand in the way of a national system of education, one of the most conspicuous and important is the want of due appreciation on the part of the public of the real importance of the question.'

The general tone of the papers read and of the discussions at that meeting, seems to show that some progress has been made towards agreement. As respects the parish schools, the practical difficulties are not great, the changes requisite not being fundamental. The appointment of the teacher might remain with the *heritors*,—the interpretation of the word being extended to its original meaning, and embracing all those whose names are on the valuation roll as proprietors, or at least within some very moderate limits.* Tenants, who are legally liable in payment of half of the school assessments, ought to be to some extent included. The mode of assessment might be altered, so as to include mines and manufactories, and other modern permanent forms of property at present exempt. The salary would be probably increased to a *minimum* of L.50 *per annum*; and the house accommodations improved; and arrangements made for retirements, and retiring allowances. The examination of the schoolmaster would naturally be conducted by an *educational*, not an *ecclesiastical*, board. For cruel or immoral conduct, he might be made liable to suspension or dismissal by the sheriff; for negligence or incompetence, by the Educational Board. The interference of the Presbytery (if at all retained) would be confined to the examination of the school. This would not imply authority over the teacher or the teaching, and might be useful, as affording a check on any central inspection; and in some rural districts no other local examiners are available. The heritors might elect a school committee for ordinary management and control, and in the place of the Presbytery. It will be a question

whether this committee should have power to interfere authoritatively with religious teaching; or whether the schoolmaster in that matter should be independent, *with this qualification*, that he should be subject to the same test with the professors in universities, and liable to dismissal by the Educational Board, if proved to have taken advantage of his public position to undermine the belief of his pupils, by giving religious instruction inconsistent with the Confession of Faith. The latter alternative is recommended by some important considerations. It meets the objection, taken by many, to religious instruction by law; it excludes interference with the teacher in so delicate a matter; and especially, it greatly lessens the serious danger of dissension in the committee. From participating in any dogmatic religious teaching, any child should, on the desire of its parents, or guardians, expressed to that effect, be exempted. Under some such system, there would, it is believed, be no very serious practical difficulty. A large proportion of the denominational schools in the rural districts might easily be included under some such system as this, where requisite for the local necessities. The present managers might, in such cases, at least for a time, be represented in the school committee. The rest would be otherwise made use of to the public advantage. Commissioners, or some other authority having the public confidence, would possibly have to determine in what cases such schools should be maintained at the expense of the locality, and what further provision should be made in burghs and other populous localities. There is more difficulty as to the organisation of these schools; because no existing machinery would be to the same extent, probably, available. One thing is to us quite plain—that in constituting the schools there ought to be no entanglement with ecclesiastical organizations. If the Established Church is to be dispossessed in the public interest, it is certain that no other Churches will be permitted to take the same place. The Churches will be represented, not by their office-bearers as such, but by their members; and thus far more equitably, and with less danger of collision. We believe the combined Presbyterian scheme, proposed at the Glasgow meeting, to be objectionable, and quite impracticable. The so-called 'secular system,' with combined general and separate religious teaching, is so unpopular in Scotland, that on that ground alone it will hardly be pressed by those who desire to see an early settlement. That schools can be, in favourable circumstances, successfully administered under that system, can hardly be denied; but it is not to be

* Principal Tulloch—'There are few intelligent Churchmen, I fancy, who would be disposed to contend for the exclusive connection of the parish teacher with the Established Church, so long as his appointment is left in the hands of the present electors.'—*Transactions*, p. 345.

recommended as well adapted to the general condition of Scotland. In its nature, and in its effects, it is probably hardly less sectarian than the denominational system; and it enforces the recognition of ecclesiastical divisions, even in cases where no practical inconvenience is felt. It must be admitted, however, that this branch of the question is encumbered with serious difficulties, and all honest attempts at their solution ought to receive respectful attention, even those of *doctrinaires*. If, in the organization of additional schools in towns, the principles, already stated with reference to parochial schools, be given effect to, viz: 1st, That the local administrative authority (whether school committee or magistrates) shall be elected irrespective of ecclesiastical conditions; 2d, That, having elected a teacher in their opinion duly qualified, they shall not be entitled to interfere authoritatively with the religious instruction given, beyond testing it by the examination of the pupils; 3d, That the teacher shall be subject to no test, except that required of professors, and liable to removal if it be disregarded; and lastly, That parents shall have the right of exempting their children from dogmatical religious teaching—it is possible that the difficulties shall be overcome. These are only suggestions as to the sort of proposal we might recommend; it is out of the question here to give details. Let us be reasonable, and, above all, entirely in earnest in the matter; and the impossibilities will perhaps be found only very modest mountains, greatly exaggerated by the mists of prejudice or indifference. The schools thus established might receive aid from the public funds, according to such a system as is proposed by the Commissioners for England, in proportion to the number of scholars, and subject to some variation according to their reported efficiency. They would all be subject to inspection.

Among the advantages of such a scheme as we have sketched, one of much importance is, that it would tend to elevate teachers to the rank of an independent profession, and give them a sense of liberty and responsibility, which would tell with much advantage on their work. No intellectual profession can thrive as a pendicle to a profession of a different sort. The animosities often prevailing between minister and schoolmaster would be lessened, if the latter were independent. Our belief is, that, on the whole, the teacher would become a much more valuable coadjutor to the minister, and that the two would co-operate far more pleasantly than they do. If we may take the masters of the elementary schools for the upper classes in Edinburgh as samples of what independence may do for

teachers, we are certain that no one has cause to dread the effects of their emancipation.

We have now nearly completed our task, very inadequately, but at least with a desire to do justice. The immediate obstruction we find to be the tests. The objections on the part of a large proportion of the community to any religious teaching by Act of Parliament, would be obviated, it is believed, by some such arrangement as has been proposed: the opposition to all public aid of education is, in Scotland, too exceptional to be important.

The most serious opposition comes at present from the Churches, or from those acting in their interest. Meantime, another generation is growing up with most inadequate means of education. It is true they do not use sufficiently the means they have, children being so early withdrawn from school; but is not that a reason why the quality should be as good as possible? The argument used for the tests, and also against any school organization not ecclesiastical—that there will be no security otherwise for religious teaching—is not always used honestly; and it implies distrust both of the Churches and the people of Scotland.* From its felt importance, and from confirmed habit, a religious education has become a recognized necessity. Religious wants have greatly promoted education; more than any other cause, in its beginning, the desire to read the Bible in the vernacular; whose influence has, indeed, been pre-eminent—first impelling to the study of letters, then providing a literature so sublime and various, that they who have pondered that solitary Book can never be an uneducated people. The nation, having now 'attained its majority,' may naturally refuse to continue longer under subjection in the matter of education.

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- ART. X.—1. *The Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*. JAMES FERGUSSON, M.R.I.B.A. Second Edition. London, 1859.
 2. *Geschichte der Baukunst*. By FRANZ KUGLER. Stuttgart, 1859.
 3. *Geschichte der Architektur*. By Dr. WILHELM LUBKE. Cologne, 1858.

* Mr. Murray Dunlop said: 'Tests were of no practical value; for while they kept back the conscientious, they were no barrier to the unprincipled. At the same time, he dissented from that part of Mr. Fraser's paper in which it was stated, that if the tests were removed, without any other safeguard being adopted, the religious teaching of the country would be endangered.'—*Transactions*, etc., p. 422.

4. *Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture.* By JOHN HENRY PARKER, F.S.A. Oxford and London, 1861.

THE history of architecture, rightly understood, is the history of the human mind. Every country possessed of any architecture at all, has stamped it with the impress of its manners, morals, religion, opinions, and modes of thought, in the several changes which these have undergone from age to age.

The works here enumerated* undertake to give a comprehensive catholic view of architecture in its bearing on the study of the past, assigning its proper place and function to each country and race. Mr. Fergusson's 'Handbook of Architecture' was first published in 1855, and has been sufficiently popular to be now in its second edition, which, however, is but a reprint of the original two volumes in one, with a new title-page and frontispiece. It is a marvel of cheapness, considering the mass of information contained, and the profusion of woodcuts. Illustrations are an absolute essential in such a book, and Mr. Fergusson gives us upwards of four hundred representations of buildings in different parts of the world, the greater number reduced to a uniform scale, so that the eye at once takes in their relative magnitude. These woodcuts are derived from a variety of sources. We have considerable confidence in those of which the originals are Mr. Fergusson's own drawings: of the rest many seem to be good, but some are taken from questionable authorities. There have been few greater obstacles in the way of the critical study of architecture than the prevailing inaccuracy of architectural drawings. The artist not imbued with the spirit or meaning of what he has set himself to draw, takes a careless sketch on the spot, and elaborates a drawing out of it at his leisure, by modifying or smoothing down the rough lines in accordance with his ideas of the beautiful or picturesque, and adding such details and finishing touches as appear to him to be improvements. No one who has not been in the habit of examining architectural drawings, and comparing them with what they are meant to represent, can have an idea of the extent of this evil. Any of our readers who will take the trouble to place one of the numerous photographs now to be had of St. Mark's, Venice, side by side with the repre-

sentation of the same building in Gally Knight's Italy, will not accuse us of exaggeration in this matter. Scarcely a single detail of the engraving will be found to have any correspondence with the photograph, and among numerous minor differences, it will be observed that the main arches on the south side are acutely pointed in the former and round in the latter. Mr. Thomas Hope's 'Historical Essay on Architecture' is a work containing not a little sound criticism, and full of a real love for the subject: it is accompanied, too, with a volume of plates, representations of the most remarkable buildings in Europe, with profuse details of parts and decorations, all clearly and elaborately engraved. Some years ago we compared on the spot a number of these plates with the object which they professed to represent, and to our dismay could discover none that had the most distant approach to accuracy, with the sole exception of the views of Worms Cathedral—which, one and all of them, were minutely correct; but we afterwards discovered that these, instead of being, like the rest, reproductions of Mr. Hope's drawings, were reduced copies of the plates in Moller's 'Denkmäler der Deutschen Kunst.' Photography should act as a check on this random drawing.

The second book on our list is Kugler's 'Geschichte der Baukunst.' One of the divisions of the same author's 'Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte,' translated and edited by Sir Charles Eastlake, under the name of the 'Handbook of Painting,' has attained considerable popularity in this country. The present work is the architectural part of the 'Kunstgeschichte,' immensely expanded and improved. The author goes over the same ground with Mr. Fergusson. His illustrations are pretty numerous, but they are unfortunately selected with the view of being supplementary to another work, the 'Atlas der Kunstgeschichte,' of which one volume is devoted to architecture; and the consequence is, that we are often disappointed in finding most remarkable and typical buildings unrepresented. In fact, without the 'Atlas,' the 'Geschichte der Baukunst' can hardly be considered complete.

Mr. Fergusson, in an introductory chapter, gives us at some length his idea of what architecture is, and of the true principles of architectural criticism. He defines architecture as 'the art of ornamental and ornamented construction,' and takes pains to distinguish it from 'building' and 'civil engineering.' All considerations of constructive fitness are said to be the province of the civil engineer, not the architect, the domain of the latter lying exclusively in decoration;

* No. 4 is a book of more limited design, but we have placed it on our list as a favourable specimen of the popular manuals which the English universities have produced. Though devoted mainly to the mediæval styles of England, a great deal of information is incorporated regarding the connection between the architectural history of Great Britain and the Continent.

and Mr. Fergusson pushes this view to the extreme of recommending that the architect would

‘Delegate the mechanical part of his task to the engineer, and so restrict himself entirely to the artistic arrangement and the ornamentation of his design. This division of labour is essential to success, and was always practised where art was a reality; and no great work should be undertaken without the union of the two. Perfect artistic and perfect mechanical skill can hardly be found combined in one person, but it is only by their joint assistance that a great work of architecture can be produced. A building may be said to be architectural in the proportion in which the artistic or ornamental purposes are allowed to prevail over the mechanical, and an object of engineering, when the utilitarian exigencies of the design are allowed to prevail over the artistic.’

Here we are constrained to differ from Mr. Fergusson. Ornament is, or ought to be, by no means the primary consideration with the architect. The first great requisite of a building is, that it serve its purpose well, whether that purpose be to defend from the weather, to preserve a memorial of past events, or to suggest emotions; and according as the building serves its purpose or tells its story well or ill, we form our estimate of the skill of the architect. Secondary and subordinate is the consideration of pleasing or graceful appearance; yet so closely connected are the two requisites, that, even in an age of division of labour, they must be pronounced inseparable. Much of the pleasure derived from good architecture arises not from any thought of ornament as such, but, as in the works of nature, from an instinctive recognition of fitness as evincing intelligence and design. In the purest architecture, whatever is useful becomes necessarily and without effort ornamental, and nothing is ornamental that is not also useful. The separation of the two has always been a symptom of decline in the art. When ornament is conceived of apart from utility, the sure result is, that some members of a building are assumed as useful, others as ornamental. The applied ornament is found to clash with vulgar utilitarian requisites, and the result is that the latter are subordinated or ignored. In the hands of an old architect of Verona, or Nürnberg, the chimneys, being a useful feature, become of necessity a pleasing one. In the conception of a nineteenth century architect of Britain, they are a necessary evil, whose presence mars his idea of ornament: they are therefore excluded from his design altogether; and there is a tacit understanding that, in judging or criticising a completed street front, they are to be supposed to be absent.

Half of Mr. Fergusson's ‘Handbook’ is

devoted to the præ-Christian styles of architecture, beginning with the indigenous styles of India, and including Ceylon, Burmah, Thibet, and Nepaul. This is a most valuable part of the book, being the result of researches to which the author has devoted a great part of his life. We have a mass of new and highly interesting matter, relating to the Buddhist, Jaina, and Hindu architecture of India, all carefully digested, and accompanied with numerous woodcuts. The architecture of China, Aboriginal America, and Western Asia follow, including hypothetical restorations of the Nineveh remains. On this last subject Mr. Fergusson, the designer of the Nineveh Court of the Crystal Palace, is entitled to be heard; but it is well known that most other competent judges consider him rash and premature in assuming the identity of the architectural monuments of Assyria and Persepolis, buildings differing in date, purpose, and locality.

Having completed the history of the Asiatic styles, Mr. Fergusson goes back to the earliest dawns of the art in Egypt, and traces the history of architecture, in the countries where it was carried forward in continuity down to the beginning of Christian forms. The styles of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, are treated in succession clearly and succinctly. We have a short account of what little is known of the architecture of the Sassanians, and a valuable and well illustrated history of the Saracenic styles.

The second half of Mr. Fergusson's book (what in the first edition formed the second volume) is devoted exclusively to Christian architecture, which he treats under three heads,—Romanesque, Gothic, and Byzantine. But by Romanesque and Gothic he does not mean what these terms generally denote. Mr. Fergusson's Romanesque is the basilica style, and the term Gothic is with him extended to include all the varieties of round-arched architecture generally known as Romanesque, except the Pisan. An established nomenclature should not, it appears to us, be departed from, without stronger reasons than Mr. Fergusson has adduced for his alteration. If Romanesque be assumed to mean ‘modified Roman,’ the architecture developed out of the Roman basilica is more properly so-called than the basilica itself. The word ‘Gothic’ might be objected to were we inventing a new term, in so far as the Goths were only one of the less important of the tribes who adopted the style; but it is a word that has established itself in our language, and is well understood, while the etymological objections are still stronger against it in Mr. Fergusson's extended meaning. Kugler adopts the ordinary classification and nomen-

clature: with him, Christian architecture occupies a part of vol. 1, and the whole of vols. 2 and 3; and in this, the principal part of his work, he is on the whole more complete and more minutely accurate than Ferguson. The principal buildings of each style are described in considerable detail: of illustrations there are, for the reason already mentioned, not so many as the subject requires; and from this cause, as well as the frequent enumeration of buildings of secondary interest, and a terseness, almost dryness of style, his book will probably be the less attractive of the two to most even of those readers who are thoroughly conversant with the German language.

Christianity finding Roman architecture debased and effete, waked it into a new life, and in the course of time modified and developed it into something far nobler and more beautiful than it had ever been before. In the early centuries, when persecution drove the Christians to seek refuge in the Catacombs of Rome, their sole architecture, if we may so call it, consisted in tombs and funeral chapels. These chapels, or oratories, marked the graves of confessors and martyrs. The recess hollowed out for the sarcophagus was dedicated to Christian worship; and while the polluted art of heathen Rome was rejected with aversion, we find the primitive Christians speedily adopting an art of their own, rude indeed in its beginnings, but beautifully expressive. The craving for symbolism is an instinct of man everywhere, but is especially strong in Eastern countries. Christianity had been propagated from the East, and a large proportion of its original disciples were either Jews or Jewish proselytes. The discourses of its Divine Founder are full of the typical and symbolical, and so also was the Jewish religion, of which the Christian was the complement. The sarcophagy and walls of the oratories became covered with a rude sculpture and painting, historical and emblematical, suggested in a great measure by the Jewish and Christian Scriptures; and including representations of the candlestick or the temple, the fish, the anchor, the dove, Noah in the ark, Cain and Abel, the vine, the door, the heart, the palm-branch,—the last denoting the grave of a martyr.

The rapid spread of Christianity, and its toleration as a religion, rendered it necessary that buildings should be erected for Christian worship. The temples of the old religion would have been unsuitable models, independently of the abhorrence in which the early Christians held everything pertaining to the idolatry of heathendom. The resting-places of the martyrs still retained their hallowed associations, and the circular tombs built over

them were resorted to for worship, or at least for the ritual portion of it. In the Eastern Empire, the tomb, with the addition of the four arms of the Greek cross, was developed into the Byzantine church. In Western Europe, also, the tomb was the progenitor of the Baptisteries of Italy, and the round churches, built occasionally, though always exceptionally, at different periods of the middle ages. But the basilica, which under the Empire had served the double purpose of a court of justice and exchange, suggested a more appropriate type, which became the prevailing one in the West. It was an oblong building, separated by colonnades into a central avenue and two (or four) lateral passages, corresponding to a nave with side aisles. These aisles were covered, shops erected within them, and a gallery above; while the central passage was generally, though not always, open to the sky. At the further end of the building was a semicircular elevated niche called the tribune, in which justice was dispensed; and below the tribune was a dark chamber, in which the accused was placed when undergoing trial. A very few modifications on this form converted it into the Christian basilica. All these members were retained; and for the continuous architrave which surmounted the colonnade was substituted a series of arches sustaining a wall pierced with windows, which supported a flat timber roof covering the central aisle. The further extremity of the nave, partitioned off for the singers and inferior clergy, was termed the choir; at its side stood two *ambones*, from which the epistle and the gospel respectively were read. A screen called the *cancellum* separated the choir from the sanctuary or transept, elevated by steps, in the centre of which stood the altar. The tribune or apse contained the seats of the bishop and superior clergy. The congregation assembled in the aisles, the men in the right aisle, and the women in the left, while the right gallery was reserved for widows, and the left for virgins dedicated to a religious life. The subterranean chamber became a depository for the relics of the patron saint, which were visible to the congregation through the openings of a grating. In front of the church was generally a square cloistered court, called the atrium or paradisus, a suggestion probably from the Temple at Jerusalem, with a fountain at which the people washed their hands before entering. The lowest class of penitents were not allowed to penetrate beyond the atrium, which was also used for interment. Between the nave and atrium was the narthex or porch, reserved for the lesser penitents and catechumens. Such are the essential features of the Christian basilica, which were adhered

to for centuries with hardly any change, further than the addition of side altars, and the removal of the choir from the nave to the sanctuary.

Meanwhile, architecture pursued a different course in the Eastern Empire. The Byzantine church, like the basilica, sprang almost at once into perfection in the reign of Constantine. The essential parts are four naves, disposed at right angles in the form of a cross, and a central structure supporting a dome. It is said we have the rude original of this form in the Catacombs; but if so, it was adopted the more readily from the dome being already a favourite feature in Eastern architecture, having been in use, as Mr. Fergusson points out, among the Sassanians. This style culminated in the gorgeous St. Sophia at Constantinople. We find Byzantine architecture exerting a certain limited influence in Italy, particularly on the shores of the Adriatic. The reconquest of Italy by Justinian, or rather Belisarius, doubtless contributed to this. San Vitale, at Ravenna, a church of immense historical importance, consecrated in 541, though not in form a Greek cross, is full of Byzantine character.

But, along with this Eastern influence, there was another still more powerful element coming into play in the Western Empire,—namely, the immigration of the northern tribes, who began to pour across the Alps and settle in multitudes in the valley of the Po and Central Italy. Thenceforward we find the character and history of Europe to be the result of the blending of three influences,—the civilisation of the South, the Christianity of the East, and the vigour of the North; and, in course of time, about the tenth century, an architecture arose on the plains of Lombardy, nobler than any that had preceded it. In this new style, each new element left its impress; but as the Roman formed the groundwork, it has been designated the modified Roman, or Romanesque. The lengthened nave, the tribune, and the crypt of the basilica, are retained, while the cupola and the symbol of the cross are borrowed from the Byzantines. The remaining features are due to the northern character, more especially the introduction of vaulted roofs. The light classical columns of the basilica are superseded by massive piers, sometimes plain, sometimes clustered; the side aisles, and in many cases the central aisle also, are roofed with stone vaulting in place of the old timber ceiling, and the vaulting is covered for protection by an external sloping roof. We have still the clerestory, and frequently the triforium gallery. The crypt is enlarged into a subterranean chapel. The

apse is still, as before, a semicircular projection, whose roof is internally one-half of a dome, and externally one-half of a cone. The atrium generally disappears, and the western front begins to be an ornamental feature. Galleries of diminutive arcades with slender columns run along under the eaves and up the pediment, affording an exquisite play of light and shade, and giving that expression of delicate lightness which the middle age architects always considered desirable in the upper part of a building. Another prevalent decoration is a system of panneling, apparently a reminiscence of timber architecture. Corbel-tables, with semicircular notches, run along under the cornices and string courses, and descend at intervals in stripes like pilasters. The earliest churches had often been of wood; and when a more enduring material was substituted, the architects, who had got attached to the forms suggested by the less enduring material, transferred them to stone.

The campanile or bell-tower is an important feature of the style. Lofty, narrow, and square, it stands apart from the church, grouping beautifully with it. These towers, unbuttressed and unbroken in outline, impress the eye with the idea of the most perfect solidity and stability, and are all constructed on one general type, divided into stages, and pierced with arched openings. In adherence to the law by which buildings become lighter as they ascend, the apertures always increase in number towards the top; at first they are separated by solid wall, in the upper stories by delicate shafts forming arcades. The tower is finished by a deep cornice and obtuse pyramidal roof. The form of these bell-towers is very familiar to every one who has visited Italy. In Rome, where the original type of church kept its ground against the new style, they were nevertheless introduced with the use of bells in the tenth century, and became almost indispensable adjuncts of the basilica.

This style shows an enormous advance in artistic feeling. We have not merely a super-addition of new forms, but a new life imparted to the old ones, while the conflicting elements are fused into a lovely and harmonious whole. Mr. Fergusson ceases not to regret the introduction of what he considers 'the prime motive of the Gothic style,' the use of a separate external roof to cover the vaulting. He says of this practice:—

'Notwithstanding its being so general, and our familiarity with it being so great, that we have learned to think it no blemish, there cannot be a practice more destructive of true architectural effect, and, what is worse, of true building stability. All vaults after this age became mere

false ceilings, unseen externally, and depending for their existence on the maintenance of a very frail wooden covering. It may have been difficult to make naked vaults and domes proof against the weather. Still it was done before, and is done by the Saracenic architects to the present day; but the Gothic architects could not or would not do it.

On this point and others, the author's judgment appears to us to have been warped by his Oriental studies and leanings. We are as averse as he can be to architectural shams and lies, but surely a contrivance adopted openly and avowedly as a useful and almost necessary defence against weather, does not come within this category. The Saracenic architects may have found such a protection unnecessary in Eastern climates, but it does not follow that it is not required to throw off snow and rain in the moister north and west of Europe. And, independently of its practical use, it appears to us that the sloping roof has a peculiar propriety in northern styles, indicating the animal energy of the northern races, as the convex roof does the languor and dreaminess of the eastern. The roof of that curious architectural exotic, Rosslyn Chapel, near Edinburgh, is constructed on Mr. Fergusson's principle. It has the charm of strangeness, but we ask any one acquainted with it, whether its bulging form is not felt to be singularly inappropriate? We are informed that constant repair is required to keep it water-tight.

The tenth century is fixed by Kugler as the period of transition, but there are few known Romanesque examples in Italy earlier than the eleventh. In fact, hardly any remains of tenth century buildings survive; were there any in existence, they would probably show incipient symptoms of the change, which was doubtless a gradual one. The end of the tenth century was a period of general panic and prostration of energy: a notion had taken possession of men's minds that the world was to come to an end in the year 1000; but when the second millennium of the Christian era had begun without the occurrence of any such catastrophe, this stagnation was succeeded by a powerful reaction. All Italy was stirred with a new life; the great republics arose. The wealth of the new States, and the spoils taken from the Saracens, were converted into cathedrals, churches, and convents, constructed on a scale never before heard of. Stately municipal halls and princely palaces sprang up in the great Italian towns, less elaborately decorated than the churches, but impressed with the same general character. As the style advanced, it freed itself more and more from conventional trammels, revelling in profuse

imagery and fancy run wild. Tiers of arcades rose one above another, whose thin shafts were sometimes covered with quaint grotesque figures. Shallow porches loaded with surface ornament were sustained by slender pillars resting on the backs of monsters. In addition to the common character of profuse decoration, each Italian city or province had local peculiarities of its own. The intercourse which Venice maintained with the East led her to look abroad for her model, and to adopt a style almost purely Byzantine for the great and gorgeous Ducal Chapel, which was to contain the body of St. Mark. Byzantine traditions indeed lingered all along the coast of the Adriatic: the Cathedral of Ancona is Byzantine in general design, though Romanesque in its details; it is a building of such interest, that we wonder Mr. Fergusson should have left it unnoticed.

But the honour of taking the lead in the development of Romanesque architecture belonged to Pisa. She had become the most considerable maritime power of Italy. Her fleet of galleys was employed with much success against the Mohammedan pirates who infested the coasts of the Mediterranean; and she acquired great renown in 1063 by a brilliant and successful expedition, in which Sicily was freed from the Saracens, and a vast amount of treasure and six richly laden vessels were carried off from Palermo. The Pisans thought they could not do better than devote this booty to the erection of a cathedral, which in size and magnificence would rival St. Mark's at Venice. The name of the architect, Buschetto, has been preserved on his tomb, and he must rank among the few men of original genius who have inaugurated a new epoch in architecture. Who does not number among his most cherished memories of Italy the grass-grown old Piazza of Pisa, with the cathedral, the leaning tower, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo,—a group rivalling in fascination the Piazza of St. Mark itself? And not the least lovely element in this lovely whole is the façade of the Duomo, with its four stories of delicate arcades piled above each other, and prolonged in fantastic quaintness under the sloping roof. Kugler rightly esteems Pisa Cathedral as the most noble as well as the most important building of its age; but Mr. Fergusson is of a different mind. While acknowledging the separate beauty of the details, he characterizes the style of ornamentation as false, clumsy, and lifeless, adding that the subdivision into five orders is more open to criticism than the two orders of our own St. Paul's. We may remark that the orders of St. Paul's are objectionable, not because they break its height, but because the upper order is a sham, hid-

ing the true structure and suggesting a false one; whereas there is no such fraud in the Pisa arcades. It is certainly not a principle universally true, that minute subdivision takes from magnitude. We judge of the size of a building from a combined impression of the size of the part most in view, and the number of parts. To us it appears that the arrangement of Pisa façade, similar in idea to that of the campanile above described, is about the most effective that could be devised for producing the impression of height. There is no break till the wall has reached an elevation too great for the eye to measure it, and beyond that point every additional division adds to the apparent height. The upper arcades are completely subordinated to the lower one; and as the basement arches are not recessed, their extreme richness does not take from the general character of solidity. Buschetto's style and model was adopted in a numerous family of churches at Pisa and Lucca, in which the singularly storied façade is repeated, in the Lucchese churches, with far more richness of ornament.*

To the north of the Po, the corbelnotch and pilaster-strip ornamentation is an especial favourite; the Veronese architects, in their passionate attachment to this reminiscence of timber work, multiply the pilaster-strips, and sometimes carry them down in an unbroken line from the summit of a building to its base. The long thin shafts of the porches, condemned by Fergusson and admired by Ruskin, are also nothing but petrified timber supports. We cannot agree with Kugler in considering the predominance of the Roman over the northern influence as an especial characteristic of Verona, more particularly when we recal to mind the façades of the Duomo and San Zenone, and certain wild, strange figures of armed men, engaged in deadly conflict; of huntsmen, birds, beasts,

* Thoroughly as this group of churches is stamped with the new character, the use, in some instances, of the round column in the interior instead of the square piers, leads Mr. Fergusson to class them under the Basilican in place of under the Romanesque (in his phraseology 'round Gothic') style. We wonder that the prevalence of the round column in the pointed Gothic of Venice and Verona, as well as occasionally in Germany, where the material was strong enough, did not suggest the impropriety of making it a test of style,—the fact being, that in all other respects the Pisan churches partake strongly of the northern and eastern elements. The Duomo of Pisa has a central Byzantine cupola and large transepts stretching far beyond the nave, with apsidal terminations; and in the wild excitement of the Lucchese San Michele, it would be difficult to see anything analogous to the languor and repose of the Roman style.

and fishes, in all sorts of singularly conceived attitudes, the whole intensely northern and brimful of humour and of action. The later Romanesque of Pisa alone outdoes Verona in this sort of energy: the sculptures of the Pavran San Michele can only be compared to the creations of a feverish nightmare.

It is an easy transition from the Romanesque of Italy to the fairest of her offspring—the Romanesque of the Rhine. The least observant of our summer tourists can hardly fail to have his attention attracted by the multitude of round-arched churches which rise all along the banks of the German river. All are of one very beautiful type,—that type, in its veriest minutia, recalling the Romanesque churches of north Italy. The characteristic decorations of Lombardy are there—the same corbel-tables of semi-circular notches descending in shallow pilasters, the same open arcade encircling the apse, the apse itself precisely identical in form; and any one who is at all conversant with the architectural peculiarities of the different Lombard towns, will at once identify the details as those of Pavia. Yet, along with all this identity, there are striking points of difference. The tall square campanile of Italy has had a spire superimposed on it—a spire of a form as strange and foreign to an English as to an Italian eye. In the absence of a diagram, we may describe it as a four-sided pyramid, rising diagonally from between the gables, which terminate the four sides of the tower;* and the tower with its spire is no longer detached, but forms an integral part of the church, sometimes single, sometimes in duplicate; often three or more towers, some of them round or octagonal, are grouped together in some system more or less beautiful of symmetry and subordination. Sometimes the intersection of the transept is developed into a tower, round or square. There is a tendency to reduplication of the different parts of the church in new positions; apses are protruded from the ends of the transept as well as from the choir; we meet with a western in addition to the eastern transept, in some instances with the further peculiarity of a western choir and apse. In sympathy with the spire, the pitch of the church roof has been considerably heightened. The points of difference between the architecture of the Po and the Rhine are, in short, as striking as the points of identity. The German architect, seizing the spirit of the Italian style, has amalgamated with it some indigenous element so skilfully as to produce

* In Mr. Fergusson's representation (from Bois-serée), of the characteristic example of this spire, that of the Apostelnkirche at Cologne, the four-sided is made an eight-sided pyramid.

a perfectly harmonious whole,—a little less graceful, perhaps, than the parent style, but grander in conception. We find the same style ramifying itself through Germany and Switzerland, and spreading as far east as Styria and Hungary, but nowhere in the same purity or nobility of conception as in the neighbourhood of the Rhine.

As the architecture of a country is the reflection of its history, let us advert for a moment to the history of the country which gave birth to this style. At the time when the Rhine was the eastern frontier of the province of Gaul, the borders of the Rhine and Moselle were largely colonized by the Romans. Treves was the transalpine capital of the empire, and a large and wealthy city, Cologne, a flourishing colony, and there is hardly one of the presently existing towns on the left bank of the Rhine which was not, in its origin, a Roman frontier fortress. The inroads of the Franks and Allemanni, which drove the Romans from the Rhine, were attended with an immense destruction of Roman monuments. Yet these tribes were not such utter barbarians as they have sometimes been represented; and once masters of Gaul, they endeavoured to put in practice the principles of Roman government. They continued to have an architecture, which, in its turn, was nearly swept away by the next invaders—the Normans. Kugler has come to the conclusion that the colossal gateway at Treves, called the 'Porta Nigra,' and reputed to be Roman, is a work of Merovingian art; but, be this as it may, enough remains to show that the Franks followed in the main, though in somewhat debased form, the traditional type left them by the Romans. The Rhine country once more became a centre of art and civilisation when Charlemagne took up his residence at Aix. The celebrated Münster which he built there, was a ceremonial church, intended for the founder's tomb; and hence the form—a slightly Germanized copy of San Vitale at Ravenna. In both, a large lofty octagon, roofed with a dome, is surrounded by a considerably lower concentric vaulted aisle. The central building opens into the aisle by eight arches, separated by piers. In order to have the requisite galleries, the aisle is filled up with arcades, two stories of them at Ravenna, three at Aix, at Ravenna covered with tunnel-vaulting, at Aix with cross vaulting. The entrance to Charlemagne's church was by a bold tower-like vestibule, flanked by two round turrets with staircases. The sole outside decoration of the octagon was a pilaster, with a classical-looking capital descending at each angle.

The Münster of Aix stands almost alone among the now extant monuments of this

age, but it must have had no small influence on the succeeding architecture. It is probable that the round (or polygonal) form of church was largely adopted in the ninth and tenth centuries, and we know that it never went quite out of use in the Romanesque period. Yet we think Mr. Fergusson goes too far, when he says that from Charlemagne's time till about the end of the tenth century, almost all the churches built in Germany were round. We have no doubt there were also basilicas, many of them perhaps of timber; and were they extant, we could probably trace in them the peculiarly German features of the Rhenish style. But we are not left to mere conjecture on this subject. An important document of the first half of the ninth century comes to our aid,—a ground plan of the contemplated monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, with an accompanying description in Latin hexameters. The foundation being a very wealthy one, everything is designed on a grand scale, and there is a completeness and refinement in the conventual buildings, and all their adjuncts, which is quite astonishing in so rude an age. The church of the convent is a basilica 200 feet long, possessing a number of the peculiarities afterwards found in the Romanesque of the Rhine. The western as well as the eastern termination is apsidal. Outside a parvis which surrounds the apse, and quite detached, are two round towers, ascended by winding stairs or inclined planes, in position and form similar to the round towers of Ireland; in the upper story of each is a chapel and altar. The purpose of these towers is said to be 'ad universa superspicienda.' The founder and patron saint of this monastery was the leader of a colony of Irish monks, who, in the early part of the sixth century, carried agriculture, the arts, and the doctrines of religion, to the fastnesses of the Alps. His cell became, in the course of time, the nucleus of learning and civilisation; and when the convent was rebuilt, two centuries after his death, it may perhaps have been in honour of his memory that the round tower, the favourite architectural feature of Ireland, was introduced. Church towers were not originally bell-towers, but symbols of dignity and power, and also fortresses where the valuables of the Church and of the surrounding country might be deposited in time of danger. The idea of making a fortalice of a church is no unfamiliar one in the middle ages: we have examples, among others, at Maguelonne, near Montpellier; Royat, in Auvergne; Oberwesel, on the Rhine; and Münstermaifeld, on the Moselle. Bells, when first introduced, were suspended over the church roof; but where towers existed, as in

Ireland or at St. Gall, and the bells were of sufficient size to be heard at a distance, the expedient naturally suggested itself of placing them there, till, in course of time, it became the practice to build the tower expressly for the bell. What, then, more likely than that the monastery of St. Gall—the admiration of the age, for its beauty and completeness—furnished a form which became traditional, and kept its ground after the introduction of the Romanesque style? The towers of Worms Cathedral are but the round tower of Ardmore, in Ireland, with a little surface ornament from Pavia.

St. Gall, then, shows us both the round tower and the western apse, as existing in Germany before the change of style. The large tower-like building, half transept half narthex, forming the western termination of so many German churches, is also a pre-Romanesque feature. We have it at Aix-la-Chapelle; we can trace it in the tenth century at Essen, near Duisburg; and it exists in fuller development at Gernrode, in the Hartz, in a curious old church of the very earliest beginnings of the Romanesque style, in which also are the two round towers of St. Gall, now advanced into absolute contact with the transept-narthex.

The change of style cannot be dated further back than, at earliest, the tenth century, when Otho the Great united Germany and Italy into one empire. In the few extant remains of the ninth and early part of the tenth century, we look in vain for one feature derived from Lombardy. But under Otho's sway, Germany took an immense stride in civilisation. Throughout his reign, and that of his Hohenstaufen successors, constant intercourse was kept up between Germany and the valley of the Po; and when Italy burst into fresh life, political and architectural, in the beginning of the eleventh century, it was not wonderful that the impulse spread to Germany, and that Pavia, the southern capital of the empire, gave its character to the movement.

Before the churches of the Rhine or Lombardy had been minutely examined, it was usual to ascribe a very high antiquity to many of them, on the assumption that they were of the date of the original foundation, which, it is almost needless to say, hardly any of them are, most having been pulled down and rebuilt during the church-building *furor* of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. We should hardly have expected to find a critical writer like Mr. Fergusson following Blavaignac in an error of this description with regard to a church at Romain-Mortier, in Switzerland, which has all the well-recognised character, not even of eleventh, but of

twelfth century Romanesque. On no ground, apparently, but that 753 is the date of the consecration, Blavaignac assumes the present church to be of the eighth century, whence it would follow that the new style was in use at least half a century prior to Charlemagne.

During the Hohenstaufen age, Cologne was renowned beyond any city in the north of Europe for her wealth and the magnificence of her churches and convents. Her Roman origin was matter of no small self-gratulation to her citizens, who maintained a constant commercial intercourse with Italy. At Cologne, therefore, the new style, naturally enough, took root; and here are yet to be seen some of the purest models of it, including a group of noble triapsal churches. The three-apsed form had been hallowed by remembrances of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem; it is of occasional occurrence in Italy, as at Pisa, and in Gothic and Renaissance times reappears in Florence Cathedral and St. Peter's at Rome; but nowhere is it treated with the same artistic beauty as in the Rhenish examples. The oldest of these, St. Maria in Capitolio (why does Mr. Fergusson always call it 'in Capitulo?') belongs in part to the first half of the eleventh century. It has an aisle surrounding the apses and opening into them, and a western vestibule giving access to the cloisters, both reminiscences of Aix-la-Chapelle. The later triapsal churches have lost the concentric aisle, but possess a new charm in the beautiful arrangement of the towers. In St. Martin the apses are grouped round a large square tower with angular turrets and a lofty spire. In the Apostelnkirche a low octagon forms the centre round which are clustered the three apses and two intervening slender towers. An open arcade, running along under the eaves, encircles the whole east end of these churches, and in the Apostelnkirche appears also on the central octagon. The Rhenish and the Lombard architects had an equal delight in those arcades; but on the Rhine they were used with a more delicate discrimination, occurring almost exclusively in the part of the wall which is raised above the vaulting to receive the external roof, where the same solidity of masonry is not needed as below, and openings are required for the admission of light and air between the outer and inner roof. Mr. Fergusson says of these churches:—

'The arrangement with three apses possesses the architectural propriety of terminating nobly the interior to which it is applied. As the worshipper advances up the nave, the three apses open gradually upon him and form a noble and appropriate climax, without the effect being destroyed by something less magnificent beyond. But their most pleasing effect is external, where

the three simple circular lines combine gracefully together, and form an elegant baseiment for the central dome or tower. Compared with the confused buttresses and pinnacles of the apses of the French pointed churches, it must certainly be admitted that the German designs are much nobler, as possessing more architectural propriety, and more of the elements of true and simple beauty. They are small, it is true, and consequently it is not fair to compare them with such imposing edifices as the great and overpoweringly magnificent cathedral of the same town; but among buildings on their own scale, they stand as yet unrivalled.*

We have already alluded to the occasional existence in Germany of a western in addition to the eastern choir. This peculiarity is found on the Rhine, in the cathedrals of Mainz and Worms, and the abbey church of Laach; and, as might be expected, the Rhine architects have availed themselves of it to produce beautiful effects of tower-grouping. Laach we consider unsurpassed as a specimen of pure Rhenish architecture; and we know no Gothic church so pleasingly broken in outline. Though but 215 feet long internally, it produces the impression of a far larger building. At each end two towers are subordinated to a central one, but differently enough arranged to give character and variety to the whole. The details are of uncommon richness and beauty, and the original colouring of the interior is (or was lately) in some parts to be seen. Laach is not much visited by tourists; but the beauties of the approach to it by the wild and wooded Brohl valley, are surpassed by nothing in the Rhine country.

In the later period of the Rhenish style we have less massiveness and more artistic grace. The trefoil comes to be extensively used in window-heads, and a great deal of ornament is bestowed on porches and recessed doorways. In gracefulness of design and richness of sculpture the capitals are almost unrivalled; the decorations often spread over the recess, and in the tympanum is generally a relief, of which the favourite subject is the *Agnus Dei*. We never meet, however, with the riotous

* We cannot leave the subject of triapsal churches without calling the attention of the lovers of architecture to a noble example, nearly unknown, at Ruhrmonde, on the Lower Meuse, very similar to the Cologne Apostelnkirche, differing in the greater prominence of the cupola tower, and possessing besides many beauties of its own, which our limits forbid us to detail. It bears traces of neglect, and is disfigured by the clumsiest and most ungainly repairs; but after a little familiarity with the destructive and deceptive restorations which have of late years become the fashion in the Rhine country, it is a refreshment to see grey and hoary antiquity allowed to show its face. At Ruhrmonde one is never at a loss to tell what is and what is not original.

wildness of sculpture that prevails in Lombardy. The apse takes a polygonal shape, and the pointed arch occasionally creeps in, yet without almost at all detracting from the Romanesque character of the buildings, which, though they have been called transitional, are not, like the English transitional churches, incipient Gothic. We do not discern the straining after a new principle so much as the introduction of an extraneous feature, by a people who still loved their ancient style, and clung to it. The most impressive church of this period, and perhaps the most extraordinary Romanesque church ever built, is St. Gereon, at Cologne. Its principal feature is a large lofty decagonal nave, beyond which, raised by a considerable flight of steps, is a very long choir, terminating in a semicircular apse flanked by two towers. Internally, the light, lofty proportions of the decagon produce an indescribable effect. There is a sort of concentric aisle, composed of a series of little niches or chapels, a second story to which is formed by a shallow lighted gallery; and above is a double clearstory, lighted with a system of windows as unusual as beautiful. Still more fascinating and unique is the exterior of St. Gereon, where the great decagon is seen flanked by the two towers, and the apse between them.

The German secular Romanesque, to which Mr. Fergusson devotes a chapter, is extremely interesting, and exhibits many features which we are apt to look on as exclusively ecclesiastical. We have the same form of windows, the same corbel-notch decoration, the same open arcade, and in some instances, particularly in Barbarossa's Palace at Gelnhausen, more richness of adornment than in any of the churches of the style. Most of the once numerous conventual buildings of the Rhine were pulled down during the French rule, little having been left but a few ranges of cloistral arcades of extreme beauty, with rich carving on the capitals. Speaking of the Rhenish style generally, Mr. Fergusson regrets, as we do, that the Germans should have abandoned an architecture which they had themselves worked out, for a foreign importation which they never thoroughly understood. Had they gone on perfecting and developing the style which produced the cathedrals of Worms and Speier, the abbey of Laach, and the three-apsed churches of Cologne, it is impossible to say what glorious results might not have been achieved.

The Romanesque styles of France are treated at some length by both Fergusson and Kugler,—by Kugler with more completeness of detail, but with a wearying minuteness of subdivision. Fergusson gives us a map of France divided into eight provinces,

four Northern or Frankish,—Frankia, Burgundy, Normandy, and Bretagne; and four Southern or Romance,—Provence, Aquitaine, Anjou, and Auvergne; and he endeavours to trace the architectural history of each of the several nationalities that afterwards fused into a uniform empire. These divisions are not, and do not profess to be, perfectly accurate, particularly in the Romance provinces, where Aquitaine and Anjou insensibly blend into each other. The first general Romance characteristic is the combination of tunnel-vaulting, often pointed, with classical detail. Then, in Languedoc, we have evidences of an intercourse with Italy subsequent to the tenth century, manifesting itself in unmistakable Lombard details. As we advance westward, lateral aisles disappear; and when quite within the Basque country, the architecture becomes semi-Oriental,—the churches are roofed with a series of domes. In Auvergne alone has been elaborated a style thoroughly noble and grand in conception, and worked up with a degree of finish to be found in none of the other Romance provinces. The mixed features of the Auvergnat style have been correctly sketched by Mr. Fergusson,—the round tunnel-vault of the nave, the side aisles with abutting quadrantal vaults, and a division into two stories both lighted, the central tower oblong below and octagonal above, the semicircular apse and concentric aisle, with apsidal chapels radiating from it. The grouping and proportioning of the apse, the chapels, and the central tower, evidence almost as high a degree of artistic feeling as do the triapsal churches of Cologne. The chief external decoration is a geometrical mosaic ornament of dark-coloured lava, on a pale ground of great decorative beauty.

Considerably south of Auvergne, and on the other side of the mountains of Forez, is the likewise volcanic district of Velay, where, among many-coloured lava rocks towering into gigantic obelisks, lies Le Puy, probably the most singularly-placed town in Europe, full of dark, steep, rugged lanes, unfrequented by horses or carriages, like the Calli of Venice, where the natives sit in groups plying their avocations in the open air, the women never without their lace pillows and bobbins. All these quaint old streets lead to one point, the architecturally-unique Cathedral of Notre Dame du Puy, the resort for ages of myriads of pilgrims, kings and popes among the number, still visited annually by thousands of devotees; and nevertheless all but unknown to modern tourists and architects. Among its peculiarities are a huge western vestibule, most of its substructure, an oriental-looking porch adjoining the south

transepts, and a lofty detached campanile tapering in stages. Internally the bays of the nave are isolated from one another by arches thrown transversely across, and each bay has a separate dome for its roof. Both Kugler and Fergusson placed this church in the Auvergne group, with which it has no one common feature. In Kugler's short notice he confounds the western vestibule with the south porch. Fergusson's description is as strange a congeries of blunders as it is possible to imagine. He assigns to it a square instead of a semicircular eastern termination, and omits all mention of the campanile, the vestibule, and the peculiarities of the interior. At the same time, he gives a so-called plan and elevation of 'Notre Dame du Puy,' which, to our astonishment, we found to be an accurate representation of 'Notre Dame du Port, at Clermont.

Markedly distinct from these southern styles is the architecture of the Northern or Frankish provinces of France. Their inhabitants were a semi-Tentonic race, and we think, with Mr. Fergusson, that the Norman style of France (and consequently of England) bears evidence of German parentage. The west front of the earlier Norman churches is just the façade of Germany, with two towers added. This conclusion is almost irresistible, if we compare the front of Speier Cathedral with that of the Abbaye aux Hommes at Caen. The lighted triforium, said by Mr. Fergusson to be a departure from the German model, is frequent on the Rhine, where it is known as the *Männerhaus*, or *Männerchor*. In the Abbaye aux Hommes and other early Norman examples, it is also to be remarked that the original apse was of the same general form as in the Rhine churches. The extended choir and apse with concentric aisle, is an after addition, derived probably from some of the Romance styles. Yet, though the north and south of France received their architecture from different sources, we find that where the streams meet they exert a mutual influence on one another. Spires, for instance, are a northern invention perhaps originating on the banks of the Rhine, thence introduced into the Frankish parts of France, but penetrating also into the Romance provinces as far south as Anjou.

It was in the course of the twelfth century that a new architecture sprang up in the north of France, and overrunning more or less rapidly first France and then the larger part of western Europe, superseded the styles which had gone before it. Mr. Fergusson attributes this second great revolution in Christian architecture mainly or wholly to the invention of painted glass, and the desire to obtain the greatest possible space for

its display. But there were also other causes at work. France had newly recovered from a state of insecurity and disorganization, arising from the inroads of the Normans. Amid this reviving energy, the French, like the Italians in the century previous, grew impatient of the restraints and conventionalisms of the existing school. The pointed arch was in itself no novelty. It had been in use in the east from præ-Christian times, and had been more familiar since the Norman conquest of Sicily. Constructional conveniences first led to its occasional adoption, and its harmony with the desire for loftier proportions, the striving after infinitude, became at once obvious. The pointed arch necessarily involved the steep gable, which was found practically convenient for throwing off snow. It was discovered that local pressure might be effectually resisted by buttresses and pinnacles,—a greater discovery than the pointed arch; and the result was, that all old ideas of limiting the height of columns vanished at once, classical proportions were thrown to the winds, and the pleasure in exercising this newly-found power, and the delight in the then recent invention of painted glass, together, led to the construction of piers of a narrowness and loftiness undreamed of before. The architect, set free from all restraint, gave vent to his fancy in a profusion of ornament, to which each individual mason, as well as the designer, contributed his quota of thought and soul. Mr. Fergusson traces the development of the style throughout northern France from cathedral to cathedral during a period of intense architectural energy in which the mind of the age and country overpowered the mind of the artist, explaining how each church naturally became an improvement on those that preceded it, without presupposing any especial skill on the part of either masons or architects.

Gothic architecture was transplanted to the south of France and to England, where, though at first received unwillingly, it became naturalized in the course of time. For a century the Germans persisted in their old and beautiful style. As early as 1227 a round church in the new style was built on the site of Constantine's Baptistery at Treves—a perfect gem of early Gothic. It is said to be a copy of a church at Braine, near Soissons, and was doubtless designed by a Frenchman;—but the Germans of the Rhine still went on building their own way. The Church of St. Cunibert at Cologne, which exhibits the Romanesque in full vigour, was consecrated in 1248. But the contagion of the new style had at last penetrated to the very sanctuary of the old. In the same town, and in the same year, 1248, Conrad

von Hochstädten, Archbishop of Cologne, laid the foundation of a cathedral in the new style, which in size and magnificence was to eclipse every cathedral that had hitherto been built. Its original architect doubtless was French, or had studied in France to good purpose. The design is substantially French,—the ground-plan borrowed, with some slight changes, from Amiens, and the window-tracery in part from the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. The decorations were probably not originally intended to be so rich as at present. Kugler recognises in the exterior of the choir three different stages of development of Gothic,—the third in the flying buttresses, in whose matured form one can trace the German love of subdivision modifying and controlling the French elements.

A tendency to strain after the marvellous or difficult became a characteristic of German Gothic, as soon as it struck out a path for itself. Gothic architecture, in its decay, followed a distinct course in England, France, and Germany. In England it froze into a formal lifelessness; in France it launched into the fantastic vagaries of Flamboyant tracery, which we can almost pardon for their grace. But the decline and fall of German Gothic is characterized by an inordinate delight in displays of skill, even at the expense of beauty, and an exaggeration of all the inherent defects of the style. Not merely were the external walls made a mere framework for coloured glass, but the windows were filled with the most ingeniously offensive tracery, whose aim was not to delight, but to astonish. The vaulting became more and more obtuse; and it was the artist's ambition to cover the largest possible area at the smallest possible expenditure of masonry. The piers are reduced to the narrowest conceivable dimensions, and rendered yet more insecure by the absence of capital or impost,—an arrangement which confounds shafts with vaulting ribs, and offends the eye, in so far as it sets the principles of stability at defiance. The climax of degeneracy is reached when the clearstory is abolished: the side aisles are raised to the same height with the central one, and the whole is placed under one disproportionately large roof. Yet even in this late period the workmanship is often most beautiful; and some of the elaborate spires have, with all their faults, a gracefulness that almost redeems them. In some cases, as in St. Stephen's, Vienna, they are divided into such a multiplicity of parts, that it is difficult to say where the tower ends and spire begins. Various Germanisms, which had disappeared for a time, are re-adopted in the later style. The apsidal aisle, introduced by the French architects, is given

up. The transept-narthex reappears, and is sometimes raised to an immense height. At Erfurth it occupies the place of the transept, and terminates in three narrow lofty spires—a dim reminiscence of the Romanesque age.

To the south of the Alps, Gothic architecture but partially supplanted the previous styles. It was introduced in those parts of Italy in which the influence of the northern races was strongest; and, receiving considerable modifications from new circumstances of climate and character, it came, in some of the Italian provinces, to be more thoroughly naturalized than it ever was in Germany. France did not give Italy (as she did Germany) a style ready made: she gave her an idea, in the light of which Italy developed her existing architecture into a new style. We think both Fergusson and Kugler greatly underrated the Gothic of Italy,—an error into which the former writer is partly led by the extreme to which he pushes his ethnological theories, regardless of the variations which altered circumstances will make in the course of generations in the character and genius of any people.

The forms of Gothic in Italy are many and various; but there are one or two leading features common to most of them. In the first place, the windows are smaller,—not because the Italians do not appreciate the beauty of stained glass, as Mr. Fergusson seems to think, but rather because they did not conceive, like the Germans, that the pleasure must increase indefinitely by increasing the surface of glass; and they felt the necessity of shade and coolness in the interior of their churches. The window-traceries correspond to the original idea of tracery, as do the early traceries of France and England: they are contrived so as to fix the attention on the penetrations through which the light enters, not on the framework which separates them. The involutions of intricate lines, which are such a source of pleasure in northern Gothic, are avoided by the architects of the south, who often present large flat surfaces, in which the eye is delighted by richness and variety of colour in the building material. We have broad masses of light and shade—broad masses of level surface and of sculpture. There is less foliage and more floral decoration than in the north. One distinguishing peculiarity of southern Gothic is the treatment of the niches, which are never thrown forward without support; but their canopies rest on two or four columns. The interiors are, as Mr. Fergusson says, often disfigured by the enormous span of the arches, and the capitals are in general far inferior to those of the north.

A very pleasing type of Gothic, more secular than ecclesiastical, found in many of the Broletti and palaces of the Italian towns, is a translation of the previously existing style into the new one. The favourite triplets of windows are pointed and drawn out in accordance with the Gothic idea, a large pointed containing arch is superimposed with rich mouldings, and an upward tendency and degree of lightness is given to the whole building. Then there is the Tuscan Gothic, whose peculiarities arise in part from the many coloured serpentine and marble which were the prevailing building materials, for the proper display of which a good deal of flat surface was required, but the decorated parts are distinguished by a precision of detail and delicacy of workmanship found nowhere else during the middle ages. The style culminates in Florence Cathedral and Giotto's lovely campanile, which present an encrusted surface of precious marble and serpentine, formed into pannels and pleasing patterns, and the window-cornices and other decorated parts exhibit a rare union of rich fancy and classical restraint. The Pisan Gothic, again, is a translation of Pisan Romanesque into the pointed style. We have the counterpart of the Duomo in the Dominican church of Sta-Caterina; and there are few more exquisite architectural gems than the little church of the Spina on the margin of the Arno, with its profusion of pointed gables, canopies, and beautiful niches. The Veronese Gothic has its peculiar charm in a dignified severity and simplicity of line, particularly in porches, canopies, and niches, combined with delicate surface carving, unrivalled in expression and refinement.

But of all the Italian types of Gothic, the highest is the Venetian, which differs from the rest in having grown less out of the Romanesque than the Byzantine style. Some of its peculiarities may be seen in the Gothic churches of Venice and the towns once subject to it, particularly the beautiful but little known Church of St. Nicolo, at Treviso; but it is, on the whole, more a secular than a religious style. The palaces of Venice will well repay an attentive study, which should be undertaken with the aid of the invaluable researches of Mr. Ruskin; but it is only after comparing the lovely but faded remains with old Venice, as delineated in the pictures of Gentile Bellini and Victor Carpaccio, that one begins to imagine what the glory of the ancient city must have been. The most obvious peculiarity of Venetian architecture is a Saracenic feature—the pointed arch of the form called the ogee, with a curve outwards towards the apex. It is first introduced as a moulding over the round arch, then it be-

comes the prevalent window arch; and the next change is to give it the trefoil form.

The decline of Italian Gothic is marked by a lavish abuse of ornament, as in the Cathedral of Como, where beautiful details are applied to an utterly meaningless design. In the Certosa at Pavia, we have the transition from Gothic to Renaissance. Milan Cathedral is hardly Italian, but rather a gorgeous combination of the most exceptionable architectural features of Germany and Italy, the former predominating. Though without one particle of the chasteness or gracefulness of the Gothic of Verona, there is a fascination in its gigantic size, its lovely white marble, and the richness of its pinnacles, which forces us to admire while we condemn.

Neither Fergusson nor Kugler have entered on the architecture of the Renaissance. Had life been spared him, Kugler had contemplated an additional volume completing the history of architecture up to the present day; and we understand there is a prospect of his plan being carried out by his friend Dr. Lübke, author of a more compendious and elementary historical sketch of architecture. Gothic architecture was in a declining state before the introduction of classicism; a striving after effect had usurped the place of that singleness of design which was its original ruling motive. A corruption of architecture had followed in the wake of a general corruption of morals. The reaction was the great awakening of the human mind in the sixteenth century, one of whose developments was the Reformation. Men, in their longing for realities, were impatient of all forms whose meaning had been lost or obscured. This intense desire for knowledge on all subjects human and divine, led, as one of its results, to an earnest study of the language and literature of ancient Rome. The prevailing architecture was felt to have lost its life and truth: the Reformers, in place of purifying it, thought they could dispense with it, and divorced art from the service of religion. The widespread classical enthusiasm fired the architects with a desire to copy the forms of heathen Rome, the expression of the mind of a bygone age, developed under other physical conditions and modes of thought. The task of the architect was no longer to build a house or church which would do its work well; it was to arrange into new combinations the details of another age,—details having no relation to the purpose of the contemplated building. The genius of a Michael Angelo and a Wren succeeded in breathing some small degree of life into these dead forms; in the hands of inferior artists they remained mere forms, and forms but ill understood. Besides the disseverment of con-

struction, fitness, and beauty, which in the better days of architecture had gone hand in hand, another result was the entire sinking of the individual workman, who from an intelligence became a machine. A steadily progressive degeneracy followed, till architecture had reached the abasement that is exhibited in the street fronts of the close of the last and beginning of the present century. By and by people began to be sensible of this degradation, but without any distinct notion of what had brought it about. The real evil had been the abandonment of the old and healthy principle of self-development; the cure was sought, not in a return to that principle, but in giving architecture a yet more purely representative character, by going back to the buildings of some past age, and not arranging their parts anew, but copying or endeavouring to copy them in their integrity. Nineteenth century architecture has by this means become the art of building so as to reproduce the peculiarities of different nations at different times. Some who see that such an architecture is devoid of either truth or historical value, talk of the propriety of inventing a new style, and are in hopes of its somehow developing itself out of gigantic conservatories and Manchester cotton factories, which, though not likely to renovate architecture as an art, are no doubt founded on a right principle—adaptation to the object in view. The architecture of the future is a subject involved in many difficulties; but one thing is obvious, that it must cease to be histrionic. We must study the architecture of our country, civil and secular, as well as ecclesiastical, at its culminating point, before it began to be unreal. We must build on the same principle with the old architects not by slavishly copying forms which have no relation to the present age and habits of thought; nor, on the other hand, by rejecting expedients which experience, science, and an instinctive sense of beauty taught the mediæval builders, but by adopting their free, practical, comprehensive spirit, never sacrificing utility to an imaginary notion of beauty. The requirements, the arts, the improvements, the inventions of the nineteenth century, will make our houses very different from those of the fifteenth; but we will have a style indigenous and true, a style which will please, which will have within it the seeds of improvement, which may even in the course of time attain something beyond what has ever yet been attained in point of beauty. Though we cannot have churches on the same scale as in the middle ages, we must regulate their form, as did the mediæval builders, by a consideration of fitness for the service for which they are designed; this fitness being pro-

moted by a devotion of the best of everything, by every useful, and splendid addition that can be devised, but without superfluities, or an affectation of the requirements of other times.

- ART. XI.—1. *Life of Andrew Jackson.* By JAMES PARTON. 3 Vols. New York, 1860.
2. *Southern Presbyterian Review.* Columbia, S. C., 1861.
3. *Senator Seward's Speech on the Union,* January 12, 1861.
4. *The State of the Country.* By the Rev. Dr. HODGE. New York, 1861.
5. *Springfield Republican,* January 3; March 14, 1861.
6. *Southern Wealth and Northern Profits.* Kettell. New York, 1860.

It was a solemn meeting in the old Independence Hall in Philadelphia, when the General Congress of the thirteen United Colonies deliberated, with closed doors, upon the question of separation from the mother country,—that question which John Adams pronounced to be 'the greatest ever debated in America, and as great as ever was, or ever will be, debated among men.'

On the 2d of July, 1776, when young men were quivering with emotion, and old men were melted to tears, this memorable assemblage unanimously passed the resolution, 'That these United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent States.' Two days after, the Declaration of Independence was under discussion, and round the closed door of the Hall of Congress a vast crowd was surging, when the long looked-for signal was given; and the great bell, imported from England twenty-three years before, bearing the prophetic inscription, 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof,' rang out the knell of British domination; and at the same moment, as tradition tells us, a venerable delegate stepped forth upon the stairs, and, in a voice thrilling with deep solemnity, read to the jubilant multitude the sublime declaration, that 'All men are born free and equal, and possess equal and inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'

Before this period, England, against the most earnest protestations of the colonists, had deported 300,000 Africans upon their shores, and these had multiplied in the land. We find from the Colonial records that Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, on high religious as well as economic grounds, before the era of

independence, had demanded the abolition of slavery itself, and that several of the Southern States had resisted the enforced importation of negroes by all means short of actual revolt; but that England steadily and firmly resisted the prayer of the colonies for its abolition, and finally, in the last year of her rule, instructed the Colonial governors, on pain of removal, not to give even a temporary assent to any laws for its limitation. In the light of this retrospect the conduct of the framers of the constitution regarding slavery appears in a somewhat less unfavourable light. At the time of the first census, taken by command of Congress, there were only 694,280 negroes in the United States, 50,000 of whom were in the North, either emancipated or in process of emancipation. It was probably expected by Jefferson, and the other framers of the constitution, that the Southern States would gradually follow the example of the Northern, and that this, with the final prohibition of the slave trade in 1808, would destroy slavery and bring down upon the enfranchised States the blessing and approbation of Heaven; for this latter step was half a century in advance of the public opinion and practice of Christendom.

At the time of the 'Declaration,' it does not appear that the actual existence of slavery in the States excited any discussion or uneasiness. It is probable that the subject scarcely entered the mind of Jefferson when framing the famous document; and tradition, possibly based upon his actual words, asserts that, when questioned many years afterwards upon his statement of the equal rights of man, he replied that he had 'forgotten the negroes.' It must be remembered that, in the last century, in the United Colonies the evils of slavery were comparatively unfelt, the question of its moral right and political expediency had scarcely been debated, except by the colonists of Puritan Massachusetts; and it may be suggested, with all due deference to the Transatlantic idolatry of Washington and his co-patriots, that their early prejudices, the selfishness of ownership, and their essentially aristocratic tendencies, led them to defer the consideration of the subject. Even so late as the year 1800, after Hamilton, Jay, Madison, and Jefferson had condemned slavery as a grave and admitted evil, and Washington had partially homologated their opinion, they regarded it as a temporary and doomed institution—threatened by the coming extinction of the slave trade, the growth of democratic feeling, the increase of a white population depending on manual labour for support, and the prospect held out by some of the Southern States of enactments providing that none should thereafter be born in slavery, and ter-

minating the internal slave traffic. Under the influence of these delusive expectations, with a singularly short-sighted policy, slavery had been incorporated into the Constitution as finally ratified in 1788, by its recognition in Art. 4, sec. 2, which provides for the rendition of fugitive slaves, therein designated as 'persons held to labour;' and in another article it was recognised as an element of representation. In Art. 1, sec. 9, the slave trade is prohibited for ever after the year 1808. These are the only enactments which refer at all to the subject, showing how little importance was attached to it at that time.

Hardly, however, had the country recovered from its external struggles and internal troubles, then the most eminent and sagacious of the American statesmen became apprehensive as to the nature of the disease with which they had inoculated the national being; and fears as to the dangers which might be evolved out of the perpetuation of slavery were openly and solemnly expressed. Gradually it became apparent that, however highly the slave States prized republican institutions, they prized slavery more—that slavery, instead of dwindling away, was establishing itself permanently as a commercial as well as a social institution, and allying itself with political power—that it was creating out of the Union a 'North' and a 'South'—and that the necessity for its extension into new territory would cause a perpetual and ever-increasing antagonism between them, with an ever-growing divergence of feeling and interest. It was then that Jefferson uttered those terrible words, which seem as if he saw in dismal vision the sins of the fathers visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation:—'The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and the most degraded submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it. *I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that His justice cannot sleep for ever.* A mutation of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation among masters and slaves, is among possible events, and it may become probable by supernatural interference. *The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest.*' Some years afterwards, when the Union was shaken by the agitation which was temporarily quieted by the Missouri Compromise, a still clearer perspective of disaster opened before this great statesman's eyes, and he exclaimed, 'I have been among the most sanguine in believing that our union would be of long duration. I now doubt it much, and see the event

at no great distance. My only comfort and confidence is, that I shall not live to see this.'

In the midst of the confusion and storm in which this prediction has been fulfilled, slavery looms before us as the malignant mischief which has mainly wrought the evil. But in taking such a backward glance as shall enable us to read the present with greater accuracy, we cannot exclude from our hasty retrospect some of the causes, not originally connected with slavery, which, from the first, threatened the perpetuity of the Union.

While the thirteen States were consolidated by the common interests produced by the presence of a common foe, the Constitution drafted by Franklin in 1775, and adopted with some modifications by all the States in 1781, worked with marvellous lubricity; but when peace was concluded, and the pressure from without ceased, the Union resolved itself into an inharmonious aggregation of sovereign and independent States, which, with all their conflicting interests, jealousies, and antagonisms, eagerly re-assumed the authority which, in an emergency, they had committed to the Federal Government. Within five years from the conclusion of peace with England, the Central Authority rendered powerless by the very Constitution which had created it, enfeebled by the absence of external peril, outraged by European insults to its flag, almost incompetent to repel the incursions of hostile aboriginal tribes, and nearly unable to pay the interest of the national debt, formally abrogated its functions, and on February 21, 1787, declared its inability to conduct the affairs of the nation, and appealed to the constituent authority of the Republic. The United States present, in their earliest history, one of the most signal instances of failure and incapacity ever witnessed; and the novelty of a nation turning a calm and scrutinizing eye upon itself, estimating the causes and measuring the extent of an evil so singular and so terrible, waiting patiently till a national convention, composed of the wisest heads and noblest hearts in the country, had discovered a remedy, and finally accepting the remedy which those mature legislators devised. When, in 1789, the Constitution as it now stands, with the exception of the amendments, was ratified by the States, it was believed that the arrangements between these States and the Federal Government were so perfect as to preclude the possibility of future discussion and antagonism; but even before Washington finally retired from public life, a small dark cloud rose on the horizon, which led him to pen those memorable warnings against the jealousies and selfishness of State Legislatures which

appear at the close of his farewell address, leading us to imagine that a dread of a conflict between the Federal and State authorities, with disunion for its possible result, overshadowed his later years.

The division of authority between the Federal Government and the States, contemplated by the Constitution, was thus stated by Jay, Hamilton, and Madison, in the *Federalist*, No. 45: 'The powers delegated by the Constitution to the Federal Government are few and definite. Those which are to remain in the State Governments are numerous and indefinite. The former will be exercised principally on external objects, as war, peace, negotiation, and foreign commerce. The powers reserved to the States will extend to all the objects which in the ordinary course of affairs, concern the internal order and prosperity of the State.' In order to procure impartial decisions upon the questions which might arise between co-ordinate authorities so vaguely defined, the Supreme Court of the United States was created, and rendered independent of the popular will, having, for the most important of its functions, the maintenance of the balance of power between the Federal and the State Governments. The object of the Constitution being the formation of a really national government, and not a league, the principle of centralization was fully recognised.

But all the safeguards which human wisdom devised, have proved impotent barriers against selfishness, avarice, and jealousy, which have wrangled and struggled ceaselessly over three provisions in the Constitution. Art. 4, sec. 2, delegates to the Federal Government powers concerning the rendition of fugitive slaves, slavery itself being regarded as a purely local and municipal institution, subject only to the laws of the States in which it exists. Art. 4, sec. 3, delegates entire jurisdiction over the 'territories,' and between 1780 and 1802, those States which extended indefinitely into the wild regions of the west, agreed to lay down their boundaries, and cede to the Federal Government all territory beyond those limits. Art. 1, secs. 8 and 10, delegate to Congress the sole power of making tariff regulations. It is upon these questions that nearly all the difficulties between the States and the Federal authorities have risen; and the two last, frequently overlooked in this country in the importance attached to the first, have twice brought the country to the verge of civil war.

The animosities of the 'State Rights' and 'Federalist' parties began at a very early period; and though the parties have changed names, the war only gathers strength with time. The whole South stands upon State

rights, or a nearly sovereign exercise of power; and a majority in the North sustains Federalism, or the delegation of a portion of that power to the national Government.—the question, like almost every other which is agitated in the United States, having become complicated with that of slavery. It argues either an inherent faultiness in the original compact, or a lamentable incapacity in the executive power, that, on nearly every occasion when the Federal Government and an individual State have come into collision, the State has gained the victory, leaving the central authority more crippled and humiliated after each defeat.

Both parties had reason to apprehend such collisions between individual States and the national Government, arising out of questions vaguely defined by the Constitution; but neither of them at the commencement of this century contemplated a struggle between the Federal authority and a collection of insurgent States united by a common interest,—far less, that this interest would be slavery, and the desire for its extension. But in the year 1818, the Southern States, feeling themselves strong in numbers and wealth, made the first move towards legalizing slavery in the newly organized territory of Missouri, a part of that great west which had been solemnly guarded from the contamination of slavery. A violent contest raged for nearly three years in the country and in Congress, the House of Representatives several times voting to exclude slavery from the State which was then knocking for admission at the doors of the Union, and the Senate as often restoring the clause legalizing it. This furious struggle, which led Jefferson to regard the dissolution of the Union as an impending event, was ended in 1820 by the admission of Missouri as a slave State, and the adoption of the famous 'Missouri Compromise,' which provided for the permanent limitation of slave institutions to the territory south of the line of 36° 30'. This well-known compact was constitutionally not a binding one, but patched up for the time a hollow and delusive peace. In 1825, the Government of Georgia and the Federal authority came into direct collision, Georgia desiring to invade the Indian tribes, and the central Government opposing it. It was then that the representatives of what is now the 'Empire State' of the South foreshadowed in bombastic periods that confederacy of Southern States which we have lived to witness, and the inevitable antagonism of North and South, and boldly affirmed the inherent sovereignty of the States. 'The hour is come,' said they, 'or is rapidly approaching, when the States from Virginia to Georgia, from Missouri to Louis-

iana, must confederate, and as one man say to the Union, 'We will no longer submit our constitutional rights to bad men in Congress or on judicial benches' (the Supreme Court). 'The powers necessary to the protection of the confederated States from enemies without and within, and those alone, were confided to the United Government.'

In 1832 the smouldering resentment of the South against Federal authority burst into an open flame; and the irascible little State of South Carolina stood forth as the champion of 'State rights,' making herself famous by her notorious 'Nullification Act,' and rehearsing her late performance with nearly equal dramatic effect. For a full and entertaining account of this daring proceeding, of which we can only sketch the leading features, we refer our readers to the 'Life of Andrew Jackson,' a work which, with many and grave faults, has the merit of giving a very complete insight into the political history of that period.

'Nullification,' a word the full meaning of which can only be appreciated in the United States, was translated into American political action as early as 1798, when, on the passage of the Alien and Sedition Acts, the State Legislatures of Virginia and Kentucky adopted certain resolutions drawn up chiefly by Madison and Jefferson, one of which declared, that 'when the Federal Government assumed powers not delegated to it by the States, a nullification of the Act was the only rightful remedy.' The word and the idea were destined to a fearful significance, as interpreted and carried out by John C. Calhoun, the greatest of South Carolinian statesmen. Nullification is the indigenous growth of Southern soil, and has never survived even as a feeble exotic in Northern air; and, with its legitimate fruit, secession, was denounced as treason by New England even in the dark days of the non-intercourse and embargo laws, when her prosperity was totally prostrated by the policy of the Federal Government.

During the wars of the French Revolution and of 1812, when free communication with Europe was suspended, a number of manufactories had been established in the Northern States, while at the same time the country had become burdened with a war debt of a hundred and thirty millions. When peace was concluded, Congress enacted a high protective tariff, for the double purpose of paying off this enormous debt, and of protecting these infant manufactures, which had been almost prostrated by the peace. Calhoun at first was one of the warmest advocates of this measure; but the South, which with him had been clamorous for these duties, in a few

years came to the conclusion that they were the cause of its laggard progress, and as it was purely agricultural, and had no manufactures to encourage, five of the Southern States remonstrated with more or less vigour; and South Carolina declared, in a petition to Congress in 1820, that the tariff law was 'unconstitutional, oppressive, and unjust.' Succeeding circumstances furnished the disaffected with a sublime and telling grievance. By the year 1831, the public debt had been so far diminished that in three years the last dollar would have been paid, and under the existing system there would have been an annual surplus revenue of thirteen millions. The South consequently demanded that the protective principle should be abandoned, and the duties so far reduced as to bring down the revenue to the expenditure. This demand was ignored; and inflamed and enraged, South Carolina, led by Calhoun then Vice-President, enunciated her nullification policy. A month after Congress had reaffirmed the protective principle, Calhoun returned to his irritated State, and through its Legislature, called a convention to discuss the action of the Federal Government. This discussion resulted in a law which annulled the obligation of the Federal tariff, forbade all levy of imposts under its regulations, and refused to recognise the appeal which might be made to the Federal courts of law, declaring that South Carolina 'acknowledges no tribunal upon earth above her authority.' Shortly after the passing of this decree, Calhoun uttered this famous sentence, in which is condensed the 'Calhoun doctrine,' which speedily spread like wildfire over the South, and has been so constantly referred to by the Secessionists of 1861:—'*The Constitution is a compact to which the States were parties in their sovereign capacity; now, whenever a compact is entered into by parties which acknowledge no tribunal above their authority to decide in the last resort, each of them has a right to judge for itself in relation to the nature, extent, and obligations of the instrument.*' This doctrine involves the idea of a league, and destroys that of a national Government.

After this overt act of the Convention, the 'Palmetto State' effervesced into a fury of excitement. The towns resounded with the clang of warlike preparations. Volunteers, whose services the governor had been authorized to accept, held themselves to march at a moment's notice. Fair fingers busied themselves in making blue cockades with Palmetto buttons, which were worn on hats, bonnets, and bosoms. A red flag with a black lone star in the centre was adopted by some of the volunteer regiments, and 'nullifying' steam-

ers and hotels exhibited the Federal banner with the stars downward. To such a length did Carolinian impudence run, that medals were struck with the inscription, 'John C. Calhoun, First President of the Southern Confederacy.' President Jackson was fully alive to the extent of the danger, and, in order to meet it, strengthened the garrisons of the military posts in the rebellious State, and placed a naval force off Charleston. There can be little doubt that, if he had been unfettered, his ideas of duty, as well as his somewhat despotic inclinations, would have led him to extreme measures. In talking over 'nullification' at the time, he said to Gen. Dale, 'If this thing goes on, our country will be like a bag of meal with both ends open. Pick it up in the middle or endwise, and it will run out. I must tie the bag, and save the country.' On his death-bed a friend asked him what he would have done with Calhoun and the Nullifiers 'had they kept on?' Half-rising from his pillow, with the vanished fire again flashing from his eye, he replied, 'Hung them, sir, as high as Haman. They should have been a terror to traitors to all time, and posterity would have pronounced it the best act of my life.'

Compromising counsels, however, prevailed. The Federal Government quailed before its subjects in arms; and, after accepting the mediation of the powerful State of Virginia, passed an Act by which the tariff duties were to be progressively reduced, until they were not in excess of the supplies required by Government. Thus the Federal authority was completely beaten in its first pitched battle with an individual State. It substituted a mere fiscal impost for the protective system, yet retained the principle in question, while yielding the point *de facto*; and, in order to gloss over its impotence, passed an Act investing the President with extraordinary powers, to enable him to overcome by force a resistance for which its measures had removed all pretext. The *Nullifiers*, however, were determined to have the last word, and removed from the Federal Government even the flimsy show of a partial success. The Convention re-assembled to accept the proffered concession, re-affirmed the 'Calhoun doctrine,' and annulled the Act which invested the President with extra powers. Thus the miserable contest ended, leaving South Carolina with that formidable prestige of victory which has encouraged her in perpetual acts of aggression.

A few sentences must suffice for a hasty sketch of the growth and policy of the South since the Missouri Compromise, which preceded this bloodless rebellion by twelve years. About the same time, the South re-

ceived an addition by the acquisition of Florida from Spain; and before 1836 the huge State of Missouri possessed slave institutions, and the aborigines generally had been driven west of the Mississippi, leaving its fertile valley, with its almost boundless capacity for the production of cotton, to the enterprise of Southern planters. A western exodus then occurred, the population of Alabama increased 136 per cent in ten years, and the South-western States yielded a larger cotton crop than those on the Atlantic seaboard. In the next ten years Arkansas came in as a slave State. Some time previously an unnoticed movement towards Texas had commenced, and slavery had found an illegal footing there,—Mexico, which had emancipated her own slaves, being unable to prevent their introduction into this distant State. Under Tyler's administration, steps were taken to annex it to the United States; and its annexation, completed under Polk, brought on the Mexican war, by which California and New Mexico were acquired. The acquisition of Texas was a most important step in Southern advancement; for not only did the South acquire an enormous tract of rich and fertile territory for a new slave State, but the right to create four new States out of it as it filled up with population. Then, after stormy discussions on the subject of California, and the rise of the 'Free Soil' party in all the Northern States in 1848, the South demanded and obtained, in 1850, a more stringent Fugitive Slave Law, by which it expected to bind not only, as agreed upon, the Federal Government, but all the State Executives of the North. Then came the repeal of the solemn but unreal 'Missouri Compromise,' the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the Dred Scott decision, the bloody territorial conflict on the plains of Kansas, when marauding bands in slave interest inaugurated a reign of 'Border Ruffianism' in the territory—when Federal officers, tools of the slave power, attempted by fraud and force to defeat the will of the people at the ballot box—when Buchanan sought to force the infamous Lecompton Constitution upon the citizens by the military forces at his disposal; and the Federal Government so far truckled to Southern interests, as unjustly to refuse to admit Kansas into the Union, lest she would swell the vote of a Republican President. So successfully had the South consolidated its power, that in late years President after President entered office merely as the tool of its sectional interests.

It is evident that this bitter political antagonism between North and South must be the fruit of deep antagonistic convictions on the vital principle involved. Some of us can recollect the time when the doctrine that

slavery was a disgrace, and a fruitful source of weakness and many evils, was held pretty generally by the better portion of the planters. Leading men condemned it on political grounds, and not a few Christian pastors and theologians denounced it as an evil *per se*, or as a fruitful source of evil. At the beginning of this century, the idea that slavery was a bad thing, politically and economically, was held pretty equally by North and South. It is possible that conviction followed supposed interest, and that the necessity for new slave territory, in which the slave-raising States might find an extended market for their human produce, and the cotton planters gain fresh soil to replace the exhausted cotton fields of the older States, formed the pivot on which the moral sentiment turned round. The gifted and ambitious Calhoun was doubtless the great apostle of the transformation; and after him the *onus* rests upon the ministers of the churches who, seeing the symptoms of the coming change, undertook to lead opinion in the popular direction. It is under this combined influence that the South has come to regard slavery (as we believe sincerely) as 'a patriarchal institution—an ordinance of God—the only safe-guard against the devastating and anarchical tendencies of unmitigated democracy—the only successful missionary institution which the world has ever seen—an equal advantage to master and slave, elevating both—as strength, wealth, and power, one of the main pillars and controlling influences of modern civilization.'

Under this high political and religious sanction, moral conviction and supposed pecuniary interest have formed a convenient and most satisfactory alliance; and the Southern doctrine of 1861 is, that slavery is right in theory, ordained by God in the Old Testament, and fostered by Christ in the New,—that its extension is the noblest fulfilment of humane and Christian principle—the very best thing for the negro, his master, society, and government; and that the highest civilization and most perfect culture can only exist where the labouring class is *owned* by the thinking and governing class! The conclusion which the South draws from these premises is, that slavery shall be everywhere respected and fostered under the United States Constitution, and that slave property shall be tolerated and protected in the territories, as a Northern emigrant's property in oxen and sheep is there protected. It is out of this article of the Southern creed that the terrible territorial conflicts of late years have arisen.

In the free States, during the same period, an exactly opposite process has been going on. From the moment when the South be-

gan to review its opinions, and to found its political action on its new ethical code—in a word, when it began to contemplate an extension of slavery rather than emancipation—the divergence of sentiment began; and from the date of the Missouri struggle, a conviction of the essential wrongfulness of property in man, and of the bad economy and disastrous political influences of slavery, has been steadily growing at the North. The progress in general intelligence, in religious and social culture, the rise of a liberal school of theology, the general sentiment of civilised Europe, the free discussion of the subject, and a widely diffused perception of the aggressive and despotic tendencies of the South, have all fostered the anti-slavery feeling. It is the fashion in this country to mourn over the retrogression of Northern opinion on this subject; and of all the misconceptions concerning America, there is none so universal as that regarding the attitude of the Free States towards slavery; even the pregnant fact of the election of an anti-slavery President, by an enormous Northern majority, has failed to correct these distorted and one-sided impressions.

We are prepared to admit that the North merits a portion of the censure passed upon her; and that many of her anti-slavery men, instead of using their moral and political influence as they could and ought against slavery at the ballot-box, have neglected the exercise of the franchise, and have contented themselves with lazy protests and vague hopes of eventual amelioration. We also admit the existence of a pro-slavery party at the North, composed of men connected with the South politically, commercially, and by elective affinity; we admit that the timidity, irresolution, and factious divisions of the Northern representatives have given to a Southern minority in Congress the power and despotic authority of a triumphant majority; we admit that some of the churches, established for no other end than the propagation of gospel moralities, have refused to bear testimony in favour of men rendered liable by slavery to every malignant mischief, from which that gospel was meant to be a salvation,—that the American Tract Society and the Sunday School Union have declined to call Southern attention to the moral duties arising out of slavery, and that the *New York Herald*, and some other Northern journals of blasted reputation and infinitesimal influence, advocate pro-slavery views, either openly or insidiously. It is on these facts that many exasperating reproaches, addressed to the Northern States, have been grounded; and, in exaggerated proportions and heightened colouring, they are constantly used by many

persons in this country who disguise a deep hatred of American political and educational liberalism under the ample cloak of a righteous hostility to American slavery.

The North, as it now exists, is in nowise responsible for slavery, except in the Congressional District of Columbia. Debating every pro-slavery measure; contesting every inch of ground upon which slavery has been forced in later years by a Southern majority and a servile Executive; organizing, at a vast expense, emigration societies to give Free-soil majorities in new territory; struggling, by State legislation and even physical force, against the obnoxious constitutional demand for the rendition of fugitive slaves; breaking up churches, tract societies, and missionary societies on the subject; baptizing the plains of Kansas in its best blood to preserve them pure from slavery; finally, after years of conflict, bringing Kansas triumphantly into the Union as a free State against the whole Southern interest, and, at the same time, carrying Lincoln victoriously into the Presidential chair, the nominee of a party whose organization is barely six years old,—the whole reaction, the whole mighty growth of Northern sentiment, under the influence of which the North has fought so nobly, dating only from the Missouri conflict. The subject of slavery has been sifted and discussed in the North till it has been finally understood,—the light of heart, intellect, and conscience being brought to bear upon it till 2,000,000 electors decided by their votes that slavery should never again be extended; and so decided, with the threat of Disunion, and all which to them that threat involved, hanging, like the sword of Damocles, over their heads.

Out of this change of attitude concerning slavery in the South, and this consequent reaction in the North, two anti-slavery parties have arisen:—1st, The abolitionists, divided into two sections; those who denounce slavery as a sin on the ground of the Mosaic law, and those who renounce the Bible because they hold that it does not so denounce it. These abolitionists, are extravagant and violent, probably sincere in their aims, though fanatical in their mode of carrying them out; and they may have done some good, as they have done much mischief, by their rabid stump oratory and industriously circulated tracts. Politically, they have no influence, owing to their unconstitutional mode of proceeding, and their small numerical strength and moral power render them a *faction* rather than a *party*. 2d, The great Republican party, of which Seward is the founder and leader, which recorded its 2,000,000 votes in Lincoln's favour. This is the true expo-

nent of the political anti-slavery feeling of the North, basing its organization on the important principle that slavery is an evil, to be insulated and circumscribed by all constitutional means. This principle was weighty enough to weld together the remains of the Free-soil party of 1848, and all the hitherto discordant factions opposed to slavery, and definite enough and noble enough to excite the latent enthusiasm of the Northern mind. The Republican party, while refusing to regard slavery as a crime *per se*, as murder or theft, treats slavery as a moral, social, and political error; a source of innumerable practical evils, and a grievous contravention of those enlightened political principles of which the Constitution should be the embodiment. It regards the insulation of slavery, and the freedom of all the territories, as the grand step towards emancipation, and the final extinction of slavery by constitutional means. On the side of this party the larger portion of the worth and intelligence of the North is arrayed, and to it the great body of the clergy, especially in the New England and the north-western States, belong. The democratic party of the Free States, divided, beaten, and trodden under foot, can never again assume either power or importance, so rapidly has Northern anti-slavery sentiment developed itself.

The guilt of slavery rests not, as is often speciously asserted, on the North, but upon the apparent necessities of the Federal compact, and upon that South which, blind to the logic of facts and unwarned by example, has declared, 'The Lone Star of our empire attracts our political needle to the tropics, there with the African we will expand'—and has closed its eyes to the flood of light which within the last thirty years the subject has been illuminated within and without. America has thus reached a position in which the two sections are as far asunder in opinion as they can be; they are, in fact, diametrically opposed in respect to the fundamental ideas on which social and political institutions are based.

The conflicts of late years regarding the territories were naturally heightened and intensified in bitterness as the opinions and interests of North and South became more divergent; and owing to various circumstances, victory, with its consequent power, generally fell to the Southern side. If the South was in a minority in Congress, it was a minority so united in purpose, discipline, and action, as to control a divided and distracted majority; and never in all representative history has a majority exercised a tyranny so vigorous, so relentless, and so persevering, wielding decade after decade the

power of the supreme authority and its enormous civil patronage. From the time of the Missouri conflict the South has steadily pursued a well-considered system of aggression, led by the brilliant vision which dazzled the eyes of the ambitious Calhoun, and has since been the guiding star of every scheme of a tropical tendency. It is to this restless aggressive spirit that the Union owes the Mexican war, the scarcely checked filibustering attempts on Cuba, Mexico, and Nicaragua, the civil war in Kansas, and the clandestine attempts to revive the slave trade which have brought American institutions and the American Executive into disgrace in the eyes of the civilised world.

However, the ominous rise of a Free-soil party in 1848, the consolidation of Northern sentiment in the organization of the Republican party in 1856, and the large vote cast for Fremont—the vast influx of European emigration peopling the great North-west at a rate which rendered it certain that in a few years that liberty-loving section would be strong enough to dictate measures at Washington, and the rapid growth of anti-slavery sentiment in the press, pulpit, and State Governments of the North,—all conspired to convince the South that its lease of power might not be a perpetual one, unless very vigorous measures were taken. Kansas, too, could no longer be kept out of the Union with any show of decency, even by the most servile Congress; and its admission threatened to give the North a majority in the Senate.

These well-founded apprehensions account for the unwearied and often frantic attempts of the South, during Buchanan's term of office, to wring from the North concession after concession, and to obtain such guarantees for the security and nationalizing of the distinguishing institution, as should render its progress independent of all future Federal legislation under adverse Northern influences, if indeed it failed to secure a permanent monopoly of the executive power. The peculiar calm of last spring, and of the whole Presidential campaign, contrasts singularly not only with the storm which succeeded it, but with all previous contests. Before the meeting of the Charleston Convention in May, the South had not a reasonable doubt that its vote, united with that of the Northern democracy, would carry the election; but the elements of discord which met in the persons of Breckenridge and Douglas, the stormy sittings and multifarious broils in which the Convention was so fruitful, its final disruption, and the break up of the great democratic party, defeated every calculation.

When the extreme southern faction nominated Breckenridge, who contended for the right of every citizen to remove with him into the territories everything which is recognised as property in the State from which he goes, and the northern and more moderate faction nominated Douglas, the great champion of 'squatter sovereignty,' who maintains that each territory is sovereign in itself, and cared not whether slavery 'were voted up or down,' so that he was voted into the President's chair, the success of the South became very doubtful. It is probable, that if the Democratic party had remained compact, its candidates, whether one or other of these gentlemen, would have been elected. The unanimous nomination of Lincoln at Chicago, on definite but moderate anti-slavery principles, was a great blow to the opposing parties; for his romantic history, his high reputation for honesty, and the comparative obscurity which had saved him from the odium which attaches to prominent public men, it was foreseen from the beginning, would carry the north-western States with a rush, leaving New York and Pennsylvania as the decisive battle-field. The small third party, into which Old Line Whigs, Know-nothings, Fusionists, South Americans, etc., had been temporarily fused, was of no account whatever, although its candidate was a Southerner; and we are unable to imagine why this very respectable gentleman consented to be made the tool of such an absurd faction, which hardly attempted to offer a definite platform on public questions.

The calm of the South was not the result of the certainty of success. A secession scheme had been quietly maturing for many years, and only waited an occasion to take effect. In January 1858, Davis, Toombs, Stephens, Benjamin, and other Southern leaders, in the ease of social intercourse at Washington, frequently used words to this effect: 'The irritation kept up by the North on the subject of our institutions is becoming intolerable—the admission of Kansas as a free State would destroy the balance of power, and render our continued union with the North impracticable—the South has a different destiny before her—separation from the North, *and that alone*, can enable her to fulfil it. Free trade with Europe, and the peaceable acquisition of Cuba and portions of continental territory, are essential to our growth in wealth and civilisation.' We are loth to bring grave charges against public men; but nothing can be clearer than that the Southern members of Buchanan's Cabinet, during last spring and summer, were secretly aiding the secession scheme then maturing,

and that Mr. Floyd, Secretary of War, is actually guilty of treason. During the year 1860, from Springfield armoury alone, 125,000 muskets were sent to the points where there were not United States troops enough to keep them from decay, and where secession made its first appointments, and *not a single musket to any Northern arsenal*, except 20,000 to New York, with the secret understanding that they were to be sold to the South for the paltry sum of 2.50 dollars each. The Southern leaders were prepared for the worst, and to them the election was to bring a firmer grasp of power within the Union, or else secession and its brilliant career.

It was not the policy of the South to put forward very definite views during the campaign; and bluster and threatening had been so long its habit, that the North treated whatever was said upon the subject of secession as the mere froth of tropical oratory, and, even after the election, disbelieved in the reality of the movement. Mr. Seward was the only public man who read the future with any degree of accuracy. In June 1860, just after Lincoln's nomination, he wrote to a friend: 'The prospects of Mr. Lincoln's election are very fair, as indeed those of a more prominent Republican would have been. In this condition of things, it may be anticipated that the extreme slavery States on the Gulf of Mexico will be forced into an attitude of resistance to the inauguration of a Republican President.' The eventful day came; but the thunder of the cannon which announced Lincoln's election had hardly died away before the storm which had been brewing burst forth. The South loudly proclaimed her dissatisfaction, and her resolution not to regard the national verdict, however constitutionally given, as binding on her; and South Carolina, the vanguard of the seceding host, notified her intention of reassuming the sovereign powers which for eighty years she had delegated to the Federal Government. On Nov. 15 her Legislature called a State Convention, and on the 23d the governor declared absolutely for disunion. The secession feeling developed itself like wildfire. Alabama and Georgia voted the Union 'a husk to be puffed away for her worthlessness.' The President's message of Dec. 4 only fanned the flame which he desired to extinguish. He blamed the North for her 'long-continued and intemperate interference with the question of slavery in the Southern States,' for the 'incessant and violent agitation on the slavery question, . . . at length producing its malign influence on the slaves, inspiring them with vague notions of freedom.' . . . 'How easy,' he added, 'it would be for the people of the North to settle

the slavery question for ever, and restore peace and harmony to this distressed country!' All that was required for this purpose, in his opinion, was that the Southern States should be 'let alone, and allowed to manage their institutions in their own way,' as they only were responsible for them before God and man. After stating that there could be no legal or constitutional separation, but that Congress had no power to compel any State to remain in the Union, he added, that in collecting the customs duties, and protecting the United States' property, he should act strictly on the defensive, and recommended such amendments to the Constitution by a National Convention as should 'guarantee to the States the enjoyment of their rights.' The two following sentences express the most important of his views upon secession:—'The Personal Liberty Acts of several of the Northern States are in direct conflict with the Constitution of the United States, and ought to be repealed. If continued upon the statute-books after the public attention has been directed to the subject, the injured States will be justified in secession.*'

On Dec. 20, South Carolina, with great solemnity, ratified the secession ordinance, and left the Union, calling on the other malcontent States to follow her example, seizing Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, the custom-house, the post-office, and the arsenal, comprising nearly the whole of the United States' property in Charleston. These buildings were at once occupied by State troops; and Fort Sumter, to which Major Anderson and his little band retired, was beleaguered by insurgents armed with Federal muskets, sent down in preparation by Secretary Floyd!

Affairs now progressed rapidly. The grand jury of the Federal court at Montgomery formally voted the Union a nuisance; a caucus of Southern Congressmen at Washington declared that secession was inevitable; a manifesto, announcing that 'a Southern Confederacy is now alone possible,' was signed by representatives of Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, Arkansas, and Mississippi; the Louisiana Legislature voted 500,000 dollars to arm the State militia; and South Carolina took steps to provide two war-steamers, passed bills for the regulation of the revenue, the customs, and the navigation laws, assumed sovereign prerogatives, and authorized the governor to appoint foreign ambassadors and consuls. Cobb, Floyd, and Thompson resigned their places in the

* As the Personal Liberty Bills still remain in force, the seceding States may justly plead the authority of the head of the Executive, in justification of their conduct.

Cabinet, and were shortly followed by Cass and Toucey; business suffered materially; securities of all descriptions fell immensely in value; the state of monetary affairs threatened a crisis; the Treasury was exhausted, and Government credit low; and thus, in doubt and dread, closed the year 1860.

1861 opened with a national fast, and God only knows whither 'the ship of State' would have drifted had not He interposed in behalf of the poor panic-stricken helmsman who cried to Him thus in his distress! The last days of Buchanan's administration were the least destructive and unworthy. The vacancies in his Cabinet were filled up with loyal, honest men; and from that time he adopted a firmer but yet a conciliatory policy, acting strictly on the defensive, avoiding everything which might provoke civil war, yet replying to the South Carolina commissioners who demanded the surrender of the national property, that he would not only decline to withdraw the troops from Charleston harbour, but would defend the United States' property, collect the revenue, and execute the laws. We are aware that Buchanan has been charged with timidity and imbecility in not treating the seizure of Fort Moultrie as a *casus belli*; but the very nature of his position and his previous policy rendered this step impossible. Every available soldier was required for the defence of the capital; the Southern Congressmen had not then vacated their seats, and were ready to vote down any war supplies for which he might have asked; the naval forces at his disposal were sufficient to exasperate, but powerless to intimidate: and if, like Jackson, he had declared that he would hang the secession leaders 'as high as Haman,' an exhausted treasury and a reluctant nation would have nullified the threat. It is true that, in the first fever of irritation with South Carolina, New York State tendered 10,000 militiamen to the Executive for the purpose of 'suppressing' an 'insurrection' which 250,000 could not have trampled out; but shortly after, in a cooler mood, the Empire City of that State sent an immense deputation of her most influential men to urge Congress to make concessions to the South, and 38,000 citizens of the same city have since petitioned in favour of the 'Border States Compromise.' No policy can stand for a day in America unless sustained by the popular will, and that will would have rendered the declaration of a coercive policy a mere dead letter.

The disunion menaces of the Gulf States took effect in the first week in January; and Louisiana, bought by the Federal Government for 15,000,000 dollars, in order to secure the control of the mouths of the Mis-

issippi; Florida, which cost 5,000,000 dollars; Georgia, the 'Empire State' of the South, Alabama, and Mississippi, formally seceded, forming themselves into independent republics; and Texas, which cost 10,000,000 dollars, after some delay, followed their example. The succeeding weeks were prolific in rapid organization on the part of these seven States, seizures of United States' property, vain schemes for compromise in and out of Congress, and the yet vainer sittings of the 'Peace Conference.' The firing into the 'Star of the West,' as she attempted to reinforce Fort Sumter, the removal of the buoys in Charleston Harbour, and the blocking up of its channels, the seizure of various forts, the United States cutter 'Dolphin,' the United States steamer 'Fulton,' the Marine Hospital at New Orleans, the arsenal at Baton Rouge, the naval stores at Pensacola and elsewhere, and the Federal offices generally, followed each other in rapid succession. During the months of January and February, compromises more or less favourable to the South were suggested by Crittenden, Guthrie, Douglas, Franklin, and Adams, as well as by the 'Border States.' The last received the most attention in the North, but as the South left it unnoticed it fell to the ground with all the others. The only legislative Act bearing upon the state of the Union which was carried, was Mr. Corwin's proposal for an amendment to the Constitution, which simply provides 'that the Constitution shall not be so amended as to give Congress the power to abolish or interfere with slavery in the States.'

On Jan. 9, Buchanan, in a special message, threw upon Congress the responsibility of initiating a war policy, condemned the seizure of Federal property, and justified the employment of defensive measures; but after the first fury had evaporated, both parties were desirous to avoid a collision; and the attitude of the border States and Arkansas, with certain reactionary symptoms in two of the Gulf States, produced a cautionary effect on the seceding leaders. On Feb. 9, delegates from six States, afterwards joined by Texas, met in solemn convention at Montgomery, to establish a provisional government, adopt a constitution, and finally sever the tie to that Union, to create and cement which the blood of their fathers had flowed in unstinted measure. The action of this convention was rapid and decisive. It adopted the United States Constitution, with only a few unimportant alterations, decided that no collision should take place without its formal declaration, organized the nucleus of an army and navy, elected a president and vice-president, demanded a loan of 15,000,000

dollars, levied an export duty on cotton, declared the Mississippi free, proposed a new tariff and navigation laws, and an international copyright, and entered the family of nations under the name of 'The Confederate States of America.'

On Feb. 18, Jefferson Davis (ex-senator of Miss.) was inaugurated at Montgomery amidst the roar of artillery, the jubilant shouts of assembled thousands, and the triumphant waving of the flag of the New Empire. His inaugural address hardly recapitulates the causes of secession, but dwells at length on his future policy, declaring finally that 'the judgment and will of the people are, that connection with the Northern States is neither practicable nor desirable. If necessary,' he said, 'we must obtain by final arbitrament of the sword the position we have assumed.' After this grand consummation of the seceders' projects, the Convention proceeded industriously with the task of organizing its resources, but recently adjourned till May, leaving the important questions of the tariff, etc., to be finally decided when the three Southern Commissioners return from their embassy to the European Governments. Such are the outlines of the history of the great secession movement, so far as it can be written at present, divested of the exaggerations coined in the furnace of passion and excitement, and magnified a hundred times by the 'sensation' press of the North.

The history of the Federal Government during the same period is a negation. While Charleston and Montgomery were the scenes of prompt, decisive, and energetic action, all was dismay, division, and incertitude at Washington. The crisis was a new one: history furnished no precedent for action; and treason was doing its worst, costly Federal property and strongholds were being surrendered by traitorous officials or feeble garrisons, and State after State was declaring its independence, while Buchanan, Seward, Dr. Hodge, and others, were spending their ability in proving that there could be no secession, for the Constitution made no provision for it. Senators and representatives bade farewell one after another to the halls of Congress in orations more or less pathetic; and when their places knew them no more, and the North possessed a majority in both Houses, Kansas was admitted into the Union as a free State, and the 'Morrill Tariff Act' was placed upon the statute book.

The leading features of Lincoln's career could hardly have been exhibited under our Old World institutions. Born of humble Kentucky parents, receiving only eight months' 'schooling' in consequence of the poverty of

his widowed mother, he spent his youth in farm labour, rail-splitting, and working on a flat boat on the Wabash and Mississippi. In 1830 he went to Illinois, again worked on a farm, then became shopman in a 'miscellaneous store,' served in the Black Hawk war, learned land-surveying, served in the State Legislature, studied law, and in 1846 was elected to Congress for one term, after the expiration of which he opened a law office in Springfield. He had considerable legal practice, and his power with juries was great, as he never undertook a cause of the moral right of which he was not convinced. In 1858 his name was first prominently brought forward during the contest with Judge Douglas for the grand prize of the United States senatorship, an occasion on which he 'stumped' the State in his own interest. His stump speeches were published as a campaign document in 1860, and gave evidence of a facility in debate, a legal acumen, and an intimate knowledge of American political history, very remarkable in a man who had not the advantages of education. His oratory became famous in the Eastern States in 1859, when he delivered political lectures in the large towns; but his chances for the Presidency were never discussed until the Republican Convention met at Chicago; and though he permitted his name to be brought forward, probably no one was so surprised as himself when it rose higher and higher on the balloting lists, till it was finally shouted in triumph by 10,000 voices.

Although Lincoln possesses extensive information, and has hewed his way from manual labour to a learned profession, his abilities are by no means of the highest order. He has the perceptive rather than the reflective faculty; his views are deficient in breadth, and he is a politician rather than a statesman. His *forte* is in stump oratory and political strategy, but the last is singularly combined with a downright honesty which has never been impugned, and which has earned for him throughout all the West the sobriquet of 'Honest old Abe.' As a speaker he is ready, fluent, and racy, and his extempore addresses, like his conversation, abound with rough but expressive idioms taken from Western life. He employs but little gesticulation; but when he desires to 'make a point,' he produces a shrug of his shoulders, an elevation of his eyebrows, a depression of the corners of his mouth, and a general malformation of countenance, so comically awkward as to excite a merriment which his words could never produce.

When he left his humble home in Illinois for the dubious honours and certain miseries of the Presidential chair, his old friends and

townsmen accompanied him to the railroad station, perhaps expecting that he would break the seal of his four months' silence by an intimation of his future policy. But, ignoring pretension and the prospects of ovation and position, he turned to his friends, and, with tearful eyes and trembling voice, asked them to pray for him when at the post of duty; and the brief and heartfelt response, 'We will pray for you,' was the last home echo which fell upon his ears as the cars whirled him away on his perilous journey. Every devout heart must rejoice that Lincoln, awed by the prospect of his fearful responsibilities, recognised an overruling Providence so simply and honestly. He left his home to enter upon a course, the issues of which were hidden by the darkest clouds which had ever hung over his country. He saw the Union dismembered, full of dissension and full of fear, and realized that upon him more than upon any other man rested its future destinies. He saw arrayed against his rule a band of rebellious States; he saw that, during his administration, the strength of the Government would be tested; that Providence had called him to preside over the changes of a great historical epoch, and that the eyes of the civilized world were upon him.

No scene at Washington was ever so mournful or so impressive as Lincoln's inauguration on March 4. Around that tall, ungainly figure, which stood upon the steps of the Capitol above the multitude, more of fear, anxiety, and hope clustered, than above any former President. For the first time in American history, bayonets bristled and cannon frowned around the Federal capital. Familiar faces were seen no more; friends, whose presence had lent lustre to many preceding inaugurations, in distant States were ranged in the malignant attitude of foes; and every ear was straining to hear whether

'The long stern swell
Which bids the soldier close,'

were coming up on the soft southern breezes. Seven States had seceded, others were hanging to the Union by a thread; forts, arsenals, mints, sub-treasuries, had been seized; Forts Sumter and Pickens were beleaguered; insurgents were in possession of nearly every stronghold on the Atlantic, from North Carolina to the Texan frontier; and a hostile Congress and President, sitting at Montgomery, were providing the sinews of war, and threatening an appeal to the bloody arbitrament of the sword.

The inaugural address made under these circumstances, is of necessity a document of singular interest. It does not rise to the

magnitude of the crisis, but discusses its aspects, brushing aside all other matters as of trifling consequence. With his eye on the wavering border States, Lincoln assures them that their rights and property have nothing to fear from his administration, asserting his purpose to defend equally and constitutionally the rights and interests of all the States. He affirms the obligation of the law for the rendition of fugitive slaves, condemning by implication the 'Personal Liberty Bills,' and suggests that an act may be framed which should accomplish the same object without the risk of being instrumental in the enslavement of free men; but, in the same connection, reminds the South of one of her odious and vexatious violations of the Federal compact. He attempts to meet the Secession question by the official quibble, to which we have before referred, declaring that, even if the Union be a mere contract, it cannot be broken but by the consent of all the parties to it; and as the Constitution makes no provision for secession, he must officially regard the Union as entire, and execute the laws in all the States, as far as he is supplied with the necessary powers. He decided against thrusting strangers into the Federal offices in the seceding States, and promises that the mails will be furnished to them unless repelled, and that every effort will be made to secure a peaceful solution of existing difficulties. He appeals to the disaffected to consider whether their rights, under the Constitution, do not remain to them; and whether, by refusing to acquiesce in the will of the majority, they are not striking at the foundation of popular government. For a settlement of the present controversy, if any fresh negotiations are needed, he favours a national convention. After recommending prudence and deliberation, and admonishing the malcontents, that if there is war they will be the aggressors, he concludes with a hope, of which we cannot believe that his sober judgment ever expected the realization—'The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.' It is to be observed that, although Lincoln speaks of executing the laws in the seceding States, he refers the matter entirely to his masters, the American people, and reserves the right to modify and change his policy by the course of current events.

In this address, Lincoln rather defined the constitutional limits of his position than his future policy. He can only be bound by the Chicago platform within the limits of the

Constitution. He entered office, as the servant of the people, to sustain and carry out that Constitution. Whatever his political and ethical theories may be, by it their action must be restrained. He was elected, not as the partisan of a sectional interest, but as President of the United States. That Union comprises Virginia and Missouri, as well as Illinois and Massachusetts. When he took the oath to the Constitution, he vowed as solemnly to execute its Fourth Article, section 2, on which the fugitive slave law is founded, as section 4 of the same Article, which guarantees to each State a republican form of government. Whatever amendments to the Constitution might hereafter be framed, were not within the scope of his official vision. It is to the limitations of the Federal Government, under the Constitution, that we must attribute most of the vagueness, scantiness, and apparent irresolution of Lincoln's address. There are, however, points which he might have touched more satisfactorily, two of which he has almost altogether ignored. He is as surely bound to the putting down of the slave trade, as to the rendition of fugitive slaves; and he is silent on this subject, on which he might have given us satisfactory assurances that the repulsive traffic should no longer be winked at by the administration, and that the American flag should cease to cover it with impunity. The Morrill Tariff—one of the most insane pieces of retrograde legislation ever placed upon a nation's statute-book—is left unnoticed also, when a suggestion of the propriety or possibility of its repeal would have been an act of justice to the border and north-western States, and a friendly overture to the European Powers, so likely to be dazzled by the low duties of the Montgomery Tariff. The formal quibble, by which he asserts that the seceded States are still in the Union, is very reprehensible, even if its only object was to gain *time*, which Seward declared to be the 'great solvent of present difficulties.' It accords most unfortunately with the first great act of his administration, the order for the evacuation of Fort Sumter,* which, however necessary on strategic grounds, is a confession of weakness before the whole world, and of total incapacity to 'execute the laws in the seceded States.' It was worse than useless to take a stand on the *de jure* aspects of secession, when the Confederate States *de facto* were an independent Government. To all intents and purposes, while Lincoln was arguing this

point, the seven States were as independent of Federal as of British rule. The Federal Government has there no State governors recognising its authority, and no officers to execute its laws or collect its revenue. The new nation had its President and Congress, its flag, its mint, its army, and its distinct export and import duties. New York and Boston were as much foreign ports to the collectors of customs at Mobile and Savannah, as Valparaiso and Liverpool. The only remaining tie was, that the Federal Government still continued to perform the slavish function of carrying the mails for a people incapable of carrying them for themselves.

After recognising these defects, and making every allowance for the constitutional limitation of the executive power, we must admit that the address is discreet, constitutional, and national, and avoids the error of giving pledges which it is impossible to fulfil. The lucid exposition of the constitutional position of the President, and the subsequent attitude and acts of the administration, taken in connection with the accomplished fact of secession, argue in favour of an inherent faultiness in the original compact, tending to a growing weakness in the national Government, till at length, in the presence of circumstances—the natural result of forces which have been at work since the era of Independence—the Federal authority is left as a mere 'grinning mockery of power,' from which patriotism has nothing to hope, and insurrection nothing to fear.

Since the inauguration, wherever Lincoln has been unfettered in action, he has shown an honest fidelity to his anti-slavery principles, overstepping perhaps even the bounds of prudence, in conferring leading foreign missions upon such men as Burlingame and Schurz, who are obnoxious to the more moderate section of the Republican party. His Cabinet is discreetly chosen, combining in Seward and Chase the Radical and Conservative elements of Republicanism. The political significance which attaches to the appointment of the profound, astute, and comprehensive New York senator to the position of Secretary of State and chief adviser of the new Government, cannot be overlooked. Rising like a giant above the horde of public men of mean ability and easy virtue, Seward, with the single exception of Crittenden, is the only man in America who displays a genius for statesmanship, as distinguished from political adroitness and jugglery. Mental powers of the highest order, thirty years spent in public life, and in the study of the science of government and the political history of nations, a personal and political character free from the slightest stain

* Although this has been constantly asserted, and General Scott's opinion of the impossibility of relieving the fort has been frequently quoted, there is still a doubt whether the order has been actually issued.

of dishonour and inconsistency, a profoundly philosophical intellect, a far-reaching foresight, a comprehensive judgment, a regard for the weal of the whole nation, and for those sacred principles of liberty and right, which are the foundation of national prosperity,—fit him, better than any other public man, for the helm of affairs in these troublous times. For thirty years he has been eminent in the national history, eschewing the ephemera of the hour, disdaining all appeals to popular passions and prejudices, and standing firmly out against those frantic impulses by which the country has been occasionally swayed, earning exclusion from the Presidential chair, but a universal reputation for far-seeing and comprehensive judgment, causing his utterances to be received as oracles in all problems of State. No fact illustrated more forcibly the confusion among public men, than that Seward for a moment bent like a willow wand before the storm, treating secession at first like a passing frenzy, then suggesting compromises to save a Union that was already gone, and running after the dismembered empire like a child after a lost toy.

The history of the American government, since Nov. 9, has been one of the most pitiable that ever disgraced a nation. Buchanan aiding and fostering treason till he shrank from the menacing spectre he had raised; yielding and temporizing when firmness was required, firm when firmness could only exasperate; finally neutral, irresolute, vacillating; signing away his country's commercial interests as his last act of official incapacity;—Lincoln's assuming a power which has scarcely substance enough to cast even the faintest shadow over those States which profess to acknowledge it; proclaiming his powerlessness to the nation and to the world in his inaugural address; his administration manacled and paralysed by the acts of its predecessor; neither taking the last step firmly on the path of surrender, nor the first on that of the inevitable recognition of the new confederacy; incapable of giving a distinct affirmation of its rights and purposes; sacrificing the last remnants of national prestige and strength; descending into the lowest depths of national humiliation; great in honesty of purpose, contemptible in total incapacity for action;—the Union itself falling to pieces under the weight of its own institutions, the vaunted Federal tie no stronger in an emergency than a rope of sand, and the Federal Government a symbol of confusion, humiliation, and contempt, in the sight of the armed despotisms and constitutional monarchies of Europe.

It would be altogether premature and useless to speculate on the future policy of a

Government which shapes its course by the events of the hour, and has a changeable and impulsive people for its recognised master. The questions now before the administration are of a most difficult and complex nature, and may require years for their solution. We apprehend that all hope of reconciliation with the Gulf States has passed away from the minds of even the most sanguine Unionists. Two decided courses are now open to the Government,—the first, to regard the seceding States as still under Federal authority, and by naval blockade close the Southern ports of entry, or collect the tariff dues on board; the second, to recognise secession as an accomplished fact, and treat with the Confederate States for an amicable and equitable solution of existing difficulties. The most important of these at present are regarding the tariff and the seizure of the Federal property; but the boundary question is likely to be more formidable in the future, as the Southern Congress is certain to claim all territory south of 36° 30' for the realization of its 'idea.'

However indisposed the Administration may be to the adoption of a decided policy, its necessities and circumstances cannot admit of much longer delay. The Morrill Tariff, the offspring of the selfishness of the New England manufacturers and the Pennsylvania iron-masters, framed in a blind adherence to the protective principle, and an equally blind prejudice against direct taxation for national purposes, came into operation on April 1st, and is a gross injustice to the North-western as well as to the Border States. Meantime, the South is supplying itself with goods under the low tariff of 1857; and there is no doubt, that if the mission of its commissioners to Europe be successful, the Montgomery Tariff will become Confederate law during this present month (May). The proposed duties are 100 per cent. lower on most articles than those of the Morrill Tariff, while many are to be admitted free of duty altogether. The Morrill Tariff mixes up most grotesquely the specific and *ad valorem* modes of imposing duties, and is otherwise complicated and unintelligible, while that of the South is simple and straightforward. The North-west is already making arrangements for supplying itself with foreign goods through Mississippi ports, and without recognising the independence of the seceded States, and establishing the costly and cumbersome machinery of custom-houses along their northern frontier, this gigantic loss to the revenue cannot be prevented. A special session of Congress will probably be called to enable the President to act in this and other matters.

The difficulties of the Administration are further complicated by the adherence of Arkansas and the Border slave States to the Union. There is an evident disposition on the part of some influential persons to procrastinate until the Virginia Convention, and a probable Border States Convention, have given decision; and we are not without apprehension, that the malevolent machinations of Douglas, and the fear of losing these States, may lead to concessions and compromises, which will destroy the political identity of the Republican party. The seceding States have held a threat over these slave-raising States, of prohibiting the importation of slaves from them, except under heavy duties; but as the South cannot re-open the slave trade—and her existence depends upon a supply of slave labour—she cannot enforce it; and if the Southern slave markets remain open, we believe that the northern slave-raising States would find it their interest to remain in the Union, which ensures to their property the protection of the fugitive slave law. If they should be forced out by that reckless, lawless class in which three of them abound, they will probably return at no distant period, or as soon as the interests of freedom shall preponderate over the slave-raising interests.

Delaware has only 2000 slaves in a population of 100,000. In ten years she has undergone a decrease of 785 slaves, or 34½ per cent., sufficient in twenty years to destroy the slave element in that State. Maryland has only 87,000 slaves in a population of 700,000, and they have decreased by 3000 in ten years. She is rapidly becoming a free State, and all her interests point in that direction. Nearly her only tie to slavery, is the profit her few slaveholders obtain from the sale of their surplus labour to the South. Virginia, the most populous of all the slave States, has less than half a million slaves in a population of a million and a half; and while her free population is increasing at the rate of 15½ per cent., the slave element only shows a progress of 5 per cent. Kentucky has only 200,000 slaves in a population of nearly a million; her free population is increasing at the rate of 12 per cent., and her slave population only 7 per cent.; and she is freeing herself from the curse of slave labour more rapidly than Virginia. Missouri has 100,000 slaves in a population of half a million, but the slave population has only increased 32 per cent. in the last ten years, while the free population has increased 83 per cent.; and the certainty that she will become a free State in a few years, rivalling Illinois in population and wealth, is recognised and accepted by her people. The

material interests of four of these States are tending to the same result; and whatever decision may be forced upon them now, the 'inexorable logic of facts' may be relied upon to convince them ere long, that nothing would be worse for them than to be tied to the destinies of an exclusively slaveholding Republic. But the reckless, juggling American politicians of the present day, with two or three honourable exceptions, rarely look into futurity, or at any other than selfish or sectional interests, and, unless restrained by better influences, may overlook the foregoing considerations, and sacrifice the little of national honour that remains to the apparent exigencies of the hour.

We cannot regard the secession of the seven States as anything but an accomplished fact, beyond the power of the Federal Government to alter. The 'grievances' set forth in their declaration must remain the same. The first and greatest of these was, that 'the fugitive slave law is set at naught by the Personal Liberty Acts of some of the free States, and is grossly evaded in all.' This grievance has a very small foundation. These laws were partly designed as a protection to free negroes, who were constantly carried away to the South, and also to embarrass and obstruct the fugitive slave law; but as they cannot practically accomplish even that, much less prevent the final rendition of a claimed negro, they are quite a useless irritant. It is important to remark, that although they may constitute a ground of quarrel between the South and individual States, it cannot lay a solitary charge against the *Federal Government* regarding the faithful execution of the law of 1850; for, through its judicial and executive officers it has persistently discharged the odious obligation. While section 2 of Article 3, and section 2 of Article 4, have been feebly carried out in the first instance, and totally nullified in the last, out of deference to the South, the law founded on the last clause of section 2 of Article 4 has been faithfully executed against the hostile feeling of the whole North. Therefore this grievance falls to the ground, for the Federal Government is the party bound, not the State authorities; and as long as it is faithful to the contract, there is no violation of the Federal compact, the law being designed to carry into execution a Federal prerogative by Federal officers, not by State officials, who cannot *legally* be required to perform the duty.

Another grievance is, 'that the South has lost its equality in the Union, and is denied equal rights with the North;' and the vagueness of this statement renders it a valuable popular outcry. It generally refers to the

territories; and the complaint is, that while Northerners are allowed to take every species of property with them into this neutral ground, Southerners are excluded from settling there with what the laws of their States declare to be property. The South can take into the territories just such property as the North can, according to Republican opinion. But, in fact, slaves are taken now into the territories, and are held there by decision of the Supreme Court, although it was the opinion of all American statesmen until the time of Calhoun, that slavery rested on the *lex loci* of the several States; therefore it could not exist in districts where there is no law to create and enforce it. 'Equal control over the government' is another point raised under this head, but it is not equality but despotic power which the South desires; in fact, that 350,000 shall equal 20,000,000. It has, by the Constitution, more than it is entitled to ask. Slave property, and no other property, is represented in the national Legislature. Florida, with only 47,000 white inhabitants, is equally represented in the Senate with New York, with 3,000,000; and 25,000 slaveholders in South Carolina have as much control over the government as 2,500,000 people in Pennsylvania.

Two other 'grievances' may be placed in one category; 'the interference of abolitionists with the slaves,' and, 'the moral attitude of the North regarding slavery.' The first is doubtless of a most serious and exasperating nature; for, among the felt evils of slavery, the liability to incendiarism is the greatest. For the conduct of some Northern fanatics in appealing to the worst passions of an excitable race, urging them to rise upon their masters, no apology can be offered; it is offensive, impolitic, and wicked, and, if successful, would inaugurate such a reign of blood, terror, and rapine as the world has never seen. But to charge the offences of a small band of abolitionists upon the North which generally repudiates them, is preposterous, and certainly secession is not the remedy. With respect to the second, the North has an undoubted right to frame its own ethical code; and there is nothing in the Constitution binding it to the acceptance of any particular theory about slavery. The States, however, are not given to moral theorizing, and we are not aware that they have attempted to settle the question. It is true, as this 'declaration asserts, that the free States have permitted the establishment of anti-slavery societies; but the Constitution does not bind the people of any State to silence on any subject. The slaveholders have had the remedy in their own hands. If, instead of seeking to extend and national-

ize their institution, they had made judicious and consistent efforts to extinguish slavery, the sympathies of the North would have been enlisted in their favour. We regret the disposition to harsh and vituperative language evinced by a portion of the Northern pulpit and press. We are all in daily need of mercy, and we dare not put any beyond the pale of our charity for whom Christ died, and on whom God's sun shines and His rains descend. The South has yet to learn, through the medium of some terrible lessons, that the universal brotherhood of man stands on the same platform as the universal Fatherhood of God, and that there is a statute of undoubted authority and universal application more binding than the mere letter of law or gospel, on which the North may securely rest her condemnation of slavery.

It shows the real point and ground of the whole matter, that these grievances are brought far more prominently forward than that of the Federal Tariff Law, under which the South really suffers a hardship. But we must look beyond any of them for the true causes of secession. The free States of the country, notwithstanding their disadvantages of soil and climate, were prospering, while the slave States were not advancing in a corresponding degree. The North was absorbing all the vigorous voluntary labour of European immigration: it was rich, it was covered with profitable railroads; it was full of schools and general intelligence, while the South was poor, and frequently obliged to pledge its coming crop for the necessaries of the present year. Certain disagreeable facts became increasingly prominent. In 1790 the population of the slave States was larger than that of the free by 66,007 persons. In 1860 the number of square miles possessed by the South largely exceeded that of the North, but Northern population was ahead of Southern by 5,443,870 persons. The rate at which population (owing of course in great measure to immigration) increased in the free States in the last ten years was 41 per cent., in the slave States 29 per cent. The only decrease in city population which the last census recorded was of nearly 3000 souls in Charleston. Virginia, which in 1790 had the first place in population, had sunk to the fifth in 1860. Of eight States which contained over a million inhabitants, only two were slave States; and of twenty-one cities containing over 40,000 inhabitants, only five were Southern cities. The imports into the States south of Maryland in 1859 amounted to 13,000,000 dollars, or one-twentieth only of the whole importation of the country. A revenue was derived from the Post Office in the free States, while in the slave States the

expenditure exceeded the receipts annually by 3,500,000 dollars. The total agricultural and manufactured products of the North were 60 per cent. in value above those of the South. The North contributed five-sixths of the Federal revenue; even including cotton the exports of the South were 22,000,000 dollars below those of the North, and the imports of the free States exceeded those of the slave States by 216,000,000 dollars. The improved lands in the South were only as 10 per cent. against 15 per cent. in the North, and land thus occupied was worth 6 dollars per acre in the slave States, and 19 dollars in the free States. When we add to these considerations, that the proportional representation gives the free States 150 representatives, and the slave States only 84, and that the economic exigencies of slavery require new territory to replace the overrun and exhausted lands of its reckless and nomadic cotton cultivation, we can understand how the South, groaning under these disabilities, and wilfully blind to their cause, adopted the idea that the North was the vampire which lived upon it and sucked its blood; and that connection with the North was the fatal incubus which pressed it to the ground. In the list of grievances put forward, the seceders have not been honest with themselves or the country. They raise false issues and conceal the true ones. They go out to gratify the mad ambition of their party leaders, who, because they have lost the control of the Union, seek its destruction that they may rule a fragment of it—the avarice of their commercial men, who gloat over the riches to be poured into their coffers by free trade—and the craving demands of their planters for new territory and fertile soil. They go out to rid themselves of the moral coercion of Northern sentiment, to pursue that brilliant *ignis fatuus* of a tropical destiny which for ever floats before the eyes of their politicians, and to found an empire of which slavery shall be the distinctive characteristic and controlling interest.

Therefore, whatever line of policy the Administration may drift into—whether ‘coercion,’ or ‘recognition,’ or ‘masterly inactivity’—whether the inevitable disputes are settled peaceably or are referred to the ‘bloody arbitrament of the sword,’ by which neither of the contending parties shall be the gainer,—our opinion is, that the cotton States are gone, and that, in fulfilment of their ‘manifest destiny,’ they have shaken the dust from off their feet, and never more, *under the present constitution*, will re-enter the door of the American Union.

Another twenty years, in all probability, will solve the problem of the future of the

two Republics. It is under the banner of ‘King Cotton’ that the Gulf States have marched out of the American Union; and as cotton has dictated their policy, so it promises to shape their destiny. At the moment when the short-sighted slaveholder, reasoning from the fact that cotton lands and cotton slaves are annually rising in value, is boasting that the earth is becoming tributary to him, his huge monopoly is preparing to fulfil the law by which sooner or later all monopolies must fall. The seceding leaders have duly estimated the stake which Europe has in their cotton-growing capabilities. England, from whose anti-slavery proclivities they have most to fear, cannot, they argue, afford to quarrel with them on ethical or philanthropic grounds, while 4,000,000 of her people are dependent on their staple production. Full well they know that the British cotton-spinner’s mind is in perpetual anxiety about the supply of the raw material, and keenly sensitive to May frosts, October storms, and rumours of a servile insurrection or an American ‘difficulty.’

No trade has ever grown so rapidly or assumed such gigantic proportions. In 1800 our imports of cotton were 370,320 lbs., and the value of our cotton exports, L.3,000,000; in 1860 our imports were 1,435,840,000 lbs., and the value of our exports between forty and fifty millions sterling! The amount of capital invested in the cotton manufactures of this country is between L.60,000,000 and L.70,000,000 sterling. Great Britain alone consumes annually L.24,000,000 worth of cotton goods. Our imports of the raw material are valued at L.30,000,000. The cotton demand is daily increasing; and as the future augmentation of the supply of human clothing must be met almost entirely by cotton, the fact becomes painfully significant, that, of the already enormous quantity imported, America supplies us with five-sevenths of the whole. Our total imports in 1860 were 13,367,046 bales, being an increase over last year of 536,400 bales, and of this increase America furnished 460,424 bales.

The prospect of a short supply of American cotton for some time to come, owing to the dissensions in the country, naturally produces great apprehension, but at the same time is bringing out the fact that the production of the comparatively neglected cotton regions of the earth may be made capable of keeping pace with the demand. In a notice of these capacities, the statistics of an exceptional year are of no value; therefore we take the data furnished by the returns of the seven years from 1850 to 1857. During that period the increase of 300,000,000 lbs.,

in round numbers, in our imports of cotton was furnished by the following countries:—

United States, . . .	161,604,906 pounds.
Egypt, . . .	5,910,730 "
West Indies, . . .	1,184,667 "
East Indies, . . .	181,465,402 "
Africa and others, . . .	5,895,462 "

If we take the fourteen years from 1843 to 1857, we find that the cotton countries increased their shipments to England as follows:—

United States, . . .	15 per cent.
Egypt, . . .	140 "
Brazil, . . .	54 "
East Indies, . . .	288 "
Africa, . . .	300 "

If we take the import of 1857 as the basis, and assume the increase of the fourteen succeeding years to be in the same ratio, the rate of increase in 1871 will be as follows:—

United States, . . .	752,911,754 pounds.
East Indies, . . .	720,978,858 "
Brazil, . . .	45,464,464 "
Egypt, . . .	31,216,849 "
Africa and others, . . .	23,758,480 "

In this estimate we have not taken into account the opening of new fields, the stimulus given to free growth by British capital and enterprise, and the possibility that the present enormous American rate of increase may be checked for a time by domestic dissension. The probabilities are, that in 1871 the free labour countries will be able to produce nearly as much cotton as the increased British consumption will require; and with this change, and its accompanying revolution in price, the great Southern monopoly must inevitably be broken up. India will then rival the United States in her production—Africa, begirt with free settlements, will supply us with millions of pounds—Greece and Turkey are beginning cotton cultivation—Cyprus has devoted 80,000 acres to it—and Tunis and Australia are moving in the same direction. The great difficulties are the cleaning of the raw material and its inland carriage; but the first can be overcome by perseverance, and British energy and capital will accomplish the last by means of railroads and light draught steamers. In fact, so strong is the resolve not to be dependent upon slave-grown cotton, that stimulating production and cheapening carriage are merely questions of time. In parts of Africa the natives are satisfied with a halfpenny a pound on uncleaned cotton, and cleaned cotton, worth 8d. a pound in Liverpool, can be bought on the Niger for 3d. per pound. In India industry is cheap and abundant, and

in most of the free labour countries a great item in the cost of production is saved by the plant being a perennial. Allowing for a great rise in the value of labour, two continents will be able to undersell America,—cotton being raised in the United States by 'cotton hands' who cost their owners L.250 a-piece, and in Africa and India by men who own themselves, and are satisfied with 4d. a-day; while the South cannot diminish the cost of production to any great extent, for the re-opening of the slave trade is impossible. Never before have geographical discovery, religious effort, commercial enterprise, and philanthropic ardour pointed so unanimously in the same direction, forecasting the probability that cotton, which has shaped the Southern policy and has founded the new empire, will be, under the operation of a re-tributive Providence, the means of the overthrow of Southern slavery and Southern power together.

Various other perils of a lesser but more immediate nature menace the Confederate States, unless they are temporarily compacted by Federal coercion. The cotton States of necessity desire cheap labour. Three of them have openly avowed their wish to procure it by the re-opening of the slave trade. Mr. Yancey, of Alabama, one of their commissioners now in Europe, publicly declared that, if 'the North has the right to import asses from Spain, the South has an equal right to import negroes from Africa.' To gain this right was an undoubted motive of secession. South Carolina is already aggrieved with the Montgomery prohibition of the slave trade—the sacrifice to European opinion and Border States incertitude; and the right of secession having been recognised, there is nothing to prevent her or any other of the seven States from becoming independent, and attempting to revive the slave trade through the convenient medium of Cuba.

Revenue is another difficulty. The Southern Congress demands a loan of 15,000,000 dollars for present necessities; and probably, as the interest of 8 per cent. is secured by an export duty on cotton, the principal will be subscribed within the seceding States. But when the storm of passion has passed by, and further sums are required for future exigencies, to pay a standing army, to build and equip a navy, to carry the mails, and to guard a frontier exposed to the incursions of predatory tribes, we apprehend serious financial embarrassments. What capitalists will lend their money upon the security of a Government which may at any time tumble to pieces upon any disputed subject; and upon the pledge of States which, in the

event of other secessions, will fail to recognise any individual obligations to the public creditor,—States, two of which have repudiated their debts, and which own for their chief magistrate the dishonoured apostle of repudiation? The revenue must be raised by direct taxation, a measure most odious in America, and which is likely to inflame that immense class of ‘poor whites’ who, owning no slaves, and being too poor to buy any, have lent their lawless energies and strength to the secession movement with very different expectations. These men are demoralized, lazy, brutal, the moral gangrene and cancer of the South; reckless, warlike, unscrupulous, the stuff out of which border-ruffians, filibusters, and slave-hunters are made—and their number is *six millions!* What would be the political fate of the lordly owners of the wealth and muscle of the community, if this class, infuriated by disappointment, should turn to them with the question, ‘Shall these men rule over us?’ The danger is increased by the despotic action of the State Conventions, which, in five out of the seven seceding States, have refused to submit the Constitution to the decision of the popular vote. On the injuries which might be inflicted on Southern commerce and interests by Federal coercion, and on various cognate perils, we cannot here enlarge; neither can we offer any detailed speculations upon the probable course of events, in the present incertitude of Northern policy and Border States intentions. We only repeat our conviction, that no Federal act of coercion or conciliation can affect the ultimate results of secession; and that the Border States, if they are driven to join the Confederates, will remain with them only till the process of de-Africanization through which they are passing shall be accomplished.

We shrink from the attempt to dogmatize upon the more remote future of the Confederate Republic, complicated as it is with the destinies of 4,000,000 Africans; for we cannot see any attribute of the righteous Ruler of the universe which can be exercised in favour of an empire founded upon a repudiation of the very essence of Divine law, and the adoption of the barbarous and demoralizing institution of slavery as its central and controlling influence. We do not deny it the prospect of an inflated prosperity under its new commercial code, after its separate existence has been fairly recognised, but we anticipate that such prosperity will be of short duration. We have too much confidence in the justice of the Divine government, to believe in the stability and growth of an empire under such malig-

nant auspices and conditions. The Confederate States may carry their nomadic civilisation to Panama if they will, and Africanize new territories if they can,—finding the land as ‘the garden of Eder,’ and leaving it ‘a desolate wilderness,’—but we believe that ‘the Lone Star of their empire,’ which they boast ‘is attracting their political needle to the tropics,’ will prove the falsest light that ever lured a nation to disaster,—the surest guide to anarchy, confusion, and decay.

The future of the ‘United States’ is a yet more difficult subject for speculation. The warlike policy which is indicated by the latest accounts, appears to us an extraordinary act of tardy resolve on the part of the President, and a proof that the counsels of the Radical Republicans in the Cabinet have prevailed over the mature judgment of the Secretary of State. Southern and Northern commerce may be injured; Southern cities may be devastated; life and treasure may be recklessly expended; privateers by sea, and partisan bands on the frontier, may strike dismay into the commercial heart; homicidal appetites, whetted by the taste of blood, may become ferocious and vindictive on either side, and the world may look on aghast at the spectacle of fierce fratricidal war;—but no advantage to either party can possibly ensue. The fashion of going to war for an ‘idea’ is in danger of being copied in the New World; but nothing in our European prototypes is so preposterous as the ‘idea’ of compelling the seven seceding States by brute force to submit to a Government which they have repudiated, or of purchasing a reputation for political consistency at the price of the miseries of civil war. If a coercive policy had been definitely enunciated as soon as Buchanan, the special providence of the secession movement, vacated the Presidential chair, few objections, except on the score of inutility, could have been urged against it; but if four weeks of ‘masterly inactivity’ are to be succeeded by a sudden warlike determination, the Federal Government will have added to its list of criminal follies.

In the event of war, a special session of Congress would be required, to vote supplies, endow the President with extra powers, and possibly to repeal the odious Morrill Tariff. Whenever the question of separation is settled, either after or without war, a necessity will arise for a National Convention, to arrange the terms of disunion, as Congress has no power, under the Constitution, to provide for such an anomalous state of affairs. Before that time it is to be supposed that the Border States will have made their decision. Possibly several of them, attached

to slavery by prejudice or interest, may temporarily join the cotton Confederacy, leaving Missouri, Delaware, and perhaps Kentucky. This division must involve an enormous sacrifice of national pride; but in wealth, resources, and moral and physical strength, about two-thirds of the Union would remain. It would be competent for the same National Convention to frame such amendments to the Constitution as should relieve the nation from all connection with, and all responsibility for, slavery,—creating a republic in reality as well as in name. By following such a course, except in the mere extent of territory, the United States would scarcely lose any element of power or national influence, while the relief from a source of weakness, disgrace, and fear would more than compensate for other items of loss. Any course of policy dictated by the slave interest of the Border States must inevitably fail; and at no distant period the country would again find itself face to face with the problem which now confronts it, and from which it has been disposed to shrink, in obedience to the dictates of a plausible expediency. Better far that the fifteen slave States should go to shine as lurid, wandering stars in a sable sky, than that the Union should sacrifice truth and righteousness in this dilemma, for the sake of supposed national greatness and commercial prosperity.

The great prospective danger for a reconstructed Union is the possibility that future divergencies may result in further disintegration, continuing until the empire crumble away. The four great divisions which might primarily be formed might in their turn be broken up into petty confederacies, unstable and jealous, existing in constant apprehension of assaults without and treason within, formidable only to each other, and contemptible to all beside; the prey of local interests and ambitions, internecine quarrels, and foreign exactions; unable to protect themselves from insult; and known only in our geographies as 'the obscure Republics of North America.' Neither great achievements nor stupendous infamies could be possible for such confederacies. The stars, whether singly or in small clusters, could only emit thenceforth a glimmering, waning light, and no future combination that might follow the United States could prolong or even renew the majestic march of national progress. In view of such a possibility, the American just stepping on the threshold of life might well weep with all the bitterness of anguish; for the greatness of his country perished prematurely, and exists no more for him or for any that shall come after him.

We are, however, sanguine enough to hope that catastrophes so disastrous to America and the world will be averted. We cannot believe it possible that a people so astute and sagacious as the Americans can pass through the vicissitudes which are before them without learning their deep meaning and practical lessons. We have strong faith in the recuperative powers of the people; and that out of the soil of political corruption and jugglery a race of purer, nobler men will rise, under whose sound statesmanship a reconstructed Union of free States will resolutely cleanse herself from her faults and advance by a stable progress to a far nobler, mightier position than she lost in 1861. It cannot be that the latest born of mighty Protestant nations, the most enlightened, the richest in the heritage of all priceless things, which sages, and martyrs, and patriots have bequeathed to the world, shall fail to fulfil her destiny. To believe in her national suicide would be to believe also that men live only for themselves, to satisfy their own cupidity, to revenge their own wrongs, and gratify their own ambition, rather than for their fellow-men and for posterity. There are moments of frenzied discontent, but there is also a sober after-thought; and we cannot suppose that under its influence the Americans of this generation will disinherit their children of the liberty and glory held only in trust for them, and deprive the world of some of the brightest hopes it has cherished since our race began its slow and painful but wisely appointed progress.

There surely cannot be a *permanent* retrogression and decay in a nation planted in the noblest principles of right and liberty, and combining, in marvellously adjusted proportions, the vigorous and energetic elements of the world's master races, in the midst of which the tone is given and the march is led by that one of them which has never faltered in its onward course, and which is possessed of such tenacity and versatility, that it is everywhere successful. The present calamity and confusion probably form the crucible fires in which the Union is to be 'purified, made white, and tried,' in order that she may take her destined place in the van of the world's progress in Christianity and civilisation, fulfilling in the resistless march of her dominant Anglo-Saxon race across the American continent one grand part of the Divine scheme for the spread of that Gospel, which shall survive all changes, overthrow all evils, and achieve its mightiest triumphs in the later days of our world's history.

POSTSCRIPT TO ARTICLE XI.

SINCE the above paper was written, the intelligence from America has become definitely warlike. The fall of Fort Sumter, after a gallant resistance of 40 hours, is of importance only as inaugurating the conflict by giving the Seceders the *prestige* of the first military success. It is to be hoped that the next attempt of the Administration to reinforce a stronghold may be less unlucky. We view with the

deepest regret the opening of an unnatural fratricidal struggle; but the absolute impossibility of continuing it for any length of time will, we trust, produce a speedier solution of the difficulties out of which it has arisen. We do not, however, imagine that either of the belligerent parties can achieve such a success as would form a *basis for negotiations*, unless by some unfortunate concatenation of circumstances, the Federal Capital should fall into the hands of insurgent bands, aided by Maryland and Virginia.

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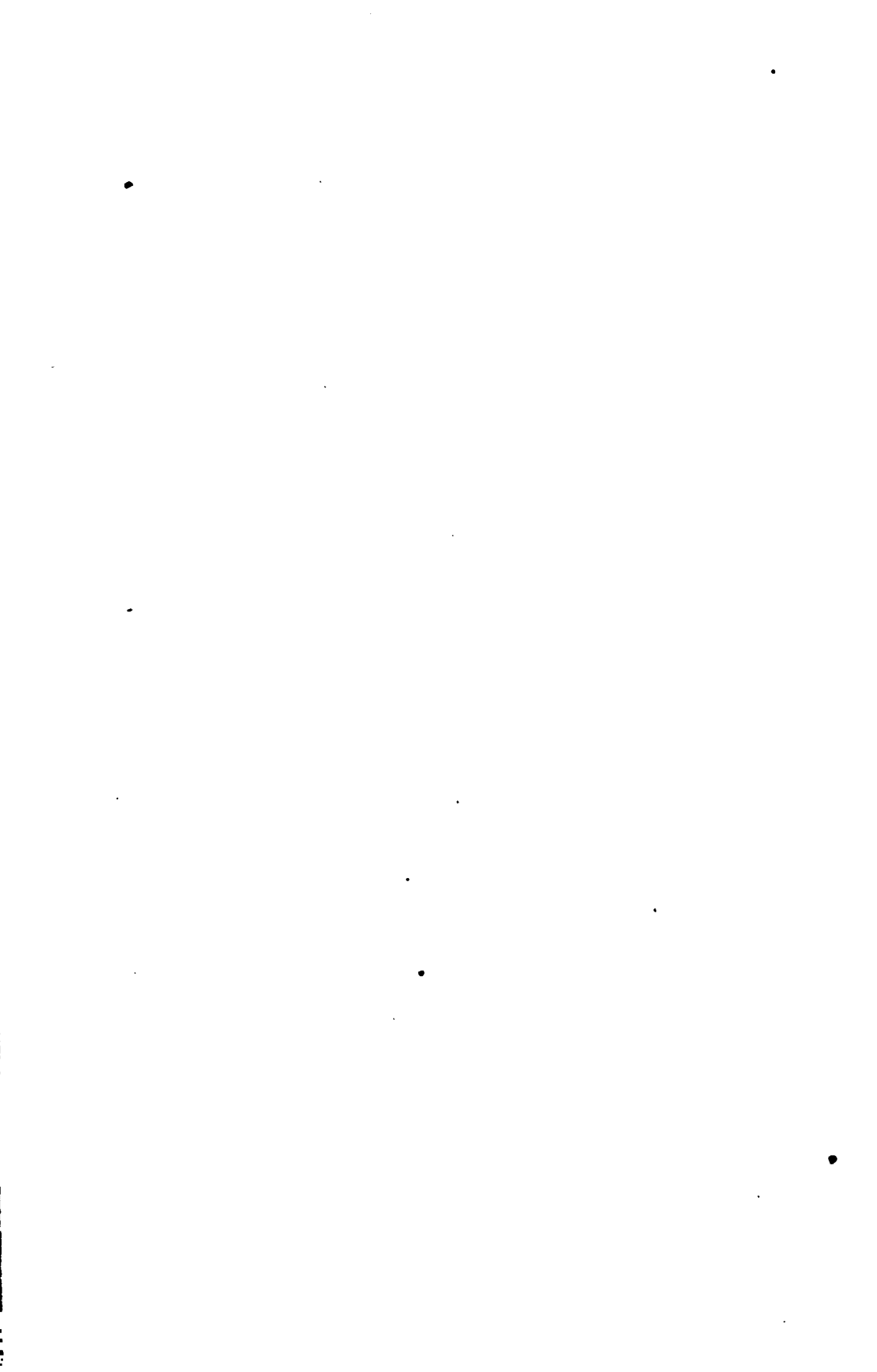
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- ART. I.—1. *Inaugural Address*. By Right Hon. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, D.C.L. and LL.D., Rector of the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1860.
2. *Address to the Graduates in Arts, at the conferring of Degrees by the Vice-Chancellor and Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh; on the 25th April 1860*. By JAMES DAVID FORBES, D.C.L. and LL.D., Principal of the United Colleges, St. Andrews; late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1860.
3. *Graduation under the Medical and Scottish Universities Acts; with some Account of the Origin of Universities and Degrees*. By ROBERT CHRISTISON, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica, and Member of the University Court in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1861.
4. *Inaugural Address*. By EDWARD FRANCIS MAITLAND, LL.D., Rector of the University of Aberdeen. Edinburgh, 1861.
5. *Report of Proceedings before a Committee of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, at White Hall, 16th, 17th, and 18th January, 1861, relative to the Ordinances of the Scottish Universities Commissioners, issued on 6th August 1859, and 19th March 1860, to regulate the Granting of Degrees in Medicine and Surgery in the University of Edinburgh*. Edinburgh, 1861.
6. *A Catalogue of the Graduates in Arts, Divinity, and Law, of the University of Edinburgh, since its Foundation*. Edinburgh, 1858.
7. *Edinburgh University Calendar for 1860-61*.
8. *Ordinance of the Scottish Universities Commissioners, regarding Degrees in Arts in the Universities of Scotland*. Edinburgh Gazette, 26th January 1861.
9. *Regulations of the University of Edinburgh, with reference to Degrees in Arts, and to Graduation in Arts with Honours, for 1862*.
10. *Education in Oxford: its Methods, its Aids, and its Rewards*. By JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS, M.A., Tooke Professor of Economic Science and Statistics, King's College, London; sometime Public Examiner in Oxford; and one of the Delegates of the Oxford Local Examinations. London, 1861.
11. *Pass and Class: an Oxford Guide-Book through the Courses of Literæ Humaniores, Mathematics, Natural Science, and Law and Modern History*. By MONTAGU BARROWS, M.A. Oxford and London, 1860.
12. *Reports of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities Commissions*.
13. *The Oxford, Cambridge, and London University Calendars for 1860*.
14. *Oxford and Cambridge Middle Class Examination Papers, 1858, 1859, 1860*.
15. *University Certificate Examinations; with Suggestions for a Scheme in Scotland similar to the English Middle Class Examinations*. By W. SCOTT DALGLEISH, M.A., Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1860.

THE great Universities of Europe are surely among the most remarkable institutions of mediæval and modern civilisation. The historian has often described "the gradual rise of the commonwealth of European nations from the ruins of the Roman Empire, and the cohesive influence of the Church upon Society during the transition from Pagan Imperialism to the organized states of modern Christendom. The growth of the academical institutions which connected the learned of the middle ages in one great commonwealth of letters, which have guarded education and fostered liberty and civilisation for well-nigh a thousand years, and which, in altered forms, still discharge these high functions in the nineteenth century, is less generally known, although it is hardly less worth the attention

of the philosophical student. Within the last seven hundred years, the nations which were supreme at the commencement of that period, have passed through many revolutions. Schisms have broken up the Church, which has experienced alternations of religious fervour and latitudinarian indifference. The European University, the child of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, has survived these changes; and in our own country, the intellectual force, which in distant times worked beneath the towers of Oxford, or in the humbler halls of Scottish learning, is still vital in these venerable places, illustrating that permanency of academical institutions, as founded on the wants of cultivated human nature, to which Mr. Gladstone referred in his magnificent address at Edinburgh. As the State is needed to fulfil the permanent wants of civil, and the Church of Ecclesiastical life, the University seems the natural and necessary organ of the intellectual life which is the counterpoise and complement of the other two.

The history of the last quarter of a century, as well as the works of which those placed at the head of this article are specimens, manifest a return of activity in the academical institutions of this country. They seem to afford a fit occasion for some remarks, especially on the universities of England and Scotland, their academical polity, and their relation to graduation. We shall avail ourselves of the materials they put before us, regarding the present condition of these great social institutions, for the purpose of comparing them with what universities once were, and with what they may again become. The British universities are at present in a transition state. More than ten years ago a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the University and Colleges of Oxford. Two or three years after, a similar Commission entered on an investigation into the condition of Cambridge. Great and advantageous changes have, in consequence, been initiated, and are now in progress, in these ancient seats of English learning. In 1855 its graduates were incorporated in the University of London. In 1857 a Commission was appointed to inquire into the progress and condition of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. Lastly, in 1858, an Act of Parliament opened the way for changes which introduce a new era in the history of the Scottish universities, and these changes are in the meantime under the direction of the Universities Commissioners. The time is scarcely come for a comprehensive critical summary of the Oxford and Cambridge reforms, and still less for an estimate of the effects of the late Act of Parliament on the Scottish universities. But the academical reformation which is going on around us, and in which

so many of our readers, as members of national universities, are, or ought to be, interested, may justify us in now drawing their attention to the constitution and capabilities of these institutions.

Europe possesses at present nearly a hundred universities. They are to be found in almost every country; but France, Italy, Germany, and Great Britain contain the principal groups. In France, the University of Paris was long looked up to as the centre and chief of all, and was the model on which most of those in Britain were formed.* With the other academical institutions of the kingdom, it disappeared at the Revolution, and was replaced in 1808 by the Imperial University of France, which now comprehends all the educational institutions of the empire. Italy, famous in academical history as the country of the model University of Bologna, and the great school of medicine at Salerno, can at present boast of more than twenty universities, attended by some 12,000 students, and superintended by about 700 professors. Germany, the brain of Europe, contains nearly thirty, ancient and modern, about 20,000 students, and more than 1000 professors. England has four—two ancient, at Oxford and Cambridge, and two modern, in London and Durham; while Scotland has her four ancient universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews. Ireland has Trinity College, Dublin, and the three affiliated colleges of the Queen's University. Besides these, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia, Russia, and Greece, contain among them about thirty universities.

Some of these institutions were founded in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, or even earlier; some in the nineteenth; and many in the intervening period. Their history and constitution are found to vary much in the examples afforded by different countries. The ancient universities of England and of Scotland at present offer two extremes, each different from the mediæval models. The French university differs from the Italian in past history and present organic structure; and both differ from the German. Nevertheless, they are all pervaded by one common idea, and they are virtually co-operating towards one end. Through their students and graduates, the chief proportion of the educated intelligence of the time is associated with them, though defective organization in each, and indeed in all, viewed collectively, permits much of this great intellectual force to go to waste. 'As the proficiencie of learn-

* The learned work of Du Boulay, or the more generally interesting *resumé* by Crevier, contains much curious information regarding the origin and early history of the European universities.

ing,' says Bacon, 'assisteth much in the orders and institutions of universities in the same states and kingdoms, so it would be yet more advanced, if there were more *intelligence mutual between the universities of Europe* than there now is.' The mutual relation of universities, as units in a great European system, which is implied in their elementary constitution, is now even less recognised than it was in their early history, and before Bacon wrote.

It is an old maxim in academical polity, that the university has its foundation in Arts or Philosophy.* The faculties of Theology, Law, and Medicine rest theoretically on the basis of a sufficiently attested preliminary training in liberal knowledge. However far these special or professional faculties have declined from this standard, a perfect system assumes that candidates for theological, legal, and medical degrees have already *graduated* in Arts. The Faculty of Arts is in theory independent of a merely professional utility, and aims exclusively at a liberal culture of the mind and character.† It thus meets another want of which Bacon complained, who 'found it strange, that amongst so many great foundations of colleges in Europe, they are all dedicated to professions, and none left free to arts and sciences at large. For if men judge that learning should be referred to action, they judge well; but in this fall into the error described in the ancient fable, in which the other parts of the body did suppose the stomach had been idle, because it neither performeth the office of motion as the limbs do, nor of sense as the head doth, but yet notwithstanding it is the stomach that digesteth and distributeth to all the rest;—so, if any man doth think philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he doth not consider that all professions are from thence supplied.‡

Viewed comprehensively, the University, thus based on Arts, may be regarded as the *nation or community itself in its highest intellectual form and organisation*; and aiming, from the intellectual point of view, at the full and harmonious development of human

* 'So surpassing,' says Huber, 'was the pre-eminence of Arts, embracing as it did all the old sciences and the new philosophy, that it is even questionable whether the term Faculty is strictly applicable to the Masters of Arts, who are properly the Universitates. The studies of Law and Medicine grew up by the side of Arts, but never gained strength to compete with the last; nor has the principle ever been attacked, that the university has its foundation in Arts.' This picture is illustrated in the early history of the Universities of Paris, Oxford, and Cambridge. Indeed, it can hardly be said that the two English universities have ever existed except as Faculties of Arts.

† *Advancement of Learning*, B. II.

nature in the individual. The university is the nation or the community operating in and through its highest appropriate organ of self-culture. Education and graduation are accordingly the two essential functions of a university. National action, through a national university, implies a *curriculum, or regulated course of preliminary academical life and instruction, and a permanent academical organisation of those who are thus trained or cultured*. The university educates in order that it may associate together those sufficiently educated to form the body of its permanent members. These permanent members may be either resident in one place for study or as teachers, or else, while organically connected with the university, they may be diffused through the nation as its leading minds—its cultured class. An academical institution may fail in its high purpose with reference to either of these ends. The stimulus and guidance which it offers in the preparatory course of study and instruction may be deficient, and it then fails as an educating organ; or it may neglect to retain as its permanent members those whom it educates, which diminishes its power as an organ for testing the progress of education, and for the maintenance of liberal ideas in the commonwealth.

A difference in the relative prominence of these two essential functions is apparent when we compare the universities of Europe. Take, for example, those of Great Britain. In England the former, and in Scotland the latter, of the two offices implied in academical perfection have been in abeyance. Oxford and Cambridge, with a long dormant professoriate, and London, which has never professed to supply college life or professorial instruction at all, illustrates the imperfection or the absence of the educating influences.* The Scottish universities, and especially Edinburgh, in which graduation in Arts has so long been a byword, as well as the academical ignorance and indifference of the Scottish people, illustrate the consequences of that want of an academical organization of thinking minds which is implied in the idea of liberal graduation. A university is not, on the one hand, a merely educating body, which in the end, after a comparatively short course of study, repels those who have availed themselves of its training; nor is it, on the other

* The University of London, founded in 1826, and which now consists of the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, Fellows, and Graduates, is a novelty in academical history. It is only a Board of Examiners, which takes no superintendence of education unless through the influence of examinations open to all wherever educated,—thus neglecting what has been the first and fundamental office of the ancient universities.

hand, a mere board of examiners for degrees, which, on given occasions, seeks to ascertain the possession of a definite amount of knowledge without respect to the manner in which that knowledge has been gained. And our universities may be improved by the repair of the mechanism and agency that promotes either of their two ends which happens most to need restoration.

We do not know any means for elevating the ideas common in Scotland, for example, with regard to the higher education and learning, and for reanimating her ancient intellectual institutions, more likely to be effectual, than an enhancement of the special value of our academical degrees in Arts. The ignorance, indifference, and self-satisfaction of the Scottish people regarding their universities and academical life in general, will continue to discredit the country until liberal graduation is felt to be of the essence of the academical system, and not, as heretofore, an accident and a reproach—at best a vulgar educational test of no permanent value or efficacy. Graduation in Arts in Scotland must become worthy of its illustrious European history, if our universities are to receive that kindly popular support which they have long sought in vain, and are so to recover their place as centres of national unity, that Scotland may, through them, preserve her intellectual distinction in Europe.

We are glad to observe, prominent among the aims of those who are guiding the present onward movement in our Northern Universities, the restoration of graduation in Arts to its place in the academical system, and the association of practical advantages with the degree. The tendency of the late parliamentary Act of reform,*—constituting, as it does, an epoch in the history of our oldest Scottish institutions,—is in this, as in other respects, eminently salutary. It has supplied elements of academical association which admit of a gradual development, as ancient forms of university life are restored, or new ones instituted, and enables those by whom our academical policy is guided to adapt these venerable institutions to the wants of this age in a manner not formerly possible. In combination with the abolition of tests in the lay chairs, it has given to our universities, and especially to Edinburgh, that freedom which, as Huber says, is ‘the most necessary element of all, and which by the

immutable laws of nature, is always an indispensable condition of real and permanent prosperity in the higher intellectual cultivation and its organs.’

The works mentioned at the head of this article supply some interesting statistics of the comparative strength of the two correlative functions of Education and Graduation in the Universities of England and Scotland. In the volume by Professor Rogers, who has known Oxford life for nearly twenty years, and has now given a distinct and judicious critical account of its present condition, we are informed that ‘73 per cent. of those who have matriculated there during that period have proceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.’ He adds, that ‘about 80 per cent. of the Bachelors proceed to the Master’s degree.’ Oxford thus associates with itself as permanent members a large majority of its actual students.

A very different rule obtains in most of the universities of Scotland. It appears, from statistics now before us, that in Edinburgh, during the last thirty years, less than four per cent. of those who have matriculated in the faculty have taken a degree in Arts (when the last three years are excluded, even this average is much reduced). In Glasgow the proportion appears to be below eight per cent., and in St. Andrews below twelve per cent. Aberdeen alone approaches the ratio of the Southern Universities, apparently producing as graduates nearly forty per cent. of the matriculated students. This, however, cannot be held to represent a proportionate measure of academical scholarship and culture.

The cause of this opposite condition of our Northern and Southern Universities is apparent in the fact, that an English degree is academically and socially valuable, while a Scottish degree has hitherto been academically and socially useless. Its consequences may be seen in the difference of tone and sentiment regarding these matters in England and Scotland, in the academical sympathy which is retained through life by large classes of the English people, and in the voluntary liberality which has enriched Oxford and Cambridge since, as before, the Reformation, contrasted with the cold and illiberal neglect to which the people of Scotland have for centuries abandoned their ancient universities, with all their magnificent capabilities, derived from the middle ages, and yet ready to be adapted to modern wants. What Huber says of the German people, may be applied in more than its full extent to us in Scotland. ‘Few of us in Germany,’ he remarks, ‘retain permanently the sympathies of their university life. We Germans incline

* For this Act, the country is indebted to the enlightened energy of the present Lord Justice-Clerk,—whose labours in Parliament as Lord Advocate Inglis, and now as Chairman of the Commission, entitle him to a foremost place among the benefactors of the universities of his country, above all of its metropolitan university.

to regard our academic residence as a contrast to our career in life, rather than as a part of it. Our professors are the only permanent part of our universities. The students are there only for three or four years, without distinctly recognising the university as a whole, or themselves as part of it. In England, on the contrary, the students are led, at least much more than in Germany, to take part in the corporate existence of the university itself. For although, before they attain the Master's degree, their part is but a passive one, yet so many are their hopes, and such too are the rights attached to the degree, so numerous are the inducements connected with the university career, such is the external appearance of the corporation, so great is the impression which the very towers and walls make upon sensitive natures, that a university spirit is generated, which remains long after all outward connection with the splendid colleges on the Isis and the Cam has been broken off.

But if the decay of graduation, and with it the disappearance of the very idea of academical organization, has thus enfeebled and degraded the Scottish Universities, their open gates, comparatively developed professoriate, and broader curriculum, have gone far to restore the balance. Scottish university life, such as it is, has been breathed by large masses of undergraduates, drawn chiefly from the varied middle class of society; and the influence thus received has most advantageously animated these students in later life, although their university has offered them no link of permanent connection with itself. Scotland, with a population of three millions, has about as large a student population at her universities as England, with a population of twenty millions. In no country in Europe does so great a portion of the people pass through the courts of the university as in Scotland. The comparative culture and intelligence which we meet in the Scotch burghs and country parishes, is greatly due to an academical agency for the intellectual elevation of the mass of the people, of which England is destitute.

The college monopoly and narrow gates of Oxford and Cambridge, with their traditional and merely tutorial course of study, are, without doubt, among the causes which are gradually diminishing the relative proportion of their students and graduates to the entire population of the country. If, in North Britain, the university has shrivelled up into an institution for communicating instruction to undergraduates, who are often ill prepared to receive it, in South Britain the college has taken the place of the university; the tutorial system, with its undivided teaching,

stands in the way of the professorial system and a division of labour. While the Southern universities are successful in forming an academical society, and in maintaining a permanent university feeling among its members, the bulk of that society is becoming relatively less, and its character and influence more sectional than national. Even of their graduates, a large proportion, on account of collegiate obstructions and exactions, permit their privileges, as members of Convocation and Senate, to remain in abeyance. 'Of the Masters of Arts in Oxford,' says Professor Rogers, '45 per cent. decline, after graduation, to remain members of Convocation.' There is not a little which Oxford may ponder, and which, we are sure, not a few of its members have already considered, in the following remarks of this not unfriendly critic:—

'It is not easy,' he says, 'to conceive a scheme which is more likely to prevent the enlargement of the university, and the improvement of study in the place, and of the practical faculties of its recognised teachers, than this statute-like monopoly of the existing Colleges and Halls. Freed from all considerations except those of merely filling their rooms, the authorities of these societies enjoy all the advantages which the prestige and endowments of the University possess, without any claim being made upon their energies beyond the routine of the books they read when they were undergraduates themselves, and the traditional jargon of college lectures. Nothing but the rivalry of one or two among the Colleges raises this state of things above the dead level of a uniform dullness. And the consequences on the relations between the Universities and the country are even more deplorable. With a population greatly increased, and with national wealth enlarged by one-half, if not actually doubled, with general and special education still more extensively enlarged within these twenty years, the number of undergraduates in the University has absolutely declined within this period, and the sympathies of the nation with its ancient academies have grown weaker and weaker. Men care less and less for academical distinctions, know less and less of academical learning, feel less and less the immediate influence of academical training, and the connection between the Universities and the Church bids fair to be the only link between the country and its noblest corporation.'—(Pp. 101-2.)

The charges alleged against Oxford may be briefly stated. More than two centuries ago the University was remodelled by Laud, and the tendency of the changes then introduced was to invest the colleges with the academical influence originally possessed by the graduates as members of the university. Connection with one of the existing Colleges and Halls has been made essential to membership in the university; the examinations for

degrees have been regulated by the instruction which the college tutors were able and willing to supply; and the enormous resources of Scholarships and Fellowships have been bestowed on other grounds than merit. The professoriate disappeared, because the way to the professor's class-room was thus barred, and because the higher instruction of a professor, devoting an originating and guiding mind to a special science, was irrelevant in the preparation required for graduation. The professor's chair—the appropriate place for matured and influential minds—was all but abandoned by Oxford. Minds of that order, having no proper vocation, withdrew from the university into the high places of the Church or the literary profession, and the guidance of the greatest intellectual institution of the country was necessarily committed to men comparatively young, who were willing to act as tutors in colleges, until the way was open to a country living, or some other extra-academical object in life. The tendency of these influences, at once to diminish the influx of students, and to weaken the power of the university as the intellectual leader of England, is obvious.

The Oxford Reform, recently initiated and still in progress, was meant to correct these abuses, consequent, in a great measure, on the constitution of Laud. It has already done much in the way of opening Scholarships and Fellowships to merit, endowing and organizing a Professoriate, and generally in associating, to a greater extent than heretofore, academical work with the vast secular resources of Oxford. The complaint of Professor Rogers is, that it has not done enough. The university, he says, is still paralysed by the colleges—the professorial by the tutorial system; and this renders university education too expensive, and also ecclesiastically exclusive. His remedy is to open a way to the Professor's class-room, and the degree in Arts, which shall not necessarily pass through a College or a Hall, thus rendering the University of Oxford available to the middle classes and the Dissenters.

We are not sure that Oxford and Cambridge can ever become national in the manner proposed, without losing more than they gain. We see many advantages in the maintenance of the collegiate system in some of our British universities; and, under the revolutionary remedy of Professor Rogers, we see little hope for its permanence, in the only universities in Europe in which for ages it has been the distinctive feature, and that in a form which appeals deeply to the sensibilities and the imagination of the English people. We do not see our way to liberate the university from connection with the colleges, and

from the legislative power of the Heads of Houses, by an entire abolition of the rule which now necessarily connects membership in a college with the membership of the university, or by the indiscriminate recognition of free trade in teaching and learning on the part of graduates and undergraduates. We look for as full a restoration of the nationality of these universities as is practicable, or perhaps desirable, from the improvement of the colleges already in progress, including the better application of their vast resources, the occasional institution of new Halls, and the gradual consolidation, under a system of patronage which shall regard merit alone, of a professoriate avowedly discharging a practical office among the educating influences of the place,—especially when this internal reform is connected with that system of Middle Class Examinations, which carries academical influences, in an attenuated form it is true, to distant localities in England, and of the results of which we are glad to find Professor Rogers already reporting so favourably.

It cannot be denied that the best friends of Oxford have reason to complain of an expenditure of resources far greater than those possessed by any academical institution in the world, with comparatively scanty results, at least of a purely intellectual kind. The endowments of the university are comparatively small; but those connected with the colleges are probably little short of half a million annually. Yet Oxford has depended on Germany for its scholarship, and on Germany, France, and Scotland for its philosophy. If Scotland has been deficient in philosophical learning, Oxford, for reasons some of which we have just suggested, has not yet produced an independent school in philosophy. The greatest English names, in the highest walks of science and philosophy, for the last two centuries and more, have for the most part risen outside the universities, while most of the great names in Scotland, of the same period, have shed lustre on her professorial chairs, and transmitted from thence their social influence. To look at one part of literature alone, Bacon was a stranger to his own university, and Locke was expelled from Oxford, which discouraged afterwards the reading of his great book; while neither Clark, Hartley, Priestly, Tucker, Coleridge, nor the Mills, held any academical office. But we must not overlook recent symptoms of an advantageous change, which may be expected to advance, under wiser and more cautious guidance, as the new Oxford and Cambridge professoriate retains the most powerful minds of the university, endowed with wisdom and experience, for its permanent residents and intellectual leaders. It is

well known that not a few men highly distinguished for thought and learning, and surrounded by large classes of students, now occupy professorial chairs in Oxford. The names of Stanley, Mansel, Jowett, Conington, Max-Müller, and Arnold, at Oxford, and of Thomson, Kingslee, Adams, and Ellicott, at Cambridge, under the new professorial system, promise a different future in that part of the agency of their respective universities. Logic and philosophy are now cultivated at Oxford as vigorously as in any part of the world; and, apart from any opinion regarding their character or issues, Oxford has, in the last thirty years, been the centre of the two most active manifestations of theological thought which this country has witnessed in modern times.

We have deprecated any revolutionary change which might deprive Oxford and Cambridge of their colleges, and substitute professorial class-rooms for those venerable institutions on the Isis and the Cam, in which so many generations of the best and noblest men in England have found a congenial home. For similar reasons we deprecate any attempt to convert the Scottish universities into miniature Oxfords. Social institutions are not thus independent of their own past. The universities of Scotland have a place of their own, which no others in the world exactly occupy. They are not yet what they might be in that place, but they are not likely to become truer and stronger by shifting their ground. Edinburgh, with all its favouring circumstances, as the metropolitan university of Scotland, now endowed with freedom, and invited to work out its own academical career, may become a first class European university *after its kind*; it must decline into a fourth or fifth class if it seeks to follow in the wake of Oxford.

Perhaps the Scottish universities, from their genius and history, are fitted to keep a place intermediate between the ancient universities of England and the modern universities of Protestant Germany. Like those of England, they have a history of their own, which binds them to the past; while the practical character of the people and their own, saves them from becoming mere manufacturers of intellect, and enables them to blend, through the appropriate organization of restored graduation, with the active and political life of the nation. On the other hand, their openness, and their professorial system, associate them with those of Germany, as well as a freedom and independence, which, however, has not hitherto run into similar intellectual extremes.

So much for the ancient British universi-

ties as they are in this generation. The changes in the English universities are already advanced; in Scotland they are only commencing, and, as already said, we must postpone any detailed opinions on the probable effects of the present reformation. But we may compare the constitution of the British universities of the present with their originals in the mediæval past, and thus discover elements fitted to promote their conservative progress in the future. A retrospective glance at the mediæval university discloses a different picture from what we see now, separated from the present by an interval, in which academical arrangements and aims have been revolutionized, and in many respects reversed, while the universities have undoubtedly declined from their ancient position, as almost exclusively the leaders of national intellect.

A University was originally a spontaneous and self-regulating society, for the promotion of the higher culture, which extended and reproduced itself by conferring degrees. The term was applied to literary commonwealths of this sort in the twelfth century. The extraordinary intellectual movement of that period gave birth to *spontaneous* associations of teachers and scholars, which gradually took the form of intellectual republics. At Paris, Bologna, Oxford, and Salamanca, students gathered round teachers in numbers so great that teachers could not be found to meet the demand. Paris, we are told, became another Athens of the age of Pericles, and the influx of the students exceeded the number of the citizens. We have similar records of the crowds at the other academical centres of that age. At first, every graduate was not merely permitted, but bound to teach, seeing that, in the first pressure of the demand, the number to be taught was out of all proportion to the number of teachers.

These academical societies, spontaneous in their origin, were gradually taken under the protection of the ecclesiastical and civil powers. In its origin, the University was a secular and not an ecclesiastical corporation; although its relations with the Church were soon close and intimate, and the scholastic education which it offered was accepted almost exclusively by the one learned profession of that age—the priesthood, which then drew to itself most of those who aimed at the methodical application of their higher faculties to their appropriate objects.

Universities, thus originated and designed, were soon incorporated as constituent parts of Church and State, by Papal Bulls and Royal Charters, which conveyed important privileges to their members, in return for the benign social power which universities wielded, as the disseminators of truth and

the creators of great men. The system of academical degrees was probably of Parisian origin. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, Pope Nicholas IV. granted to the (now extinct) University of Paris, then the chief university in Europe, the right of endowing its graduates with the power of teaching and directing public schools everywhere—the Catholic, or universally *ad eundem*, degree, which formally joined him who received it with the great community of the learned throughout Christendom. Any king might found a university whose degrees were valid *within his own dominions*, but their *universal* validity could be derived only from Papal sanction. The Catholic degree connected the student, in fact and in imagination, with the students of other ages and distant lands, and with the intellectual aristocracy of a great university, itself a link in the chain which united the universities of Europe. But the ecclesiastical changes of the sixteenth century, which ultimately increased their resources as centres of knowledge, in a measure dissolved the organic unity of the European universities, which, through their degrees, was dependent on the unity of the Catholic Church, and in some cases permanently reduced an external power and splendour due to the piety and love of learning of the middle ages. Since the Reformation, the universities have only imperfectly performed the office of organs of intellectual sympathy and intercourse among the learned of Europe. Institutes, and academies, and royal societies, have in some measure taken their place. The works of Bacon abound in weighty suggestions for the promotion of learning by this sort of means. But Leibnitz, in the long course of his active life, may be said to have founded the modern European commonwealth of letters, and to have restored in part that community of intelligence in Christendom, of which the European universities were the professed organ, until the Reformation and the rise of the modern languages dissolved their organic unity.

The internal arrangements of the ancient university were not according to any uniform type, nor were the privileges of their members, whether students or graduates, the same in all. Their history in this respect illustrates the variety of form and constitution which circumstances always impose on national, ecclesiastical, and academical societies, and which cannot be resisted without rebellion against what is virtually an ordinance of God. The constitution that is suited to one age and country, is often for that very reason unsuited to another, as it is not the law of Providence that either individuals or societies should be stereotyped on a uniform model.

The history of universities illustrates that adaptation to circumstances which belongs to societies that are fitted to be permanent. Some universities rest upon colleges; in others, colleges are unknown. One class profess to teach and graduate in many faculties; others in only one. A fundamental distinction between the model universities of Paris and Bologna has been often referred to; and it is one which distinguishes the ancient universities of Britain and Northern Europe from those of Italy and Spain. At Bologna the university consisted at first of the *students or scholars*, who held the supreme power, and appointed the academical officials. At Paris, the government was vested in the *Doctors or Masters*, and they alone constituted the university a public body. All Doctors and Masters had originally a right to be present in the academical assembly; but after about 1250, when the degree no longer implied that the graduate was actually engaged in teaching, the *acting* Masters (*magistri regentes*) alone ordinarily took part in the assembly—the other graduates only on occasion, and by special invitation.

Democracy in intellectual matters is always narrow and intolerant; and it is a curious but not unnatural circumstance, that those universities which, as in Bologna, were ruled by the universal suffrage of their youngest members, have been associated with despotism, while those which, after the model of Paris, have been governed by an oligarchy of the highest minds, have been associated with intellectual freedom and social independence. This circumstance is referred to by Dr. Christison in his learned and sagacious pamphlet, prefixed to this article, which immediately treats of medical graduation, from which, at present, we abstain. Much curious and some little known facts regarding Universities and Degrees are presented by Dr. Christison.

'As fortune would have it,' he remarks, 'the republican Bologna was taken for the model of the subsequent universities of Italy and Spain, and even the provincial universities of France; while Paris became the model for those of Germany, Scandinavia, Holland and Britain. If it be the case—which no man indeed ever doubted—that great importance must be attached to the universities as fosterers of the liberties of Europe, by educating and sending forth their most able and energetic defenders, it is remarkable, that wherever the academic constitution was republican, and lodged with the popular body, liberty ere long fell to the ground; and that it has been preserved in no kingdom of Europe, except where the supreme power in the universities lay with the Teachers, or a similar academic oligarchy.'—(Pp. 48–49.)

It must be remembered, however, that in the European universities founded before the Reformation, we find probably as much difference in constitution and character, as we do in the national government and polity of the same period. Their form seems to have been as much the result of very various circumstances and ideas, moulding originally spontaneous convocations of teachers and scholars. And it cannot be said that Oxford and Cambridge have been ruled by their teachers, either tutorial or professorial; while some of the Italian universities, under a modified Constitution, for a time developed into a period of great intellectual splendour, with a body of professors unrivalled in Europe.

Such were the elements out of which universities were formed. In these spontaneous societies, the students and permanent members were endowed with a variety of privileges by Papal and Royal authority.* In process of time, academical associations were almost all affected by one remarkable external influence, which has transformed and in some respects reversed their original character. The external influence to which we refer, suggests some of the most difficult questions in modern academical polity, and we must attend to it for a little.

In the early universities, the relation of supply and demand, already described, was soon reversed. The number of graduates or licensed teachers grew out of all proportion to the number of students. The new associations tended to disorder and dissolution, and in process of time some of them actually dissolved. Means were needed for enabling them to cohere, and with the firmness suited to the social work they had to do. These means were provided chiefly in two forms,—the *Collegiate-proper*, on the one hand, which was intended to cheapen and regulate student life; and the division of the labour of instruction among *professors or salaried graduates*, on the other, which was meant to regulate and facilitate the means of instruction. As an educating power, the university was thus strengthened by an external and material support of either or both of the two elements of which academical society is constituted—the scholars and the teachers—and that immediately for the common advantage of both, ultimately for the intellectual good of the nation. A word on each form of ex-

ternal, or, as they may both be called, collegiate support.

The poverty of many students, the expense of living occasioned by the great concourse of learners at Paris, Oxford, Salamanca, and elsewhere, as well as the necessity for a careful domestic superintendence of so great a congregation, suggested the institution of Halls or Inns for their special accommodation. These Halls or Inns, when endowed with corporate privileges, and with property at their disposal to aid the poorer students, were termed Colleges. A college was thus originally a highly privileged academical boarding-house, auxiliary to the University, in which students were privately trained and prepared for the public academical lectures. Collegiate establishments were probably first founded in Paris. The Sorbonne, one of the oldest of the Parisian colleges, existed about 1250. In the same century, three colleges were founded in Oxford, and soon after others appear at Cambridge.* It is in connection with the English universities that this institution has attained a preponderating academical influence, and has ended by well-nigh subverting the universities it was intended to support. The history of the growth and waste of English collegiate wealth, is perhaps the most instructive chapter in the history of intellectual institutions. Long before the Reformation, students were expected to belong to some college, and finally, collegiate residence was made imperative on all students, at least in the Faculty of Arts. The permanent and endowed members of these colleges, were called Associates or Fellows (*Socius*), and to some of these Fellows the discipline of the younger members of the Society was entrusted. And, as already said, the collegiate institutions which were founded and endowed, in order to assist students to live at the university, have ended by putting obstructions in the way of all except the scanty population they can themselves accommodate. Nevertheless, this domiciliary form of external support was one of the two means for counteracting the tendency to dissolution inherent in the more abstract and spiritual university.

Another means of encountering this tendency has been employed to some extent in all the European universities, but characteristically in those of Scotland and Germany. As a university is apt to dissolve from the obstacles to a sufficient number of *students* finding their way to it, and living for a term of years under its immediate influence, so it may also dissolve through a deficient supply

* 'The numerous universities,' as Dr. Christison says, 'which arose in Europe, subsequently to those which had their roots in the middle ages, were established in a totally different manner. They were founded *ab initio*, by Charter of the monarch in whose dominions they arose, confirmed by, or confirming, a Bull of the Pope'—(P. 47.)

* The Parisian College differed in many respects from the English College—an institution unique in Europe, and pre-eminently characteristic of the English national character in its noblest form.

of well-qualified *teachers*. And this last anarchic influence might be expected to appear after the pressure of an extraordinary intellectual crisis, like that of the twelfth century,—when the tide began to ebb, and things resumed their natural level, after a crowd of teachers had been fostered into life. In our own time, the general establishment of primary and secondary schools, and the invention of printing, which to a great extent supersedes the university as a mere organ of instruction, forbid any approach to the ancient demand for academical lectures.*

At an early period, accordingly, it became the fashion in universities to endow a *select number of the graduates as public authorized teachers*. These *privileged and salaried Masters of Arts* were termed *Professors*,—at least the name was soon reserved exclusively for them.† We read of salaried graduates at Bologna in the thirteenth century. This method of providing instruction soon became universal, and took the place of teaching *by the graduates at large*, which was naturally in use in the infancy of these learned institutions. Buildings were provided for the public lectures of the professors, and for their accommodation, in the same way as buildings were founded for the accommodation of students and Fellows, and for the private lecture-rooms of the fellow-tutors in the strictly so-called collegiate form of external support. The *government* as well as the *education* of the academical society naturally fell into the hands of the Professors, as the teaching, and usually the only resident, graduates. The *Senatus Academicus* became the supreme academical authority, and the representative of the university; while the graduates at large, finding no attractions in university residence, soon forgot their academical connection, and the university declined into a

* Oxford and the ancient universities did the work of boys' schools to a great extent of old. This explains the tens of thousands in attendance at Oxford and Paris.

† The term Professor, as is well known, was originally equivalent to Master or Doctor. But it is now, and long has been, the academical designation of those *Doctors or Masters who are publicly authorized to teach and regulate their respective universities*. As such, it indicates a special and acknowledged academical and social standing in Scotland, and also in Germany and most Continental nations; whereas, in England, the long-continued dormancy of the professorial office, and the circumstance that, until lately, Oxford and Cambridge professors had no academical and social standing distinct from other graduates, have deprived the term and the official of their distinctive character. On graduation and the ancient significance of Doctor, Magister, Professore, see Ludovicus Vives, 'De Tradendis Disciplinis,' Lib. ii.; as well as various notices in Du Boulay, Crevier, Huber, etc.

merely professorial seminary of instruction. This has been the history of the universities of Scotland and Germany, and the source of that feeble vitality of graduation by which they are characterized. Oxford and Cambridge, which admit non-regents as well as regents to a share in the working of the institution, and which in their colleges provide an academical harbourage for a proportion of their graduates as Tutors or Fellows, possess a cohesive influence over their members, of which the Northern or Teutonic Universities have hitherto been destitute. In Germany, indeed, the offices of extraordinary professor and *privatim docens* are to a certain extent a substitute for the facilities of residence afforded by Oxford and Cambridge; but in the Scottish universities, until now, every student became an academical outcast at the close of his curriculum.

It is interesting to trace, in the older universities, the gradual transition from the crude, primary system of universal graduate teaching alone, and the growth of the conviction that a system of salaried graduates, or else of colleges on the English model—either professorial or tutorial colleges, or both—is essential to a high standard of academical education, and for maintaining, through the university, the due influence upon society of its highest minds. The professorial or tutorial college seems to be to the comparatively abstract university as the body is to the soul. They are correlatives. Either in excess, or in a disordered state, soon injures the other, and both decline. The fair adjustment of their mutual relations is perhaps the most difficult problem in modern academical polity. It is naturally conjoined with a subordinate one—the relative value of the two forms of what may be called the external principle of academical cohesion—the *tutorial* and the *professorial* form of the College. While neither is absolutely inconsistent with the other, and both are, in theory, needed in a perfect system of academical life, each tends to supersede the other.*

Can the university maintain itself without the college in one or other of its forms?

* It is to be noted that the University of Edinburgh, alone among the ancient British universities, was not founded on the ancient model, and has never received the confirmation of a Papal Bull. It did not originate as a society of graduates and students at all, but as a *professorial seminary, on a Royal foundation*. The term professor occurs in the first Charter of the University, although, during the seventeenth century, the work of instruction was performed by regent-tutors, and the professorial system, which, properly speaking, involves a division of academical labour, by the allotment of a special department to each instructor, was in abeyance in the Faculty of Arts until 1708.

May that form of society which has for its end the intellectual elevation of men be left to depend for its support on those whom it is meant to elevate? Is it not the duty of the thinking class, who must always form a small minority of mankind, to secure means of external support which shall free the great intellectual institutions of society from an absolute dependence on the politico-economical principle of supply and demand? May cultivated thought be treated as a social luxury, which society can very well afford to dispense with, when there happens to be no demand for it, and may even safely suffer to perish in the rude collision of those lower desires which human nature maintains in constant force?

Abstract answers to those questions it is very difficult to supply. In the country of Adam Smith, and in an age which summons every institution and interest to take care of itself, and which teems with attestations of the efficacy of competition in maintaining self-reliance, and in awakening activity for the supply of the constant demand of human nature for its *material* wants, the suggestion that a different principle must modify the politico-economical law, in its relation to the *higher products of intellect*, is apt to be received with disfavour. The scandalous abuse of academical endowments which history records increases this feeling. The greatest minds, too, we are apt to say, are those most independent of circumstances; they are well able to develop themselves, and to guide public opinion and action, without any artificial or material machinery for their support. The greatest intellectual leaders and reformers of mankind have felt embarrassed rather than supported by the associations of a college or even of a university.

There is great weight in these considerations. They supply sufficient reasons for fresh safeguards against the abuse of collegiate institutions, in our measures of academical improvement. The external support of academical students and teachers should be so adjusted as to call forth a far greater degree of energy and self-reliance in our professorial and tutorial institutions than they at present manifest. But the facts of human nature and the facts of history combine to confirm the truth of the following sentences by the most eminent living authority in philosophical politics:—

'If we were asked,' says Mr. Mill, 'for what end above all others endowed universities exist, we should answer—To keep alive Philosophy. To educate common minds for the common business of life, a public provision may be useful; but it is not indispensable, and often not desirable. Whatever individual competition

does at all, it commonly does best. All things in which the public are adequate judges of excellence are best supplied where the stimulus of individual interest is most active; and that is where pay is in proportion to exertion. But there is an education of which it cannot be pretended that the public are competent judges—the liberal education by which great minds are formed. To rear up minds with aspirations and faculties above the common herd, capable of leading their countrymen to greater achievements in virtue, intelligence, and social well-being; and likewise so to educate the leisured classes generally that they may participate as far as possible in the qualities of these superior spirits, and be prepared to appreciate them, and follow their steps,—these are purposes that require educational institutions placed above dependence on the immediate pleasure of the very multitude whom they are meant to elevate.*

Lord Bacon long ago described the evils which are connected with deficient academical endowments: 'It followeth well,' he says, 'to speak of the defect which is in public lectures; namely, in the smallness and meanness of the salary or reward which is in most places assigned to them, whether they be lectures of Arts or of Professions. For it is necessary to the progression of Sciences that Readers be of the most able and efficient men, as those which are ordained for generating and transmitting Sciences, and not for transitory use. This cannot be, except their condition and endowment be such as to content the ablest man to appropriate his whole labour, and continue his whole age in that function and attendance, and therefore must have a proportion answerable to that mediocrity or competency of endowment which may be expected from a profession, or the practice of a profession. Readers in Sciences are indeed the guardians of the stores and provisions of Sciences, where men in active courses are furnished, and therefore ought to have equal entertainment with them: otherwise, if the fathers in Sciences be of the weakest sort, be ill maintained, *et patrum invalidi referent jejunia nati.*'†

At Oxford and Cambridge, the professors, as such, have never till now possessed any academical power beyond the other graduates, and until the recent reforms the endowments of most of them have been on the lowest scale.‡

'The splendid incomes,' says the Oxford Professor Vaughan in his evidence, 'which talent

* *Essays*, vol. ii.

† *Advancement of Learning*, B. II.

‡ A few of them are, no doubt, well endowed, having incomes ranging from L.800 to L.1800 a-year; and the Commissioners recommend that in future the salary of all the working professorships should not be less than L.800, and ought, if possible, to be more.

and energy may look forward to in the learned professions, and particularly in the Church, must always operate to draw away from the university many of its ablest men. But this difficulty should not induce us to neglect means for retaining and attracting great faculties to the Professorial Chairs. It cannot be right or wise that County Court Judges, Police Magistrates, Secretaries to Railways and public Boards, should receive for the employment of their time L.1000, L.1200, L.1500 per annum, while University Professors are asked to perform duties requiring great knowledge and abilities of a less common description, without half the remuneration. . . . The University should be in a position to command the services of the most distinguished men in the several sciences, and to hold out to its members the University Professorships as rewards to a career of industry. The Professorship should be stimulus to the Master, as the Fellowship is to the undergraduate and Bachelor; and when once appointed, the Professor should feel his position to be his home and destiny, so that he may continue to concentrate his interests and exertions upon the subject. The tutorships in the University (Oxford) at present confer an income, I conclude, of at least L.500 per annum on those who hold them in connection with Fellowships. If the professorships do not range considerably above this, the foundation of professorships will, in effect, simply add a certain number of University tutors to the present staff of College tutors, and their effect on the University system will amount to very little indeed.*

We have now glanced at the European university in its *early and democratic period*, when it was a voluntary association of graduates and scholars, more or less privileged by popes and kings; and in its *second, or collegiate and oligarchic period*, if we may so call it, when domiciliary colleges as in England, and professorial colleges as in Scotland, virtually constituted the university. May we not regard the ancient academical institutions of Great Britain as now entering on a *third period*, which shall to some extent combine the institutions and advantages of the other two, and in which a wise mixture of the intellectual democracy and the intellectual oligarchies—public or professorial, and private or tutorial—already described, may afford a sound basis for an academical polity accommodated to the social circumstances of the nineteenth century?

We have already referred to the wants of the English universities, in which the Convocation of graduates has always continued to represent the broad democratic basis on which these institutions originally rested—powerfully modified, it is true, by the local influence of the colleges. We should lament any change that materially weakened the great and salutary influence of English col-

lege life—the glory of these illustrious institutions. But we hope that its maintenance in full vigour is not inconsistent with the creation of an influential professoriate, which shall retain and organize the intellectual leaders for which Oxford and Cambridge made no official provision under the unreformed system, and also with the spread of the elevating influences of the noblest corporations of England over a wider area of the national mind. Greater and more matured minds at the centre, and an academical influence more generally diffused in middle class society, along with progressive reform in the application of collegiate endowments, are the chief wants of the southern universities.

Much has already been done for the creation of a professoriate. Incomes sufficient to give the professors an independent and prominent position, we believe, have been, or are soon to be, connected with the principal Chairs. Professorial teaching might also be made more available, and even necessary, to candidates for degrees. The anomaly, of an academical government exclusively in the hands of the Heads of Houses, who are not usually chosen for high intellectual and literary qualifications, is at an end, and the professors are now represented in the governing body of the university. We incline to think that a still larger share of academical power should be entrusted to the authorized and public teachers of the university, represented in the ancient academical constitution of Oxford by the House of Congregation, as in the Scottish universities by the Senatus Academicus. 'It would be well,' as Professor Vaughan says, in reference to Oxford, 'at least to *comprehend a learned element* (in the government of the university), such as in many European universities has the chief, if not the only sway. It would be desirable that, in a seat of learning and instruction, those who have attained the highest position as cultivators of literature and science, who must be considered as intimately acquainted with the state of the several departments of knowledge, who are brought into occasional contact with students of all ages and degrees in the place, who have proved themselves to possess a considerable degree of intellectual power, and who are necessarily interested in the success and reputation of the university, should take some active part in making and administering the laws.*'

The maintenance of college life in its integrity seems to be an insurmountable obstacle in the way at least of a rapid increase of students at Oxford and Cambridge. At pre-

* *Evidence*, p. 83.* *Evidence*, p. 82.

sent, we can think of no means more likely to restore the connection between these universities and the community at large than the remarkable system of local or 'middle class' examinations, originated four years ago by Oxford, and of which the credit is in a great measure due to Dr. Temple, the present distinguished head-master of Rugby. The objects of that movement were the improvement of the smaller grammar schools, the commercial schools, and the schools of every kind which do not prepare boys for the universities by academical supervision and influence, and the formation, in this way, of a healthy bond of sympathy between the universities and the popular life of England. Many of these schools were sadly inefficient, and the work done in them was often misdirected and perverted. Already, we understand, the advantage of the clear aim put before them by the university examinations is beginning to be seen. What they do is becoming less showy and more solid, and their discipline is more thorough, while they are adapting their curricula to the requirements of the universities. The universities, on the other hand, take an interest in the schools which they never felt before, and their own political position is at the same time improved, when from being merely places of education and association, for a limited portion of the nation, they are converted into guides and judges of all education whatever. 'It is impossible,' says Professor Rogers, 'to exaggerate the merits of the movement, and it is quite out of one's power to predict the action and reaction of the process which was accepted, not without hesitation, but, in some degree, by surprise, on the part of the university.'

But we must now turn from the Southern to the Northern universities, and we do so in the confidence that a noble future still awaits Oxford and Cambridge. Never in their modern history have these great institutions shown themselves more alive to their responsibilities as the representatives of the highest culture—more in sympathy with the national wants—more disposed to employ their vast resources for the intellectual benefit of the country—or more awake to those changes in speculative opinion and belief which are ultimately the most powerful of all the influences by which society is moved. Under the guidance of great and matured minds, they will continue to play the leading part in the conservative progress of England.

In the Scottish universities, more comprehensive changes were needed, to convert them from mere educational seminaries into the national commonwealth of learning. Of late years it has been a growing complaint, that

their students are less fitted to be members of a university than they once were, or than the members of other great universities now are—that our Scottish academical population, far from being not numerous enough, is much too numerous, when we take into account the qualities of those who come to be taught; and that our highest seminaries of learning are declining into grammar schools, and grammar schools which must from their nature be very ill taught. It has been further alleged, that, in the Faculty of Arts in particular, our learning and science is not profound—that many modern and popular parts of knowledge are not taught at all—that we do not, in short, in the warerooms of our universities, offer articles of the highest quality, nor in sufficient variety, and that some of those we do offer are not well suited to the modern intellectual demand.

That many of these charges are well founded, is quite consistent with the efficiency and high intellectual qualities of those to whom the management of the Scottish universities has hitherto been entrusted, and also with the fact, that these institutions have been dispensing many moral and intellectual advantages to a large portion of the middle classes. The defects complained of may be explained by influences increasingly at work, at both ends, if we may so say, of the educational curriculum in Arts. On the one hand, the low state of the primary and secondary schools of Scotland, and the want of any organic connection between these schools and the universities, has precipitated many ill-prepared students into the college class-rooms; on the other hand, the pressure of this utilitarian age, which, if not successfully resisted by the University, is drawing us back into superficiality and industrial barbarism, discourages a deep and accurate study of the fundamental parts of liberal knowledge, and withdraws students from the curriculum before they have completed the prescribed academical course, and when their studies have not received the academical sanction of a degree. Between these two influences, operating at the entrance and at the close of their course, the Scottish universities have found a growing difficulty in laying hold of, and in retaining the material, for a worthy academical population of students and graduates.

A comprehensive system of primary and secondary schools connected with the national universities, and in which they ought to culminate, is needed for removing one of the evil influences which has depressed Scottish academical life; and this the universities themselves can only indirectly and imperfectly promote. We cannot marvel that our

schools send men to the university gate less prepared to enter than those who issued from them in a former age, nor that the tie which should unite Scottish schools and universities is less firm than it was, when we recollect the neglect of the schools by the Legislature and the community, and that, in consequence, instead of the academically educated schoolmaster of a past generation, we have so often an inferior and mechanically trained teacher now. We gladly welcome the Lord Advocate's 'Parochial and Burgh Schoolmasters Act,' with its important provisions for connecting the schools with the Universities of Scotland, as a first instalment of what is due by the Legislature.

A restored efficiency of liberal graduation, and an academical organization of Scottish graduates, may indefinitely reduce the *other* impediment to the educational efficiency of our universities. For a century and a half, graduation has been almost unknown, or at least socially unrecognised in Scotland. The chief cause of this was undoubtedly the fact, that graduation conferred no real advantages on the graduate, and was no guarantee of the learning and feelings of a gentleman. Students had no encouragement to take degrees, which neither helped to advance them in the struggle of life, nor gave them, as permanent members of the university, a recognised place in an intellectual commonwealth. Partly as a cause, and partly as a consequence of this, the Scottish people and the British Parliament, for a century and a half, have permitted our universities to languish in poverty. While private and public benefactors have strengthened our other institutions in Church and State, the universities alone have been forgotten; very little has been added to their material resources since the Reformation, or at least the Union.

The reform now in progress in the universities of Scotland, under the direction of the Parliamentary Commissioners, has already organized Scottish graduates in General Councils, analogous to the Convocation of Oxford and the Senate of Cambridge. Instead of being virtually excluded from his university by the act of graduating, every Scottish Master of Arts may now be permanently connected with it, as a member of its General Council, and has a way open to the practical advantages with which we hope Scottish degrees are soon to be associated. Among these advantages, desirable both for the sake of the Legislature, to which it would communicate additional strength in a valuable element, and also for the sake of the universities themselves, we hope soon to see the Scottish universities exercise a more powerful influence over the community through a representative of their own in Parliament.

Their General Councils now supply a large and intelligent constituency, trained in college life under its professorial form, and associated in sympathy with a more numerous body of students than those now matriculated in the universities of Ireland, or even of England. From returns now before us, we find that the number of members, students, and graduates, or permanent members, in these universities, in the present year, is as follows:—

	Matriculated Students.	General Council.
Edinburgh, . .	1550	2004
Glasgow, . . .	1182	845
Aberdeen, . . .	653	775
St. Andrews, .	143	322
	3528	8946

Nearly 8000 individuals are thus formally connected with the Scottish universities, either as students or as permanent members, including, in the General Councils, about 4000 persons—teachers of youth, men of letters, judges, clergymen of all communions, physicians, and many of the most intelligent landowners and merchants of the country, men of all parties and sects. This, moreover, constitutes a small proportion of those now living who have been members of these institutions.

The organization of this large and very influential body, for the purpose of academical government, is one great service rendered by the late Act of Parliament. The Scottish universities, in form at least, are now, what the English universities have always been, republics or commonwealths of learning, with a self-governing power, and not mere seminaries of instruction—in their Arts Faculty, ill-constructed grammar schools. But fresh motive force must be created, if the form is to be converted into a reality, and the new system is to retain some at least of its students or graduates under its influence long enough to secure higher scholarship, science, and philosophy, than it has hitherto been able to promote. Scotland has as yet no Colleges, nor even Halls, after the English model, in which to harbour her distinguished graduates,* nor Fellowships to encourage an intellectual life, nor even a graduated professorial system, like that of the German universities. Average intelligence, with a scanty modicum of academical learning, has satisfied the demands of her three professional faculties, which have long discarded a degree in Arts as the necessary credential of intellectual proficiency. Extra-academical regulations of

* We are glad to see the announcement of an experimental Hall at St. Andrews, meant to unite the domestic comfort of students with aids to study during summer as well as in winter.

the Church, the Bar, and the Medical Councils, have taken the place of university legislation proper. In the Arts classes a large proportion are candidates for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. Their goal, in most cases, is the ordeal of a presbyterial examination, regulated often by the intelligence of a clergy naturally absorbed in pastoral and ecclesiastical life, instead of by a series of academical examinations, organized in the university itself, conducted by university officers, and culminating in a Mastership in Arts.

Scottish Society has starved its universities, and supplied no motive to more than mediocrity in their students. Year after year ill-trained boys crowd our academic classrooms, and, after a brief and desultory attendance there, are all absorbed by active life. The wave rises and subsides, leaving no trace behind. The professorial staff, the only permanent element in our universities, drawn down by their audience from the high standard which their office suggests, as the intellectual leaders in a great national seminary,—forced to do the work of college tutors, and even of country schoolmasters, are apt to sympathize and rest satisfied with the mediocrity which surrounds them. Might we not reasonably expect that the Scottish universities, thus destitute of any internal force by which they might resist, and in some measure assimilate to higher influences the strengthening industrialism and professionalism of surrounding society, should become conspicuous for their failure to produce and retain representatives of profound learning and science? Can we wonder that their academical degrees in Arts are in abeyance, that examiners are satisfied with a low standard of proficiency, and that Honours and Class Lists are unknown?

Amid these growing discouragements, the Professors of Literature and Philosophy in Scotland have, for many years past, been gradually raising the qualifications required for graduation, and rendering their degrees more and more worthy of the confidence of the public, as the best and surest guarantee of knowledge and culture. That initial movement within has now received powerful aid from without, in the late Universities Act, and in the subsequent operations of the Commissioners. The return of a public interest in the universities has been followed by an increased esteem among the students of Edinburgh and Glasgow for the degree in Arts. The University of Edinburgh has conferred more degrees in Arts, in the last two years, than during all the latter half of last century. In 1859 the number of new Edinburgh graduates was 27; in 1860 it was 45; this year it

is 62;—and an ordinary Edinburgh degree is, according to Principal Forbes, 'only to be obtained by a struggle more varied, arduous, and prolonged than that which is required for the ordinary degrees of Oxford and Cambridge—which yet practically bestow a passport to most professional and official dignities.' 'This important fact,' he adds, 'is only now becoming apparent to many educated persons at home. It is then hardly surprising that the knowledge of it has not yet penetrated to a distance. Scotchmen have obtained a reputation in all parts of the world for diligence, skill, and sagacity. It is singular that her system of training—her University System—has not received more credit for this unquestionable result.'

With the present year, and since these words of Principal Forbes were written, the Scottish system of graduation in Arts has made preparations for an important step in advance. At the commencement of the present year an Ordinance was issued by the Commissioners, which is now academical law, and which, besides some important changes and amendments in the curriculum of study, institutes *Four Departments*, in any one of which candidates may graduate with Honours, viz., Classical Literature, Mental Philosophy, Mathematics, and Natural Science. This new system, when vitalized by additional social and academical rewards for high learning, while it in no way diminishes the broad popular character of the Scottish universities, must, in time, strengthen the weak part long felt in our academical system. While the curriculum retains its present liberal character, the universities will also, we cannot doubt, through this new institution of graduation in Arts with Honours, provide encouragements to those who desire to explore at leisure favourite regions in literature, science, and philosophy. An Edinburgh First Class, for example, in any of the four departments, should in future be the highest academical distinction which a student can attain, and a passport to reputation throughout the country.

The contrast between the Northern and Southern Universities is most remarkable of all, when we compare the treatment bestowed by England and Scotland respectively on what Bacon calls 'the persons of the learned.' Academical endowments may be ranged under three classes:—1. Scholarships or bursaries, which are meant to aid in the maintenance of *undergraduates*. 2. Fellowships, or the rewards of *graduates*. 3. Professorial endowments, devoted to the maintenance of the *intellectual leaders and executive governors* of the University. When we compare the endowments of Oxford and

Edinburgh, for example, under these three heads, we cease to wonder at the comparatively feeble cohesive power of the latter over its members, or at their short and desultory academical life, which forbids permanent residence.

The number of undergraduates in Oxford is, we believe, not more than 1500, and the number of matriculated students in Edinburgh is rather less than 1600. According to Professor Rogers, 'not less than 80 scholarships (in the hands of the colleges) are annually available for competition; and taking these scholarships at the average value of L.85 per annum, the resources in the hands of the colleges for the encouragement of promising students equal L.26,000 a-year, L.5200 of which is annually open to competition. The university is entitled to distribute, for the same purpose, the sum of L.1835 in annual income, L.766 of which is annually competed for. If we include the endowments attached to the foundation of each college, there is or will be *no less than a sum of L.80,000 per annum bestowed on those who desire or receive, as the case may be, eleemosynary aid in Oxford, as undergraduates.*'

According to the last *Edinburgh University Calendar*, the entire value of the scholarships or bursaries in Edinburgh, for undergraduates in all the four faculties, is L.1583, 10s. 2d., of which, of course, only a small part is available in each year.

Again: The annual value of the Oxford fellowships and college headships, buildings included, is rated at L.140,000. Edinburgh has absolutely nothing to contrast with this. It enjoys no fellowships at all. But this is not all. 'The annual value of *ecclesiastical benefices*,' says Prof. Rogers, 'connected with the colleges (and these may be said to come under the head of Rewards of Graduates), is at least L.200,000; and the income of the university, including its trust-estates, will bring the gross total to not much less than L.500,000 per annum. Not much less than a moiety of this sum is expended on pensions,—that is to say, in assistance or reward without service or labour being rendered on behalf of the stipend.'

Even this does not nearly exhaust the possible rewards of Oxford learning. The great and wealthy system of school foundations, of which Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Harrow, and Rugby are the distinguished representatives, is virtually assimilated to the Southern universities, and offers wealthy and honourable offices to their distinguished graduates, for which Scotland has no counterpart at all. Out of Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland has hardly a grammar school with the average endowment of a smaller English fellowship, and even in these cities their most

distinguished teachers are meagrely remunerated.

The professorial chairs of Scotland are virtually its only educational and literary offices, which offer a tolerable maintenance to the intellectual class of the country; and, with their moderate incomes and imperfect organization, their contributions in the last century and a half to the common stock of human science and culture, as well as to the list of names of European reputation and influence, has been extraordinary. In last century they were the centres of the most brilliant contemporary literature in Europe. The first to accept and diffuse the great discoveries of Newton, they have since added fresh splendour to the magnificent roll of modern physical discovery. The 'Wealth of Nations,' which has been described as one of the four most influential books of modern times, issued from a Scottish class-room; while the lectures of Stewart helped to spread over Europe and America the doctrines and influence of Scottish political philosophy, and to inform and liberalize the minds of the greatest English statesmen. In their theory of human nature, of knowledge, and of life, and in their application of it to the duties and controversies of men, the Scottish teachers, if they have only imperfectly influenced the great body of their own countrymen, have held a place second to none, which England has not approached since the days of Locke, and which has gained respect and admiration for their doctrines in Paris and Oxford.

On two important subjects connected with the progress of Reform in the Scottish Universities we cannot at present enter. We refer to the relation of their Faculties of Arts, in particular, to the vast extension and reorganization of the Sciences in modern times; and also to their connection with the primary and especially the burgh or grammar schools of the country. To what extent is a University bound to extend its organization in proportion to the general progress of knowledge and intelligence? To what extent may the Scottish universities examine and superintend the national schools, and education as a whole? The former of these questions is at present under the consideration of the Commissioners, and we shall not anticipate their judgment; the latter is, in some degree, involved in the educational measure lately brought into Parliament.*

* Nearly two years ago, on the motion of Professor Playfair, the Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh appointed a Committee to prepare a scheme for promoting education in schools by means of university certificates. The subject has since been discussed in the University Councils of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and in Mr. Dalgleish's able and suggestive pamphlet. Owing to obstacles

To whatever extent it may be possible or desirable to make the *representation* of knowledge offered in our universities co-extensive with the vast *actual counterpart* of knowledge and the cyclopædia of the sciences it will never, we trust, be forgotten that the curriculum in Arts is not meant to offer universal, or even immediately useful, knowledge to those who pass over it; but that it is properly an organ of liberal culture, by means of the ancient, and difficult, and reflective—not the modern, popular, and comparatively easy parts of knowledge. It is true that the Modern Sciences and Literatures have altered the relations of the intellectual world since the University system of Europe arose, and also since it received its great impulse at the *renaissance*, when the Greek and Roman classics superseded the Schoolmen. While we hope for much from the wisdom of the Commissioners, in the way of adapting the university system to the change, we cannot reasonably expect from any quarter a full and satisfactory settlement of the great educational questions raised by this revolution in the ancient style and relations of knowledge—unless it be that gradual solution which the progress of experience and the higher wants of society may enable the universities themselves, aided by literary discussion of the subject and also by public munificence, in some approximate manner to supply, in the course of this and the next generation.

but parliamentary government—government, that is, by the means of speech; and, we will add, of absolutely free speech.

The institutions of France were never entirely representative. They possessed the capacity for becoming so before the Revolution of 1789–93; what was wanting was, the clear comprehension of the real meaning of such institutions, rather than the desire to achieve them. The only thing that was there, was the unconscious tendency towards them, as it is, and must be, in every country in a natural condition. After the great Revolution, representative institutions became impossible; for the elements from which they gradually form themselves, and without which they cannot exist, were destroyed from that time. France was in an unnatural condition. She was deformed, disorganized; and the fair work of nature, which, in its delicate but strong complexity, is the heritage of every great living nation that has developed itself historically through a series of ages, was replaced by the clumsiest and most defective of man's inventions. Never was human presumption carried farther; and never was its inadequacy to great achievements better shown. The forces which it is the one aim and business of representative institutions to represent being no longer in existence, the form of government entitled Representative could be found in France no longer. But though several of those fountains were stopped, from whose generous and simultaneous flood the perfect tide of a nation's public life must be drawn, yet the power of expression continued unlimited. The capacity for self-government was irretrievably gone; but loquacity remained, strengthened, perhaps, even by the loss of vitality elsewhere. France could no more be *representative* in her political form,—she could be *parliamentary*. France could talk! But wanting the ballast arising from the equilibrium of latent forces, she was swayed violently by turns, from this side to that, always a prey to some terrible fever, whether of excitement or debility, and never in a condition of complete mental and bodily health. Hence her destructive agency out of doors. Hence her continuous power for evil.

But these were radical vices; and France, impaired, imperfect, drifted into the hands of honest and honourably-intentioned men as into those of political adventurers. The idea of going back to the root of the mischief struck fewer minds perhaps than would be supposed in this practical country. Men were used to their ills, had grown up with them, and by force of custom lost the sense of their real magnitude. To those who recognised the root of the mischief, the

ART. II.—1. *Œuvres de M. le Comte de Montalembert—Discours.* 5 vols., 8vo. Paris, Lecoffre. 1861.

2. *Montalembert (C. de). De l'Avenir politique de l'Angleterre.* 12mo. Paris. 1856.

3. *Les Moines d'Occident depuis Saint Benoit jusqu'à Saint Bernard.* I. and II. 8vo. Paris. 1860.

[*The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard.* By the COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT. Authorized Translation. Blackwood. 1861.]

MONTALEMBERT is the true and perfect type of 'Parliamentarism,' as it is called in France. He embodies completely the utmost degree of power which parliamentary government ever attained in that country. We do not say 'self-government;' that can only be the result of institutions genuinely representative;

over which the Universities have no control, it has not in the meantime been possible to advance in the execution of this scheme.

idea of attempting to eradicate it seemed preposterous.

The original mistake lay, in the first instance, at the door of the elder Bourbons; and, in the next, at that of Louis Philippe's ministers. All of these, with an interval of twelve or fourteen years, committed the same fault,—that of trying to imitate the external form of government in Great Britain, instead of courageously attempting to call into existence the forces of which our government is the fruit. The elder Bourbons found France maimed, and left her so, vainly fancying that she could live as vigorously, and move as freely, without her proper complement of limbs as with it. Two sentences of Royer Collard thoroughly paint the situation in the last half of the Restoration: '*Il faut faire quelque chose,*' said the great thinker of France to a friend one day in 1825. The friend assented, adding, '*Que peut on faire ?*' '*Rien !*' was Royer Collard's immediate and sternly accentuated answer; and one minute after, he again repeated, in the same decisive tone: '*Mais, il faut faire quelque chose !*'

To save France, it was needful that something should be done; but, constituted as France was, nothing could be done; and France, accordingly, was not saved. But this she knew not, and on she talked. Parliamentary government was established, and till its inadequacy was proved by its fall, it was not perceived that France had no representative institutions. Why she had them not, and could not have them, why the 'something' which was indispensable to avert a catastrophe never was, never could be done; this question we very much doubt whether any Frenchman ever put to himself. If it were now put to them, how many Frenchmen would be found who would at once give it the proper reply? This also remains matter for speculation.

Mere parliamentary government having been set up, apart from a direct representation of serious interests which impose responsibility upon mere orators, office became the reward sooner or later of the best talker: office, we say, not power. The glorious opportunity of exercising for the good and advancement of a whole nation of nearly forty millions, the sovereign faculties given to some by the Creator, was never presented to any of the ministers who helped to administer France during the years between 1815 and 1848. They held office;—they never wielded power. But, the rational imperfections of the French constitution admitted, this period of thirty-three years, when compared with what preceded, and, above all, with what has followed it, may, and ought to be regarded as the only epoch to which, for three-

quarters of a century, Frenchmen can look with satisfaction. The materials for achieving great things were wanting; nor were great things achieved: but some lesser things were honestly done; and the government of France and her social state—as far as it had relations with the outer world—were worthy of confidence and respect. Freedom of speech was so completely rescued, that it may be understood how men, unaccustomed to the delicately complex workings of those balances and checks whose action and reaction on each other ensure the stability of all the liberties of a nation, might have come to believe that all freedom was contained in that single liberty.

But the best possession of France imperilled the rest. Freedom of speech, inevitably conducive to the general weal, and inevitably productive of general contentment in the end, when (as in all genuine healthy states) there is an equal amount of favourable and of unfavourable truths to be told and discussed,—this freedom becomes to the full as great a danger as a benefit when organic defects have to be hid, for the defects, when revealed, are found to outnumber the advantages. And so it was in France. The utterly reckless, who speculate on disorder (as if from disorder even individuals could durably derive profit), were for ever tearing off veil after veil, and exposing wounds to view for which their antagonists unfortunately believed there was no cure; whilst the conservative portion of the community was ceaselessly occupied in covering up the same wounds, as though keeping them out of sight would be equivalent to healing them. Whereas in Great Britain, it is felt on all public occasions, whether in parliamentary debates, or meetings, or what not, that no subject requires to be avoided, but, on the contrary, that the more that is said on every subject the better,—in France the reverse was the case. Past wrongs and past mistakes had created a very world of 'reserved questions,' on which ignorance, bitterness, vanity, and bewilderment of spirit were perpetually brought to play.

Parliamentary government in France was an effect without a cause; not a tree, but a rootless branch planted in the earth, on which, though the leaves remained green surprisingly long, no fresh leaves budded, or could bud. Still there was parliamentary government; and there were many among the best and most honest who believed in it for what it was, and trusted it for what it was not, and who sincerely dreamed and hoped that it would become the source of liberty and prosperity to the country. Foremost, quite foremost, in the ranks of these

honourable and brave men, stood, and stood from first to last, M. de Montalembert.

Of this most eloquent of living Frenchmen, it may be said that everything about him conspires to render him an object of peculiar interest to the people of Britain. What he is not, is as striking as what he is. He was not a minister! nor could he, by any possibility, ever be accused of aspiring to be one. This alone places him in a class quite distinct in France, for it is impossible to say as much of any other man of note in that country. Neither was Montalembert a partisan. On the contrary, no party could boast of being able to count upon him from the mere fact of party links attaching him to it; for if he found in the ranks of his enemies a possible supporter of the cause to which he was attached, he would eagerly seize the support, irrespective of the source whence derived. There never was, and—the man's own character and position taken into consideration—there never could be a temptation, that should lure Montalembert from what he chose to think the right line. He might be mistaken in his opinions, might be thoroughly wilful, and thoroughly wrong. Many thought him so. But to those opinions he not only remained faithful,—it was utterly out of the question to suppose a state of things in which he should cease to be so. Men are tempted from their integrity by fortune, or the particular objects of their ambition. M. de Montalembert's social position raised him far above suspicion, and his own nature raised him above it still higher, because the special objects of his ambition were such as could only be attained by perfect independence. Anything like official importance would have diminished his weight. This is one of the main points which render him so very difficult to be understood by Frenchmen. As the country has been constituted for the last seventy years, *place* is what enhances the worth of a Frenchman. It is his place, not his individuality, that is valued. Clothe a man with authority in France, though he be in every respect third or fourth rate; place him in the ranks of those whose province it is to exercise authority in the name of the Government; invest him with the right to dispense State preferments, however small; let his voice, when he speaks, convey '*les ordres de l'administration*,' and in this inferior being you immediately find the superior of all that is outside the gates of the governmental world. The *employé* ranks in France above the man. Predominance won by individual worth is almost impossible. Hence the exceptional position of Montalembert. He could afford to disdain all officially conferred distinctions; he could derive his im-

portance from himself; he could be, and act as a great, predominant individuality. He belonged to no system, was no component part of any association or any whole, and was simply responsible for what he said and did to his own conscience, and, he would have said, to the dictates of consistency and fair play.

The less prominent circumstances of M. de Montalembert's life contributed to make that existence unique in his own country, and to force him into a species of political action and eminence which has no parallel. From the Scotch blood of his mother, he derived a tenacity of purpose, and a sense of justice, as strong to his enemies as to his friends. The determination to see 'fair play' on every occasion, no matter to whom, is one of the traits of character that have puzzled Montalembert's countrymen most. They never could reconcile it to their political creed, that a man should be determinedly bent on attaining his own ends, yet equally determined that no undue advantage should be taken of a competitor, and that a 'fair start' should be given to all.

In a politico-social sense too, Montalembert was so situated as to form an exception in relation to that very mode of government of which we began by calling him the perfect type. Montalembert was a 'hereditary legislator,' a peer by right of birth; a member, therefore, of a body whose real usefulness and influence he only, with a few others similarly placed, represented. The others had the same position as himself, but lacked his talents. He had both the talents and the position; and, besides these, he was conscious of the importance which the latter lent, although it might be only to one single man (the importance of the body being for ever forfeited).

The extraordinary union of contraries in Montalembert, both as to character and position, render, therefore, both the man and his political career quite unique in France. He is the descendant of French Crusaders and of Scottish Lairds; religiously, he is a Knight Templar, and politically, the freest of free-thinkers. As a mere boy, he asserts his right to discussion in a land where age and experience are regarded as the sole claims to attention. He is a born *debater*, in assemblies where only set speeches and regular harangues are listened to. He legislates by hereditary privilege, in a country whose vainest boast and chief folly are to have trampled everything hereditary under foot. He is the last genuine aristocrat (in the real sense of the word) in a State which democracy is about to submerge; and as such, his life is doomed to perpetual resistance,—resisting all

despotisms, whether of Crown or mob. He is the champion of inequality, born of merit, in a nation where the equality of inferiority is worshipped; and he boldly proclaims the glories of freedom where the true meaning of its very name is ignored. He would uphold what men strive to overthrow, and abolish that to which they fanatically adhere: not a day passes, but he is at variance with some one, either man or party. His existence is one combat from first to last; persons of the most opposite minds unite in hostility to him, while his own adherents gather round him only temporarily and for a definite purpose. He is not a member of the only Assembly which, since 1830, is supposed to embody the public life of France; but he precipitates a torrent of public life that carries all before it into the Assembly that is reputed inanimate, extinct. With all its anomalies, and difficulties, and imperfections, parliamentary government in France finds, as we have said, its completest type in Montalembert; for there is one thing he is, which no one else ever has been in his country,—an ever-watchful, active, evenhanded, bold, *thorough* Member of Parliament.

Montalembert, in his seat among those wavering, timid old Peers of France, had all the genuine House of Commons habits. Nothing was too large or too small for him; and though he enjoyed more than any one the task of 'shaking a temple,' he never, by any chance, disdained to 'pick up a pin.' He has learnt the importance of small things, and brings his mind to bear upon them. In all France he is the only man whom one can conceive going through the tiresome and useful business of our own 'Wednesday morning sittings;' and you find him devoting to such a subject as the 'Police Regulations of Carriers' Companies,' the same energy and earnestness that he shows upon a question of peace or war in Europe; whereas *Messieurs les orateurs* in Parliamentary (and not Representative) France, only reserve their 'grand displays' for showy sittings.

We said Montalembert began public life at a much earlier age than is usual in France. It is at the commencement of his career that we must take him up, if we desire to appreciate him thoroughly, for in that very commencement his future career is most completely shadowed forth; and nowhere, perhaps, is the likeness stronger, or the identity more absolute, than between the boy who, for the first time, rushes into the arena which is opened to him by birth, and the man who, by the unworthiness of his fellow-citizens and the lawless deed of an unscrupulous adventurer, has that arena closed to his riper effort. The same standard is borne in the

hand of both, and neither want of usage nor loss of opportunity scares either from firmly holding it aloft. 'Liberty and the Church?' are printed upon its folds. We will not examine the compatibility of the two (that is not our business now); it is sufficient that he who did battle for them, believed absolutely in them, never ceased, and probably never will cease, to believe in their compatibility. The boy, but just come of age, carried the banner on which this war-cry was inscribed, into the *mêlée*, where everything was new, yet nothing daunted him; the man whose experience of political life has been of the most various and exhaustive kind, carries, nothing discouraged, that same banner out of the *mêlée*, where few, very few of those around him, could help saying, 'All is lost,'—including 'honour.'

The entrance of Montalembert on the political stage is one of the most remarkable passages of his, or indeed of any man's life, in the present age. Wedded to his belief in the possible union of 'Freedom and the Church,' Montalembert had, as a boy of barely twenty, associated himself with the celebrated Abbé Lacordaire; these two determined to open a school in Paris, and test, as they said, the sincerity of the Government of July in the matter of Liberty of Education.

In Art. 69 of the 'Charte' it had been set down that freedom of education should be established and guaranteed with the briefest possible delay. Nine months were allowed to pass, but the more impatient of the Opposition took a somewhat mistrustful view of the conduct of the Government; and, on the 8th May 1831, the school to which we have just alluded was opened, and Montalembert and Lacordaire themselves appeared at its head in the character of schoolmasters. All that passed subsequently is full of interest for the foreign reader.

The youthful teachers exercised their ministry for but a very few days, and they were suspended from their self-imposed functions, in the name, not of the new and *soi-disant* Liberal Monarchical Government, but in virtue of one of the harshest and most crushing centralizing decrees of the First Empire, in virtue of those Napoleonic dictates which gave the monopoly of public education to the University. If a proof were needed of the oneness of Montalembert's political career (spite of all its apparent contradictions), it might be discovered in the singular circumstance, that the first and last persecution directed against him were in the name of Imperialism. His earliest step in public life is obstructed by the legacy of oppression imposed on France by the so-called great

Napoleon; his latest effort in favour of liberty is sought to be rendered abortive by the fear-provoked violence of the Emperor Napoleon III.; and no stronger sign of the perfect devotion of Montalembert to political freedom need be adduced than the fact of his being so persistently regarded by the Empire as a foe.

The arbitrary act we have recorded took place on the 12th May 1831. On the 10th and 11th consecutively, the children had been ordered to vacate the school, but the order had remained unattended to; and on the 12th, accordingly, a commissary of police, well supported by subordinate authorities, proceeded to shut up the establishment, turn out its occupiers, and affix the Government seals to its doors. The two schoolmasters (to whom a third, M. de Coux, had to be added) were summoned before the Tribunal of Correctional Police. They were tried and condemned by default to a stated fine. An Appeal was made, but the sudden death of Count Montalembert, Peer of France, changed the aspect of the whole affair. The youthful culprit, Charles de Montalembert, was amenable now to another court; and as a Peer of France himself, and arrived at the age (though but a few days before) at which he could avail himself of his rights, he could only be judged by his peers. The action of another article of the Charte, bearing upon the indivisibility of crime and of persecution, brought also his accomplices to the same tribunal with the young hereditary legislator. Messrs. de Montalembert and de Coux, and the Abbé Lacordaire, were arraigned before the Cour des Pairs on the 19th September 1831, accused of having infringed the law of 1806, which awards the 'right of education exclusively throughout the entire empire to the University,' and declared subject to the application of the clause of it which, for any 'attempt at public teaching without the license of the Grand Master,' inflicts a fine of not below 100 francs, and not above 1000.

The point was rather a knotty one as between legal texts, and in an English court the trial might have lasted almost any length of time. In defence, it was argued that the decrees relied on, of May 1806, March 1808, and November 1811, were all 'unconstitutional,' and did in themselves 'violate the specific clause of the law of 1806 (May 10th), which reserved the question of the organization of the Educational Body for the decision of the Corps Legislatif during its session of 1810.' Moreover, it was set forth, with still greater plausibility, that had even the decrees invoked been 'constitutional at the period of their promulgation, they had ceased to be so by the action of the Charte of 1830!' This

undoubtedly was the safest ground, and chiefly upon it did the accused take their stand. There was a terrible text which came to their aid. Articles 69 and 70 of the Charte distinctly state:—

'That successively, and by separate laws, steps shall be taken, with the briefest possible delay, to organize public instruction and freedom of education;' and also, that 'all laws and ordinances, in whatsoever they may contain that is contrary to measures sought to be adopted for the reform of the Charter, are, at and from the present time, abrogated and annulled.'

The latter article was the more difficult to overcome, and, little to the credit either of M. Persil, the Procureur-General, or of the ministry whose instrument he was, recourse was had to the fatal system of a *voidance of the law*, which seems so natural to Frenchmen. There is a passage so painful in M. Persil's report, that it might actually have emanated from M. de Persigny himself. The same terms occur in the famous 'circular' of four months ago, where it is stated that every effusion from the pen of a banished man, 'whatever its form, shape, or contents,' is to be 'administratively seized.' M. Persil condemns the law of May 1806, because, he says, it had no right (!) to entrust to a legislative body what belonged purely to the administrative authorities!—thus, thirty years ago, and in the blushing honeymoon of what was supposed to be almost Republican freedom in France, having recourse to that detestable practice of substituting administrative for legal action, which is resorted to now on every point by Imperial despotism.

The Court of Peers, however, felt the injustice of the whole proceeding on the part of the ministry, and, as is usually the case in France, they came to a compromise which satisfied no one. It would not have been in the nature of Frenchmen to have held by the law as such, and to have declared their upright and constitutional repudiation of a system which supplanted law by administration; just as, on the other hand, the case was too strong to permit their adopting the deplorable prevarications of M. Persil to the utmost extent, and condemning seriously the young men who awaited their sentence. What they did in reality was that which they will always do on similar occasions: they upheld the condemnation (therefore the injustice) in principle, and in practice, softened its application as far as possible,—thereby marking at once their sense of the illegality, and their complete want of courage to resist it. The *minimum* of punishment was inflicted in the shape of a fine of 100 fcs., and thus the ministry was disappointed,

whilst the accused were incensed. It will at once be seen how much the complicated nature of this famous trial was calculated to colour the rest of Montalembert's career, and how, at the very outset of life, he was, as it were, bound over to the championship of an opinion he has never deserted since.

To Protestant readers who are ignorant of the position, the requirements, and the particular influence of the Catholic Church in a Catholic country like France, it probably must seem incomprehensible, that one of the most acutely intelligent men of the age should consecrate his whole life to the achievement of what to them seems impossible: namely, to the union of Liberty and the Church. But it is absolutely impossible to comprehend Montalembert, unless this be admitted to have been his never abandoned aim, and the one ruling conviction of his whole life.

The peculiarities of position of the July Government must be taken into consideration, and, if well considered, they may help to elucidate what must otherwise seem impenetrable. When Louis Philippe came to the possession of sovereign power in August 1830, it must not be forgotten that the portion of the clergy who, by the force of circumstances, were opposed to him, were those who constitute the so-called Gallican Church. In 1830, the division which has existed since was not in force. There were no 'Ultramontanes,' properly so termed. The Jesuits had been banished from France in the preceding reign,—a fact which too many people seem to ignore or to forget; and whatever might be the cry of the mob, there was, at that time, no portion of the clergy of France that could be accused of holding exclusively to Rome, or whose views tended to diminish the power and privileges of the liberal Gallican Church, which is regarded by all Ultramontanes as far too independent. As is almost always the case, the popular indignation had survived its cause; and long after the Jesuits had been put down in France, the cry was still '*à bas les Jésuites!*' The clergy that was destined to be in opposition to the Orleans Monarchy, was the clergy formed by the teachings of M. de Frayssinous, bishop of Hermopolis, Minister of Public Worship, and one of the most determined adversaries the Society of Jesus ever had. The current of religious opinion in France tended nowhere towards Jesuitism between 1815 and 1848; it tended entirely towards Gallicanism. This cannot be said of later times; and a volume might be written on the reasons that determined Napoleon III., on his violent accession to supreme rule, to seek aid from the Jesuits against the Gallicans.

In the period of which we are treating, we again repeat, there was no question of Jesuits or of Ultramontanes. There was a great question—permanent, in fact, under twenty different forms—of liberty *versus* administration, of the individual *versus* society, of the race *versus* that terrible tyrant, the State. From the hour when that ominous word, '*L'Etat*,' was pronounced by Louis XIV. as the omnipotent authority, incarnate in himself, the freedom of the individual was forfeited in France, the web of centralization had begun spinning its stifling thread; and henceforth the desire for self-assertion, the longing to escape from a crushing weight, might successively assume any form.

There was in reality too little difference between the new Government in 1830 and the Gallican Church, to have rendered the opposition of the clergy on spiritual grounds at all necessary; but a mistake into which the Government was too easily led gave the clergy the opportunity of becoming its opponents on political grounds, and, above all, on the grounds of superior liberalism. The Monarchy of July, like every other species of government in France, seized on centralization as its best auxiliary, as the means by which it could attain to the possibility of over-governing the country. It submitted, too, to the pressure of a radical vice in the particular class of men who became its defenders and representatives, who had to work the political machinery of the State, and to bring the weight of the over-governing system to bear upon the mass of the nation. In a majority so large as not to make what remained worth speaking of, the naturally independent classes, the bearers of old names and possessors of the soil, the *gentlemen* of France, had retired from public life, and the conduct of the affairs of the State was left all but completely in the hands of salaried functionaries, the immensely large proportion of whom were professors, members of the University.

Possibly no irremediable mischief might be done were all Queen Victoria's ministers to be selected from the Heads of Houses in Oxford or Cambridge; but let it be remembered what the difference is between the independent gentlemen who form this most liberal and most honoured body, and the men who, with narrow means and narrow ideas, are all their lives dependent on the scanty emoluments furnished them by the central authority, and who literally end by consecrating the small amount of veneration that circumstances and the narrowest of educations have left them, to the institution which, in the whole civilised world, embodies the most prejudiced and the most false

of scholastic systema. For French professors, the University is a divinity. Most of them have an instinctive distaste for all religious creeds, but before the dictates of the University they bow down with slavish awe. The University can do no wrong; and if the youth of France are to be the hope of the nation, the youth of France must be brought up by the University. Afterwards, this monopoly was partially abolished, and Frenchmen owe to the Republic of 1848-49 the right to educate their children according to their own conscience and particular conviction. But this was not the case during the July Monarchy. Just as at present the chief form of tyranny may be said to be Prefectural, so under Louis Philippe's first years, the form of over-government to which French citizens were exposed was undoubtedly Professorial. The University tyrannized over the individual and over the family in France. The father had a secondary right over his child: the State, represented by the University, had the first right; and unless he chose for his son all the insufferable disadvantages of a purely home education, the father was condemned to have him, after he had for some years undergone the patent training process of the State, returned upon his hands estranged from family traditions, ignorant of Christianity rather than hostile to it, and morally marked with the indelible official stamp. He left his home a boy, like any other boy, a son, or brother, a member at all events of a living, human association; he came back a sceptical prig, from whose brow were never to be effaced the words, '*propriété de l'Etat.*' He might 'turn out well,' as it is commonly called, and be an amiable, respectable young man; but if his family had any particular wishes about him, he could not turn out what they wished him to be: their right in him was lost, he was not theirs, he was the State's. By this mistaken zeal in vindicating the supremacy of the University, the Government necessarily threw on the other side all the strugglers for freedom, of whatsoever denomination. Thus it came to pass that the University, having become the one chief ally of the Government in the task of over-governing the country, it was easy for the Gallican Church to become the foremost champion of the work of emancipation. As in no shape was centralization so oppressive as in that of education by the State, so against nothing so fiercely as against it did those do battle who sought to rescue the rights of the family and of the individual.

It is probable that no English reader has any conception of the ways, direct or indirect, in which the State coerced the subject by means of the University. A man not

having been fashioned by the State, could not serve the State, unless in a military capacity. If he, or those who instructed him, bore not the State's all equalizing seal, he was not admitted to pass those examinations which alone afforded him access to the liberal professions. If a father chose his son to learn Greek after a certain fashion, or not to learn Greek at all; if he chose that, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, he should have an opportunity of knowing and practising his own religious creed; if he chose him to search freely for the truths of history, and to abide by certain principles which, in this country, for instance, constitute a true and perfect gentleman,—if he chose this, he could compass it, no doubt; but then he must also make up his mind to have his son hanging upon his hands all his life; for, except that of a soldier, he could hold out to him no professional career.

If the English reader takes the trouble to consider this state of things attentively, will it not afford him some enlightenment upon many of the shortcomings of France within the last quarter of a century? will it not explain more than one catastrophe? and, above all, will it not help to make clear some of the apparent anomalies in the relation of the clergy to the Government and of the clergy to society?

Montalembert's first crusade was against the tyranny of State education, and for the rights of the family and of the individual. In this crusade he found the clergy on his side, and from this early contest dates his war-cry of 'Liberty and the Church!'

Montalembert, who has been often accused, by both friends and enemies, of political inconsistency, and who has been said by those who had not narrowly studied either his character or his career, to be for ever changing his opinions and his party, presents perhaps a stronger instance of unity in his political life than most men. He has never changed his opinions, but his very adherence to his opinions has made him change his 'party' more than once. Hence the accusations brought against him, the very best refutation of which is contained in the five volumes before us. By giving forth to the world all the words he ever spoke, Montalembert furnishes irrefragable proofs of his consistency, while he also forces the reader to see the principle of that consistency. You must admit his obstinate faith in 'Liberty and the Church,' or you cannot thoroughly understand either his fidelity to a principle, or his apparent deviations from fidelity to Governments and persons. Montalembert can truly say, as he does:*

* Œuvres de Montalembert, vol. 1, p. xi, *Avant Propos.*

'My labours have been constantly guided by the firm resolve to serve the liberal cause, as separated from the cause of revolution, and the Catholic cause, as separated from that of intolerance and despotism.'

That this may be a hard task, nay, that to us it must seem an impossible one, is very true; but it must once for all be allowed, that it was the task to the accomplishment of which Montalembert devoted his life. Perhaps the English political student may be even inclined to see, in the incompatible objects selected by Montalembert as the end and aim of his activity, the first reason for the accusations of inconsistency to which he was so frequently exposed. The state of things in France in the early part of Louis Philippe's reign, which so strongly impressed Montalembert, and probably determined his future line of conduct, we have tried to explain to the English reader. The actual belief engendered in him, and held to ever since, may be pretty correctly stated as follows:—

Religious freedom, to be absolute and entire, sincerely vouchsafed, and equally enjoyed by all, without any special privilege whatever either to or against Catholicism: Political liberty to be defended against any encroachments of the Government, and also against the violent inroads of democracy: Government and Opposition to be both held in check by justice and the interest of the community: Faith to respect good faith (this is a favourite notion of Montalembert's), and therefore religious tolerance to go hand in hand with religious zeal: Conscience to rule each man's creed, and the freedom of every individual conscience to be held inviolable. In a word, 'a free church in a free nation,' says Montalembert, 'this was the programme I began life with; and after thirty years of study and contest, I still hold it to be the right one—just, and rational, and practicable.' He affirms, that nothing of all that has passed during those thirty years has seemed to him in any way calculated to shake his idea of the practicability of his plan; and he persists in reiterating that 'freedom balances all things,' and that 'faith, when perfectly sincere, has everything to hope, and nothing to fear, from liberty.'

We are disposed to think there is one difficulty which, in his whole career, M. de Montalembert never perceived; this, namely, that France had not within her the elements of freedom, such as he conceived necessary for the well-being and equilibrium of the State. He was perhaps called into public life at too early an age, and he has adhered to convictions which, being adopted at a time of insufficient experience, have been

retained since without modification. The peculiarities of position which we have tried to describe, acted, too, upon the formation of opinions which were erroneous principally from their immediate application. Montalembert, with his English instincts and aristocratic tendencies, believed, at the age of twenty, in the practicability of things that were inapplicable to France. Let us for a moment grant his own assumption, and recognise the compatibility of a 'free church in a free nation.' France had not, and could not have, as a nation, the degree of freedom required to support such freedom of the Church. Centralized, theoretically-organized France,—France, in which no living forces were for ever balancing and counteracting each other, and guaranteeing a healthy equilibrium,—could scarcely have encountered the chances of a perfectly free Church; and we think it was here that Montalembert's error lay. He reasoned as he would have done in a country like our own, for instance, in which every imaginable force is so directly and so sincerely represented, that the mischievous or exaggerated action of any single force is scarcely to be feared. The Roman Catholic Church can be perfectly free in England, where it is not the religion of the State, and might be perfectly free in Austria, where it is the religion of the State; but this is because in both countries there are strong native elements that would, by mere pressure, modify the sway of an absolutely free Church. Probably one of the evidences of this will ere long be furnished by the newly emancipated social forces of Austria against whose steady equilibrium the ill-advised Concordat will find it hard to stand. Yet the Catholic Church will remain perfectly free in the Austrian Empire, and enjoy all the privileges which stop short of wrong done to any other creed. France had no such elements within her. His failure to perceive this was, we believe, M. de Montalembert's chief error.

This is, perhaps, the place to say a few words upon what was really the liberal attitude of the French clergy in the commencement of the July Monarchy,—an attitude which, as we have mentioned, mainly contributed to determine Montalembert's line of action. Liberalism was a necessity for the French clergy in 1831 and the few years following; for in the name of equal rights for all, they could most surely obtain such rights as they held to be indispensable for themselves. It may or may not be true, that, as soon as things became what they clamoured for, the Catholic clergy of France hoped to become predominant in turn; but it is undeniable that the means which they were led to

employ, ultimately to their own advantage, were not unfair. If they deemed that out of perfect freedom the supremacy of the Roman Catholic creed would necessarily result, this can scarcely be wondered at; for had they not so deemed, where would have been their faith? and for what reason were they to be Roman Catholics rather than Christians of any other denomination? But the fact of their seeking ultimate gain by means of freedom and fair competition must not be lost sight of, for it helps immensely to elucidate Montalembert's position and conduct through life. What he, and what the clergy of France at the beginning of the *régime* of July 1830 asked for, was the equality of freedom of all creeds. They clamoured for the rights of the individual and of family, as opposed to the usurpations of the State. They said, 'Let a father be a Catholic, a Protestant, an Anabaptist, or a Jew; but let the father have a full right to have his son brought up in his own particular form of belief, whatever that may be.' This was all they asked; and an Englishman will hardly be found who will object to so popular a cry, or who will not comprehend how Montalembert at once echoed it heart and soul.

We have said, and we repeat, that the love of fair play in Montalembert was just one of the things that made him incomprehensible to his French countrymen; but it was the one thing that guided his whole life, and ought to make him understood in England. Montalembert alone, in his own person, might suffice to exemplify the radical differences of the French and English natures. He is a thorough Frenchman politically,—that is, he always pursues French ends, as it is right and proper that he should do; but he does so after an English fashion. He is wrapt up in the greatness and prosperity of France; but he sees these not as a Frenchman, but as an Englishman would see them. Above all, he promotes liberty as it is practised in England,—not in the way of absorption, but of diffusion; not by monopoly, but upon the principle of equal enjoyment by all. The political dissimilarities of the two countries lie deeper than is perhaps supposed; and nowhere are they more evident than in their relative appreciation of political freedom. By Englishmen, liberty is regarded as a right; by Frenchmen, as a privilege. Indeed, the whole secret of the mistakes made in France by Governments, and by the public at large, is reducible to this one fundamental mistake,—the belief that liberty is unsafe; the ignorance of that great principle, that liberty itself is the only possible corrective of the excess of liberty. It is in this that we find the cause of the shortcomings of the home

policy of France during more than forty years. The tyrannical predominance of any single force does not depend so much upon the resources of that force itself, as upon the want of them in its neighbours; and it may always find its match in an antagonist force. The fault of French institutions was, that they made it possible for any particular form of liberty to become excessive, because it failed to be met by some other form of liberty which might measure and thus check it. Thus, mere parliamentary freedom grew to be a danger, because it did not spring from a broad system of representation; and freedom of the press mainly helped to overthrow the Monarchy of July, and imperil the whole social condition of the country, because it assumed eminently the character of a privilege, was concentrated in the hands of a class, and was used almost exclusively for the purpose of attack, meeting with no adequate counteraction in the shape of defence.

This is curiously illustrated in the year 1835, in the first great debates of September, upon the famous '*Projet de Loi sur la Presse*,' brought in by the Duc de Broglie, and strenuously opposed by M. de Montalembert. In the proceedings of both Chambers, it is at once apparent how extremely defective the notion of 'political freedom' is in France. A wrong has been done, a crime committed—the leaders of what is termed 'Society' are extremely alarmed; and the first and best remedy that suggests itself to them is, silence! They will have no more 'talk.' They will 'regulate' the expression of the public thought, pointing out to it the subjects with which it shall deal, and limiting its mode of dealing with them, not perceiving that the very fact that they have it in their power to do this, argues that there is neither 'thought' nor 'public' to be grappled with. This escaped even M. de Montalembert. Whilst seeing clearly the proper manner of opposing the law against the liberty of the press, he failed to see that he had not in hand the elements of opposition. He recognised the office of public opinion to refute, but did not perceive that, in fact, there was no public opinion in France that could take that duty upon itself. Still, the difference between him and his fellow-countrymen was a wide one,—he distinctly feeling what was the right thing to do, but not alive to the fact that he had no means of doing it; they, utterly mistaken as to what was the thing to be done, and thinking that, in the matter of attacks by journalism, the only remedy was to repress,—he knowing that it was to repel.

The repelling force, however, was not there; and here we have another proof of the truth of Royer Collard's words, 'Some-

thing must be done—what can be done? Nothing." This it was that Montalembert did not perceive; but his way of discussing the famous law of September 1835 was an English, not a French one. It is curious to mark the difference of tone between the Government at this early period of the July Monarchy and one of its most illustrious opponents. The Duc de Broglie was President of the Council, and Prime Minister; and the reason for the law which he desired to enact, was the criminal attempt of Fieschi upon the life of the king.

'We do not ask you,' says the much alarmed Government, by the mouth of M. de Broglie, 'to repress offences committed against the person of the king; we ask you to suppress the very possibility of such offences ever being committed; we ask of you to forbid all discussion having for its object the individuality of the king. The characteristic of the law we propose, is not to regulate, or restrict, or trammel discussion, upon points on which discussion is permitted; it is to interdict simply all discussion upon the points on which, according to our view, it is not permitted.' Let it be remembered that the sole pretext for the Revolution of July was to ensure increased freedom to the public;—a freedom of action and of thought, of speech and of pen, which the previous Government was reputed to have unjustly hindered or impaired!

We have shown the object of the law of 1835; we will now show that the mode in which that object was obtained was neither gentle nor ambiguous. 'In order,' says the Duc de Broglie, 'to attain to the possibility of preventing discussion upon certain points, we propose, first, to decide that any offence against the king is a crime; secondly, to punish that crime by penalties not repressive, but suppressive, by penalties destined to make all relapse impossible, by penalties which, in the case of a journal for instance, shall suppress the very existence of the journal.' Nor does the fear-inspired project end there: it extends the protection demanded for the king to the institutions of the country; it asks, that 'the constitution' and the 'political establishment of July 1830' shall be declared inviolable; and that it shall also be made a crime to 'discuss' the rights of the reigning house and the constitutional monarchy, as it has been founded by the 'Charte.'

This 'exorbitant' proposal, as Montalembert rightly characterized it, was supported by MM. de Broglie, Sauzet, Thiers (!), etc., and was combated, amongst others, by MM. Royer Collard, de Lamartine, Villemain, and Montalembert.

The latter stood, upon this occasion, in

almost as singular a position as when he attacked the University, on the occasion of the trial we have already alluded to. He could have no deliberative action in the Chamber of Peers till he had completed his thirtieth year; at this period he was just twenty-five, and, in fact, only taking his seat officially for the first time. The debates upon the laws against the press, voted in September, began in August 1835; and it was but in May of that year that M. de Montalembert entered the Chamber of Peers with the right, as a hereditary peer, of speaking.* We must not fail to notice, that the very earliest efforts of Montalembert as a born legislator of his country, were both made in favour of unlimited freedom. As a mere boy, he stood forth to save where he could not yet advocate the rights of the individual against the State; and, as the youngest of all France's peers, on taking his seat, he manfully defended the rights of public opinion against over-government. In the first instance, it may be objected that the clergy were on his side, and that he was in reality fighting for his Church; but this will not hold good in the second case, for the clergy, in the eyes of their narrow-minded partisans, had apparently nothing to gain by the overthrow of the project of law against the press. But here we recognise that invariable love of fair play that compels Montalembert always to side with any one who appears unjustly dealt by, and not armed with sufficient freedom of defence. His arguments against the preposterous provisions of the law are the broadest and most elevated, and they are couched in language worthy of their own nobility.

'This law,' exclaims the young orator, 'is an outrage on the public understanding and the public conscience, and that is why I am here to oppose it. To seem to concede to any political opinion whatever, and as a favour, the liberty of existence without that of expression, is as though it were sought to vouchsafe to us the liberty of breathing as one of the "conquests of July!"'

We should like nothing better than to reproduce the whole of Montalembert's speech, for few things can be more honourable to any politician; and there is not a line of it that may not, at a distance of five-and-twenty years, be put unchanged at the present moment into the mouth of a man, whom the

* Upon the occasion of the trial relating to the school, M. de Montalembert appeared at the Bar of the House, then constituted as the Court of Peers. His father's death made him (he being twenty-one) amenable only to this tribunal, but he could not sit in the Chamber, as a Senator, till he was twenty-five.

extreme ardour of his convictions has more than once exposed to the accusation of inconsistency. Some parts of it we feel compelled to quote, because they so clearly demonstrate the difference of his view and that of his adversaries, the supporters of the bill.

After reminding the Assembly of what was perfectly true, that under the Restoration, the Chamber of Peers had exerted itself sincerely to maintain the freedom of the press, M. de Montalembert, with a proud consciousness of the true worth of his cause, remarked—

‘I am not here as a champion of the liberty of the press, nor of any other liberty—they do not need that I should defend them. Freedom, I am intimately persuaded, has become the inalienable appanage of France. If passing storms disturb its glory and its peace, this state of things cannot endure long. The destinies of so great a conqueror may be delayed, but cannot be prevented; they will be so, neither by the crimes of those who style themselves friends, nor by the hatred of untiring foes, nor by the defections of whilome supporters. Liberty may brave all dangers, for its root lies at the very heart of France.*

‘What I am here to defend by my opposition to this project of law is rather, society itself threatened with the concussion and overthrow of all the ideas and habits to which, for so long a period, it has been used to submit. It is also the Government of July threatened in its popularity and its honour, in its just and salutary influence, by a collection of violent measures, of which one of the worst has been now placed before us. . . . See the effect already produced by your discussions! Public opinion, unanimously indignant and grieved at a crime† as cowardly as it was cruel, has become divided from the hour when it was thought that a national calamity was likely to be taken advantage of by the supporters of certain illiberal ideas. Society, really deeply outraged by the crime, feels itself now injured by the punishment. Society feels that an attack against what is most sacred in the social life of a people, might have been better met than by an attack upon the public conscience, upon the intellectual life of the public. Society repudiates a system of retaliation as sterile as it is iniquitous, which, under pretence of avenging one wound, inflicts twenty fresh ones. This law is an outrage on the public intellect and conscience, and that is why I am here to combat it.’

Here was the very fact of which the promoters of the law failed to discern the vast importance. They did not, and would not, see that the law was necessarily ‘sterile,’

* Present circumstances may seem to destroy this assertion; yet, perhaps, even they may be too superficially judged. There may be a latent love of some liberties still in France; and we must remember that in his preface so recently published, M. de Montalembert affirms that ‘nothing has hitherto occurred to shake his political faith.’

† Fieschi’s attempt upon the king’s life.

because it aimed at simple repression by material power, instead of calling other living forces into play, to undertake the work of natural and collective resistance to wrong; they would not see that the law was an ‘outrage on the public conscience and understanding,’ and that it must, therefore, be a mistake. No! they believed in the efficacy of silence, in the possibility, as we have already expressed it, of keeping mischief out of sight, and making the mere concealment of evil equivalent to its destruction. We dwell purposely at great length upon this discussion on the laws of September 1835, because it seems to us that no more disastrous blunder can be laid to the charge of the Government of July. It struck at the root of all future good, for it proved an inability to appreciate what was good in the political organization of society, and provoked in the spectator a feeling of hopelessness. Besides, one of the immediate consequences of the irrational behaviour of the Government was, of course, to sow mistrust in the national mind; for every principle which it had been declared was sure to inspire the newly-liberalized Councils of the State, was set at nought by the arbitrary disposition of the press laws, as it was now decided that they should stand. Montalembert was not slow to take hold of this, and his profession of faith in ‘freedom of conscience’ (implying, as we must not forget, the impunity of Atheism), is one of the most remarkable of his early declarations.

‘The Cabinet,’ says Montalembert, ‘is resolved to wage war, not upon patent outrages, but upon convictions; not upon facts, but upon ideas and sentiments, upon hopes and fears; that is to say, it is attacking the very principle upon which modern society is based—liberty of conscience. Now, I frankly avow it, this principle is not mine personally. I am no idolater of it; I hold to an order of principles more ancient, of a higher and holier kind; but this is evidently the principle of the world into which we are born,—it is the principle which, after a long struggle, has triumphed and now reigns in our country. For this reason, it seems to me that our duty is not to fear it merely, but to obey it, to accept it loyally, and to insist upon all its legitimate consequences. Nor is it, I repeat, for the safety of that principle that I am anxious. It is scarcely probable that it should have subsisted for several centuries, and conquered a good half of the world, to end by yielding, in this year of 1835, to the blows dealt by a law of circumstances and passion. I repeat it, I tremble only for the peace of the community in France, disturbed by so unforeseen a contradiction. I tremble for the Government France has given to herself, and which, by declaring that it dare not expose itself to discussion, makes, in my opinion, an avowal of weakness, as contrary to truth as to its own individual dignity.’

And, in reality, the avowal was one of which all the consequences had not struck the framers of the law. For, what shall be said of a Government which announces itself as of all Governments, the most liberal, but which at its very outset shrinks from permitting the right of expression to a principle, to an idea, to an impalpable force which is utterly without danger, if it be not based on truth. 'If,' said Montalembert, 'a mere principle, a simple opinion severed from all possibility of action, asserting itself solely by expression, by discussion,—if this be still too powerful to be allowed by the Government to go on wielding its two instruments, opinion and discussion,—if the injustice and falsehood of the accused principle suffice not to ruin it in public esteem, where is then the sovereignty of public reason to which you have professed to be ready to submit? And if you must renounce freedom for the sake of "public safety," where is the strength of the Government?'

And here the young orator hit a terrible blow at what, for years, was not admitted to be the great weakness of the Government of July, the anomaly which it was, or which it made itself. Sprung, as it affirmed, from the struggle of freedom against oppression, its first acts were marked by the desire to limit freedom; having no other right to exist save that it was to ensure the country a stronger, larger right to speak its own mind, it almost immediately limited the exercise of the political rights of the citizen. Instead of standing boldly on its merits, instead of striving to deserve well of the nation at large, confident in the never-failing certainty that the best Government always gets the most numerous supporters, the Government of July began by setting up its own safety as the one thing most precious to France. It succeeded to power in virtue of one principle, and sought to maintain itself in virtue of another and an opposite one. Its fundamental mistake was committed at once, and it never recovered from it.

The difference between so-called 'Legitimate' Governments, and Governments sprung from what is called the will of the people, lies in this one fact: that in the one case it is judged advisable to place the reigning family beyond ever-recurring discussion, whilst in the other the monarch is to be put for ever on his good behaviour. If it be the pleasure of his subjects that gives him authority, or places him at the head of the State, he is bound to please them, and he has absolutely no right to represent his own safety and that of his Government as considerations for which the public must be content to make a sacrifice. There is less ques-

tion of 'Divine Right' in all this than has been often believed. Probably no real, no practical belief in divine right, has been entertained by any prince or any statesman for the last two hundred years. The proof of this may be found in the abandonment of their own cause, which so many European kings have resorted to. But there is unquestionably a right represented by certain monarchies, and not represented by others. There are kingdoms enjoying the blessings of a mixed constitution, where, by the deliberate act of a number of men, doing their best for their country, the Sovereign family is placed beyond the reach of discussion. These monarchies are the legitimate ones. The first and foremost of them all is Great Britain, and it is time this should be marked; for many misapprehensions are gliding into the public mind, upon questions of public law and public duty. The Sovereign in Great Britain reigns in virtue of a principle,—a principle that has been admitted as beneficial to the workings of representative institutions,—a principle that is not subject to discussion, the machinery of the State being founded on this fact; and, therefore, the reigning family of Britain possesses a right which it is proper at times to invoke, and the safety of the Crown becomes an object which the Government may legitimately entertain and avow. It implies a perpetual appeal from the mere will to the interests of the people, so that to attack it would be at once criminal and absurd. But this has nothing to do with 'Divine Right.' It is a political form, nothing more. In Austria and Prussia, and the lesser German monarchies, in Spain and in France, even before 1789, much might be said also upon this; and probably it would be found that, in far more instances than we commonly suppose, the term 'Divine Right' was but a cant phrase, far less acted upon in practice than affirmed by the ignorant or the superficial. Practically, at all events, for the last century, 'Legitimate' monarchies have been those in which a reigning house has been set apart, in which the son succeeded the father in virtue of some ancient compact, and in which the obedience of the subject was held to be a duty, because the maintenance of the Sovereign family on the throne was regarded as a right. But if the question had ever been put, 'Why a right?' it would have been discovered, athwart a mass of confusion, that a larger recognition of the manifest advantage to the commonwealth lay at the bottom of the entire system than has been generally admitted. In the science of government, very small things are of great importance; and frequently, on the rupture of the very smallest thread, the ultimate destruction of

the whole fabric hangs. It is time to say, that, in the minds of the men who governed France during the period of the Restoration, there never was recourse to so absurd a creed as that of the 'Divine Right' of kings. M. de Richelieu, M. de Serre, M. de Chateaubriand, M. Lainé, M. Decazes, or Mgr. de Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, did not believe in it;—Louis XVIII. did not believe in it. Any one of the hottest Royalists of the time, beginning with the king himself, would have been sorely at a loss for an answer, had he been questioned as to the exact moment at which Divine Providence declared in favour of this family or that, and made it a law of nature, that on such a spot of the earth this race and no other should reign; or if he had been asked when, how, or if ever, the Catholic Church or the Papacy had acknowledged the doctrine? No! had this phantom of 'Divine Right' been marched upon at once, and firmly, it would soon have been dissipated; and what seemed so appalling at a distance, would have vanished into thin air. But there would have remained a right, a principle, a political system, which could have been amply discussed, and set aside, if, after deliberate discussion, it had been decided that freedom and representative institutions were incompatible with the form of that system, with the admission of that principle, with the maintenance of that right.

Now, this is just what was never done or attempted to be done in France. The existing Government was overthrown in 1830, by men who did not know what they made impossible by that overthrow; and it was overthrown by men who did not know what they themselves upheld. 'France,' says M. de Montalembert,* 'may be truly said to have never destroyed any of the Governments that have ruled over her; they have all let themselves go to destruction.' No truer word was ever uttered; and one of the chief causes of this self-abandonment was the want of due recognition of what in reality constituted them, of what they represented and were. The powers that fell in 1830 had as vague and indistinct a knowledge of their true meaning, as those who overthrew them had of their obligations for the future.

The men who were vanquished thought very highly of themselves (far too highly), but they were ignorant of the real reason for which their vanquishers could not replace them; and the vanquishers, also very proud of their own deeds, did not guess at the force that was to render those deeds abortive.

When the 'men of July,' as they are termed, succeeded to the men of the Re-

storation, they at once set about doing the same things that the former had done, but in a different way. They believed that the changes to be made must be in the mode of action. They did not see that the one thing forbidden to them was to attempt doing 'the same things' that the Restoration had done. They failed to see that they were separated by a principle; and for not venturing immediately to adopt, and proclaim, and act upon their own principle, they were soon caught in a mesh of incongruities and anomalies, and all progress became impossible. The germ of life was not in them,—they seemed only to live; and after eighteen years of endurance, such a man as M. Guizot could express the fatal thought, that 'resistance was progress.' *Le progrès c'est la résistance!* and so it was, so it had necessarily come to be.

There were few men who, in the early days of the July monarchy, saw the anomalies into which the Government was drifting, and the inextricable difficulties which would soon hem it round, if it did not venture to recognise the power of its own principle. Montalembert was perhaps the first who judged the position from the outside. Nearly every one else discussed from the inside, if we may so term it; and all parties were alike shut up in a narrow ring, where the noise and confusion they themselves created, prevented them from seeing clearly, and from doing either the good or the harm they intended to do. Montalembert was, from the commencement to the close, occupied in declaring to them that they were all wrong—all, equally so; and this was one of the causes of his enduring unpopularity. No one could make a partisan of him; and therefore people lightly echoed a lightly proffered assertion, that he was 'not to be counted upon!' How, with his English instincts, with his aspirations towards self-government, with his love of fair play, with his obstinate belief in more liberty as the only remedy for the inconveniences of some liberties granted,—how could he ally himself with men who were involuntarily only playing with 'Constitutionalism,' as it is called? or how could he be 'counted upon,' as they chose to phrase it, by people who, when they were brought face to face with the genuine mode of action of free, self-governing countries, invariably shrank back, and cast imploring looks around them, seeking for the protection (!) of the Executive? The difference between Montalembert and all the parties who have governed France successively, is a radical one; it is a difference upon what the French call '*la question de fond,*' and therefore the forms it takes are of endless

* *Discours*, vol. I., p. 45.

variety. The ultra-Royalists regarded him as a Republican, because he would forbid no 'meetings,' however turbulent, nor be frightened by the noisiest of electioneering rows; the Revolutionists hated him, because he would resist the tyranny of the mob as of the Crown; the exclusive July Monarchists feared him, because he would have given to public speech the right of discussing them; the Doctrinaires forsook him because he knew no 'mixed monarchy' could exist without an aristocracy; the scoffers abhorred him because of his unswerving devotion to the Church; and the very zealous of the clerical party would rather not have had him for an ally, because he insisted on the Church winning its way to supremacy by unlimited freedom granted to all creeds. The true reason which separated Montalembert from everybody in France, was, that 'everybody' was in some way or other attached to illiberality; all the political parties in France were illiberal, whilst Montalembert was really liberal. They all dreaded what they denominated 'excessive liberty,' whilst his doctrine was, that unlimited liberty only was safe, and that the pressure of one force upon another was the only means by which the oppression of any single force could be resisted. Neither in nor out of France, as we think, has Montalembert ever been thoroughly understood; and the reasons for the misunderstanding are obvious: he was too English in his instincts and modes of action ever to be comprehended by French politicians, and he was too ardent a Catholic for the English public ever to believe in his determined liberalism. His is one of those natures that must always be actively opposing what seems to him unjust or unfair. He hears a Government say that freedom of education is one of its grants to the nation; he instantly puts it to the test, is punished, and denounces the Government as false to itself and to the nation. He takes as sincere the declarations of the July Monarchy with respect to Poland, and for long years clamours for its emancipation. He sees the Revolution attain to sovereign sway in 1848, and, deeming a tyrannical action towards his Church the nearest danger, he helps with all his might, in 1849, the French expedition to Rome. But then again, when, after a few years, he has witnessed the mischievous influence of the Ultramontanes, and recognised the debasing example of a Jesuitical priesthood, his voice is the loudest raised in condemnation; and, probably, for his bitter sarcasms upon the narrow-minded, illiberal, cowardly conduct of the clergy within the last few years, the clergy will never quite forgive him. It must not be lost sight of, that Montalembert's reli-

gious zeal is based entirely upon faith—a rarer thing than is supposed. Montalembert believes in his Church, believes it to be the best, the only true one; and because he so believes, he has trust in its freedom. His argument is virtually this: 'What is true must prevail. I believe my Church the true one; if true, as I believe, liberty will contribute to show its superiority: if any Catholic fears liberty for his Church, he admits a possibility of its being found inferior. I do not. If I could admit a possibility of the Catholic Church not being able to stand the test of the utmost freedom, I must cease to be a Catholic.' The question is not, Why should a man of Montalembert's intellectual capacity be so firm a Catholic? We must admit the fact that he is so; and, admitting this, it is impossible to deny our admiration to the energy of his belief, and to the political and religious liberalism with which it inspires him.

It would be a very interesting study, though too long for our present limits, to consider the reasons of the estrangement from France of some of the most distinguished Frenchmen within the last quarter of a century. In every other country, a man's greatness and his national characteristics go together: the more he is of his country, the greater is usually his distinction. In France, the very reverse is the case. The less French the modes of thought and action, the higher is the chance of moral and political elevation: a man does not on that account love his country less, but he has other ways than hers,—he is estranged from her. This is specially to be noted in Montalembert and Tocqueville: both are great lovers of their country,—none more so; but neither has anything in common with his countrymen. Two characters more unlike can scarcely be found; yet they agree in this, that both are eminently what is understood by the term 'Constitutionalists.' Both are sincere Liberals, and for that reason cannot understand, or be understood by, their countrymen; cannot enter into their ways, or adopt their modes of action. 'I perceive quickly, that between my countrymen and me there is no one single point of contact,' writes poor Tocqueville a few years before his death; 'in their way of thinking and feeling there is nothing that can be likened to mine: we are each to the other strange; I have preserved tastes that have died out in them; I passionately love what they have ceased to love altogether; I have a fast increasing repugnance to what daily appears more pleasing in their sight.' Every word of that might be said by Montalembert, and at different times those are the kind of words he has addressed to his French

listeners; but there is a resolute, tenacious energy in Montalembert, which, coming to him from his Scotch mother, prevents him from ever giving his enemies the satisfaction of seeing him sink under his sorrows. All Frenchmen of a certain stamp have suffered more or less from the degradation to which France has been subjected by despotism; but we believe that the two who have suffered most bitterly have been Montalembert and Tocqueville, because they were the two most passionate lovers of liberty France ever had, and the two who least understood the errors of judgment and weakness of purpose by which France cheated herself out of freedom. Tocqueville mourns over France as a man mourns over a fondly-loved mistress; all that is noblest in his nature is brought out by the sadness that lies at his heart. Montalembert is incensed at the weaknesses he sees around him, and what is strongest in him is aroused to indignation. 'The sight of what is being done in France,' writes Tocqueville, 'and the manner in which it is done, are things which hurt and wound whatever is best in me—whatever is proudest, most honest, most refined. *I should be sorely grieved were I less sad.*'

Montalembert might have uttered every word of that sentence, only he would have ended it otherwise. He would have said, 'I should be sorely grieved were I less angry!' Tocqueville died of his sadness, Montalembert has had life trebled in him by his indignation. But both looked at France from an *un-French* point of view, and would have applied to her political modes of thought and action that were not hers; and both did this involuntarily and inevitably, because both were such sincere and thorough Liberals.

Montalembert had during all his career been a Cassandra; he was destined to continue playing that part. He thought France healthy under the Government of July, thought she was then possessed of all the necessary capacities for self-government, and might be trusted with freedom. Upon this point, we have already said, we differ from him; but it is certain that, compared with what she has been reduced to since, France was a healthy country in 1835, and might have attempted a far wider system of internal self-development. In 1848 she may be said to have passed through a fever which laid her low. *France has never arisen since that period*, and it is for having clearly discerned her utter prostration that Montalembert has been so accused by the Revolutionists of inconsistency. In 1835 he had been one of the champions of unlimited liberty as regarded the press, for he believed France

healthy, and held that she had strength within herself whereby to repel the attacks of her internal foes. In 1849 Montalembert saw (as did, indeed, every reasonable man in or out of France) that France was sinking under the brutality of the attacks levelled now at all constituted society, at all principles of order and morality; that she was too unhealthy to have any repellent force left; and that in a state of confusion, in which men could make converts to doctrines, preaching the efficacy of murder, rapine, and other insane monstrosities, a check must be put upon the license of the press. He chafed at the miserable condition of his country, but did not disguise it from himself or from the public; and he at once discharged what seemed a paramount duty. As he had in 1835 foreseen what dangers to society mistrusted freedom might one day occasion, so in 1849 he trembled at the results to freedom that would follow upon a course of absolutely unbridled riotousness.

'Mine is a hard and thankless task,' said Montalembert in July, 1849, 'for no one is liked or thanked for showing the dark side of things; but to show them is often the positive duty of an honest man and a good citizen. We have, every one of us, a great fault, in that we flatter ourselves. We no longer flatter kings or nobles, for a very good reason,—there are none left us to flatter. But we flatter ourselves under the thin veil of "society," or "humanity," or "country," or "nation," or "the existing state of things," as we choose to denominate it! We exaggerate every form of adulation when the subject happens to be our "society," our "country," or our "epoch;" but, in reality, what is sweet to us in all this is the flattery of ourselves. Well, for my part, this is what I will not do. I have never yet been the courtier of any one alive; I will not now become the courtier or the flatterer of my "country," or even of my "time." Let us penetrate to the very bottom of the question, and render to ourselves an exact account of our "society" and of our state of civilisation. At this present hour, and after the two experiments of June 1848 and June 1849, I have no hesitation in saying that *society, whole and entire*—I beg you to mark me well: I do not say such a ministry, or such an authority, or even such a form of government,—I say *society, whole and entire*, is exposed to the chances of any sudden attempt made upon it. *La société toute entière est à la merci d'un coup de main!*'*

And this, too, they disregarded! and liberty ran riot, and became the worst form of oppression,—the tyranny of the mob, as lawless as the despotism which succeeded it, and to which it gave rise. 'It is for society I tremble,' said Montalembert in 1835, when he saw the timid efforts of the Government to hedge 'society' round with defences. 'It is

* *Discours*, vol. iii., pp. 206-207.

for liberty I tremble' he exclaimed in 1849, when he witnessed the self-abandonment which made every one retire before liberty's worst excesses. He was not deceived for a moment as to what the consequences would be; and when he saw every political right and every moral principle imperilled by the hideous outrages committed (and submitted to!) in liberty's name, he but too well knew what the reaction would be, and how 'society,' incapable of defending itself, would eagerly implore protection, and ask to be over-defended: 'Kings have already remounted their thrones,' said Montalembert prophetically, in this same year (1849), after the Revolution had been apparently vanquished throughout Europe, 'but Liberty has not remounted hers. She has not reascended her throne in all our hearts! I well know how you write her name up everywhere, how it stands in our laws, and how you blazon it forth from every wall and every cornice; but in your hearts that name is effaced. Yes! the fair, the proud, the pure and noble, the holy liberty we so dearly loved, and so cherished, and so served—(*violent opposition on the left!*)—Yes! the liberty we served! for we did serve it before you, more than you, better than you ever did! That liberty,—I will hope she is not yet quite dead; but she is fainting, she is gasping and crushed! threatened with destruction between what, on one side, has been termed the sovereignty of the end to be reached (that is, the sovereignty of evil), and what, on the other side, is the inevitable reaction towards "exaggerated authority," of which you have made a necessity for society, and for human nature, which recoils terrified from your violence.'

Perhaps in no country is there a man who has, for a quarter of a century, spoken so much as Montalembert, and who could, so advantageously to himself, give back to the world at the end of that time every word that he ever spoke. Nay, we will go further, and say that, not only was it advantageous to himself that he should reproduce all he had ever said, but that it was necessary. Less than all would have been too little. Montalembert is of so very strenuous a nature, he advocates whatever cause he upholds in so passionate and exclusive a way, that you cannot possibly do him justice, if you do not follow him closely, and watch how, under various forms and appearances, he is for ever attaching himself to the one same unvarying end. The political fault of Montalembert is that of all energetic and generous spirits: he deals with a temporary ally as though he were an eternal friend; and the work of the moment done, mutual disappointment of course ensues; and when

the coolness of the rupture comes, one of the two allies is surprised to find that he has only been courted for a special purpose, and the other instantly hurls the easy reproach of 'inconsistency' at the head of a man who perversely persists in placing broad general principles above party.

One of the most striking traits in Montalembert is his eminently British contempt for what are called 'consequences.' If a measure good in itself is to be taken, he, like a true Briton, says, 'Take it;' whereas the logic-slaved Frenchman hesitates at what may be its 'consequences,'—and at all events does his best to escape them, and thus morally avoid paying his debts. Of all this Montalembert knows nothing, and his fearlessness is something quite unusual in his own country, and, above all, in the Chamber to which by birth he belonged.

We repeat what we said at the commencement of this article: that France had not in her wherewith to furnish forth the elements of strong, pure, healthy, complete Representative Government; and we are disposed to believe that one of M. de Montalembert's chief errors was the overlooking of this defect. But after scrupulously reading all that is contained in the five volumes of his speeches, we conscientiously say, that had the principles been acted upon—the principles of *fearlessness* and *fair play*—which are set forth in every line, France would not, could not, have stood where she stands today. Had the spirit of Montalembert been the spirit of the majority of politicians in France, or even of a large minority,—had it been in the French nature to think of public life as he thought, that could not have happened which did happen: the long Guizot Ministry could not have endured; small reforms could not have come to look monstrous in the sight of silly, purblind, miscalled 'Conservatives;' nor, consequently, would the vexation of the Opposition have been lashed into desperation, throwing down all before it. We could make out a goodly catalogue of shortcomings to be headed with Montalembert's name; but we maintain that, had his mode of looking at things (which was the British mode) been generally adopted, France would have been saved from the degrading state into which successive revolutions—by unstringing and wearing out the public nerve—have plunged her.

However harsh our judgment upon modern France may seem, we would remind the reader that it is only a relative one,—relatively to what countries in the full enjoyment of all their constitutional capacities can be,—relatively to such countries as our own and as Austria (perhaps the only two that can be

named), where every force exists that can limit a neighbouring force. France, with her present social and territorial organization, must, in our mind, always be condemned to inferior internal development; but, relatively to her own history of the last three-quarters of a century, relatively to what she was under the first and is under the second Empire, the Parliamentary period of France, from 1815 to 1848, is the only period to which any honest Frenchman can look back with satisfaction. 'This régime,' Montalembert truly says, 'gave to France thirty-seven years of life, of legal liberty, and of constituted authority, the benefits of which have survived, and to which we now owe whatever small amount, of good is still left to our public morals.'

We cordially echo that sentiment, and, as we have already said, we claim for M. de Montalembert a place to himself in the public annals of France,—that of a fearless, upright, even-handed, thorough Member of Parliament, such as the word means in Great Britain.

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- ART. III.—1. *Papers relative to the Affairs of British Columbia. Part I. Copies of Despatches from the Secretary of State for the Colonies to the Governor of British Columbia, and from the Governor to the Secretary of State, relative to the Government of the Colony.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 18th February 1859.
2. *Papers relative to the Affairs of British Columbia. Part II. Copies of Despatches from the Governor of British Columbia to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, relative to the Government of the Colony.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 12th August 1859.
3. *Further Papers relative to the Affairs of British Columbia. Part III.*
4. *Facts and Figures relative to Vancouver Island and British Columbia, showing what to expect and how to get there. With Illustrative Maps.* By J. DESPARD PEMBERTON, Surveyor-General, V. I. London, 1860.
5. *Wanderings of an Artist through British North America.* By G. J. KANE. London, 1857.

THE great reserves of gold which are destined, from time to time, to give a fresh impetus to the progress of mankind, appear to have been hidden only to be brought to light as the exigencies of society and the expansion of the human race require. Certainly no agent has been found so potent in supplying

remote lands with an industrious population, and enlarging the domain of civilisation. Three centuries were permitted to elapse after the discovery of America before any new regions productive of gold were opened to the enterprise of man. Some of the consequences of that great event, and the evils which it entailed on the New World, were not calculated to inspire a hope that the experiment, if we may so express it, would be very speedily repeated. In due time, however, society was to be again agitated by the concurrent discoveries of gold in regions widely separated from each other.

A great State is now rising at the antipodes which may even affect the future of India and China, and change the character of their civilisation. The influence of the Californian discoveries will be transitory compared with the results which must follow the rapid colonization of Australia. The gold of California raised a neglected portion of America into the dignity of membership with a great republic. The gold of Australia will probably be the foundation of an empire that may equal, if not rival, that of the parent State.

The Californian and Australian discoveries were quickly followed by another. In a remote, unexplored, almost unknown, region of North America, there exists a territory which, if it ever occupied for a moment the thoughts of a statesman, was only associated with bleak, snow-covered mountains and savage Indians; and it was considered to be as useless to Great Britain, either for commerce or colonization, as Boothia Felix or any of the other happy lands which our Arctic voyagers have added to the domain of geography. The highest use that could be reasonably assigned to it was that of a hunting ground of a commercial corporation of old standing and repute. The territory now known as the colony of British Columbia, in fact, constituted for two centuries a portion of the vast region which was granted by charter to that ancient and celebrated body, the Hudson's Bay Company. Their forts and stations were thinly scattered over a mountainous and picturesque region, inhabited only by tribes of roving Indians, who exchanged the produce of the chase for some commodities of Europe. No civilised man ever entered this remote region, unless he was connected with the fur trade. The great corporation had no interest in its glens, mountains, and prairies beyond their productiveness in animals of the chase. They regarded it as a game preserve; and if they were aware of its agricultural capabilities they certainly did not appreciate them. To have made them known would have been to invite immigration, and to encourage

schemes essentially opposed to their commercial character. This territory has been recently found to combine, in a remarkable degree, fertile land, fine timber, navigable rivers, rich deposits of alluvial gold, coal and other minerals, and many of the most important elements of wealth. On the discovery of gold, a state of things arose which rendered the government of the Hudson's Bay Company altogether unsuitable to the country. It was indeed attempted to apply the administrative machinery that had long been in action to the regulation of the new society which so suddenly and unexpectedly sprung up; but it was found wholly unsuitable, and the Crown came to an arrangement with the corporation for resumption of its dominion. A feeble attempt had previously been made to introduce an agricultural and pastoral element into the country, under the auspices of the company itself, but the wishes of the Government were but ill seconded, and the project fell to the ground.

This valuable possession was declared a colony of the British empire by an Act of Parliament which received the Royal assent on the 2d of August 1858, and is therefore, as a British dependency, just three years old. It is declared to comprise 'all such territories within the dominion of her Majesty as are bounded to the south by the frontier of the United States of America, to the east by the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, to the north by Simpson's River and the Finlay branch of the Peace River, and to the west by the Pacific Ocean, and to include Queen Charlotte's Island and all other islands adjacent.' It possesses 500 miles of sea-coast, and is about three-and-a-half times the size of Great Britain.

British Columbia is remarkable for several physical peculiarities, which, notwithstanding its numerous advantages, present obstacles of no ordinary magnitude to the settlement of the country, and which must involve works of labour attended with considerable expense. It is extremely mountainous, and, generally speaking, covered with a dense growth of wood. Fertile valleys abound, as well as elevated table lands, capable of supporting large herds of cattle. Quadrapeds are, nevertheless, singularly scarce in a country very well adapted to support them. The country, from the mouth of Frazer's River to the Falls which interrupt its navigation (a distance of about 200 miles), is thickly timbered, mountainous, and, except by the 'trail' or track used by the Indian hunters, almost impassable. The miner, on camping in these elevated regions, finds no resources beyond those which the rivers supply. During the winter

the thermometer indicates occasionally from 20° to 30° of cold below the Zero of Fahrenheit; but this severe temperature is confined to the upper country contiguous to the Rocky Mountains. In general, snow does not lie to such a depth along the banks of the principal streams as to preclude winter travelling with pack animals, and in some places it never lies at all. The changes of temperature, however, are very remarkable. The thermometer has been often noted at 31° at daylight; in the shade at noon on the same day, at 85°; and 40° in the evening.

The interest which at present attaches to British Columbia being chiefly centred in its gold fields, we shall describe, as briefly as the subject will admit, the character of these deposits. The Australian gold regions are so peculiar that they cannot be brought into comparison with any in the American continent. There is undoubtedly a large extent of country in Australia rich in superficial gold, but in the most productive districts the earth must be penetrated many hundred feet before the precious metal is reached, and then it is found in patches, or 'gutters,' as they are provincially called, sometimes of wonderful productiveness. No deposits of this character have been hitherto discovered either in California or British Columbia. The geological features of the valley of the Frazer River, and its tributaries, where the gold is chiefly found, are interesting. The stream runs through a rocky channel, and is bounded by high, and occasionally very precipitous banks; but above these banks are several terraces, or 'benches,' as they are termed, parallel in their direction to the course of the river, but rising one above another like steps, and receding from the river in proportion to their height. These 'benches,' doubtless, indicate former levels of the Frazer, and have been formed by remote geological disturbances. These raised terraces have been compared to the parallel mountain roads which are seen in the Grampians, and which are explained on the supposition of the whole space between the boundary ranges having been originally a vast lake, and by successive upheavals of the country. In accordance with this theory, it is not merely the existing bed of the Frazer River that ought to be auriferous, but the successive 'benches,' rising one above the other, ought to be equally, or even in a greater degree, impregnated with gold. This hypothesis has been remarkably verified by experience. The river in its earlier course has brought down with it a rich alluvial gold detritus, just as the present river is constantly enriching with the disintegrated gold quartz suspended in its stream the 'placers'

which it deposits along its banks. The present bed of the river pays for the whole distance which it has been explored, from 5 to 100 dollars per hand per day; but the 'benches,' which extend along the whole length of the Frazer's course, and which vary from one to five or six miles in length, have been recently proved to be highly productive. 'Every spadeful of the soil,' says a recent explorer, 'I believe to be auriferous. I am convinced that the "dry diggings" on the banks of the Frazer are on a most enormous scale.*' The only impediment to the almost unlimited production of gold is the want of water; but as soon as the remunerative character of the work is conclusively established, hydraulic machinery of great power will, it is said, be immediately applied.

The gold of British Columbia is not limited to one region. There are valleys separated from the Frazer by mountains which preclude the possibility of the same river having flowed through them, and these valleys are, in many places, highly auriferous. Alluvial diggings of extraordinary richness have been discovered on Quesnel River, a tributary of the Frazer. 'Last year,' writes the Governor in confirmation of the general opinion entertained of the wide extent of the gold region, 'an impression was generally entertained by the miners that the gold deposits had been made mainly by the Frazer, and that the gold was brought down by the stream from a source existing somewhere in the range of the Rocky Mountains; but they have since discovered that not only the bed, but also the higher banks of the Frazer, which rise terrace-like one above another as they recede towards the hills on either side, are composed of auriferous earth and beds of water-worn gravel,—a circumstance that has led them not illogically to the conclusion that the river occupied at some former period a much higher level than its former bed, and that the water has been drained off by its gradual deepening, through the natural process of attrition, or by volcanic agency;' and Mr. Douglas states, as a proof of the richness of the gold deposits, that he had been informed by a respectable merchant residing at Fort Yale, that he saw 71 ounces of gold dust taken out of one mining claim at Boston Bar by three men in twenty-four hours, and that the same claim yielded regularly from 48 to 50 ounces of gold a-day for about four weeks, when the holders were driven out by a sudden rise in the river, the claim being only accessible at

extreme low water for about four weeks in the year.*

California does not possess any gold deposits that resemble those on the raised benches and elevated table-lands of British Columbia. The gold of California is derived principally from the great existing mountain ranges, but the geological disturbances have been there wanting that raised the river beds in Columbia. Californian gold is found chiefly on the banks of existing streams; and, ground finer and finer as it is carried forward, year after year, by torrents, it is at last deposited as 'dust of gold' in the ooze or sand of the broad and tranquil rivers. 'There is, therefore, considerable reason to believe that the productive gold-fields of California will be exhausted in a comparatively short period; and although the gold is derived from mountains yet rich in the precious metal, ages must elapse before they will again impregnate the beds and banks of the Californian rivers with the golden particles which are diffused throughout the quartz of the Sierra Nevada.

The wide distribution of gold in British Columbia is unquestionable: the Frazer traversing the country diagonally from north to south everywhere passes through a gold region. The same may be said of Thomson River and of the Columbia, the upper portion of which, north of the 49th parallel, is in British territory. The aggregate length of these rivers is more than a thousand miles. As a rule, the gold is found in much smaller particles, and less in quantity, near the mouths of the streams; and it increases both in size and quantity as their sources are approached. Instances of great success are numerous; and miners have been known to realize L.400 or L.500 each in a season. In 1858, the greatest monthly shipment of gold was 235,000 dollars, and the smallest was 6000; and the total produce of the mines was estimated at 1,495,211 dollars, and in the following year at 2,000,000. The yield of the Californian mines has been ascertained, with tolerable accuracy, to be 50,000,000 dollars, or L.10,000,000 annually, while the average earning of each miner is estimated at only L.50; the mining population is consequently always ready on the vaguest rumour, to rush to neighbouring and even distant countries, at the prospect of a higher remuneration. The surface gold of California is now believed to be much diminished. The early miners collected what nature had been quietly hoarding through countless thousands of years. By the action of

* Report of the Chief Justice of British Columbia to the Governor.

* Despatch from Governor Douglas, C.B., to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. Dec. 1859.

frost and of fire, of air and water, she has been slowly wearing down the primitive mountains in which the precious metal was originally formed, washing away the lighter matter, and condensing the gold thus derived from cubic miles of granite and quartz within a few feet of sand at the bottom of the water-courses. A miner may thus take from a river bed in one day an amount of gold which he could not have extracted from the rocks in a year.

While the mines of California will probably diminish in productiveness from year to year, there is every reason to expect that those of British Columbia will increase; since the peculiar formations to which we have adverted give a geological character of permanence to the workings. The Chinese immigration has recently set in, and the movement is a strong corroboration of the mineral wealth of British Columbia. That sagacious people, as is well known, do not emigrate in large numbers, without having first ascertained that they will improve their position by the change. Their agents have carefully investigated the mining districts, and have reported on them most favourably; and British Columbia is found a far more attractive field for the emigrants from the Celestial Empire than California, where they have long been treated with harshness and illiberality. In the British colony they receive the same protection as other settlers; and the existing population hail their arrival with satisfaction, labour of all descriptions being greatly in demand.

The colony is yet destitute of one indispensable element of progress. There is no productive class, the population consisting entirely of miners and persons employed in the Government departments. The miner is an unceasing consumer; and the fair face of nature is scarred by marks of his devastations. The merchant may be allured to the most remote of the British colonies by the hope of gain; but the substantial wealth of the country can only be derived from the cultivation of its soil. Without agriculture, British Columbia must be dependent on other countries for its daily food. A farming population forms the solid basis of every prosperous State. It is as much the interest as it is the duty of Government, on the first establishment of a colony, to open up the country as speedily as possible for the reception of such a class. Roads, therefore, are the first necessity in a new colony; without them, indeed, there can be no real progress, and the most fertile soils are as valueless as sandy deserts.

As British Columbia has been only partially surveyed, it is impossible to state, with

any degree of accuracy, the quantity of land which is available for cultivation, or to determine its agricultural value; but wherever explorations have been made, they have resulted in the discovery of tracts of rich land, even in places where they were least expected. There is, therefore, no probability that a settler will experience any difficulty in selecting a good location. There is an abundant supply of timber for fencing, buildings, and fuel; and the produce of the forest may be made a source of immediate profit in the export of its valuable woods; and the production of potash, which finds a ready market, will partly pay the cost of clearance.* The flora and vegetation of the country are in a very high degree luxuriant. The richness of the soil in the neighbourhood of the gold-bearing rocks is, Mr. Pemberton says, most remarkable, as shown in the production of gigantic roots and vegetables. Turnips as large as hassocks, radishes as large as mangolds, and a bushel of potatoes from a single stalk, are, he says, far from uncommon. This exuberant fertility of soil is common to almost the coast of the Pacific as far south as San Francisco, where, at agricultural exhibitions, pimpkins weighing from 200 lbs. to 250 lbs. have been displayed, and pears are produced, 'to eat one of which requires the united efforts of five guests.'† 'An acre of land, says the Surveyor-General of the colony, 'planted with apple trees, would, at the end of three years, on a minute calculation, have cost the proprietor from L.30 to L.40; and their lowest selling price would then be L.200.' Hops succeed admirably. Native hemp, quite equal to the best Russian, grows freely, and is found in a wild state near every Indian hut. The general agricultural advantages of the country are thus stated by Mr. Pemberton:—

'Open grass lands can, of course, be ploughed up at once, and a crop obtained. Fern lands require to be ploughed in the heat of summer, in order, by fermentation, to kill the fern, and to destroy by exposure bulbous roots, such as crocuses, kamass, etc., for which purpose pigs make admirable pioneers. To clear pine lands is not very difficult: being very resinous, they burn up readily, and are easily overturned, as the roots do not descend but creep along the ground; in which respect these trees stand like pawns upon a chess-board. Oak is more difficult to eradicate, as the roots go straight down. Marsh lands are usually easily drain-

* In Canada, two acres and a half of wood will produce a barrel of potash, worth, after paying all expenses, about L.7, 10s.

† This is stated, it must be observed, on the authority of an Englishman, not of an American.

ed, and reclaimed by burning them up in summer; these lands afterwards produce the best crops. The cost of clearing an acre of timbered land may be taken at L.8; and other descriptions less, varying with the locality. An acre of land produces from 20 to 40 bushels of wheat, or a corresponding quantity of oats or barley, and continues to do so for some years, without manure, before it is exhausted. Hitherto, wheat has sold in the colony at 8s. the bushel, oats at 6s. Hay pays remarkably well, varying in price during the year from L.8 to L.16, or more per ton.

For meat and vegetables, the miners, and the British fleet, which is supplied by public contract, afford a ready market. The Indians everywhere grow potatoes and carrots as far north as Queen Charlotte's Island; their plan is to repeat the crop until the ground is exhausted, and then to clear more. The potatoes are excellent; and potatoes and salmon is their standing dish. Meat in the colony is dear—1s. to 15d. per lb.—which to the consumer, however, is counterbalanced by the remarkably low prices of tea, wine, and spirits, in consequence of Victoria being a free port. There is probably no fairer field for a small capitalist at the present time than British Columbia. By taking up 100 or 150 acres of land in a mining locality, which he may do without being called upon to pay any portion of the purchase money for the first year, he can, according to the latest return of prices, sell his milk for 4s. a gallon; his butter for 4s. a pound; eggs for 4s. a dozen; bacon for 1s. 3d. to 3s. a pound; and all other farm produce at corresponding rates.

The salmon fisheries in British Columbia might be made the most productive and valuable in the world. The fish ascend the rivers in vast quantities, and are so abundant that they are captured with a hook tied to a stick; the bears even secure with their paws, from the banks of the streams, as many as they wish. None of the fish, it is said, ever return, as the receding waters leave them in the bushes, and the banks are often covered with the dead. They are found of all weights up to 20 lbs, and in flavour the best kinds are said to be equal to any in Europe. On the coast the Indians live on them, and catch them in a great variety of ways,—in weirs ingeniously constructed, and in baskets adapted to receive them when they leap. In suitable situations they spear them, in deep streams cunningly decoy them to the surface, and in shallow water they stone them,—a whole tribe having been seen thus engaged on the banks of a river with great success. The salmon fisheries may be said to be practically inexhaustible.

In a new colony, the most important con-

sideration for intending emigrants is the price of land, and the conditions on which it can be obtained. In British Columbia the terms are exceedingly liberal, and such as must meet with a ready acceptance. Any British subject may obtain 160 acres, in anticipation of a survey, and acquire an inchoate title simply by taking possession and by the payment of a small fee. As soon as the land has been accurately surveyed, the proprietor or his heirs can acquire a perfect title, on payment of a sum not exceeding the rate of 10s. per acre, but which it is expected will soon be reduced to 5s. In addition to 160 acres thus obtained, a settler can purchase additional land, at a price not exceeding 10s. per acre, of which 5s. is to be paid at the time, and the remainder after a survey is completed. The liberality of this land law must prove attractive to a class of small capitalists whose profits are insufficient for their comfortable support at home.

There are two obstacles to the speedy colonization of British Columbia,—namely, its great distance from England, and the want of roads into the interior. While Canada, the Cape, Australia, and New Zealand offer their lands on liberal terms, it is scarcely to be expected that the British emigrant, unless under extraordinary inducements, will turn his attention to the youngest and most distant of the colonies, as a voyage of five months or an expensive journey across the Isthmus, must be undertaken before he can reach the settlement. The distance of the colony from the mother country counterbalances for the present its great attractions, and will continue to do so until a road is constructed across British North America. This is a desideratum which we believe is now seriously engaging the attention of scientific men and of statesmen. Without it, not only will British Columbia continue practically inaccessible to the best class of emigrants, but a permanent barrier must continue to be interposed to the colonization of a territory not inferior in fertility to the best portions of Canada. The basin of Lake Winnipeg and the valley of the Saskatchewan have been recently employed by order of the British and Canadian Governments. The quantity of land in British North America fit for settlement, and capable of cultivation, is estimated at not less than 500,000 square miles. The climate is no drawback, the heat of summer being sufficient to bring most of the cereals to maturity over vast tracts of country far north of the 49th parallel. The Red River settlement is an example of the great productiveness of this portion of the American continent; and there are, it has been ascertained, enormous areas, in the Saskatche-

wan and Lake Winnipeg basins, equally suited for agriculture, and rich in most of the elements of wealth. The passes of the Rocky Mountains have been examined, and these expeditions have resulted in the discovery that there exists no practical difficulty in the construction of a road, and even a railway, from the shores of Lake Superior to the Frazer River; and as British vessels can now proceed for 2000 miles into the American continent by the St. Lawrence and the canal and lake navigation of Canada, a road for the remainder of the distance to British Columbia ought, considering its importance, to present as few difficulties in a financial as it does in an engineering point of view.

In the colony itself the want of communication is severely felt. The force despatched to aid the first colonists in road-making has proved wholly inadequate, and there are no funds, in the present undeveloped state of the colony, available even for the most necessary public works. Possessing as yet little or no export trade, and the gold of the miners passing over the boundary into the United States territory to evade the duty on its export, the public resources of the country are restricted to such duties as can be levied on imports; and these, in a somewhat unsettled state of society, are not always easily collected. Capital for making the first roads in a new colony, might, we think, be judiciously advanced by the Imperial Government. A country would thus at once be endowed with the elements of success; immigration would set in, and a rapidly increasing population would soon enable the local government to pay off the debt thus incurred, and the commerce of Great Britain could not but feel in a short time the effect of so provident an outlay. Such is the course adopted by the Government of the United States in its new settlements. Roads are the first necessities of civilisation; without them there can be neither trade, social progress, nor political development.

At present the population of British Columbia is almost wholly fed and clothed from the neighbouring states of Oregon and California. The exports of the colony are insignificant, and consist only of a few tuns of oil, a little coal, and some barrels of cranberries. Some spars that were ordered from England had to be purchased from a neighbouring State, although the forests of British Columbia abound with the finest timber in the world. There were then in the colony no means of transporting them to the coast. Hay, which sells at prices ranging from L.8 to L.16 per ton, is imported from California, as are building materials from Puget Sound and Oregon. 'In our present state,' writes an

intelligent settler, 'we are compelled to sit on an American chair, wear an American hat, read an American book, and patronise an American tailor; in fact America reigns supreme, and this must be the case while we are driven of necessity to American markets to obtain our supplies. Almost all the articles that we require now fetch here three times their cost in England, and are, moreover, of an inferior description. A ready and remunerative market is a great boon to the shipper; but we have more to offer,—we have good harbours and a free port. Not one iota of duty has to be paid on the goods shipped to Victoria: there they can remain till they are sold; and when sold, first class paper on England in payment is at the disposal of the merchant.' These facts cannot be generally known in England. The imports into British Columbia and Vancouver Island amount to L.700,000 yearly, but the gold of British Columbia, in consequence of the absence of trade with the mother country, instead of finding its way to England, goes to swell the exports of the precious metal from California.

In one important respect British Columbia presents greater attractions than many of our other dependencies. No part of the world is better suited to the constitution of Englishmen. The capital, New Westminster, possesses a climate milder than that of England, although in a latitude a thousand miles farther north than Quebec. Snow falls in the mountains early in October, but seldom remains for any length of time in the valleys. The summer is dry, and the heat considerable. One peculiarity of the climate it requires, Mr. Pemberton says, an effort to realize. 'Surrounded by snowy peaks, the air is often not only warm, but sultry. Even at Victoria, where snow seldom exceeds a few inches in depth, or at Langley, we have evidence of this every day. The snow itself is not of the damp compact nature we are accustomed to; it is light, dry, and drifting, and on this account, when it thaws it disappears with astonishing rapidity.' The Rocky Mountains have been crossed without difficulty on the 21st of January.

This colony is unsurpassed in pictorial interest. It is a land of broad lakes, foaming rivers, thundering torrents, of mountains piercing with their snowy pinnacles the blue transparent sky, with valleys of enchanting beauty, and forests of matchless magnificence. 'Nothing,' says Governor Douglas, 'can surpass the imposing grandeur of the mountain masses and deafening cataracts of the two districts, the Harrison's River and Lake, the admiration of every lover of the sublime and picturesque in scenery.' In other districts

similar grand and imposing features present themselves. 'Looking north, south, and east,' writes the surveying officer of Engineers, 'the view embraced mountain scenery of a description rarely to be surpassed. As far as the eye could reach, an endless sea of mountains rolled away into the blue distance, their sides clothed almost to their summits with an impenetrable forest of every species of pine, and their peaks and recesses lit up by the rays of the early sun, too early yet to lighten the gloomy valley below us. Here and there a rugged naked peak towered up in bold relief some 1000 feet or more above the summits of the adjacent ranges, spotted with occasional patches of snow in crevices never perhaps penetrated by the sunlight; and so complete was the network of mountains in which we were enveloped, that the question how we were to get out of them, appeared to be somewhat difficult of solution.'

There has been some misapprehension respecting the Indian tribes which inhabit British Columbia, and tales of their savage nature, and of attacks made upon settlers, have not been without their influence in checking immigration. Unlike the nations to the eastward of the Rocky Mountains, of which the Blackfeet have attained a bad pre-eminence for their bloody disposition and frequent feuds, the races to the west of the mountains are of a mild nature, and have shown an aptitude for civilisation. The missionaries exercise much influence over them, although their success in making converts has not been hitherto great. No persuasion has been able to make them agriculturists, but they pursue hunting and fishing as the sole and precarious resources against famine. The moral ascendancy of the chiefs over the tribes is greater than has been often observed in savage life. 'These people,' says Mr. Kane, speaking of the Indians inhabiting a district of British Columbia, 'are governed by two chiefs,—the Chief of the Earth, and the Chief of the Waters. The one exercises great power over the tribe, except as regards the fishing, which is under the exclusive control of the Chief of the Waters. He dispenses justice, strictly punishing any cheating or dishonesty among his subjects. He opposes the gambling propensities of his tribe to the utmost, even depriving the successful gamblers of their share of the fish received annually from the Chief of the Waters.' The latter personage appears to be of great importance. No one is allowed to catch fish without his permission. His large fishing basket or trap is put down a month earlier than any one is allowed to fish for himself; and the Chief of the Waters informed Mr. Kane, that he had

taken as many as 1700 salmon, weighing on an average 30 lbs. each, in the course of one day. The daily average taken in the Chief's basket was about 400. He distributes the fish thus taken during the season amongst his people, every one, even the smallest child, getting an equal share. Indifference to age, more especially to female age, is a disagreeable characteristic of the Indian tribes on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. Children are a source of profit and strength to an Indian parent; but the old of both sexes are regarded as burdens of the earth, and are often left to perish from hunger and cold. Mr. Kane relates an incident which strongly brings out this peculiarity.

'Some Indians,' he says, 'while bathing near the shore, picked up a cask, and finding upon examination that it was full of rum, made up their minds to have a carouse. One of the party, however, suggested the possibility that the white men had put poison into it, to be revenged on them for having fired on the inland brigade of boats going up the river the year before. This deterred them from drinking until they had tested its quality. For this purpose they selected eight of the oldest women in the camp to try the experiment on. The women fell into the snare, and, becoming intoxicated, commenced singing with great glee. But an old chief soon put an end to their potations, saying that it was evident there could be no poison in it, and that it was much too good to be thrown away upon old women. The whole tribe then set, to, and were not long in draining the cask.'

Mr. Kane, in his very interesting work, supplies some amusing details respecting the habits, manners, and superstitions of the Indians of British Columbia, and those inhabiting the district of the Rocky Mountains; and he arrives at the conclusion that, if fairly treated, they will not give any trouble to European settlers. Their disposition is rather to exaggerate the merits of the Europeans with whom they come in contact, than to repel their advances. Mr. Kane thus describes the effect produced upon the Indians by a travelling Scotch piper:—

'A Highlander, of the name of Colin Fraser, joined our party. He was on his way to a small fort, of which he had the charge, at the head of the Athabaska River, in the Rocky Mountains, where he had resided for the last eleven years. He had been brought to the country by Sir George Simpson, in the capacity of his piper, at the time when he explored the Fraser River, and made an extensive voyage through a country hitherto little known, and among Indians who had seen few or no white men. He carried the pipes with

him, dressed in his Highland costume; and when stopping at forts, or wherever he found Indians, the bagpipes were put in requisition, much to the astonishment of the natives, who supposed him to be a relation of the Great Spirit, having, of course, never beheld so extraordinary a looking man, or such a musical instrument, which astonished them as much as the sound produced. One of the Indians asked him to intercede with the Great Spirit for him; but Fraser remarked, the petitioner little thought how limited his (Fraser's) influence was in that quarter.'

The opinion formed of the native races by the Judge of British Columbia is highly favourable. 'We found,' Mr. Begbie says, in reporting the results of a tour through the country, 'everywhere the Indians willing to labour hard for wages, and perfectly acquainted with gold dust, and the minute weights for measuring one or two dollars worth. The amount of wages for the most abject drudgery to which human beings can be put being 8s. per. day and provisions, wherever we went, shows of itself a very high rate of average profit as the wages of labour in British Columbia. If this is the average remuneration of the most unskilled labour what ought skilled labour, supported by capital, to earn? It was the uniform practice of storekeepers to entrust these Indians with their goods. Thefts were said to be unknown. My impression of the Indian population is, that they have far more natural intelligence, honesty, and good manners than the lowest class, say the agricultural and mining population, of any European country I ever visited, England included.*'

VANCOUVER ISLAND, recently erected into a separate colony, promises in some respects to become even of more importance than British Columbia. It possesses the best harbour in the whole line of the Pacific coast, all the ports, with the exception of San Francisco and Apaculpo, being, from the difficulty of their approach, the terror of navigators. Esquimault, from its position and capabilities, appears likely to be the emporium, not only of Vancouver Island, but in a great measure of British Columbia. Although not a first-class harbour in point of size, it has ample room for twelve ships of the line and many smaller vessels; and the harbour of Victoria, three miles from Esquimault, if it cannot rival the former as a naval station, possesses an ample haven for large merchant ships, and is only separated from Esquimault by a narrow neck of land, a canal cut through which

would connect the two harbours. Vancouver Island possesses coal, excellent in quality, abundant in quantity, and easily worked, and vessels are able to lie alongside a wharf within a few yards of the pits. The Hon. W. Fitzwilliam, on his visit to Vancouver Island, found a party working a seam of coal 6 feet thick, at a depth of 40 feet, and within 20 yards of the shore.* The consumption of coal on the Pacific has been estimated at 200,000 tons a year. San Francisco alone, in 1859, imported 79,722 tons. The Pacific coasts produce coal in many places, but they are not able to supply more than one-tenth of the demand. An extensive and valuable coal-field within British territory is therefore an economical fact of the greatest importance with reference to the future of our dependencies in this quarter of the world. It is the opinion of practical miners who have visited the locality, that coal may be found everywhere within a distance of two miles from Nanaimo, where it is now worked at a depth of 50 feet from the surface.

Vancouver Island is about the size of England, and formed a portion of territory governed by the Hudson's Bay Company until it was erected into a British colony. It has hitherto been very partially explored, but is believed to be covered to a great extent with forests of magnificent timber, and many valleys have been found of great fertility. The soil is described as generally productive, although in places rocky. The country is divided into woodland and prairie. The prairies are park-like, and form extensive plains stretching into the forests. Clover grows with luxuriance in several places on the coast, and it is supposed to have sprung originally from seeds accidentally dropped from packages brought from England, some of which were made up in hay. The timber of the interior is described as very fine, and the whole course of a river (the Nimkish), from an extensive lake, as 'lined with splendid red pines, large and long enough for the spars of the largest men-of-war.' The Douglas pine is found from 3 to 28 feet in circumference. But the largest and most picturesque tree of the fir tribe in Vancouver Island is the *Nobilis*, which is met with chiefly in rich alluvial valleys, where they have been seen 250 feet high, with a circumference of 42 feet at the butt, and with bark from 8 to 14 inches thick. Two kinds of oak are found on the island, but they do not grow to any considerable size, and are dwarfed into insignificance by the towering *conifera* by which they are surrounded. Gold-bearing rocks have been

* Report by Mr. Begbie to the Governor of British Columbia, April, 1859. Papers Relating to British Columbia. Part III., p. 17.

* Evidence of Hon. C. W. W. Fitzwilliam before the Select Committee on the Hudson's Bay Company. P. 114.

observed in the mountains, and doubtless gold detritus will be discovered when the country is farther explored. The streams abound in salmon and trout. Many thousand barrels of dried fish are annually sent from Victoria to the Hudson Bay Company's depot at the Sandwich Islands; and an enterprising fisherman from Orkney, who had established himself at Beecher Bay, one of the inlets of the coast, put up and exported in one year 300 barrels of salmon, which he had purchased from the Indians and cured. The neighbouring bays are inexhaustible in their supplies. 'And to give some idea,' says Mr. Fitzwilliam, 'how prolific these seas are, the method of catching herrings is for two Indians to go in a canoe, one paddling in the stern, and the other standing in the bow. The Indian in the bow has a lath of wood about 8 or 9 feet long studded with nails. He scoops down into the water and impales the fish on the nails, and literally rakes them into the canoe. In two or three hours they get a load.* The climate is extremely fine, and wheat, barley, and oats have been raised in perfection wherever it has been attempted to cultivate them, and potatoes are a staple production.

This fertile and attractive island is undoubtedly the most valuable of the British possessions in the Pacific, and will doubtless soon become the principal station of our naval squadron in that sea. Although New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, is in its infancy, Victoria, the capital of the sister colony, has already grown to the proportions of a considerable town of between 3000 and 4000 inhabitants. The site is represented as all that could be desired, and the views on every side are replete with pictorial attractions, the snow-capped mountains of British Columbia being visible from almost every street, and reflected in the broad sheet of water which forms the noble harbour of the rising capital.

It may be useful to specify the class of emigrants to whom these colonies hold out prospects of remunerative labour or investment. First, then, to capitalists they present many attractions. In a new colony the value of money is always high. The rate of interest in Vancouver Island ranges from L.25 to L.30 per cent. per annum, with unexceptionable security, and no difficulty is found in placing money out on those terms. To agriculturists, as soon as the necessary communications are made, high prices must ensure a rapid prosperity. All professions are at present overstocked but that of a schoolmaster, and governesses and private tutors would find

a ready demand for their services. Shepherds, ploughmen, and gardeners obtain the highest wages of skilled labour, and mechanics are sure of ample remuneration. To those who may be attracted by the glittering prizes in the lottery of gold digging, we can only say that hard work and uncertain gain have been the lot of the gold seeker in every country and age. The produce of the mines of British Columbia, compared with the population at work on them, has been doubtless highly satisfactory; and the deposits are unquestionably far richer than those of California. A remarkable calculation, however, appeared in the *San Francisco Herald* in 1859, proving the great losses sustained by the California miners during their temporary residence on the Frazer River. Ten thousand of the best American miners were induced by the favourable reports of the gold production to quit California for British Columbia. Estimating the amount of gold obtained at 50 dollars for each miner for six months of laborious work, and the expenses for the same period, including passage money and maintenance, the conclusion is arrived at, that they sustained a loss of 300 dollars each. Since that period, however, the average daily yield of the mines has greatly increased, and immigration has again set in from Oregon and California, with, we believe, much better results. The greatest misapprehension exists as to the exertion required for gold washing. To any enterprising clerk or artisan who may be tempted by golden visions to try his luck in British Columbia, we recommend the perusal of the following passage from Mr. Pemberton's work:—

'Construct a "rocker," the materials of which will not cost many shillings. Place the rocker under the pump, and fill the box that is on the top with gravel. Now, recollecting that a few halfpence worth of gold to a pan of gravel pays the miner L.2 a day, file three halfpennyworth from a half sovereign into the box; rock away with one hand and pump with the other, only stopping to shovel gravel into the box as often as you empty it: in this way you will be able not only to acquire a good idea of the amount of physical exertion required, but also to test your skill in the art, before you have occasion to practise it many thousand miles from home. If, after counting the cost, you still determine to try your fortune, I should say the surface diggings of British Columbia, or the gold deposited from disintegration that has been going on for ages past, are as yet unexhausted. Be early in the field, and may success attend your adventure?'

The laborious nature of mining as a pursuit is too often lost sight of, although

* Loc. cit., p. 114.

such is the fascination exerted over the masses by the hope of sudden enrichment, that multitudes will never fail to be attracted to those countries which offer the prospect of a sudden transition from poverty to wealth. In British Columbia there is at present an important element of expense to be taken into consideration, in consequence of the uncertainty and cost of obtaining supplies. 'Sometimes,' says Mr. Pemberton, 'with the tracking line passed over his shoulders, the miner drags his boat or canoe against a swift current, wading up to his waist in water. At other times we meet him toiling up some rugged hill with a month's provisions on his back. And what has been the result? Since mining began in British Columbia in 1858, the miner's average earnings have not exceeded L.100 a-year, while the cost of living is at least L.80. An intending emigrant should dismiss from his mind any instances of extraordinary success he may have heard of. Suppose he became acquainted with an authenticated case of a man making five or ten times more than the average in such a season, such an instance only argues 5 or 10 to 1 against his (the intending emigrant) realizing anything.' Mr. Pemberton further states, from data before him, the gold production of 1859 to have been about 2,000,000 dollars, and the product of two years to have been about 3,000,000 dollars, and that the number of miners actually at work at any time in the country cannot have exceeded 3000, which thus gives for the miner's average annual earning about L.100. In California the average annual earning is only half that sum; but the country is more accessible, and the facilities for living are much greater. The general result of the comparison between British Columbia and California is, that the gold fields of British Columbia although labouring under certain temporary disadvantages, are certainly twice as productive as those of California.

In concluding the subject of the mineral riches of British Columbia, we shall refer to the latest discoveries which have rewarded the researches of the various 'prospecting' parties in the colony. Several localities have been recently found rich in the precious metal. In a district termed Rock Creek, gold, coarse and heavy, in highly remunerating quantities, has been discovered by the Government surveyors for a distance of 50 miles along the course of the stream, and the average earnings of the miners are computed at from 10 to 50 dollars a day, and no doubt is entertained that every creek, gully, and rivulet in the country is more or less auriferous. Mountains, which were thought to present impassable barriers to the operations

of the miner, have been found more profitable than the richest 'placers' and most productive river beds. Notwithstanding their repelling cliffs, they are like to become a source of wealth, and the support of a large mining population. Rich gold-bearing quartz is there found in abundance, but the greatest expectations have just been raised by the discovery of a silver lead of a very rich quality. Cinnabar and copper have also been discovered with most promising indications, and the whole country surrounding the Lower Frazer is described as 'teeming with mineral wealth.' Considering how small a proportion of the colony has been explored, traces of such riches met with at so early a period, certainly point to a very brilliant future. Coal, too, has been recently found in British Columbia, of a quality superior to that of Vancouver Island.

How are these promising and interesting dependencies to be rendered more accessible to British industry and capital? This is a question worthy of occupying a portion of the public attention. There are at present several routes open to the emigrant besides the passage round Cape Horn, but they involve transhipments and railway journeys, and they are too expensive for the resources of ordinary settlers. England, however, possesses a territory stretching continuously from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, and it requires only a moderate degree of liberality on the part of the Imperial Government to insure the construction of a road across British North America to the regions of the North Pacific. The United States have already connected their eastern territories with the Pacific by 8131 miles of mail-coach road, opened and maintained by the nation at a gross expenditure of more than 1,000,000 dollars per annum, and the population for whose benefit this large outlay has been incurred does not exceed 650,000; and it has been calculated that the Pacific States are peopled at a cost to the Federal Government of 17s. annually for each settler. The districts which benefit by this expenditure form undoubtedly an integral part of the United States territory; but it has always been the principle of England, on endowing a colony with free institutions, to leave it to the people themselves to develop its resources, to make roads, and to execute all works of public utility which the settlement may from time to time require out of their own resources. The American Government, on the other hand, undertakes these works itself, considering them essential to the growth of an infant state, and holds the public lands and revenue as securities until it has been indemnified for outlay.

The policy of England in the treatment of her colonies, in this particular, was stated by Sir Bulwer Lytton in a despatch to British Columbia in 1858:—'I cannot avoid reminding you,' he says, 'that the lavish pecuniary expenditure of the mother country in founding new colonies has been generally found to discourage economy, by leading the minds of men to rely on foreign aid instead of their own exertions; to interfere with the healthy action by which a new community provides step by step for its own requirements, and to produce at last a general sense of discouragement and dissatisfaction. For a colony to thrive and develop itself with steadfast and healthful progress, it should from the first, as far as possible, be self-supporting. No doubt it might be more agreeable to the pride of the first founders of a colony which promises to become so important, if we could at once throw up public buildings and institute establishments on a scale adapted to the prospective grandeur of the infant settlement. But, after all, it is on the character of the inhabitants that we must rest our hopes for the land we redeem from the wilderness; and it is by self-exertion, and the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which self-exertion engenders, that communities advance through rough beginnings to permanent greatness.'

The despatch embodying these sentiments may be a very able literary composition, but we must be permitted to doubt the correctness of its reasoning. Which of the arrangements, the American or the British, is most in accordance with good policy, there is little reason, we think, to doubt. We believe it to be both the interest and paramount duty of Great Britain to provide the funds required in the first instance to make a colony *habitable*, controlling of course their expenditure, and taking effectual security for their repayment. Applying this principle to the expediency of opening a route between the Atlantic and Pacific colonies of Great Britain, it may be inquired how this important object can be best attained. For half a century England pursued with a consistent but unfortunate perseverance the chimera of a north-west passage to the Pacific, but the various Arctic voyages have resulted in no advantage to commerce, and contributed little to science beyond a trifling addition to our geographical knowledge, at the cost of a sum considerably exceeding L.1,000,000. The delusion is now completely dispelled, and we are beginning to discover that, instead of forcing a north-west passage through the Arctic seas, there is a practicable route to the other hemisphere, a real 'north-west passage,' across the continent of North America. We have adverted to the fact of the navigation being open from

the ports of Great Britain to the northern shores of Lake Superior. The Atlantic can now be crossed by the inferior class of settlers for 50s. per head, and for that trifling sum, an emigrant can be carried from Liverpool or Glasgow to Quebec. A railway across British North America is at present justly considered as impracticable; and to an emigrant, speed in travelling is not so much an object as certainty and economy. There exists already a practicable track from the Frazer River to the Red River settlement, and no difficulty is anticipated in extending this road to Lake Superior. The existing track, as far as it extends, might be easily converted into a waggon road, and continued to the Canadian frontier. All the colonies of British North America would then be connected, the line would from time to time be improved, and ultimately converted into a railroad, as the countries advance in prosperity and importance. An emigrant, it has been calculated, would, by this overland route, reach Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island, or the city of New Westminster, sooner by a week than he can now do by the quickest available transit.

The interest of such an overland journey to the Pacific would be unequalled. Entering the wide St. Lawrence—the pride of the Canadian people—ascending the noble stream, its banks studded for three hundred miles with thriving villages, picturesque hamlets, and stately cities, and backed by distant mountains and forests, the traveller would pass into the great North American Lakes, crowded with the ships of the second commercial State in the world, and with those of the prosperous colony of Canada, and reflecting in their bright waters the blended glories of nature and the pride of rising towns; and reaching the extremity of Lake Superior, with its grand but desolate shores, he would traverse a country of minor lakes and of pine woods; he would see the great Saskatchewan, its banks crowded with herds of buffalo; he would pass over boundless prairies, and catch occasional glimpses of the wild hunter, as he pursues his gigantic game over the plains, until he reach the Rocky Mountains, mysterious in their unexplored seclusion, but beautiful in their outlines and their forms; and threading their romantic defiles, he would suddenly emerge into the gold fields of British Columbia, wind among valleys, the scenes of animated industry, and skirt the banks of rivers broken by foaming torrents and overhung with magnificent woods, until from some eminence he would see the blue Pacific looming in the distance, and below him, in the dim horizon, the cities of New Westminster and Victoria; and arriving

at the capital of the young and not the least prosperous of the fifty-two colonies of Great Britain, he would exult in the thought, that he has passed from the shores of England, over an ocean of which she is the mistress, and through a territory of which she is the sovereign for upwards of four thousand miles, and that the same flag which floats over the royal castles and fortresses of his native land, still waves in the soft breezes of the Pacific, and is hailed with pride as the symbol of authority and protection by every dweller in the immense region which he has traversed in his lengthened route.

ART. IV.—*Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church; with an Introduction to the Study of Ecclesiastical History.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ's Church. London. 1861.

THIS volume by Dr. Stanley is professedly an instalment of his labours as occupant of the chair of Church History in Oxford. Many circumstances conspired to give unusual interest to Dr. Stanley's appointment to that chair, and to raise high expectations of his labours in an office so congenial to his tastes and genius. Nor have such expectations been disappointed. The three introductory lectures which Dr. Stanley published immediately after the commencement of his duties as Professor, showed how familiar he was with the field on which he was entering,—what a masterly and richly informed survey he was able to take of it,—and how thoroughly he had pondered its relations; how, from the call of Abraham, 'the first beginning of a continuous growth,' to the Puseyite controversy,—the most recent sucker from that growth,—he could trace and bring into some degree of proportion its wonderful ramifications. A certain ease, fullness, and richness of historical apprehension and allusion, combined with an enlarged appreciation of the capacities of the subject, especially distinguished these lectures, which reappear as an introduction to the present volume.

The main part of the volume, as the title imports, is devoted to the history of the Eastern Church. The reader, however, must not look for a complete and continuous history. So little is there of this, that to some, we fear, the volume will prove a disappointment. In its separate parts it is interesting, graphic, and full of information; it is marked

throughout by Dr. Stanley's characteristic qualities of fairness and pictorial vigour, and constant animation of style, and particularly by the vivid portraiture of characters, of scenes and geographical features, in which he so much delights; but it does not satisfy the suggestions of the subject. It is too fragmentary and sectional for this,—a collection of Lectures, and not a fully outlined narrative or history. It does not, indeed, pretend to be more than *Lectures*; but, even in this view, a want of continuity and fulness of treatment strikes the reader, and leaves him dissatisfied. He expects to learn more of the Eastern Church than the volume teaches. With the consciousness that its history was very much a blank in his mind, he had hoped to have the blank filled up; and when he finds himself detained, during four lectures, on such old ground as the Council of Nicæa, and finds two more lectures on Athanasius and the Emperor Constantine,—these lectures embracing more than half the volume,—he feels as if the book, failing to answer his hopes, failed also to answer the occasion.

To a considerable extent this fragmentary character of the volume is owing to the subject itself. Properly speaking, as the author remarks, 'the Eastern Church has no history. It is marked out rather by tracts of land and races of men, than by successive epochs in the progress of events, or of characters. The nations which it embraces have been for the most part so stationary, and their life so monotonous, that they furnish few subjects of continuous narration.' Little remained, therefore, for a lecturer, but the choice and treatment of certain aspects of the subject. Still, many will think that these aspects might have been presented so as to furnish a more consistent and progressive picture of Eastern Christianity, both in its theological spirit and in its external relations.

With such qualifications, we must express our obligations to Dr. Stanley for what he has done; and we feel especially bound to say, that any want of completeness in the contents of the volume by no means detracts from its interest. From beginning to end, it is most pleasant as well as instructive reading. The gravity of the scenes and events is everywhere relieved by the picturesque and vivid force with which they are described. The reader is made constantly aware, that he is dealing with real life and character, however distant in time, and far removed from anything in his own experience. No English writer, so far as we know, has ever given such a picture of the Council of Nicæa,—a picture alive with strange and crowded figures, and with the light of the old East,

and its strange mixture of sacred mystery and earthly passion, everywhere flushing it. If any one wishes to contrast the work of the mere annalist with the graphic pencil of the descriptive historian, he has only to compare Bishop Kay's volume—in itself excellent—on the Council of Nicæa, and Dr. Stanley's pictured pages. It is no mere ghost of an extinct theological feud that rises before us, but a scene of living struggle; theological terms, and the shades of political doctrine which they suggest, vanish in the background; and the theologians themselves, Alexander, Athanasius, Arius, Eusebius of Cæsarea, and his presumed brother of Nicomedia, scarred hermits from the upper Thebaid,—with 'the right eye dug out,' and the 'left leg hamstrung' in the Diocletian persecutions,—and the Emperor Constantine in his semi-barbaric splendour, stand out before our view. The hand of the artist is apparent throughout. Every accessory is seized, and every trait carefully preserved, that could make an impression, and stamp the features of the scene upon the mind. The pictures have not the massive colour and brilliant effect of some of Milman's,—as, for example, his description of the Council of Constance; but they have that sharpness and life of detail, and those easy and seemingly careless, yet really very artful touches, that photograph themselves and linger in the memory.

In the remaining pages we shall endeavour to present, in a summary form, the most interesting and instructive points in Dr. Stanley's volume. We shall be guided, in doing so, chiefly by a regard to what may seem most novel in his researches, and in his mode of exhibiting them.

In his introductory lectures he has strongly claimed for the sphere of ecclesiastical history, the Jewish as well as the Christian era; and, theoretically, he is right. The latter era cannot be fully understood without recognising and appreciating its connection with the former. The thoughts and feelings of the Semitic race, as expressed in the history of the Jewish nation, are the key to the history of the religious thoughts and feelings of Europe. The sons of Israel, as he says, are 'literally our spiritual ancestors: their imagery, their poetry, their very names have descended to us; their hopes, their prayers, their psalms, are ours. In their religious life we see the analogy of ours; in the gradual, painful, yet sure unfolding of divine truth to them, we see the likeness of the same light dawning slowly on the Christian Church. . . . In the history of the Jewish Church, we find the principles of all religions and ecclesiastical parties developed, not amidst names and events which are themselves the subjects of

vehement controversy, but as a narrative of acknowledged authority, free from all the bitterness of modern watchwords, and yet with a completeness and variety such as, within the same compass, could be found in no modern church or nation.' This is true; and what follows is a no less picturesque than true summary of the striking points to be sketched in Jewish history, and round which the deepest interest of the religious historian must ever gather. 'Reproduce this history with all the detail of which it is capable: recall Abraham resting under the oak of Mamre; Joseph amidst the Egyptian monuments; Moses under the cliffs of Horeb; Joshua brandishing his outstretched spear; Samuel amidst his youthful scholars; David surrounded by his court and camp; Solomon in his Eastern state; the wild, romantic, solitary figure of the great Elijah; "the goodly fellowship" of gited seers lifting up their strains of joy or sorrow, as they have been well described, like some great tragic chorus, as kingdom after kingdom falls to ruin, as hope after hope dies and is revived again. Represent in all their distinctness the several stages of the history in its steady onward advance from Egypt to Sinai, from Sinai to the Jordan, from the Jordan to Jerusalem, from the law to the judges, from the judges to the monarchy, from the monarchy to the prophets, from the prophets to the great event to which not the prophets only, but the yearnings of the whole nation, had for ages borne witness.'

This grand 'story of the elder Church' is one peculiarly fascinating to Dr. Stanley; and we do not wonder at it, because perhaps no writer of our day is so well fitted to do it justice, both from natural genius and acquired knowledge. He zealously, therefore, retains it within the rightful province of his chair; and he states, in a note, his belief that in all European Universities the chair of Ecclesiastical History has been held to include Jewish History. This, we understand, is true, yet it may be questioned whether there is much practical use in maintaining a conjunction which widens a field of study already, in its strictly Christian limits, too extended and complicated for any single mind adequately to overtake. It is more and more felt that history cannot be treated in large periods with the discrimination and justice that the ends of truth and the value and interest of its several facts demand. The most that even the highest mind can do, is to master the meaning and details of some section of the great field of secular or Christian history, and reproduce them in living and proportionate shape.

How vast a field the study of the Christian

Church is of itself, is sufficiently apparent from the names given to its four great divisions by Dr. Stanley: Ancient Christianity; Byzantine or Eastern Christianity; Roman or Latin Christianity; and Protestant or Teutonic Christianity. He has briefly and happily sketched the character of each of these, and indicated the subdivisions of the latter according to the countries traversed by the Reformation,—Germany, England, Switzerland, Holland, Scotland,—the very names in each case suggesting a pregnant meaning and history in themselves. It is clear, in the very nature of the task, that no one can competently traverse such an extent of historical space; and it is one of the chief merits of Dean Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' that he has recognised this, and confined himself to one rich and significant portion. As it is, he has but inadequately embraced it,—the meagreness with which he has given the history of Latin theology, and his lack of interest in the course of doctrinal development, forming the main deficiency of his otherwise valuable work. It will ere long be recognised, in fact, as presumption for any man to try to compass the field of Christian any more than of civil history. Neander's is probably the last, as it is the greatest, 'General Church History' we shall ever have. No man is likely again to bring the same combination of powers to such a task. And our Church historians, before they can secure the interest of the general as well as the studious reader, in what ought to be the noblest and most fascinating subject of human thought, must be content to concentrate their labours on special epochs and great characters, where they can bring into play that life of incident and those distinctive features which alone can give animation and attraction to their pages.

Dr. Stanley recognises and dwells upon the necessity of this detailed study of events and persons in his second introductory lecture; and in his lecture on the Council of Nicæa, in the present volume, he has given us an admirable specimen of this mode of treatment. Its effect, however, is somewhat impaired, from the position in which it stands, and from that idea of a more extended aim suggested by the title of the volume, to which we have already adverted. In the same lecture he has dwelt upon the advantages arising to the ecclesiastical historian from an acquaintance with the actual localities of great struggles, the consecrated scenes of suffering and of heroism,—the catacombs of Rome, the graves of the Scottish Covenanters, the relics of cathedrals, and of Oxford Halls. No Church, he says, should be so rich in ecclesiastical history as the Church

of England,—so composite in its structure, and so storied in its memories; mediæval in its service, Protestant in its creed; touching, in 'its constitution, its origin, and its formularies, all the religious elements which have divided Christendom. The prayer-book, as it stands, is a long gallery of ecclesiastical history, which, to be understood and enjoyed thoroughly, absolutely compels a knowledge of the greatest events and names of all periods of the Christian Church. To Ambrose we owe our *Te Deum*; Charlemagne breaks the silence of our ordination progress by the *Veni Creator Spiritus*. The Persecutions have given us one creed, and the Empire another. The name of the first great Patriarch of the Byzantine Church closes our daily service; the litany is the bequest of the first great Patriarch of the Latin Church, amidst the terrors of the Roman pestilence. Our collects are the joint productions of the Fathers, the Popes, and the Reformers. Our communion service bears the traces of every fluctuation of the Reformation, through the two extremes of the reign of Edward to the conciliatory policy of Elizabeth, and the reactionary zeal of the Reformation. The more comprehensive, the more free, the more impartial is our study of any or every branch of ecclesiastical history, the more will it be in accordance with the spirit and with the letter of the Church of England.'

These extracts will be sufficient to show the spirit in which Dr. Stanley contemplates his work as an ecclesiastical historian, and the scope which he is disposed to assign to it. So much notice seemed demanded by the interest of the introductory lectures themselves, as well as the fact of his having republished them in the present volume. It is now time to turn to the special subject of the volume.

In the first lecture, which is one of the most interesting of the series, he sketches the general divisions,—the historical epochs,—and the general characteristics of the Eastern Church. With a facile and accomplished pen he ranges over this wide field, and brings the whole into an intelligible picture before the mind. There is no field that can at first sight seem less inviting to the student of Western civilisation. He beholds, for the most part, decay rather than progress; the stationary forms of a monotonous life; the unmeaning terms of controversies long since forgotten, and utterly barren, save in the traditional feuds they have engendered, and which have outlived through centuries the interests in which they originated. The languages in which the Christian literature of the East is embodied are but little known,

even to the learned; they have ceased in many cases to be intelligible to the priests who repeat the services. Oriental Christianity has 'produced hardly any permanent works of practical benevolence. With very few exceptions, its celebrated names are invested with no stirring associations.'

Yet, in this very contrast of Eastern Christianity with Western, there is reason for making it a subject of study. It is well for the student to remember that there are forms of Christian profession widely different from his own—that nearly a third of Christendom lies outside the pale of Western thought and movement. No view of the Church can be complete which ignores such a fact. We are bound, also, to remember the early grandeur of the Oriental Church, and the august traditions that surround the seats of its origin and early influence. Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, Smyrna, and the ruined Ephesus, start emotions to which no Christian heart can be dead. And more even, in Dr. Stanley's eyes, than these cities, do other consecrated localities give interest to the fortunes and struggles of the Eastern Church. It is a Church 'of mountains, and rivers, and dens, and caves of the earth. The eye passes from height to height, and rests on the successive sanctuaries in which the religion of the East has entrenched itself, as within large natural fortresses, against its oppressors—Athos in Turkey, Sinai in Arabia, Ararat in Armenia, the Cedars of Lebanon, the Catacombs of Kieff, the Cavern of Megaspelon, the Cliffs of Meteora. Or we see it advancing up and down the streams, or clinging to the banks of the mighty rivers which form the highways and arteries of the wide plains of the East. The Nile still holds its sacred place in the liturgies of the East. The Jordan, from Constantine downwards, has been the goal of every Eastern pilgrim. Up the broad stream of the Dnieper sail the first Apostles of Russia. Along the Volga and the Don cluster the mysterious settlements of Russian nonconformity.'

It was the boast of the Oriental Church that it was pre-eminently 'orthodox.' Its history is everywhere a contradiction of the boast. The national Churches, which form the first group in Dr. Stanley's general division of its branches, strikingly show this. In the view of the Imperial Constantinopolitan Church, they are all heretical; while they, in their turn, protest in behalf of 'orthodoxy' against the alleged innovations of the See of Constantinople. These national Churches present scarcely any continued history. Their literature is unknown, or nearly so. Even their present external condition is but partially known. Yet they are, in some respects,

the most characteristic of all the Eastern Churches; they are 'Easternmost' in thought and custom, as well as derivation; and there is an attraction in their wild and romantic position and habits. 'The characteristic fable of Prester John, the invisible Apostle of Asia, the Imperial priestly Potentate in the remote East or the remote South, fills up in their traditions the vacant space which in Europe was occupied by the Pope of Rome, and the Emperor of Constantinople.'

The Nestorian, the Armenian, the Syrian, and the Coptic or Egyptian, with its daughter of Abyssinia, are the Churches enumerated by Dr. Stanley as forming this group. The origin of the first is well known in connection with Nestorius, the famous Bishop of Constantinople. Long a widely spread and powerfully organized body, strengthened by the very persecutions to which they were subjected, they extended their missions far into the East. No Church, except the Roman, in the sixth and sixteenth centuries, can be said to have rivalled their missionary activity. Their agents traversed the whole of Asia, 'as far eastward as China, and as far southward as Ceylon.' Only a small colony on the Indian coast, the Christians of St. Thomas, remains to testify to their once extended energy and influence. A limited tract in the north of Persia, within the secluded fastnesses of Kurdistan, is now sufficient to shelter the main fragments of this the ancient Church of Central Asia.

The Armenian is the most powerful of these Churches. Ararat and the surrounding country form its centre; but it has extended its episcopate, and, singularly enough, in conjunction with that, the spread of commercial enterprise far and wide. 'A race, a Church of merchant princes, the Armenians are, in quietness, in wealth, in steadiness, the "Quakers" of the East. They were converted by Gregory, the Illuminator in the fourth century, whose dead hand is still used for continuing the succession of the Patriarchs. The seat of the patriarchate is Etchmiazin, their sacred city. Their canonical scriptures include two books in the Old and two in the New Testament acknowledged by no other Church; the history of Joseph and Asenath, the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, the Epistle of the Corinthians to St. Paul, and the third Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians.' They call themselves 'orthodox,' and are more nearly connected with the Constantinopolitan Church than any of the other national Churches of the East. The missionaries of the West, especially of America, have been active both among the Nestorians and the Armenians; and both Pro-

testants and Papists have made many converts from the latter.

The Church of Syria carries us back to the very days of the Apostles. Antioch, its capital, is for ever associated with the name of 'Christians' as its birthplace; and the glory of Ignatius, of Chrysostom, and of John of Damascus, as well as many other illustrious theologians, belongs to it. The chief pastor of Antioch claims with a peculiar right the title of 'Patriarch.' In our own time, this Church, or at least one of its two divisions, has attained an unhappy notoriety. It is composed of Jacobites and Maronites,—the latter designated from Maro, their founder in the fifth century, and forming the whole Christian population of Mount Lebanon. The Maronites are singular among Eastern Christians, in having retained a close communion with the Roman Church ever since the time of the Crusades—a connection which, strangely enough, is not without important political significance, in the present complicated and uneasy relations of the European Powers with the decaying Empire of Constantinople.

The Church of Egypt, the old rival of Syria, is connected with it in a common monophysite doctrine, and in the consequent rejection of the decrees of the Council of Chalcedon, the fourth of the 'four chief Councils.' It is, according to our author, 'the most remarkable monument of Christian antiquity; the only living representative of the most venerable nation of all antiquity. Within its narrow limits have now shrunk the learning and the lineage of ancient Egypt. The language of the Coptic services, understood neither by people nor priests, is the language, although debased, of the Pharaohs. The Copts are still, even in their degraded state, the most civilised of the natives: the intelligence of Egypt still lingers in, the Coptic scribes, who are still, on this account, used as clerks in the offices of their conquerors, or as registrars of the watermarks of the Nile.' The proud Church of Alexandria has dwindled into this 'ancient sect,' which maintains a certain antique venerableness and respect amidst all its ignorance and decay. A primitive air, unknown elsewhere even in the East, hangs around its services. The universal kiss, and the combination of social intercourse with worship, remind us of the very first ages.

The Abyssinian Church, which sprang from that of Alexandria in the fourth century, is the most extreme type of what Dr. Stanley calls 'Oriental Ultramontaniam.' It survives, a mere dead framework of mingled Jewish and Christian tradition, among a savage people. Every inherited rite is super-

stitiously regarded: the Jewish Sabbath as well as the Christian Sunday continues to be observed; dancing, as in the Jewish temple, forms a part of worship; polygamy even, as in the elder Church, is permitted. Controversy rages; but morality is entirely divorced from religion, and the most abject spirit of idolatry penetrates the people.

The next group in the general division of Eastern Christianity possesses a single representative in the Greek Church—the lineal descendant, under all its long oppression and violence, of Orthodox Imperialism. It numbers as its adherents all who speak the Greek language, from the southern outpost in Sinai to Athos and Constantinople. Its memories carry us back to the earliest Fathers, and the time when the Roman Church was merely a Greek colony. The early Popes, it is well known, were Greeks, and not Italians. The very name of 'Pope' is not Latin, but Greek, and remains 'the common and now despised name of every pastor in the Eastern Church.' Amid all its corruptions, a proud sense of ancient dignity and unwonted grandeur clings to a Church which can trace its ecclesiastical lineage to a higher direct source than any other, and whose privilege it is to claim 'a direct continuity of speech' with the Apostles. And, notwithstanding the oppression under which it has sunk elsewhere, Greek Christianity is not without signs of revival. 'In the little kingdom of independent Greece, the Greek clergy are still, within narrow limits, an enlightened body. In it, if in any portion of Eastern Christendom, lives the liberal democratic spirit of ancient Hellas.'

The third group comprises the tribes or nations among whom Byzantine Christianity has spread to the north, corresponding to the conversion of the Teutonic tribes by the Latin Church. On the one hand, these are represented by such nationalities as Bulgaria and Servia on the Lower Danube, and, on the other hand, by the Great Russian Church, which, in its vast growth may be said to have absorbed the history, as it is likely to determine the fate, of Greek Christianity generally. 'The Church of Wallachia and Moldavia is remarkable, as being Latin in origin, yet Greek in doctrine and ritual; a counterpoise to the two Churches of Bohemia and Poland, which, being Slavonic by race, are Latin by religion.' The Russian Church remains the prominent representative of Oriental Christendom in modern times, as the Czar or Emperor is its head. The great Slavonic race, whose dominion has spread over the whole of the east of Europe and the north of Asia, has become the guardian of the peculiar manners, customs, and feelings of the ancient Church of Constantine; and the traditions

and policy of Byzantium have been inherited by St. Petersburg more completely than any Western Government is now identified with the spirit and aims of Papal Rome.

Having thus described the geographical landmarks of the Eastern Church, Dr. Stanley proceeds to consider its historical epochs. Amid 'the dead level of obscure names' which its vast limits enclose, this is no easy task. He has selected, however, three leading periods or events, as marking the points of its history most deserving of importance. The first of these he terms the 'Period of the Councils.'

'The first seven General Councils, with all their leading characters, were as truly Eastern Councils, as truly the pride of the Eastern Church, as those of Constance and Trent are of the Western. Almost all were held within the neighbourhood, most under the walls of Byzantium; all were swayed by the language, by the motives, by the feelings of the Eastern world. These Councils were "general," were "œcumenical," in a sense which fairly belonged to none besides. No Western Council has so fully expressed the voice of Christendom; no assembly, civil or ecclesiastical, can claim to have issued laws which have been so long in force in so large a portion of the civilised world, as those which emanated from those ancient Parliaments of the Byzantine Empire. And if many of these decrees have now become virtually obsolete, yet those of the first and most characteristic of the seven are still cherished throughout the East, and through a large portion of the West. If, with Armenia and Egypt, we stumble at the decrees of Chalcedon; if, with the Chaldean and Lutheran Churches, we are startled by the language of the Fathers of Ephesus; if, with the Latins, we alter the creed of Constantinople—yet Christendom, with but few exceptions, receives the confession of the first Council of Nicæa as the earliest, the most solemn, and the most universal expression of Christian theology. In that assembly the Church and the Empire first met in peaceful conference: the confessors of the Diocletian persecution came in contact with the first prelates of an Established Church; the father of dogmatical theology and the father of ecclesiastical history met for the first time, in the persons of Athanasius and Eusebius. The general Council of Nicæa may be considered both as the most significant of all the seven, and also as the most striking scene, the most enduring monument, of the Oriental Church at large.'

The rise of Mahometanism forms the second historical great epoch. The religion of Mahomet 'is essentially interwoven with that of Eastern Christianity. Even without considering the directly Christian influences to which the Arabian teacher was subjected, no one can doubt that there are points which his system, in common with that of the Eastern Church, owes to its Oriental origin. In other points it is a rebound and a reaction against that Church. The history of the

Greek and Slavonic races can only be understood by bearing in mind their constant conflict with the Arabs, the Tartars, and the Turks.

The conversion and establishment of the Russian Church and Empire make the next and most fertile epoch in our author's plan of historical treatment, and to this, in the sequel, he devotes four lectures. It will be seen, in the mere enumeration of these periods that there is no attempt at regular chronological succession. The subject does not well admit of this, and the naturally discursive genius of the historian adapts itself to the fragmentary and incidental treatment which he employs.

Before passing on, however, he exhibits in a summary form what he regards as the general characteristics of Oriental Christendom. The differences that separate the Churches of the East and the West are original,—arising out of broad contrasts of race and manners. Such points as the doctrine of the Double procession, the usage of leavened and unleavened bread, the excommunication of Photius, and other ostensible causes of secession, were rather the indication of their deeper and more characteristic differences than the real cause of their disunion. The one Church is mainly speculative, the other mainly practical, in its tendency. 'The East,' Milman says, 'enacted creeds, the West discipline.' 'The first decree of an Eastern Council,' Dr. Stanley continues, in illustration of this statement, 'was to determine the relations of the Godhead. The first decree of the Pope of Rome was to interdict the marriage of the clergy. All the first founders of theology were Easterns. Till the time of Augustine, no eminent divine had arisen in the West; till the time of Gregory the Great, none had filled the Papal chair. . . . The Latin language was inadequate to express the minute shades of meaning for which the Greek is admirably fitted. Of the two creeds peculiar to the Latin Church, the earlier—that called the 'Apostles'—is characterized by its simplicity and its freedom from dogmatic statements; the latter, that called the Athanasian, as its name confesses, is an endeavour to imitate the Greek theology, and, by the evident strain of its sentences, reveals the ineffectual labour of the Latin phrases, 'persona' and 'substantia,' to represent the correlative but hardly corresponding words by which the Greeks, with a natural facility, expressed 'the hypostatic union.' All the prolific controversies as to the union of the two natures in Christ, which created such excitement in the East, were scarcely heard of in the West. Apollinarianism, and Monophysitism, and Monothelitism, which formed

the basis of sects and churches in the former, had few or no adherents in the latter. 'Probably no Latin Christian has ever felt himself agitated, even in the least degree, by any one of the seventy opinions on the union of the two natures, which are said to perplex the Church of Abyssinia.'

The Greek mind applied the subtleties of philosophical speculation to the analysis and expression of theological questions; the Latin made use, for the same purpose, of the abstractions of the Roman law. The one was speculative in spirit, and rhetorical in form; the other was logical in method, and legal in language. Even in the hardest nomenclature of the theology of the early Councils, there is a subtler play of thought than we find in the characteristic terms of Latin theology, dating from Tertullian and Augustine. Such phrases as 'merit,' 'demerit,' 'satisfaction,' 'imputed righteousness,' 'decrees,' Dr. Stanley says, 'represent ideas which, in the Eastern theology, have no predominant influence, hardly any words to represent them.'

Besides this distinction in the theological character of the two Churches, there are many points in which they stand contrasted. The Eastern Church was the nursery of monasticism, and has always been the home of its most intense and peculiar forms. The great orders of the West have been far more powerful organizations, and exercised a far higher and more beneficial influence upon the progress of civilisation; but the genuine perfection of the monastic, or solitary life, has only been found on the plains of Syria or amidst the deserts of Upper Egypt. Contemplative devotion, in its pure inertia, has there alone found its votaries. Any activity, on the strict Eastern theory, is an abuse of the system. 'Amidst all the controversies of the fifth century, on one religious subject the conflicting East maintained its unity,—in the reverence of the Hermit on the pillar. The West has never had a Simeon Stylites.'

Again, and very much from the same general causes, all the ecclesiastical forms of the Eastern Church have remained stereotyped; while those even of the most ancient branch of the Western Church—the Latin—which we are accustomed to consider so unchangeable,—have been comparatively flexible. The primitive posture of standing at prayer, is still that which prevails in the East. Organs and musical instruments have never been introduced into worship. Baptism is still performed by immersion. The 'laying on of hands,' as in the apostolic age, immediately follows baptism, and has never developed, as in the West, into the distinct rite of confirmation. The 'anointing with

oil by the elders of the congregation,' as mentioned by St. James, is literally observed. The Eucharist is administered to infants, according to an ancient perversion of the text in the sixth chapter of St. John, respecting the bread of life.

The total absence of art in the Greek churches and worship,—the non-missionary and generally non-persecuting character of Greek Christianity,—form further points of difference. In the matter of persecution, the Eastern Church contrasts most favourably in its history with that of the West, but the difference springs, in a great degree, from its lack of the energetic missionary spirit characteristic of the latter. 'A respectful reverence for every manifestation of religious feeling, has withheld Eastern Churches from violent attacks on the rights of conscience, and led them to extend a kindly patronage to forms of faith most removed from their own. . . . No Inquisition, no St. Bartholomew's massacres, no Titus Oates, has darkened the history of any of the nobler portions of Oriental Christendom.' Even in Russia, where the exercise of despotic power is so easy, 'the worship, not only of Dissenters from the Greek Church, but of Latins and Protestants, is protected as sacred.' The recognised influence of the laity, and the study of the Scriptures in the vernacular of the several Christian nationalities of the East, with a married clergy, complete the series of contrasts between Latin and Greek Christianity.

Amidst all its stagnation and deadness, and the gross superstition into which it has sunk, this most ancient form of the Faith suggests some useful lessons as well as warnings. It is 'the aged tree, beneath whose shade the rest of Christendom has sprung up;' and it is healthful for the Western theologian to study a picture of Christianity so strongly contrasted to that with which he is familiar,—and a theology to which the scholastic formulæ and the systems of the Reformation are alike unknown. He need not thereby learn to esteem his own creed less, but only to understand and appreciate more thoroughly the elder elements of thought out of which it has sprung, and the respectful recognition due to the faith of multitudes who know nothing of its later distinctions. Certainly he may learn something 'from the sight of churches where religion is not abandoned to the care of women and children, but is claimed as the right and the privilege of men; where the Church reposes not so much on the force and influence of its clergy, as on the independent knowledge and manly zeal of its laity.'

We shall not follow Dr. Stanley in the

lengthened account of the Council of Nicæa, with which he follows up his first lecture, nor yet in his lectures on Athanasius and the Emperor Constantine, and the rise of Mahometanism. Interesting and careful as are his labours in these departments of his subject, and peculiarly graphic and picturesque as is his description of the meeting of the first General Council, the ground which he traverses so far is comparatively familiar. The student of Church history will be enlivened and refreshed by accompanying our author here as everywhere, but he will not learn much that he has not previously known. In the concluding lectures on the Russian Church we enter, with him, if not an untroubled field, yet one comparatively novel, which most of our readers will thank us to glean for them, in a brief summary of its main and most striking particulars.

It is only in Russia that Eastern Christianity attains to a continuous course of development. Elsewhere it merely appears in broken phases of nationality, whose history we fail to trace, or in isolated events, which, however instructive in themselves, show no sustained or growing movement. Here, however, we can see from its first beginning the growth of a Church representing the principles and practices of Eastern Christianity, unfolding itself in great institutions, and attaining always to a higher power and dignity, till it may be said to embrace within its shelter all other forms of Eastern faith. There is also another special advantage in dwelling on the Russian Church as the exemplar of Oriental faith. Through its contact with Europe, it has become intelligible to Europeans. It has acquired a voice or speech which we in vain seek for elsewhere. 'The Oriental, who, in the Armenian, the Syrian, or the Abyssinian Church, eludes our grasp altogether, in the Russian Church is within our touch, within our questioning, within our hearing.'

The story of the Russian Church is divided by our author into four periods, which he enumerates as follows:—1st, The period of its foundation, from the close of the tenth century to the beginning of the sixteenth; 2d, The period of its consolidation, from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth; 3d, The period of its transition, from the middle of the seventeenth century to the beginning of the eighteenth; 4th, The period of its reformation, from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present time.

There is, of course, a legendary as well as a historical version of the origin of the Russian Christianity. St. Andrew is the central

figure of the former. As he travelled up the Dnieper on his way from Sinope, and beheld, about five hundred miles from its mouth, a range of low hills called Kieff, 'the mountain,' he planted on the height the Cross, and prophesied that they should be the seat of a great city, and many churches, whence the grace of God should shine forth. Here legend, as in other cases, pictures certain features of the truth. Through the Dnieper the course of Christian light has, no doubt, penetrated from the East the vast steppes of Russia; and Kieff, in point of fact, is the sacred scene associated with the rise of Russian Christianity, just as Moscow is the centre of its history in the second and third, and St. Petersburg in the fourth stage of its development. It is to Nestor, a monk of Kieff, the 'venerable Bede' of Russia, that we owe our historical knowledge of the conversion of the country in the end of the twelfth century.

The Normans, with the same unconquerable energy which had made them masters in so many parts of the west of Europe, had, in the course of the ninth century, possessed themselves of the throne of Russia in the family of Ruric. It is to his descendant Vladimir, about a century later, that Christianity owes its introduction. Our author reproduces, with great *naïveté* of detail, the singular story of his conversion. Vladimir was a ferocious prince, distinguished alike by his savage crimes and his savage idolatry. Exercising a wide dominion, he was naturally an object of interest to his neighbours; and this interest took the form of embassies on the subject of religion. Messengers came to him from the Mussulmans on the banks of the Volga, from the Jews, and from the Christians of the West, urging the claims of their respective religions; but in vain. To the Mussulmans, who exhorted him to be circumcised, to eat no pork, and to drink no wine, he replied 'Drinking is the great delight of Russians—we cannot live without it.' To the Jews he replied with equal plainness, as they explained that their dispersion from Jerusalem was owing to the wrath of God against their forefathers, 'You wish to teach others—you whom God has rejected and dispersed.' To the emissaries of the Pope, who, with characteristic confidence, said, 'Your country is like ours, but not your religion,' 'Ours is the right,' he answered, 'go home: our fathers did not believe in your religion, nor receive it from the Pope.'

Following these unsuccessful messengers came 'a philosopher from Greece,' who, before beginning his own story, criticised with an effect which for the first time impressed

Vladimir, the statements of those who had preceded him. As he dwelt upon the abominations of Mahometanism, a sense of indignation, 'the first moral spark,' arose in the King. He spat upon the ground, and said, 'This is shameful.' Improving the opportunity, the philosopher proceeded to explain the reason why Christ was crucified, and the whole course of Divine providence terminating in that event; nay, even beyond that, down to the Seventh General Council! He spoke of the end of the world and of the last judgment; and, what was far more to the point, he showed the rude monarch a painting of this event, pointing out the just on the right hand entering into Paradise, and the wicked on the left being cast into hell. Vladimir, as he looked at the picture, heaved a sigh, and said, 'Happy are those who are on the right; woe to the sinners who are on the left.' The philosopher urged baptism as the sure means of being made happy with those on the right hand. But, struck as he had been, Vladimir paused, and said he would 'wait yet a little while.' At the same time, he dismissed the philosopher with kindness and presents.

The impression made on Vladimir's mind was destined to grow into great results. 'Wise men were sent forth to report more particularly on what had been communicated to the king. They proceeded to Constantinople; means were taken to surround them with the most imposing ceremonial of the Greek worship, in the gorgeous temple of St. Sophia. The effect was decisive. All that they saw appeared 'awful and majestic;' but the sight of the deacons and sub-deacons, as they issued from the sanctuary in their robes and with torches in their hands, altogether overpowered them. 'This is supernatural,' they said. The guides encouraged the idea, and represented 'the young men with wings and dazzling robes' as angels come down from heaven to mingle in their service. 'We want no further proof,' responded the convinced Russians; 'send us home again.'

The success of certain warlike enterprises, and especially the gift of the daughter of the Emperor Basil in marriage, dispelled any hesitation that still lingered in Vladimir's mind. He was himself baptized at Cherson, and he issued orders for a general baptism of his people at Kieff. The huge wooden idol which had been the favourite object of their worship, was dragged at a horse's tail, mercilessly scourged, and precipitated into the river. The people were immersed in its waters, some plunging in, some swimming, whilst the priests read the prayers. 'It was a sight,' says Nestor, 'wonderfully curious

and beautiful to see; and when the whole people were baptized, each one returned to his own house.'

Such was the foundation of the Russian Church. There had been individual conversions before, even of the princes, as of Olga the grandmother of Vladimir; but the people now, for the first time, submitted themselves in any number to the Christian faith, and Russia assumed the name of a Christian nation. One characteristic trait of Russian Christianity deserves to be mentioned, in connection with the circumstances of the royal and national conversion. We have seen how the mind of the king was impressed by a picture of the last judgment. This influence has perpetuated itself in the singular devotion of the Russian Christians to sacred paintings. 'No veneration of relics or images in the West can convey any adequate notion of their veneration for pictures. It is the main support and stay of their religious faith and practice. Everywhere, in public and in private, the sacred picture is the consecrating element. In the corner of every room, at the corner of every street, over gateways, in offices, in steamers, in stations, in taverns, is the picture hung, with the lamp burning before it. In domestic life it plays the part of the family Bible, of the wedding-gift, of the birth-day present, of the ancestral portrait. In the national life it is the watchword, the flag which has supported the courage of generals, and roused the patriotism of troops. A taste, a passion for pictures, not as works of art, but as emblems, as lessons, as instructions, is thus engendered and multiplied in common life, beyond all example elsewhere. Enter within a church, or at least any church such as those at Moscow, which best represent the national feeling; there the veneration has reached a pitch which gives an aspect to the whole building, as unlike any European church as the extreme types of European churches are from each other. From top to bottom, from side to side, walls and roof, and screen and columns, are a mass of gilded pictures: not one of any artistic value, not one put in for sake of show or effect, but all cast in the same ancient mould, or overcast with the same venerable hue; and each one, from the smallest figure in the smallest compartment, to the gigantic faces which look down with their large open eyes from the arched vaults above, performing its own part, and bearing a relation to the whole.

The 'middle ages' (1250-1613), as they are termed, of the Russian Church, are marked by few incidents deserving our attention. During this period, the centre of ecclesiastical influence was transferred to Moscow,

which to this day may be said to remain the sacred city of Russia, 'our Holy Mother Moscow,' as the Russian peasant delights to call it. Although it cannot boast of any such primitive traditions as hallow the very soil of Jerusalem and Rome, it has acquired over the vast numbers of Christians, who look towards it as the central seat of their faith, an influence scarcely inferior to that which lingers around those elder cities. And as Moscow, in the heart of the Russian Empire, is the great central sanctuary of its faith, so is the Kremlin the inner shrine of this sanctuary. 'In that fortress, surrounded by its cracked towers and battlemented walls, are united all the elements of the ancient religious life of Russia. Side by side stand the three cathedrals of the marriages, coronations, and funerals of the Czars. Hard by are the two convents, half palatial, half episcopal. Overhanging all is the double, triple, palace of Czar and Patriarch. Within that palace is a labyrinth of fourteen chapels, multiplied by sovereign after sovereign, till the palace is more like the dwelling-place of the Pope than of the Emperor.'

The Russian Church is not merely a State institution; but in the East still more than in the West, the idea of a Holy Roman Empire succeeding to the imperial dominion of Pagan times was closely preserved. According to this idea, the Czar was regarded not only as the political head of the Church, but as its highest embodiment. All its sacredness was summed up in him. He was the father of the whole patriarchal community. The veneration for him was, in the middle ages, almost as if he were Christ Himself. 'He who blasphemes his Maker, meets with forgiveness amongst men; but he who reviles the Emperor is sure to lose his head.' 'God and the Prince will it, God and the Prince know it,' were the decisive summaries of Muscovite faith and duty. 'So live your Imperial Majesty, here is my head;' 'I have seen the laughing eyes of the Czar,' were the confiding and childlike expressions of Muscovite loyalty. The Czar is entitled to participate in the most solemn ecclesiastical and spiritual privileges. 'In every considerable church is placed a throne in front of the altar, as if in constant expectation of the sudden apparition of the sovereign. In every meeting, council, or college, is placed the sacred triangular mirror—"the mirror of conscience," as it is called—which represents the imperial presence, and solemnizes, as if by an actual consecration, the business to be transacted.'

Following the Czar in dignity and importance is the Metropolitan of Moscow. For a time, the Primary became a Patriarchate; but neither the importance of the position,

nor the character of any of its holders, has succeeded in conferring upon it any independent political or even ecclesiastical power. It has always continued subordinate to the higher Imperial position; and any temporary struggle, as in the case of Nikon, to be presently noticed, has invariably issued in the firmer establishment of the Imperial authority. 'There has been no Hildebrand, no Becket, no Anselm,' among the Russian Metropolitans. They have always been the supporters, and not the rivals, of the throne.

After the Czar and the Metropolitan, the third ecclesiastical power in Russia may be said to be the monastic orders. These are not to be confounded with their brethren in Western Europe,—the Benedictines, Franciscans, or Dominicans. Their parallel is rather to be found in the primitive anchorets of the Thebaid and Syrian deserts. The same rigid system of contemplative austerity which prevailed in these arid regions is carried on in 'the dark forests of Muscovy and by the frozen waters of Archangel.' The Russian ascetics rival those of Eastern antiquity. Their influence arises not from their extended beneficence or their treasured learning, but from their wild seclusion, their self-inflicted pains, and the prophetic utterances of which they profess to be the vehicle. There is no variety of orders among them. The name of the Black Clergy is applied to all, and the one rule of St. Basil governs them in common. They may be said, however, to be divided into two classes,—the Hermits and the Monks. The former dwell in solitude, except once a-year, when they come forth to receive the Eucharist on Easter day, or they wander in numbers through the country; the latter are established in vast seats encircling the outskirts of such cities as Moscow and Novgorod. 'Like the Convent of Sinai, like the convents of Greece, they are the refuges of national life, or the monuments of victories won for an oppressed population against invaders and conquerors.'

Such were the main institutions into which the outline of the Russian Church settled during that 'middle-age' period, which forms the second of the chronological epochs into which Dr. Stanley divides its history. The Tartar (1338) and the Polish (1606) invasions are the two great events which distinguish this history during the same period. Both events contributed to the influence of the Church in Russia; for it was the clergy which chiefly kept alive the flame of patriotism in both cases, and through whose active and powerful exertions the tide of invasion was turned back. The Convent of Troitska, about sixty miles from Moscow, became in a special manner the centre of these wars of in-

dependence. Here, as on a sacred hearth, the fire of national and religious enthusiasm was nursed, when it had gone out almost everywhere else. When the Tartars had overspread the land, and the spirit of the Grand-Prince Demetrius had begun to fail him, the blessing and prayers of the holy hermit Sergius (a name as dear to the Russian as William Tell to a Swiss, or Joan of Arc to a Frenchman) inspired him with new courage, and strengthened him to defeat the invaders in the battle of the Don (1380); and from this time Sergius, and the convent associated with him, became names where-with to conjure the national heart, and draw forth its noblest patriotic inspirations. In the later invasion it justified its patriotic renown, and once more, 'when Czar and Patriarch had disappeared, when the holy city of Moscow itself was in the hands of strangers and heretics,' became the rallying point of the national hopes, and the venerated symbol of recovered freedom. Thither, accordingly, to this day the Muscovite turns with profoundest reverence: innumerable pilgrims flock to the consecrated spot; and the Czar, himself never comes to Moscow without paying his devotions there.

The Polish invasion of Russia was connected with, and, in fact, was directly caused by, the failure of succession to the crown. The race of Ruric expired with the death or murder of the child Demetrius, and pretender after pretender aimed to secure the sovereignty. The Polish Sigismund seized the opportunity, and, professedly supporting one of the pretenders to the throne, made himself master of the country. With our modern associations as to the subjugation of Poland by Russia, it is difficult for us to realize a time when Poland had the master hand, and held Russia within its subjection; yet so it was. For more than half a century the Poles virtually ruled over the vast continent; and it was, more than anything, the inextinguishable patriotism surviving in the Church that threw off the yoke. With the restoration of national independence, the services which the Church had rendered during the years of struggle were acknowledged in the most prominent manner. The new race of monarchs was taken from the family of the Chief of the Church, Philaret, the Patriarch of Moscow, once a humble parish priest. Michael Romanoff, his son, became the founder of the house of Romanoff, the present dynasty, the great names of which—Peter, Alexander, and Nicholas—are so familiar to us. Father and son,—the former as Patriarch, the latter as Czar, reigned together; a circumstance of which a Russian historian boasts as something 'remarkable in

the annals of the world, which has in no country nor in any time been repeated.'

This auspicious circumstance opens the third stage of Russian history,—a period of transition and of attempts at reformation. The great hero of this period, whose figure, in fact, fills up the whole of our author's canvas, is the Patriarch Nikon, whom he describes as being together (although in coarse and homely proportions) 'a Russian Luther and a Russian Wolsey.' He has devoted the second last lecture of his volume to a striking picture of this Russian Reformer. He passes by with a brief paragraph—as being, we presume, beyond his special field in these concluding lectures—the career and character of Cyril Lucar, a reformer in a far higher sense than Nikon. Many of Dr. Stanley's readers will be disappointed, and with some justice, at this. A movement so important in the Eastern Church as that represented by Lucar, first Patriarch of Alexandria and then of Constantinople, might have been expected to secure a larger share of notice from the historian of the Eastern Church. Lucar was the ardent student of European Protestantism, and the correspondent of Dutch Protestant ministers; the friend of Archbishop Laud, and the munificent donor to Charles I. of the Codex Alexandrinus, now one of the chief treasures of the British Museum; a theologian who, if not properly styled a Protestant, was yet a believer in justification by faith, and in the sole authority of Holy Scripture; a Reformer, without being an Iconoclast, strong in conviction, yet patient in hope, seeking to win, in his own language, by 'gentle and slow remedies,' what he could not achieve otherwise; a fervent apostle, a devoted martyr. The Patriarch Nikon is a bolder and more decisive, but a ruder and coarser figure,—a mixture of simplicity and barbaric strength, of magnanimity and yet wilfulness and obstinacy, as different as possible from the refined, thoughtful, and comprehensive theologian of Alexandria and Constantinople.

The reforms after which Nikon strove were mainly practical. 'He set himself with stern severity and indomitable courage to root out the various abuses of the Russian hierarchy, especially the one crying evil, unfortunately not yet extinct—intemperance. To this day they remember, with a mixture of veneration and hatred, what they expressively call the "hedgehog hand" with which he kept them down.' He distinguished himself by the most active benevolence, founding hospitals and almshouses, visiting the prisons personally, and rendering prompt justice to those whom he judged innocent after examination. He innovated upon the most time-honoured practices of his countrymen,—the superstitious

eneration for sacred pictures, the exclusion of the female sex from the open enjoyment of public worship. He forced, after a long struggle, the recognition of the validity of the baptism of the Western Church; he improved the Church music; he promoted the circulation of the Scriptures in the purest Slavonic dialect; he revived preaching, and from his own lips was first heard, 'after many centuries, the sound of a living practical sermon.' To this ardent spirit of reform he united a savage determination of manner, in comparison with which the 'rough action' of Luther or of Knox is gentleness itself. 'He was,' according to the report of a Greek archdeacon, who travelled at the time in Russia, 'a very butcher among the clergy. His emissaries are perpetually going round the city; and when they find any priest or monk in a state of intoxication, they carry him to prison, strip him, and scourge him. His prisons are full of them, galled with heavy chains, and logs of wood on their necks and legs, or they sift flour day and night in the bakehouse.' A terrible story is told of him in an interview with the chiefs of a Kalmuck tribe, who avowed themselves cannibals, saying, in reference to a refractory clergyman, 'I have a man here who deserves death; I will send for him, and present him to you that you may eat him.'

It may be easily imagined that such a reformer as this was not likely to be popular. Enemies sprang up around his path, and at length succeeded in driving him into retirement, and securing his condemnation. At first he had not only stood in high favour with the Czar Alexis, the son of Michael, and the father of Peter, but a peculiar and even affectionate intimacy for many years united them. Many of the nobles, however, hated him with an intensity exceeding the Czar's regard, and at length were successful in sowing the seeds of dissension between the friends. Nikon resigned his dignity, withdrew into a convent, and was at last degraded and imprisoned during many years. Finally he returned, but only to die. As he sailed down the Volga to meet the Czar Theodore, who had recalled him, death overtook him; and he was buried, after his many vicissitudes, in the Monastery of the Resurrection, or the New Jerusalem, which he had earnestly desired might be his last resting-place.

Peter the Great is the second reformer of the Russian Church; and to him, in conjunction with 'the Modern Russian Church,' Dr. Stanley accordingly devotes his concluding lecture. He describes his visit to England, and his personal appearance, not with the broad vivacity of Macaulay in his last volume, but with those quiet and graphic

touches of outward feature which distinguish his style. 'The ancient Czars vanish to appear no more, and Peter remains with us, occupying henceforward the whole horizon. Countenance, and stature, and manner, and pursuits, are absolutely left alive in our sight. We see the upturned look, the long black hair falling back from his fine forehead, the fierce eyes glancing from beneath the overhanging brows,—the mouth clothed with indomitable power. We gaze at his gigantic height, his wild rapid movements, the convulsive twitches of his face and hands; the tremendous walking staff, almost a crowbar of iron, which he swings to and fro as he walks; the huge Danish wolf-dog and its two little companions, which run behind him.' With all his own savage peculiarities, and the wild passions in which he freely indulged, Peter was undoubtedly the great civiliser of Russia. He had a clear perception of what his country needed, and the most ardent and persevering ambition to secure its elevation in the scale of nations. Nothing could move him from his purposes; and he endured, what to him must have been a true self-denial, 'the splendour of Paris and London, and, what is still more astonishing, the cleanliness of Holland,' that he might acquire himself those branches of knowledge and of art that he laboured to recommend to his countrymen.

The reforms which he carried out in the Church were similar to those attempted by Nikon,—reforms of the 'customs, institutions, and habits, rather than of the doctrines and ideas' of Russian Christianity. Notwithstanding all his contact with Western forms of religion and of freethinking, he remained himself attached with apparent sincerity to the Orthodox Church. He had dined at Lambeth with Archbishop Tenison, and also with Bishop Burnet, to whose gossip we are indebted for many stories of his visit to England; he had attended Lutheran sermons in Germany, and visited the house of Luther in Wittenberg, where he dashed in pieces the Reformer's drinking cup, in vexation at not being allowed to carry away the memorial; he had loaded vessels with works of Dutch theology for the enlightenment of his subjects, and come across freethinkers at Amsterdam; but he remained staunch to the faith of his fathers, and looked upon an adherent of the Seven Councils as wiser than all modern speculators in religion. Yet he recognised the necessity of many advances in Church as in State. He increased schools, regulated the monasteries, and set limits to their growth. His main constitutional change was the abolition of the Patriarchate, and the substitution of a synod of prelates, presided over by the

Emperor or his secretary. He also innovated, as Nikon had done, upon many details of ecclesiastical habit; and his changes in this respect provoked more irritation and serious and permanent opposition than any of his greater changes. Russian Dissent seems to have been called forth chiefly, if not entirely, in this manner. It is the offspring not of desire for change, but of conservative resistance to change. The main body of Dissenters, known under the name of Starovers, call themselves 'the Old Believers,' and claim to be the one true Orthodox Church of Russia. 'They are Protestants,' says Dr. Stanley, 'but against all reform. They are Nonjurors and Puritans both in one. They regard the Established Church as Babylon,—themselves as the woman who fled into the wilderness; Nikon as the False Prophet; the Emperor as the Great Dragon; Peter as Antichrist himself. Their convents from the Established Church are solemnly rebaptized.'

The grounds of this Eastern Nonconformity are ludicrous in their frivolity, and present our author with a text which he does not fail to improve. It was deemed a mortal sin, for example, that Nikon should have changed the time-honoured practice of blessing with only two fingers. The 'doctrine of the three fingers,' as it was called, was impious and heretical in the highest degree. The repetition of the name of Jesus in two syllables instead of three, and of the Hallelujah thrice instead of once, were damnable errors. Equally to be reprobated was the correction of the service-books and of the old version of the Scriptures. In the same manner many of the innovations of Peter—the introduction of Western pictures into churches, the use of tobacco, and even of potatoes—particularly the alteration of the calendar, were regarded as fatal heresies. The horror caused by this last change was extreme. 'Was it not the very sign of Antichrist, that the Emperor should change the times and the seasons? Could there be anything so impious as the assertion that the world was created in January, when the ground was covered with snow,—not on St. Saviour's day in September, when the corn and the fruits were ripe?' Yet there was something even worse than this—the attempt to enforce the Western mode of cutting the beard. To shave the beard was pronounced 'a sin which even the blood of martyrs could not expiate.' So strong was the opposition on this point, that the Emperor was compelled to some extent to give way; and among the clergy of the Established Church, no less than among the Dissenters, 'flowing locks and magnificent beards' are still the fashion.

The Russian Dissenters, as has been al-

ready stated, are chiefly settled on the banks of the Volga and amongst the Cossacks of the Don. They live in peace, and practise without interference their peculiar rites. Some are more moderate, and others more extreme, in their opposition to the Established Church; but their general aim is the preservation of every feature in the ancient ritual of Russia. Benediction with two fingers, the use of the antique service-books and pictures untainted by Western art, but especially the mediæval chant in all its wild dissonance,—'sole orthodox, harmonious, and angelical chant,'—are the points in favour of which they raise their testimony. Compact, and devoted in their adherence to their inherited forms, they yet form only a section of the nation, and from their very characteristics tend to a steady diminution.

The great bulk of the Church, with its most distinguished prelates, embraced the changes introduced by Peter. Three prelates in particular, Theophanes of Plescow, Metrophanes of Voronege, and Demetrius of Rostoff—were, in Dr. Stanley's language, 'the Cranmer, and the Ridley, and the Latimer, who assisted the Russian Henry in his arduous work, and who, whilst they earned the hatred of the Old Believers, have yet, at least in the two latter instances, won a reverent admiration from the hearts of the nation at large.' The Dissenter passes by with contempt the tomb of Demetrius in the venerable church of Rostoff, as the man who, when the Rascolnicks (the Separatists) said they would rather part with their heads than their beards, answered, 'You had better not. God will make your beards grow again; will He ever make your heads grow again?' But by many a pilgrim the grave is visited as of a canonized saint, and no work is more popular in Russian cottages than his 'Lives of the Russian Saints.'

The fact that the Russian Church continues unimpaired, and even strengthened, by the violence of Peter's changes, is evidence to our author of its inherent vitality. But what its future will be he does not venture to conjecture. The fair dream which he indicates in the following words is more, we apprehend, the expression of the fond hopes of the man, than the expectation of the historian:—'Will Russia exhibit to the world the sight of a church and people understanding economy, fostering the progress of new ideas, foreign learning, free inquiry, not as the distinction, but as the fulfilment, of religious belief and devotion? Will the churches of the West find that, in the greatest national church now existing in the world, there is still a principle of life at work, at once more steadfast, more liberal, and more

pacific, than has hitherto been produced either by the uniformity of Rome or the sects of Protestantism? On the answer to these questions will depend the future history, not only of the Russian Church and Empire, but of Eastern Christendom, and, in a considerable measure, of Western Christendom also.'

ART. V.—*Edwin of Deira, and other Poems.*
By ALEXANDER SMITH. 1861.

WE are the advocates of the real in poetry, as in art and in everything, and love our brown loaf better than Ambrosia, and claret at thirty shillings more than the mead of the Mysian Olympus. Such tastes are human and ignoble; but we are convinced that a greater amount of incomprehensible twaddle has been talked upon the 'ideal' than upon any other mundane matter. The ideal! Except in the frost-bitten romance of the nursery, or during the revelries of the dear Christmas-tide, where does the 'ideal' exist? The gauzy wings, and the brief and spangled petticoats, are yet, no doubt, unprofaned by an irreverent criticism.

'Still in immortal youth Arcadia smiles.'

Jack still mounts his marvellous bean-stalk; and Cinderella drops the fairy slipper, as she hurries from the enamoured prince. But the man who, in these days, can sit down, and, in cold blood, indite a treatise on the 'ideal,' must be a lunatic, or a lover. The reign of chivalry is over; and the 'ideal' has no place in a world which has been converted into an extensive cotton-mill.

The triumph of the realistic school of artists has been pretty complete of late. We are all Præ-Raphaelites. Mr. Millais' gawky girls, and Mr. Dyce's skinny saints, have gained the day. The fair and noble matronhood of Sir Joshua, and the princely simplicity and lustre of Gainsborough, have grown quite dim in our eyes. That was the England of Mrs. Crew, and Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire: our England prefers a charity-scholar with chubby cheeks and bare legs, or a bit of misty hill-side, or a clump of Scotch firs stained with sunset. Not that we are altogether wrong—by any means. The old mythological pictures,—the Hours, and the Muses, and the Graces,—were, it must be confessed, hideously tiresome; and the artist had become so careless in his observation and reproduction of natural forms, that it was a chance whether Mr. Ruskin could tell a cauliflower from a cabbage in his pictures.

'The sacred Seasons might not be disturbed' (so Keats supposed); yet are they gone. The kindly old-fashioned Seasons, that we all remember so well, Summer, seated on her tawny pard, and Autumn, crowned with yellow sheaves, and grey-bearded Winter, shivering in his bear-skin coat, have been clean swept away, and men of fine genius expend more 'tender' labour on the berries of the mountain ash than on the blue eye of Lesbia. Why not? *Magna est veritas.* Let us be true, and sincere, and conscientious, however dreadfully unpleasant we may make ourselves.

But it is ungracious to utter a single word that may be construed, even by remote implication, into a sneer at pictures, that, in honesty, we hold in all honour. To paint a leaf truly is a good thing; to touch the heart is a better; and many of our Præ-Raphaelites can do both. We may smile at the stiff and quaint formality of their earlier work, if we like; in so far as it was purely imitative and scholastic—an endeavour to reproduce Cimabruë and Fra Angelico in the nineteenth century—it did not merit our gratitude; but in so far as it indicated an honest desire to represent 'the meanest flower' with essential accuracy, it did. And one could see, even then, that a sweet and powerful fancy was at work,—a fancy which sought a freer expression and more 'liberal applications.' The first pictures of the school were stubbornly prosaic; in the later, the presence of a fine and rare faculty is made manifest. Rossetti's *Guinevere* at Oxford, where the phantom queen rises between the unfaithful knight and the San-Greal, and keeps the coveted blessing from his grasp; Hunt's great *Christ in the Temple*, and his strange picture of the sacrificial goat, plodding its weary way through the quaking wilderness, with the encrimsoned rocks of Edom smiling down upon the deadly and accursed Sea; Wallis' *Chatterton*, where the white ghost of the morning casts its cold light upon the yet warm clay, and the martyr-face beautiful in death, and the tawdry garret, from which the Immortal has escaped now: the pale, passionate, imploring woman-child in the *Huguenot*, who is yet so glad and proud in her despair of the man who durst not lie by a gesture even for her: the fawn-eyed sisters, gathering their wonderful *Autumn Leaves* in the mystical glory of the twilight: the ineffable rapture of the mother, when she stretches out her suppliant hands towards her infant daughters, who—thank God—are safe once more, though the fire still crimsones with its red light their smiling trustful faces, and the white night-gear, in which they lay in each others' arms, and

dreamt together of the angels who tended their innocent slumber;—these are pictures where the imagination is triumphant. Yet they are all rigorously truthful,—so truthful, that adverse criticism will insist that they are little better than photographs. But even a fern-leaf or a rose-bud, painted by such a hand, is a very different matter from the fern-leaf or the rose-bud which comes out of the photographer's box. A photograph is a blind transcript from nature; but, in the most literal picture, the imagination binds the blossoms and stirs among the leaves.

The triumph of the realistic school has been nearly as complete in Poetry as in Art. An immeasurable gulf divides the age which could relish 'the great Mr. Congreve's' stilted and artificial tribute to 'Anna's mighty mind,' from that which recognises, in the simple and honest words that Alfred Tennyson addresses to his Queen, a truer spirit of loyalty. In Poetry, too, as elsewhere, the old mythologies have 'undergone the earth.' The Spirit that had her haunt 'by dale, or piny mountain, or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly brook,' has vanished, and left no trace of her whereabouts. Where are Oberon and Titania? There is no moonlight now like that in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Never a witch rides to the 'Brocken' on her broom; and when, in its mystic cauldron, her black broth simmers upon the stage, the gods laugh. Even the Hobgoblin has lost faith in himself, and cracks a jest upon his own nose. Phillis, and Daphne, and Lavinia have been forsaken by their swains; and the domestic poet of the period presents his frigid affections to Mary-Jane or Anna-Maria. Our 'Bride of Sighs' crosses the unromantic, if not unmemorable river, which supplies Barclay and Perkins'.

It was about time indeed that the romantic school should be abolished, when Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis had come to be its apostles. The thing had entirely worn itself out: it was as dead as the Dead Sea,—and the sooner it was put out of the way the better. The fairy world had been unpeopled; which it was not to Shakespeare, though he rather inclines occasionally to quiz Peas-Blossom and Mustard-Seed. But Shakespeare had as real a faith in that world as in any other; it did not strike him with any sense of strangeness. Theseus, no doubt, declares,—'I never may believe these antique fables and these fairy toys;' but the Master himself must be held to reply, in the words of Hippolyta, that even the tricks of the imagination are never altogether without warrant; and that, when thus transfigured, the story of the night,—

'More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy:
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.'

Yet even Shakespeare rarely gives us more than a *glint* of moonlight. Ariel and Titania are very well in their way; but Englishmen need coarser food: moonbeams will not fill the stomachs of mortals; and so, with his delightful ease, he turns the page, and the strong colourless light falls upon doughty burghers, and patriotic kings, and the passions which consume Lear, and Othello, and Juliet.

That the recoil has been somewhat excessive need not be denied. Reactions always are; and Mr. Buckle will be succeeded by a fanatical Joe Smith or an ultramontane priesthood. Wordsworth has a good deal to answer for in this respect. Steeped in poetry, as he was, the bard of Rydal was yet utterly destitute of the faculty of selection, and he always showed himself quite unable to appreciate the natural suitableness and the relative proportions of the subjects on which he worked. The result was, that in vindicating the real, he not unfrequently descended to what was essentially mean, trivial, and prosaic. Most of his disciples have kept in his track. The delicate revelries of the imagination, the stately discourse of kings and heroes, Belinda's charming burlesque, the polished couplet and the ringing epigram, have been exchanged for the sorrows of an idiot or the amours of the nursery maid. The fair humanities of old religion, nay, even the ladies and gentlemen in the drawing-room, are scrupulously avoided, and the poet seeks the angel of the house in the scullery or behind the bar. Homeliness is not necessarily poetic. It is pure caprice and wantonness to single out the ignoble incident in an ignoble career. The man who does so wilfully cripples his art. The most exquisite genius is needed to conceal the essential meanness and poverty of many of the situations which Wordsworth selects; and, with all his enthusiasm, he fails to invest them with interest. Whereas a great theatre—the Thermopylæ Pass, the Sacred Lagoon, the Plain of Marathon or of Troy—*warms* the imagination. It rouses the fire in the reader, and he comes prepared to own and to obey the spell.

The true domain of poetry may be said, in this aspect, to lie somewhere between the photograph and fairy-land. Neither fairy nor photograph is touched by the authentic passion of the imagination; and, deprived of *its* heat, poetry dies. The nobler incidents of history (using the word in its widest sense) are thus the materials which the poet must use, and, for our part, we

are disposed to hold that these incidents should be chosen from the past rather than from the present.

Not that we by any means acquiesce in the opinion that the present time is necessarily prosaic. Every age has its own romance; and scraps of that romance are sometimes visible to, and sung by, the contemporary poets. *The Charge of the Light Brigade* is already classic as one of Homer's battles. No tragedy in past history causes a thrill such as stirred Europe, the other day, when its greatest statesman died. Cavour's whole life, indeed, is a poem,—none the less fascinating because the purity of his patriotism did not shrink from base allies and obscure intrigue. He may, like Robert Bruce, have deeply sinned; but he was true to freedom, and he died for his nation. It is impossible to touch pitch with impunity; but it cannot be said to defile the man who devotes his life with incorruptible fidelity to a great cause, as it defiles the man whose aims are sordid and whose ambition is mean. The character of Cavour may continue to perplex the judgment of the formal moralist; but, as with the outlawed king, the higher and more religious instinct strikes home, detects the royal manhood behind, and pronounces an unflinching absolution:—

'De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe;
O'er-mastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!

And even the real life immediately about us still keeps its pathos. Love, anger, jealousy, despair, are potent under Victoria as under Agamemnon or Lear. There is not a household in the land where the Great Sorrow is not felt—which the Destroyer does not enter—from which the *Cry of the Human* does not ascend to heaven.

'O God, to clasp these fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely;
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only.
Be pitiful, O God!

Mrs. Browning's is a noble poem,—alas! that she too should even to-day have dragged that sharp cry, not from one heart only, but from many who revered and loved the purity, and gentleness, and unquenchable energy, and vivid intelligence, of a most helpful woman,—but the subject is one not easily exhausted. It will last our time,—as also, let us trust, the Love which deprives His dart of its sting, and reaps victory through her tears. Such materials can the present time furnish to the Tragic Muse; and for Comedy,—Have

we not Vincent Scully and a whole island of Irishmen?

At the same time, as we have intimated, we incline to prefer the claim of History. When a poem possesses a historical basis, the risk of caricature is diminished. The poet who spins his web out of his own brain for any long time, 'gangs aft agee'; whereas the poet who relies upon the facts which the unimaginative annalists of a people have recorded, is protected against the deceitfulness of the imagination, and brought back incessantly to reality. And, moreover, an event, as a whole and in its completeness, may be viewed with better effect when removed a little way from us. The pressure of the crowd partly conceals its proportions; but, in the silence of the night-season, what is poetic in the story is disengaged from its casual environment, grows plainer and more distinctly articulate.

We have always held that there was the right stuff in Mr. Alexander Smith. We felt sure that one who united, as he did, the fire of the poet with the sagacity and moderation of the critic, would ultimately work clear of the fogs which obscured his genius. We are glad to find that we have not been mistaken. Mr. Smith has turned to history; and, guided by the Venerable Bede, has produced a thoroughly good piece of work. There can be no mistake about it. He has hitherto failed conspicuously in his choice of subjects; but his choice in this case is admirable. The story is rife with incident, and keeps the reader's interest awake from beginning to end. His plot, too, has been generally very defective: it wanted bone and muscle; but he has now got a historical framework which he is forced to respect, and which prevents him from running into unnaturalness. The morbid and diseased self-consciousness of the *Life Drama* is got rid of: the author of *Edwin of Deira* is beyond dispute an eminently healthy and well-conditioned mortal. The passion is no longer inverted or irregular; and, while it has ceased to consume itself in an explosive way, it continues to fire the narrative, and prevents it from languishing or growing tame. Nor does his fertile pictorial faculty run to seed as it used to run; the tendency to verbal conceits and remote prettiness is subdued; and when an analogy is introduced—for the dawn, and the sea, and the stars, are still visible—it is true, simple, and effective, and aids, instead of embarrassing, the progress of the story. In short, we everywhere detect the evidence of honest and thorough work, and the result is exactly what we might look for. Mr. Smith has written a poem, which is marked by the strength, sustained sweetness, and compact texture of real life.

No doubt, the old cuckoo-cry of plagiarism will be again heard. It will be said that *Edwin of Deira* is a mere echo of *The Idylls of the King*. We do not dwell upon the fact that Mr. Smith had planned and well nigh executed his poem before the appearance of the Laureate's master-piece (though we have the best reason to know that such is the case), but we say that those who cannot see that, however alike in certain subordinate respects the two works may be, Mr. Smith's is yet substantially original, must be quite unable to discriminate between the nicer moods of poetic feeling. We have no doubt that, were we to descend into the obscure arena, we could point out half-a-dozen passages—not more—in which there is a marked verbal resemblance between *Edwin* and the *Idylls*. But what of that? Can such coincidences—lying upon the surface, and not affecting the internal structure and general bearing of the work—detract from the reputation of a poet who, in the conception and execution of his subject, shows vital force and essential originality?

Some critics, indeed, who desire to deal fairly and honestly with Mr. Smith, may say that his indebtedness does not end here. And in one sense they are right. Mr. Smith is undoubtedly indebted to the Laureate for the form of his verse. The *Morte d'Arthur* is, if not the first, at least the most perfect specimen in our language, of a peculiar poetic construction. It is rather difficult to define precisely wherein its peculiarity consists. We may compare it, perhaps, with the paintings of some of the early artists—Cimabue or Giotto—or with the abstract representations of natural forms in architecture. It is plain, angular, unelastic; but in its lofty simpleness there is none of the familiarity of the love-song or the pastoral. This simple statelyness is preserved with unbroken and marvellous effect throughout the *Morte d'Arthur*. It is perceptible, in a more modified form, in *The Idylls of the King*, and Mr. Smith has employed it in *Edwin of Deira*, but with certain essential variations. With simplicity of construction, he has tried to inweave richness of imagery and subtlety of feeling. It may be doubted how far such a union is practicable. We are rather disposed to fancy that the style to which we allude is best suited to represent the marked and naked features of nature, and well-defined and not very intricate feelings. It is thus that it is used in the *Morte d'Arthur*—the scenery massively lined rather than described,—

'A dark strait of barren land,
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full,—
and the feelings clearly articulated, and not

confused by moral or intellectual dilemmas. Mr. Smith, however, has almost succeeded in his venture; and, though we experience a jolt occasionally, it is seldom sufficient seriously to interrupt our enjoyment. We do not think it needful to add a word on his right to use this form. If he is not entitled to use it because it has been used by another, then Pope was not entitled to employ in *The Dunciad* the measure which had been employed by Dryden in *MacFlecknoe*—a proposition which we bequeath to the provincial and metropolitan Cockneys who pass their time in picking the dry bones of the poets.

It is a story from the early annals of England that Mr. Smith has selected. He has caught the hurry and movement of a martial age. The poem is rich with colour; there is everywhere a glow as of a king's crown or a knight's armour. The princes and warriors are noble gentlemen. The chivalrous demeanour, the stately kingliness of speech, are well suited to the environment. But it is the scenes of stiller life, when the strife of heroes, and the bay of the hunters' dogs, and the clatter of the wine-cup, and the trumpet-call sounding shrilly through the crash of battle, are momentarily silenced, that we like best. Donegild, smitten but unsubdued by suffering,—

'More queenly—wearing sorrow's dreary crown,
And robed in bitter wrongs—than when she
moved

In youthful beauty, and the diadem
Paled in more golden hair,'—

is a fine picture, firmly handled; and Bertha is as sweet a girl as ever entered into a poet's dream. We are almost afraid to own how much we admire her. There is an exquisite rhythm in the verse whenever this maiden enters, as if her own fingers had touched the strings—a delicious swell of music, as if the very Spirit of Love were breathing through the words. It may be quite true that we never meet in modern literature with the superb and thoroughbred gentlemen, to whom we are introduced in *Coriolanus* or *The Tempest*—gentlemen who seem to have spoken with kings and worn ermine all their days—but Bertha, at least, may claim a niche between Miranda and Hermione.

We have spoken highly of Mr. Smith's new poem; and we are anxious that our readers should judge of the fidelity of our estimate. They will be better able to do so, if, before reading the sketch of the story and the illustrative extracts we purpose to make, they will, in the first place, turn to Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation* (Book ii., cap. 9 to 14 inclusive), where they will find the history of 'Ædwin, King of the Northumbrians,' narrated at length. In the

meantime, a few sentences from Hume will serve to explain 'the situation.'

'Adelfrid, king of Bernicia, having married Acca, the daughter of Ælla, king of Deiri, and expelled her infant brother Edwin, had united all the counties north of Humber into one monarchy, and acquired a great ascendancy in the heptarchy: he also spread the terror of the Saxon arms to the neighbouring people; and by his victories over the Scots and Picts, as well as Welch, extended on all sides the bounds of his dominions. . . . Notwithstanding Adelfrid's success in war, he lived in inquietude on account of young Edwin, whom he had unjustly dispossessed of the crown of Deiri. This prince, now grown to man's estate, wandered from place to place in continual danger from the attempts of Adelfrid, and received at last protection in the court of Redwald, king of the East Angles, where his engaging and gallant deportment procured him general esteem and affection. Redwald, however, was strongly solicited by the king of Northumberland to kill or deliver up his guest: rich presents were promised him if he would comply, and war denounced against him in case of refusal. After rejecting several messages of this kind, his generosity began to yield to the motives of interest; and he retained the last ambassador, till he should come to a resolution in a case of such importance. Edwin, informed of his friend's perplexity, was yet determined at all hazards to remain in East Anglia, and thought that, if the protection of that court failed him, it were better to die, than prolong a life so much exposed to the persecutions of his powerful rival. This confidence in Redwald's honour and friendship, with his other accomplishments, engaged the queen on his side; and she effectually represented to her husband the infamy of delivering up to certain destruction their royal guest, who had fled to them for protection against his cruel and jealous enemies. Redwald, embracing more generous resolutions, thought it safest to prevent Adelfrid before that prince was aware of his intention, and to attack him while he was yet unprepared for defence. He marched suddenly with an army into the kingdom of Northumberland, and fought a battle with Adelfrid, in which that monarch was defeated and killed, after avenging himself by the death of Regner, son of Redwald: his own sons, Eanfrid, Oswald, and Osway, yet infants, were carried into Scotland; and Edwin obtained possession of the crown of Northumberland. Edwin was the greatest prince of the heptarchy in that age, and distinguished himself both by his influence over the other kingdoms, and by the strict execution of justice in his own dominions. He reclaimed his subjects from the licentious life to which they had been accustomed; and it was a common saying, that during his reign a woman or child might openly carry everywhere a purse of gold without any danger of violence or robbery.*'

The poem opens at the close of the great battle with Ethelbert, which drives Edwin, a solitary fugitive, from his kingdom, to seek the

hospitality of his father's friend, King Redwald.

'Edwin 'scaped, but 'scaped as one
Wet-fetlocked from the Morecambe tide, that
brings
Sea-silence in an hour to wide-spread sands
Loud with pack-horses, and the crack of whips.
And on the way the steed of steeds beloved
Burst noble heart and fell; and with a pang
Keener than that which oftentimes is felt
By human death-beds, Edwin left the corpse
To draw the unseen raven from the sky;
Then fearful lest the villages of men
Might babble of his steps to Ethelbert,
Certain to sweep that way with clouds of horse,
He sought rude wastes and heathy wildernesses
Through which the stagnant streams crept black
and sour.'

He wanders on, passing through 'the land
of reed and fen, with many a wing be-clanged,'
till he comes to a glen near Redwald's
capital,—

'To a ravine that broke down from the hill
With many a tumbled crag: a streamlet leapt
From stony shelf to shelf: the rocks were
touched
By purple fox-gloves, plumed by many a fern;
And all the soft green bottom of the gorge
Was strewn with hermit stones that sideways
leaned,
Smooth-checked with emerald moss.'

Here he meets one of the pages from the
Court, who enlarges to him on the gossip
of the palace, on the king and his seven sons,
'the maddest men for hunting,' and his
daughter Bertha, a maid that comes—

'Like silence after hoof and bugle-blare;
Who owns the whitest hand, the sweetest
cheek
Air touches, sunlight sees.'

At length they reach the town,—

'Discoursing thus
They entered on a broad and public way
Whereon were travellers and lively stir,
And now a maid, and now a knight went past
With light upon his armour; and at length,
The while the press was growing more and
more,
They came upon the palace, vast in shade
Against the sunset. Noisy was the place
With train and retinue, and the cumbrous
pomps
The feasters left without. The steeds were
staked
Upon the sward, and from the gates the folk,
Busy as bees at entrance of a hive,
Swarmed in and out. Men lay upon the grass,
Men leaned with folded arms against the walls,
Men dined with eager lands and covetous eyes;
Men sat on grass with hauberk, greave and
helm
And great bright sword, and as they sat they
sang

* History of England, chap. I., p. 82.

The prowess of their masters deep in feast,—
How foremost in the chase he speared the boar,
How through the terrible battle press he rode,
Death following like a squire.'

The travel-stained fugitive is brought into the great hall, where Redwald and his nobles are feasting,—

'A hundred bearded faces were up raised
Flaming with mead.'

The king recognises him; the wandering face brings back the old time, 'ere thou, young sir, wert thought of,' and he greets him cordially. Placing Edwin beside him, the feast, which is described with great zest, goes on,—

'Sheep, steer, and boar,
And stags that on the mountain took the dawn
High o'er the rising splendours of the mists,
Were plenteously there. All fowls that pierce
In wedge or caravan the lonely sky,
At winter's sleety whistle, heaped the feast;
With herons kept for kings, and swans that float

Like water-lilies on the glassy mere.
Nor these alone. All fish of glorious scale,
The fruits of English woods, and honey pure
Slow oozing from its labyrinthine cells,
And spacious horns of mead—the blessed mead
That can unpack the laden heart of care—
That climbs a heated reveller to the brain,
And sits there singing songs.'

Next day, dressed in a manner suited to his rank, he is conducted to the chamber where the princes are preparing for the chase.

'Then he led,
Through a long passage, toward a noise of dogs
That ever nearer grew, and entered straight
A mighty chamber hung with horn and head;
Its floor bestrewn with arrows, as if War
Grown weary of his trade, had there disrobed
And thrown his quiver down. And in the midst

The brothers stood in hunting gear, and stroked
Great brindled dogs, that leapt about their knees
And talked of them the while, and called to mind

How this one charged the lowering mountain
bull,
What time he stood affronted 'in the glade
And the spurned earth flew round him in his
rage;
How the boar's tusk made that one yelp and
limp
The day he came upon him in the brake.'

Then, while the babble of hawk, and steed,
and hound, the princess enters,—

'In at the door a moment peeped a girl,
Fair as a rose-tree growing thwart a gap
Of ruin, seen against the blue when one
Is dipped in dungeon gloom; and Redwald
called,
And at the call she through the chamber came,

And laid a golden head and blushing cheek
Against his breast. He clasped his withered
hands

Fondly upon her head, and bent it back,
As one might bend a downward-looking flower
To make its perfect beauty visible,
Then kissed her mouth and cheek.'

Edwin proceeds to describe to Redwald how he lost his kingdom—

'And how, at a most dismal set of sun,
He saw his files lie on the bloody field,
Like swathes of grass, and knew that all was
lost;'

and urges the cautious and hesitating old man to undertake his cause. Redwald will not commit himself, but his eldest son Regner, touched by the misfortunes and nobleness of the fugitive, becomes his fast friend. A hawking expedition follows. A heron is flushed among the reeds of a gloomy mere, and Edwin first casts his hawk,—

'Then Regner, riding near,
Watching his countenance, caught his eye, and
cried,

"When 'gainst the heron Ethelbert thou fliest,
I follow in thy track, come weel, come woe!"
And, rising fiercely in his stirrup, flung
His falcon into air. A glorious sight
To see them scale the heaven in lessening rings
Till they as notes became: while here and there
About the strand the eager brethren rode,
With shaded faces upturned to the blue,
Now crying, "This one has it!" and now
"That!"

When suddenly, from out the dizzy sky,
Dropped screaming hawks and heron locked in
fight,

Leaving a track of plumes upon the air.
Down came they struggling, wing and beak and
claw,

And splashed beyond the rushes in the mere.
Amid the widening circles to the waist,
A falconer dashed and drew to shore the birds,
All dead save Edwin's falcon, that, with claws
Struck through the heron's neck, yet pecked
and tore,
Unsat in its fierceness.'

On their return to the palace, and after the feast is over, Bertha joins them,—

'The Princess came and sang as was her wont,
And as it chanced that night a tale of love—
Of love new-born and trembling like an Eve
Within a paradise all wide and strange
At the most perilous sweetness of herself
But one short moment known. And while her
voice

Went wandering through a maze of melody,
The hand lay where it fell, and ceased the
breath,

And finer grew the listening face. And when
Like a leaf's wavering course through autumn
air,

The wildered melancholy music ceased,
And silence from a rack of keen delight
Unstretched their spirits to their grosser moods

And common occupations, she arose
With music lingering in her face, and eyes
That seemed to look through surfaces of things
And would have thence withdrawn from out
the hall

But Regner caught her twixt his mighty knees,
Proud of her innocence and gentle ways,
Impatient half that she was not a glode
Fire-eyed to peck his fingers.'

Edwin is already deeply smitten, and he has soon an opportunity to avow his love. A great stag-hunt takes place, at which the princess is present. They leave the palace in the early morning, ride to the forest where the antlered monarch has been seen, and the chase begins—

'And when afar

At instance of a strong-lunged forester,
The sudden bugle on the rosy cliff
Was splintered into echoes, from the marsh
The heron screaming rose; within his wood
The mountain bull stood listening to the sound,
Silent as lowering thunder, when the winds
Are choked, and leaves hang dead; and from
his lair
Rose, with dew-dappled flanks, the stag, and
snuffed

Their coming in the wind—a moment stood,
His speed in all his limbs—but when the pack
Dragged with them down the echoes of the vale
And opened out he fled, with antlers laid
Along his back like ears.'

As the impetuous chase goes on, Edwin and Bertha are left alone together, and the story is told—

'Around a crag

That with its gloomy pines o'er-hung the vale,
Swept hunt and hunter out of sight and sound.
They were alone, and in the sudden calm,
When round them came the murmur of the
woods

Upon a sweeping sigh of summer wind—
O moment dying ere a cymbal's clash!
O memory enough to sweeten death!—
The unexpected solitude surprised
His heart to utterance, and the princess sat
Blinded and crimson as the opening rose
That feels yet sees not day. Then, while the
wind

To his quick heart grew still, and every leaf
Was watchful ear and eye, he pressed his lips
Upon the fairest hand in all the world
Once.'

The stag is killed by Regner, and the hunters turn home—

'The princess rode with dewy drooping eyes
And heightened colour. Voice and the clang
of hoof,
And all the clatter as they sounded on,
Became a noisy nothing in her ear,
A world removed. The woman's heart that
woke

Within the girlish bosom—ah! too soon!—
Filled her with fear and strangeness; for the
path,

Familiar to her childhood, and to still
And maiden thoughts, upon a sudden dipped
To an unknown sweet land of delicate light
Divinely aired, but where each rose and leaf
Was trembling, as if haunted by a dread
Of coming thunder. Changed in one quick
hour

From bud to rose, from child to woman, love
Silenced her spirit, as the swelling brine
From out the far Atlantic makes a lush
Within the channels of the careless stream,
That erst ran chattering with the pebble stones.'

But, ere he reaches the palace, Edwin's friend, the page, meets him, and warns him not to enter, as an agent of Ethelbert is with the king, who meditates treachery. He remains without the walls during the night,—a prey to bitter reflections—

'“ Ah, miserable me! My soldiers bleach
Beneath the moon, and she who bore me, sleeps
On flint beside the waterfall, begirt
By widows, and by children, and by all
The congregated sorrow of a realm
Most sorrowful. And I, who can alone
Bring to my people roof-tree, fire, and law,
And build for them again an ordered state,
Sit here an outcast, and the door is shut.”'

As he waits through the long night, sorrowful and desperate, an apparition appears to him, and undertakes to restore him to his kingdom and to unite him with Bertha. Edwin promises obedience to his ghostly visitor; and in the morning the page returns to inform him that Ethelbert's emissary has been dismissed, that war has been declared, and that the council in the king's chamber wait for him. He enters, and Redwald tells him somewhat hotly that, moved by Bertha's tears, he has espoused his cause—

'And while the king

Went on thus chafing, Edwin's sleepless heart
Grew silent as an eagle's famished brood
Huddled upon a ledge of rosy dawn,
When sudden in the blinding radiance hangs
Their mighty dam, a kid within her grip,
Borne off from valleys filled with twilight cold
That know not yet the morn.'

Edwin gratefully accepts the proffered aid, and concludes by avowing his love for the princess—

'At the king's feet

She sat, and, hearing, over neck and brow
Broke morning; and as love is faced like fear,
Or wears fear's mask, she hid her own and
shrank;
And, shrinking, like a sudden burst of light,
The unimprisoned splendour of her hair
In coil on coil of heavy ringlets fell,
And veiled the face that burned through hands
close pressed,
And clothed her to the knee.'

Redwald gives his consent, in a passage of great beauty, and the two are betrothed—

“So, sweet, arise,
And give the man thy heart hath chosen out,
From all his fellows a pure heart in pledge
Of faithfulness—the one assured thing
He ever will possess upon the earth.”

And then Bertha rises up, and puts her hand
in his,—

‘She heard, and, all untouched by virgin shame,
False and unworthy then, erect she stood
Before her father and her brethren seven,
Pale as her robe, and in her cloudless eyes
Love, to which death and time are vapoury
veils

That hide not other worlds, and stretched a
hand,
Which Edwin held, and kissed before them all
In passionate reverence; smitten dumb by
thanks

And noble shame of his unworthiness,
And sense of happiness o'erdue. And while
The prince's lips still lingered on the hand
That never more could pluck a simple flower
But he was somehow mixed up in the act,
She faltered life a lark beneath the sun
Poised on the summit of its airy flight,
And, sinking to a lower beauteous range
Of tears and maiden blushes, sought the arms
That sheltered her from childhood, and hid
there,
Shaken by happy sobs.’

The preparations for the war are quickly
completed. With his army Edwin crosses
the hills, ‘through a world of mist, and crag,
and dashing waterfall,’ and swoops upon
Ethelbert like a falcon. The usurper is
driven to bay,—

‘So when the sun
Broke through the clouds at setting, on a mound
Stood Ethelbert, surrounded by his lords,
Known by his white steed and his diadem,
And by his golden armour blurred with blood,—

and falls under Edwin's axe, after a kingly
conflict, in which Regner is slain.

Restored to his kingdom and married to
Bertha, the great drama is played out. The
passionate excitement of war and love is
over. A graver strain succeeds. Edwin has
now to discharge the duties of the kingly
office; and the poem is henceforth occupied
with domestic life, religion, and his efforts to
reconstruct the shattered state. A son is
born to him—named Regner, after Bertha's
noble-hearted brother—and the little fellow
is very exquisitely described—

‘So the boy throve into his second year,
And babbled like a brook, and fluttered o'er
The rushes, like a thing all wings, to meet
His father's coming, and he breathless caught
From the great foot up to the stormy beard
And smothered there in kisses. And whene'er
Edwin and Bertha sat in grave discourse
Of threatened frontier and the kingdom's need,
If the blue eyes looked upward from their knees,
Their voices in a baby language broke
Down to his level, and the sceptre slipped

Unheeded from the hands that loved his curls
Far more to play with. Every day these twain—
Two misers with their gold in one fair chest
Enclosed—hung o'er him in his noon-day sleep
Upon the wolf-skin—blessed the tumbled hair,
Cheek pillow-dinted, little mouth half-oped
With the serene passage of pure breath,
Red as a rose-bud pouting to a rose;
Eyelids that gave the slumber-misted blue;
One round arm doubled, while the other lay,
With dainty elbow dimpled like a cheek,
Beside a fallen plaything. Slumbering there,
The fondest dew of praises on him fell,
And the low cry with which he woke was stilled
By a proud mother's mouth.’

The poem concludes with the arrival of
the Christian missionaries, and the adoption
by the king—warned by the apparition who
again appears to him—of the faith which
they have been sent to teach. This last
scene is very fine and animated. A ship has
arrived in the offing, and the king rides down
to the beach to greet the wayfarers—

‘In the bright
Fringe of the living sea that came and went
Tapping its planks, a great ship sideways lay,
And o'er the sands a grave procession paced
Melodious with many a chanting voice.
Nor spear nor buckler had these foreign men,
Each wore a snowy robe that downward flowed,
Fair in their front a silver cross they bore,
A painted Saviour floated in the wind,
The chanting voices, as they rose and fell,
Hallowed the rude sea air.’

The people assemble on a great plain outside
the city, and Paulinus addresses them,—

‘Fair island people, blue-eyed, golden-haired,
That dwell within a green delicious land
With noble cities as with jewels set—
A land all shadowed by full-acorned woods
Refreshed and beautified by stately streams,—

and tells them of the message with which he
has been entrusted—

‘The Lord Christ bleeding bowed His head and
died;
And by that dying did He wash earth white
From murders, battles, lies, ill deeds, and took
Remorse away that feeds upon the heart
Like slow fire on a brand. From grave He
burst,
Death could not hold Him, and 'ere many days
Before the eyes of those who did Him love
He passed up through yon ocean of blue air
Unto the heaven of heavens, whence He came.
And there He sits this moment man and God;
Strong as a God, flesh-hearted as a man,
And all the uncreated light confronts
With eye-lids that have known the touch of
tears.’

King and people accept the new religion;
and, as the idol-temples are fired, the white-
robed priests unite in a solemn chant—

‘Down falls the wicked idol on his face,
So let all wicked gods and idols fall!

Come forth, O light, from out the breaking east,
And with thy splendour pierce the heathen
dark,
And morning make on continent and isle
That thou may'st reap the harvest of thy tears,
O Holy One that hung upon the tree."

Once more Paulinus addresses the king, and, in prophetic strain, discloses to him the great future which is now in store for his land—

'From out the twilight of unnoted time
The history of this land hath downward come
Like an uncited stream that draws its course
Through empty wildernesses, and but hears
The wind sigh in the reed, the passing crane;
But Christ this day hath been upon it launched
Like to a lonely barge with burnished oars,
Whose progress makes the lonely waters blush,
And floods the marshes with melodious noise.
And as that river widens to the sea
The barge I speak of will dilate and tower,
And put forth bank on bank of burnished oars,
And on the waters like a sunset burn,
And roll a lordlier music far and wide,
And ever on the dais a king shall sit,
And ever round the king shall nobles stand.'

So Edwin grows and flourishes, and becomes a mighty idol-breaker, until, in a good old age, he is laid in the church which he has built—

'The fanes he burned
At Goodmanham, at Yeverin, and York,
And Cateret where the Swale runs shallowing
by.
To Redwald and his sons he bore the faith,
And sent Paulinus to the neighbouring kings.
Near his own city, where the temple stood,
He raised to Christ a simple church of stone,
And ruled his people faithfully, until
Long-haired and hoary, as a crag that looks
Seaward, with matted lichens bleached by time,
He sat in hall beholding, with dim eyes
And memory full of graves, the world's third
bloom;
Grandchildren of the men he knew in youth;
And dying, pillow-propped within his chair,
The watchers saw a gleam upon his face
As from an opened heaven. And so they laid
Within the church of stone, with many a tear,
The body of the earliest Christian king
That England knew; there neath the floor he
sleeps,
With lord and priest around, till through the
air,
The angel of the resurrection flies.'

Such is Mr. Smith's new poem. We have quoted from it at length, because we are anxious that our readers should share with us the pleasure of again listening to a fine piece of old history,—one of the storied tales belonging to 'the milky youth of this great English land,'—and because, having spoken so highly of its many beauties, we are bound, in a manner, as the lawyers say, 'to instruct our averments.'

ART. VI.—1. *Geological Map of Scotland.*
By JOHN MACCULLOCH, M.D. London, 1832.

2. *Geological Map of Scotland.* By JAMES NICOL, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: W. and A. K. Johnston.

3. *Geological Map of Scotland.* By J. A. KNIPE, F.G.S. London, Stanford.

4. *Palæontological Map of the British Isles.* By EDWARD FORBES, F.R.S. Edinburgh: W. and A. K. Johnston.

5. *Geological Survey of Scotland.* Sheets 32 and 33.

6. *Memoirs of the Geological Survey. Geology of the Neighbourhood of Edinburgh.* 1861.

7. *First Sketch of a New Geological Map of Scotland.* By Sir R. I. MURCHISON, F.R.S., and ARCHIBALD GRIKIE, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: W. and A. K. Johnston.

8. *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London.* Vols. from 1850 to 1861.

It would be difficult to select any portion of Europe whose geological structure has been so frequently discussed, and yet so little worked out and understood, as the northern part of Great Britain. Some of the earliest and greatest battles of geology have been fought on Scottish soil. It was there that Hutton elaborated his immortal "Theory of the Earth;" and it was there that the cramped and crude speculations of Werner were disproved, and replaced by a broader and deeper philosophy. From the hills and glens of Scotland geology has obtained some of her surest foundation-stones; and many parts of the country are now regarded as classic spots by geologists all over the world. Nevertheless, we repeat that, in comparison with other countries, especially with England, the geological structure and history of Scotland are still very far from being generally or adequately understood.

The chief cause of this state of things is, that in the main, Scottish observers have been mineralogists rather than geologists, and, while exploring the mineral structure of their country, have, till within the last few years, done little towards elucidating the relations in time of its rock masses, and thereby constructing a geological history. Recently, however, the habit of observation has become more thoroughly geological. Among the causes of the change, a chief place is due to the inroads of southern geologists—some of them Scotchmen—who, satisfied with their labours in the south, have crossed the borders to try their fortune among the little known rocks of the north. Sir Roderick Murchison, Professor Edward Forbes, Mr. Daniel Sharpe, Mr. Binny, and

Professor Harkness, may be named in illustration. They have all written papers on the geology of Scotland within the last ten years, though not themselves resident in that country. Of these papers, those by Sir R. I. Murchison have completely revolutionized the geology of half the country. Edward Forbes has brought the secondary rocks of the Hebrides into still closer relation to those of England, while Mr. Binny and Mr. Harkness have done the same for the Permian rocks of Dumfriesshire. This friendly raid of English hammer-bearers has excited the dormant energies of their Scottish brethren, and now at length the geology of the country bids fair to be thoroughly explored.

No better illustration of the character and progress of geological inquiry in Scotland could be found than in a comparison of the maps, whose titles are prefixed to this article. In that of Macculloch we have the outlines of the great rock masses of the country roughly defined, together with a large amount of detail. It shows at a glance the general arrangement of the formations, and exhibits even more strikingly than is seen in nature their remarkable strike from north-east to south-west. The map, however, is better entitled to the name of mineralogical than geological; and, in this respect, it only represents in another form the prevailing character of Scottish inquiry in this branch of science. The maps of Professor Nicol and Mr. Knipe are repetitions of that of Macculloch, with the additions and corrections that were made up to the time of their publication. They are still mineralogical rather than geological. The little map just published by Sir R. I. Murchison and Mr. Geikie is the first attempt at a really geological representation of the country. It is, unfortunately, too small in size to be of much practical use in the field, but it is, we hope, the forerunner of a larger one. The classification of the Highland rocks, which these geologists have worked out, is there shown very clearly; the old red sandstone and carboniferous formations are likewise, for the first time in Scotland, subdivided into their respective zones; the igneous rocks are classified according to their chronological position; and a large number of useful notes and signs is inserted on the body of the map, and along the margin. This little map, in short, represents in a condensed form the present state of geological inquiry in Scotland.

The changes which the last few years have witnessed in the received ideas of the geology of the whole region from Cape Wrath to the Cheviot Hills, although of great extent and interest, are still very far from being generally understood. They have been au-

nounced in learned societies and associations, and published in scientific journals, but have not yet made much way among the public at large. We propose in this article to point out their nature and extent, and to show how much still remains to be done in deciphering the ancient geological history of Scotland.

To one who wanders over some of the wilder tracts of the Highlands, it may seem a strange thing to be asked whether these grim crags, and cliffs, and scaurs, tossing themselves upwards in giant confusion towards the sky, are yet capable of reduction to geological symmetry and order. One naturally connects these tumultuous masses of hill and mountain with some strange Titanic conflicts of early nature, when powers that seem now extinct waged wild war together, and tore up the trembling crust of the earth into heaps of ruins. Such a scene is familiar to most of our readers in the pass between Lochs Katerine and Achray, and in the still more impressive defile of Glencoe. Not less striking are the narrow fiords along the western coast, as Lochs Hourne and Nevis, where precipitous mountains, of endless forms, black, jagged, and desolate, plunge headlong down beneath the waves of the Atlantic. And far away inland, among the deeper recesses of Inverness-shire and Ross, other masses of similar outlines, thrown together as it were at random, form the favourite haunt of the red deer and the eagle.

It cannot be a matter of wonder that, where there appears such a chaos of external form, it should have been inferred, even by geologists, that the rocks stand forth to us as the memorials of a primeval and chaotic condition of our planet. Nor is this impression lessened when we look a little more narrowly into the structure and composition of these rocks. They are made up of layers of different minerals, not disposed in regular laminae like those of our sandstones and shales, but crumpled, and twisted, and gnarled in endless flexures and convolutions. It is, indeed, hardly possible to exaggerate the contortions to which some of these rocks, as gneiss and mica schist, have been subjected. To represent the arching of the greywacke strata of St. Abb's Head, Sir James Hall made the famous experiment of piling up a number of layers of different coloured cloths, and compressing them from the sides. But no such experiment would adequately illustrate the convolutions of the Highlands. We should have to contrive it so that the layers of cloth or other material might actually break into and become incorporated with each other, the whole being irregularly crumpled and puckered up into a thousand varying folds.

Besides such complexity of structure, there is a corresponding variety of mineral composition. The same mass seldom long retains the same mineralogical character and arrangement. At one moment we are presented with the rock called gneiss; a few yards farther on it passes into mica schist, then into talc schist, chlorite schist, hornblende rock, serpentine, porphyry or granite. To attempt to unravel all these complications, would be a vain and a hopeless task. The early Scottish geologists tried it; and the sense of bewilderment to which it gives rise, seems to have strengthened them in their views of the powerful part which igneous forces played in the production of the rocks of the Highlands. They found scope, too, for their love of mineralogy, and were content to show the details and varieties of mineral structure without troubling themselves to inquire how far the rocky masses which constitute the Highlands might be capable of reduction to the same laws that regulate the occurrence of other stratified deposits. They ascertained how one schist, by the change of its component minerals, passed into another, and how it was traversed by granite veins; and they called the whole series primitive or primary—a simple and comprehensive term, truly, by which to define the geological age of a large tract of country.

And so the matter rested for many years. Some there were who suspected that the mountainous districts of Scotland might, after all, prove not quite so entirely beyond the pale of order, and who shrewdly guessed, that as the great Silurian range of South Scotland passed below the central coal-fields, it might be that the excessively mineralized rocks of the Highlands were only the Silurian strata of the south coming to the surface again in a more altered form. But this was only a guess, and no one could say any more on the subject. Seven years ago, however, Sir Roderick Murchison—who had gone over part of the North-west Highlands, and observed some important features there, with Professor Sedgwick, so far back as 1827—revisited the district of Sutherland, and led the way towards clearing up the hitherto inexplicable geology of the Scottish Highlands. Now that the task has been achieved by him, and his fellow-labourers, Ramsay, Harkness, and Geikie, the whole structure of the country seems so simple, that one wonders how it should have remained so long unknown. In place of being the vague memorials of chaotic convulsions and Titanic earthquakes, boiling oceans and half-molten continents, we see the rocks group themselves like other ordinary sedimentary depo-

sits in due order, with a simplicity and symmetry that are truly astonishing. There are many difficulties about them which geologists cannot yet explain; but the key to their structure has at last been found, and discloses to us, at a first glance, the old truth, that nature, even in her wildest moods, has ever been operating according to the same fixed and determined laws.

In the year 1854, Mr. Peach, being sent from his custom-house station at Wick to visit a wrecked ship on the north coast of Sutherland, discovered certain organic remains in the lime-stone of Durness, which, though imperfect, were unquestionably shells. This discovery renewed Sir Roderick Murchison's interest in the incompleting observations of his earlier years; and as it seemed to give a clue to the geological relations of the Northwest Highlands, he spent part of the same summer among the Sutherlandshire rocks, accompanied by Professor Nichol. The two geologists were fully agreed upon certain points of structure; but they differed in some of the most essential parts—a difference which, unfortunately, has been widened during the subsequent years. With all deference to the opinions of Professor Nicol, however, and with a high appreciation of the boldness with which he has defended them, we must unequivocally decide in favour of the observations of Sir Roderick. There cannot be a doubt, we think, that the explanation so ably worked out by the latter geologist is the true one, and that it will always be regarded as one of the greatest achievements of his long and distinguished life. He ascertained that, the order of superposition of the crystalline rocks, so difficult to determine in the Central and Southern Highlands, was, in certain tracts of Sutherlandshire, as manifest as in any undisturbed tract of Secondary rocks in Southern England. He proved that there was first and lowest a dark crystalline gneiss, forming irregular tracts along the sea-board of Wester Sutherland and Ross; that over the edges of this ancient rock there rested huge mountains of gently-inclined red sandstone; that on the worn and denuded surface of the sandstones came a later group of quartz rocks and limestones, above which, in strict conformable sequence, lay a newer gneiss, that swept eastwards in vast curving folds towards the North Sea. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the importance of this discovery in its bearings on the geology of the Scottish Highlands. Sir Roderick further argued the probability, that the quartzose and gneissose rocks that lay above the red sandstones would prove to be of Silurian age—an inference which was completely

verified by the discovery of other and more perfect fossils in the Durness limestone. Before tracing the progress of this discovery, however, it may be well to glance at the physical features of the district in which it was made, since these admirably illustrate the close interconnection of the geological structure of a country with its external contour.

The west coast of Sutherland and Ross is deeply indented with narrow and often intricate fiords, that open out into the Atlantic. The shores are rocky and bare; and from Loch Inchard southwards for forty miles, or more, they consist mainly of the old or fundamental gneiss, which stretches inland for a greater or less distance, until overlapped by the red sandstone mountains. Nothing can be more impressive than the aspect of this great fringe of gneiss. You stand on one of its higher eminences, and look over a dreary expanse of verdureless rock, grey, cold, and barren, protruding in endless rounded crags and knolls, and dotted over with tarns and lochans, which by their utter stillness, heighten the loneliness and solitude of the scene. Seawards, perhaps, if the sky be clear, you may catch in the distance the outline of Lewis or Harris—another range of the same primeval rock. But eastwards, in an inland direction, the landscape wholly changes. Beyond the undulating belt of gneiss rise some of the grandest mountains in Scotland—giant pyramids of red sandstone, with their strata disposed in lines, like level courses of masonry. The contrast of tint comes out strongly, between the rich reddish-purple hue of these mountains, and the cold neutral grey of the plateau that lies between them and the sea. The effect is occasionally rendered still more impressive by a capping of white quartz rock on the mountain summits. In certain phases of the sky, when the light falls brightly on these hill-tops, they look as if covered with ice; and the long lines of white rubbish that seam their sides might pass for glaciers that have shrunk up the mountains almost to the limit of perpetual snow. Advancing eastwards along one of the deep passes that are cleft through these sandstone ranges, you enter the district of quartz rock—a tract of sterile hills of almost snowy whiteness; then comes the limestone range, conspicuous by the bright green of its vegetation, and the number of its cottages, each with surrounding patches of barley or potatoes; beyond rises another chain of grey quartz hills, and then you pass into the region of the upper gneissose rocks—dark undulating mountains, traversed by deep gleys, whose sides are grey with debris or

brown with heath. Such are the features of those wide tracts of Sutherland and Ross where the succession of the ancient crystalline rocks of Scotland is clearly exhibited, and where lies the key to the structure of the rest of the Highlands.

Until the discovery of Sir Roderick Murchison, it was believed that the gneiss of Lewis and the north-west coast formed a part of the great gneissic series of rocks, which in the map of Macculloch was represented as spreading over nearly the whole of the northern half of Scotland. The red sandstone was set down, without question, as a part of the Old Red Sandstone; and the extreme northern end of Great Britain was thus regarded as 'set in an Old Red Sandstone frame.' The quartz rocks and limestones were classed with the rest of the gneisses, schists, and slates, as primitive; and Macculloch's announcement, that he had found chambered shells in some of them in Sutherland, escaped attention. In short, the whole of the crystalline masses of Scotland formed a *terra incognita*, into which no geologist had ventured, and as to whose history and age he could only form vague conjectures.

The clear natural sections of the north-western counties, however, have at last opened the way to a complete understanding of the geology of the Highlands. The craggy sides of Suilven, Queenaig, and Ben More, that rise so gloomily from the margin of Loch Assynt, the precipices that descend into the depths of Loch Maree, and the shelving slopes that skirt the shores of Loch Broom, have given us a clue by which to unravel the intricate and endless convolutions of the rocks that stretch over Inverness, Perth, and Aberdeen, and sweep westwards through Argyle and the Hebrides to the shores of Ireland. Following their guidance, we learn that there exists in the North-west Highlands and in the Hebrides a gneiss older than any other rock in Britain—older even than any other rock in Europe, save the gneiss of Scandinavia, of which it is probably a prolongation. This rock is a gnarled, twisted, crystalline mass, containing a large admixture of the mineral hornblende, and on the whole very different from any other gneiss in the country. It is disposed in wavy irregular beds, always highly inclined or vertical, and running with wonderful persistence in parallel lines from N.N.W. to S.S.E. At Loch Maree it contains some limestones, but these have yielded no fossils; indeed, they appear to be so highly altered, that we can hardly hope ever to find them fossiliferous. Sir William Logan has described a rock like this oc-

cupying the same geological position in Canada; and he has given to the formation of which it forms a part, the name of 'Laurentian,' from its abundance along the banks of the St. Lawrence. This name has been adopted by Sir R. Murchison and Mr. Geikie in their map, and will probably become the recognised designation of the oldest rock of the British Isles.

The separation of this rock from all the other gneiss of Scotland was the first step in Sir Roderick's discovery: the next was the separation of the red sandstone from all the Old Red Sandstone. On the twisted and crumpled edges of the old Laurentian gneiss the red sandstones of the north-west rest, in what is called by geologists an unconformable sequence. The two series do not join on to each other consecutively, but are divided by a great physical break, which, of course, must represent a long period of time. The gneiss was, no doubt, at one time an ordinary sedimentary rock, like our common sandstones and shales; but it had been changed, in the process called metamorphism, into a hard crystalline mass, and had likewise been crumpled and elevated, and then worn and ground down by the sea, before the red sandstone and conglomerate which rest immediately above it began to be deposited.

Few scenes in Scotland are better calculated to impress the geologist than the aspect of the sandstone mountains of the North-western Highlands. Along some of the maritime lochs, as Loch Keeshorn, Loch Torriden, or Gairloch, these vast truncated pyramids rise from the sea-margin to a height of fully 3000 feet, their bedded layers rising course above course in long sweeping lines, as it were the masonry of some primeval race of Titans. And yet these masses, vast as they appear, are nevertheless only fragments of a continuous sheet of sandstone which once spread over the whole of the north-west of Scotland to a depth of more than 3000 feet. They are merely the relics of a formation—like lonely sea-stacks that rise in mid ocean—the last vestiges of a land that has passed away.

In these standstones no fossils have yet been found. But Sir Roderick Murchison has called them Cambrian, inasmuch as they underlie, unconformably, a series of rocks which are unquestionably of Lower Silurian age. There seems to us no reason to dispute the application of this name, which has been given to the vast series of sandstones and grits that lie below the Silurian strata of Wales. The Cambrian beds of the north-west do not occur elsewhere in Scotland. They range south-westwards along the borders

of Sutherland and Ross, crossing into the islands of Skye and Rum, and then reappearing no more.

The strata which follow next in ascending order consist of white quartz rock, with some limestones of variable thickness. Just as the Cambrian sandstone rests on the edges of the gneiss, so do these quartz rocks lie on those of the red sandstone. There is here another conformity or break in the succession; and the meaning of this, as in the former case, is, that after the red sandstone had been accumulated to a great depth, it came to be elevated, and its upturned edges, exposed to the action of the elements, were worn away. It was on the broken and denuded surface of these standstones—and chiefly, perhaps, out of their waste—that the quartz rock—a hardened form of sandstone—was deposited. From the general relations of these quartz rocks and limestones to each other, and to the rest of Scotland, Sir Roderick conjectured them to be of Silurian age. But it was not until Mr. Peach's discovery of fossils in them that the conjecture was confirmed. They were found to contain, at Durness in Sutherland, certain shells of unequivocally Lower Silurian types, and this placed their geological age beyond further doubt. Had this fact, however, borne reference merely to the rocks of the north of Scotland, though interesting in itself, it would have been of comparatively small importance in the general geology of the country. But it affected, in the most material way, the received ideas of the geological relations of the whole Highlands. Sir Roderick showed, and that very convincingly, that these fossil-bearing quartz rocks and limestones passed below a series of quartzose flagstones, schists, and gneissose rocks, occupying the central and eastern parts of Sutherland and Ross. These latter strata, therefore, though often highly crystalline, could not possibly be older than the Lower Silurian period; and as they were covered in Caithness and Easter Ross by the great conglomerate of the Old Red Sandstone, they could not be later than the epoch of the Old Red Sandstone,—in short, they could only be of Silurian age. It was the natural consequence of this reasoning, that, as the rocks of Sutherland and Ross extended southwards into Inverness, Perth, Aberdeen, and Argyle, the whole of the Scottish Highlands—so long regarded as among the earliest remains of primeval creation—should be declared to have no higher antiquity than that of the Lower Silurian period. And thus by so simple a process has the geology of half a kingdom been totally changed.

There can be few pleasures in a scientific life more intense than to mark when once

the clue to the geological structure of a difficult tract of country has been obtained, how district after district, like the detached portions of a puzzle map, falls into its proper place, and how complete is the order, and how evident the arrangement, where before all order and arrangement seemed to be wholly absent. Of such a kind is the interest with which we watch the application of the geology of the north-west of Scotland to the rest of the Highlands.* Instead of being involved in utter and hopeless confusion, we learn that, from Cape Wrath to the Highland border, the great masses of gneiss, quartz rock, flagstone, limestone, and schist are grouped in a certain determinate sequence, and are repeated by vast folds that roll athwart the country from north-west to south-east. It appears that the succession of formations in Sutherland and Ross holds good over all the rest of the Highlands, and that, by advancing southwards from these counties, the geologist recognises at every step repetitions of the rocks which are so clearly exhibited in the north-west.

The old Laurentian gneiss, as well as the Cambrian sandstone, is confined to the north-western coasts and the Hebrides. But the quartz rocks and limestones which cover them, occur in other parts of the mainland, and also in Jura and Islay, whence they stretch into Ireland. In Sutherland and Ross these strata dip towards the south-east, so that as we advance towards the south-east we come upon higher and higher members of the series. This ascending order holds true up to a certain line, and then the strata take a reversed dip. Instead of being inclined to the south-east, they dip below the surface towards the north-west, and in this way they one by one come to the surface again, giving rise to the structure which is known geologically as a synclinal trough or fold. The quartz rocks and limestones of Assynt, stretching away towards the south-west, pass into Skye, and then are lost below the Atlantic. Like the other members of the series, they dip south-eastwards, and are succeeded by higher strata of micaceous and quartzose flagstone and schist, until, along a line running from the foot of Loch Shiel by Loch Quoich and the head of Glen Cluany towards the north-north-east, the centre of the basin is reached. They then begin to rise on the other side, lower and lower members appearing in succession, and at last the quartz rocks come to the surface again along the line of the Caledonian Canal, whence

they run south-westwards and swell into the enormous mountains of Jura and Islay. They soon, however, begin to descend again towards the south-east, giving rise to an arch, or, as it is called by geologists, an anticlinal axis. Another trough occurs, then another arch, and so on in a succession of vast folds to the border of the Highlands, the higher schistose and gneissose strata forming the central parts of the troughs, and the quartzose members bounding their edges. At last, along the Highland border, from Loch Lomond by Dunkeld to Stonehaven, the coarse conglomerates of the Old Red Sandstone supervene, and the crystalline rocks are seen no more.

Such is, after all, the structure of the Scottish Highlands. We see it in no abnormal results,—no traces of any early condition of things when laws operated that do not operate now, or when forces were at work that had become quiescent ere life was introduced upon our earth. On the contrary, we learn that, with the possible exception of the Laurentian gneiss, and the hardly possible exception of the Cambrian sandstone, all the rocks of that region have formed and have undergone all their mutations since the beginning of life, and, therefore, since those laws came into operation by which the Creator still regulates the order of nature. Much still remains to be done, and many problems stand still unsolved. We know little of the process of metamorphism by which the Old Silurian sediments were converted into crystalline masses of mica schist, gneiss, and granite. And the geological arrangement of these Highland rocks introduces some fresh difficulties into the field. For instance, it has hitherto been customary to regard metamorphism as a deep-seated change, pervading the crust of the earth from below upwards. If this were true, it would follow that the oldest, and of course lowest, rocks should be most metamorphized. But in Scotland this is not the case. The quartz rocks and limestones, which are at the bottom of the Silurian series, have suffered comparatively little change, while the gneissose schists that cover them have undergone, in many places, the most intense alteration. But these and other obscurities will doubtless be cleared away at no very distant date. It is enough at present to see the direction in which the work must be carried on.

Passing over the broad belt of Old Red Sandstone and carboniferous rocks that intersects Central Scotland from sea to sea, we find the Lower Silurian deposits rising again from under the later formations, and stretching across the island from St. Abb's Head to the Mull of Galloway. There seems now to

* See a Memoir on this subject by Sir R. Murchison and Mr. Geikie (*Quart. Jour. Geol. Soc.* for May 1861), from which the substance of the succeeding paragraphs has been taken.

be little doubt that these strata are really a repetition of part of those that form the Highlands, the chief difference being that much less alteration has taken place in the south than in the north. They consist of various grits, sandstones, and shales or slates—rarely of limestone. They are thrown into endless arches and troughs, some of which have been laid bare along the magnificent cliffs around St. Abb's Head, so well described by Sir James Hall. Fossils have been detected in various parts of this region, particularly in the neighbourhood of Girvan, where some of the higher members of the series appear to occur, while the black slates of Moffat have yielded a number of graptolites, and are probably very low in the group. But the structure of the great range of hilly ground, forming what is sometimes called the Southern Highlands, still remains to be worked out. At present we know it only in a general way; and so far as known, it corresponds to that of the north. From about the centre of the chain of hills the strata dip away in opposite directions. Those towards the north-west, after many convolutions and repetitions, disappear below the coal-fields and the Old Red Sandstone tracts of the central counties; while those on the south-east side of the chain continue in a similar series of contortions, until they are covered partly by the carboniferous and Old Red Sandstones of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Dumfries, and partly by the waters of the Irish Sea.

How strange it is to contrast the scenery of South Scotland with that of the central and northern Highlands, and yet to know that both regions belong to the same great geological formation, and were formed in the same geological period! How marked are the characteristics of that pastoral country immortalized by Scott,—its smooth, long-backed hills, green to the summit, and sweeping away on every side in boundless undulations; its sequestered watercourses opening out into the broader valleys, in which run rivers famous in border song and story—Tweed and Teviot, Ettrick and Yarrow; and then in its countless peels, and castles, lonely and grey, like the hill-sides on which they stand; and its endless traditions, by which almost every hill and valley is hallowed for ever! How different, on the other hand, are the features of those Highland tracts to which we have already alluded! The gentle pastoral element is wanting, and in place of it there is a savage sterility, a grim desolation brooding over a wilderness of crags and precipices, rugged mountains and trackless glens. Here and there, indeed, down the course of a brawling torrent,

or along the margin of a lake, the mountain ash and the birch have taken root, but their straggling green serves only to heighten the effect of the surrounding barrenness. And yet these two regions of Scotland date from the same ancient period. They formed originally parts of one continuous ocean-floor, on which lived tribes of now extinct organisms. At the bottom of that old sea sand and silt accumulated for countless ages. These deposits reached an enormous thickness, and were subjected to a mineral change that converted them into hard rock. In what is now the Highland region this change was intense, the sand and mud becoming metamorphized into gneiss and schist. Over the area of the southern counties it was not so powerful, and the sediments there remained as sandstones, grits, and slates. Eventually subterranean forces elevated the sea-bed; during a long lapse of time the upraised land underwent many vicissitudes, being worn away by the elements, and sometimes submerged again beneath the sea. As the result of all this change, we have now in the one part of the country the rugged grandeur of the Highlands, in the other the soft pastoral beauty of the south.

The Upper Silurian formation appears to be but scantily developed in Scotland, and it is only within the last ten or twelve years that it has been shown to exist there at all. It occurs in the uplands of Lanark and Ayr, between Muirkirk and Lesmahagow; in the Pentland hills, about twelve miles south from Edinburgh; and in the south of Kirkcubright. In the first district it rises from under the basement beds of the Old Red Sandstone, and consists of shales and grit-bands. Several genera of crustacea have been found in these strata, the most abundant and characteristic being the pteryotus.* The patch of Upper Silurian or Ludlow rocks lying among the valleys of the Pentland Hills likewise consists of shales and bands of hard grit. Of these some are highly fossiliferous; and the researches of the Geological Surveyors have brought to light a whole suite of organisms, some of them specifically identical with those of the Ludlow rock of the typical Silurian region. It is by no means certain that the area of Upper Silurian deposits is confined to the localities just mentioned. When we consider the frequent folds of the older palæozoic rocks, and that the present exposure of Upper Silurian strata in Edinburghshire and Ayrshire is due to the denudation of the tops of some of these folds, we can see how in the less

* See the monograph on these crustacea by Professor Huxley and Mr. Salter, in the 'Memoirs of the Geological Survey.'

explored tracts of the central and southern counties other projecting patches of the formation may have escaped observation. An interesting point in connection with this part of the geological series of rocks still remains to be worked out,—Whether between the Upper and Lower divisions of the system there exists any unconformity; in other words, whether we can detect any physical break, to show that the sea-bed of the Lower Silurian period had been broken up and possibly elevated into land before the shales of the Upper Silurian period began to be deposited. We know that there is a break of this kind in the contemporaneous series of rocks in Wales, and it would be important to ascertain that the subterranean movements which produced it extended also into Scotland. If this question is capable of solution, it will probably be determined by an examination of the hilly ground that stretches from the south-western end of the Pentland Hills across the country to the mouth of the Firth of Clyde.

The Old Red Sandstone of Scotland, rendered classic by the pen of Hugh Miller, has of late years been investigated more closely with regard to its stratigraphic subdivisions. Some curious and interesting discoveries have also been lately made in its palæontology, especially by Mr. Page, Mr. Powrie, and the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, in Forfarshire and Kincardine. It is usual to classify this formation into three groups: 1st, and lowest, the Lower, or Forfarshire flagstones, containing *cephalaspis* and *pterygotus*, both of which occur in the Upper Silurian strata; 2d, the Middle, or Caithness tilestones, full of ichthyolites—the special field of Hugh Miller's descriptions; 3d, the Upper Sandstones of Dunnet Head, Dura Den, Haddington, and Berwickshire, also containing fish remains with the fragments of plants, generically identical with those that occur in the overlying carboniferous beds. It seems to us doubtful, however, how far No. 2 is strictly intermediate between No. 1 and No. 3. The lowest member of the series probably does not occur in Caithness. The mere existence there of a coarse conglomerate at the base of the tilestones is no proof that the actual base of the formation is there represented. At the same time palæontological arguments are not wanting in favour of the existing subdivision. If the Forfarshire section were carefully examined in its upper parts as it approaches the true Upper Old Red of Fife, much light could hardly fail to be thrown on this branch of Scottish geology. Indeed, Mr. Mitchell's recent discovery of a beautifully preserved series of fish in Forfarshire seems already to give a clue to the correla-

tion of the Old Red Sandstone on the opposite flanks of the Grampian chain.

Among the Scottish Carboniferous rocks a wide field of research still lies open, both as regards their stratigraphical subdivisions and their fossil contents. Much has been done of late years in each of these departments. In the former, the beautiful maps of the Geological Survey take a foremost place, showing as they do the area and subdivisions of the carboniferous formation over the Lothians, with its coals, limestones, and associated igneous rocks. In the memoir to accompany sheet No. 32 of the Survey's maps the neighbourhood of Edinburgh is carefully described. The large amount of original observation collected in this volume forms a good illustration of the truth of the assertion with which we began this article. In the area of Midlothian, which we might have supposed to be now pretty nearly exhausted so far as its geology goes, the Surveyors have succeeded in throwing new light on the old ground, eliciting new facts in abundance, and presenting a more complete and, at the same time, a more generalized view of the geology of the district than has ever been given before. As regards the palæontology of the Scottish carboniferous rocks, some good work has also been done. In addition to the researches of the Survey published in the memoir just referred to, there are some excellent papers by Mr. Davidson, Rev. Thomas Brown of Edinburgh, and Mr. John Young of the Glasgow Museum. Mr. Brown has devoted himself to the investigation of the carboniferous strata of the Fife coast, and has succeeded in developing their palæontological relations with a clearness and brevity worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Young's researches have lain among the corresponding strata of the Campsie hills, where he has collected copious suites of fossils, publishing the results in a careful and interesting paper, read last year before the Geological Society of Glasgow. We may remark, in passing, that the spirit of geological inquiry appears to be more vigorous in that city than in any other part of Scotland. An enthusiastic band of hammerers exists there, who employ their leisure afternoons and evenings in exploring the quarries and ravines in their reach. The consequence is, that the list of carboniferous fossils from the west of Scotland is really a large one,—very much more complete than that of any other district of the country. Mr. Davidson, in his recent monograph on the 'Scotland Carboniferous Brachiopoda'—a work of the highest value to the palæontological literature of the country—takes frequent occasion to refer to the assistance which he received from the Glasgow geologists.

When the carboniferous formation of Scotland comes to be worked out thoroughly in all its relations, lithological, stratigraphical, and palæontological, and compared carefully with the corresponding formation in England, it will present us with one of the most curious chapters in the geological history of Britain. At present only the outline of the story can be said to have been determined. We know, for instance, that the coal-fields of England are not of the same age as the greater part of those of Scotland, but belong to a later division of the same geological period; that the coal-fields of the north are contemporaneous, to a large extent, with the Carboniferous, or Mountain Limestone, of the south; and that the great series of shales and sandstones, and occasional coal-seams, which in Central Scotland underlie the Carboniferous Limestone, are the equivalents of the Limestone Shales of the English geologists. This is the mere skeleton of the story—one or two of the features out of which, without any stretch of imagination, the geologist can reconstruct his sketch of the physical geography of the country during an ancient condition of things. Let us glance at the nature of his evidence, and the way in which he uses it.

When it is said that the Lower Carboniferous sandstones and shales of Scotland are contemporaneous with the Limestone Shales of England, the assertion is intended to imply, that during a certain part of the great geological period, known as the Carboniferous, mud, and calcareous matter full of corals, shells, and other marine remains, accumulated on the sea-floor over the area of Central and South-western England; while farther to the north the sea was probably less deep, or at least received a larger amount of various sediments that gathered over its bed, and formed shoaling banks and islets, on which the peculiar vegetation of the period flourished in abundance. It is curious to trace, both in these lower members of the formation, and also in the thick limestone which covers them, how gradual, and yet how complete, is the change in their progress from south to north. In the limestone itself the alteration is especially apparent. Throughout Derbyshire, for instance, this part of the formation reaches a great thickness, rising up from beneath the coal-fields as a great arch, that sweeps away into green undulating hills; whence the name 'Mountain Limestone.' It is a truly marine rock, and for two thousand feet or more in depth consists of little else than the congregated stems and joints of encrinites or stone-lilies, with corals and shells. This vast accumulation of organic remains, as we trace it towards the north,

becomes gradually split up by the intercalation of sandstone and shale, representing deposits of sand and mud that were spread by currents across the bed of the ocean. These intercalations continue to increase in number at the expense of the limestone. By degrees, too, we encounter thin seams of coal resting on layers of underclay. These, we cannot doubt, were once sheets of vegetation, that grew on muddy tracts, scarcely submerged beneath the waters of the sea and of estuaries. In the north of Northumberland, the great Mountain Limestone of the central counties has dwindled down into a number of thin bands, separated by thick beds of sandstone and shale, with seams of good workable coal. And when, in fine, we reach the Scottish coal-fields, the limestone is represented by only one or two seams, sometimes not thirty feet thick in all, the rest of the formation being made up by alternating beds of sandstone and shale, with seams of coal and ironstone. It is in this series that the Scottish coal-fields principally lie. Hence it becomes apparent, that at a far-distant epoch the centre and south-west of England lay wholly under an ocean peopled with stone-lilies and corals, many genera of shells, and not a few fish; while towards the north this sea became shallow, until in central Scotland it was diversified by muddy flats and sand-bars, and dense jungles of a rich aquatic vegetation, the decayed remains of which now form our coal-seams.

As the formation went on, however, the physical conditions of the two countries appear to have approximated more closely. This is evidenced by the recent determinations of the Geological Surveyors, who have identified a certain zone of sandstone in the Lothians and Fife with the Millstone Grit of England, and have further shown that the coals which overlie these sandstones correspond in fossils to the true English Coal Measures. When the forests were growing which gave rise to the coal-seams of Newcastle, Staffordshire, and Wales, the same physical features seem thus to have extended into Scotland,—a wide expanse of jungle and morass flooded by the sea.

But though this general outline of the relation of the Scottish to the English coal-fields is sufficiently clear, very little has yet been done towards investigating the minute details of the formation in Scotland. Such an investigation may seem a dull task, and perchance hardly worth the labour. But it is in such branches of detailed research that British geology must now mainly advance. The general structure of the country is known, but the details remain still untouched over large areas. Moreover, it is only from

such an exhaustive process of examination that correct generalizations can be formed; and until it is carried out, the geological history of our country cannot be regarded as complete. The geologist who would write this history must, as far as possible, have all the facts, whether valuable or insignificant, before him ere he begin. Without this, his pictures will be deficient in breadth of treatment, or they will show a vividness of outline which must be more or less at the expense of truth.

There are three features in the geology of the carboniferous rocks of Scotland to which attention has not yet been given, and which nevertheless seem to open out into a wide and interesting field of inquiry. 1st, The remarkable absence of certain portions of the formation in some parts of the country, and their enormous development in other districts. This may have arisen, to some extent, from inequalities of the surface on which the strata were deposited. More probably, however, it resulted from difference of subterranean movement—some parts of the country being slowly upheaved, while others were gradually depressed, or remained at rest. The amount of change thus produced in the ancient physical geography of these tracts was very great; and the evidence of its successive stages still remains tolerably clear. 2dly, The influence of the abundant volcanic centres in modifying the general aspect of the country during Carboniferous times. The number of independent *foci* of eruption that continued in activity during the accumulation of the carboniferous rocks of Central Scotland, can be shown to have been large. We cannot doubt, therefore, that the amount of lava and ash thrown out at the surface, and now so conspicuous in the trap-hills of the central counties, must have tended materially to modify the form of the low-lying lands, and change the outline of the numerous bays and interlacing channels by which these flats were diversified. It remains as the work of future years to trace how far the evidence of such changes can still be detected. 3dly, In connection with the two branches of inquiry just referred to, it becomes a curious and deeply interesting inquiry, how far these various mutations in the physical features of the country affected its plants and animals. This is a subject which, so far as we are aware, has never been even suggested. It is one, however, for which abundant materials exist, ready for the use of any one who has the knowledge and capacity requisite to deal with them. We know of no investigation likely to be attended with more important results; for it bears not merely on the geology of a coun-

try, but on those far wider questions that relate to the progress of life, and the influence of the inorganic on the organic world.

The Permian formation occurs only in the southern counties of Scotland. It consists of various breccias, conglomerates, sandstones, and clays, which occupy a considerable tract of country in the southern part of Dumfriesshire, and extend up some of the valleys that open out from the great hilly region of the lower Silurian rocks. The Corncockle sandstones, forming part of this series, have long been known as the repository of those reptilian footprints which were first described by Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell, and which, from the fact that the tracks trended in a southerly direction, gave occasion for Dr. Buckland's joke about the antiquity of the Scottish national characteristics, since even so far back as the Permian ages the tortoises of Scotland were 'aye travelling south.' It may be questioned, however, whether too wide an extent of ground has not been assigned to the Permian series. That Sir R. I. Murchison, Mr. Binny, and Professor Harkness were correct in removing a large part of the red sandstones from the position which had been given them in the Trias, cannot be doubted. But looking at the analogical structure of the red sandstones and marls of Roxburgh and Berwick, it seems as if there were some possibility that part of the Dumfriesshire series may be either carboniferous or Old Red Sandstone. This is undoubtedly the case in Nithsdale, where part of the red sandstones and marls graduate into the true Mountain Limestone, and are therefore plainly carboniferous. Is there no chance that, after all, the sandstones of Corncockle Moor may belong to the same age as those of Roxburghshire, and that thus the existence of reptilian life in Scotland may be traced as far back as the era of the Old Red Sandstone?

The Permian strata of the south of Scotland are in some instances made up of the broken debris of parts of the carboniferous series. But we are not aware that they have ever been traced transversively over the edges of the older formation. The amount of denudation over the whole area of the southern counties, since the deposition of these strata, however, has been so great, that only a few fragments are preserved. Enough remains to raise some points of much interest in the ancient physical geography of the country. Especially desirable is it to ascertain over what extent the carboniferous rocks may extend, whether they are now covered by newer strata, and what was the probable contour of the ground when they began to be worn away to form the materials of Per-

mian breccias and sandstones. We should like, too, to discover whether or not the breccias of Dumfries bear evidence of the existence of glaciers, as the breccias of Shropshire have been shown to do by Professor A. C. Ramsay.

The Trias formation seems to occur only doubtfully in Scotland. Professor Harkness considers part of the red sandstones that border the Solway Firth to belong to this series. But for this arrangement there is only lithological probability, no fossils having yet been detected in these strata. There are, however, in the north, around the town of Elgin, certain yellow sandstones which have been claimed as triassic, not on the score of their lithological characters, but from the nature of their fossil contents. Viewing them in connection with the rocks of the surrounding region, geologists regarded them, though with a little doubt, as part of the Upper Old Red Sandstone. The occurrence of the skeleton of a small lizard-like animal and a number of reptilian footprints in these strata, gave rise to some hesitation as to whether a series of deposits containing such highly developed organisms could belong to so early a period as that of the Old Red Sandstone. But the doubt was allowed to subside, and the *Telerpeton*, or Elgin Reptile, figured in all the manuals and text books as a veritable relic of the Old Red Sandstone fauna. Certain large scales or scutes were known to occur in the same strata, and were set down many years ago by Agassiz as those of a fish, to which he gave the name of *Stagonolepis*. And so in some dusty drawers and shelves these remains rested in ignoble obscurity, until their features, so different from those of the fishes with which they had been classed, arrested the attention, we believe, of Sir Charles Lyell. The scales and bones were more narrowly looked to; and Professor Huxley soon demonstrated, that in place of belonging to a fish, they in reality formed part of a reptile, worthy to rank beside the *Ichthyosauri* and *Plesiosauri* of a later period, or the crocodiles and alligators of the present day. Fresh doubt was thus thrown on the geological horizon of the sandstones, in which organisms of so high a grade had been discovered. Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Charles Lyell, Professors Ramsay, Harkness, and others, visited the locality, but without being able to solve the question, on account of the depth of the superficial accumulations by which the rocks are there concealed. As it was impossible to prove from stratigraphical evidence that the Elgin sandstones passed down into those which are undoubtedly of Upper Old Red Sandstone age, and as the fossil evidence

went to show that they probably belonged to the triassic series, the geologists have found themselves compelled to bow to the force of the palæontological reasoning, and for the present to regard these strata as triassic.

The Lias and Oolite are but scantily preserved in Scotland, being confined to mere narrow strips and patches along the Moray Firth, and on the western coasts of Ross and Inverness, with their opposite islands. The small size of the area occupied by these formations does not arise from any original poverty of development, but from the fact, that the tracts over which the strata were deposited are now for the most part submerged, while the portions that remain above the sea have suffered much from denuding forces, so that they stand as mere relics to mark how wide a region was once covered by liassic and oolitic rocks. There can be little doubt that, when these rocks were formed, the greater part of the north of Scotland was above the level of the sea. The pebbly sandstones that form the lower beds of the series, point to old lines of beach, which without much difficulty can still be traced. We know that the hills of Sutherland and Ross wore as primeval an aspect then as they do now, and that on their grey craggy sides there grew pines of extinct kinds along with ferns and cycadaceous plants, just as at present we see there the Scotch fir interblended with the paler green of the mountain ash and the hazel. There were thus two seas separated by a tract of mountainous land. That to the east corresponded to the present German Ocean; that to the west formed part of an older Atlantic; and the land between them is still preserved in those wild tracts of the North-west Highlands which have already been alluded to. What the configuration of the rest of the country may have been, we can only conjecture. No strata of liassic or oolitic age have yet been detected south of the great granitic barrier of the Highlands, until we reach the English border near Carlisle. Possibly the larger part of country was above the sea, and presented as a whole the same general aspect as now, save that its vegetation was wholly different, approaching more in character to that of Australia, while its land animals, as we learn from the corresponding rocks of England, presented a similar analogy to those of the southern hemisphere.

The general area occupied by the Lias and Oolite in Scotland has long been known, but little has been done towards working out the details of these strata, and bringing them into comparison with those of England and the Continent. In the whole range of British palæontology there is no fresher field than

that of the secondary shales and limestones which fringe the Moray Firth, and form many a sheltered bay and wild headland among the islands and fiords of our north-western coast. Some good papers have been written on some parts of these rocks, but a wider and more generalized investigation is urgently needed; and we cannot commend to our palæontologists, who begin to fret for new fields of research, a task more likely to win them renown, than to undertake the minute examination of these Scottish secondary rocks. They must bear in mind, however, that the labour is, in this case, quite as much physical as mental. They will have to prepare themselves for sorry quarters and poor fare, and must ever be ready at a push to couch them under the most sheltered rock they can select, and sing, with as good a grace as may be,

'The heath this night must be my bed,
The braken curtain for my head.'

But with all its hardships, the life is a pleasant one. To escape from the smoke and din of London into the pure air of these retreats; to exchange the society of voluble Cockneys for that of a silent Celt, and the dust and dryness of a museum for the freshness of the very rocks themselves, is enough to give a weary palæontologist a new lease of life. And we hope before long to hear that some one has made the experiment.

But the palæontology of these rocks is not their only interesting characteristic that has not yet been investigated. In the Western Highlands, and conspicuously in the chain of islands known as the Inner Hebrides (including Skye, Egg, Mull, etc.), they are associated with a vast succession of igneous rocks. These were undoubtedly erupted during the accumulation of part of these oolitic strata. They form huge mountain masses in the north-west part of Skye and in Mull; and it is largely to the resistance offered by them to the denuding agencies that the softer shales and sandstones below them are preserved to us. Here, then, as has been pointed out in regard to the carboniferous rocks, it becomes a question of much interest to inquire how far these igneous eruptions altered the physical geography of their neighbourhood, and what influence they exerted on the life of the surrounding waters. The area over which they were ejected was of considerable size, for it extended from the Sheant Isles, near the coast of Lewis, southward to Oban,—that is for more than 100 miles. How far it ranged westward, cannot be definitely fixed, though it may have been bounded by the line of islands forming the Outer Hebrides, which at that period possibly rose above the sea as they do now. In so volca-

nic a region we cannot doubt that both the fauna and the flora of the period must have been affected to a greater or less extent; and this is one of the points to which the palæontologist will do well to look. It is curious to reflect on the lithological difference that obtains between the development of the Lias and Oolite on the west side of Scotland and that on the east side. When, in the narrow gulf or sea that lay between the Hebrides and the coast of the mainland, there occurred such enormous protrusions of lava, the remains of which now form mountains 3000 feet high, the eastern side of the island remained undisturbed by any volcanic eruptions. The strata accumulated there in undisturbed succession, and seem to have approximated more closely to the English type both in lithological characters and fossil contents.

We have alluded to the fragmentary aspect of the Scottish development of the Lias and Oolite. The consideration of this part of the subject opens up another almost untrodden path of research—the date and effects of the denudation. When we reflect that the scattered islands that fringe our north-western shores were connected during the deposition of the oolitic strata—that they have since been isolated—that masses of hard lava many miles in extent and several thousand feet in thickness, have been swept away, and that the remains of these masses now exist only as detached islands and lonely sea-stacks,—we are lost in wonder at the enormous time which these changes must have demanded for their accomplishment, and at the magnitude of the effects which may be brought about by the silent but long-continued operation of the existing forces of nature.

The oolitic series of the west of Scotland is succeeded in the north of Ireland by strata belonging to the cretaceous group. Unfortunately, however, the denudation which has worked such wonderful changes in the geography and physical features of the west coast, has destroyed the points of connection between the two series. We have lias and oolite in the Inner Hebrides; and passing on to Antrim we have green-sand and chalk, but can find no trace of the missing strata that connected those of the Irish with those of the Scottish area. On the east of Scotland, too, the same suite of formations occurs, but in an equally fragmentary and unsatisfactory state. Along the shores of the Moray Firth, as has been already pointed out, the oolitic group is well developed. It occurs on the south side of the Firth in patches, skirting the zone of Old Red Sandstone and conglomerate which winds round the northern

edges of the great crystalline region of the Highlands. Eastwards along the coasts of Banff and Aberdeen large quantities of rolled flints occur, containing abundantly the characteristic fossils of the chalk. Although these flints are a good deal water-worn, there seems no reason to doubt that they have been derived from some chalk deposit in the neighbourhood; and, therefore, that in the north-east of Scotland the chalk reappears, forming, perhaps, the southern verge of that great cretaceous area which seems to underlie the North Sea, coming to the surface again in Scandinavia. It is interesting, moreover, as corroborative of this inference, and as bearing on the history of the physical changes of the British Isles, to know that a part of the cretaceous series has actually been found *in situ* on the east coast of Aberdeenshire, near Buchanness. Mr. W. Ferguson, about ten years ago, announced that sands and clays, which their included fossils proved to belong to the upper green-sand, occurred there, and had been cut through in several places, thus placing the existence of cretaceous rocks in Scotland beyond a doubt.

The drift and post-tertiary deposits of Scotland present some points of interest, which have been elucidated within the last few years, and which we intended to have dwelt upon at some length, had our space permitted. The vexed questions connected with the origin of the drift especially merit consideration in any summary of the geology of the country; but we refrain for the present from entering on this part of the subject, recommending such of our readers as are interested in old glacial phenomena to read the interesting paper by Mr. Jameson, in a late number of the 'Journal of the Geological Society,' along with Professor James Forbes' Observations on the Cuchullin Hills, and Professor A. C. Ramsay's essay on the Glaciation of North Wales. These papers refer more especially to the existence of ancient glaciers in different parts of the higher tracts of Britain. There is still wanting a good generalized paper on the nature and distribution of the clay, boulders, sand, and gravel over the Lowlands. These were scattered not by glaciers, but more probably by coast-ice. The drift of Scotland, when viewed in a broad way is undoubtedly local in its origin; for we see that its colour and composition vary with the geological changes of the rocks over which it is spread. It is true that, in addition to such locally derived materials, there exist also, in many parts of the central and southern counties, blocks of various sizes, which must have been transported from the crystalline districts of the Highlands,—that

is, 50, 60, or 100 miles from the places in which we now find them. But these, though sometimes sufficiently abundant, are exceptional,—the great mass of the boulders in the drift being, without doubt, referable to the rocks of the neighbourhood. It would be well, therefore, if some geologist could ascertain the various stages of upheaval and depression during which the drift of the Lowlands was deposited, as has been so far done with reference to the valleys of the Highlands and Wales. By thus bringing together and generalizing observations from all parts of the country, a more enlarged view of the subject would be obtained, and, possibly, some of the difficulties that beset all our explanations of the drift might even be removed.

Since the close of the drift period, when the land rose above the sea, and assumed the features which it still wears, there have taken place several slow uprisings, and probably some subsidences, varying in their amount in different localities, and by no means universally manifested. The evidence of the rise of land is beautifully shown along our coasts in what are known as the lines of raised beach. These skirt the present sea-margin as flat sandy plains of varying breadth, from twenty to thirty or forty feet above the existing beach, and some of them have become the sites of several of the chief seaport towns of Scotland. It has been usual to suppose that these upheavals of the land preceded the commencement of the human period, inasmuch as no remains of man have ever been detected in the deposits of the raised beaches. It would now appear, however, that at least one of them has taken place since the time of the Romans. In a raised beach at Leith, fragments of Roman pottery, along with bones, apparently of deer, and littoral shells, have recently been discovered, at a height of about twenty-five feet above the sea. This is an important fact; for it shows that, since the time when the Roman legions marched along the shores of the Firth of Forth, and their galleys sailed into its harbours, the land has actually been upheaved, slowly and imperceptibly, to a height of twenty-five feet.* So great a change within so recent a period tempts us to pause before we give assent to the enormous intervals of time which some geologists demand for the accomplishment of other changes that have elapsed since the advent of man. It may be that man appeared on this earth at an earlier era than is commonly supposed; but such a discovery as that of the raised beach at Leith seems to teach us, that we cannot be too cautious in

* See Mr. Geikie's paper on this subject in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal for July 1861.

shifting the evidence on which his antiquity is sought to be established.

In the preceding pages we have been able merely to sketch the general character of the geological formations of Scotland, so far as they have been investigated up to the present time; and to indicate some of the more important fields of research that now seem to be opening out. There are some questions of a wider kind, however, not connected with one formation, but with many; and to these a brief reference may here be made.

In the first place, the igneous rocks of Scotland deserve a more careful study than they have yet received. Their mineralogy is tolerably well known; thanks to Jameson, Macculloch, Imrie, Macknight, and others. But their geological history and relations still remain in a most unsatisfactory state. They must ere long be worked out in detail, and their various ages determined, along with their lithological varieties, their occasional fossil contents, and the influence which they may have exerted both on the physical features of sea-bottom or land, and on the development and distribution of extinct races of plants and animals. In short, we want a history of volcanic action in Scotland. The materials for such a history are ample, though many years may elapse before they are collected to a sufficient amount to warrant broad generalizations. At present all that can be done is to trace the general variations in the area and character of the volcanic activity. It appears that during the period of the Lower Silurian rocks, when in Wales there were many centres of eruption, from which enormous streams of felspathic lava and showers of ashes and scorïæ were ejected. Scotland, too, was not devoid of similar phenomena. In the old greywacké grits of Berwickshire (belonging to the Lower Silurian period) traces of ash have recently been detected, showing that there was at least one focus of volcanic action north of the Tweed. It seems far from improbable, also, that as the exploration of the south of Scotland is continued, evidences of other points of eruption may yet be detected. During the accumulation of the Old Red Sandstone the subterranean forces became especially active over the site of the central counties. Vast sheets of lava were poured out, along with dense showers of dust and ashes. These materials consolidated into great ridges and hills, and form now some of the most conspicuous hill-ranges of the country, as the Sidlaws, the Ochils, the Campsies, the Pentlands, and the hills of Kilpatrick and Renfrew, which stretch away into Ayrshire. As the emission of such a vast amount of rocky matter could not but produce certain marked

changes on the general configuration of the country, so, it may yet be possible to trace some corresponding alteration in its fauna and flora. There can, at least, be no doubt, that to the existence of these great banks of igneous rock, much of the peculiar scenery of the earlier part of the Carboniferous period was due. They divided the sea into bays and channels, thus separating the areas of deposit, and giving rise to some of those lithological and palæontological differences which characterise the development of the Lower Carboniferous rocks in various districts of Scotland.

During the Carboniferous period which succeeded to that of the Old Red Sandstone, the subterranean forces continued in great activity, but under a somewhat different aspect in other areas from those in which they had hitherto exerted themselves. Instead of wide-spread sheets of lava accumulating as long hill-ranges, that swept across the country, sometimes from sea to sea, the eruptions became smaller in extent and more local and sporadic in character. They seem to have resembled those of Auvergne, and some of them were even closely assimilated to those of the Eifel. They appear in many cases to have been little more than mere monticules of loose ash, with sometimes a narrow column of lava closing up the crater. And such miniature volcanoes dotted a large part of central Scotland during the early and middle ages of the Carboniferous period. Their erupted materials are still abundantly preserved; and the history of their action and influence can therefore be so far satisfactorily ascertained. It is curious to disinter from among these ancient showers of ash, the remains of the stone-lilies, corals, shells, or fish, that lived on the sea-bottom at the time, and were entombed by the eruptions; and to mark how, after the volcanic dust had ceased to fall, life began once more to struggle for a place on the floor of the sea. The organisms reappeared slowly, and in dwarfed forms at first; but, ere long, they regained their former size and number, and flourished, as before, by thousands, until destroyed anew by some later eruption. These are features of Scottish geology that have never been dwelt upon; and yet, when one looks into the great carboniferous series of the midland counties, they come constantly before him, leading him to reflect upon how much still remains to be known of the influence of the inorganic forces of Nature upon the long and varied history of life.

From the Carboniferous period to that of the Middle Oolite, a vast interval elapsed, during which, although the physical features of Scotland probably underwent great changes,

there appear, nevertheless to have been no eruptions of volcanic material. In that long period of quiescence, the Permian and the Triassic formations were slowly elaborated; but in Scotland, as we have seen, they have left little to mark their existence, and they certainly do not exhibit any evidence of the contemporaneous action of volcanic forces. Professor Nicol, indeed, would assign the strange trappean conglomerates of Oban to the age of the Trias; and the conjecture is one which shows that he has estimated the difficulties that attend an elucidation of the igneous rocks of the Western Islands. We fully admit that the curious red and mottled sandstones of Loch Feochan and the vicinity of Oban can hardly be referred to the Old Red Sandstone. That they belong to the great Secondary series of the west of Scotland seems almost certain. To what part of that series they should be assigned, however, is a question not easily solved. We hesitate to adopt Professor Nicol's suggestion, which seems to us to place these rocks too far back. Possibly they may, after all, prove to be a part of the Oolitic series of the west Highlands; for the conglomeratic portion of them contains vast quantities of trappean fragments; and so far as at present known, all the trap-rocks of those tracts are later than the Lias.

Passing over these doubtful strata, however, we advance into the Oolitic group of the Inner Hebrides, and there encounter a vast succession of old lava-flows, now consolidated into mountain masses of greenstone and basalt. The area of eruption seems to have been confined to the district between the Long Island, with its northward prolongation, and the western shores of Ross, Inverness, and Argyle,—a district which is now occupied partly by the waters of the Atlantic, partly by the group of islands that extend from the Minch to the Linnhe Loch. Over the rest of Scotland, as far as we yet know, there were no volcanoes at this ancient period, unless in the case of the later part of Arthur's Seat, at Edinburgh. The great volcanic banks and shoals of the Old Red Sandstone had long been at rest; the numerous sporadic clusters of small volcanoes of the carboniferous ages had all burnt out, and were entombed beneath many hundred feet of submerged silt and forest. And now in a new region,—one that during these earlier epochs seemed to have remained as land, but which was now depressed beneath the sea, the subterranean forces found for themselves a new vent, and poured out once more great streams of molten rock. The interval which elapsed between the extinction of the old Carboniferous volcanoes and the birth of those later

Oolitic ones, had witnessed some strange mutations of sea and land, and some wondrous changes in the character of the plants and animals that constituted the life of these epochs. The jungles of the coal-measure age, with their fluted trees and feathery foliage, crowded on vast level swamps that stretched away fair and green for many a league along the sea-margin, had long since passed away. They had been slowly carried down, forest after forest, by a sinking of the earth's crust, and covered by successive deposits of sedimentary material. And then the Carboniferous period merged into that which succeeded it; and the buried forests, with their sheets of entombing sand and silt, hardened lava and volcanic dust, were elevated, crumpled up and broken, and exposed afresh to the ceaseless warfare of the elements. When these changes in the solid framework of the country were going on, others not less complete were slowly passing over the plants and animals alike of land and sea. Instead of the *sigillaria* and *lepidodendron*, the earth was now green with *cycades* and tree-ferns; conifers, too, abounded, and many a hardy pine twisted its gnarled roots among the rocks which then, as now, overhung the glens of Sutherland and Ross. The floor of the sea, instead of supporting thick groves of the round-stemmed stone-lilies of carboniferous times, was now tenanted by the delicate five-sided *pentacrinite*; the *productus* and its kindred brachiopods were replaced in equal profusion by the *terebratulata* and the *rhyconella*; and the sauroid fishes, with their huge reptilian tusks, pointing, as these did, to the introduction of true reptiles, were now superseded by the higher creatures whose advent they heralded—huge saurians that swam the sea, or sped bat-like through the air. And, doubtless, if there remained to us more than a mere trace of the land surfaces of these two periods, we should find that the terrestrial animals of the one era differed from those of the other, not less widely than did the denizens of the ocean.

It was after these changes, alike in animate and inanimate nature, that the internal fires, so long quiescent, found a new vent for themselves, and threw out those great hills of trappean materials which now form so conspicuous a feature in the scenery of the west of Scotland. Of the exact chronological relations of these igneous rocks little can be said to be certainly known. Those of Skye and Raasay are associated with the Oxford clay and Middle Oolite, while part of those in Mull must be regarded as of Tertiary age. Hence it would seem that from the time of the Middle Oolite, through the remaining stages of the great Secondary period, on-

wards into the Tertiary ages, volcanic phenomena continued to be exhibited over the area of the Inner Hebrides. But a wide field still lies open in this branch of Scottish geology,—one which demands much labour and personal discomfort, and many years of research. In Skye, from the Sound of Raasay westward to Dunvegan Head, there is a grand development of greenstones, associated with layers of shale, sandstone, and limestone, and some seams of coal. Fossils are sometimes abundant in these intercalated beds, and not unfrequently they show an estuarine character, marine forms occurring with others of a brackish-water origin, or succeeded by such as must have lived in water nearly, if not wholly, fresh. The coal-seams, too, give us indications of old terrestrial swamps, growing probably along the margin of rivers or estuaries, and liable now and then to be inundated by the sea. But even the fury of the sea was but a feeble enemy compared with the rivers of molten rock that were ever and anon belched out from the craters of the neighbourhood. They spread far and wide over the bed of the sea and of the estuaries, and they may have extended over large tracts of land now wholly destroyed. We have already pointed out how materially such eruptions must have modified the physical aspect of these districts, and how much they may especially have affected the fauna and flora of the period. Masses of lava could not have been piled over each other to a height of several thousand feet, without giving rise to many organic changes, which, even if of minor importance individually, could not fail to have acquired a cumulative value from their constant repetition during the long series of the Secondary formations in the west of Scotland.

We cannot quit these Oolitic igneous rocks of the Inner Hebrides, without pointing out how impressive is the contrast between their original aspect and growth, and their present scenery.

Among the many contrasts which geology delights to conjure up to the imagination, few are more striking than that which comes before us amid the wilds of Skye or the glens of Mull. To sit in the light of an autumn evening, as we have often done, and mark the sinking beams as they strike along the sides of those truncated pyramidal hills, revealing terrace over terrace in alternate bars of dark crag and green slope—features that are but faintly seen in the glare of noonday; to cast the eye to the right hand and to the left over the wild heathy uplands that stretch around in upper solitude and stillness, and to watch how hill-top after hill-top loses its blush of sunset, and how the chill shadows

struggle upward from dark and lonely glens, and then, as the sun dips under the Atlantic, and all the landscape around is suffused with a cold grey hue, and the night begins to descend, to bethink us how these hills arose, and in what a far distant era; how they were heaved out as burning rocks from subterranean abysses, and rolled over river and sea; how sheet after sheet was piled upon submerged estuaries, with their shell banks and fringing forests; how again, on the cooled and hardened lava, as it sank beneath the waters, animal life flourished as abundantly as before, and new forests sprang up as luxuriant as those which had preceded them; to reflect how different were the forms both of animal and vegetable life from those which characterize the district now, and then letting our imagination drift down the long cycle of ages and mutations that succeeded to those of the Oolite, to find ourselves once more among the heathy hills of the Inner Hebrides, as the dark night dews begin to fall,—this is a train of reverie which in spite of what may be said by the strict and formal *savans*, is to some minds as natural as it is pleasant and useful, for it gives life to the dead past, by linking it in with the living present; it expands our appreciation of the existing world, by showing us how the features of that world have arisen; and by thus uniting us with past and present, with the immeasurably ancient and the comparatively new, it enlarges our views of nature, and makes us feel in a novel, but not the less impressive, manner, that there is a unity in creation—a sympathy which, in a way we know not, binds all things to each other, and to Him who is at once their Author and their End.

We have dwelt more at length upon these Oolitic igneous rocks, since, as it seems to us, they have not yet received the attention they merit. The volcanic activity which they evidence, however, was not the only form wherein the subterranean forces operated during that period over the area of Scotland. There is no small probability in the conjecture, that the massive dykes of basalt and greenstone, which traverse the country from north-west to south-east, arose during the same era; for they begin among lower Oolitic rocks in the Inner Hebrides, and reach the German Ocean among lower Oolitic rocks in the north of England. They must, therefore, be later than the earlier parts of the Oolitic system; and it seems in the highest degree likely, that they were produced contemporaneously with the existence of a group of active volcanoes in the north-west. They occupy long rents and fissures in the crust of the earth, through which melted lava welled upward from the heated

interior. Where visible now on the surface, they run over hill and dale, as long irregular mounds, like the ruined ramparts of some primæval Hadrian or Antonine.

The island of Mull has yielded traces of a Tertiary flora imbedded among beds of tufa and basalt. Hence we learn, that in Tertiary times the Inner Hebrides still continued a scene of volcanic activity. It will be a work of no small interest to disentangle the igneous rocks of that island, and assign to them their true chronological place. Surely, between the shales and limestones of the Oolite and the leafbeds of the Tertiary series, some links may yet be obtained to bridge across that great gap in Scottish geology. The chalk exists not far off on the Irish coast; and possibly it may occur among the basalt heaps of Mull, or be represented there by what would prove of still higher interest—a contemporaneous land surface. The eroded chalk of Antrim is covered by the famous basalt of the Giant's Causeway. This igneous mass we shall probably not err in attributing to some part of the same period which witnessed the eruption of those basalts that buried the leafbeds of Mull, that is, to a part of the Tertiary period. If this deduction be true, it marks off a considerable area of the British Isles as having been subjected to volcanic action within a comparatively recent epoch.

So much for the general volcanic features of Scotland. There is another subject of much interest, to which we wish our space allowed us more than a brief reference—the general denudation of the country. The extent and antiquity of the denudation of Scotland are far from being generally known. If the rocks are carefully studied, they afford evidence of great waste over this part of the earth's surface at many successive geological periods. They show, moreover, that the abrasion of the drift which has usually been described in Scotland as of such enormous magnitude, was really one of the least of the long series; and that during the successive geological periods, the abrasive agencies were at work, producing those impressive results, some of which have been alluded to in previous pages. Thus we learn, that there was a great denudation of the Laurentian gneiss prior to and during the Cambrian period; one of the Cambrian sandstones before the deposition of the Lower Silurian quartz-rocks and limestones; one of great extent, affecting all the crystalline rocks of the Highlands previous to the Lower Old Red Sandstone; one of the greywacké and Lower Old Red Sandstone of the southern counties before the deposition of the Upper Old Red Sandstone; one of the Carboniferous rocks before the

accumulation of the Permian breccias; one of the Permian strata, another of the Lias and Oolite, with their vast masses of associated lava, and another of the Tertiary rocks of Mull, previous to the commencement of the Drift period; and the last, that of the Drift itself. Now, some of these denudations must be admitted to have been of much greater extent than others, even though we make ample allowance for the fact, that the abrasion of one period would tend to augment the apparent magnitude of a previous abrasion. In tracing their effects, the geologist will be led to investigate narrowly the successive changes in the physical features of the Scottish area, from a remote period, and will assuredly obtain results of the highest value in their bearings upon the geological as well as the palæontological history of the island.

In fine, we cannot review the progress of geological research in Scotland, nor look at its character at present, without perceiving that much of the work which has been done lies among some of the side paths, and not along the main highways of geology; but that now the spirit of inquiry has become wider and more thoroughly geological; that the palæontological domain is no longer neglected, and that the sporadic style of investigation which characterized much of the earlier research, has given place to a broader and more generalized method. We do not hear now of papers on the mineralogy of a single hill, or the geology of a sequestered valley. Scottish observers have discovered that the true theory of the geology of a limited area cannot, as a general rule, be evolved, without much careful scrutiny of the surrounding tracts, and sometimes even of distant parts of the country. Hence it is that our scientific journals now contain papers on features that pervade whole counties or large sections of the island, or even the entire island itself. Hence, too, the memoirs on distinct formations, not confined to one area, but embracing many distant districts, and offering broad generalizations from a wide basis of evidence. We rejoice to see these changes. They afford ground for much hopeful anticipation, that a more philosophical spirit and a more enlarged method of inquiry will characterize the future of Scottish geology. The rocks are no longer studied as the mere repositories of mineral species, or as definite mineral compounds. They are regarded as evidences of former physical conditions, and as the cemeteries of buried races of plants and animals. They are grouped according to their relative ages, and compared and contrasted as well with each other as with their equivalents in other lands.

And thus by patient investigation, carried on slowly and steadily in the years that are to come, must the geological history of the country be elaborated. A varied history it will prove to be—one full of great mutations of sea and land, and of wondrous changes in the progress of vegetable and animal life; but, nevertheless, one in which there will be found no disorder, no cataclysm, no chaos, but where the long succession of events will be seen to have proceeded according to definite laws—the same laws which, in their exquisite beauty and symmetry, are still the mode in which the Creator regulates the economy of the world.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *The Edinburgh Review*. April 1861. Art. VI.
 2. *On Terms of Communion. The Boundaries of the Church*. By the Rev. C. K. P.
 3. *The Message of the Church*. By J. N. LANGLEY, M.A.

HAVING entered on more than one occasion, and at considerable length, on the presumed sentiments of that notorious book, the 'Essays and Reviews,' it is not our purpose to recur to the subject here, but to discuss a most important question inevitably connected with it, namely, the limits of legitimate Religious Freedom. As we are very anxious, for the special purpose with which the present article is written, to keep the discussion as free as possible from all personal considerations, we shall say nothing as to the *real* sentiments of the authors of the Essays; how far those sentiments do or do not agree with the interpretation that is generally put upon their words; how far they have or have not done justice to their genuine convictions; or how far they have truly represented, or grossly misrepresented, themselves. The decision of these points we at present leave, because it in no degree affects the question to which we now restrict ourselves—a question, as we believe, of vital importance to public morality.

We wish to discuss the question whether, supposing the volume really to contain the views *generally* attributed to it, and its authors sincerely to advocate them, the people of England ought to applaud (as many of them have done) the unquestioned *courage* of such publication as magnanimous boldness and warrantable freedom, or to stigmatize it as intolerable effrontery; whether they ought to cry 'bravo' or 'shame' at the scruples which would still prevent the generality of

men in a similar position from so acting; whether its authors, supposing them to be rightly interpreted, can retain their position with honour; whether it be persecution, or anything like it, to eject them, if possible, by legal means; and if not, at least to induce them, by every motive which public indignation can inspire, to eject themselves, and, like John Henry Newman in a similar case, save their own honour by abandoning a position which cannot be maintained with credit;—in a word, whether we are to inaugurate a new era of 'liberty,'—better named 'licentiousness,'—and to welcome a new theory of morals, which, though advocated by Strauss and practised by too many of his countrymen, is as yet, happily, but little tolerated in England. These questions we take to be not only of immense importance, but of immediate urgency, inasmuch as in more than one quarter we have seen it affirmed, and in many more insinuated, that, *supposing* the interpretation generally put on the book to be correct, even its six clerical authors have availed themselves only of a perfectly legitimate liberty; and though they may have clearly contradicted adjuration and subscription, that they are guilty only of a venial offence, if of any at all;—a position which, we confess, sounds in our ears as strange as if it were said that a man, in tendering his allegiance, was at liberty both to swear to and swear at the king in the same breath.

The writers of the volume, of course, would affirm that they have said nothing inconsistent with their position; and it must in charity, therefore, be presumed that they *think* so. If that be the case, they must, we apprehend, feel horrified at the all but universal interpretation put upon their book, and will, no doubt, take an opportunity of telling the world that, whether it be *its* fault or *their own*, their sentiments have been egregiously misunderstood by others, or unwittingly misrepresented by themselves. It is hardly a case that admits of obstinate silence, since such silence could, in fact, be interpreted only in one way. If a man be publicly, but falsely taxed, though through inadvertence on his own part or mistake on that of others, with what is felt to be utterly abhorrent from his sentiments and character, it cannot be consistent with the claims of honour or conscience to sit still, or refrain from the most energetic efforts at exculpation.

Pending such attempts, we shall here only hypothetically assume that the interpretation generally put on this book is the correct one. What, then, is that interpretation? We apprehend it is pretty much as follows:—That the Bible, like most other books, consists, in indeterminate quantities, of truth and error,

fact and fiction; that more than most books it abounds in the last, because in great part consisting of, and depending upon, multitudinous recitals of *miraculous* events, which modern *science* compels us to reject *in toto*; that there never were events of a miraculous character,—any deviations from ‘the invariable cosmical order,’ the ordinary sequences of nature, as presented to our experience and observation; that, for similar reasons, there never has been divinely inspired prophecy of future events; that the so-called ‘predictions’ are either happy conjectures, or delivered after the event, and are therefore history; that no other or higher kind of inspiration can be attached to the writings of the Bible than to those of Homer and Plato, Shakspeare and Bacon; and that, consequently, the Bible has no more claim to authority over our faith than any other book, and is to be interpreted and treated exactly upon the same principles. The whole of these propositions are not affirmed to be found in any one Essay, but are plainly derivable, it is asserted, from all of them taken together. In one or two, there is nothing that at all approaches the more daring of the above assertions; they are chiefly suspicious, from their containing little or nothing that contradicts them, and still more from the company in which they are found. In three, however, out of the seven Essays (and many say in four), it is affirmed that the writers lay down principles which involve an absolute rejection of all miracles, and, consequently, amongst other miracles, of the Resurrection of Christ. These, it is supposed, have as completely extirpated from their minds all belief in the supernatural as from that of Strauss himself.

Such—be the meaning of the *authors* what it may—is plainly, in public opinion, the meaning of the *book*. If it be not the writers’ meaning, they must be supposed, like Balaam, to have uttered the contrary of what they intended. That such is the general opinion, is sufficiently clear from the following facts:—*First*, the book has been received with a shout of undisguised satisfaction (though mingled with some contempt for the illogical and halting position of the writers), by the entire anti-Christian press of the country. Now, whatever other infirmities of logic we may charge upon infidelity, that of not seeing what makes against Christianity and in favour of scepticism is not, we fancy, among them. It has never been thought wanting in the perspicacity which detects logical flaws or damaging concessions on the part of an unwary advocate. *Secondly*, the great bulk of the bishops, and an immense number of the clergy, of the Church of England, have declared that they cannot see that the book,

taken as a whole, has any other fair meaning than one which surrenders the essential proofs and characteristic doctrines of Christianity. *Thirdly*, the great majority of the representatives of the religious press of the country, to whom the spectacle of a surpliced infidelity is by no means a spectacle which they would like to exhibit if they could help it, echo the same verdict. *Lastly*, a very large part of the liberal press, to whom the contents of the book are by no means unpalatable, and who object not so much to the viands as to the cooks, declare that it is impossible to come to any other conclusion; but at the same time concede that, as coming from members of the Church of England, the volume is calculated to give great personal scandal. One of these even declares that it knows not how those who thus evade articles and formularies can lecture their congregations about mercantile baseness and fraudulent ‘trade-marks.’ Now, let us suppose, if the reader will—and it is a question into which, for charity’s sake, we do not choose to enter—that the authors somehow strangely misrepresented *themselves*; it is yet infinitely improbable that the whole world of friends and foes should have misinterpreted the *book*. Were that the case, it would be almost as misleading as the Bible has hitherto been to the world, on the theory that the neological sense of it is correct! On the mere ordinary calculation of probabilities, the readers must be supposed to be in the right as to what the language of the book conveys. Nor, indeed, is it possible to judge otherwise. Books are written to express thought to others, and that thought which it ordinarily conveys to others is the meaning of the *book*, even if the authors never meant it. The same general persuasion as to significance of the book must be inferred from the topics selected for confutation by the most astute minds of the Church of England. It would be almost ludicrous (if the matter were not so very serious) to see with what unanimity they select for discussion, when providing an antidote against the Essays of these *clergymen*, those very points which a few years ago it would have been thought impossible should come up except in controversy with Tom Paine, Hume, or Strauss. It is the reality of miracles, the truth of prophecy, the inspiration of the Scriptures, and so on, which form the staple of their replies. Such are the facts which plainly show the general opinion of the public as to what the *meaning* of the book really is.*

* Such being the general impression of the meaning of the book, it is to be deeply regretted that, if that impression be erroneous, the authors should not, collectively if they could, or separately if they

For ourselves, we reluctantly confess that we do not wonder at its coming to such a conclusion; we have not the shadow of a doubt, after a careful perusal of the book, and frequent and dispassionate weighing of its somewhat conflicting statements in many parts, that it involves in three, if not *four* of the Essays, views in relation to miracles, and prophecy, and inspiration, as decided as those of our older Deists, or as the most advanced Neologists of Germany—say De Wette or Von Bohlen—have ever expressed. The book seems to us to imply, that the whole of historical Christianity, so far as it professes

could not, have done something to disabuse the public. This, again, has unluckily confirmed the public in their impression, seeing that it would be so easy (and surely so important) to set people right. The excuses for not doing so certainly seem to us of the flimsiest texture; neither to have much force, nor to cohere very well together. It is said the Essayists wrote 'without concert;' but could they, if they knew each other's names, have been ignorant what views were likely to be put forth? Had not Baden Powell—whose Essay is perhaps the worst—published the same extreme views in his 'Order of Nature' long before? However, it is said that, if they wrote 'without concert,' no man ought to be responsible for more than his own. To this it may be answered, that if they wrote 'without concert,' how is any one bound to the rest? Though a man might not, if the matter were of little importance, think it worth while to declare himself more explicitly, this 'no concert' is full warrant for it, if necessary; and we know not what can better justify speech than the liability of gentlemen, as clergymen, to an imputation of infidelity and perjury. Sometimes it is said, 'Those who do not hold the more extreme views of two or three of their *collaborateurs*, think it would be uncourteous to say so.' Worse and worse. Charges of complicity in infidelity and perjury are too serious for such sentimental delicacy. Besides, how is it uncourteous, if there be no concert, for any one writer to give an *eclaircissement* of his own views? Sometimes it is said, 'Respect for the deceased coadjutor may restrain them.' This is perhaps the most fantastical reason of all. To neither the dead nor the living do we do any injury by saying, 'If A or B thought so and so, I do not think with him.' Without judging others, each may easily clear himself. A character for integrity and honesty is too precious to be complimented away for fear of an imaginary desertion of those with whom a man had 'no concert,' and who will be neither the better nor the worse for the declaration of his own views. In spite, therefore, of the 'advertisement' that they wrote without concert, all the Essayists will continue to be suspected of sympathizing with the statements of their more hardy coadjutors, so long as they do not more plainly declare themselves. If they do not approve of the more obnoxious speculations, they must have been unfeignedly surprised and grieved to find them associated with their own; and the most natural thing in the world, on making the discovery, would have been to deny any participation in them. The supposed errors are of too much importance to allow any man who abjures them to rest content under false imputation of holding them; silence, in which case, will emphatically 'give consent.'

to be a supernatural and supernaturally authenticated revelation of God to man, is a pure fable. If the book had come out without a name, we have not the faintest hesitation in saying, that we should have inferred an infidel parentage; nor should we have decided differently, merely because the book sometimes expresses conclusions in an oblique manner, and sometimes in the shibboleths of ordinary Christian speech. These peculiarities, we say, would not have surprised us, because, in point of fact, they have almost always been the characteristics of the men who have been the most astute assailants of the Christian faith.

We all know what is meant by 'our holy religion,' 'the sacred gospels,' 'the revelation of our Saviour,' in the lips of Morgan, the *spiritual* truth of the 'miracles' and 'prophecies' in those of Woolston or Collins; we all know what Hume means, when he says that Christianity is founded on 'faith' and not in 'reason;' and what Gibbon means by the concession that the 'chief cause' of the triumphs of Christianity is, doubtless, to be sought in the sanction and concurrence of a Divine overruling Providence;—we all know what this, and such like phraseology means in such mouths; and we freely acknowledge, that if this volume had been anonymous, so greatly does the tone of *seeming* unbelief preponderate over that of *seeming* orthodoxy, that we should not have been startled out of our impression of its infidel origin by any such tinct of Christian language.* We should have thought—what we cannot now think—that the oblique and furtive manner, which seemingly marks some parts of the book,—the tone of reverence, when all that claims it is seemingly stripped off, which marks others—was really in imitation, not unsuccessful, of the older sceptics. This stealthy manner was, perhaps, first suggested to the elder gainsayers, by the unwise

* We are here, be it observed, merely comparing the occasional tone of the 'Essays,' with that of the above writers. We would by no means insinuate, supposing the popular interpretation of their language ever so just, that even the most advanced of the Essayists are animated by the spirit, or sympathize with the designs of the elder Deists; though we confess that the *residuum* of doctrine to which three of these Essays seems to reduce Christianity, appears to us just about what Tindal or Morgan would be quite willing to patronize. But whatever the difference in other respects between these classes of writers, the latter occasionally adopt a tone quite as reverential as the former; and hence, as already said, had the volume been anonymous, we should not, on that account, have doubted that it had the same origin with the speculations of Woolston or Morgan. Whoever will look into 'The Moral Philosopher' of the latter, especially vol. i., pp. 140-145, will have an illustration of our meaning.

and persecuting laws which so long gave a fallacious support to truth; but it has been often imitated since, where the same reasons for it no longer existed—as, for example, by Gibbon. Perhaps, in many cases, it has been dictated by a pusillanimous fear of public opinion; and perhaps in others, was but the natural and instinctive mode of progression proper to a serpentine nature. But to whatever cause it be attributed, the indirect mode of insinuating rather than openly expressing conclusions, has so often been adopted by infidelity, that, had this volume been anonymous, the traces of reverence and pious sentiment here and there would not have counterbalanced the impression derived from the general strain of the volume; and, certainly, as to three, perhaps four, of the Essays, not a doubt would have remained, that though, for politic reasons, the writers chose not to lay aside the mask, and instinctively preferred the sinuous movement to going on two legs, they were genuine unbelievers in the supernatural history and special inspiration of the New Testament, and partook in all the chief opinions of Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, and Strauss, on these subjects; that, consequently, though they might well believe—as all these did—that Christ was put to *death*, they also believed that He never rose from the dead: and that all portions of the Old and New Testaments which either assert or imply miraculous and prophetic claims—that is, full one-half—must be rejected as fabulous and false.

We are now simply stating what is our conviction of the meaning of the book, fairly and naturally interpreted,—what it would convey to the generality of readers. We cannot, therefore, wonder at the public verdict; and can only say, that if the writers are sincerely under the impression that they are uttering sentiments which can be harmonized with their position as ministers of the Church of England, they have a curious and unexampled faculty of *not* expressing their plain meaning; and would seem to have acted on the witty saying of the subtle diplomatist, that the 'tongue was given us to *conceal* our thoughts.'

As to the argumentative power of the book, we regard it as very little indeed. We can say, with the utmost truth, that all the arguments of seeming sceptical tendency have been urged with far greater force, clearness, and fulness, by those who could more consistently employ them; we find nothing but what has been better said a thousand times by our Deists of the last century, and our more advanced German Neologists of the present. And the arguments have been refuted as often. The great peculiarity of this

volume, always supposing the popular impression of its meaning to be correct, is (as has been truly said by a southern contemporary), that it is the infidel argument presented by clergymen of the Church of England! It stimulates curiosity of much the same sort as would be felt, if we found a Romish priest inveighing against the doctrines of Trent, or Mr. Holyoake giving zest to a lecture on atheism, by donning, for the occasion, gown and cassock, and promising to baptize any neophytes that might present themselves at its conclusion.

Dismissing, then, the book, the question in which *we* are mainly interested is, in what way ought it to be received—with what feelings contemplated by the public? Now, though we assuredly have no reason to complain that the people in general,—interpreting the book in the way we have mentioned,—fail to view it with distrust and aversion, or to perceive that its authors, if they mean what they seem to mean, are guilty of the most flagitious trifling with honour and conscience, oaths and subscriptions; yet we regret, and deeply regret, to see in some quarters unqualified apologies, and in others semi-apologies, for them, even on the hypothesis that they mean all, or nearly all, that is popularly attributed to the book. Even where the book has been condemned as a blunder and an imprudence, as not only a stumblingblock to the popular faith, but as contrary to it, the writers have been applauded for their *courage* in publishing it, and even for their 'sacrifices,'—we could understand the term, if they abandoned the Church *before* publishing—for so doing.

There are apologists even for those of the 'Essayists' who have seemingly gone furthest; who affirm that men may deny all miracle and all prophecy, and yet remain ministers of the Church of England, without covering themselves with shame; that it is open to them, just as it would be if they were *out* of the Church, to challenge a confutation of their speculations on the terms of ordinary controversy; that they are right in not abandoning their position, though they unquestionably deny and denounce many of the doctrines they are paid to teach and have *sworn* to teach; that since they will *not* abandon it, any attempt to remove them, supposing such attempt possible, is to be deprecated as a species of persecution, and will justly invest them, in the event of its success, with the character of martyrs! These views betray, in our judgment, such confusion of thought as regards the claims of every communion on its members, so long as they voluntarily continue such,—of the claims of conscience on those members themselves,

and of the true limits of religious liberty,—that we regard their prevalence as one of the most ominous signs of the times. The liberty pleaded for is no less than the liberty of affirming opposites at the same time, and of propagating what we profess to deem *truth*, with 'a lie in our right hand.'

And now let us look for a moment at some of the pleas by which the conduct of men in the supposed predicament is defended, and all attempt to ~~stridge~~ such singular 'freedom' preposterously called 'persecution.' They are, in our judgment, every one of them, most egregious fallacies.

By some it is said full 'Religious Liberty can only be consistently carried out by this new species of toleration. We always thought that religious liberty meant the liberty of forming and avowing religious opinions, whatever they may be, without let or hindrance; we certainly never thought that it meant the liberty of forming and avowing *two* opposite opinions. The former freedom every one in England possesses, and these writers as much as everybody else, but not the liberty of swearing that they believe what they at the same time deny. We are quite free, in our country, to proclaim every variety of sentiments, absurd as they may be, between the opposite poles of Atheism and Popery; all that is required before any man can expect the world to tolerate him, much more to pay any attention to his teaching, is that he should not profess to hold two diametrically opposite opinions at once. *That* can hardly be a part of religious liberty, unless knavery be a part of it.

Some, again, complain that to take any measures to eject men from a religious community for such a *peccudillo* as openly renouncing their subscriptions, is religious persecution; rather, we cannot but think, *they* are the persecutors who accept, or persist in holding, honours and emoluments in any communion while they are alienated from its system of doctrines, and avail themselves of their position to teach and propagate opinions subversive of those they have sworn that they believe, and which they were appointed to teach and defend. These, though they may be few in comparison with the entire community on which they obtrude themselves, are, if they avail themselves of a merely technical or legal advantage to maintain their post, the real persecutors, and the only real persecutors in the matter; just as the cuckoo is the persecutor when he gets into the sparrow's nest. The cuckoo might as well represent it as persecution to eject him, as sceptical priests so to represent efforts to get rid of them. Yet we have even heard it said in some recent cases—to the utter

confusion of all language—that it is persecution to compel a man to surrender a post, with the conditions of which he can no longer honestly comply, and the emoluments of which are derived from voluntary subscriptions given for the express purpose of teaching what *his* teaching is deemed subversive of; that is, it is persecution if you do not let a man employ your money in a way and for purposes you utterly disapprove, and the very contrary of those for which he has solemnly engaged to employ it! The persecution, we repeat, is, in all such cases, on the part of those who abuse their trust—who resort to technical shifts to hold a position from which their own honour and conscience ought to eject them without troubling law or authority at all, and as a necessary pre-condition of assuming the liberty of speech they aspire to.

Again, it is sometimes said that it is a *national* Church in which these supposed inconsistencies are exhibited, and that, though they would be intolerable elsewhere, they are to be tolerated here; because a *national* Church ought to reflect and embody the same wide variety of opinions and beliefs which is found in the *nation*.

We answer, *first*, that, supposing a national Church *possible* on such a *theory*, this variety of opinion might be a very good reason for endeavouring to *alter* the terms of subscription; or rather, in that case, for abolishing them altogether, since the most opposite parties would, on such theory, form integral parts of the national Church; but it can be no reason for 'playing fast and loose' with oaths and subscriptions while the constitution of the Church remains what it is. If men, instead of openly avowing sentiments inconsistent with their subscriptions and position, first came out of the Church, saying, 'These are our opinions, which, though inconsistent with the formularies of the Church, we must nevertheless hold and proclaim, and, therefore, we come out of the Church that we may do it, as plain-spoken, truth-loving men should,'—this would be honest and consistent. If they further said, 'We do not think that such opinions as ours *ought* to be inconsistent with the articles and formularies of a national Church, and shall, therefore, agitate to the utmost of our power, to get the terms of subscription relaxed or abolished altogether,'—this, too, would be no less consistent and honest. The argument merely affords a plea for altering the terms of subscription, not for tampering with them while they subsist, any more than it would justify a man in taking an oath which he never meant to keep, on the ground that it never ought to have been exacted of him;

or in bringing himself voluntarily under an obligation which he never intended to observe, because he thought that such an obligation ought never to have been required. He may say, if he will, that to take an oath would abridge his liberty or trouble his conscience, and that will be a very good reason for not taking it; but having taken it, it is no excuse for violating it. Subscription is subscription, whether it be to the articles of Churches in general, or to those of the National Church in particular; and while that Church continues what it is, the guilt of insincere subscription cannot be annulled by the plea that there ought to be greater latitude than it at present allows. Men have, and ought to have, unlimited liberty of forming and avowing their own conclusions, however various, however contradictory; but they cannot honestly do it, and yet swear to the articles of a Church which does not allow that same chaotic variety.

Secondly, We answer, that if it be true that a national Church ought to be so constituted as to admit of all varieties of religious opinion within its pale, it would not only imperatively require alteration or relaxation of the terms of subscription—nay, even *such* a relaxation that there must practically be none—but it would be a spiritual monstrosity. Such a *Church* is an impracticable thing *per se*—a mere chimera. A Church, however constituted, must be a 'communion;' but how can there possibly be a communion if all the varieties of religious belief between ultramontane Romanism on the one side, and extreme neology on the other, are to be included? The only 'communion'—'union' there could never be—which it could possibly evince, would be concurrence in the negative belief that truth was of no importance; that whether the Pope was infallible or a detestable usurper of the prerogatives of Deity; whether transubstantiation was a true doctrine, or, as South said, 'the biggest lie that was ever owned in the face of a rational world;' whether even the fundamental fact of Christianity—the resurrection of Christ—was a truth or a fable, it really mattered very little; that all who respectively held the affirmative or negative of these, and a thousand other contradictory beliefs, might yet sit in the same unique communion, and profess themselves of one Church. It may be said, 'And do not men hold all these opinions? Are they not at liberty to do so? Shall any restriction be put upon their freedom?' 'Assuredly not. Religious liberty demands that the free expression of these various and discordant views should not be forbidden to any man

if his conscience approves them. All we say is, that those who hold them cannot form one religious organization, one "communion," one CHURCH; that *ex vi terminorum*, such a Church is an impracticable absurdity: it would be made up of contradictions; a harmony of all discords; a thing, the elements of which had no affinity, no principle of mutual cohesion, nothing to bind them together but the mechanical pressure of a cord. They could be no more *one* than the contents of an old tub into which we sometimes see the last odds and ends of household stuff thrown on moving from one house to another, which, from their multifarious character and variety of shape, defy any other mode of bringing them together than the hoops and staves, with which they have nothing to do, and which have nothing to do with them, except that the compression prevents their coming all abroad, and which, when unpacked from amidst musty straw and scraps of paper, are seen to be the heterogeneous things they are. Such a Church would hardly challenge even the respect attached to that of his day by Bishop Warburton. 'The Church,' says he, 'like the ark of Noah, is worth saving; not for the sake of the unclean beasts and vermin that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for the little corner of rationality, that was as much distressed by the stink within as by the tempest without.' Or rather, such a Church would be best of all adumbrated by a very witty image which an eloquent preacher of the present age employed to typify the actual Establishment, and which, with whatever questionable propriety applied to THAT, would unquestionably be applicable to *such* a Church, to *such* a communion, (or rather chaos) as the latitude of the theory we are now considering would give us. 'The reader,' says he, 'may sometimes have observed in a lump of ice, feathers, bits of straw, pieces of earth, and fragments of crockery, all bound together, and kept together, in one united mass, by a power distinct from that of natural affinity or attraction between the substances themselves. This—let him imagine other intrinsically valuable substances to be there, and the image will be complete—this is no bad emblem of the kind of union which would subsist in the "supposed" CHURCH. Even when mechanically one, you can see nothing of the heterogeneous character of the substances which form the united mass; but if the sun dissolves the force that unites them, the impossibility of their natural cohesion is evinced.' We may add, that to the heterogeneous 'communion' which the theory in question

demands, this image would be still further appropriate from the nature of the *force* by which alone its elements mechanically cohere. It is the force of *ice*; the ardent love of truth, the fire of zeal, even the flame of true charity, must be extinct before 'the feathers, and bits of straw, and fragments of broken crockery,' can be brought together. If this be thought a ludicrous representation of the required national Church, we reply that ridicule is all that such a pure figment of the imagination deserves. It is an impossibility: but we hesitate not to say, that if it could become a reality, if the principles now often pleaded for could be carried out, such a 'communion' would be the most dreadful thing in the world; for it would imply that all manly love of what men deem truth, all perception of its genuine importance, all notions of the sacred claims of conscience, must have died out of hearts which could consent to be thus bound together, and indifference, miscalled charity, must have usurped their place. When men are really willing to take each other by the button, and say, 'Though one of us, dear friends, believes in the resurrection of Christ as the great cardinal *fact* of the New Testament, and another does not believe that He rose at all; though a third believes in the doctrine of transubstantiation, and a fourth renounces it as a monstrous deduction of Bedlam logic or a Bedlam rhetoric; though a fifth believes in the infallibility of the Pope, and a sixth believes in nothing but Dr. Temple's colossal man; though a seventh believes in the inspiration of Scripture and the truth of prophecy, and an eighth, that Scripture was no more inspired than "Paradise Lost," and that prophecy is either the product of sagacious conjecture or an astute exhibition of past events in a *paulo-post future* tense; but, never mind: these points of difference, and others like them, are of little moment; we may still form one "communion" for Christian worship and participation in the same rites;' when *this* shall be, it can only be, because men have agreed to substitute indifference to all truth or the 'perfect bond of charity.' This spurious charity no more deserves the name, than the maudlin tears of a drunkard to be called the effusion of true affection. When it is conceded that men may form one 'communion,' though their beliefs not only differ (as must in some degree be the case), but diverge without limit, and even become antagonistic and contradictory, there is no longer any scope for a charity worthy of the name. Charity may well co-exist with differences acknowledged to be too important to allow men to smother them for the purpose of coalescing untruthfully in the same nominal

communion. Charity may even shine the brighter amidst such differences; but it can hardly be exercised either where there are no differences at all, or, which comes to the same thing, where it is acknowledged that, be they what they may, and as contradictory as they may, they need be no bar to church communion.

This, be it borne in mind, is not a question as to whether men should possess unrestricted liberty; that is conceded on all hands; but whether they should keep a conscience, and reverence what they deem truth. The fullest liberty of investigating truth for themselves, and equal liberty in expressing their convictions, however various, incongruous, contradictory, is perfectly intelligible; but do not let us foolishly suppose, that those who arrive at all these contradictory conclusions can form one *communion*, except in name,—that name too dearly bought by the tacit confession, that they hold all religious conclusions light.

Thirdly, We answer, that if the above theory be the true draft of a national Church, if such Church is really to combine in itself the most opposite varieties of belief and opinion prevalent in a nation, then the theory will do more perhaps than all other arguments put together, to evince the inexpediency of any such institution,—as assuredly any attempt to establish it will demonstrate its futility. 'A national Church,' men will say,—'a national Church, in any intelligible sense, can only be found where there is a tolerable approach to uniformity. It seems that it is inconsistent with the results of unrestricted freedom of thought, and must become impracticable when those results are fully developed.' So rickety a fabric, if ever attempted, must tumble about the ears of the builders, long before its topmost pinnacles shall be set up; or rather, like the tower of Babel, must remain unfinished, and for the same reason,—the confusion of tongues. Yet we fancy the attempt will be made, should the present tendencies to latitudinarianism further develop themselves; should it be gravely maintained, that men who hold all the extremes between Popery and Deism, between the highflying Oxford Tractarianism of fifteen years ago and the highflying Oxford Neologianism of the present day, may in loving brotherhood form co-ordinate parts of the same national Church, and proclaim their contradictory dogmas from the same pulpits. One only evangelic trait will be found in such a Church: 'The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid.' Many, however, will think that the predicted desolation of Babylon will better prefigure such a communion: 'Their

houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and there the great owl shall build her nest.' If the attempt be made to construct such a Church, we predict that there will, and must be, a great disruption in the Church itself. The consciences of vast numbers will be impatient of so strange a yoke, and will at length separate themselves from the heterogeneous mass.

There is another argument by which it is sometimes attempted to be shown, that the extremest antagonisms of opinion ought to be tolerated, inasmuch as almost all parties are, in some degree or other, at variance with the formularies of the Church. The High Churchman, it is said, will find it hard to reconcile some of his tenets with the articles, and the Broad Church and the Low Church, some of *theirs*, with the prayer-book and the rubrics. This is an argument which, even if it were fairly applicable to the extreme deviations from the formularies charged upon the Essayists, is, after all, only an *argumentum ad hominem*, which those (and they are all the nation, except about twenty thousand) who have *not* subscribed, are not affected by, and which they are at least in a condition to consider impartially. This argument merely tells us, that if Mr. A. is bad, Mr. B. is no better. In our judgment, however, the whole argument is inapplicable; and even a man who, for conscientious reasons, could not subscribe at all, could easily discern and state the difference between the supposed analogous cases. He would say, 'The whole question of lawful deviation from one absolute standard of interpretation has its limits; it is a question of degree; though I cannot conscientiously subscribe, I am fully persuaded that there are multitudes who can; who, to *their own* satisfaction, though not to *mine*, can honestly adopt solutions of minor difficulties which would not satisfy me. But if a man has really surrendered the miracles,—and amongst them the resurrection of Christ,—is it possible to believe he is sincere when he declares an *ex animo* assent, for instance, to the fourth Article, which so explicitly asserts that last fact, or that he can repeat in good faith, the article of the Creed which affirms the same fact?'

There is an apologetic article on behalf of

* The writer of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, on which we shall immediately offer some strictures, has made a great parade of instances of diversity of theological opinion among those who have signed the Articles; but, in reality, hardly any of them touch the present question. For the most part, they do not touch the question of orthodoxy as defined by the Articles, nor indeed orthodoxy as defined by any other standard. They are, and ever have been, and probably will long be, and may be for ever, open questions in the Church.

the Essayists in the April number of the *Edinburgh Review*, which contains some arguments, the relevance and fertility of which it is not easy to describe. The writer does not admit that the volume is infected by the serious 'heretical pravity' which the all but unanimous verdict of its readers finds in it, and justifies the freedom of statement and speculation indulged in it as a legitimate liberty. But even he is compelled, by a not very creditable adroitness of advocacy, quietly to ignore the exceptionable matter,—the very matter, in fact, which exposes the book to such charges. *Exceptis excipiendis*, he thinks there is but little that is to be complained of; but unhappily the exceptions are the *gravamen* of the charge against it. He has carefully picked out the 'flies' which cause this rare 'ointment of the apothecaries to stink,' before proceeding to descant on the divine odour it emits. It would be easy, of course, by this species of preliminary expurgation to make almost any volume innocent. 'Of two of the Essayists,' he says, 'we think it needless to speak at length. Professor Powell's Essay is so similar in substance to an earlier treatise which was criticised in our pages long before the present agitation, that we may be excused for not resuming the subject. What may have been the exact purport of his paradoxical argument we confess ourselves unable to determine. . . . Mr. Goodwin's contribution may also be considered as practically defunct. . . . We will venture to say that, with the possible exception of Professor Powell's Essay, and a few words of Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson, there is no statement of doctrine or fact in this volume which has not been repeatedly set forth by divines whose deep and sincere faith in the Christian religion cannot be denied.' P. 475-9.

But, unluckily, these exceptions are found in three out of the seven Essays; and it is not necessary to use many words in the utterance of even the most momentous errors. It was but an *iota*, as has been wittily said, which divided the *homoousian* from the *homoiousian*; yet, as Gibbon truly says, it would be very absurd, on that account, to consider the difference trivial. It is but one letter which makes the difference between Theism and Atheism, and it is but a single syllable only which divides the Arctic from the Antarctic pole. The question is not as to the *space* occupied by the errors and the truths of the volume respectively, but whether the serious errors which the public charges upon it exist there. If a man asserts, though in a single sentence, that the historical facts of the New Testament are not credible, he nevertheless pleads for all that infidelity has

ever maintained, though he allege it in a folio volume full of otherwise unexceptionable matter.

'In spite,' says our critic, 'of all the declamations on the subject, no passage has yet been pointed out in any of the *five* clerical Essayists which contradicts any of the formularies of the Church in a degree at all comparable to the direct collision which exists between the High Church party and the Articles, between the Low Church party and the Prayer-book.' This is certainly a singular statement to make, considering that the five includes Mr. Wilson; but it is still more singular that, in order to give it a semblance of plausibility, he adds in a note, 'We *except* from our consideration the lay and the deceased contributors; not that we wish to pre-judge the question in either instance, but that we desire to *simplify* the case by reducing it to a practical result.' It may 'simplify the case' certainly, to 'except the deceased and the lay contributors,' and it would have simplified the case still more to leave out the Essays of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Jowett; but why, in estimating the general merits and tendency of the work, he should leave out the 'deceased contributor,' who was certainly a 'clergyman,' or even the lay contributor, since his Essay forms so important a feature in the volume, it is hard to say. It is easy to 'simplify our judgment' of anything by leaving out facts of grave importance which render judgment difficult. But as to the above *dictum*,—if our critic thinks that the Essays of Messrs. Wilson, Goodwin, and Jowett do not contain *statements*, (whatever the authors' meaning,) in far more serious, if not 'direct,' collision with the formularies of the Church than any which exists between 'the High Church party and the Articles, or the Low Church party and the Prayer-book,' we fancy he is the only reader who thinks so. To the generality of readers, they unquestionably convey, by direct assertion or clear implication, the denial of all special inspiration of the Scriptures and of the preternatural in the Scripture history.

There are many things in that apologetic article which have so ominous an aspect on the present development of latitudinarianism, that we cannot let them pass without notice. It is, in general, a wise policy which makes journalists reluctant to criticise one another: it tends, no doubt, to prevent controversy from assuming a personal character, and degenerating into an unseemly asperity. It is a practice which we sincerely approve and generally adopt. There are, however, occasions on which it is necessary to depart from it; and this we deem one of them. Our contemporary seems to have been of the

same opinion; and as he has made rather free strictures, both on the *Quarterly* and *Westminster*, he can hardly complain if we imitate his example, and subject his own to some criticism.

As an apology, the whole article is a very clever piece of special pleading, to which the writer has been prompted, we imagine, by stronger personal friendships, and perhaps as strong personal antipathies. But we cannot regard it as anything more than special pleading from one end to the other. We sincerely trust it is not to be taken as an indication of the permanent mood of the *Edinburgh Review*, or even of the writer's permanent mood, but simply as an example of 'Homer nodding.' Sure we are, that if the journal in question deliberately endorses the article, it has made a most notable advance upon—perhaps we ought rather to say, regression from—the position it assumed during the Tractarian controversy. Referring to Mr. Wilson's 'unfortunate onslaught on the 90th Tract for the Times,' this critic remarks, that Mr. Wilson has, 'no doubt, long ago repented of that ungenerous act.' But if the *Edinburgh* thinks it was an ungenerous act, that journal ought, certainly, to wear sackcloth and sit in ashes, as well as Mr. Wilson; for no 'onslaught on No. 90,' or on the Tracts in general, could be more uncompromising than its own. In its article on that notorious Tract, it says, amidst much more to the same purpose: 'For our own part, we are not going to discuss whose religion is the better, that of Protestants or Catholics. But one thing at least is most certain. The above opinions may be right; they may be the most consistent with revealed religion. *But assuredly they are not the opinions of the Church of England.* Every one must be astounded that men, professing them, should continue to hold appointments in a Church which has generally been understood to have been founded in a most positive denial of most of these doctrines, and in a consequent secession from the great society which continues to hold them.' So spoke the *Edinburgh Review* in 1841, in the article entitled 'Tracts for the Times,' No. 90.* But whether or not the *Edinburgh* would deliberately plead for the liberty of a clergyman of the Church of England to write such a Tract as No. 90, and still remain in the Church, it seems obvious, from the above language, that our reviewer would. It is equally clear from his conduct, that the author of the Tract did not think *he* could; and he, therefore, as we think, honourably and conscientiously—though honour

* P. 273.

and conscience did not awake too soon—abandoned a position which he felt was no longer tenable. Our liberal critic, however, would seem to think this was a needless scrupulosity, for he calls it an ‘ungenerous act’ to condemn, as sophistry, that freedom of interpreting the Articles which is exhibited in No. 90. He also challenges an equal freedom for our Essayists, though exercised in an opposite direction. We may here remark, *en passant*, that if all the latitude of interpreting the formularies of the Church between No. 90 and the ‘Essays and Reviews’ (both inclusive) be indeed warrantable; if these extremes and all between them be allowed to clergymen of the *National Church*, then a *National Church* must soon become that curious jumble of contradictory dogmas and practices which we have described as an impracticable chimera. *But* the very attempt to construct it will only be possible when men in general have become utterly indifferent to the claims of truth. If, in the same pulpit, one man may set forth the doctrine of the resurrection of Christ, and another prove that it is all a fable; if one preacher may affirm to-day not only that the Scripture miracles are historic facts, but a great many of the mediæval miracles also; and another, the next Sunday, in the same place, explode them all as alike incredible; if one sacred orator may expatiate in the morning on the inspiration of the Bible and the truth of prophecy, and another in the afternoon show that special inspiration is a delusion, and that there has been no prophecy at all; if one man may defend the doctrines of the atonement or the resurrection, and another assail them as fanatical or superstitious corruptions of Christianity,—we may call such a collection of incoherent elements a *National ‘Church’* if we will, but it is no communion, except in name. Let it be proposed to make it a reality in fact, and the conscience and honour of millions will soon perceive that such a theory of a *National Church* is untenable, and no *National Church* at all better than so peculiar a ‘communion of saints,’ based on indifference to truth, and cemented on reciprocal hypocrisies.

One of the most amusing passages is that in which the critic pleads for greater clerical liberty, forgetting apparently, that, whether the clergy ought to possess it or not, their present condition is wholly voluntary and self-imposed. If they violate their spontaneously assumed obligations, it is a curious way of proving their ardour in the cause of truth. Our critic exclaims, in vivid indignation, ‘It is almost openly avowed (and we are sorry to see this tendency as much amongst freethinking laymen as amongst

fanatical clergymen) that truth was made for the laity and falsehood for the clergy—that truth is tolerable everywhere except in the mouths of the ministers of the God of Truth—that falsehood, driven from every other quarter of the educated world, may find an honoured refuge behind the consecrated bulwarks of the sanctuary.’

We need not stop to point out the grossness of the misrepresentation into which passion has here betrayed the advocate. He would be troubled, we suppose, to point out either ‘freethinking laymen’ or ‘fanatical clergymen’ who would ‘almost openly,’ or in any other way, avow that ‘truth was made for the laity and falsehood for the clergy.’ But he would probably find many a layman, and Churchman too, who would not only ‘almost openly,’ but quite openly, avow that if ever falsehood be made for the clergy, it is and can be only when they make it for themselves; that the falsehood consists in swearing that they do believe what they do not believe, and in deliberately violating obligations perfectly voluntary and self-imposed. We quite agree with this writer that the ‘state of subscription to the formularies of the Church is fraught with evil,’ and requires revision; we should be as glad as he can be to see a greater liberty—though not so great as he pleads for—allowed to clergymen. But while the ‘state of subscription’ lasts, we affirm that it is not competent to a clergyman to falsify oaths and subscriptions, and then declare with a sanctimonious air, eloquent with indignant love of Truth, that ‘falsehood, driven from every other quarter of the educated world, may find an honoured refuge behind the consecrated bulwarks of the sanctuary,’ since it is, and can be, only the voluntary act of the priest himself who harbours it there; or that ‘Truth is tolerable everywhere, except in the mouths of the ministers of the God of Truth,’ since, if it be not tolerable there, it is only when men see that those who speak it, speak in the very act ‘with a double tongue.’

As to the lamentations over the bondage of clergymen as compared with the freedom of laymen, the answer is, that the clergyman may have just the same liberty as the layman, only he must, like the layman, put himself in an honest position to exercise it; let him renounce the Articles and Formularies if he feels that he no longer approves them, and he is instantly at liberty to express any religious opinions he pleases. But he is not to take oaths that he solemnly believes momentous Articles, which yet he avows in his writings that he *disbelieves*. The question, therefore, is not whether the clergyman is not to have as *much* liberty as the layman, but

whether he is to have a great deal more,—even a double liberty of saying and unsaying in a breath; a liberty surely worse than Egyptian bondage! The clergy sometimes arrogate to themselves the power of 'binding and loosing;' but the power of 'binding' themselves to the formularies, and 'loosing' themselves from the obligations thereby incurred, is a 'power of the keys' which few will think *ought* to belong to a Christian pastor, or to any one else. The answer, therefore, to all this virtuous indignation is very simple: This is a plea for altering or abolishing your terms of subscription if they be too strict; but not for solemnly swearing to them and violating them at the same time. 'Say what you please against me, do what you please,' the Church of England may well say to such rebellious children, 'but get out of my precincts *first*.' Whether, indeed, the clergy can, without constructing that chimera of a Church of which we have already said so much, have *all* the liberty which laymen may please to assume, is another question.

The Edinburgh Reviewer says—'They (the Essayists) do not deny miracles; but they feel the increasing difficulty which scientific and historical criticism places in the way of the old unreasoning reception of mere wonders, as interferences with natural law, or as absolute proofs of a Divine revelation, irrespectively of its contents.'^{*} We answer that this is a mere evasion: in the case of three, if not of four, it is not a *theory* of miracles, but the *fact* of miracles, they doubt or deny; this is plainly the meaning of their language. How far the other writers would coincide with them is a question; but there is little in their Essays (though it seems they all wrote 'without concert'), which is at variance with the conclusion. He further says—'They have endeavoured to show how miracles may be removed altogether out of the sphere of logic into that of faith.' The sole purpose surely of this oracular expression is to throw dust in the reader's eyes. The question is, whether they do not seek to show how miracles may be removed out of the sphere of *fact*. Another possible solution provided for them is, that they 'would fain maintain that we are to believe the miracles for the sake of the doctrine, rather than the doctrine for the sake of the miracles.'[†] Thus has the

reviewer obligingly imagined for the statements in the book several explanations, of which the writers may take their choice.

The Edinburgh Reviewer, in spite of his cautious reservation of some questionable portions of the volume with a view of 'simplifying the case,' assuredly goes far enough in his apology. In fact, if we are fairly to accept his reasoning, and carry it to its only legitimate issue, he would cover with his shield even the parts of the volume which have given most offence. He tells us that

veyed by the language of at least three of them, is, that they do not believe the miracles as *facts* at all. Will the reviewer pretend that this can be said of Dean Trench or St. Augustine? Secondly, the statement that 'the miracles are to be believed for the sake of the doctrine, and not the doctrine for the sake of the miracles,' is at best, if taken generally, but specious nonsense; it ceases to have any meaning when we proceed to *discriminate* the different doctrines, and consider them in their necessarily different relations to the alleged miraculous facts. There are *some* doctrines, no doubt, so clear, so self-luminous, that they do not need any miracle to authenticate them. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.' 'Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' 'God is a spirit; and they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth';—such texts as these so commend themselves to reason and conscience, that, when once understood, no external corroboration is needed for them. If, then, these, and such as these, be the sole doctrines of Christianity, it may be said, in one sense, that they would throw a stronger light on miracles than miracles would throw on them. But, if such be the *only* doctrines of Christianity, it may well be asked whether the miracles are not more difficult to believe than ever. In addition to the 'increasing scientific difficulty,' on which our reviewer insists, they would, on such an hypothesis, answer no end, and would terminate in a *cul-de-sac*. On the part of the Deity, they would seem no better than capricious and superfluous; to man, they could be nothing else than gratuitous puzzles, and worse than puzzles, if wrought for no *other purpose* than that they might be believed because backed by truths more evident (even as being self-evident) than themselves! But if we consider that there are other doctrines, which, if the New Testament be true, are of unspeakable importance, but which human reason could never discover for itself; which are of the nature of *facts*, and can be certified only by testimony and other extrinsic evidence,—obviously the view of them taken in the New Testament and by our Lord Himself,—then the maxim that the 'miracles are to be believed for the sake of the doctrine,' becomes a simple absurdity. That Jesus Christ was divinely commissioned to reveal the truths He proclaimed, and has Divine authority to enforce them; still more, the facts of His incarnation, atonement, resurrection, and such like,—*these* are truths which can only be believed because there is sufficient extrinsic ground for believing them, and amply vindicate the working of miracles to sustain them. The proper answer, therefore, to the above fallacy—for it is nothing more—is to ask, 'Which doctrines do you mean, when you say that the miracles rather derive light from them, than shed light upon them?'

* P. 486.

† On this point we must make one or two remarks. Our critic says, 'The Essayists would fain maintain, with Dean Trench and St. Augustine, that we are to believe the miracles for the sake of the doctrine, rather than the doctrine for the sake of the miracles.' Like many other sentences in this article, if plausible at all, it is so from its vagueness. It is obvious, first, that the great objection to the views of the Essayists, as apparently con-

he himself 'feels the utmost reluctance to part with any of the historical features of the sacred record,' yet he is apparently prepared to concede that a man may deny the whole *miraculous* history of the New Testament—the resurrection of Christ included—and yet not deny anything which should necessarily call in question his Christian belief, or prevent his consistently officiating in the Church of England. At least that is the only way in which his language can be understood: and if not so understood, is wholly irrelevant in the present controversy. It is a mere flourish of sentimental rhetoric, applicable in no way to the case of his clerical clients, and calculated only to blind simple jurymen. But as we should be unfeignedly sorry to misrepresent him, we shall quote his very words. 'He is aware,' he tells us, 'that he is here treading on difficult and shifting ground;' and his steps too plainly indicate that he thinks so. Speaking of the seeming necessity of admitting the actual occurrence of the resurrection of Christ, he says, 'But our own assurance of this, and of like occurrences far less important, ought not to blind us to the fact that the very events and wonders, which to us are helps, to others are stumbling-blocks: and though we shrink from abandoning anything which to us seems either necessary or true, yet we are bound to treat those who prefer to lean on other, and, as they think, more secure foundations, with the tenderness with which we cannot doubt they would have been treated by Him who blessed with His sacred presence the sincere inquiry of the doubting Apostle, and to Whom the craving for signs and wonders was a mark, not of love and faith, but of perverseness and unbelief.*' 'More secure foundations' than that cardinal event, apart from which, the Apostle Paul says, the whole Gospel is without significance! But let that pass. We know not when we have read a sentence which, under an air of charity, veils more unworthy sophistry. The simple question is, not whether sincere doubts of the miracles entitle any who are troubled with them to tenderness of treatment,—of which there is no question,—but whether those who have these doubts are precisely the persons to officiate as *clergymen*; whether, for example, if the 'doubting Apostle' had continued to doubt, he would still have been thought a fit man for the apostleship; and whether that fitness would have been at all increased if, *while* declaring he still doubted or denied, he had nevertheless asserted that *though* he doubted or even denied, he was quite willing to swear to the truth of the

fact, sign an article to that explicit effect, and solemnly asseverate the truth of the same every time he officiated at the altar! This, and this alone, is the question in the present case; not whether a sincere and honest doubter, *out* of the Church, has claims, as he assuredly has, on Christian tenderness and sympathy.*

Equally sophistical is the language in the latter part of the above sentence. Christ did indeed 'rebuke the craving' for further 'signs' in those to whom the most stupendous signs had been vouchsafed in vain, and justly refused to grant them. But it is futile to pretend that He attached but little importance to them, or that they had slight claims on belief, so long as His own most solemn and explicit appeals to His 'mighty works,' as proofs of His Divine commission, remain. 'If ye believe not Me, yet believe My works.' 'The works that I do in My Father's name, they bear witness of Me.' 'If I had not come among them, and done the works which none other man did, they had not had sin.' These texts, and others like them, are a sufficient answer to the sophistry by which it is pretended that Christ laid little stress on His miracles, and that a man may be a very good Christian, and yet doubt or deny them altogether.

The same apparent intention of proving that a man may be a very good Churchman as well as Christian, no matter whether he believes or denies the miracles of the New Testament, is seen in another passage.† 'On the subject of External and Internal Evidence, the silence of the formularies is still more impressive. There is no Article which bears even remotely on these most interesting topics. There is no definition of a miracle.' 'No definition' of a miracle, perhaps; but the fourth Article most explicitly asserts the fact of Christ's resurrection,—a fact which this writer admits to be the greatest of all

* The fact of Christ's resurrection—so expressly asserted in the New Testament—so essential, by Paul's express confession, to the system he preached—so essential, that without it, he affirms 'his preaching is vain,'—the equally explicit statement of it in the 10th Article, which is exclusively devoted to it,—forms a crucial test by which the sincerity of any man who affirms the incredibility of miracles, and yet remains in the Church of England, may be summarily tried. If he rejects *all* miracles, on the general scientific ground, then he rejects this; and is palpably at war both with the New Testament and with the 10th Article. If he admits this one miracle, then he abandons his principle; for he would have admitted the greatest miracle of all, and *that*, against which, the critical difficulties of the narrative are harder to solve than those which attach to the narrative of almost any other. The logical position of such a man would certainly not be enviable.

† P. 492

miracles; and the sixth, by affirming the truth of the Old and New Testament, as expressly affirms the historical truth of the miracles in general. It is impossible to speak too strongly of the disingenuousness of these evasions.

Many, and the Bishop of London among them, are vehement for a confutation of the imputed errors of the volume, and think that *this* is the true remedy for any evil it may cause. In the opinion of others—and we own ourselves of the number—there is a ‘previous question’ to be settled before the writers of such a volume (supposing it still to mean what it is generally interpreted to mean) can challenge or deserve a confutation. Any such confutation, if matters stopped there, would not affect the main issues involved in the present controversy; nay, the more clear and palpable to the apprehension of people in general that confutation might be, the more flagrant would it make the evil appear, since it would but expose without correcting it. Confutation alone, supposing the errors truly imputed, would afford no remedy. Men, it seems, might still openly proclaim opinions at war with their most solemn declarations and subscriptions, and yet retain their position and emoluments, though the entire community not only saw their *inconsistencies*, but their *errors*! In the estimate of many, therefore, there is a question of quite as much importance as the truth or falsity of the opinions propounded,—namely, whether the book be rightly interpreted, and the authors mean what they seem to mean. If they do, then to argue with *them* is absurd, and out of place.—We say the question is of *as much* importance; in some respects it is of more: for though it is impossible for any one who believes in the New Testament to overrate the magnitude of the question, as to whether it is or is not a Divine revelation,—whether its supernatural history be fact or fable,—whether its doctrines be inspired truth or the dreams of men’s fancies,—yet it is equally true that men cannot be Christians at all unless they be honest men; that it is a fundamental condition of all human society, that people should be truthful in their avowals and upright in their conduct; and that they should not swear one thing with their lips, and at the very same time deny it all under their own hands. The ‘previous question’ is therefore to us of much more weight than it seems to many,—namely, whether the authors of ‘Essays and Reviews’ (supposing them to mean what they are alleged to mean) deserve any other answer than that, while they continue in their present position, they cannot be heard; that though the argu-

ments they have stolen from more consistent men have deserved, have received, and will receive answers, such answers are not vouchsafed to *them*. Men might say with justice, ‘If we must enter upon the controversy raised by these writers, we shall choose to do so with those whose position admits of a fair fight, with whom one may descend to the arena without staining one’s sword; with those who, like many consistent Deists of our day, have done justice to their convictions, by refusing to administer a system their hearts had abjured; with men with whom the state of the question between us is clear, and leads to clear issues; who are not obliged, from the consciousness of an equivocal position, to resort to sophistical mystifications. We had rather fight the battle of infidelity with those who openly abet it, than with those who attack us in Christian uniform. The ‘previous question’ is the only one we can condescend to argue with such men,—namely, whether this book really means what is charged upon it; whether, for example, its authors really mean to deny the truth and reality of all miracles, and among them the greatest, the Resurrection of Christ. If they do, then, by their very position, they deserve no other answer than that they answer themselves; that, whoever be in the right, they must certainly be in the wrong, because they speak with a double tongue, and solemnly swear they believe what themselves declare they believe not.

The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* complains, that ‘the truth or falsehood of the views maintained is treated almost as a matter of indifference’ in the present controversy. It is so, and most justly, if the volume really carries the meaning which the generality of readers attach to it; and as long as they think *that* to be its meaning, they are justified in so treating it. Momentous as may be the questions at issue, it may nevertheless be quite right not to enter upon them at all, except with those who can honourably maintain the cause they espouse. No man will willingly fight with those who are the sworn champions of the side against which they offer to do battle.

Let us test the matter a little further, by seeing how men would judge in similar cases; and, for this purpose, let us take one or two examples which, though, as far as we can see, strictly analogous to the supposed case, are sufficiently different in other respects to bring out the resemblance the more palpably.

Suppose, for example, a Mahometan priest avowing that, in his belief, the whole story of the inspired character of the Koran and of its author was a delusion; that, though

perfectly willing to swear that he believed in the religion of the Prophet, and to subscribe to the truth of his revelations, he believed his divine 'visions' were the product of a fanatical fancy, and his 'night-journey' from Mecca to heaven, and other such adventures, idle myth or lying legend; yet also avowing that he did not intend to quit the mosque unless turned out of it, for that he found his situation very comfortable, and was altogether uncertain what might be his prospects if he left it; that he was, therefore, quite ready to perform the functions of a mollah, and to comply with the outward worship required by the Koran: Suppose this, we say, and suppose this more wonderful thing still, that the man was *not* turned out of 'his living'—though we imagine it would be difficult *out* of England to find any such intolerable 'toleration' of a public scandal,—but suppose such a case, and that the Mahometan in question is permitted to remain unmolested, can we think that Mahometans would think it necessary to enter into a consideration of his *arguments*, or deem it a fair case for a logical refutation? No; they would say, 'As long as the man occupies his present position, he sufficiently confutes himself; it may be desirable, perhaps, to argue the claims of our religion with the dogs of infidels, with any of those who can *consistently* impugn them, but with a man who swears that he believes what he does *not* believe, and gives the lie by his conduct to the very truth he professes to hold, we cannot be called to argue.' And, for our part, we think that their contemptuous silence would be quite intelligible, and their reluctance to enter into controversy with such a double apostate—an apostate to the religion he still persisted in practising, though he had ceased to believe it, and an apostate to the convictions which he in effect ignored, and would not act up to—most reasonable. Many such unbelievers may no doubt exist both in the mosque and in the Christian Church; but they generally take care, if only for shame's sake, to keep their unbelief to themselves; and so long as that is the case, they of course do not come into controversy.

Let us take another instance. Munificent patrons of sacred learning have endowed certain lectureships for the defence of certain great doctrines of Christianity,—as, for example, of the inspiration of the Scriptures. There is the Warburtonian Lectureship, for instance, founded by the celebrated bishop whose name it bears, the object of which is to provide a perpetual series of lectures in the defence of the truth and inspiration of ancient prophecy, and to which, of course, a certain emolument is attached. Let us sup-

pose the lecturer appointed; and then, to the astonishment of the audience, claiming the liberty to descant, not on the truth, but on the falsity and non-fulfilment of sacred prophecy, contending, as some of these Essayists *appear* to do, that there is no such thing as true prophecy at all, yet coolly pocketing, at the same time, the emolument;—would not the whole world cry shame upon the cheat? Would any one think it worth while to give him a formal refutation? Would not everybody say, 'There may or may not be force in some of the arguments you employ, but we cannot listen to them from *you*; from *you*, at least, we can learn nothing more than that, if prophecy be false, so are you; we cannot condescend to discuss our doubts with men who are willing to receive the "wages of iniquity," and, being hired to defend a certain thesis,—instead of honestly saying that, not believing it, they cannot,—openly declare their denial of it, and hold out their hands for the price of honest adherence to it at the same time?'

Take yet a third instance. There are hundreds of thousands of Nonconformists amongst us who refuse to enter the Church, not because they do not see the many advantages of so doing, or because they do not feel the disadvantages of *not* so doing, but because conscience does not permit them. Of these there are many to whom the most munificent rewards of conformity would be open, while their life has been one of self-denial, from obedience to their scruples. Between them and the Church the differences are all but infinitesimal, compared with the portentous differences between these writers, if rightly interpreted, and that same Church. Yet we suppose that if any one of them should say—and we see not why the *whole of them*, on the principles on which these writers are often defended, might not say—"I see that the differences between me and the Church are nothing compared with those which these writers avow, and therefore I will not hesitate to proclaim my *ex animo* assent and consent to statements, taken in the "plain grammatical sense," which I do not believe,—there is not one of his brethren in the ranks of Nonconformity, not one in the multitudes of honest subscribers to the Articles, who would not pronounce him a shameless palterer with truth and conscience. Yet if the principles on which these writers are by many defended be admitted, we see not why the Dissenters should not flock into the Church *en masse*, and proclaim their opposition to Establishments in general, and their opposition to the English Establishment in particular, as freely as they do now. They could not do it *more* openly

than three, if not four; out of the seven *seemingly* proclaim their rejection of all miracles, of all prophecy, and of all special inspiration. Those 2000 confessors of 1662, who have been so lauded for sacrificing their interests to their consciences, and who rather abandoned their livings than subscribe to what they did not believe—whose heroic conduct has often been the theme of eulogy to Churchmen themselves—these men, we say, ought, if the new principles of subscription be defensible, rather to be considered as poor shallow fools, who should have subscribed to all that was asked of them, and then proclaimed their unbelief of it as before!

To all these classes of equivocators, we fancy people would in general say that it was too much, while they occupied such a position, to expect any other answer than contemptuous silence, and that they must at least cease to be traitors to truth before they could become her champions. If their claim to be heard and to receive a logical confutation would be simply called impudent, we see not why a similar claim on behalf of the Essayists (if the public has rightly interpreted their book) should be designated by any softer epithet.

That the cases we have taken are strictly analogous to that of several of the writers of this volume, if their language really conveys their sentiments, there can be no reasonable doubt. Take, for example, the writers of whom it may be said, if words have any definite meaning, that they have completely renounced all belief in the miracles of the Old or New Testament, and surrendered themselves to the *would-be* scientific dogma that all such events are incredible. If this be the case, they cannot receive even so cardinal a doctrine of the New Testament as that of the Resurrection of Christ—that fact on which the whole credit of the Gospel is staked—without which the whole superstructure of our religion falls to the ground—apart from which the founders of that religion are, by their own confession, proved either to have been the most credulous idiots or the most abandoned deceivers. Now, is it within the bounds of credibility that these Essayists do not believe that the literal assertion of the reality of this stupendous event is made with the utmost clearness, peremptoriness, and frequency in the New Testament? If it be said that this is indeed incredible, and that they doubtless *do* believe that all this is asserted in the New Testament, but that they believe, notwithstanding, that it is all untruly said, then, with what face can they subscribe *ex animo*, and in the 'plain grammatical sense,' the fourth

Article, wherein we are told, 'Christ did truly rise again from death, and took again His body' with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature, wherewith He ascended into heaven, and there sitteth until He return to judge all men at the last day.' With what face can they, Sunday after Sunday, repeat the Creed, which so solemnly affirms Christ's resurrection from the dead, and other miraculous facts of His history; or profess doctrines and partake in rites which have no significance except as part of a supernatural and miraculously attested revelation? What is this but to profess Christ and to renounce Him—to eat the bread of the Church and betray her at the same time?

We have said that the tendency to excuse, if not vindicate the conduct charged on the Essayists—that is, with a clear admission of its inconsistencies—is one of the most sinister omens of our own times. Single instances of presumed equal deviation from the formularies have now and then occurred; but they have been passed by because rare or sporadic, and because they evoked no general controversy. But the 'Seven Essays,' whether the result was designed or not, have suggested the idea of an enterprise, the object of which is the final triumph of latitudinarianism, and have unquestionably led not only to timid half apologies for it, but in some instances to the open maintenance of the principle, that men may still advocate all that is in this volume, as generally interpreted, and yet blamelessly officiate in the Church of England! The like spectacle has been unhappily common enough in Germany, whence has come also the theology, or rather the neology, which is to be supported by such practices. There, chairs have been held, pulpits retained, endowments appropriated, oaths and subscriptions taken, by many who have retained nothing of the Christian but the name; in whose estimate the last vestige of the supernatural facts of Christianity has evaporated in the crucible of criticism. Strauss, at the close of his 'Leben Jesu,' even discusses, at great length and with infinite sangfroid, the question, whether one who has entirely abandoned historic Christianity, in whose estimate the superhuman in the life of Christ is a mere collection of myths and legends, may not hold a church-living, and preach old-fashioned orthodoxy to those who still believe in it,—only taking care not to shock their prejudices by letting them see his incredulity! Such a man, of course, is not simpleton enough to have any prejudices to shock, historical or moral; but this caution as to the *flock*, is of itself sufficient to cover the reasoning of Strauss with infamy. Hap-

pily we have not yet come to anything so shameless in England; but there is no saying to what we *may* come, if the doctrines of some of our writers prevail.

It would be curious, if there were space, to speculate on the causes which seem to connect license of scriptural misinterpretation with laxity of conscience in the matter of subscription. Perhaps it may be said, that by the time a man has so plied his exegesis as to have thoroughly weeded out the supernatural element from the Bible, or has proved to his own satisfaction that it is a matter of very little consequence to Christianity whether it be believed or not, or that in the latter case he may be just as fit for the Christian ministry as in the first, he will have acquired both a twist of the understanding and a moral apathy which will enable him, as the proverb hath it, to 'drive a coach-and-six' through any set of Articles whatever, however solemnly he may have sworn his 'unfeigned assent and consent' to them. In Germany, and now in England, the same conjunction of phenomena is witnessed. It is the more striking when we recollect that those who plead for this latitudinarianism of sentiment and practice are continually harping on their superiority to the *letter*, and that they give the *spiritual* and *moral* its due ascendancy over *external* evidence! It is but an indifferent proof of it, if they practise evasions, to retain their position in a Church with whose formularies and their own subscriptions they are hopelessly at variance. The chief characteristics of the neological style of criticism, and the Jesuitry to which it inevitably led among the German Rationalists, are vividly depicted in the following admirable sketch of Menzel in his 'German Literature;' and we give it rather for the sake of the sagacious estimate at its close, of the transitory influence of the 'life-long labours' of rationalistic criticism; of the futility of its efforts to disguise the plain meaning of the Bible, or to induce simple and truth-loving people to accept the book at all on such terms. As he truly says, 'the felling of the ancient sacred forest of the Bible, against which the Rationalist lifts his axe, is but a magical illusion of his own brains.' The majestic growth still towers to heaven and mocks all his efforts. Menzel's anticipation of the result in his own country has already been in great part fulfilled. As it has been in Germany, so we predict it will be in England. Those who adopt a style of interpretation which at all hazards is to get rid of the supernatural history of the Bible, may possibly be induced in time to renounce the Bible altogether; but few will long bear the yoke of such a criticism, or endure such

a strain on their credulity, as is implied in challenging extraordinary veneration for the Bible, when it must—if the theory which rejects all that is supernatural in it be true—have been compiled by men who were necessarily either the most consummate knaves or the most consummate fools. But the Bible secures itself by its very structure from all such attempts to disintegrate its elements. It has so blended together its supernatural history and its peculiar doctrines, that it leaves men no other alternative than either to accept or to reject both.

'Whilst a multitude of sceptics, atheists, deists, and materialists, after the time of Voltaire and Hume, or after the appearance of the Wolfenbüttel fragments, and Frederick the Great, were audaciously renouncing the Church, or openly manifesting their open hostility to it; or, at the best, acquiesced in it with indifference; there was forming *within* the Church a peculiar species of *miners*, who, under the mask of attachment to it and to the true faith, lived in just the same unbelief. These gentlemen laughingly teach their *dear* theological pupils, that unbelief is the true apostolical original *faith*—the system proved both by reason and Scripture. Christ—they do not deny Him—he is in their esteem a truly worthy man; they make Him talk, however, all their insipidities, and by a little exegetical jugglery turn Him, now into a Kantian, now into a Hegelian, and now into some other *an*, just as our Master Professor pleases. In our learned age, everything hinges simply on the art of *interpretation*; a man might in truth be a Bonze, and swear on the symbolical books of Fo, and yet, by means of a dexterous exegesis, invest the stupid books with as reasonable a meaning as a man would wish to see. The *words* they leave as they are; yea, they swear by them; but they think the while of something quite different. Ought mental reservation to be considered an exclusive entail of the Catholic clergy? Ought it, even among the Catholics, to be given only to the sly Jesuits? Are not *we* also a cunning people? Yet I will not be unjust,—something base, undoubtedly, there is in the matter; but perhaps it lies not in the end, but simply in the means. The people *will* not play the hypocrite; and these persons believe that they must do it, only with a good design,—that of furthering by this pious means the true interests of humanity. They seek in this regular, legitimate, and church-like way, gradually and imperceptibly, and simply by the artifices of interpretation, to transform the old stupid faith into the modern wisdom of rationalism. In the life-long attempt to convert, by exegetical rooting, grubbing, and clipping, the mighty forest of the Scriptures,—reposing in its deep-rooted strength, towering in majestic growth to heaven, and interlaced with innumerable creeping plants, tendrils, and luxuriant flowers,—into a little bald, barren, rationalistic system of some semi-Kantian or semi-Hegelian, intersected with a couple of mathematically-clipped yew hedges in the French style of gardening, and just kept alive

by some nice little philosophical streamlet;—in such life-long attempts, I say, there may be, if we will, something exciting; but it will be said indeed, if, when the labour is over, some fifty years hence, and the stalwart workman expects to rejoice in his work, he should behold another generation springing up, who see the forest still standing,—that ‘ancient sacred wood,’ on which never axe was lifted up; who maintain that all that the woodman had done was mere illusion; that he had hewn down the wood only in his own imagination, and that the pretty little barren yew-clipped garden existed nowhere but in his own rationalist brains!

‘The absurdity of trying by any subtlety to extract their reason out of the Bible, would perhaps be unintelligible if these gentlemen did not attach to such a Bible derivation of their doctrine great practical value. The Bible and their reason are irreconcilable; why should they not let them remain asunder? Why try violently to harmonize things which are and ever will be discordant? Answer: Although they may be convinced of the infallibility of their reason, yet a certain instinct tells them that this reason wants a something to give it force; and so they do not disdain to make even the Bible, by duly disciplining and interpreting it, depose in their favour,—that Bible which they themselves despise, which is so mere a stumbling-block in their way, which, in truth, they often hate, but which, by the people, is still accounted *holy*. The Bible is already in undisputed possession of authority; they well know what that authority is worth, and hence they seek to establish themselves in that possession. If the Bible was not, by its spirit and its letter, of supreme authority in the Church, there is not a rationalist who would trouble himself about the cumbersome book.’

ART. VIII.—1. *A Practical Treatise on the Law of Marriage, Divorce, and Legitimacy, as administered in the Divorce Court and in the House of Lords.* By JOHN FRASER MACQUEEN, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London, 1860.

2. *The Conflict of Laws in Cases of Divorce.* By PATRICK FRASER, Advocate. Edinburgh, 1861.

3. *Resolutions of the Faculty of Advocates on the Conjugal Rights (Scotland) Bill.* 1860.

It would perhaps be difficult to determine which class of human directory laws has been, on the whole, productive of the greatest amount of human misery. The rules necessary for our social well-being ever bring with them a woful list of exceptional cases, in which the public good has involved the private hurt. Our criminal code is many a

time perverted to the oppression of the innocent—the unbending maxims of our civil courts are frequently the cause of the greatest injustice—the laws of property sometimes despoil the rightful owner to enrich the holder of a better legal claim—the regulations of our mercantile laws often give fraud a secure triumph—while our financial arrangements perpetually disturb trade, and carry starvation into a thousand homes. Yet, on whatsoever branch of jurisprudence may lie the charge of working the heaviest sum of suffering, perhaps we shall not err in saying that the sharpest and cruellest pangs are those which have been inflicted by our marriage laws. The contract which they affect, divine in its origin, mystic in its nature, holy in its obligation, becomes, by its subjection to human ordinances, infected with human imperfection. Applying to the dearest relations of life,—involving all that is most precious in our honour, our happiness, and our hopes,—touching most closely those whose sensibilities are tenderest, whose affections are most devoted, and whose weakness is least defended,—the errors and defects of the laws by which it is construed pierce to the very heart. This peculiar distinction has been amply, if unconsciously, illustrated by those whose office is, for our amusement, to tent and probe the wounds of humanity. Fiction has seldom aimed at exposing the shortcomings of other departments of the law; and when she has, she has most often failed to hit her mark. A general system may indeed be attacked with some artistic success, as the poor laws were by Miss Martineau, or the abuses of the Court of Chancery by Mr. Dickens. The details of a trial for life or death may be, as in the ‘Heart of Midlothian’ or ‘Adam Bede,’ so presented as to engage all our sympathies. But a novel, of which the plot should be based upon the difficulties in the Statute of Frauds or the intricacies of fee and liferent, would be felt by the majority of readers to be what English lawyers call ‘void for remoteness.’ Not such, however, is the interest which belongs to an elopement, a wedding by a false priest, or the destruction of a marriage certificate. These incidents, a thousand times repeated, down to the last novel of the day, the ‘Adventures of Philip,’ never pall upon the reader's attention. They yield, indeed, in attraction only to the romance of fact. The whole kingdom is agitated with sympathy, with compassion, and with disgust, when, in the reports of a court of justice, there is unrolled before us some tale of villainy that has made the marriage law its stepping-stone to success. Yet these are but rare and chance disclosures of sorrows such

as at this day embitter many a bosom. Only the doctor, the clergyman, or the lawyer, unhappy depositaries of so many secrets of cureless wrong, can guess at the multitude of cases in which a momentary neglect of caution, an inadvertence to, or ignorance of, statutory requirement and judicial interpretation

‘Takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicers’ oaths.’

And only those whom accident enables to follow the history of such cases beyond the moment of agony when the knowledge first comes that all most dear has been perilled, and has been irremediably lost, can tell how far descending is the heritage of misery that takes its rise in deception under legal forms, or in an honestly conceived misapprehension of what is required by law to make the nuptial contract binding.

It is therefore not strange that the adjustment of doctrines on which so much depends should have occupied the frequent attention of the greatest lawyers and statesmen of this country. And in considering now the result of their efforts, we enjoy the peculiar advantage of being able to contemplate, side by side, the operation of the two radically distinct principles to which in different parts of the kingdom they have had recourse. In Scotland and in England the consent of the parties is the essence of marriage. But in Scotland the existence of this consent has been left to be proved by any circumstances from which it could fairly be inferred, and has even been presumed by the law from the existence of certain independent facts. This consent may be given in secret, it may be concealed for years, and it needs no sanction of parental authority. Down to the year, 1754 a somewhat similar rule prevailed in England; but in that year the great Lord Hardwicke procured the passing of regulations which, with certain important modifications, have ever since formed the basis of the English marriage code. They established the principle that consent should neither be inferred, nor even allowed to be proved, save when it had been indicated by a certain fixed ceremony. Whatever the solemnity of an engagement undertaken in any other form, it was declared absolutely null and void. This indispensable ceremony was surrounded with provisions intended to secure its public notoriety. To the parents or guardians of minors was given the right of objecting, and such objection was made fatal even where the legal form of contract had supervened. No two systems, it is obvious, could be more diametrically opposed in legal principle than

the English and the Scottish thus are. Each has its strenuous advocates. The English is supported by almost all the jurists of that country, and by many of those of the sister kingdom. The Scottish is defended only by some, though those indeed among the most eminent of its native doctors; but it is upheld more powerfully by the resolute *voluntus leges Scotiæ mutari* of the people. But in the conflict they labour under heavy disadvantages. They are but one to six of their opponents. They have to maintain that the most important of human engagements should be left to be established by looser evidence than is required for the transfer of an estate, or the guarantee of a trivial debt. They have to maintain that a connection, which may involve the most important interests of third parties, should be allowed to be constituted and continued in absolute secrecy. They have to maintain that a bond, which the common sentiment of Christendom has dignified as being, if not a sacrament, yet a holy and indissoluble union, should be permitted to be formed without religious invocation. They have to maintain that, for the solemn service of the Church, the public benediction of her ministers, and the security of entries in the imperial records, may be substituted, with equal advantage, a couple of lines written on a scrap of paper, a mock ceremony in the tap-room of a village ale-house, or the hearsay report of witnesses dead years before the question comes to be tried.

Yet, weighty as the objections to the Scottish system are, and forcibly as they have been urged by men who deservedly receive our highest respect, it would be unjust alike to it and to its rival to accept them as conclusive. Were our search only after the symmetrical beauty and theoretical perfection of law, we might indeed rest here content. The English rule, if not simple in its details, is at least in principle most simple. It embodies rules of conduct to which almost all educated and well-disposed minds will desire to conform their practice. The general custom, indeed, is, without legal intervention, the same in both countries. Marriages in Scotland, we need scarcely inform our southern readers, are, in the overwhelming majority of instances, celebrated with almost precisely the same decent and reverent ceremonies as in England. They are solemnized by a clergyman, in the presence of the invited friends, they are preceded by publication of banns, and they are certified by entry in a public register. They are indeed not celebrated within a church, nor at any fixed hour of the day; but a like exemption is a privilege which any man of rank in England may purchase

by payment of the fees for a special license. It is, therefore, not the general operation of the Law of Marriage in Scotland which we have to contrast with that of England, but its bearing upon certain exceptional and isolated cases. And our inquiry here must be, whether, by subjecting these rare instances to the operation of a stricter rule, we should not necessarily raise a new class of doubts for every one which we might set at rest, and whether we should not alter the general law for the worse, in the endeavour to make it better suited to individual circumstances. For, in regard to marriage, there are certain obvious principles, which ought to form our guide, and which are different from those applicable to any other civil obligation. In every other contract legal accuracy is of paramount importance, for it is the embodiment of the general convenience. Nullity of the contract is the just and appropriate penalty of disregard of the legal form which has been established for the general guidance. Such nullity is the result of deliberate choice or inexcusable negligence, and it only leaves the parties where they were before they entered into their bargain. But the penalty becomes wholly different where it is exacted for errors in which the affections have overborne the intellect, where its enforcement may violate morality, and where *restitutio in integrum* becomes impossible. It is evident that, in the presence of such elements, questions of legal analogy, of formal propriety, of convenience to courts of justice, become immaterial; and that the true problem to which we must address ourselves is, to find that system which, irrespective of the theories of lawyers, shall practically, and in the main, best conform to the precepts of justice, virtue, and religion.

In this view, the history of the successive changes which have been made by statute in the marriage law of England, since it was first taken under statutory direction, is highly instructive. There is a higher wisdom than legislative wisdom, and the influence of the public opinion of a civilised country formed out of the experience of generations, is more powerful than the emphatic declarations of the most exalted legal authorities. Let us, then, ere we enter into the comparison between the present state of the English and Scottish law, briefly review the enactments on which the former is founded, and examine the modifications which the mere necessity of circumstances has engrafted on a system which the most eminent jurists and statesmen had exhausted their skill in framing.

It has been already observed that the original marriage law of England was in many respects similar to that of Scotland. It was

indeed far more uncertain; and even where it was ascertained, it was subject to some singular inconsistencies. A striking instance of the former peculiarity occurs in the fact that it is only seventeen years since it was decided that, by the common law, prior to the Marriage Act, solemnization by a clergyman was necessary to make matrimony complete. The poets and novelists had, indeed, perhaps faithfully reflecting the common opinion, settled the point long before. The invalidity of a marriage celebrated by a pretended priest is the foundation of many a plot of the romances of the first half of last century. Yet many great lawyers, among whom it is enough to cite the names of Coke, Blackstone, Holt, Kenyon, Ellenborough, Mansfield, Stowell, and Story, laid it down that the mere consent of the parties, without any ceremony, constituted in law true marriage. This was, in fact, the general law of Europe anterior to the Council of Trent, and the decrees of that Council were never accepted in England. At last, however, in 1844, in the *Queen v. Millis*, the point was brought to a solemn argument in the House of Lords. It was an appeal from a conviction for bigamy in Ireland; and as the old English law was in force in that country, the validity of the first marriage depended on the question, whether by that law the intervention of a parson was requisite. The English judges were called in, and, acknowledging that the point was full of difficulty, inclined to the affirmative. With them agreed Lords Lyndhurst, Cottenham, and Abinger, while Lords Denman, Campbell, and Brougham supported the negative. The House being thus equally divided, the decision was, according to the rule in such cases, to affirm the judgment appealed against. And thus it is now settled that, prior to the Marriage Acts, solemnization by a priest was requisite. Yet it is curious to reflect that, had the decision in the Court below been different, the equal division in the Appeal Court would, by the same rule of practice, have settled the disputed point in a diametrically opposite way. But whether or not consensual contracts unsanctified by religious rites ever amounted to complete marriage, it is certain that they created obligations not much inferior in force. Neither party could withdraw from them, and either might at any time, even after a regular marriage with another had supervened, apply to the Ecclesiastical Courts to compel the celebration of the ceremony. So, too, the mere living together as husband and wife, not under a present consent, but following on a promise to marry, was either marriage, or a contract to marry which the law would enforce. So, too, there were cases in which

no evidence of any ceremony could be given, but in which evidence that the parties had for years acknowledged each other as husband and wife was held sufficient to support the fact of legal marriage.

But there was one material point in which the law at that time was more defective than that of Scotland has been for two centuries past. The general practice in England then, as it is in Scotland now, undoubtedly was to celebrate marriage by the aid of a clergyman, and subject to the notices and the ritual prescribed by the Church. But while in Scotland, by the Act 1681, c. 34, not merely the parties to a marriage in which these formalities were disregarded had been subjected to penalties, but the celebrator had been made punishable, no such provision had found its way into the English statute book. The consequence was a state of things the like of which has never existed in Scotland. The sanctions of religious ceremonies, and of the blessing implored or bestowed by a clergyman, were profaned to the most indecent and fraudulent purposes. The class of 'Fleet parsons' sprang into active use and rich emolument. These were degraded and disgraced clergymen, who, nevertheless, according to the theory of the Church, having been once clergymen were always clergymen, and who, within the purlieus of the Fleet prison, or in whatever other place they might be wanted, and could venture to be seen, were ever ready to perform the nuptial rites without inquiry and without scruple. Thence arose a perpetual series of violent abductions of heiresses, completed by the intervention of a Fleet marriage; of fraud upon fraud, as in the case of Beau Fielding, who, intending to repair his fortunes by clandestine marriage with a rich widow, was imposed upon by the substitution of a woman of the town, while the marriage, notwithstanding the *error personæ*, subjected him to the penalties of bigamy on his entering into a second marriage with the Duchess of Cleveland; of seductions perpetrated under the guise of marriage by a clergyman, where the known facility with which a real clergyman could be had made it easy for a villain to deceive his victim by procuring some one to personate the clerical functionary. These scandalous abuses loudly called for a legislative remedy. A remedy might have been found, as it had been in Scotland, in the imposition of civil penalties on the guilty; but while this was done with ample severity, a further punishment was enacted, which, in many instances, fell with crushing weight on the innocent and the honest.

The Statute 26 Geo. II., c. 33, drawn and carried through Parliament by Lord Chancel-

lor Hardwicke, declared, that for the future, any marriage had without prior publication of banns in the churches of the parishes to which the parties might belong (unless in virtue of a license obtained from the proper party), or which should not be celebrated in one of such parish churches, should be void. The license here spoken of is not the special license, which only the Archbishop of Canterbury can grant, and which dispenses with the requirements of law in respect of place and time, but the ordinary license, in the name of the bishop of the diocese, obtainable, at a fee of about £3, from any of the numerous 'surrogates' in the diocese, which dispenses only with the publication of banns. But before such a license could be had, Lord Hardwicke's Act required, that one of the parties should have resided in the parish for four weeks. To the validity of the license, and of the marriage following on it, the consent of the parents or guardians was made essential, if either of the parties was a minor. No provision was made for the case of any incapacity or refusal to consent on the part of the father, if he were in life; but if he was dead, and the mother or guardian was unable to give, or unreasonably refused, permission to marry, the impatient lovers were offered an appeal to the sympathizing bosom of the Chancellor himself. A marriage by banns—if that were the course resorted to—did not require the express consent of the parents of a minor; but the notice was to be read three times, on three successive Sundays, in the middle of the morning service, and if the parent or guardian then declared his objection, it avoided any marriage which might follow. The marriage—supposing these preliminaries were duly performed—was to be solemnized only between the hours of 8 and 12 noon; it was to be in the presence of at least two witnesses; an entry was to be immediately made and signed by the parties and the clergyman in the parish registers, and any falsification of such entry was declared punishable with death.

Such were the essential features of the measure. They amounted to this, that no marriage of a minor could be valid without the consent of his parents or guardians; and that no marriage of any one could be valid unless celebrated by a clergyman in a church, after due notice given in the parishes in which the parties had resided. But these principles, spite of the eating cancer of the Fleet scandals, and of the superlative authority by which the remedy was suggested, met with no very favourable reception in the country or in Parliament. Mr. Macqueen, in the work the title of which is prefixed to this article, and in which the non-legal reader will

find a great deal of learning, enlivened by a vivacity of style and variety of illustration which it may be wished were more common in law-books, thus describes the feelings which the bill excited:—

‘It is the fashion to speak of Lord Hardwicke’s Act as an advance in civilisation, and Scotland is charged with barbarism for having resisted every attempt to introduce it in that kingdom. Yet was this measure when it passed most unpopular in England. Not only the people at large, but some of the greatest and wisest of our public men, were strenuously opposed to it, and afterwards lamented its passage as a national calamity. Its practical working is said to have made good all that its opponents predicted. The discontent is represented as having been nearly universal.

‘About a quarter of a century after Lord Hardwicke’s enactment, Mr. Fox, in June 1781, brought in a bill to repeal it. On that occasion, delivering one of his greatest orations, he described the New Marriage Law as “tyrannical, unjustifiable, oppressive, and ridiculous.” He was followed by Sir George Yonge, who, painting in strong colours the mischief of all restrictions upon matrimony, denounced the measure of Lord Hardwicke, after the experience had of it, as a “very disgraceful and pernicious law, not only impolitic, but wicked.”

‘Mr. Fox’s bill was read a second time, by a majority of 90 to 27. It was read a third time, passed, and carried in triumph to the House of Lords, where, however, it was rejected on the second reading; since which time the people of England, more obedient than the Scotch, have come, under the tuition of the Legislature, to look upon clandestine and consensual marriages as things, not only illegal here, but of very questionable morality in those countries where they are still allowed. So that what Englishmen viewed with abhorrence seventy-five years ago—what Mr. Fox and Sir George Yonge pronounced “tyrannical, unjustifiable, oppressive, ridiculous, disgraceful, pernicious, impolitic, and wicked,”—the Scotch are now held up as wilfully blind and obstinate for not adopting, at the recommendation of those very neighbours who so recently entertained and so furiously expressed such opposite opinions.’

So thoroughly well, however, as a legislative draftsman, had the great Chancellor done his work, that for seventy years no lawyer dared to think that he could amend what was there set down. But it must not be supposed that the rules, simple, brief, and accurately penned as they were, succeeded in excluding difficulty of interpretation in every case. There was more litigation on the subject of the validity of marriages than ever, for the litigation was now no longer confined to the question of fact, whether or not there had been real consent—it further dealt with questions of law. There had to be settled, in the innumerable instances in which accident, mistake, or design had led the parties to deviate ever so

little from the statutory requirements, whether or not such deviation was a fatal error. Thus, while it was held that the publication of banns in the Christian name of William only—whereas there were two Christian names, William Peter—invalidated the marriage, it was in another case held, that the writing the surname as Ewen, in a license, instead of the true name Ewing, did not invalidate the marriage. It is obvious what a field for hair-splitting distinctions lay between these two examples. So, too, there were questions as to what was celebration in a church, and what was a church; questions as to whether consent of parents might be implied, and what amounted to implied consent; whether, when given, it might be recalled, and what amounted to recall; whether it was essential if the marriage took place out of England, the decision on which being, after some fluctuations, in the negative, gave rise to Gretna Green marriages. Then there were questions as to who might institute suits to declare the nullity of a marriage; whether the party through whose fault or fraud it had occurred; whether the relatives of one or other; whether those interested in the property of either; and so on *ad infinitum*.

But by the time that the Act had been cleared, or darkened, by abundant judicial interpretation, the forebodings of Fox became evidently truths; and it was felt by all, that the lawyers of the last century had, in this matter, laid a burden on men’s shoulders too heavy to be borne. It was acknowledged, that it could not be the true principle on which a marriage law should rest, that an unwitting blunder in a technical point should have the effect of setting the parties loose from their bond, and of irremediably bastardizing their issue. So the 3 Geo. IV., c. 75, repealed the provision which made consent of parents requisite to a marriage by license, in every case in which the parties had cohabited, and no proceedings had before the Act been taken to set the marriage aside. But the wording of the Act presented an unhappy contrast to the elegant precision which distinguished Lord Hardwicke’s; and ere a year was out, an ominous crop of litigation sprang from its fertile soil. Next year, however, Lord Hardwicke’s Act was itself repealed in full; and a new statute, 4 Geo. IV., c. 76, undertook to regulate the whole law relating to marriage, with full appreciation of the experience which had at such cost been accumulated.

The main principle of this statute (which forms, with some amending Acts, the existing authority on the matter of marriages *in facie ecclesiæ*), is, while retaining almost unaltered the machinery and provisions for order and

publicity suggested by Lord Hardwicke, to restrict the extreme penalty of nullity of the marriage to the cases where *wilfully*, and with the knowledge of *both* parties, the marriage was solemnized without license or banns, or not in a church or licensed chapel, or by a person not in holy orders. The publication of banns is regulated as before, and may be made void by an objection stated by the parent or guardian of a minor; but a license is now obtainable on a fortnight's general residence, and on an oath that the parent or guardian of a minor consents; though a false oath does not affect the validity of the marriage. Nullity is therefore no longer the penalty of marriage of minors without express consent of parents, nor of a marriage procured irregularly in any way by fraud of one of the parties, without the knowledge of the other. These breaches of rule are still punished; but the punishment is made to consist in fine or imprisonment, or in forfeiture of property, which would otherwise have accrued through the union. But important and salutary as these alterations were, they still left serious defects, for which the Legislature was called on to find a remedy. The first was in principle. There are many persons who object from religious scruples to be married in a church; perhaps there are still more who are somewhat indifferent whether their union be in the eye of law a marriage or not, and who are even deterred, by the very respectability of a church and a clergyman, from proffering themselves to secure the benefit of such respectability. To meet these very different cases, the Act of 6 and 7 Will. IV., c. 85, was passed. It abandoned altogether, in favour of those who might choose to avail themselves of its provisions, the ecclesiastical and religious element of matrimony. It authorized marriages to be celebrated in the office of any district registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, by mere declaration of consent made by the parties in the presence of the registrar. It embodied provisions as to previous notice, intended to be equivalent to the provisions of law applicable to marriages *in facie ecclesie*. In place of banns in church, the notice of marriage was to be read at three successive meetings of the Board of Guardians for the poor of the parish. Instead of a license from the bishop's surrogate, a license might, on an oath to the like effect, be had from the superintendent registrar. The marriage in the registrar's office must take place between 8 and 12 o'clock, with open doors, in the presence of two witnesses; and, as a matter of course, it is instantly registered. These things so done, the marriage is to all effects and purposes valid; and only wilful and fraudulent deception by both

parties, in reference to the essentials of the form, can avail as a ground for setting it aside. This statute has been amended by some subsequent Acts, but its leading principles remain unaltered.

But even the restriction of nullity to the single case, where both parties consent to misrepresentation on an essential point, has not been found under these Acts to render the proof of marriage much easier than before. Still questions perplex the courts with reference to the interpretation of the words on which so much hangs. Still it is often needful to institute suits to learn what amount of wrong spelling, of omission of one of several Christian names—what use of the name of common repute, instead of that of baptism or descent, or *vice versa*,—will be sufficient to turn a marriage ceremony into so many idle words. Still it becomes frequently necessary to ascertain who is a clergyman, and what is a church or chapel. A remedy to these doubts is sought in fresh statutory definition. Since the commencement of the present reign there have been about twenty such statutes passed, some retrospective and special, some prospective and general. It may readily be conceived how perplexed the code is growing; and it may be imagined what a mass of incertitude must exist, when parliamentary action has been invoked to such an extent, to set at rest the comparatively small proportion of the doubtful cases in which the interests at stake, and the palpable and immediate difficulty, can have been great enough to suggest an appeal to the Legislature.

In this rapid and necessarily most imperfect outline of the history of statutory formalities applied to the marriage contract, may be read the condemnation of human interference in restraint of a divine institution. Every course has been tried—from the stern simplicity of Lord Hardwicke, to the diffuse multiplicity of modern days; and every system has been found productive of endless embarrassment, and of innumerable instances of cruel wrong done for the vindication of legal form, and of almost more cruel uncertainty arising out of the conflict between Acts of Parliament and the facts of daily life. And it must be observed, that the uncertainties which it has been attempted to remove by Acts of Parliament, each applying to an indefinite number of persons, but themselves exceeding in number the whole tale of the individual cases which within the same period have arisen for judicial decision in Scotland, are for the most part not, as in Scotland, cases where the parties themselves are to blame for resorting to surreptitious and barely legal forms, but cases in which the desire and in-

tion of the parties was honestly to enter into the nuptial bond, and in which their belief was, that they had duly complied with every legal formality. If it be the fact, as it frequently is asserted to be, that in Scotland a man may not know whether he is married or not, unfortunately the doubt is of far more frequent occurrence in England; it arises in more painful circumstances, and is of far more difficult solution.

On the head of the comparative certainty attainable by the enactment of indispensable forms of proof, no more, therefore, need now be said. The statutes and the reports furnish unimpeachable evidence, that the 'barbarous' rule of ascertaining the fact of consent by any available proof, leads in practice to an incomparably greater degree of certainty than can be arrived at by the enactment of rigid rules, by which the admissibility of evidence is restricted to the establishing of certain definite acts. And they are an authority equally incontrovertible in establishing the proposition, that to insist upon a religious rite being always interposed as part of the marriage ceremony, is a course which cannot, in the present state of thought and feeling in this country, be attempted or maintained. It now remains that, passing from the purely legal view, we consider the respective social and moral advantages suggested in favour of each system. And, in this regard, the charges which are brought by the advocates of statutory forms against the admission of mere proof of consent, seem reducible to the following heads: 1st, That it permits of marriages being entered into hastily, and without notice to the natural advisers of the parties, or to those interested in their proceedings; 2d, That it gives facilities to the designing for the perpetration of fraud.

No doubt can exist, that each of these classes of possibilities ought, as far as is in our power, to be provided against. But we may observe, that they are nevertheless of a materially different nature. Fraud ought in all cases to be punished; but it cannot be said that clandestinity ought in all cases to be reprehended. The law of France, far more imperatively than that of England, makes the marriages of minors, without the consent of their parents, invalid; and it cannot be said that it thereby tends to promote the morality of the young of either sex. We may discourage as much as we please alliances formed at an early age without parental sanction; but it is too dangerous to declare that every such alliance must inevitably be concubinage. Somehow or other, the law must allow a safety-valve for the vehemence of youthful yet virtuous passion. Even Lord Hardwicke allowed such a safety-valve, in the form of an appeal

to himself, whenever any authority less sacred than that of the father presumed to offer an impediment. A more effectual one was, however, adopted in the *Gretna Green* recourse. So necessary had been found this mode of evading the harshness of Lord Hardwicke's law, that, we are told by Mr. Macqueen, it had been resorted to by an Archbishop, a Chancellor, and a Lord Privy Seal, all at one time in the councils of that pattern of connubial propriety, King George III. These runagate marriages are now, indeed, nearly abolished by Lord Brougham's Act, the 19 and 20 Vic., c. 85; but it may be doubted whether outward respectability did not gain more by the change than morality. Indeed, if morality has not actually suffered, it has been simply through the preceding change in the law, by which the penalty of nullity, affixed by the earlier statute to a minor's marriage without consent, had been modified into a pecuniary, or at the most, a personal punishment. The fervour of true and honourable affection is seldom subdued by such a risk; and to permit the lawful union of such minors as choose to submit to it, is evidently a sounder course, than to bar them from any remedy save that of an elopement over the Scottish border. But the question of principle is not to be confined to the case of minority, although to such cases the penalties of English law are confined. Secret marriages, whatever the age of the parties, are always to be deprecated; but it is beyond doubt, that the alternative often lies between a secret marriage, and an arrangement which is not marriage. It may indeed be said with tolerable accuracy, that wherever a secret marriage takes place, a union of a different nature would probably have been consummated, had marriage in secret been impossible. And the matter for us to weigh, therefore, seems to be, whether it is least detrimental to morality and the interests of society, to allow of alliances innocent in themselves, though objectionable, because through their privacy they may hereafter become a snare and occasion of falling to others; or to brand them at once and for ever as illegal, in order that none but the parties concerned may suffer through them.

There is a semblance of justice in the latter course; but it is of that species whose damnation is just. Most obviously, it is a doing of evil that good may come. It is a selling of the eternal interests of souls, to buy a temporal advantage. It is a deliberate placing of a stumbling-block in the way to virtue, on the pretence of preventing a future, a possible, and a less perilous lapse. For it is the presenting, in every case to which it

may apply, of a temptation to two persons to live in sin, who, had there not been this 'forbidding to marry,' would have lived in purity. True, had they been privately married, it is within the limits of possibility that either might have taken advantage of the fact being unknown, to enter into like engagements with another. But of this, the sin would have still lain only at the door of the guilty party; the innocently deceived would have been free from guilt. Miserable in an earthly sense is the fate of a woman so deceived; but at least she has not sinned. It is, then, beyond dispute, that the worst evils from the permission of secret marriages would be temporal, secondary, and distant; while, from their prohibition comes, far more frequently, sin, deadly and immediate. Can we hesitate in our choice between the legal principles, whose operation leads to such opposite conclusions?

But, treating the question as one not of principle, but of practice, we shall find enough to absolve us from the necessity of pondering such arguments. The fact is, that by no practicable system can secret marriages be prevented. For it matters nothing to the question of secrecy whether they be constituted in absolute solitude, as they may be in Scotland, or whether they be contracted in the presence of hundreds, if not one of the hundreds knows who the parties contracting are. And this may with the greatest ease be effected in England. Leaving aside altogether the operation of the license to dispense with banns, which may be obtained by any one who can swear, or who will swear, that he or she has been resident in the parish for fifteen days, and that both are of full age, or if minors, have the consent of their parents, let us look at the real operation of the publication of banns, in its strictest sense. In the middle of the divine service, when all the congregation is present, but when, it may be hoped, the minds of some are lifted to higher things than the matrimonial intentions of their neighbours, there is read out a list of those who, 'of this parish,' have a purpose of marriage with certain persons of the same or another parish. That name and designation must be odd and striking indeed, which, in the long list of a large city parish, catches the attention of any in the congregation as having a peculiarly familiar sound. But if such risk should exist, the means of obviating are easy. It needs only that the parties should take a lodging in some town or rural district, where no chance of recognition exists. They have then a right to have their banns published in the parish church, and the ceremony performed by the parish clergyman. None is wiser for the event; and they may

return, without fear of discovery, to the bosom of the families which they have united by so close yet unknown a tie. Nor need they both resort to the same parish to procure the matrimonial conveniences. While the lady visits her aunt at Brighton, the gentleman may reside in his shooting-box on the Yorkshire moors. While the dairymaid takes service in the next market town, the shepherd may engage himself to a farmer ten miles off. The rich can afford the means of escaping with greater art their more numerous acquaintance; the poor pass beyond recognition, by an easy and inexpensive change of abode. These, and a hundred other simple devices, are all perfectly consistent with the law; but it scarcely needs suggestion, how enormously they are capable of increase, by the adaptation of a little of that ingenuity which may be called fraud, but which cannot in practice be punished as fraud.

In a matter so obvious to common sense, we need the less to regret the impossibility of adducing direct evidence of its occurrence. The earlier law-books of both England and Scotland contain a record of many secret marriages effected irregularly, because, in the former country, secrecy, under certain circumstances, avoided the marriage; while, in the latter, the question had not yet been determined how far such secrecy was compatible with *bonâ fide* intention to marry. But, in both, such reported cases are now more rare, merely because the law assures the validity of the marriage in question when known, and consequently suggests no plea on which to bring them before any court. The relative actual number of such marriages can therefore be only vaguely surmised, even by those who have some acquaintance with the habits of both countries. But, judging from the facts which occasionally come for an instant to the surface in the gossip of the day, the inference may be safely drawn, that the abolition of Gretna Green facilities has not diminished in England the practical facilities for eluding parental control, and that the necessity of the publication of banns, and of solemnization by a clergyman, or by a registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, seems in no very appreciable degree to impede the ease with which marriage may be contracted *incognito*. There is indeed one species of evidence which might be of some weight in determining the comparative number of secret marriages in the two countries. One of the principal objections to their being permitted at all, is the possibility of their forming no difficulty in the way of the commission of bigamy. Now, as bigamy, by the recent practice of the Scottish Courts (disregarding the principles laid down by some

writers), is held to be committed though the first marriage was irregular, we might expect, if there was an unusual resort to secret marriages in that country, to find the crime more prevalent than in England. Such, however, is not the case. In 1859, there were tried for bigamy in England 107 persons; in Scotland, 17 persons. The average of the preceding five years was in England 90; in Scotland, 12. Of the five years before that, in England 80; in Scotland, 10 (Parl. Papers, sess. 1860). The crime in both countries keeps pace with the increase of the population; but taking the population of England as about six times that of Scotland, it is somewhat less frequent in the latter country than in the former. Evidently, therefore, the simplicity of the Scottish marriage system does not lend itself to enhance the dangers to the peace of families which arise from the contracting a second marriage, while the fact of a prior obligation remains concealed.

Finding, then, that clandestine nuptials are in no perceptible degree encouraged by the principles of the Scottish law, and that the law of England shares with it the praise of interposing discouragement only, and not insuperable difficulty, in the way of those whose ardour leads them to dare the reproach attendant on a private union, it remains for us to consider to what extent the northern rules afford convenience to, the perpetration of virtual fraud, to the inveigling the unwary into a mésalliance, who, were time for reflection allowed, would shrink from the suggested union. And on this head it must first be remarked, that the laws of neither country afford any protection to those who endeavour to make use of them for the purposes of imposition in essential particulars, or who take undue advantage of the weakness of persons subjected to their influence. It is true, that in neither country is mere error or mistake as to the worldly position of the parties a good ground for setting aside the contract. There are several cases in the English books, in which a marriage, held to be binding, had been procured by misrepresentations on the score of rank or estate. The rule is laid down by Lord Stowell, that, 'though a man should represent himself of superior condition or expectations, it will not of itself invalidate a marriage, as the law asserts that parties should use timely and effectual diligence in obtaining correct information on such points.' In cases of such error, the Courts of both countries hold, that the choice of the persons is that which the law regards, and not the external circumstances of either. But the case in both is different, where the facts indicate that true

personal consent to the engagement was given. Thus the marriage of the Earl of Portsmouth, solemnized in London in 1814, was in 1828 declared, *ab initio*, void, though the parties had lived together till 1822, had had children, and had been recognized as married by the Earl's relatives. The ground taken by the Court was, that the Earl had all his life been, if not of unsound, at least of weak mind; that he was timid and passive of character; that in such a case he might possibly contract a valid marriage; and (for he was, in fact, a widower) that his first marriage might be very capable of being supported, but that the second being with the daughter of one of his trustees, who had entire influence over him, and in whose house he was living at the time, could not be permitted to stand. So, in a very recent case, a proof was allowed of allegations that a marriage had been procured by the persuasions of the parents of the man, taking advantage of the tender years and inexperience of the woman, and of her being at the time in their house, away from the advice of her natural protectors. Many cases similar to these are to be found in the English books. And they seem to establish two points: Firstly, that the solemn rites of the English marriage service, the presence of a clergyman, and the sanctity of the church, do not hinder designing persons from using undue influence to effect a form of marriage; and secondly, that whatever of uncertainty belongs to the inquiry,—whether the parties were capable of, and had exercised, a free and genuine purpose in the engagements they have undertaken,—the necessity of entering into the inquiry is not barred (as indeed it would be monstrous if it were) by the fact that the law prescribes, and the parties have adopted, a fixed form, in which consent shall be signified.

It is indeed conceivable—and the possibility of the occurrence seems especially distressing to certain of the Peers, who are beyond all others zealous for the honour and jealous of the contamination of their order—that a lad of rank may, in Scotland, rashly utter a declaration, or sign a document, which may make him in law the husband of a woman of low birth or degraded character. In Lord Brougham's Committee of the Lords, in 1844, the following question was put to the then Lord Advocate, now the Lord Justice General:—

'Suppose a young nobleman of 14 is trepanned into a marriage by a woman of bad character of 30 or 35, and he says, in such a way that it can be proved, "I take you for my wife," and she says, "I take you for my husband;" at this moment would that be a valid marriage, and carry a dukedom and large estates

to the issue? *Ans.* It would do so if it were a deliberate interchange of pre-ent consent, for the purpose of constituting the relation of husband and wife.'

Nothing could better illustrate the true nature of the apprehension entertained than the question; while certainly no words could more aptly express the true principles of the law of Scotland than the answer. The dread is, that rank and wealth should be degraded by a poor or a dishonouring alliance,—the law declares that even rank and wealth must abide by the consequences of its own deliberate promises. By what consolation shall we reassure the law Peers against the terrible imagination of a dukedom and large estates involved in such a catastrophe? May we dare to remind them that the only young nobleman who, 'at this moment,' has fallen under the fascinations they contemplate with such terror, is an English Peer, whose nuptials were solemnized by an English clergyman? May we dare to recall to their minds that English marriages also are legal at 14 years of age; and that the only recorded cases of such infantile marriages in the Peerage have been English cases. King Cophetua himself was not a Scotsman; the nut-brown maid who was ready to link her fate to 'a banyshed man' was an English baron's daughter; Lady Shaftesbury became the origin of a 'leading case' in Chancery, by instigating the secret marriage of her son, the Earl, whose age was 14, and whose guardian was the Lord Chief Justice of England; but the suggestion of the Peers' Committee still remains, as regards Scotland, a hypothetical danger. Nor shall we waste time in giving other answer to their Lordships' appeal for more protection to be thrown round the descent of dukedoms and large estates.

For the truth of the matter is this, that whatever the inconveniences, and too often the wretchedness, consequent upon hasty and ill-assorted unions, we cannot dare to prevent them by the expedient of annulling every marriage in which a certain time has not elapsed between the declaration of the intention and the solemnization of the ceremony. The most prudent are not always masters of the circumstances that determine their lot. Many things may occur in a life that will not allow of a fortnight's pause. A regiment may have a sudden order to march, a ship to sail, an emigrant may have a sudden opportunity to make his voyage, a sudden commercial necessity may despatch a mercantile man for years to the antipodes. On such a call of duty, Lord Clyde was ready in three days to start for India; but what if he had been engaged to marry, was going on a service likely to absorb the best years of his life,

and was too poor and friendless to have his bride sent out by a following ship? Shall we say that, in all such cases, men and women must be condemned to a life of celibacy, or that they must start on their journey together, unmarried, awaiting the hour when a legal form can sanctify their union, in order that we may preserve inviolate a rule contrived for the security of the reckless? Shall we say even that with those living at home no urgency may occur which demands, in the highest interests, that no delay shall be interposed in ratifying a legal union? We shall at least fail to find authority for such a course in the existing provisions of the law of England. While a fortnight's notice, and the publication of banns on three Sundays, is its rule, it meets exceptional cases by the grant of a license which may be obtained, as matter of right, by any one on the very morning of the proposed wedding. Reducing thus, by a most salutary and needful privilege, the time for deliberation to a few hours, it seems scarce necessary to inquire further into the distinctions between the principle here admitted and that enunciated by the Lord Justice General, that marriage in Scotland is constituted by the deliberate interchange of present consent, for the purpose of constituting the relation of husband and wife. For the imperative demands of the public moral sense have broken down the hedge of forms by which Lord Hardwicke strove to secure the inviolability of his restrictions. The registrar may fill the place of the priest; a false priest will do as well as a real one, if believed to be a real one by only one of the parties; the license is not void though obtained by perjury; the residence requisite to obviate perjury may be *incognito*; the consent of parents need not be asked when the ceremony can be accomplished without their cognisance. What is there remaining that forms a difficulty to the designing, or a safeguard to the imprudent? Absolutely nothing. While yet the forms that do survive are of sufficient force, many a time, to convert those who have honestly misinterpreted them into paramours merely, and to leave them to the late mercy of statutes 'for declaring valid certain marriages heretofore solemnized in the church of —;' but bearing the customary proviso, that no such marriage shall be validated, if proceedings at law have already been commenced to set it aside!

To the objection so often urged ignorantly in the South, that in Scotland a man may frequently not know whether he is married or not, we have a very brief answer to make. Nowhere can an honest man be so certain how that fact stands as in Scotland; for it is in no way dependent on the consecration of

a Church, or the true apostolic succession of a clergyman, on the construction of statutes, or the spelling of names. It depends solely on the question, whether the parties truly meant to marry each other. This is what every man must know who chooses to deal honestly with his own conscience. For those who 'palter in a double sense,' who use words to conceal thoughts, who have a reserved meaning different from that which they express, who seek to shelter vice under the outward semblance of virtue, to deceive the public or deceive their victims, we have no sympathy. If they are caught in their own snare, it is well; if they have been astute enough to keep clear of furnishing legal evidence of what they seemed to intend, we can only regret that the law must proceed by fixed rules, and that the only retribution that will fall on them will be the scorn of all who count virtue in woman and truth in man of higher esteem than large estates or ducal descent. And if any, by using such arts, bring themselves into the position of being really uncertain how far they have bound themselves, we can only congratulate Scotland, that, in her courts at least, there is a chance of justice having its course; and that the cry of the betrayed and forsaken will not be met with the reply that, ere they trusted and were lost, they should have studied the 4 Geo. IV., c. 76, or, at the least, the 5 and 6 Will. IV., c. 85.

It may be observed, however, as forming a curious anomaly in the administration of law, that Englishmen are not wholly to blame for denouncing the Scottish law of marriage as depending on a loose species of evidence, seeing that in English courts it often happens that a Scottish marriage is proved by evidence which would be insufficient in a Scottish court. For in Scotland the rule of evidence is, that a single witness is not enough to establish the case alleged by the suitor. But it is a principle of international jurisprudence, that courts of justice, though they judge of a contract by the law of the country in which it was entered into, yet apply to the suit their own forms of procedure and rules of evidence; and as a single witness is sufficient in England, it frequently occurs that, in the courts at Westminster, the consent to marriage, which, in deference to the Scottish law, they accept as marriage, is proved by testimony which, in the Court at Edinburgh, would be rejected as inadequate. A forgetfulness of this rule appeared, in the Yelverton trial in Ireland, to lead to an apparent discrepancy between the evidence of two Scottish advocates as to the law of Scotland. The one, called on behalf of Mrs. Yelverton, correctly stated the law, and properly left the Court to

apply it to the case as proved. The other, called for Major Yelverton, stated the Scottish principles of law as affected by the Scottish rules of proof, with which the Irish Court had no concern, and of which it could not take cognisance. But if Mrs. Yelverton, or any other lady in the like case, succeeds in England or Ireland in proving herself to have been lawfully married in Scotland, while, at the same time, she fails in Scotland to make out her right, we must remember that the result follows, not from the laxity of the Scottish law of marriage, but from the greater strictness of the law of evidence by which in Scotland the question is judged.

Having thus dealt with every objection that has been urged against the great Scottish principle of consent being the one essential in matrimony, we may now touch very briefly upon the two cases in which the law does not require a present consent, in words, to be directly proved, but infers its existence from certain facts. These are, indeed, mere corollaries from the leading doctrine; but they are corollaries signally illustrative of the genuine justice, the true spirit of Christianity, by which, in the whole subject, the Scottish law is distinguished.

The first case is that in which a woman has been seduced under promise of marriage. Though a mere promise, referring only to the future, is not the present consent required to constitute marriage, yet, where seduction follows upon a written or admitted promise, the law holds it as fulfilled, and the marriage, consequently, as completed. That this principle should be especially repugnant to those who complain that they are in doubt whether they are married or not, is very easy of comprehension; but it will probably commend itself to the approval of those whose approval is of value. It is indeed a practical embodiment of the common sentiment, that if such persons are not married, they ought to be; and it is only an adaptation to Scottish legal forms of the rule which, prior to Lord Hardwicke's Act, prevailed in England, under which a seducer could be compelled to marry the woman whom, by a promise of marriage, he had induced to trust him. A significant indication of its influence upon morals is afforded by a comparison of the trials for seduction in the two countries. Scotland may not, indeed, so far as statistics prove the case, boast of comparative purity of manners; but bad as she may be, it will be granted that the evil would be many times increased if, to other temptations to the frail, the law permitted a promise of marriage to be added. But though there is in that country no technicality which forbids a woman to bring an action for her own seduc-

tion, it is of the rarest possible occurrence to find one brought, in which a promise to marry had been used to procure her fall. In England, on the other hand, it is notorious that such a promise is proved in the majority of instances; and how numerous these are may be inferred from the fact, that though the law only permits such actions to be brought where the woman's services to her father or her master are capable of pecuniary estimation; and though 98 per cent. of all actions brought are settled before they come to trial, yet, in 1859, there were 16 actions for seduction actually tried. That system can surely not be reprobated which takes from the fisher for souls the sweetest enticement with which he can bait his hook, the temptation to which, if any yield, it is those who are most near to virtue, and who would be most strong against all less honourable lures.

The second exceptional case is that of marriage by reputation, or, in Scottish language, 'habit and repute.' This is, indeed, truly a marriage by declaration, for it is founded on the statements and the acts of the parties which have led their neighbours for years, and without exception, to believe them husband and wife. The peculiarity in this case, then, rests in the fact that, when such a result has followed, the parties are not allowed to give proof that their statements were from the beginning false, and their conduct meant only to deceive. The law holds that this is a just and necessary restriction of the rule of consent; and as they have, in fact, been joined together, it forbids, in the interest of public morality and decency, that they should put each other away, by so simple a bill of divorcement as the assertion that they never meant to be joined. Here, also, none can have a doubt respecting their position in the eye of the law, save those who have, by a long dissimulation, drawn the doubt upon themselves. And, on this principle, the English law, in every case in which the question of a marriage is not directly in issue, permits it, however momentous the consequences, to be proved by reputation only. Such is the evidence given in tracing descent to the largest properties. It is only in trials for bigamy or divorce that stricter evidence is called for. The Scottish law, in like manner, does not, we believe, admit reputation as sufficient in a criminal case; but it is unquestionably wise in holding, in civil cases, that what the common sense of mankind accounts sufficient proof of marriage shall constitute a marriage in law, and that such a connection shall not, to the scandal of all who have so accepted it, be declared by the parties never to have been aught more than a convenient cloak to vice.

Having thus passed in review, so far as space permitted, the theoretical arguments and the experience of facts bearing on the policy of the marriage law which subsists in the two extremities of our island, we may now be permitted briefly to summarize the results of our investigation. We have seen that the principle of consent, independent of formal ceremony, was the original law of both countries, as it was that of all Europe, and as it seems to be, from the absence of any specific injunction of ceremony, that intended by the Divine Founder of the institution of marriage. We have seen, however, that the natural and commendable introduction of a religious ratification of so solemn an engagement, led, in both England and Scotland, to profane abuses; that these were eradicated in Scotland by rules, providing that, where religious sanction was at all invoked, it should be done in an orderly and decent manner; but that in England they were dealt with by enactments making the marriage itself void, save where a duly performed religious ceremony intervened. We have seen that in England advantage was taken of the opportunity to declare the marriages of minors void, when without parental consent; and the marriages of all others void when not preceded by due and formal publication of the intention. We have seen that these impediments, endured for three quarters of a century, were at last thrown off by the outraged moral sense of the nation; that now religious ceremony may be, and is as often dispensed with in England as in Scotland; that minors may evade parental control, and secret marriages may be contracted, with equal ease in the one country as the other; that on no defect of form does nullity follow, unless it be in an essential point, and the error had been known to both parties. But we have seen that, though the English system is thus reduced to little more than a rule affecting evidence, it is, as such, productive of the very evils it professes to remedy; that the question, how far a mistake in law, or deception known to both parties, is so essential as to avoid the marriage, is of constant recurrence; and that other questions of law, utterly beyond the foresight of the parties, are frequently arising to throw doubt upon the most solemn and deliberate unions. We have seen, on the other hand, that in Scotland no doubt can exist, save where essential dishonesty has existed; that the inquiry, where it does arise, is not into the correctness of forms, but into the reality of facts; and that where the fact is that a marriage, whether regularly or irregularly contracted, has been really in the view of the parties, there is no power left with either to evade

the obligation, nor any possibility of subsequent doubt emerging as to whether it was legally constituted. Finally, we have seen that, while in the majority of instances the English rules admit of doubts which could have no existence in Scotland, they gain any certainty which, in isolated cases, they can boast over those of the sister realm, by the process of declaring unquestionably adulterous, an intercourse which in Scotland might very possibly have been declared, on a consideration of the real meaning of the parties, and with regard to the principle that no one shall be allowed to take advantage of his own wrong, to have been truly and legally marriage.

A code so unsatisfactory, so unsettled, so fluctuating, and by every alteration coming so palpably nearer to their own system, is one which Scotsmen may be pardoned for declining further to consider, and which certainly they cannot be expected to recognise as the model to which their own should be conformed. They may be allowed to trust the unforced operation of public opinion to preserve, in the mass of cases, the observance of the simple and solemn ceremonial by which the contract in question is customarily evidenced; and to refuse to invoke, for the sake of exceptional cases, a statutory substitute for the law of nature and of Christianity, which brings such multiform evils in its train.

We now pass to the second branch of the subject under discussion,—the consideration of the rules by which the laws of England and Scotland are guided in the unhappy cases in which a dissolution of the marriage contract is sought. But on this head there is less scope for debate,—for the simple reason that in the main principles these rules are now become identical, and all that remains is the adjustment of certain details, and the ascertainment of the respective limits of jurisdiction of the courts of the two countries in granting such relief. But though the legal conflict of half a century has thus been set almost at rest, and the ingenuity of argument and wealth of learning, which on both sides have been piled upon the question, will crumble into oblivion, we may, for the better understanding of the points still in dispute, cast a rapid glance over the history of the principles involved.

The modern law of divorce in Scotland appears to have sprung from the instinctive sense of the nation, when, after the Reformation, it turned to the Scriptures to look for the real foundation of doctrines which, till then, had rested on the authority of the Catholic Church. The principle was then established, that divorce is permissible in two cases: the one the express exception to the

indissolubility of marriage admitted by the Saviour,—the case of adultery; the other the rational and implied exception extended to one of the parties, who has been virtually put away by the desertion of the other. The needful period of desertion to found the legal remedy was fixed at four years; and it was required that it should be ascertained by contempt of an order of a civil and ecclesiastical court, ordering the party in fault to return. In both cases a perfect parity of right to the remedy was given to the two sexes. In England, on the other hand, the Reformation brought about no change in the legal theory of the marriage bond, although the rite itself ceased to be a sacrament of the Church. No circumstances were held to justify a civil or ecclesiastical court in dissolving wedlock. The only remedy was an Act of Parliament; and it was granted only for adultery, and, as a rule, only for the wife's delinquency. As if the object were to make the remedy rare by its expense, an indispensable preliminary to the introduction of the bill was, that the husband should not only have obtained a decree of separation, which the ecclesiastical court was entitled to grant, but should have sued the paramour civilly for damages. Thus the facts of the case were to be proved three times over; for none of these preceding judgments was sufficient to relieve the Peers from taking proof again. This state of things continued till 1857, when, after violent opposition, a bill was carried establishing a Court for Divorce, under the direction of the judges of the Common Law. The right to obtain divorce from this tribunal was given to every husband whose wife should commit adultery; but to wives only when to the like offence their husbands might add the aggravations of cruelty, of desertion for two years, of bigamy, or of some other crimes. Simple desertion, however, is not a ground for granting divorce to either spouse.

Now, though there seems to be a material falling short in these rules from the breadth of the Scottish principles, it will appear, on a moment's consideration, that it is greater in statement than in substance; and that the divergence in the abstract rights is consistent with a close approximation in the practical results. For it may be taken as tolerably certain, that the cases in which desertion alone takes place, without any antecedent or consequent adultery, are a very small percentage of the whole; and that, therefore, the granting of divorce to either party, on proof of desertion *with* adultery, falls little short of granting it *without* proof of the additional fact. So, though in Scotland a married woman may divorce her husband for a single act of infidelity, it is very certain

that few women proceed to such an extremity unless they have suffered under some of the aggravations which in England would give them an equal right to redress. The fact, then, being, that there is so little real difference in the practical operation of the law, the question suggests itself, why there should be a necessity for resorting to one court rather than the other, and why one part of the kingdom should refuse to recognise as effectual what has been done in accordance with its own principles in another part.

This question carries us back again to the traditions of the old law. In the days when marriage was indissoluble in England, English judges refused to recognise a divorce obtained in Scotland of an English marriage; and in the famous case of Lolley, they punished, as guilty of bigamy, an Englishman who, after being divorced by his wife in Scotland, had thought himself at liberty to marry again in his native country. Into the legal discussions to which this judgment gave rise, we have no intention of dragging our readers; they will, if they choose, find them commented on, with much sound reasoning and good law, by Mr. Fraser. It is sufficient here to say, that the courts of both countries have gone on in their own way: those of Scotland divorcing not only Scotsmen but Englishmen, whenever they happened, after a residence of forty days within the northern jurisdiction, to give or find cause for divorce; and those of England declaring that, south of the Tweed, these sentences were mere waste paper. Gradually, however, the latter began to have doubts of their own doctrine. They had all along agreed that they would recognise a Scottish divorce of Scottish persons married in Scotland; they advanced so far as to admit such a divorce, and even though the marriage had been solemnized on their side of the border; then they expressed themselves willing that, if an Englishman settled permanently in Scotland, his divorce there should stand good in England; and at last they came to hesitate whether a tolerably prolonged residence in Scotland might not be permitted to be equivalent to a permanent settlement. But in spite of this tendency to convergence, there still remains a large class of cases in which persons divorced in the north are to this day held married in the south,—in which second marriages, valid in the north, are held bigamy in the south,—in which children, legitimate in the north, are branded as bastards in the south.

Such a state of the law in countries so situated, and whose inhabitants are at one in the leading principles which they desire to see established, is an inexcusable disgrace to the lawyers by whom the conflict is perpetu-

ated. As the courts would not yield, Parliament was last year applied to with a view to compromise the strife. A bill, with a prodigiously long 'Short Title,' of which 'Husband and Wife' were the distinguishing words, was introduced by the Lord Advocate in the House of Commons. It proposed that the Scottish Court should renounce its pretensions to grant divorce for adultery in all but two cases—1st, When the husband was by domicile a Scotsman; and 2d, When, though of another country, the adultery had been committed in Scotland, and the party sued had been personally cited in Scotland. Within this restricted jurisdiction, the sentences of the Scottish Court were to be held good in England. But the bill never came to the stage of discussion in the House of Commons; and after long delay, it was, for technical reasons, withdrawn from the House of Commons, and introduced, under the altered title of the 'Conjugal Rights Bill,' in the House of Lords. Here it was under the charge of the late Lord Chancellor; and his Lordship made it an indispensable condition of his support, that the jurisdiction of the Scottish Courts should be cut down to only the first of the two cases above mentioned. To this alteration the Faculty of Advocates in Scotland vehemently objected; and the Commons supported them, by striking the disputed clauses out of the measure, so as to leave the law on the subject unchanged, and open for future discussion. But Lord Campbell was so bent on having the question settled in his own way, that, rather than pass the bill, deficient in his favourite clauses, though it contained many other wholly distinct and valuable amendments in the law of Scotland, he threw it out altogether. In the beginning of the present session, he obtained a Committee of the House of Peers to consider the question; but it had sat only twice before his death, and there is little probability of its furnishing a groundwork for legislation ere the close of another session.

But though the Chancellor has passed away, the opinions of so eminent a lawyer cannot be altogether unfruitful; and they deserve at least respectful consideration at our hands. It has been seen that, with the love of a law reformer for seeming simplicity, he desired to confine the jurisdiction of the Scottish (and, by inference, of the English) Courts to the case of parties whose domicile was subject to them. And here, therefore, it is necessary that we should try to explain to our readers what domicile is. If we do not quite succeed in making it clear, we must beg them to remember, that the difficulty of understanding what domicile is, has never yet been surmounted by the most eminent jurisconsults.

According to the original and most celebrated definition of a man's domicile, it is the place 'ubi quis larem ac fortunarum suarum summam constituit, unde rursus non sit discessurus si nihil avocet, unde cum profectus est peregrinari videtur, quod si rediit peregrinari jam destitit.' The simplest and best translation of which is contained in the single word 'home.' But home is not quite domicile; for men in India call this country home; and yet, if they were in the old Company's service, India was their legal domicile, though, if they were in the Queen's service, India was not their domicile. But if a servant of the Company returned to England, he acquired an English domicile from the moment of landing, though, if he died on the voyage, his domicile was not in mid-ocean, but in India, which he had left, with no intention of ever returning. For domicile rests on two things—intention and act. The intention must be to reside a considerable time—the best part of one's life, for instance—in a given place, but not necessarily the whole of one's life; for the intention of some time or other going to a different place would not prevent the first from becoming the present domicile. Moreover, there is a presumption in favour of the country of one's birth, which in doubtful cases may incline the scale, or may make cases doubtful which otherwise would not be so. But intention must be supported by actual residence; and what length of actual residence is required is quite as undetermined as what fixity of intention is. Altogether, it will be seen that 'domicile' is as pretty a nut to crack as any lawyer need wish for; and the most expensive and interminable suits in our courts, are those in which the contention turns upon domicile. Evidence may have to be sought in the remotest parts of the globe—the minutest circumstances of biography are collected—there are precedents to support every possible view; and it is a toss-up which way any judge will decide the case, for the whole question is matter of opinion merely.

Such questions have hitherto been almost confined to suits regarding the succession to personal estate, the law declaring that this is to be regulated according to the rules of the domicile of the deceased. So burdensome, however, has its determination become, that two bills have this year been introduced in Parliament—one by Lord Kingsdown, the other by the present Lord Chancellor—for obviating the necessity of entering into such inquiries. But such are the questions which, if Lord Campbell's ideas of law reform in divorce were to be carried into effect, would have to be opened up in the Divorce Courts, and in very many cases to be decided, ere the

real matter of the suit came to be considered.

And this would take place under a double difficulty. For, in the first place, the rule of law is, that a married woman cannot, under any circumstances, have a different domicile from that of her husband. In the second place, the inquiry would be made during the lifetime of the party interested, who has it in his power, by a judicious declaration of intention, coupled with some temporary corresponding act, to make his domicile where he will. There are thousands of Englishmen and Scotsmen, who at this moment do not know, and whom no lawyer can inform, where their domicile is. Lord Campbell himself, a few months before his death, confessed in the House of Lords that such was his own position. But nothing is easier than for a man, with a purpose in view, to create a domicile for himself. The most honest cases, therefore, would be the most inextricable; while in every case in which the husband, sued by his wife, chose to create a dishonest domicile, for the purpose of defeating her claim, she would find herself barred of redress. She might follow him from court to court, from country to country; in each she would be met by unanswerable evidence, that wherever his and her domicile might be, it was at least not there. Such a doctrine would be a most effectual repeal of the law which gives to an injured wife the right to sue for a dissolution of the marriage.

It is plain that we must refuse to admit a principle so absurd and unjust, whatever the weight of authority by which it is recommended. But, in truth, Lord Campbell's theory on this head has been overturned, even by the English court. At the institution of the Divorce Court, its jurisdiction was understood to be, by the principles of the common law of England, confined to cases in which the domicile of the husband lay within English territory. Its decisions were for some time in accordance with the supposed rule. It rejected prayers for relief, where the domicile seemed not English. But at length the injustice of the rule became so palpable, that the court contrived fictions by which to evade it. In order to support the case of an injured wife, deserted by her husband, who had settled in America, and therefore was domiciled there, it invented the theory, that its jurisdiction depended on allegiance due to the British Crown, which no Englishman can ever throw off. But it has now passed beyond the stage in which justice is done by fictions, and has in several late cases done justice simply because it was justice, heedless whether the parties were by domicile amenable to its decrees or not.

We may therefore assume with some confidence, that when the matter next comes before the Legislature, the views of the late Lord Chancellor (which, indeed, it is understood he had before his death seen occasion to modify) will not prevail. But while we reject these, it is no easy matter to decide what ought to be the true criterion of a title to be relieved by the courts of either country. Perhaps we may best succeed if, along with the theory of domicile, we throw away some of the other refinements which lawyers have introduced into the system, and regard the whole question of jurisdiction as open to be remodelled in accordance with the suggestions of common sense and the requirements of modern civilisation. We shall devote the few remaining pages of this article to an endeavour to place some of the most obvious of these before our readers.

In the first place, it is clearly monstrous that, in this matter of divorce, persons dwelling within the seas of our island should stand in the relation of foreigners to each other. We do not so in the matter of marriage: that contract, with whatever maimed rites celebrated, is good over the whole empire, if good in one place. The case of divorce is stronger; for, conducted before courts of justice, it must be free from most of the suspicions of fraud or error to which a contract effected by unknown laws may be open. There should, therefore, be at least no denial of justice to the British suitor in the courts of either country, on the pretence that, being an inhabitant of the other end of the island, he is here a foreigner. There should, as to divorce, be but one domicile for all our fellow-citizens, born or naturalized British subjects; and none of the Queen's courts should be closed to an injured wife on the ground that her husband has abandoned her and fixed his residence abroad.

This principle is perfectly consistent with the rule, that if the matter to be inquired into has occurred nearer to the seat of another competent court, the case should be transferred to it by the court to which resort is first had. This is, in fact, an application to modern circumstances of the doctrine by which the Scottish courts may best support their claim to jurisdiction *ratione delicti*; and it is an adaptation of the principle, familiar to English lawyers, of laying the venue of a local action in the county to which it belongs. There is an evident advantage in a cause being tried in the neighbourhood of the event to which it relates; and the advantage is enhanced when, as in divorce, the good faith of the parties must be investigated, and any risk of collusion or suppression of facts guarded against.

In the case of actual foreigners, the princi-

ple of the jurisdiction *ratione delicti* seems the most convenient for our adoption. The question of their real domicile must be carefully avoided, for the reasons already stated. But it would not do to refuse redress to foreigners residing in this country, merely because they were not British subjects. Such a course would be unjust to those who reside with some degree of permanency among us, and it would breed scandals to which society ought not to be exposed. The simplest course is to grant them divorce, if they shall seek it for a sufficient cause arising in this country—guarding ourselves duly against collusion, and indifferent whether the nations to which they may belong, shall recognise or not the judgments of our courts in the matter.

In the second place, though we may be unable at present to make the divorce law, in all parts of Her Majesty's dominions, perfectly uniform, there is no good reason why, where it is identical, it should not be treated as such. A man may divorce his wife in Scotland for adultery, so he can also in England; why, then, should not a Scottish decree, proceeding on such grounds, be accepted as good in the English court, and *vice versa*? No objection arises to this course from the circumstance, that a wife can in Scotland divorce her husband for adultery, simply, while she cannot do so in England. In such a case, the English court would not accept the decree, and matters would stand as they are now. But we may at least amend such matters as can be amended; and we should advance a long way in the road towards improvement, if we were not to suffer surviving discrepancies to prevent an acknowledgment of identity where it exists. Nothing would be easier than to draw a schedule of forms of decrees, setting forth the essential causes of the suit, the matters proved, and the decision given; and in cases in which all these particulars would have been to exactly the same effect in a different court, the judgment ought to be at once registered in that court as being valid, equally as if made by itself.

The benefit of this rule would be greatly extended if provision were to be made for permitting the proof in the courts of Scotland of matters not essential to the decision there, but which would be required to warrant the decision in England. Thus, an Englishwoman, suing her husband in Scotland for divorce, in respect to adultery, might be permitted to add to the record an allegation that he had also been guilty of cruelty, of desertion, or some other aggravation essential to her success in a like suit in England. On this being proved, and so entered in the decree, the English court might be required to

register it as one of its own judgments. If such an allegation were not so proved and certified, of course the decree would be valid in Scotland only, as it is under the existing rule. The adoption of this suggestion is much facilitated by the fact, that the law of England and Scotland, in regard to these aggravations, is almost identical.

No doubt there are, in certain matters by which such decrees would be influenced, some still remaining discrepancies. There are variations in the rules of evidence, to one of which we have already adverted. In some respects the one law is a little stricter, in others a little laxer, than the other. The witnesses are excluded from the court, except when under actual examination, in Scotland; they may generally be present the whole time in England. Hearsay evidence of deceased persons is admitted in Scotland; it is rigorously forbidden in England. So, too, the course in England is to refer all questions of fact to the decision of a jury, while in Scotland they are more commonly ascertained by the judge alone. Yet no one can doubt that these differences of procedure do not, on the whole, sensibly affect the administration of substantial justice in both countries alike. Each might with advantage borrow something from the other; but in each, even now, truth prevails, despite any slight obstacles of form. No Englishman is deterred from bringing a civil suit in Scotland by fear that a good case will be lost through the peculiarities of procedure of the Courts of Session. No Scotsman is driven from resorting to the Queen's Bench in his need, by apprehension of the result of the English rules of evidence being applied to his claim. It is then, for the public to say, whether it will allow differences of form to be made of real importance, by being made a hindrance to the reciprocal recognition of judgments which, in essentials, rest on identical principles. It lies with the public whether lawyers shall still wrangle over precedence of technicalities, while maintaining the scandalous injustice of marriage in one district being adultery in another; or, taking the matter out of their hands, whether it shall be declared that, pending the adjustment of the rival pretensions in every point, those matters in which we are substantially at one shall be treated on the footing that we are one people, subject to one law.

Of these technicalities as applicable to the question of the jurisdiction of courts in divorce, Scotland has at present the largest number to surrender. But in this sacrifice she need feel no shame. Her nice distinctions were introduced for the purpose of justifying the administration of the laws in the face of a narrow and bitterly hostile criticism.

That criticism has now been withdrawn, and the English Court of Divorce has taken a sudden leap in advance, in the assertion of the true principles on which jurisdiction should rest. Scotland may gladly embrace the occasion to work herself free of the trammels of her own ingenuity. Her general law has enjoyed the inestimable advantage of having been, for a hundred years, regulated in the last resort by a court which, unbiassed by her precedents, fictions, and theories, has had to fall back on the principles of common sense and palpable equity for a guide to its decisions. Schooled by such tuition, she may readily and gracefully recognise the advent of a similar spirit in an English court, and join Sir Cresswell Cresswell in his efforts to open the halls of justice to all the Queen's subjects, regardless of the puerile distinctions which would still keep our brethren as strangers and foreigners.

The principles which we have thus ventured to advocate as leading in the case of divorce to a judicious improvement in the law, and in the case of marriage to a maintenance of the Scottish freedom from statutory interference, are, in fact, those by which the most beneficial of our recent legislation has been inspired. The last century was the epoch which saw the triumph of the most pernicious of legislative theories,—the idea that a word should be made to meet every case. It was, indeed, a natural, and at the time almost an excusable notion. The simplicity of early statutes, of which such admirable examples are to be found in the books of both England and Scotland, seemed to throw a dangerous power into the hands of judges not yet fully subject to the power of public opinion. Sensible of the jealousy with which they were regarded, the judges interpreted the law with timidity, and failed to extend it to the new circumstances which national progress was every day bringing into operation. Hence arose in the Legislature a tendency to attempt to provide for every conceivable case; and by consequence a rule, that what was not provided for by Act of Parliament could not be touched by a court of justice. But in more recent times a better system has been gaining ground. Parliament has discovered that its wisdom is not omniscient, and that it is better to lay down general principles than to enact precise rules. It has in more than one case directed judges to enlarge their minds to the recognition of truth and justice, rather than mere form. In this the judges, aided by the enlightenment of the public and the counsels of the press, have responded to the requirements of the time. There is room, indeed, for further advance. Justice is not yet freed from the shackles of superfluous

technicality; but we have entered on the right path, and our steps are sure, though slow. And in nothing is the importance of such principles greater than in the subjects we have been discussing. In the matter of marriage, to arrive at the true meaning of the parties; in the matter of divorce, to grant the miserable remedy in accordance with substantial justice, are more important objects than they are in any other questions that can come before our courts. For they concern the soul yet more than the body; they involve family peace and domestic honour, rather than pecuniary results; they mould the character, and are inscribed in the history of the nation. Here, if anywhere, we are bound to throw aside prejudice, and to search humbly and candidly for the right course. And here, above all, we are bound to renounce the pride of human theories, and to submit ourselves to the law of God, whether we find it written in His Word, or taught by the consequences of our own human error.

ART. IX.—*Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa; with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chace of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals* By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. With Maps and Illustrations. Pp. 490. London: Murray. 1861.

WHEN the earth was started in its cosmical path, and subjected to the tremendous forces which it imprisoned, it must have been the design of its Architect to perfect it as the residence of life, as a creation displaying in all its regions, His power, and wisdom, and beneficence. When, as a terraqueous globe, it was placed under the dominion of man, with the tools of civilisation within his reach—the coal, the iron, and the gold—it became his privilege to occupy it in all its extent, to diffuse the lessons of conscience and revelation, and to people its continents and islands with a race cognisant of its origin, and alive to its obligations.

If we look at our planet with an intelligent eye, how grand and beautiful is the physical aspect of nature,—how appalling in its moral and political phase! On the outskirts of the Arctic and Antarctic zones are seen some stable governments, where law and justice hold their courts, and tranquillity and contentment reign. Everywhere else is tyranny and misrule, idolatry and superstition, wars of conquest and extermination; and even in

the more prominent regions of civilisation, where human sympathies are felt and religious truth accepted, ambitious potentates are forging the weapons of destruction, and girding themselves for unholy wars.

Among these benighted regions Africa stands on the foreground in prominent relief,—a mighty continent, from whose lengthened seaboard the conqueror, the trader, and the missionary have made but slight advances, and from whose interior the traveller brings tidings only of cruelty and crime. Cannibals and slave-dealers occupy the oases of her deserts and the pastures of her valleys; and mushroom kings barter their living captives for gold, and feast on the human carcases which they cannot sell.

Into various portions of this unhappy land the colonists of civilised nations—English, French, Flemish, Portuguese, and Spanish—have introduced the arts of peace; and races subjugated by the sword have made some advances from barbarism, and obtained some knowledge of religious truth. Travellers in our own day have added, and are at this moment adding, greatly to our knowledge of Africa. Denham and Clapperton, in 1822, crossed the great desert of Sahara to its southern limit; while Daunas and Carotte have recently explored it under more favourable circumstances, and throughout a wider range. The great discoveries of Livingstone, in his journey across the continent, from Loando to Quillemane, have made us acquainted with the interesting regions watered by the Zambesi and its numerous tributaries; while the travels and discoveries of Dr. Barth, under the auspices of the British Government, have extended over a large portion of Northern and Central Africa. The explorations of the missionaries Krapf* and Rebmann, and of Captain Speke and Captain Burton from Zanzibar, on the eastern coast, have made known to us the interior ranges of lofty mountains, and lakes of enormous extent, which have been regarded as the feeders of the Nile; while Mr. Petherick, the British consul for the Soudan, has penetrated along two distant meridians to the very equator itself.

Notwithstanding these extensive explorations, which cover a considerable portion of the most recent maps of Africa, it has been computed, that of this continent, equal to one-fifth of the whole land of the globe, nearly *one-third* is wholly unknown; and another *third* so imperfectly explored, that it is marked only by the narrow line of the traveller or the caravan. The largest unex-

* An account of Krapf's discoveries in Eastern Africa will be found in this Journal, vol. xxxiii.

plored parts of this wilderness of sand is the great Equatorial Belt, forming a parallelogram contained between the meridians of 10° and 30° of east long., and circles of latitude 10° on each side of the equator; and it was with no slight interest that the public learnt that a traveller had arrived in London, who, unsupported by Government patronage, and without the assistance of any geographical association, had advanced into unexplored regions along the equator, and brought home new species of birds and beasts, and startling intelligence of cannibal races and gigantic gorillas.

M. Du Chaillu, the adventurous traveller to whom we refer, is a Frenchman by birth, who seems to have visited in 1852 that part of the African coast where the Gaboon river, taking its rise among the Sierra del Crystal Mountains, throws its sluggish waters into the Atlantic a few miles north of the equator. In 1842, the French formed a settlement and built a fort on the right bank of the bay formed by the mouth of the river; and it was under the protection of this fort that M. du Chaillu's father carried on for several years, through agents, a trade with the natives. Although, during the first four years of his residence, M. du Chaillu was principally occupied with commercial pursuits, conjointly with his father, yet he made some excursions into the interior; and one of these in the company of the Rev. James Mackay, an American missionary, during which he laid the foundation of his collections of natural history, which have been dispersed through various museums in America and Europe. During this long residence in a most insalubrious locality, he was acclimating himself for more extensive explorations, and obtaining such a knowledge of the language and habits of the sea-shore tribes as might qualify him for holding conversation with the tribes of the interior, 'if not by word of mouth, at least by a native interpreter, with whose language he was familiar.'

Having left America in October 1853, he reached Africa in December; and we find him in January 1856 residing with an American missionary at Baraka,* eight miles from the mouth of the river, in order to acclimate himself more thoroughly for his future explorations. From this station he makes short trips about the Gaboon, the scene of his former excursions, re-studying the language, habits, and customs of the Mpongwe tribe, who inhabit chiefly the right bank of the Gaboon. For about 30 miles up the river, the Mpong-

we are a branch of one of the great families of the negro race. Their villages generally consist of a main street, 60 feet wide and 600 long. Their bamboo quadrangular houses are 'from 20 to 100 feet in length or breadth,' and they are often 'adorned with looking-glasses, chairs, tables, and sofas, and very frequently a Yankee clock.' The people are very good-looking, and have a passion for trade, which is carried on in slaves, ebony, ivory, and barwood which yields a dark red dye. They practise polygamy and believe in witchcraft; and after they have chosen a king they collect round him in a mob, heap upon him the coarsest abuse, spit in his face, beat him with their fists, kick him, throw at him disgusting objects, and load with curses his father, mother, and all his relatives and ancestors. They then crown him with a silk hat, dress him in a red gown, and show him every mark of respect.

After remaining two months at the Gaboon, M. Du Chaillu started for Cape Lopez, where he was anxious to see the barracoon of the slave-drivers, and hunt the buffalo in the interior. Here there are two slave factories. The Portuguese barracoon, or slave-pens, is an immense enclosure, with pointed palisades 12 feet high. The male slaves were fastened six together by a little stout chain, which passed through a collar round the neck of each. They repose under sheds built about the yard, with buckets of water near them. In another yard are the women and children, who are allowed to go about without manacles. Many of the slaves were quite merry and contented; but others, of a less cheerful disposition, looked with horror to the future, believing that the whites buy them for food. This appears to them to be the only use to which they can be put; and in the interior, wherever the slave trade is known, it is believed 'that the white men beyond the sea are great cannibals, who have to import blacks for the market.' When M. Du Chaillu paid his first visit to a chief in the interior, he ordered a slave to be killed for his dinner; and it was difficult to convince him that in the traveller's own country they did not live on human flesh. At the other slave factory a boy of 14 was brought in for sale, and was purchased for a 20 gallon cask of rum, a few fathoms of cloth, and a quantity of beads. Two young women were each sold for a gun, a neptune (a flat disc of copper), 2 cutlasses, 2 looking glasses, 30 fathoms of cloth, 2 iron bars, 2 files, 2 plates, 2 bolts, a keg of powder, some beads, and a small lot of tobacco. A slave schooner now appeared in the offing, and 600 slaves, chained in gangs of 14, issued from the factories, and were hurried on board in canoes through a

* The head station of the American board of Foreign Missions in the Gaboon, established in 1842.

rough sea, anticipating with horror the cannibalism of the white men, with which their imaginations had been alarmed.

If any account of the treatment of the living slave is sufficient to convey an idea of the horrors of the nefarious traffic, the description of the treatment of the slave when dead, and no longer useful to his master, is still more appalling. While at the village of Sangatanga, our traveller saw a procession of two gangs of six slaves each, chained about the neck, carrying between them the corpse of another slave, which they threw down on the barracoons burying-ground, a prey to the vultures, who were seen darkening the air above, and were soon after heard fighting over the human remains. As M. du Chaillu walked towards the corpse he stepped into a skeleton, which had been picked clean by the vultures and ants, and bleached by the rains. A thousand such skeletons were lying within his sight in this otherwise beautiful grove of dark foliaged trees. Advancing a little further, he found that the dead slaves had been thrown above one another, 'till even the mouldering bones remained in high piles as monuments of the nefarious traffic.'

After visiting the barracoons, our author set out for the interior on the 23d May 1856, with the view of meeting the Nazareth River, about 100 miles to the east. King Bango gave him twenty-five men, some of them skilful hunters, to carry his baggage and assist him in the chase. At the village of Ngola, 50 miles east of Sangatanga, their approach was heralded by screaming women and terrified children, who believed that the sight of a white man would kill them.* The king of the Shekiana tribe, Njambai, however, a vassal of king Bango, received him courteously, gave him a neat house to live in, fed him on boiled chickens and roast monkey, and placed all the women of the village at his command,—a privilege which he of course respectfully declined. During his journey of a month's duration, our traveller penetrated, on different occasions, as far as 20 miles to the east of Ngola. He obtained a new and beautiful specimen of the Guinea fowl, the

Numida plumifera, a curious black monkey, the *Colobus Satanas*, and a black wild-fowl, the *Phasidus Niger*; and he was present at the hunt of a solitary bull elephant, with whose vast bulk, as the 'giant of the forests,' he was so much struck, that he 'felt a senso of pity at destroying so great a life.' He was spared, however, the agony which he anticipated; for the huge beast became the prize of one of his companions. On the 16th and 17th, our huntsmen met with a herd of 25 buffalos (*Bos Brachicheros*), of which they shot two fine specimens, a bull and a cow. This animal, which he considers to be a new and undescribed species, is a fierce and strong beast, which, 'if only wounded, attacks the hunter with headlong fury.' Its proportions are fine and graceful, and give the idea of a 'mixture between the antelope and the common cow.' The ears of the animal are long and pointed, and fringed with silky hair several inches long; and the horns, which are 10 or 12 inches in length, are thrown backward in a graceful curve.

Returning to Sangatanga on the 22d, he reached king Bango's palace on the following day; and having arranged matters with his negro companions, and pacified the king, who had charged him with having bewitched him, he went with a party of 40 men to visit Fetich Point, the Fetich River, and the end of Cape Lopez, where their principal amusement was to catch quantities of fish, turn turtles, and shoot a leopard, the skin of which, beautifully shaded and spotted, was carefully preserved.

Near Fetich Point, to the east of Cape Lopez Bay, our author visited the Oroungou burying-ground, occupying on the seashore a grove of noble trees, many of which were magnificent in size and shape. The Oroungou dead are not laid below the surface. They lie about beneath the trees in huge wooden coffins, some of which were falling to pieces, and disclosing a grinning skeleton within. Others contained skeletons already without covers, which were lying in dust beside them. Everywhere were bleached bones and mouldering remains; and it was 'curious to observe the brass anklets and bracelets,' in which some Oroungou maiden had been buried, still surrounding her whitened bones, and to see the remains of goods which had been laid in the same coffin with some wealthy fellow, now mouldering to dust at his side.' Farther on he came to the grave of old king Passal, whose coffin lay on the ground, surrounded with great chests filled with his property, on the top of which were piled huge earthenware jugs, glasses, plates, iron pots and bars, brass and copper rings, and other precious articles, which he had

* M. Du Chaillu here adds, that 'the men did not seem to be afraid, as my cannibal friends were.' At this time he had seen no cannibals,—an inconsistency arising from his introducing the account of his visit to Cape Lopez after his visit to the Fan cannibals, whereas it was performed before. The want of dates in these journeys is very perplexing to the reader who desires to follow him chronologically. On the 7th of January 1856, when describing an elephant hunt, he says he had seen the elephant in the wild hunt among his friends the Fans, although at this time (the 6th of January 1856) he had never been among the Fans. An explanation of these anachronisms will be found at the close of our article.

determined to carry to the grave with him. Around these royal chaplets lay the skeletons of the hundred poor slaves who were killed when the king died, in order that his majesty might be suitably attended on his entrance into the other world.

The only other object of interest met with here, was the turning of turtles, as practised by the negroes. Early in the morning, these animals come upon the beach to lay their eggs in the sand, to be hatched by the sun. The negroes, in parties, lie in wait for them, and often turn twenty in a morning. Two or three men rush upon an unwieldy turtle, and roll it over on its back with a single jerk, and it lies there vainly struggling to recover its legs, until the turning is finished, when all hands begin to kill and clean them.

Having finished this trip to Cape Lopez, our traveller returned to the Gaboon, 'to rest and regain health and strength,' and 'to lay in such supplies of goods as he needed,' for an exploration of the River Muni, or Danger, which falls into the sea in 1° of north latitude. Leaving the Gaboon, he set sail for Corisco, an island situated in a bay of the same name, where he was to get canoes to ascend the Muni. This island, about 12 miles from the mainland of Cape John, is 12 miles in circumference. It has hills, and valleys, and forests, and prairies, with shores sometimes rocky and steep, and flat sandy 'beaches backed by lovely palms, among which the little native villages are clustered, with their plantations of plantain, manioc, pea-nuts, and corn, showing through the palm groves.' Great quantities of fish are caught by the natives, and at certain seasons turtles are 'turned' in considerable numbers. 'Corisco,' says Du Chaillu, 'is a little world, and a very lovely little world.' It contains about 1000 souls, scattered all over the island. They are a peaceable, hospitable people, and are fond of white men, particularly of the missionaries who have settled among them. About ten years ago, the American Presbyterian Board of Missions sent out some missionaries; and it is delightful to learn that they have almost entirely changed the character of the natives, 'who are no longer so quarrelsome, and have lost that reputation for ferocity on which they formerly prided themselves.' The missionary stations on the island are three in number, with a school at each station. There are 100 weekly scholars, 125 Sunday scholars, and 75 church members, some of the scholars being from tribes on the mainland. 'Many of the children are growing up in Christian habits of life; and it is not too much to hope, that the next generation will live a different life from the poor heathen and ignorant existence of their fathers.'

After witnessing 'a singular funeral ceremony, akin to the "waking" of the body,' in which the corpse is seated in full dress in a chair, and the loss bewailed by the relatives, our traveller embarked in a canoe, accompanied by its owner Mbango, a Corisco chief, with twelve black fellows, each carrying a gun, to explore the Muni to its head waters, to cross the Sierra del Crystal, visit its cannibal tribes, and look after the River Congo. They had passed in rapid succession the islets in Corisco Bay,—the Leval, Banian, and Big and Little Alobi,—and were in high spirits, when a commercial incident occurred, which our author denominates a new way of paying old debts. Mbango was a trader, and had debts due to him. A large boat, belonging to one of his debtors, is approaching the canoe. The parties recognise each other. The debtor puts about, and paddles off in haste. Mbango hotly pursues his debtor, and, upon overtaking him, a desperate hand to hand fight takes place, in which the debtor escapes. Mbango again comes up to him, and, in the *mêlée* which ensues, the debtor with his crew plunge into the water, and all escape, except two men and a woman, who are taken prisoners.

After a voyage of 17 miles from the mouth of the Muni, the explorers reached a beautiful little island, formed by the junction of the Ntongo with the Muni, the former of which has a course of about 40 miles, rising in one of the spurs of the Sierra del Crystal. Some miles above the mouth of the Ntongo, the Ndina, a swampy creek, empties itself into the Muni; and it was up this creek that our party went in search of the Mbousha tribe. Upwards of 12 miles from its junction, they reached, in the evening, the village of huts which acknowledged Dayoko. The news of their approach awakened the village. The men came down with their muskets, fearing a visit of their enemies. 'These people are constantly quarrelling, and scarce ever sleep without fearing a hostile incursion. The treacherous enemy comes down upon a sleeping village, and shoots the unsuspecting inhabitants through the chinks in their bamboo houses, then escapes under cover of the darkness. This is the style of warfare over all this part of Central Africa, except among some of the coast tribes, who have gained, in manliness at least, by contact with the whites.'

Having propitiated Dayoko with an old dress coat, it was arranged that he and two of his sons, with several men to carry Du Chaillu's chests and guns, should conduct him to Mbene, the Mbondemo chief, who was to take him into the heart of the Sierra del Crystal. Returning to the Muni, they as-

cended the Ntambounay, which was E.S.E. for 20 miles, and its width everywhere 200 yards. Escaping, by the help of some presents, from the cupidity of a Shekiani village, they turned into the small River Noonday, abounding in fish, and obstructed to such a degree by the aloe jungle and fallen trees, that they were obliged to carry their canoe. After encountering many difficulties, they reached Mbene's encampment, and were received with the most vociferous welcome by the chief and his people, who had seen Du Chaillu some years before, when he explored this region in company with the Rev. Mr. Mackey.

Our traveller had now reached within 10 or 15 miles of the hills, and saw two ranges of the Sierra,—the lower 500 or 600 feet high, and the more remote and higher one from 2000 to 3000 feet; and beyond these were the cannibal Fans and the country of the dreaded gorilla, to which Mbene and his brother Ncomo had arranged to accompany him. The Mbondemo tribe, whose hospitality was now extended to our author, seems to be in the lowest state of barbarism. Women are regarded merely as a piece of merchandise. They are here the providers of food and the beasts of burden. The African on the coast barter the virtue of his nearest female relatives, and yet adultery with a black man is punished by fine among all the tribes, a law which has singular results.

'Husband and wife combine to rob some fellow, with whom the woman pretends to carry on an intrigue, making sure of being discovered by the husband, who thereupon obtains a recompense sufficient to heal his wounded honour, and upon which he and his wife and accomplice are able to live for some time.'

One of the modes of gaining power and securing friends is founded upon their system of intermarriages; but they have another more singular method of securing allies. When two tribes are anxious to go to war,

'The weakest sends one of its men secretly to kill a man or woman of some village living near, but having no share in the quarrel. The consequence is *not*, as would seem most reasonable, that this last village takes its revenge on the murderer; but, strangely enough, that the murderous people give them to understand that this is done because another tribe has insulted them; whereupon, according to African custom, the two villages join, and together march upon the enemy.'

On the 24th of August, Du Chaillu set out for the Sierra, accompanied by Mbene, his two sons, a young man, and half a dozen stout women, to carry the heavy chests and other luggage. They ascended the first

range of granite hills, 600 feet high, with a table-land three miles long, strewed with huge quartz and granite boulders. Beyond this table-land they came to a steeper and higher range of the Sierra, and passing through a densely wooded country, without the sound of bird or beast, they reached the head waters of the Ntambounay, an immense mountain torrent dashing down a steep declivity for nearly a mile before them, 'like a vast seething billowy sea.' A little farther on, from an elevation of about 5000 feet, they commanded a most interesting view, including the blue tops of the farthest range of the Sierra, 'the goal of M. du Chaillu's desires.' Here they found fresh tracks of a party of gorillas, 'an animal scarcely known to the civilised world, and which no white man before had hunted. The male gorilla is literally the king of the African forest, he and the crested lion of Mount Atlas being the two fiercest and strongest beasts of this continent.' Following their tracks, our hunters approached their prey. The watchful animals no sooner descried them, than Du Chaillu 'was startled by a strange, discordant, half human, devilish cry. I beheld four young gorillas escaping after a few shots into the forest.'

'I protest,' says he, 'I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas this first time. As they rear on their hind legs, they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these wild men of the woods.'

A belief prevails among the natives, that women have been carried off and ill-treated by the gorillas; and they believe that there is a species of gigantic gorilla which is inhabited by the spirits of certain departed negroes, and that these gorillas can neither be caught nor killed.

At the distance of about 150 miles from the coast our party found themselves surrounded by Fan villages, and soon became acquainted with this singular tribe. Though at first terrified at the sight of the white man, crowds of Fans soon came to see him. The men were almost naked. Over their middle was the soft inside bark of a tree, 'suspending the skin of a wild cat or tiger.' Their teeth were filed, and sometimes blackened, their hair drawn out into long thin p'aits, with beads or rings at the end of each. A large country knife was hung over their shoulders, and they carried spears, and a huge shield of the tough hide of an old elephant.

The women, who were even less dressed than the men, were extremely ugly, with their teeth filed, and their bodies painted with the dye of the barwood. They carried their infants on their backs, in a sling of tree bark fastened to the neck of the mother.

A gorilla hunt was the next adventure of our party. After many disappointments, the noise of breaking down branches of trees broke upon their ear. It was the gorilla forcing his way through the forest. In a moment of profound silence the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. The underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before them stood an immense male gorilla.

'He had gone through the jungle on his all fours; but when he saw our party, he erected himself, and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring deep grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us the king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists, till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which is their mode of offering defiance, meantime giving vent to roar after roar, which is the most singular and awful noise in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark* like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which resembles that of distant thunder. So deep is it, that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

'His eyes began to flash fiercer fires as we stood motionless on the defensive; and the crest of short hair on his forehead began to twitch rapidly, while through his powerful lungs he sent forth a thunderous roar. . . . He advanced a few steps, re-uttered his hideous roar, advanced again, and stopped six yards from us; and just when he began another roar, beating his breast with rage, we fired and killed him. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet that of a brute, he fell forward on his face.'

The men feasted on the gorilla, but carefully saved the brain, of which they made two charms, one of which gave the wearer 'a strong hand for the hunt,' and the other success with women.

After this exploit, the party set off for the Fan village, and Du Chailu had soon occasion to see the cannibal practices of the tribe. On entering the town, he perceived some bloody remains which appeared human; but he soon met a woman carrying a piece of the thigh of a human body. He saw also human bones lying on the street; and when he arrived at the palaver house, he learned that they had been dividing the body of a dead

man, the *head* of whom was saved as a *royalty* for the king. His majesty was a ferocious-looking fellow, covered with charms, and fully accoutred, with his face, chest, stomach, and back rudely tattooed. 'His teeth were filed sharp and coloured black, so that the mouth of this old cannibal, when he opened it, put one uncommonly in mind of a tomb.' The queen, who was old and ugly, was nearly naked, her only article of dress being a strip of Fan cloth, dyed red, and about four inches wide. She was tattooed all over, and her skin was 'rough and knotty.' She wore two enormous iron anklets, and copper earrings so heavy as to weigh down the lobes of her ears.

After our author had been provided with a house in the village, which consisted of a single street 800 yards long, he was taken through the place, and 'saw more dreadful signs of cannibalism in piles of human bones mixed up with other offal thrown at the sides of several houses.' On quitting his house next morning, he saw, piled up at the back of it, a heap of human skulls, ribs, and leg and arm bones; and wherever he went, 'symptoms of cannibalism stared him in the face.' After a little further acquaintance, the men ceased to be afraid of the white man; but the women, especially the king's four wives, 'showed uncommon dislike to his presence,' although we find one of the queens bringing him a basketful of bananas, in return for beads and gun flints given to her husband.

According to our traveller, the Fans are an unusually warlike tribe, having a great diversity of arms, cross-bows with poisoned arrows, spears six or seven feet long, tomahawks of a singular shape, war axes, and curiously formed knives. In using the bow they sit on their haunches, apply both feet to the middle of the bow, and pull with all their strength at the string in bending it back. The arrows, used for hunting wild beasts, are two feet long, 'but the more deadly weapon is the little insignificant stick of bamboo, twelve inches long, and merely sharpened. This is the famed poison arrow, a missile which bears death wherever it touches. The poison is the sap of a plant, which makes the point red.'

Several hundred Fans from the surrounding villages came to see the white 'spirit'; and, after a grand dance had been given in his honour, a great elephant hunt was arranged for his amusement. About 500 men having assembled on the morning of the 4th September for this battue, they set out next morning, and constructed a huge fence or obstruction by means of rough strong climbing plants torn down from the trees.

The object of this is to entangle the elephant, or check him in his flight till he is surrounded by his enemies. A hunting horn announced the commencement of the chase, and parties stationed themselves at different points of the extensive barrier or tangle. When the elephant is found, the huntsmen crawl like snakes along the ground, in order to scare him towards the tangle. When there, and checked by the tangled plants, he tears everything with his trunk and feet, and sometimes rushes against his assailants. On the present occasion, one of the Fans lost his presence of mind; and when the elephant made a furious charge upon those around him, he was caught and instantly trampled to death. The sight of their dead companion made the huntsmen furious in return. They charged the elephant in its attempt to escape, beset it with spears, so numerously planted in its body that it looked like a dead porcupine. After hacking it to pieces in revenge, the whole party danced round the carcase, cut off a part of the hind legs as an offering to the idol, and then addressed him in songs imploring another good hunt. Four elephants were killed on this occasion; and the body of the unfortunate huntsman was sent to another village to be sold and eaten.

Another very remarkable way of killing elephants was practised on this occasion. Having discovered a walk through which one or more elephants are likely to pass, they 'trice up' into a high tree a piece of hard wood, which the Bakalai tribe call *hanou*. Its lower end is a sharp iron point, and it is suspended by a rope, so that the moment the elephant touches it, which he must do, the *hanou* is loosened, falls with tremendous force on his back, and generally breaks his spine.

As the existence of cannibalism among the Fans had been very generally discredited, and even by himself, M. du Chaillu was anxious to obtain satisfactory evidence of it. When he was one day walking with the king, a dead body was brought in from a neighbouring village; and though the man had died of disease, the people proceeded to divide it, and quarrelled over the spoil. The Fans confessed that 'they constantly buy the dead of the Osheba tribe, who, in return, buy theirs. They also buy the dead of other families of their own tribe,' and also purchase the bodies of slaves from the Mbichos and Mbondemos, at the rate of an ivory tusk per head.

In support of his own evidence, our author adduces that of the Rev. Mr. Walker, of the Gaboon mission, who testifies that a party of Fans once came to the sea-shore, stole a freshly buried body from the cemetery, and cooked and ate it; and that at another time a party carried a body into the woods, cut it

up, and carried off the flesh after it had been smoked. On a visit to the Osheba tribe, he learned that a large part of their intercourse with the Fan villages consisted in the interchange of dead bodies, and he saw as many human bones piled up in the one village as he had seen in the other. The bodies of their kings, chiefs, and great men, are not sold for food, but receive regular burial.

Iron ore, gathered from the surface, is here converted into cast iron under a huge pile of burning wood; and it is made malleable by a tedious series of beatings and hammerings, by which 'they turn out a very superior article of iron and steel, much better than that which is brought to them from Europe!' Their bellows consists of wooden cylinders surrounded by skins accurately fitted on, and having a proper valve and a wooden handle, which is moved up and down. In the principal village of each family of the Fans, is placed a huge idol, which is occasionally worshipped by rude dances and songs. The idol-houses are surrounded with the skulls of wild animals, among which was one of the gorilla. To steal or to disturb these skulls is sacrilege, punished with death.

Having learned that, two or three days' journey beyond the Osheba village, there lived other tribes of cannibals, whom the companions of our author refused to visit, he resolved to retrace his steps. Setting out, at a date not mentioned, with twenty men, thirteen women, and two boys, we find our traveller, on the nineteenth September 1856, living in the rain shelters, under the thunder, lightning, and heavy showers of the rainy season; but he gives us no account of his proceedings till the 29th, when they must have been at the foot of the first range of the Sierra. On the 30th he crossed the Noonday River, and got quarters in Mbene's house, where he could not sleep for 'the crying of the king's babies,' and where there was hardly sufficient food for the royal household. He therefore set out, under the patronage of Mbene, towards the Noya, a noble stream flowing from the S.S.E. into the Muni, and, by means of two fishing canoes hired for some tobacco leaves, he descended the river. At the village of Wango (not in the map), a chief who was one of Mbene's friends, he was received with acclamation, and, on the royal invitation, he spent several days in the neighbouring villages, admired by the natives, and answering curious questions about the manners and customs of the whites. With guides provided by Wango, he descended the Noya a few miles, and, taking an easterly course, he reached Ezongo (not in the map), where a rascally chief extorted from him a coat and an old shirt, the

last articles which he possessed. Having paid his Wango guides, he set off for Yoon-goolapay (not in the map), the village of his old friend king Alapay, where he spent some days in ashiga hunting, a sport common among the Bakalai tribes.

A net, about seventy feet long and five high, made of the fibres of the pine-apple tree, is carried to the hunting scene, where the forest is cleared by each individual of several villages. The nets are tied up by vines to the lower branches of trees, and, when joined, make a semicircle about half a mile long. The bush is then beaten by a wide-spread party. The animals, thus surrounded, are driven towards the nets, and slain either by guns or heavy cutlasses. A small gazelle, two antelopes, and some little quadrupeds, were the produce of this hunt. On removing to another part of the forest, they caught a number of deer and antelopes, one of which, set aside for the white man, was a new species, which unfortunately was eaten up by an army of 'literally millions and billions of the *bashikouay* ants, who during night attacked every house in the village.'

A curious superstition respecting the moon, of which our author could not get an explanation, exists in this village. When the new moon is first seen, silence prevails; people speak in an undertone. The king, with his face and body painted black, red, and white, and covered with spots the size of a peach, dances in the dim moonlight along the street. Among other tribes the moon is variously welcomed, but in all of them the men mark their bodies with charmed chalk or ochre. After a week's stay, Du Chaillu left Alapay's village, shaking hands with the people, some of whom were in tears. On the highest plateau he had seen between the Moondah and the Muni, he encountered granite blocks 100 feet long and 30 or 40 high, near the foot of one of which was a fine large cavern inhabited by 'millions on millions of huge vampire bats,' who 'launched out on the party,' and drove them panic-struck from the cavern.

After an hour's passage across a mangrove swamp of mud, in which an enormous black snake alarmed the party, they reached the village (not in the map) of king Apouron, an old friend of the white man, who was welcomed with shouts and dances, and was delighted to see again the ocean and Corisco Bay. He sends his specimens to Corisco, hires a canoe, and having fitted it up and engaged men—a work of ten days—he set off on the 30th October to ascend the Moondah, and then to cross the country which lies between it and the Gaboon. About forty miles up the Moondah he was kindly re-

ceived by the missonaries, who have laboured for some years among the Bakalai around the Ikoi creek (not in the map). Here he hunted the wild bull, the buffalo, and the wild bear, blackening his face with charcoal to hide his white face from the wild beasts, and obtained some new and beautiful birds. He saw the mode of gathering the barwood, a red dye from what the natives call the *ego-tree*, a large, tall, and graceful tree abounding in the forest; and also the process of collecting the caoutchouc, from the vine called *dambo*, a plant of immense length, and sometimes five inches in diameter at the base.

The most interesting incident of this trip was the attack of a leopard upon a wild bull. When asleep, our traveller was startled 'by an unearthly roar—a yell as of some animal in extreme terror and agony.' Making towards the sounds, and emerging from the woods, 'he saw, scudding across the plain at a little distance, a wild bull, on whose neck was crouched a leopard. Vainly the poor beast reared, tossed, ran, stopped, roared, and yelled. In its blind terror it at last even rushed against a tree, and nearly tumbled over with the recoil. But once more anguish lent it strength, and it set out on another race.' Du Chaillu fired at the leopard in vain. The roars of the bull ceased, and 'the leopard had probably sucked away his life, and was now feasting on the carcass.*'

From the Ikoi creek M. du Chaillu returned in November 1856, 'without incident or adventure, to the Gaboon,' where he says he stayed 'only long enough to prepare himself for a trip to Cape Lopez.' In composing this chapter, he had forgotten that he had already visited Cape Lopez between April and August 1856, as we have seen, having deemed it necessary to give it its true chronological place, and therefore given an account of it as contained in the 11th and 12th chapters of his book. This apparent mistake having been the subject of severe comment by his reviewers, our author, in the preface to his second edition, informs us that the deviation from chronological order was made intentionally. 'In order, he says, 'not to take his readers backwards and forwards, he completed his description of the northern region, including his expedition to the Fans, before beginning (the description) his southern journey to Cape Lopez, which in reality was the first exploration he made in 1856. I preserved the dates of the months as they

* The engraving representing this event reminds us of the celebrated zinc statue, by Professor Kiss of Berlin, of a tiger attacking an Amazon on horseback, which received one of the Council Medals at the Great Exhibition.

appeared in my journal.' We regret that this explanation has been given, instead of a simple confession that he had made a mistake. If the account of his trip to Cape Lopez was purposely misplaced, why does he say, at the end of Chap. XI. and the beginning of Chap. XII., that he went from the Ikoï creek to the Gaboon, and then immediately to Cape Lopez, which he did not do? And why does he say, at the end of Chap. XII., that he returned from Fetich Point to Cape Lopez, and on his return sailed back to the Gaboon, where he remained several months, at the end of 1856 and the beginning of 1857, preparing for his 'longest and most adventurous journey.'

On the 5th of February 1857, our traveller set off for the Camma country, a region unknown to white men, extending from the south of Cape Lopez, in S. lat. $0^{\circ} 40'$, to the River Camma, in S. lat. $1^{\circ} 50'$, and reaching as far as 50 miles to the east. He set sail in the 'Caroline,' a schooner of 45 tons, with a Portuguese negro, Cornillo, for his captain, and a crew of seven, with the wives of two of them as interpreters. A violent storm carried the schooner to Cape St. Catherine, about 45 miles south of the mouth of the River Fernand Vas, where they wished to land, and which they reached on the 14th February. At Elinde, two miles farther up the river, he remained squabbling with rival chiefs till the 13th of April, when he took possession of his new place, Biagano, which, being quite a village, he called Washington. In a short trip up the river to Anicambia, and back again to Washington, nothing very interesting occurred, till the 19th of April, when a wounded and infuriated wild bull rushed upon one of the hunters, and 'tossed him high into the air, once, twice, thrice,' till the white man 'drew its fury to himself,' and instantly shot it.

On the 4th May, while at Washington, when a live male gorilla, three years old, was brought in by his hunter, he felt that all his African hardships were rewarded. After its mother was shot, it ran to the top of a small tree, from which it roared savagely at its assailants. The tree was cut down; and when the gorilla fell, it was secured by throwing a cloth over its head, which, however, did not prevent him from biting severely the hand of one man, and taking a piece out of the leg of another. This creature, called Joe, is described as the most savage and untamable brute that our author ever saw. He darted at every person that came near him, bit the bamboos of his house, 'and showed a temper thoroughly wicked and malicious.' Poor Joe, after escaping from his prison, and being surrounded and taken by 150 men, died suddenly in chains.

In order to enjoy the hunting of the hippopotamus, our traveller went five miles up the river, and shot three of these animals. In a night hunt he was equally successful. Painting his face with a mixture of oil and soot, he and his hunter, Igala, went to a place in moonlight, where they heard the hippopotamus snorting and plashing in the distance. A sudden groan showed them the place of a huge animal feeding upon grass, which soon became their prey. These animals consort in flocks from three to thirty. Though timid, they sometimes turn savagely upon their assailants. The male, which is much larger than the female, sometimes attains the bulk of the elephant; and 'in the larger specimens the belly almost sweeps the ground as they walk.' The following account is given by our author of a fight between two hippopotami:—

'It occurred in broad daylight. I was concealed on the bank of the stream, and had been for some time watching the sports of a herd, when suddenly two huge beasts rose to the surface of the water, and rushed together. Their vast and hideous mouths were opened to their widest possible extent; their eyes were flaming with rage, and every power was put forth by each to annihilate the other. They seized each other with their jaws; they stabbed and punched with their strong tusks; they advanced and retreated; were now at the top of the water, and again sank down to the bottom. Their blood discoloured the river, and their groans of rage were hideous to listen to. They showed little powers of strategy, but rather a piggish obstinacy in maintaining their ground, and a frightful savageness of manner. The combat lasted an hour.'

On the 27th May 1857, Du Chaillu set out in a canoe with twelve stout paddlers, to ascend the Npoulounay, a branch of the Ogo-bay, to a country which no white man had ever seen. He now reached 'the long-looked-for Lake of Anengue, at least ten miles wide, and with many towns in sight on the summits of hills.' At the village of king Damagondai he remained from the 1st to the 10th June, shooting porcupines; but having broken the barrels of both his guns, he was obliged to return to Washington, and abandon his projected exploration. This accident was a fortunate one, as 'a high and mighty visitor,' king Quengueza, came to him 'from far up (90 miles) the River Rembo.' He invited him to 'plenty of gorilla and nshiego hunting at the fall of the rainy season;' and till that period arrived, Du Chaillu spent the whole of July in exploring the sea-coast, shooting 'ugly marabouts, from whose tails our ladies get the splendid feathers for their bonnets,' pelicans, which waded in

swarms, cranes, ducks, and sea and land birds in abundance. Two new species of the *Meropicus bicolor* were among his more valuable acquisitions. Tired of this sport he sets off again on the 1st of August for Lake Anengue. On the 5th, after his arrival, king Damagondai took him across the lake to the village of king Shimbouvenegani, a gentleman about sixty-five, with a swallow-tailed coat, and a silk or beaver hat half his own age. Here he enjoyed, 'one of those hunts which are marked with the brightest red ink in his calendar.' Observing upon a high tree 'a singular-looking shelter built in its branches,' he thought it was the sleeping place of a hunter, but found to his surprise that this very ingenious nest was built by the *nshiego mbouvé*, a new ape, which, from its baldness, he called *Troglodytes Calvus*.

These nests or bowers, of which he saw many, are generally built in a solitary tree, 15 or 20, but sometimes 50 feet from the ground. The male and female gather the leafy branches to make the umbrella roof, and vines to tie the branches to the trees. The male and female occupy nests on separate trees, and they quit them every 10 or 15 days, when they have consumed the wild berries in their vicinity. The ape climbs up by 'a hand-over movement,' creeps under the shelter, and seats itself on a projecting branch, putting one arm around the trunk of the tree. The largest *nshiego* he shot was 4 feet 4 inches high, and its spread of arms upwards of 7 feet.

A great crocodile hunt on the 9th was our author's next sport. The negroes hunt this animal both with guns and a harpoon. The crocodiles were seen swimming about in all directions, and sunning themselves on mud banks. If killed in water they sink, and are lost. Our sportsmen, therefore, attacked an 'immense fellow,' stretched among reeds, and shot him; and soon after another, the one measuring 20, and the other 18 feet. The crocodiles swim like a dog, in great silence, scarcely rippling the water, upon which they can stand quite still. They sleep in the reeds, and lay their *eggs* in the sand. On the 11th he killed a *nkago*, a beautiful little monkey, crowned with a fillet of bright red hair, and an *ogata*, a species of alligator 7 feet long, with great strength of jaw and formidable teeth. When standing up to shoot a beautiful gazelle looking into the water, a crocodile anticipated him by leaping out of the stream, seizing the gazelle, and drawing back with the struggling animal in his jaws. Sometimes the crocodile catches even the leopard.

An American vessel being on the coast, our author returned to Washington to send

home some of his specimens. On his return he visited Guaiburi, at the junction of the Anengue and Ogobay Rivers, the residence of Oshoria, who, even with 150 armed fellows, was prevented from exacting tribute from the white man, by the bravado of going up to them with a revolver in one hand, and a double-barrelled gun in the other.

From the 18th to the 21st of August, our traveller was laid up with dysentery and malignant fever; but having taken, in three days, 150 grs. of quinine, he was able to witness the ceremony of *bola iwoga*, or 'the breaking of the mourning time.' When an important person dies, mourning for him lasts from a year to two years. The tribe or town doff their best clothes, and go unusually dirty. The elder brother, who inherits the property of the deceased, gives a grand feast. His wives cease to be widows, and in their best attire 'join in the jollification as brides.' After the firing of 100 guns, the orgies begin. Drinking, singing, dancing, firing of guns, shouting and making noises of every kind, is the order of the day. The women, 'furiously tipsy,' and at all times indecent, strive for pre-eminence in indecency. The 'mourning goes out,' by tearing down and burning the deceased's house, breaking it to pieces with axes and cutlasses.

The illness of the man who kept Du Chaillu's house at Washington brought to light several singular customs. The devil in the sick man being the cause of disease, a fetich doctor drives him out with the 'infernal din' of drum, and kettles, and guns. The man died under the cure, and was buried without a coffin in so shallow a grave, that Du Chaillu saw 'that the wild beasts had eaten the corpse.' The sudden death was ascribed to witchcraft, and a great doctor was brought to discover the witch. One of Damagondai's sons, 'a great rascal,' was the doctor. Du Chaillu naively tells us that 'he looked literally like the devil,' and was the most ghostly object he ever saw. A photograph alone could depict him. The engraving must be imperfect. All his incantations were fruitless. The 'witch man' could not be found; and the sorcerer announced that it would be death to remain in the village where an evil spirit had his residence.

Washington was therefore deserted, and it was with great difficulty that our author induced some of his acquaintance to build houses. When completed, on the 8th October, he was offered the sovereignty; but, recollecting the process of king-making, he declined the honour, and became 'chief next to Rampano' the king.

Visiting Irende, a town 40 miles up the Fernand Vaz, he learned that the gorilla

lives only near the left bank of that river, and the chimpanzee only near the right bank, until one reaches the Rembo. At the town of his old friend Makaji, a great gorilla country, he met with 'a female gorilla, with a tiny baby gorilla hanging to her breast and sucking. The mother was stroking the little one, and looking fondly down at it; and the scene was so pretty and touching, that I held my fire, and considered, like a soft-hearted fellow, whether I had not better leave them in peace. Before I could make up my mind, however, my hunter fired and killed the mother,' the baby clinging to her with pitiful cries. The baby was caught, but, either from grief or want of milk, or both, it died on the third day.

At this time, the 5th of December, the white man was poisoned by his cook, who put two table-spoonfuls of arsenic into his soup, 'an overdose which, he says, saved his life.' The cook was sentenced to death, from which Du Chaillu saved him. The two brothers, to whom, at their request, he was given up, compensated our author with four slaves.

To explore the interior and pick up gorillas, Du Chaillu set out on the 26th February 1856, with 15 men in his own boat, followed by another canoe equally manned; and on the 29th reached Goumbi, the residence of Quengueza, 95 miles from the mouth of the river, and the last town of the Camma. There our traveller was received in the most triumphant manner by the whole population, and remained three weeks, witnessing the process of exorcising a witch who had bewitched a street in the village, killing a female gorilla 4 feet 7 inches high, and observing the poison ordeal, in which an old doctor drank the intoxicating poison, *mboundou*, from the leaf of a plant of the *nux vomica* species, in order to acquire the power of divination. The poisoned cup having been prepared by others, the doctor emptied it at a draught. He staggered; his eyes became bloodshot; his limbs twitched convulsively; his speech grew thick. He was asked who bewitched the king, but being 'hopelessly tipsy,' he could not tell. A hundred people around him beat the ground with sticks, singing in a monotone—

'If he is a witch, let the *mboundou* kill him.
If he is not, let the *mboundou* go out.'

Gorilla stories of the most absurd kind were told and believed by the negroes over their evening meals. It is a common superstition, that if a woman with child, or her husband, sees a living or a dead gorilla, she is said to give birth to a gorilla. It is

believed that men are turned into gorillas, and that the gorilla is appeased when his assailant drops his spear.

On the 22d March, Du Chaillu set out from Goombi for the interior. He was accompanied by Quenquenza in a large canoe with 20 paddlers, by Ashira and Balakai chiefs in other canoes, and by several canoes from Goombi. After passing a holy place on the river, where, 'for luck,' they sang a song of praise to the god of the place, they reached Akaka, the first of the Bakalai towns, near which was an extraordinary tree, the *oloumi*, raising its umbrella top over a straight and majestic branchless trunk. At the distance of 140 miles from the mouth of the river they reached the village of Obindji, where they were received with the usual honours by the Bakalai chief. During a hunt up the river they shot a new ape, the *koola-kamba*, so called from its cry of *koola-kooloo, koola-kooloo*. It was a full-grown male, 4 feet 3 inches high. It was less powerfully built than the male gorilla, but as powerful as the chimpanzee or the *nshiego mbouvé*. Of all the apes now known, it most nearly approaches to man in the structure of its head. Among the superstitions here is the ordeal of the ring heated in boiling oil, which, if lifted out by the fingers, a suspected person establishes his innocence. Before the division of the flesh obtained in hunting, a thank-offering of grace is said to two spirits, *Mundo* and *Oloombo*, who are supposed to influence the hunt.

After killing another gorilla 5 feet 6 inches high, and a new and curious bird, the *Aethe castanea*, supposed to have a devil in it, our traveller, with his royal attendant, went to *N'calai Boumba*, the residence of a chief named Anguilai, and the hottest place he had found in Africa. At a little village, *Npopo*, where all the people had gone to the bush, every article was exposed to thieves, but placed under the protection of a god, *Mbuiri*, with copper eyes which frowned upon thieves from the centre of the village. This timber policeman was made of ebony, about 2 feet high, covered with grass, and with a man's face and nose.

Driven to the ebony ground by an attack of fever, which it took 150 grains of quinine and 2 heavy doses of calomel to cure, our traveller was tended with the most affectionate care by the women who came to nurse him. The ebony tree, one of the finest and most graceful in Africa, is often 50 or 60 feet high, with a diameter of 5 feet at the base. The young trees are white to the centre, and even when 2 feet in diameter the black part is streaked with white. The mature tree and its branches are always hollow. Du Chaillu

saw a magnificent specimen above 4 feet in diameter, which furnished 11 splendid billets weighing 1500 lbs.

The superstitions here are exceedingly barbarous. A boy who had confessed that he had 'made a witch,' was cut to pieces by the frantic villagers with spears and knives. On the following day one of the king's wives, in order to cure sterility, 'stood up in the open street, and had herself cut on the back of her hands with knives.'

In the ebony woods our sportsman and his people were nearly starved to death for want of food. He at last shot two new birds, the *Camaroptera caniceps*, and the *Geocichla compsonota*, and a remarkable animal of the squirrel kind, called by the natives the *mboco*, which eats ivory. Our naturalist calls it *Sciurus eboniferus*, from its seeking the carcasses of elephants, and gnawing and destroying the finest tusks with very sharp and large cutters. He was fortunate, also, in shooting a female *nshiego mbowé*, with a soot-black face, and capturing her baby with a face as white as a child. In three days he was perfectly tame, and, under the name of Tommy, afforded much amusement by his intelligence and exploits during his short life. When hunting on the 18th, he heard a male gorilla roaring to his female. 'The forest fairly shook with the tremendous sound, and the echoes swelled and died away from hill to hill until the whole forest was full of the din. I am sure that I must have heard this gorilla's voice three miles off, and the drum-like noise of his beating his breast at least a mile.' Our author had noticed the singular abrasion of the canine teeth of this animal, which he now learns arose from their gnawing into the heart of hard trees 4 or 6 inches in diameter and eating out the pith.

Obinji's town being nearly without food, Du Chaillu started with 100 men up the Ofoubou, a tributary of the Rembo, for *Njalicoudie*. King Mbango, the chief of six 'towns within 30 miles round,' received him hospitably, and with the usual noise; but he was scarcely settled in his house before his idle curiosity exposed him to imminent danger. On the 2d June the females from all the villages worship, without any men, the good spirit Njambai. It is done in a house carefully closed, and without a door, its entrance being through another house. Du Chaillu was warned not to go near the place, nor pry into the mystery; but his curiosity led him to peep through a crevice, and 'to see three perfectly naked old hags sitting on the clay floor with an immense bundle of gree-grees before them, which they seemed to be silently worshipping.' The moment they saw the intruding eye they howled with rage, pursued

him to his house, and it was only by brandishing his revolver that he saved himself from the threats and curses of above 300 infuriated women. The men, when appealed to, insisted on compensation for the wrong; but such was their respect for the white man, or their fear of his revolver, that the compensation, in the form of cloth, knives, beads, mats, and mugs, was collected from the king and his lieges, and paid over to the worshippers of Njambai.

While hunting on the 7th, the forest 'resounded with the most terrific roars' from the darkest part of it. Du Chaillu and his companion 'hurried on with a dreadful and sickening alarm,' and had not gone far before they saw a hunter 'lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, with his bowels protruding through the lacerated abdomen.' Beside him lay his gun, with its stock broken and its barrel bent and flattened, bearing the marks of the gorilla's teeth. He had met a huge male gorilla face to face; but having only wounded it in the side when about eight yards off, it beat its breasts and furiously advanced upon him.

'He stood his ground, and quickly reloaded his gun, but just as he raised it to fire, the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall; and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with his immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank bleeding to the ground the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought that he would have had his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon the gun also as an enemy, and in his rage almost flattened the barrel between his strong jaws.'

The wounds of the poor huntsman were dressed, and himself brought to the village, but he survived only two days.

In the dry season, which had now set in, migratory birds have returned; and 'the forests are ringing with their chatter and song.' The *Peliperdix Lathamii* and the splendid *Numida Plumifera* abound. Gray parrots fly in flocks of hundreds, and make the woods alive with their screams. Insects abound, and annoy the traveller. The *Igougouai*, small blood-suckers, irritate even the thick skins of the negroes. The *Ibolai*, twice the size of the house-fly, pierces the thickest clothes, and excites sudden pain; while the *Nchouna* sucks the blood without pain, but leaves an itchiness for hours, with the sudden stab of the scorpion. The *Iboco* bites more severely than the rest, making the blood run down as if from the bite of a leech. The

most dreadful of all insects, however, is the *Eloway*, a nest-building fly, like a bee, but less in size. Its clay hives, as hard as stone, are supported from the branches of trees, and have separate apartments with little roofs. The natives fly from these ferocious monsters; and when a canoe strikes a tree with a nest, the insects fall ferociously upon the men, who instantly dive into the water to escape their venom, but those that had settled upon their skin clung to it even in the water, and require to be picked off.

After describing the snakes of the district, of which the 'most feared' is the *Echidna Nasicornis*, and giving an account of the way in which a black snake, 4 feet long, charmed a squirrel into its embrace, he relates the capture of the largest male gorilla he had met with, which roared and drummed as already described. It was 5 feet 9 inches long,* the spread of its arms 9 feet, the round of its chest 62 inches, and the great toe 6 inches in circumference.

Among the interesting objects of natural history in this district are the Bongo antelope, *Trogelaphus albo-virgatus*, a rare and exceedingly graceful animal over 5 feet long, and a new bird called *Nchalitogway* by the natives. It is one of the most graceful and lovely birds. It has been called the *Muscipeta du Chaillui*, and has a very singular appearance, from the white feathers of the back seeming to form a fine mantle.

Among the strange superstitions noticed by our author, is one called *Roondah*. King Quengueza gave as a reason for refusing to eat part of a wild bull, that a woman of his family had given birth to a calf. For the same reason some will starve rather than eat crocodile, others hippopotamus, some monkey, some boa, and some wild pig.

On the 13th August, our traveller made a triumphant return to Washington, where he remained two months, preparing for his great journey into the interior. Here his narrative stops for a while, and in six successive and interesting chapters he gives an account of the ants of Equatorial Africa;—of its seasons and fevers,—its politics, superstitions, and slave system,—its four great apes, the Gorilla, the Kooloo-Kamba, the Chimpanzee, and the Nshiego-Mbouvé; and the laws, manners, and customs of the Bakalai tribe.

The account of the ants will be read with much interest. The Bashikouay ant, already mentioned, is half an inch long, and is the most remarkable of the ten different species in these regions. They march through forests

in a regular line, about 2 inches broad and often several inches long. Officers placed along the line keep this singular army in order. When they come to a place without trees to shelter them from the sun, they build tunnels 4 or 5 feet under ground, through which the army passes to the next forest. In order to cross a narrow stream, they throw themselves over it, and form a living tunnel, or 'a high safe tubular bridge, through which the army marches.' To do this, each ant clings with its fore claws to its next neighbour's body or hind claws. The insect world, and all from the smallest to the greatest, fly before them; and it is stated by the negroes, that criminals were in former times put to death by exposing them in the path of these executioners.

The *Nchellelay*, or white ants, attack only vegetable matter, cotton cloth, paper, and old wood. In one night they will spoil a box of clothing or of books. They live in clay nests, and have a great aversion to daylight.

On the West Coast of Africa there are but two seasons, the dry and the rainy, the former lasting from May to September, and the latter from the middle or end of September to the middle of May. The hottest season is during the rains. 'Whenever the sun is in the zenith of any place, that place has its rainy season.' Fever is the prevailing disease, arising generally from the exhalation of decaying vegetable matter. Quinine to the amount of 60 grains a day, and sometimes 150, is the best remedy.

The form of government here is patriarchal. The chieftainship is hereditary, passing to the brother of the chief. There is no property in land; and as there are no cattle, wealth is measured by the number of slaves and wives. The villages have seldom a population of a thousand, generally only a few hundreds.

The system of slavery is singular. One class of slaves consists of domestic servants, who are not sold. The slaves of another class are purchased from tribes in the interior, in order to supply the foreign market. A slave is a unit of value. An offender is fined, or a wife is purchased for, so many slaves.

Polygamy is universal, and wives are worse treated than slaves. Chastity is unknown. A number of children give importance to the mother, and with such a claim 'her many sins are easily forgiven her.'

The Africans here believe neither in a God nor in a future state. They believe in two great evil spirits, which have houses built for their occupation, and are provided with food. A belief in sorcery and witchcraft is universal, and superstitions of the rankest kind everywhere prevailed.

Our author's two chapters on the Great

* A gorilla fully 6 feet 6 inches long was exhibited at the meeting of naturalists at Vienna in 1856.

Anthropoid, or Manlike Apes of Africa, on their structures, habits, and mode of life, contain much new and valuable information, and, if they do not satisfy the severe demands of the naturalist, will be perused with interest by the general reader. In our abstract of the author's adventures, we have already given a brief notice of the more prominent habits of these animals. The *Troglodytes Gorilla*, and the *Troglodytes Niger*, or Chimpanzee, or Orang-Outang, have been long known, the first as the Wild Man of the Wood, and the second as the Pongo of Buffon. The *Troglodytes Koolo-kamba*, and the *Troglodytes calvus*, *nshiego mbouwé*, are given as new species by our author. The young of the gorilla is coal black, that of the chimpanzee yellow, that of the *nshiego mbouwé* a very pale white.

Notwithstanding the points of resemblance between man and the anthropoid apes pointed out by Du Chaillu, he informs us that he 'searched in vain if an intermediate race, or rather several intermediate races or links between the natives and the gorilla, could be found; and I may say here, that I made these inquiries conscientiously, with the sole view of bringing before science the facts which I might collect. But I have searched in vain: I found not a single being, young or old, who could show an intermediate link between man and the gorilla, which would certainly be found, if man had come from the ape. I suppose, from these facts, we must come to the conclusion, that man belongs to a distant family from that of the ape, the first belonging to the order Bimana, and the latter to the other quadrumanous series.'

From Biagano, or Washington, where our traveller had been recruiting his strength since the 13th of August 1858, he again set out for the interior on the 10th October, with 16 men from Rampano, the chief of a village on the coast, to carry him to Goumbi, from which 'Quengueza's brother' was to forward him. He had no sooner reached this village, than the death of his friend Mpomo gave rise to a scene of barbarous bloodshed, almost unexplained in the history of the most savage people. Some person must have witched Mpomo, and a great doctor was brought 'from up the river' to discover the witch. The whole village became furious, and thirsted for the blood of the criminal. The doctor having waved with his hand the infuriated mob into silence, proclaimed that a black woman in a particular house had bewitched Mpomo. The crowd rushed to the spot, seized a poor girl, Okandago, and bore her away to the river side. Silence again, and an old woman was similarly denounced and carried off. Silence a third time, when a much respected woman with six children, one

of Quengueza's slave-women, was hurried to the river. The doctor and the crowd encircled the victims, and proceeded to prove their guilt. Mpomo had refused some salt to Okandago, who was his relative, and she had used unpleasant words to him. Quengueza's niece, who was barren, had envied Mpomo, who had children, and Mpomo had refused a looking-glass to Quengueza's slave. For such crimes death was the punishment. The mob ratified the decision. Even the relatives of the criminals were obliged to join in cursing the sorcerers.

The victims having been put into a large canoe with the doctor, the executioners, and a number of armed men, the poison cup, or *mboundou*, was then presented to each; and as they drank the mob cried, 'If they are witches, let the *mboundou* kill them; if they are innocent, let the *mboundou* go out.'

'It was the most exciting scene,' says Du Chaillu, 'in my life. Though horror almost froze my blood, my eyes were riveted upon the spectacle. A dead silence now occurred. Suddenly the slave fell down. She had not touched the boat's bottom, ere her head was hacked off by a dozen rude swords.'

'Next came Quengueza's niece. In an instant her head was off, and the blood was dyeing the waters of the river.'

'Meantime poor Okandago staggered and struggled, and cried, vainly resisting the working of the poison in her system. Last of all she fell too, and in an instant her head was hewed off.'

'Then all became confused. An almost random hacking ensued, and in an incredibly short space of time the bodies were cut in small pieces, which were cast into the river.'

After witnessing another strange rite, in which a woman appeals to Ilogo, the spirit of the moon, in order to discover who had bewitched Quengueza, our author set off on the 22d October, in several canoes, to Obinjii's town and the far interior, with 35 Goumbi men, and his headman Adouma, the brother of the murdered Okandago. After reaching Acaca, they went into the Niembai, a sort of grassy branch of the Rembo, to hunt the Mango, a new species of Manatee which lives among reeds. The doctor spread a powder upon the water, and he had no sooner returned to the reeds, than a great beast came to the surface, sucked in the powder, and was harpooned. It made for the bottom, but in a few minutes rose again and died. It was 10 feet long, and weighed 1500 lbs. The meat was finer grained and of a sweeter flavour than pork, and was carefully smoked for future use. Starting on the 24th, he reached Obinjii's town on the 26th, where he was hospitably received, and got two Ashira men and two Bakalai, which increased his

troops to 32 men, with whom he set off on the 27th; and passing through Akoonga (not in the map), 240 miles from Cape Lopez, he reached, on the 2d November, the town of Olenda, the king of the Ashiras, where he was welcomed as a spirit, and admired by the thousands from 150 villages that thronged to see him. The ticking of his clock made them think it a guardian angel. His musical box was thought 'a very powerful devil in his employ,' and his Colt revolver was quite incomprehensible.

The Ashira plain is the finest country Du Chaillu had ever seen. The rolling prairie, as it is called in the map, is a table-land surrounded on all sides by mountains covered with dense masses of forest reaching to the foot of the hill. There are between 150 and 200 villages in Ashira. They are the neatest, free from weeds and offal, and the people are the finest he has seen in Africa. 'By a singular fashion which he never saw elsewhere, the young women, till they are married, are not allowed to wear any clothing about the middle but the narrow grass cloth girdle; and they wander about as freely as a total absence of the sentiment of modesty can let them.'

After visiting the Ofoudou, Andele, and Orere mountains, one of the highest peaks of which is Mount Nchondo, he made a hunting excursion to Obinji's village, where he shot a new species of the wild hog, which he calls the *Potamocheerus albifrons*, a singular-looking large animal, with a red-coloured body, a white face, and several large warty protuberances on each side, half-way between the nose and eyes. He was fortunate in also killing a remarkable new animal, which he calls *Cynogale velox*, resembling a small otter, and darting with extreme rapidity through the water after its prey. In this trip he studied the nests of the *nshiego mbouvé*, which we have already described, shot a male gorilla, and failed in attempting to ascend the high peak of Nkoomoonabonali, marked on the map as 12,000 feet in height.

On the 6th December our adventurers set out from Olendo for the Apingi country, crossing the rapid River Ovigui, 30 yards wide, by means of a rope tied round trees on each bank, the trees performing the part of piers. There were three spans, 8, 14, and 8 yards wide. The small spans were crossed by ropes; but the centre one, 14 yards wide, was crossed 'by a long slender bending limb of a tree, which sagged down in the middle, until, when it bore a man's weight, its centre was three feet below the surface of the rushing tide. To help the passenger, a couple of strong vines were strung across for balustrade; but they gave very little assistance, as Du

Chaillu experienced, when he felt the current beating against his legs, and threatening to tear him from the wooden cable.

Plunging again into the primeval forests, and climbing the almost perpendicular sides of Mount Oconcou, they encountered and killed a huge male gorilla, 5 feet 8 inches high, and a young female measuring 3 feet 8 inches. On the evening of the 9th December, the party were roused from sleep by 'tremendous roaring,' and were delighted with the sight of a wild buffalo, 'rushing with roar after roar into and across the plain, vainly plunging and striving to loose the claws of a leopard which sat upon his hump, and was sucking the blood from his neck.' On the following day they unexpectedly met Remandji, the king of the Apingi tribe, who was on a fishing excursion with his wives. The sight of the white spirit appalled his majesty, who began in a sudden to dance about in a most unroyal and crazy manner, shouting again and again, 'The Spirit has come to see me, the Spirit has come to see my country.' Rescued from a tumble into an elephant hole 20 feet deep, and crossing in canoes and rafts the Rembo Apingi, about 300 yards wide, and from 3 to 4 fathoms deep, Du Chaillu reached the Apingi village, where he was received with shouts and cheers, comfortably lodged, and furnished with provisions, among which was 'a fat and tender slave' ready bound, which he was 'to kill for his evening meal.' Having expressed his abhorrence of eating human flesh, the king replied, 'We always heard that you white men eat men. Why do you buy our people? Why do you come from, nobody knows where, and carry off our men, and women, and children? Do you not fatten them in your far country, and eat them? Therefore I gave you this slave, that you might kill him, and make glad your heart.'

While examining Du Chaillu's straight hair and white skin, the natives asked for a sight of his toes, to ascertain if he was 'like a people far away in the interior, whom they call the *Sapadi*, and who have cloven feet like a bush-deer.' This strange belief exists at Cape Lopez, among the Camma and all other tribes, and the *Sapadi* are always located in Central Equatorial Africa.

Our traveller's musical box and clock, and no doubt his Colt's revolver, obtained for him such high distinction, that thirty Apingi chiefs insisted on making him their king, and requested him 'to perform the miracle of making a pile of beads equal to the highest tree of the village, for the use of their women and children.' Even an Ashango chief, having heard of his fame, came from 100 miles eastward to get a share of his miraculously created goods. On the 18th he was formally

invested with the *kendo*, the insignia of chief-tain, an article of iron made by the Shembo, a tribe still farther east. Thus elevated, the Apingi women fancied the white man; and the old ugly cook, who had only served him a few days, actually claimed him as a husband, and came with her relatives to ask for the customary presents. 'For once' the white man 'lost his temper, and with a stick drove them out of the village.' This tribe manufacture in a loom of a complicated construction, very fine grass cloth from the fibrous parts of the leaf of palm, and, what is peculiar to them, 'they cultivate and acknowledge private property in trees.'

A remarkable ceremony, called *bongo*, exists here, and more or less among all the African tribes, and is a curious as well as a merciful phase of slavery. An ill-used slave is entitled to go to any other village and choose a new master, who is bound to receive and protect him. He is thus able to choose a good master, and to prevent himself from being separated from his family.

In sailing up the Rembo, Du Chaillu was well received at the village of Agobi, and was fortunate in shooting a new species of the anomalurus, which he names the *Anomalurus Beldeni*. It is a beautiful little animal, with a flying membrane, which permits it to fly downward. After sailing about 40 miles up the river, and witnessing the funeral of a *putrid corpse* carried naked to the grave upon the shoulders of one man, our traveller was obliged, for want of a proper canoe, to return to Remandji's town. Thus baffled in his ascent of the Rembo, he procured a suitable canoe for the purpose of descending the river and visiting the great fall and rapids of Samba Nagoshi, 'the great wonder of this region.' He failed, however, in the attempt. He heard 'the mighty roar of the fall,' but the natives refused to go to it, though the distance was only four or five miles. Notwithstanding this, he has placed it in his map with the name of the Empress *Eugenie*.

Upon returning to Remandji's village, our author advanced to the east, where the Isogo tribe inhabit the higher plains and have many villages, and he hoped to reach the Ashango country, distant three days' journey; but after displaying the American flag on the top of the highest tree, and shouting round it with the natives, he retraced his steps on the 2d January 1859. A severe illness, however, of three days increased his desire for home; and when he reached Remandji's village he packed up his 'goods and journals,' and 'finally set out on the 16th of January. Visiting on his way his friends Olenda and Obinji, he reached his home on the coast on the 20th of February, 1859.' After waiting four

months he spied a ship on the 1st of June; and, having put on board his cargo of beasts and birds and other things, 'he welcomed the cool breeze which bore him back to civilisation, to friends, and to renewed health.'

In our analysis of this popular and interesting work, we have had occasion to notice the more important results of this adventurous journey, in their geographical and natural history aspects. In the preface to his work, written in London in April, 1861, he gives it as his opinion 'that an important mountain range divides the continent of Africa nearly along the line of the equator, starting on the west from the range which runs along the coast north and south, and ending in the east, probably in the country south of the mountains of Abyssinia, or perhaps terminating abruptly to the north of the Lake Tanganyika of Capts. Burton and Speke.'

The labours of our author in natural history, the principal object of his journey, are more remarkable. Unaccompanied by white men, he travelled 8000 miles on foot, 'shot, stuffed, and brought home over 2000 birds, of which more than 60 are new species; and he killed upwards of 1000 quadrupeds, of which 200 were stuffed and brought home, with more than 80 skeletons, not less than 20 of these quadrupeds being species hitherto unknown to science.'

Having been originally sent out to Africa by the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, M. du Chaillu returned to the United States with his valuable cargo, in the hope, no doubt, that his labours would be appreciated, and his discoveries receive their due reward. From causes, however, with which we are not acquainted, he seems to have had a difference with his patrons in Philadelphia, and to have carried his collection of quadrupeds and birds to New York, where, we presume, he did not receive the encouragement which he had reason to anticipate. He had spent, as he tells us, while in America, 'twenty months in writing out his journals' for publication; but finding it difficult to bring his work advantageously before the public, he came to England in the beginning of the present year, and submitted an account of his explorations and discoveries to the Royal Geographical Society, one of the most distinguished of our metropolitan institutions. The society listened with delight to his adventures with the gorilla, and his account of the African cannibals; and appreciating, as they ought, his geographical discoveries, they assigned to him a room in their apartments for the exhibition of his natural history collection. The Royal Institution and the Ethnological Society were equally gratified with the communications which he

made to them; and the adventurous explorer of unvisited regions, who had singly braved the dangers of savage and cannibal life, became a favourite with the public. The fashionable and scientific world flocked to his museum. Du Chaillu became the lion of the day; and his work, ushered into the world by one of the most distinguished of our publishers, was read with avidity and circulated in thousands.

The critical world had now the means of estimating the merits of our author as a traveller and a naturalist; and, accordingly, the map of his route, the details of his adventures, and his discoveries in natural history, were subjected, as might have been anticipated, to the severest ordeal. The hero who has escaped from the forlorn hope, and the author of brilliant discoveries in art or science, have all been exposed to the same jealous inquisition. The less fortunate soldier, or the discoverer of truths too profound for public appreciation, may justly inquire into the merits of those whose showy achievements have had a temporary triumph; but there are others who look with envy upon all reputations, who seek to reduce them to the level of their own, and who will grudge even to Newton his fame, and to Bacon his glory.

The triumphant reception of Du Chaillu in London, not exceeding, however, his apotheosis among the tribes of Africa, has given rise to grave discussions respecting the accuracy of his statements and the value of his discoveries. In this painful controversy, two great questions have been discussed,—the one affecting the authenticity of his narrative, and the other the novelty of his natural history discoveries. In reference to the first of these questions, it is supposed that he had not advanced far into the interior, and that he had purchased from traders the quadrupeds and birds which form the staple of his collection.

Having stated in his preface that his work was written from faithfully kept journals, and that he spent twenty months in the long and tedious labour of preparing it, his critics looked for some evidence of this in the work itself. They allege that he has given no diaries of his route, and that the chronology of his different expeditions is inexplicable. The chronological defect thus referred to is no doubt a very awkward one. Instead of placing his journey to Cape Lopez between April and July 1856, when it was really performed, he introduces it between two other journeys, both of which it preceded, and has connected it with them without any explanation; thus giving rise to the contradictions which we have already had occasion to notice. (See p. 122.)

The following explanation of the anachronism is given in the preface to the second edition of his work:—

‘Since the publication of the first edition of this work, some apparent discrepancies, and one misprint which had escaped my notice in the *dates*, have been pointed out to me. I ought to have mentioned in my original preface, that, in order not to take my readers backwards and forwards, I completed my description of the northern region, including my expedition to the Fans, before beginning my southern journey to Cape Lopez, which in reality was the first exploration I made in 1856. I preserved the dates of the months, however, as they appear in my journal.’

This explanation is not satisfactory, for it is inconsistent with the narrative; and the author should have admitted that, when he wrote that part of his work, he had misplaced his materials, or that the person who is said to have written the book from the original diaries had made the mistake in question. But, whether this is the case or not, we would urge the author not to issue another edition of his work without giving its proper place to his journey to Cape Lopez.

In addition to this grave anachronism, with which we were greatly perplexed before it had excited public criticism, there are several points in the narrative which have startled readers not disposed to be hypercritical.

The extravagantly royal reception of our author among the numerous tribes which he visited, and his sustained influence over them as the white man, and as a spirit endowed with miraculous power, have scarcely a parallel in the adventures of other African travellers; while the account of the disgusting cannibalism of the Fans has been regarded as approaching to the fabulous. But, notwithstanding these and other peculiarities in our author's narrative, we cannot concur in the opinion that it is not a real and genuine account of his adventures and explorations.

The question of the value of his natural history discoveries is one of a different order. M. du Chaillu is not a scientific naturalist, but even in the humble character of a collector he is entitled to our gratitude for whatever additions he may make to the fauna of unvisited regions; and that gratitude need not be abated should he claim to be the discoverer of well-known species, or give startling descriptions of the animals which he has shot or collected.

But while we cheerfully grant this indulgence to our enterprising traveller, and sympathize with him in the sufferings and hardships to which he was exposed, we must be equally indulgent to the man of science, who is bound by his professional position to give righteous

judgment in every question which it is his duty to decide.

When M. du Chaillu claimed the honour of having discovered 20 new species of quadrupeds, and 60 new species of birds, and actually brought several of them to London as an evidence of his success, Dr. Gray, the most distinguished of our zoologists, and holding the high position of Zoologist to the British Museum, was called upon to give his opinion of a collection that had excited so much public interest. In the discharge of his duty he has made the following statement:—

1. That the large figure of the gorilla, in the frontispiece of the work, is taken, with slight alterations, from Geoffroy's figure* of the specimen in the Paris Museum, and there called *Gorilla Gina*.

2. That the figure of the young gorilla, in p. 200, is also from a specimen in the same museum, and figured by Geoffroy.†

3. That the skeleton of man and the gorilla, at p. 370, is incorrectly taken from a copy of Fenton's photographs of the skeleton in the British Museum.

In reply to these criticisms, our author admits 'that four out of the 74 plates in his work have been copied, with some slight alteration, from other works, and he expresses his regret that the original sources were not stated on the plates themselves;' but he asserts, what we believe is correct, that his figure of the skeleton is not a copy from the photograph, but is taken from a drawing of his own large specimen.

Dr. Gray has also questioned the correctness of his description of the ferocity and untameable character of the adult gorilla; and he founds his opinion on accounts of more than one specimen that had been kept alive for several months in the Gaboon, and with the fact that a gorilla had lived so long in confinement as to have been shipped for the Zoological Society,—all these specimens having been described 'as anything but specially malignant and ferocious.'

Dr. Gray has criticised in the same manner the drawings and the descriptions of several of the other mammals. He states that the figure of the young *Troglodytes Calvus*, in p. 359, is a copy of Geoffroy's figure, from the photograph of the common chimpanzee, *Troglodytes Niger*; and that the other figure of the same animal is a *fac simile* of the figure given by Geoffroy as a representation from life of the young chimpanzee in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris.

After a careful examination of the quadru-

peda, supposed to be new, Dr. Gray has shown that many of them had been previously described by himself and other naturalists, and that there is only one new animal out of the sixteen.*

Dr. Gray has not made any observations on the 60 new species of birds in Du Chaillu's list, and he assigns as a reason 'that only a very few authentically named species have come under his hand, the typical species being in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia, and that M. du Chaillu appears to have brought only a very small proportion of the birds mentioned in his list to England.'

We regret that Dr. Gray has not had an opportunity of reporting upon the collection of birds, for we have no doubt that he would have found among them several new and interesting species; and a favourable opinion from such high authority might have reconciled Du Chaillu to the decision pronounced upon his mammals. So long ago as 1856, Mr. Cassin, Curator of the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia,† had described the birds collected by our author at Cape Lopez, and had found among them several fine new species; and it is not likely that any difference would exist between the opinions of the British and the American zoologist.

Admitting, therefore, as we must do, the correctness of Dr. Gray's zoological results, and of other adverse criticisms on the anachronisms and apparent exaggerations in Du Chaillu's narrative, we must still claim for him the merit of an enterprising and intelligent traveller, who has sacrificed his health and risked his life in the cause of science, and who has extended our knowledge of the geography of Equatorial Africa, and made important contributions to its natural history.

We anxiously hope, therefore, that in the next edition of his work he will correct the mistakes which he may have committed, and to which every traveller is more or less liable,—that his missionary friends to whom he has appealed may remove any of those doubts, however slightly founded, which have been expressed regarding the fidelity of his narrative,—and that future travellers may confirm such of his descriptions as may have appeared improbable or extravagant.

* See two valuable and interesting papers by Dr. Gray in *The Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for June and July 1861.

† *Proceedings of the Academy*, December 1856.

* *Archives de Museum*, vol. x., p. 1. Paris, 1858.

† *Id. id.*, Plate vii., fig. 2.

ART. X.—*History of Civilisation in England.*

By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. II.
London, 1861.

A MAN of letters could hardly address himself to a nobler task than that of writing the history of civilisation in England. Our verdict is not likely to be questioned when we say that the social state of Britain presents the highest type of that civilisation which belongs pre-eminently to modern times and European nations. In some special departments of thought and action, she is no doubt excelled by others. German learning is more profound and exhaustive. In the lighter graces of art, France leads the way. In the wider diffusion of intelligence among the people, America has shot ahead of the mother country. But take them for all in all, no nation can take rank before the great English people. There, solving the great problem of government, the authority of law secures, in place of subverting, the liberty of the subject. Religion fulfils her high mission, the guide, not the tyrant, of conscience. A noble literature, unmatched for its union of splendour and solidity, pays, with few exceptions, the willing tribute of genius to morality and truth. The industrial and mechanical arts, under the guidance of enlightened science, minister daily to our wealth and comfort. More than in any other land, truth-speaking and truth-seeking—the very pulse and measure of Christian civilisation—are esteemed and practised. Greece, no doubt, will retain her pre-eminence in speculative intellect and purity of taste; and Rome will be honoured for having laid the foundations of modern law and vigorous government; but we shall search history in vain for such a combination of high intelligence and practical ability, of personal freedom and public order, such a variety of active forces, all moving freely, yet conspiring surely to the general good, as may now happily be witnessed in England.

Here, then, is a great theme for the philosophic historian. To show how a people, whom the Romans found woad-painted savages, have grown to such eminence; to estimate the influences of situation and climate, of race, of war, foreign and domestic, of letters and religion, of social life in its various forms,—feudal, monastic, and municipal,—and of all the other forces by which great nations are moulded; to trace the blunders of rulers, warring with the interests and feelings of their people; to show how, while tacking and veering with every changeful wind of influence, the nation was unconsciously advancing, till her place was finally adjusted among the currents that are now bearing her on to a glorious destiny,—is

surely a task worthy of the noblest powers. Besides the more obvious qualifications, such as knowledge of languages, familiarity with all kinds of historical records, acquaintance with science and philosophy, and with that whole mass of literature in which a nation's life and condition are reflected, the task, to be thoroughly done, would demand piercing sagacity and unflinching patience; a faculty of construction, to impart unity and organic form to vast masses of shapeless material; a power of logic to trace the bearings of events, and a breadth of sympathy to give insight into their heart and meaning, where mere logic would utterly fail; the eye of genius to seize the facts that are vital and important, amid clouds of attractive but irrelevant incident; and, to crown all, a gift of narration, to set forth in a clear, simple, attractive style, the main results of all this Herculean process. It is a task, in all its breadth, which none of our great historians, except Mr. Buckle, has even attempted; and, if he had done no more than given the plan and proportions of this great scheme, he would have laid us under a debt of obligation. The intelligent prospectus of such a work is no slight boon. It is something to know what the historian should do. We do not share in the needless and groundless contempt for history, as hitherto written, which Mr. Buckle expresses. And, as will by-and-by appear, we utterly dissent from the leading idea and philosophy of his book. We believe, too, that in matters of detail he has often committed great blunders; but we willingly bear our testimony to the noble idea he has formed of his vocation, and the extraordinary labour he has devoted to the attempt to realize it. In a passage of great pathos and beauty, in the present volume, he informs us that he has dedicated the best of his days to this work, and has been made to feel, as Hume tells us he felt, the loneliness and weariness, and want of human sympathy, which usually fall to the lot of those who form great schemes, and travel out of the beaten paths of inquiry. What he has attempted indeed is a task far beyond the powers of any single individual, as he now begins to find. Moreover his work, even if completed, will never be accepted as the solution of the great problem of English civilisation. At best, it will be but a temple to an 'Unknown God.' But it will be a marvellous trophy of labour and genius, and it will go far to prepare the way for the more perfect accomplishment, by other hands, of the great undertaking.

Like all the English followers of M. Comte and the positive philosophy, Mr. Buckle combines very marked abilities with strange mental defects. He unites great power with

great presumption, and, while scornful of all that has been done by others, accomplishes himself nothing so superior as to justify his scorn. Like the rest of his school, he is sadly one-sided, ignoring one-half of human nature, and exaggerating the other. He is a bookish man, who lives in a library, not in the world. He is a vigorous reasoner, but he does not know men. He has certain rough dogmas of general conduct and abstract principle, partially true, which he applies with a merciless indiscriminatio, that revolts the thoughtful observer of human character. Hence the tone of exaggeration which characterizes his work, and which will go far to deprive it of authoritative value. He is not so prone to present false views, as to exaggerate what is true. Even his most extreme opinions have in them an element of truth. But in a work that professes to enumerate and estimate the forces of civilisation, we look for not merely the elements, but the proportions of truth. In this respect, Mr. Buckle's work can never carry weight. Candid readers, as they examine his judgments on men and opinions, will acknowledge the 'element of truth,' but in so distorted a form as to make them doubt whether, practically, its presence does not do as much harm as good.

The present volume is devoted mainly to an examination of the history of Spain and of Scotland, 'with the object of elucidating principles on which the history of England supplies inadequate information.' The first volume is devoted to the establishment of the principles which the author regards as the basis of the history of civilisation. The remainder of the 'Introduction' will contain an examination of the history of Germany and of the United States of America. When he has thus completed the porch, he will proceed to construct the temple,—the History of Civilisation in England. Mr. Buckle holds that, by a process of induction, he has, in his first volume, established certain principles or laws of progress. It will be necessary for us therefore to glance briefly at some of these, because they colour the present essay, or rather, this essay is a pleading from history in support of them. Mr. Buckle, in this way, as it seems to us, places himself in a false position. He appears as counsel for a theory, for which it is his business to find support. With every intention, doubtless, to be impartial, he is drawn inevitably, by his very position, into gross partiality. The unconscious bias of a preconceived theory is probably the cause why a writer of such research and learning, such grasp and power of generalization, should arrive at conclusions so utterly unsatisfactory.

We do not stop to examine his assumption—that the primitive state of man was that of the rude barbarian. We will only say, in reference to the offensively dogmatic and contemptuous way in which he rejects 'the fiction of the golden age,' and the idea of a lapse from a higher to a lower state, and in which he treats theological opinions generally, that his book would lose nothing by a little courtesy, not to say charity. For it does not become a man of learning to denounce doctrines, that have been the support of the purest moral life of the world, as 'the draft and offal of a bygone age.' His great doctrine then is, that civilisation depends on the success with which physical laws are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of these laws is diffused. The ancient civilisations—those of Egypt, India, Mexico—were abortive and temporary, simply because the people were ignorant of the laws of nature. That there was any civilisation in these countries at all, was owing solely to the neighbourhood of rivers, bays, and fertile fields. It was purely the result of their physical circumstances: but as they had not intelligence enough to control and triumph over the laws of nature, their civilisation was abortive,—truncated. Where, however, intellect has achieved this triumph, the result has been a continuous and successful progress. It is this that not only differentiates the civilisation of Europe from that of the East, but that forms its very root and essence. This is the leading idea of the book. For the first time, as far as we remember, mere Intellect is enthroned as the sovereign arbiter of human affairs. Let us sift this position a little more closely.

As we follow the closing chapters of Greek and Roman story, certainly it is not the want of intellect that suggests itself as the cause of decline. The highest minds, indeed, had already done their work and departed; but the results remained in a body of healthy literature, and in a philosophy of splendid achievement and almost boundless speculation. Nor had these fallen into oblivion. They were not only embodied in books and institutions; the knowledge of them was more widely diffused than it had been in better days. Socrates and Plato found no such general 'philosophic curiosity,' as greeted St. Paul when he appeared on Mars Hill. Yet Athens and Rome were then hovering on the verge of the returning tide of barbarism, half-conscious of their fate, but unable to avert it. They had abundance of science, inductive and deductive. They had an amount of culture and of luxurious appliance, which formed, according to one school of philosophy, their chief danger. But there

was no domestic life; and the State, which had been put in place of the family, had now become weak. There was no morality, and no faith to revive it. Scepticism laughed at the gods, but could not supply the want which longed for a shrine and an altar. Meanwhile, side by side with these phenomena, there sprang up on all hands a new and fresh civilisation. It was not at first by any means intellectual. It did not worship philosophy. It had few books. It did not pretend to 'understand the laws that regulate phenomena.' Yet somehow it made progress, and the culture of Greece and Rome was feeble beside it. Let any of our readers trace from its beginnings the well-known history of German, Norse, or English civilisation. He will find a missionary coming among a barbarous people, teaching as he may, and suffering without fail. He will find a fierce, honest struggle for their gods, and priests, and customs. He will find Thor and Odin slowly giving way before God and His Christ, though in the struggle there is often great confusion, and the white robes of the saints are stained, as it were, with the blood of the dying superstitions. Withal, however, a change takes place speedily in the spirit of the country which has received even such imperfect Christianity. There may be many foolish miracles, but there are also many mercies. There are monks with mistaken notions, who nevertheless take to books, and do some work of teaching among their neighbours. There are priests who perhaps love power, but who also preach justice, pity, and chivalry, to a barbarous nobility. Woman, whom all savages crush, is held up to honour. Slavery is mollified, resisted, largely abolished. All this is done long before science begins 'to discover the laws that regulate phenomena.' A common reader of history, who had no preconceived theory, would be apt to say that the main factor in modern civilisation is this Christian religion, with its new examples, and stimulus, and sanctions. But he would not read history as Mr. Buckle reads it. Religion, morality, literature, government, are all eliminated from his theory of progress. Not that he considers them of no moment in themselves; but he regards them as merely the effects of civilisation,—its product, not its cause.

In order to reach this point, he finds it necessary, at the outset, to get rid of the whole testimony of consciousness. One might say, after toiling through his reasonings, 'All this is very well; and I have neither time nor learning to reply to it. But I know from my own experience that morality and religion have done more to civilise me than all the "successive generalizations of science."

I am conscious of this; and I make no doubt it is the same with others.' It was necessary, therefore, to invalidate this so-called metaphysical argument, and to show that, in a wide view, man may be regarded, not as a *person*, but as a *thing* whose individual consciousness is of no moment. Hitherto history has been regarded as essentially biography on a large scale; and individual motives and feelings have been used to explain it. Now, it seems, all progress is to be accounted for by the operation of laws, quite independent of human character, which turn man from an agent into a simple result. How Mr. Buckle reconciles this with the moral judgments which he still ventures to pronounce, we do not know. But, at any rate, let no one suppose that his consciousness is of any value, or that his will is worth considering in such a question. Metaphysicians differ on many points, but statistics never err. Some indeed think that statistics may prove anything or nothing. Mr. Buckle, however, considers their testimony sufficient to show that it is pretty much an equal chance, whether you shall die of typhus, or commit suicide or murder; at least, if the chances are not quite equal, they are alike within the calculations of the actuary. Taking a large enough view of society, the one is as much a matter of statistics as the other. It is idle to say, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' and it is equally idle to hint that a hungry tramp may lie down in his straw at your door, and infect you with fever, but that murder and suicide were never known to be catching without some effort of will. Your will has nothing to do with the matter. It is a provable thing, that out of so many thousands of a population, a fixed proportion die of typhus, a fixed proportion drown themselves, a fixed proportion poison their neighbours; your chances can be calculated by the actuary by mere arithmetic. It is in such ways that the whole testimony of consciousness is overthrown, human actions placed under the exclusive laws of arithmetic, and social humanity viewed merely as a thing! We shall not argue the matter. When a statement contains its own refutation, it is superfluous to prove its absurdity. In the present case, argument would be wasted, just because it is implied that men may be treated, not as *persons*, but as *things*.

Yet this is not one whit more glaring than the error in reasoning, by which Mr. Buckle gets rid of the civilising influence of morality and religion. 'If we look,' he says, 'at men in the aggregate, their moral and intellectual conduct is regulated by the moral and intellectual notions prevalent in their time.' 'But this standard is constantly changing,' though

'there is nothing to be found in the world which has undergone so little change as those dogmas of which *moral* systems are composed.' 'Since, therefore, civilisation is the product of moral intellectual agencies, and since that product is constantly changing, it evidently cannot be regulated by the stationary agent; because, when surrounding circumstances are unchanged, a stationary agent can only produce a stationary effect.' All progress, therefore, is due not to moral, but to intellectual agencies.

Now, here, we begin by objecting to Mr. Buckle's premisses. We do not admit that the perception of moral truth is so uniform as he assumes. When nations have already made sufficient progress to have a written Ethical system, their different codes, no doubt, substantially agree. Even then, however, we shall find important differences. For example, there are various moral ideas, of the utmost social importance, bound up with *monogamy* and its domestic relations, which were surely unknown either in Greece or Rome. The comparison, however, ought to be made not between the ethical systems of nations, already to some extent civilised, but between the moral code of the savage and that of the European; in which case, we venture to say, the moral element will be something very different from the fixed quantity which Mr. Buckle's argument assumes. But, even if it were otherwise, it is one thing to know the unchanging law of duty, and quite another thing to obey it. The one may be stationary, and the other steadily progressive. Ethical science may teach nothing new, yet moral example may produce a new habit of life. The savage is a liar, and only laughs when he is found out. The savage is a thief, as long as he can steal with safety. The savage is a drunkard, when he can find the means to get tipsy. The savage is ready to shed blood, and regardless of fair-play in his quarrels. Will Mr. Buckle say that there has been no progress in morality, because there are no novelties in ethics? Or will he explain the admitted *growth of moral influence* by 'the knowledge of the laws that regulate the phenomena?' For our own part, we see that a good man's teaching and example, enforced by the sanctions of religion, produce, more or less, a humanizing effect. In the character and work of the 'meek and lowly One,' the world, believing and unbelieving, has hitherto recognised a power equally mighty and beneficent;—the main factor, we apprehend, of European civilisation. Mr. Buckle thinks otherwise, and therein stands, and surely will stand, alone. Certainly he has not helped his case by the historical examples which he adduces in its

support. He tells us that men, with good intentions but deficient intellects, are often more injurious than men with bad morals and sceptical opinions. Marcus Aurelius and Julian were emperors of a kindly and lofty character, and yet they were persecutors. Commodus and Elagabalus were tolerant, however base. This is true enough, and it might have made for his purpose, had these last been intellectually superior, which Mr. Buckle would hardly assert; or if it could be shown that the influence of Commodus and Elagabalus, taking their whole life and character into view, was more favourable to civilisation than that of the noble Stoic, or the restorer of Zeus and Aphrodite. We presume, however, he would shrink from this position as much as from the other; and we would suggest that, if he desires a comparison really to the point, he should contrast St. Paul, rearing, amid the ruins of Greek and Roman culture, a new moral world, and Laplace, amid the wreck of French institutions, 'discovering the laws that regulate phenomena,' and show in the one case the *zero* of stationary ethics, and in the other the *plus* of intellectual progress.

Nor can we give up religion to Mr. Buckle's remorseless logic. He considers it to be uniformly a result of civilisation, not a cause. If a nation is barbarous, its religion is superstition; if it is humanized, its religion, as a consequence, is pure and mild. On the authority of Mr. Southey—an authority he would probably repudiate on any other matter—he asserts that the Gospel is never received by any people unless it has been preceded, or, at least, accompanied by other appliances of civilisation,—to which last the real progress of the country is ascribed. Owing to this, Christianity was early corrupted by surrounding idolatries; and for the same reason it uniformly sinks to the level of the people who receive it. No doubt there is a certain element of truth in this. We grant that Christianity was early corrupted. Middleton's letters are a conclusive proof of the shameful alliance it contracted with the idolatry of Rome. We are even ready to go a step further, and admit that probably no barbarous people ever did, or could, at once receive it in all its breadth and purity. Such a people require time to grow up in greatness. No missionary, however aided from above, will bring Feejees at once to the level of the religious ideas now prevailing in Britain.

But, admitting that religion may be affected by other agencies, for better and for worse, how does this prove that it is a mere result of civilisation, and not also a cause? Why should a doctrine of physics take root

in the mind and be fruitful, while a doctrine of theology is necessarily perverted and impotent? A religious truth may not for a time be generally received; but the same thing may be said of the profoundest truths of science. Neither Newton nor Galileo was at once believed. Principles of divine faith may be allied with superstition; but dogmas of inductive science may form a like foolish marriage with spirit-rapping and table-turning. The perfect conception of Christianity may be the product of long ages; but we have no instance of men 'discovering the laws that regulate phenomena' until a considerable measure of civilisation had been already achieved. Might we not, then, with better reason, reverse Mr. Buckle's process, and say that his main agent in human progress only comes in play when men have been already prepared for it by a moral and religious discipline, without which intellect never reaches its full powers? Certain we are, that, however imperfectly understood, it will be found easier to instil into the mind of cannibal Fans and Feejees some germinating seeds of Christian doctrine that shall gradually humanize their life, than to get them to understand the law of gravitation and the phenomena of the solar system. Moreover, without denying the benefit of science, and the important place it holds in modern civilisation, we affirm that it wants diffusive power, and that it must always be the possession and strength of the few. It has few martyrs, for it lacks stuff to make them. It has no missionaries in barbarous countries. If civilisation depends on 'the laws that regulate phenomena,' alas! for the nations be- lectured here and there at a school of Arts, with a Royal Society for their Synod of High Priests! Happily, however, other powers are at work to humanize the world; and long before the deep mysteries of science can become the property of the multitude, the myriads of human homes will have been comforted and purified by a still grander discovery which reveals to them the brotherhood and suffering of God and leads them to the practice of righteousness, and mercy, and truth, which are, after all, the great elements of civilisation.

While we thus hint, rather than state fully, our objections to Mr. Buckle's theory, we must add that these objections do not apply to the fundamental idea of progress by means of law. In this, as in every province of creation, there is no anarchy: law is sovereign; and its principles may to some extent be discovered, and its action computed for our advantage. The whole current of thought is at present turned in this direction. The higher class of minds are everywhere reach-

ing after some scientific law, round which all kinds of phenomena shall, as it were, crystallize. And, for our part, we look most hopefully to the ultimate results of a similar mode of investigation in the field of history. What we dread is the precipitancy of the scientific enthusiast when his way appears quite clear, because only half the problem is taken into view. This, we apprehend, is the case with Mr. Buckle. Surveying a large field, he can trace, in general averages, the operation of a law; and he would, therefore, treat it as if it were applicable, not to men, but things. He forgets that psychology is a true science, and that the testimony of consciousness, in its own place, is as valid as that of arithmetic. The migration of nations, for example, is no doubt as much the result of a law as the swarming of bees; but it is also the effect of a distinct volition on the part of each member of the community. The one does not destroy the other. Each may be established on its own ground of competent evidence; and Mr. Buckle is greatly mistaken if he thinks that men will ever give up the conscious freedom of self-direction, on which depends the sense of a noble and ennobling responsibility, to become the mere pawns of an actuary's chess-board.

Nor can we stop short here, without adding a word on another but kindred theme. While we hold that the existence of a general law nowise invalidates the testimony of consciousness, we are equally persuaded that the divinely-appointed law is also consistent with the divinely-originating cause. Mr. Buckle is aware of the distinction between the Law and the Cause; but he repeatedly argues as if it had no existence. There may be moral causes for certain phenomena; but it is enough for him if he can trace their physical law. Thus, going even further than Adam Smith, he tells us that because the monks of old were paid in kind, and had no ready market for their fowls, and meal, and kine, therefore they were notable for their charities and hospitality. It never seems to strike him that other persons have more money, or money's worth, than they can use for themselves, who yet manage to get rid of it without being driven to such benevolent shifts. In the same way he writes about God, as if it were exactly the same thing to find the law by which His designs are brought about, and to discover the reason for those designs. In reality, these are quite different and entirely independent subjects of inquiry. God works by laws, and for reasons. The former belong to science, and the latter to the moralist and theologian. Would that each of them did but follow his own path, and let the other alone! There is no con-

tradition between them, and there need be no collision. Creation may have been accomplished according to certain discoverable laws; if that should be proved, it ought not to interfere with any belief in the Divine Creator. The work of Providence also may be carried on by the same grave and stately procession of causes and effects; yet that need not weaken faith in the moral government of God. But alas! Ephraim will not cease to vex Judah, nor Judah to envy Ephraim. The *savant* is ever ready to think that, because God is not necessary for *his* problem, He is not necessary for the universe; and the priest, when he sees philosophers scrutinizing his temple, keeps fluttering in pale alarm, or screaming about his altars, lest they should rob him of his gods. Happily, the Christian's God cannot be stolen. You must tear the heart from humanity ere you can rob it of its Christ.

We now come to the second volume, in which the history of Spain and Scotland is employed to illustrate Mr. Buckle's principles. At the very outset, we are compelled to enter our protest against the use to which he turns Scottish history. Adversity, certainly, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows; but surely it is the unkindest cut that Englishmen have ever inflicted on our country, to make her the bed-fellow of Spain. It seems that these two nations furnish the most striking proofs of the principle, that the great enemy of civilisation 'is the protective spirit; meaning by that, the notion that society cannot prosper, unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected at nearly every turn, by the State and the Church; the State teaching men what they are to do, and the Church teaching them what they are to believe.' For our part, we are very willing to allow that the meddling of legislators and the persecution of churchmen have caused not a little mischief and misery to society, though we cannot quite get rid of a lingering regard for an antiquated theory that ascribed these evils in the main to the corrupt passions and appetites of men. But what real affinity is there between Spain and Scotland? In Spain there was a strong government with a people loyal to fanaticism; in Scotland, a weak government strove with a people resolved at all hazards to be free. In the one, the Church repressed knowledge and inquiry; in the other, the presbyters were the patrons of education and independence. Is there not a chasm, which no generalization shall bridge across, between the history of a nation's decay, under the combined influence of tyranny and superstition, and the record of a glorious progress,

through many a noble struggle, towards freedom alike in Church and in State? Where are our Scottish St. Bartholomews, our Presbyterian autos-da-fe, with solemn procession of priests and honourable men, to burn half-a-dozen heretics weekly? Who can read our Scottish story and fail to see that its martyrs were churchmen, and its persecutors the secular authorities; and that the one strove to maintain, and the other to crush, the liberties of the land?

But, indeed, Mr. Buckle's whole ideas of Scotland have a marked exaggeration reaching to absurdity. According to him it should seem that superstition is still rampant among us. He has some 'able and enlightened' friends who are afraid to say this, but will, no doubt, be glad that he has said it for them. It should seem that 'the finger of scorn is pointed at every man who, in the exercise of his sacred and inalienable right of free judgment, refuses to acquiesce' in our religious notions. It appears 'that there runs through the entire country a sour and fanatical spirit, an aversion to innocent gaiety, a disposition to limit the enjoyment of others, and a love of inquiring into the opinions of others and of interfering with them, such as is hardly anywhere else to be found; while, in the midst of all this, there flourishes a national creed gloomy and austere to the last degree, a creed which is full of forebodings and threats and horrors of every sort, and which rejoices in proclaiming to mankind how wretched and miserable they are, how small a portion of them can be saved, and what an overwhelming majority is necessarily reserved for unspeakable, excruciating, and eternal agony.' And then we have our dirt and poverty, and our terrible fast-days, when nobody dares to eat for four and twenty hours, but all must sit in church, to have their nerves shattered with horrible sermons, and their bodies infected with possible choleras and typhuses, and then 'to retire to their beds, weeping and starved,' but hoping that the Deity has at any rate been duly propitiated! This is Scotland as it now is; and that, he admits, is much better than it was! It is almost a pity to breathe on the mirror, and cloud with the faintest suspicion so piquant a reflection of Scotch life and character. The mixture of horror and amusement oddly tickles our fancy. It was not necessary for Mr. Buckle to know what a Scottish 'fast' is; but neither was it necessary to write on a subject of which he might innocently be ignorant. And some of his 'able and enlightened friends' might have informed him that during said 'fasts' every man takes his usual allowance of creature comforts, having

no idea of propitiating the Deity either by an empty stomach, or by going to bed weeping. This may be very wrong, but it is their way. As to the terrible infliction of sermons, gloating over the multitude and misery of the condemned, we can only say that Mr. Buckle's imagination is about as remarkable as his learning. We have heard complaints that sermons in Scotland are sometimes very long, rather metaphysical, and obscurely technical. But our Cairds and Cairnes, our Guthries and McLeods and Candlishes, who have stamped their impress on the preaching of the day, will be somewhat astonished to learn that they rejoice to proclaim what an overwhelming majority of men is necessarily reserved for unspeakable, excruciating, and eternal agony!

We pass, however, from this, not accusing Mr. Buckle of any ill-will to Scotland or to Scotchmen, notwithstanding the absurd and exaggerated strain in which he writes of them. In now proceeding to consider his sketch of our history, we note with pleasure his rare power of grouping a long series of events, spreading over centuries, but penetrated by the same spirit, and working toward the same result. This may prove a dangerous gift, but it is the gift of genius; and it gives order, clearness, unity, to what the common historian too often leaves, as he found it, a confused entanglement of aimless struggle. That Mr. Buckle has not escaped the danger is too clear, for he has approached the subject with a ready-made theory. But certainly the sum of Scottish history, and of its contribution to the cause of civilisation, will be found by tracing with him—

1. The decay of feudalism from its culmination in the sixteenth century.

2. The ecclesiastical struggle of the seventeenth; and

3. The growth and fruits of the sceptical philosophy developed in the eighteenth.

On the first of these divisions we shall not dwell long. Feudalism is, happily, dead and gone, and has left scarce a trace of its existence, except in some obsolete forms of law, and the maunderings of a certain school of romantic *litterateurs*. Mr. Buckle does not think it necessary to sing a dirge at its burial, nor do we. Even Scott, whose imagination delighted in its knights, and tournaments, and baronial halls, and fair ladies, and wandering minstrels, never dreamed of its revival, except in the realm of poetry. Yet a complete theory of civilisation ought to embrace alike the feudal and monastic ideas of life, as at the time, and for a limited purpose, elements of progress and humanizing influences. The feudal signor was doubtless a necessary stage in a process of training, by

which loyal obedience grew up into the great principle of social compromise. Nor was the monastic law of exaggerated self-denial without its value, at a time when the prevailing rule of life was the gratification of every appetite. And if we may venture to regard the idea of chivalry as a fact, and not a mere poetic dream, we cannot doubt that a feudalism thus consecrated, however partially, must have played a part in the history of progress. Mr. Buckle, however, treats it as altogether obstructive. He regards its rise as a mere barbarism, whose only serviceable purpose was to restrain ecclesiastical ambition. He records its fall with the cold unmoved spirit of one to whom human vicissitude possesses neither interest nor pathos. Granting, as we do, that the power of the feudal lords was broken through the inevitable operation of a beneficent law, we cannot read without regret how, as the chronicler tells us, in Cromwell's time, the grand old barons, the Hamiltons, Huntlys, Argyles, Douglasses, Marischals, and others, 'were sequestrat, or forfait, or drowned in debt,' and 'could not keep the causey.' It was necessary, indeed, that the old forms should disappear; and progress is often pitiless to individuals and to classes. But history, while recording the change, may also record her sympathy, and may admit that, while the result as a whole was for the good of society, yet, probably, some kingly virtues were lost to the nation when, in 1745, the feudal signor sunk into a laird, a farmer, a respectable country gentleman.

On the whole, however, this part of the sketch is excellently done. It contains charges against the Scottish people of 'disloyalty,' democracy, 'selling their king,' and such like, which disfigure an able narrative with groundless prejudice. These we cannot at present discuss; nor is it necessary, as they are quite incidental, and will be as impotent as they are offensive. We hasten to deal with the more important matter in the second part, which presents to us the ecclesiastical struggle of the seventeenth century.

During this period, we find over all Europe an effort to exalt the kingly power, aided more or less by a reaction in favour of the old religion. In France, Richelieu and Mazarin consolidated the royal authority, and prepared for Louis XIV. In Austria, the Duke of Bavaria and Tilly attempted the same thing for the Emperor. In Britain, Charles and Laud followed a like course, till the axe of the executioner cut short their career. It is nowise necessary to suppose that there was any concert among them. True, they all sought much the same object, and by much the same means. True, the

crafty Jesuit had insinuated himself into every court in Europe, and had the keeping of nearly every royal conscience. Not unnaturally, therefore, the Protestant world ascribed the whole movement to a vast 'conspiracy of hypocrites,' banded for the overthrow of religion and liberty. But the tide of thought which then swept over the nations can be accounted for by more simple and natural causes. Every great movement is speedily followed by its reaction, without which its results can neither be thoroughly sifted, nor finally conserved as the heritage of the future. This reaction appeared early in Scotland; but there it was met by a church whose popular form of government fitted it to detect and to resist such encroachments. There, too, it had to deal with a people firm in their love of freedom and of the new evangel, differing in this from their southern neighbours, who, in the matter of a creed, had turned from Henry to Somerset, from Somerset back to Mary, and from Mary again to Elizabeth, gathering with equal enthusiasm around the bonfires they severally kindled.

Essentially, then, the conflict which now began, was the same in Scotland as in England and Europe. It was a struggle for liberty against royal centralization and supremacy. But the question had two poles—a political and an ecclesiastical. In England the political prevailed, while the ecclesiastical was the more prominent in Scotland. This was natural; for, in the proper sense of the term, Scotland had no Parliament, nor, as yet, any large middle class by whom Parliament could be constituted. The only representative body that took an interest in the condition of the people, or that asserted for itself any freedom in discussing their concerns, was the General Assembly of the Church. The first step, then, towards a tyranny was to crush this power; and to the reactionary party in the Church it appeared that the best way of crushing it, was to appoint prelates as its governors, who would prove more subservient than its sturdy presbyters. Thus the struggle began; and as the conflict deepened, the polemics on both sides naturally grew more rigid. This is the uniform result of controversy. The disputants dig new trenches, fence themselves in new positions, retire into securer fastnesses of opinion, and there shed ink or blood, as the case may be. As the struggle proceeded, the feeling of Scotland became more intensely in favour of its ecclesiastical arrangements, because it was against these the attack was directed. In England, the sovereign assumed the power of taxation, which belonged exclusively to the Lower House, and the peo-

ple rose to resist him. In Scotland, he tried to regulate ecclesiastical matters, which belonged to the General Assembly, and the country, as one man, resolved to arrest his course. In both nations, doubtless, there entered into the quarrel, besides, a profound religious conviction which consecrated their efforts and sufferings. But while the question struck its roots deep into religious principle, yet, as it presents itself to the historian, it is essentially political and ecclesiastical. The encroachments of the sovereign on the powers of the popular representative bodies, were the substantial cause of the quarrel. In these encroachments, the far-seeing statesmen of England, and the equally perspicacious clergy of the north, detected an assumption of authority which would speedily subvert religion and liberty alike. And so, sadly but resolutely, they girt them for the strife, and rose up, and swore by the living God that this must not be.

Of course, this is not Mr. Buckle's view. His theory, which has at least the merit of simplicity, will approve itself, no doubt, to those who care not how the choicest benefactors of their country may have their character tortured into conformity with a theory; therein, alas! twice martyred,—dying for our liberties in the flesh, and now again tormented in their reputation for the mere ease of our minds. Mr. Buckle has drawn a portrait of those men who, amid intense privation and high-minded sacrifice, guided our country through the perils of the seventeenth century, which would be very sad if it were true; and he has supported it by a vast array of authorities, which would be overwhelming if they were valid. Let us examine his account of them, and of their doings.

Commencing always at the beginning, he tells us that superstition is the fruit of ignorance and danger. The Scotch were of course ignorant. They had, it is true, the only tolerably complete system of national education then existing in Europe. They had also universities which maintained the scholarly character of the country of Buchanan and Melville in many a French and German College. Selden himself acknowledged that Gillespie, though a mere youth, was no mean antagonist. Baillie, good man, had more learning than he was well able to manage. The scholarship of Sir George Mackenzie wins a tribute even from Dryden. And Stair, who lectured in Glasgow, was, perhaps, the greatest jurist this island has ever produced; while the ablest platonic divine, not even excepting Cudworth, bears the honoured name of Leighton. It was necessary, however, for Mr. Buckle's argu-

ment, to assume exceeding ignorance, and therefore such trifling facts as these are overlooked. The Scotch, moreover, lived in a country notable 'for storms and mists, darkened skies, flashed by frequent lightning, peals of thunder reverberating from mountain to mountain, and echoing on every side, and dangerous hurricanes and gusts sweeping the innumerable lakes with which it is studded.' Thus we have the two factors, ignorance and danger; and, of course, the result was superstition of a much darker and more persistent type than ever afflicted England. Hence the Church had always proportionally greater power in Scotland than in any prosaic country peopled by intelligent chaw-bacons. That power, however, was overthrown for a time, but only for a time, by the alliance of the reformers with the feudal aristocracy. The ruling passion of every corporation is to increase its own influence. Hence 'superstition being so engrained into the Scotch character, the spiritual classes quickly rallied, and under their new name of Protestants they quickly became as formidable as under their old name of Catholics.' 'The Church changed its form without altering its spirit,' and 'became one of the most detestable tyrannies ever seen on the face of the earth.' Indeed, 'when it was at the height of its power,' Mr. Buckle 'has searched history in vain for any institution that can compete with it, except the Spanish Inquisition.' He admits, at the same time, that, owing to the debasing superstition of the country, the Church was exceedingly popular, even among a people shrewd in worldly matters, and, in politics, fired by a restless passion for freedom. In support of this theory, he adduces a vast array of authorities, impeaching the clergy of the most absurd vainglory and self-importance; of gross superstition and shameful intolerance; of assuming a superhuman power to foretell and control the destinies of men; of a systematic attempt, for their own ends, to intimidate their hearers by 'doctrines of devils' and horrible eternal punishments, and of grossly perverting the whole character of God, with the same selfish object of increasing ecclesiastical power. Almost every natural action and every natural feeling they represented as sinful. It was sinful to desire children, sinful to be anxious about them, sinful to enjoy any innocent pleasure. They objected to music—they disliked poetry—they mourned over lilies and roses—they denounced all pipers and dancers. Trade and profit they looked on as iniquities bringing down God's judgment on the land. They hated knowledge, crushed inquiry, warred against the upper classes and against all maxims of obedience, and gave themselves up

to horrible musings about hell, wild as the dreams of Dante, to which they consigned all who differed from their opinions. As to the elders, they were tools of the ministers, spies, meddlers, tyrants, every way as bad as familiars of the Inquisition. In short, the whole ecclesiastical institution was a withering curse on 'a great and noble nation,' though the nation was so besotted as to shed its best blood to maintain it in all its integrity—ministers, elders, sermons, and all. Such is Mr. Buckle's portrait of the covenanted kirk, at some features of which his flesh very properly creeps, while certain of its more blasphemous assumptions he almost shrinks from recording.

No doubt this sketch, dark as it is, contains some elements of truth. A candid and fearless nature, like Mr. Buckle's, could hardly, whatever his bias, have drawn a picture so revolting without some facts to give it a colour of plausibility. It is an extravagant caricature; but, like other caricatures, there are some features in whose absurdest exaggerations a certain likeness may be traced. For our part, we honour these men, and, we believe, with good reason; but we shall prove ourselves most truly the heirs of their better spirit by honouring truth still more. As regards their views of toleration, then, and their superstitious credulity and even an occasional tone of preaching and a severity of morals which showed more zeal than wisdom, we presume no one, competently read in the literature of the age, will undertake their defence. It could, indeed, be proved that Laud was quite as superstitious, and Baxter about as intolerant, and that Bunyan preached as direful discourses; and to that we may refer by and by. The *tu quoque* argument, indeed, is at no time worth much, and in this case it is less so than usual; for we are assured that Mr. Buckle's philosophical indifference would be just as ready to sacrifice the one church as the other. But this sort of proof might be useful, as showing that Rutherford, and Dickson, and Guthrie, and Baillie, were simply men of their age—not above it, but full of its spirit; for, while we rejoice to acknowledge a *man* who is beyond his age, we have no right to expect that a *party* shall be more than the most advanced liberal body of their time.

We grant, then, that the law of toleration was not at that time understood in Scotland,—probably was not fully received by any man in Britain, except Cromwell, his Latin secretary, and Selden. Intolerant dogmas were, no doubt, maintained, but they were not fully carried out; for even Mr. Buckle can find no instance of persecution to death by the Reformers of Scotland. Still, their

views were often applied in a way to fret and irritate their opponents. No one can read the proceedings of kirk-sessions and presbyteries without feeling that government, in their hands, was often turned into a system of prying and meddlesome regulation. When we find a presbytery boarding a minister on a noble household for six months, in order to bring them to a sense of their errors; or pestering the papist lady of Frendraught to attend her parish kirk; or compelling the servants of Irvine of Drum to reveal what was done in their master's house; or robbing the Quaker Scott of Harden of his children, lest he should train them in his own faith; or appointing spies—Baillie calls them 'private censors'—to report on all who failed to keep the Sabbath;—it is obvious that church government had passed the bounds of legitimate discipline. Even Rule acknowledges, with sorrow, that there 'was more purging work than planting' in those days. But then overgovernment was the fault of the age, not in Scotland only, but over all Europe. Nor is it to be forgotten that, with regard at least to Jesuits and Quakers, there were reasons to justify a measure of vigilance, and even severity. The restless, plotting, ubiquitous Jesuit was, in those days, the grand conspirator of Europe—its Joseph Mazzini, its Red Republican, recklessly stirring up tumult, bloodshed, revolution, in order to advance his idea; and Britain was not then, as now, so settled in her government as to be indifferent to those schemers. The Quakers at that time were notable for rather more than their broad brims and drab cloth. When fanaticism had reached such a pitch that a crowd of them, men and women, marched through Boroughstowness stark naked, dancing and shouting, 'This is the way, walk ye in it,' the guardians of public decency might be excused for stretching their authority a little to restrain their madness. Even as it was, the ecclesiastical discipline would hardly have been a grievance worth noting, if, according to the Church's own theory, her censures had been purely spiritual, and the consent of the people to them voluntary. Unhappily, however, this was not the case. It was so while Cromwell ruled. It is so now. But during a great part of the 17th century, every citizen was subject to the Church's power, and the penalty of excommunication implied forfeiture of all his birthright. Under these circumstances, we cannot defend the meddlesome intolerance of the clergy, and we believe it was well for the world that they did not prevail upon England to accept their form of government; for, beyond all doubt, it is to England chiefly that we owe the true idea of social and domestic freedom.

While, however, we grant this much, we deny Mr. Buckle's accusation, that the intolerance of the Scotch clergy was carried on deliberately for their own aggrandizement. Mr. Robert Chambers, a competent witness as to fact, and certainly nowise prejudiced in their favour, again and again acknowledges that this severe discipline was carried out with a rigid impartiality among themselves, as well as in the general community. They were mistakenly, but honestly, intolerant of all human infirmities, and of their own as much as any.

With regard to the charge of entertaining certain superstitious notions, we must occupy pretty much the same ground. That superstitions there were, we allow; but we deny that the clergy encouraged them, or that they sought by means of them to strengthen their influence. It is necessary here, however, to remind our readers that Mr. Buckle makes no distinction between religion and superstition. On his own personal belief we pronounce no opinion. We agree with him in repudiating the too common practice of creating a prejudice against an independent thinker by raising an outcry of Heretic, Infidel, Atheist! No little cruelty and injustice have been committed by the fell shout of Mad dog! But it is undeniable that, throughout his whole book, our author speaks of *every known religion* as a superstition; and of *every dogma* of theology, and the most sacred acts of piety, in precisely the same strain. A large share, therefore, of what he puts to the charge of superstition, we honour as sober scriptural belief. Still there were some real superstitions. Like all the British public, and all the European public too, the Covenanters believed in witchcraft, and prosecuted crazed old women with sad cruelties. In like manner, 'able and enlightened men' of the present age sometimes believe that dining-room tables take to dancing round the room, and pirouetting about the ceiling, and also that the ghosts of Shakspear, Milton, Keats, and Shelley make noises, like a death-watch, and compose, upon tick, exceedingly bad verses. We are sorry to find either clergymen or *savans* indulging in absurd superstitions; yet we can believe that they may be in other respects excellent, sensible men, and that there may be truth in the religion of the one as in the science of the other, spite of unfortunate accompaniments. Again, we are ready to admit that there was too great a tendency in those days to dwell on 'remarkable particular providences,' and that not merely 'for the use of godly edification,' but with more or less of a mistaken idea, as if there was something miraculous in such coincidences. Nor is it to be denied that some

of these men, driven mad by oppression and long solitary brooding among the misty hills, fancied that they had more intercourse with the invisible world than people out of bedlam now dream of. But on both these points there is a good deal of exaggeration, no doubt, as to their real views, arising from the fact that they were extremely unfortunate in their biographers. Shields, who wrote the 'Hind let Loose,' never had much wit; and what little he had was sadly jumbled during the troubles of those stormy days. Walker, the pedlar, was still more unfit to sift the fact from the fiction of popular tradition. Wodrow, with some curious scientific tendencies, was as little of a philosopher as need be. And, altogether, those biographies do not exhibit the men to us as they really were, but only as they loomed through the mist of popular affection and credulity. At the same time, we have no doubt that some of them, like Peden, deemed themselves encompassed with miraculous temptations and deliverances; and that all of them had a tendency, quite common also in England, to interpret singular coincidences of Providence, without the caution we have now learned to exercise in speaking of God and His inscrutable ways.

But, granting all that, there still remains an important part of Mr. Buckle's impeachment to which we cannot consent to give the name of superstition; nor will we for one minute allow that these men fostered superstition for their own ends. Their belief in Satan's personal appearance, deserves to be called superstition, but not their belief in his personal existence. Our author does not repudiate the name of Christian, and therefore we deem it necessary only to remind him that Christians, of all times and all creeds, have admitted the existence of an evil spirit, whose temptations are supernatural, without being miraculous. On the same ground, we repudiate his views of prayer. Mr. Buckle may be of opinion that the idea of Law excludes altogether the efficacy of prayer, and leaves it no room in a scientific theory of human life. He may, if he is satisfied with such metaphysics, hold that prayer cannot be answered, without express interference and derangement of the appointed order of the universe. He may banish from his world 'the Father,' who heareth us always, and live on the cold summits of a necessitarian philosophy, as in the regions of eternal snow, without the fond hopes and consolations which encircle the throne of grace. And he may think this a purer atmosphere for his intellect to breathe. Be it so; we do not envy him. But he ought to know that this philosophy had already been amply discussed in the Christian

Church. He ought to know that the men of those days, while fully convinced of the Divine foreknowledge and the foreordained fixedness of all that happens, were yet equally persuaded that prayer was answered, and that, without miracle or disturbance of the predetermined plan. As a historian, it was his duty to represent the facts, just as they were. He might, if he thought proper, try to prove that Augustine, and Luther, and Calvin, were bad logicians, and their Scotch followers still worse. On that point, also, intelligent men might differ from him, and venture to think his philosophy somewhat shallow. But, at all events, he was not entitled so to mingle historical fact and metaphysical opinion as to misrepresent the actual doctrines of the men he was reviewing, and then cry out on them as extravagant superstitions. It is somewhat hard to be first falsely painted, and then denounced for ugliness,—first represented as believing what we do not believe, and then called bad names for the mistake of the historian.

And if a large part of Mr. Buckle's accusation on this head of superstition is thus vitiated, the remainder is made still more worthless by the groundless imputation of personal motives and ambition. It is with exceeding pain that we allude to this attempt, which is so unlike a generous mind, seeking truth, and fearlessly avowing it. Mr. Buckle, in his laborious research, must have come again and again on cases, in which the Church strenuously endeavoured to secure the suppression of superstitious practices, and to advance the general intelligence of the people. That the clergy themselves had some superstitions, is not denied; and of course, so far as their own minds were blinded, we cannot expect that they should have warred with the popular mistakes. But they strove to put down whatever they knew to be superstitious; and for vindicating their integrity, that is all we are entitled to demand. Thus we find them warning the people against the holy wells to which they made pilgrimages. As to witchcraft, while they allowed its existence, they strove to suppress it; not to turn it to their own ends, but to make an end of it altogether. And from the very beginning, nothing more honourably characterized the Kirk, than its zeal for popular education, by means of which all forms of superstition will be most effectually abolished. On this head, Mr. Buckle, throughout his sketch of our history, does them the scantiest justice. He represents the early reformers as eager only to obtain for themselves the revenues of the old Romish Church. He represents the struggle which they maintained against the nobles on this point, as

equally selfish on both sides; as an effort on the part of the presbyters to obtain the broad Church manors for themselves, and on the part of the nobles to resume the lands which their ancestors had granted to get their souls out of purgatory, and which were to return to the representatives of the original granters, now that purgatory was abolished by Act of Parliament. Thus he overlooks the large-minded proposal of Knox, to apply these resources equally to the Church, to education, and to the support of the poor. A Poor Law, an Education Bill, and an Established Church, were to share equally in these spoils, according to the idea of the Reformer; and in this, it is notorious, he was followed by the Church, which age after age strove to realize his scheme. Instead, therefore, of seeking to maintain superstition for their own ends, they sought, wherever they recognised it, to get it abolished; and in their educational measures they took the very best means to accomplish their end. Had they been freely allowed to carry out their proposals, the progress of Scotland might have been advanced by nearly a century. Our author, however, can see nothing in the Covenanting clergy but the most arrogant assumption and overweening self-importance, to further which they fostered the most degrading superstition in the people. Hence, it seems, they called themselves 'ambassadors of Christ,' and 'angels of the Church,' to whom the people should 'minister in all good things.' Nay, they even pretended to know some things 'which angels desired to look into, and were not able,' and they asserted that they had 'declared the whole counsel of God,' and were 'lights to the world,' and 'stars,' and had 'the keys of the kingdom of heaven committed to them.' For all these high and mighty claims of what Mr. Buckle considers a kind of divine authority, he quotes the names of Rutherford, Durham, Dickson, Binning, and others. May we be permitted to hint, that it would have served his purpose equally well, and have saved him the trouble which, he tells us, he has taken in verifying his quotations, if he had simply appended to these the little word—'Bible.' The same reference would have also stood him in good stead, when he was proclaiming with lively horror that they taught men, of course for their own ends, 'to crucify the flesh,' and to 'take no thought for the morrow,' and that 'in all things we offend.' Most readers will not seek the authority either of Rutherford or Guthrie, for these wild and extravagant opinions. Nor will they be very apt to regard them as examples of a presumptuous or selfish spirit. Mr. Buckle, with all his reading, would per-

haps not find his learning less serviceable, by reading an occasional chapter of The Book; and if he would so far unbend from his philosophical superiority, as to pay a weekly visit to his parish church, he might possibly learn, that such ideas are by no means inconsistent with a humble, practical, and sufficiently worldly-wise spirit.

The only remaining point, with regard to which some admissions require to be made, regards the tone of theological teaching that was prevalent in those days. On this head it must be borne in mind, that Scotland, though much given to theological questions, can hardly be said to have any properly indigenous theology. The opinions on these matters have been always derived from others; only the intensity with which they have been held is her own. Patrick Hamilton was the pupil of Luther. Knox taught what he had learned of Calvin. Melville's doctrine was the fruit of Beza's learned prelections. Her earlier English Puritans infected Rutherford with his unctuous style, and poured into Gray and Binning the very sap of their doctrine; while Boston got his covenants from Witsius and the Dutch. Certainly the doctrine of the seventeenth century was not a Caledonian product: whatever its character and tendency, it rose and culminated among the English Puritans.

These were men of great ability, learning, and piety. They devoted all their energies to this branch of inquiry, and built it up into a compact and logical system, such as had not been seen before. Probably the whole intellect of a nation was never so engrossed with theology as the mind of England was during a large portion of that age; and it is not possible to believe that the whole force of English thought could precipitate itself on any subject, without producing some notable results. The labours of the Puritan divines were equally abundant and fruitful, and will always occupy a prominent place among the achievements of lofty and earnest thinkers, who have laid the world, and the Scotch in particular, under a heavy debt. Yet we admit that their logical systematizing was essentially one-sided; and the side they chiefly favoured was not the brightest. For example, the *root-principle* of the Gospel, as we may call it, is thus given in the Bible: 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' This truth was dear to every English and Scotch Puritan. In their sermons they would have rejoiced to unfold and enforce it. Yet in their symbolic books it is not this truth that occupies the place of honour, but what may be called the *restrictive*

element in the Divine scheme—predestination and the covenants. This is characteristic of their theology, as a system. They did not systematize on the basis of Divine love, but on the basis of Divine sovereignty. They did not exclude that love, but they sought a higher generalization, as the *fons* of a more perfect scheme of truth. Hence the hardness and sternness of much of their teaching, with the living heart of love pushed to some extent out of its place, to give way to an Omnipotent Will. We admit, then, that the theology of that time, in its systematic form, did not beam altogether like the bright Evangel, which poured its glad tidings from Olivet and Bethany. The word was, indeed, the same; the truths were all there, but the transposition they had undergone had deprived them of not a little of their sweetness.

To this extent we are willing to make some admission; but having done so, we feel all the more free, and all the more bound, to repudiate the account which Mr. Buckle gives of the Scottish representatives of these Puritan divines. He describes them as grossly perverting the character of God, clothing Him with fury, filling Him with hatred of men, and ascribing to Him a malignant delight in the torments which the greater part of them were destined from eternity to endure for evermore. And the natural conclusion of any one, from reading his account, would be, that the general theme of their discourses was to draw pictures of a kind of Fiend-God, revelling in the agonies of the damned, until their hearers stared, and gasped, and wept, and fell into convulsive fits of terror. Against this picture we protest, as wholly untrue. We protest, too, against the unfair and unhistoric process by which he has laboriously gathered, from all kinds of sources, true and false, everything that could possibly darken, with added shades of horror, the revolting conception of his own imagination. All the more must we condemn this course, because Mr. Buckle has shown, in his sketch of our philosophy, a singular capacity for seizing on the leading idea of a scheme of doctrine, and taking out the heart and true characteristics of it almost in a single sentence. It is not for want of power, therefore, that he has failed in dealing with the theologians; but, with a perverse and criminal industry, he has ignored their theology as a whole, and searched every nook and neglected corner for a chance sentence, or scrap of a sentence, by which he could add a new touch of horror to the picture, till one feels as if he were painting the priests of the Mexican war-god, not a Christian clergy at all.

To deal effectually with the elaborate de-

tails of this part of his work, would require a volume as big as Mr. Buckle's own. We can only, of course, touch on a mere fragment of it; but it shall be the Malakhoff—the position that dominates the whole. *Did these men represent God as Mr. Buckle says they did?* The determination of this question will in reality settle the whole.

No man partook more of the spirit of that age than SAMUEL RUTHERFORD,—a leading authority with Mr. Buckle. Its bad taste, its conceits, its irrelevant learning, its polemic acrimony and subtlety,—all are abundantly illustrated in him, as well as its earnest piety, and its readiness to suffer and to sacrifice for the faith. But we venture to say, that no man who reads his works would think of him as a gloomy divine, much occupied about hell-fire and Divine wrath. One does not much like his unctuous fancies. There is too much of kissing and embracing and the spiritual canticles in him, to suit a pure or a masculine taste; but certainly no man ever more clearly enunciated the love of God. 'That God is reconciled to man, or changed toward His own elect, from an enemy and a God that hateth their persons, into a friend and a lover of them, I never read. In a word, the shed blood of Christ is an *effect*, not a *cause*, of infinite love.'—('Trial and Triumph of Faith,' Ser. 24.) Thus he speaks expressly as to the general character of God; and if there is anything, more than another, characteristic of his general teaching, it is his delight to expatiate on this love, as fully discovered to us in Christ. Another of Mr. Buckle's special authorities, and most properly so, is Hugh Binning, to whom, we venture to think, scant justice has yet been done by any one, and surely sore injustice by Mr. Buckle. Dying at the age of 25, his works have mainly come down to us, like those of the late Mr. Robertson of Brighton, from the notes of affectionate hearers, or the imperfect jottings prepared by the extempore orator. Baillie joins him with Leighton, as one of those who introduced a new 'and fanciful style of preaching,' which Burnet calls rather too 'fine;' and we can quite believe that the superficial busybodyism of the Bishop of Sarum did find both Leighton and Binning a little too delicate for him. But we scarcely expected that any one would accuse Binning of a morose fanaticism, wrathful, sulphureous;—him, the young Glasgow scholar, so pious, and gentle, and peaceable. Himself tells us that 'all other doctrines are unpleasant and unsavoury to him,' except that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' An earnest and intensively practical spirit, he soared beyond the speculative region in which his age delighted, and

did not think that Scripture was meant 'to entertain us with many and subtle discourses of God's nature, and decrees, and properties,' or 'to satisfy our curiosity;' but to exhibit the Deity 'in those plain and easy properties that concern us everlastingly, as His justice, mercy, grace, patience, love, holiness, and such like.' He did not think that God was bound to discover to us 'all the mysteries and riddles of Providence;' but he laboured to bring men to 'sin no more,' and that not without the high persuasion of true Christian eloquence. So he says in his 23d Sermon, and it is one of his most characteristic: 'Call God what you will; name all His names, styles, titles; spell all the characters, and still you may find it written at every one of them, *Sin not.* Is He light? then sin not. Is He life? then sin not: for sin will separate you from His light and life. Is He love? then sin not: "God is love." O, then, sin not against love. Hatred of any good thing is deformed; but hatred of the beautiful image of original love, that is monstrous.' The passages we have quoted, and we could multiply them fifty fold, present the real spirit of the man. There breathes from his whole book a loving, holy aroma; and the reader will certainly find that, unless he be purposely searching for them, he will pass unnoticed one and all of those harsh expressions which Mr. Buckle quotes as the staple of his teaching. Yet Hugh Binning is one of those on whom he chiefly relies for the picture of horrors he has drawn. The very consummation of the theological, morose, and savage ferocity is taken from his pages. He tells a story of certain smart wittlings who thought to confound a minister by asking what God was doing before He began to make the world, and whether he had spent an eternity in idleness. The minister had obviously a shrewd humour, and indulged it by rebuking the impertinent foplings; telling them that He was preparing hell for the like of them. A good story; and a good hit. But in Mr. Buckle's hand it becomes part of a systematic attempt to show that the Everlasting God was, according to the Covenanters, occupied from all eternity in the manufacture of fire and brimstone for a prospective world to burn in. It is rather hard to be contemned, because the philosophical historian has no sense of humour. The Scotch clergy have been long noted in their own country for a *pawky* wit; but they had need to take care; for in Mr. Buckle's hands an old story becomes a kind of fossil joke out of which he elaborates a frightful theory.

We might, in the same way, summon Gray, Durham, Trail, Dickson, and the Guthries to the witness-box; and the result in

each case would be to show that our author had hunted out every obscure passage to their prejudice, and ignored in reality the staple of their teaching. Andrew Gray died in his 24th year, perhaps the most popular preacher of his day. His sermons were not prepared for publication; but, young as he was, they will bear comparison with any similar publications in the present day, for quiet power and knowledge of the Scriptures. Does he represent God as Mr. Buckle would have us to believe? On the contrary, he tells us that 'God delights in mercy,' that 'it was natural for God to love,' and 'that His love would not be hindered by the strong impediment that lay in the way of its exercise.' So Trail also proclaims 'that He came down from heaven, in the purest and strongest love to fallen sinners;' and warns his hearers against 'such a fear of God as is in any way opposite to faith and love,' or other than such reverence as 'we find in the kindly affections of children to their parents.' Of Dickson we need not speak. The man who sang, 'O mother dear, Jerusalem,' might not be a great poet, but could not be a morose fanatic. As to 'sweet James Durham,' unquhill laird of Easter Powrie in Forfarshire, and afterwards minister of the Blackfriar's Church, Glasgow, where he 'testified' against the triumphant Cromwell to his face, and was 'civilly entreated,' as usual, by the Lord General, it surely required a good deal of perverse ingenuity to make a 'Moloch priest' of him. Like most men who have changed, as he did, from the jolly laird to the godly pastor, he was apt to be sad and demure. People said he never smiled; and it is certain he could not understand the general mirthfulness of William Guthrie, whose cheery soul could have said grace over a good joke, and enjoyed it all the better for the blessing. But if the old laird of Powrie was of a sorrowful countenance, he did not cast a shadow of that gloom on the Gospel; and happily his works are so well known, even to this day, that we do not need to make quotations.

It is unfortunately all too clear that Mr. Buckle has taken his idea of these preachers from the scurrilous and base tract called 'Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed.' He dare not indeed vindicate all its assertions, but he has affirmed its general accuracy. And, having made up his mind to this, he has searched their works for every scrap that could support his opinion, taking isolated sentences and rhetorical exaggerations, never meant to bear such literal interpretation, and fitting them into a mosaic patterned by a mind that has no sympathy with their faith. What body of men could

stand such a test? or what value is there in such an analysis? We had thought that the 'Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed' was left as garbage for such authors as Mr. Mark Napier to prey upon. We did not expect to find a thoughtful and learned Englishman digging from its grave such a tainted piece of corruption and calling it history. Even Walter Scott was ashamed of it; and Mr. Buckle may be assured that a weapon he was ashamed to wield against the Covenanters, is not for the hand of the scientific historian. No educated Scotchman would ever think of quoting either it or the answer to it; both are equally worthless.

In speaking as we have done, of these preachers, we do not deny that the idea of a righteous God had a prominent place in their minds. Those were times when iniquity prospered, when vile men were exalted, when truth and purity were trodden under foot. Naturally, in such circumstances, piety takes refuge in the belief of a just God, who watches this wickedness, and will one day put an end to it with stern retribution. Personally, Mr. Buckle may believe in the final triumph of righteousness, yet doubt whether vengeance shall be taken on iniquity; but he must know that the opposite belief is nowise peculiar in Scotland. The picture he has drawn of the Scotch clergy might, by the same process, be applied to English divines with at least equal truth. A like unfair selection of partial utterances might produce an impression as unfavourable, and as untrue, in the one case as in the other. Thus Stephen Charnock tells us that hell 'is not a simple punishment, but wrath that abides—the wrath of an infinite God, *infinitely understanding to invent*, and of infinite power to inflict, the bitterest pains.' 'Justice shall hurl sinners in, and mercy roll the stone on the mouth of hell; yea, mercy shall mock at them;' 'for God cannot be true to His Son, nor to Himself, unless He punish unbelievers: this is part of the honour God intends Him, *wherein He will take pleasure*, as well as in seeing Him sit gloriously at His right hand.'—(Vol. ii., pp. 694–5.) Bates teaches that 'the fire of hell (fire enraged with brimstone) is prepared by the wrath of God for the devil and his angels; and the divine power is illustriously manifested in that preparation.'—(Works, p. 531.) In addition to these physical torments, he adds, 'there are no lucid intervals in hell. The fever is heightened into a frenzy; the blessed God is the object of eternal curses and aversation. And so long as there is justice in heaven and fire in hell, they must suffer those torments which the strength and patience of an angel cannot bear for an hour.' We need not

quote well-known passages from Baxter or Bunyan; but we cannot withhold a reference to Jeremy Taylor's sermons on 'appearing before the judgment-seat of Christ.' Nobody will accuse the Bishop of a harsh and unchristian severity; yet nobody will find in the incidental expressions, which alone the Scotch divines indulge in, anything like this deliberate and elaborate picture of horror. 'If,' he says, 'you observe a guilty and base murderer, and see him first harassed by an evil conscience and then pulled in pieces by the hangman's hooks or broken upon sorrows and the wheel, we may then guess what the pains of that day shall be to accursed souls.' 'The greater part of men and women shall dwell in the portion of devils to eternal ages,' amid 'perpetual woes and continual shriekings,' 'without intermission of evil, no days of rest, no nights of sleep—the smart as great as from the first great change from the rest of the grave to the flames of that horrible burning,' 'For God hath a treasure of wrath and fury, of scourgings and scorpions;' and 'the monsters and diseases shall be numerous and intolerable, when God's heavy hand shall press down the *SANCTES* and the intolerableness, the obliquity and the unreasonableness, the amazement and the disorder, the guilt and the punishment, out of all our sins, and pour them into one chalice, and mingle them with an infinite wrath, and make the wicked drink off all the vengeance, and force it down their unwilling throats, with the violence of devils and accursed spirits.' We could easily add to these pictures of darkness others darker still, till our readers were 'fed full of horrors.' But it is not necessary. These notions belonged to that age; and they are, on the whole, less prominent in the Scotch than in the English divines. Our purpose in adverting to them is simply to show that if, after the example of Mr. Buckle, one were to select phrases here and there from their writings, without regard to the prevailing tenor of their teaching, it would be easy to make the most honoured names in England appear little better than the priests of Baal and Moloch. Nay, on the same principle, we could, without much trouble, draw a picture of Mr. Buckle, from selected passages of his book, which his friends would scout as a disgraceful and revolting libel, but which would be quite as true as this of the divines of the 17th century. They were *not* men who gloated over the thought of sinners in hell. They had *not* pleasure in thinking how many would burn in fire and brimstone. They did *not* represent God as delighting in the sorrows of the damned. They believed that there is a hell—so do Christians still. They believed

that God had prepared it for the wicked—so the Bible told them. And they preached this, that by 'the terrors of the Lord' they might persuade men to be saved. Whether their method was right or wrong, is not the question. Mr. Buckle denounces them as men who, for their own ends, with a morose and savage spirit revelled in pictures of sulphureous damnation; we assert that in sad, earnest faith, loving and pitying all, they warned men to 'flee from the wrath to come.' We further must remind Mr. Buckle that the Scottish clergy were then, by the confession of Burnet, a class of whom not a few belonged to the best families, while all had received the best culture of their country. They were not, therefore, and could not be, all of one pattern. Douglas was a noble and lofty mind, worthy of his princely birth. Henderson was a statesmanlike man, of the politic and courteous race of minor barons. James Guthrie was naturally saddened by the troubles of his time, and became stern because he saw how little a pliant spirit suited the age. His cousin, William, on the contrary, was a man of easy manners and natural humour, which not even the storms and sorrows of his life were able to quench. The rest were men like ourselves, of varied character, temperament, and spirit. And if the national griefs and domestic sufferings of the period did, perchance, diffuse a deeper shade of melancholy than we deem meet for the Christian life, and cause a certain gravity of demeanour, was it a crime that, full of public spirit as they were, and feeling deeply the weight of their responsibility, they did not betake them, like the leaders of the French Revolution, to fiddling, and dancing, and feasting amid the nation's sorrows, but to God and to prayer, that they might be helped to play the man? It is all very well in piping times of peace to be blithe and merry, and to enjoy what of happiness the day brings with it. By all means let youth sing its song, and dance its strathspey; and it is odd enough that our dismal Scotland has, both in song and music, more real joyous merriment than you shall find in 'merry England.' God made laughter as well as tears; and the one is no more sacred than the other. But even the laughter of children jars when death is in the house; and men and women can hardly be asked to dance around the coffin of their mother. Now, in that 17th century, the dear motherland was surely at the point to die, horribly tortured by those who should have cherished her with their love; and Mr. Buckle, and men like him, complain that the faces of her children were not blithe and merry as in her happy days.

Many things were done by these men which cannot be justified, and many words were spoken which cannot be defended. They were not *far* in advance of their age, but they were the liberal and progressive body of their time. They did not come up to the standard of *our* period, but they carried their country a step forward, when their opponents sought to pull it back. And when at length their power was firmly established, we look in vain for the horrors of a Spanish Inquisition, such as Mr. Buckle has conjured up to terrify us. We do not refer to the brief period of rest under Henderson, of which Kirkton gives such a glowing picture, while 'Nicol's Diary' is full of lamentation over the hypocrisy, and lies, and false weights, and bad ale,—which last, in particular, the worthy citizen could not stomach. The true time for testing the tendency of the system is after the success of William III. and the death of Claverhouse. Did the Scotch Church then play the Spanish Inquisition? In Spain, the priesthood still clothed its victims in devil-painted sanbenitos for the *auto-da-fé*; in Scotland they were content with sack-cloth and the cutty stool for the confessed sinner. In Spain the ancient dockyards crumbled to ruin, and the harbours were blocked up with mud; in Scotland, the Clyde, the Forth, the Tay, the Dee, began to be crowded with noble vessels, and the red-cloaked 'tobacco lords' paraded the Trongate of Glasgow. In Spain, the grand old hidalgo still signed his mark like a middle-age baron; in Scotland, the parish school sent forth its Roderick Randoms, and pedlars quoted Virgil while measuring a yard of ribbon to a pretty Yorkshire milkmaid. How much or how little of this was due to the Church, is nothing to our argument. It is enough that, *under the shade of the terrible Scotch Inquisition*, persecution waned, commerce advanced, knowledge increased, and Scotland became the thriving country she is to-day.

The last part of Mr. Buckle's second volume contains an outline of the Scotch philosophy of the eighteenth century. Mr. Buckle is not more severe on 'the monkish rabble' of theologians who deluged the seventeenth century with superstition, bigotry, and terror, than eulogistic of the 'eminent and enterprising thinkers [of the eighteenth], whose genius lighted up every department of knowledge, and whose minds, fresh and vigorous as the morning, opened for themselves a new career, and secured for their country a high place in the annals of European intellect.' 'It seemed,' he says, 'as if in a moment all was changed.' Mr. Buckle's way of accounting for the sudden change is highly

characteristic. The free-thinking literature of the eighteenth century was a reaction from the theological dogmatism of the seventeenth. The vigour of intellect which had been employed in the one against the tyranny of the Stuarts, was turned in the other against the tyranny of the Church. But brilliant though the Scotch philosophy of the eighteenth century was, it yet failed to rescue the country from the thralldom of pitiable superstition. For it was not an inductive, but a deductive philosophy. It did not take for its basis individual and specific experience, and reason upwards. It assumed certain principles as true, and reasoned downwards. The theological spirit had given the Scotch mind such an inveterate deductive twist, that the inductive method of philosophy could not get a hearing. But deductive reasoning is less popular than inductive. It does not arrest average understandings, and is therefore not well fitted to affect national character. Hence the Scotch philosophy never took hold of the Scotch people. Hence, for more than a century, a splendid philosophy has flourished side by side with a revolting superstition. The light of the one has not penetrated into the darkness of the other. Superstition is still so predominant, that only a few years ago the Presbytery of Edinburgh, in a letter to Lord Palmerston, proposed a national fast as a resource against cholera.

Our limits will not permit us to examine at present (though we may afterwards do so), the leading fact affirmed of the Scotch philosophy, that it is pre-eminently deductive. We may, however, while reserving this important point, express the satisfaction with which we have read many parts of this sketch of the Scotch philosophy of the eighteenth century, especially those parts of it which deal with physical science. Indeed, we do not know where else the general reader will find so complete an account of what was then done by Scotchmen for the cause of science. On some points, we should have expected a different judgment. We should have thought that Hume, for example, would have ranked higher with Mr. Buckle than Adam Smith. Hume was the prince of sceptics. No one ever carried doubting so far and so honestly; or brought to its service such rare powers of mind. He doubted everything. He doubted the advantages of freedom in society. He doubted the benefits of society itself. He doubted every form of government; if he had any preference, it was for tyranny and Charles II. He doubted revelation. He doubted religion. He doubted God. He doubted himself. He doubted his own doubts. He had no constructive power; but was altogether destructive. And as Mr. Buckle has great faith in

no-faith, we expected that Hume would have played an important part in his history; for certainly, in the realms of pure thought, Hume is unmatched as a doubter, pure, thorough, and serene. But though the great sceptic is in reality the modern author of that philosophy of law which Mr. Buckle chiefly affects, he plays a very secondary part to Adam Smith. Smith is his Messiah; the 'Wealth of Nations' is his Bible; and his millennium is the triumph of 'the dismal science,' and Dr. M'Crowdy, of whose lucubrations, Mr. Carlyle tells us, he has read 'barrowfuls' with such doleful results. We are far from thinking lightly of Adam Smith, a graceful writer, a profound thinker, a man who has mightily affected the whole political action of this age. But the attempt to co-ordinate, as the phrase is, his two great works, so as to cover the whole field of human activity—the 'Moral Sentiments,' exhibiting our sympathetic benevolence, and the 'Enquiry' our selfish instincts—does appear to us rather a plausible ingenuity than a critical exposition. Of course, if a philosopher limits himself avowedly to a certain field, and guards himself so as to be clearly understood, he is quite entitled to reason on any particular branch of philosophy, without taking account of other fields of inquiry, even though these may materially affect his conclusions. But, so far as we know, Smith never thus stated the limitations of his separate investigations. They are certainly not so laid down in his works; and neither Lord Brougham nor Dugald Stewart, in their biographies, alludes to any scheme of this sort. Mr. Buckle, we rather think, in his admiration of Smith, has found a 'mare's nest' here, and has rather depicted his own philosophy than that of the Kirkcaldy saven.

We have indicated our special pleasure with those parts of Mr. Buckle's sketch which deal with the physical science of Black, Cullen, and Hunter. That Black's great idea of latent heat prepared for the splendid theory of the co-relation of forces; that Cullen's pathology of solids saved the world (alas! it did not save Count Cavour!) from the murderous practice of the humourists; and that Hunter, seeing deeper than Cuvier, prepared for that highest classification of animal life, which depends on the amount of brain, not merely on the bony structure;—all this is brought out with a clearness, and force, and precision, which only weaken our regret that the same powers were not exercised on the former portion of the history.

Perhaps the weakest position in all Mr. Buckle's reasoning is the attempt to show that the deductive character (in his view) of

the Scotch philosophy has prevented that philosophy from ever exercising any influence on the mass of the people. We have already remarked that all philosophy is necessarily the possession of the few. But if Mr. Buckle had examined the facts of our history, he would have found that the Scotch people actually tried the sceptical science of which he is so strenuously an advocate; that they were as much influenced by it as any people (not even excepting the French) ever were by a philosophy; and that they rejected it because they found it so very unsatisfactory. By Mr. Buckle's own confession, they were prepared, by their old habits and training, to favour deductive reasoning. Their theology was intensely deductive. The evolutions of dogma formed one of their favourite and most characteristic exercises. It is much the same to the present day. Instead, therefore, of the Scotch people being repelled, they were almost sure to be attracted, by the deductive character of the new philosophy; and, in reality, they did transfer their customary mode of reasoning to that field. It would be difficult to point out any part of Europe that was more steeped than Scotland in the ideas of the eighteenth century. In the latter half of it, the parish minister had about as liberal notions as a French abbé. He frequented the theatre; he cultivated *belles lettres*, writing execrable verses, and making fine sentences about the ethics of Hindoos and Chinese. He could not see atonement in his Bible; and he dropped hell from his bland discourses. Missions were to his mind useless or pernicious; and he thought it of far more consequence to be a polished gentleman, who could drink his claret and crack his joke—both to the verge of propriety—than a minister of Christ. All this we gather from the memoirs of Carlyle. Nor was the minister alone. His local influence he brought to bear on his flock, in order to make philosophers of them; and with very baneful results. We do not say they became philosophers; but so far as they learned to regard all creeds as equally matter of indifference—so far as they came to deem it right to enjoy every appetite and pleasure as it rose—they received this sceptical philosophy; and much good it did them! We assure Mr. Buckle, from a pretty extensive acquaintance with the subject, that there is a very decided aptitude in the Scotch mind for deductive sceptical reasoning; that it was fully indulged towards the close of the last century; and that, if we do not like it now, it is not because we have not tried it, but because we have seen the noblest and purest moral life of the nation wither under its chilling breath.

We have, however, exhausted our space, and possibly also our readers' patience. Yet, ere we conclude, we must briefly note certain remarkable omissions in Mr. Buckle's history. Mr. Buckle takes no account of *general literature*, and makes no attempt to estimate its influence. Indeed, with the exception of Napier and Buchanan, he knows of no literary Scotchmen previous to the age of Hume and Adam Smith. Yet between Chaucer and Spenser, no English poet arose equal to Dunbar; and Gawain Douglas might have been viewed as an element in a history of civilisation, if not for his own rugged genius, at least as the translator of Virgil. Sir David Lindsay also was worth noticing, as an index of the progress of his day. Of all literary forms, the drama is the most significant of progress. In the middle ages we find the 'Mystery' mingling sacred events with buffoonery; to be succeeded by the 'Morality,' where wit and humour are at least exercised on legitimate subjects; and, finally, comes the drama proper, which is both a result and a cause of civilisation. Of these, the 'Mystery' would appear to have been the common property of Christendom, while of the drama proper Scotland has never produced a single example; for Home's frigid 'Douglas' is alike without character, passion, and all that should be found in a tragedy. But there is no better specimen of the morality in our language than Lindsay's 'Three Estates,' full, as it is, of wit and humour and historic allusion, and not more indecent than some of Fletcher's comedies. We cannot deem a history of Scotch intellect complete, without some allusion to writers like these.

But, at all events, the eighteenth century, without BURNS, is painfully like the play of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. The genius of Burns was more Scotch than Hume's, and more potent for good. Any one acquainted with the songs where even obscenity does not destroy the charm of the sweetest and most plaintive music—can imagine what an impetus Burns gave to the civilisation of his country, when he married those tunes to the love, and pathos, and humour of his Duncan Grays and Banks of Doon. But he did not 'discover the laws that regulate phenomena;' he only knew, as few have known, the laws that move the human heart: therefore he has no place in this philosophical history. Yet even this omission of Burns is not the most glaring instance of the narrowing influence of a theory. Among the results and powers of civilisation, few occupy a more prominent place than the giant-slave that is now whizzing, snorting, and clanking in every corner of the land. On the whole, perhaps the tendency is to exalt

his value over powers of greater influence, moral and intellectual; but, at all events, we did expect that WATT and his steam-engine would have played an important part in Mr. Buckle's story. Yet are they nowhere; and the omission is not more remarkable than the reason why. The steam-engine, it would seem, is not a discovery—only an invention; the application, not the discovery, of a law. Hence Watt is alluded to merely in connection with his experiments on the composition of water, in which he shares the merit of discovery with Cavendish; while the great product of his genius is left to be laid to the credit probably of Savary, or Newcomen, or the Marquis of Worcester.

Yet, with all these drawbacks, we repeat our acknowledgments for this part of Mr. Buckle's work. But we cannot help a mournful regret that all this labour is bestowed, to prove that, without scepticism, there can be no philosophy, and that secularism is the one aim and triumph of civilisation. We can scarcely believe that Mr. Buckle really means what he says, though he has apparently taken pains to remove all possible doubt. We know, of course, that there is a legitimate sphere of philosophic doubt. It is right in science to doubt what is not proven. It is right in religion to doubt whatever is *only* of custom, tradition, and human authority. But scepticism, in common parlance, means not only the right to investigate all opinions, and ascertain on what authority they demand our belief. It means the right to doubt anything unless it contains, in itself, the reason of its credibility. The sceptic acknowledges

no authority, and no possibility of proving by testimony what is not self-evidencing. We hope Mr. Buckle will not go so far even as this; yet he seems to have no qualms in proclaiming the necessity of an universal scepticism. This is very sad, and fills us with mournful apprehension as to the effect of his book on young and untrained minds. For, while we believe that it is with nations as with individuals: those who are destined to the highest duties have commonly to pass through a trial and crisis of doubt, in order that they may learn that broad charity and sympathy which are necessary for greatly serving their generation; we hold also, that, ere they can do the highest work to which God calls them, they must again knit up the broken ties of faith, so as to work with a loving sympathy for all men, and a humble trust in the God who is over all. Through this crisis our country has passed; and she has now begun to gather up the scattered threads of spiritual belief, having learned more tolerance, humanity, and love, and sunk the foundations of her faith into a deeper region of intelligent conviction. No doubt, there are difficulties in her path of progress; and her divines will do well to consider the danger of driving off the class of cultured and independent minds that has arisen since the seventeenth century, and is likely to increase. But, after the experience we have had, nothing could seem to us a more fatal disaster than to return into that cold, unhappy region of unbelief, of whose weakness, and weariness, and dreariness, we have still many sad and painful memories among us.



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ART. I.—*Pensées de Pascal, publiées dans leur Texte Authentique; avec un Commentaire Suivi, et une Etude Littéraire.* Par ERNEST HAVET, Ancien élève de l'École Normale, Maître de Conférences à cette École, Agrégé de la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Paris, 1852.

Studies on Pascal. By the late ALEXANDER VINET, D.D., Professor of Theology in Lausanne, Switzerland. Translated from the French by the Rev. THOMAS SMITH, A.M. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1859.

ONCE and again there has occurred a resurrection of some great mind upon the European necropolis; the instances are more than a very few; and some of them have been marked by peculiar circumstances. To such an instance we have now to ask the reader's attention: it is that of PASCAL—not indeed quite a recent event in the daily sense of the word, for it is not of this year, nor of last year; but yet it is recent if the time that has elapsed since its occurrence be put in comparison with the length of that period—almost two centuries—during which an unreal, or a disguised Pascal, has stood before the world on the pedestal which the genuine Pascal ought from the first to have occupied.

We have said that more than a very few instances of a literary resurrection, resembling the one now in view, have taken place in our European necropolis; and yet none that is quite of the same kind. Aristotle rested in his sepulchre for centuries, entombed—strange to think of it!—embalmed, in Arabic; from which Oriental swaddling he came forth to domineer over the world of mind, in his own Greek, during other long centuries. And so Herodotus, as to his authenticity—as to his historic vitality, has, in these last times, risen from the dead. As lately as Gibbon's time the 'Father of History' was often contemptuously spoken of, as a teller of stories, a collector of fables for children; but

since that age of ill-considered scepticism, this affluent Greek, with his easy Ionic graces, has stepped forward—steady has been his tread; and he now lives among us anew, as 'an authority.' Instances similar might soon fill a page. Passing by men of second-rate fame, think of Bacon—one might even put on this list his wonderful namesake Roger;—but take the illustrious lord Bacon: little was he read, little was he thought of, seldom was he named, until the morning hour of our now young, modern physical sciences! It is within the recollection of some now living that the *Novum Organon*, and the *De Argumentis*, have come to take a prominent and an undisputed place in the canonical philosophic literature of Europe. If we should not affirm the same of John Milton, yet may we say it of *Paradise Lost*, which after a long doze, started into life at the call of Addison, in the *Saturday Spectators*.

Blaise Pascal, author of the *Lettres de Louis de Montalte*, has indeed lived on, in the open day; but as to Pascal, the author of the *Pensées*, it is not so much *sepulture* as *pillory* that he has endured these two hundred years. The author of the *Thoughts*—the genuine and the fiery utterances of this soul, so profound, so calm, and yet so intense—this mind, hard and geometric, yet warm and sensitive beyond bounds—this mind, by structure sceptical, and yet unboundedly believing—this mind, rigid and exact as that of Aristotle—rich, and lofty, and deep, as that of Plato—this true Pascal, after he had first been martyred by his ill-judging and timid friends, was then quartered by the Philistines of the *Encyclopedia*; and while he has been admired for qualities he had not, he has been defrauded of his just praise. The *real* Pascal has at length been rescued, as from his friends, so from his enemies.

We may presume that to some of our readers the circumstances of this long obscuration, and of this recent recovery of the

genuine *Thoughts* of Pascal, are not unknown. On this supposition, we shall be the more brief in relating them. We must also suppose that, in outline at least, the tragical history of the society of Port Royal—which has once and again been brought into view before the English public—is well known, and is duly remembered. A recollection of that sad history is indeed needed in framing as good an apology as the case admits of, for the timid and unwarrantable conduct of his friends, the first editors of the *Pensées*.

The leading facts, concerning the literary history of Pascal's posthumous writings, are given at length by the editor of the edition which is now before us. Briefly stated, they are these:—Pascal, from the moment of his abandonment of his secular studies, or soon afterwards, and of his dedication of his great powers of mind exclusively to religious purposes, had entertained—so it has been supposed—the project of composing, in the most rigidly logical matter, a treatise in proof, first of Theism, and then of the Christian Revelation. Full of the grandeur of this purpose—great indeed in his view of it, and of the extent and the difficulty of the task—he postponed to a distant time that sort of *ordering* of the various subjects before him which must have preceded a formal commencement of it. To a time of leisure, and of recovered health perhaps—to years which, in his thirtieth year, were yet in his prospect—he reserved this preliminary labour. Meantime, to prevent the loss of any valuable materials, and to secure the daily products of his teeming mind, and at the same time, perhaps, to preclude the supposition on the part of survivors that these loose materials were *all*, or nearly all, that he had intended to make them, it was his habit to entrust to any chance fragments of paper the thoughts of each passing moment. Loose materials indeed—fragmentary, and elliptical, and *enigmatical*, and often interlined, and blotted, and sometimes quite illegible—were these scraps. Nevertheless, if Pascal's *Thoughts* were scraps *in form*—if they were scraps to the *eye*, they possessed a golden continuity of their own—they had an intrinsic oneness; there was in them a coherence, a unity of intention, which belonged to them as being the out-beamings of a mind great in its own tranquil luminousness—translucent and incandescent itself throughout its substance. So is it that these sparks have all the same splendour; and so does the iron, when it is struck at a white heat, fill the space around the anvil with flaming diamonds.

The mass of writings accumulated in this manner, in the course of some ten years, was

great:—it was a pile of manuscripts that came into the hands of Pascal's literary executors. But who were these? They were the trembling expectants of every wrong which the malice of Jesuitism, and the stolid fanaticism of the Court—its tool, might please to inflict. This—the cruel position of the heads of the Jansenist sect, at that time—must, in justice, be kept in view for mitigating the heavy blame which, at the first moment, one is inclined to throw upon them. But the course pursued at that critical moment in the religious fate of France, by those excellent men—Nicole, Arnauld, and others, involved consequences which they did not—which they could not, have foreseen; and it is partly in regard to these consequences, fatal as they have been, that we are now proposing to bring the facts under the reader's notice. If any one should ask, What is the present religious condition of our nearest neighbours?—an answer to that question must carry us up from one generation of men to the next above it; nor will it be possible to stop, in pursuing the line of moral causation, until we reach the time when the blood-shedding of the Reign of Terror finds its true explication in the blood-shedding of the St. Bartholomew. A strict connection, an unbroken thread of influences—some of them, indeed, highly attenuated, and yet real—give a continuity to this series of events. And dare any one now affirm that this same thread is snapped, and that, from the time of the founding of the revolutionary empire, onward, all things in France—its religion and its irreligion together—have taken a fresh start, and that thus the things of to-day have no hold upon the past? We may not profess to think this; nor may we believe that the great evolution of the French mind, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has yet been sealed, as if for oblivion, and that it will never repeat itself in that country.

We return, then, for a moment to the circumstances that attended the first publication of this remarkable collection—the *Thoughts* of Pascal. In relating them, we regard as trustworthy the summary of facts prefixed by M. Ernest Havet to his edition, and most of which are attested in other recent publications.

Rough-cast and fragmentary as these *Thoughts* must appear, if we are looking at Pascal's autograph—morsels as they are, bits, rendered illegible often by interlineations, and by many erasures, and by the re-insertion of words and phrases that had been expunged—they are not, in truth, as to their literary quality, as rough as they seem:—this, their *appearance* would give a false idea of them as *compositions*. Pascal was a most severe

critic of his own style: slow was he in satisfying himself (so have the best writers always been); exact was he in his requirements, as to his choice of words; and still more severe was he in the adjustment of his thoughts; for he combined, in a remarkable manner, the rigid geometric temper—abstemious in terms, inexorable in the excision of whatever he thought superfluous—with a freedom, a spirit, and even a *license* of speech, which had much of the dramatic cast. It is this freedom which *now* imparts so much freshness to the *Thoughts*, but which alarmed his scrupulous friends of Port Royal, who misused a frigid discretion in drawing the pen through every startling word and phrase that made their nice ears to tingle. So it is, therefore, that what some of us, years ago, were used to think a rather heavy book, reads *now*, in these recent recensions, almost like Molière, and too often like Rouchefoucauld. It is amusing to trace the instances—hundreds of such instances there are—in which the pious Nicole, and others, his coadjutors, have disguised the bright and witty author of the *Provincial Letters*, by putting upon him the broad brim and the straight-cut drab coat of Port Royal Quakerism!

Although so spirited and so free, Pascal wrote on morals and religion in as severe a manner as if he were framing the demonstration of a geometric theorem. It was his aim so to write, says his modern editor, as that there should not be a word too much—not a word wanting; no false graces—no conventional utterances; nothing so said as that the *author* should appear rather than the *man*. He did not hesitate to repeat a word in a sentence, if it was the most proper word for the occasion; and he would at any time do this, rather than, merely for avoiding a repetition, introduce a word that was less proper. In his compositions, everything of ornament—*luxure*—was cut off; and if, as a writer, Pascal is *elegant*, this word must be understood in the sense in which mathematicians apply it sometimes to a demonstration. He turns upon and works his thought—*tourmente son idée*—in such manner as shall bring it out, clear of mistake; and, in doing this, he pays attention, not merely to the choice of terms, but to the *order* in which they are presented. Nothing was more important in his view than *order*; nor anything more difficult: to this end he laboured—he spared no labour; he would revise and correct what he had written eight or ten times over, where every one but himself would have said it was admirably expressed at the first. If, in fact, Pascal has written little, and nothing of a much extended kind, this was not merely—so thinks his editor—

because health and strength for doing so failed him, but because the rigorousness of the criticism to which he subjected his compositions was such that the execution of any work on a large scale would have been, to him, a task and a labour exceeding the powers of human nature. It has often been said that, if Pascal had completed the *Thoughts*,—that is to say, had brought his materials into form, as a finished composition—it would have been a work of matchless excellence. There may, however, be reason to doubt whether a *finished work*—ever and again commenced anew, could have come from under his hand; and there is room also, with another of his editors, to say that, admirable writer as he is when he finishes anything, he is still more to be admired in any instance in which he was cut short.

At the time of Pascal's death, in 1662, the establishment at Port Royal, and the Jansenist body, was in doubtful conflict with their powerful and ruthless enemies, the Jesuits. His papers came into the hands of his friends of Port Royal, who appear to have hesitated long as to the expediency, or the safety to themselves, of giving them publicity. It was not until seven years afterwards, in 1669, that what is called the Port Royal Edition of the *Pensées* appeared; and, during this lapse of time, the worthy and learned persons of that body had, at their leisure, not only *deciphered* the autograph, which was a very difficult task, but they had, at their discretion, and with too little regard to the limits of their responsibility in the execution of such a task—editing the products of a mind of immeasurably greater compass than their own—foregone or suppressed much; and this perhaps they might think themselves at liberty to do; but they had dared to substitute words, phrases, sentences of their own, in place of the flashing, the burning words and phrases of their departed friend. Almost every one of those dramatic turns of expression which, in truth, are the *natural* out-speakings of a mind and soul so teeming with life, so sharp, so robust, are either smoothed over, or are simply struck out! Feeble wisdom indeed was this! The fearless Montalte, wielding his own two-edged terrible weapon of logic and of satire, had once saved Port Royal. Was it not an error, then, not to allow the same champion, wielding the same weapon again, and as if starting from his grave, to save Port Royal anew!

The Port Royal editor, Stephen Perier, in his preface, speaking of the huge disorderly collection of papers which came into the hands of his friends, says of them—and we may well believe it—that—*tout cela était si imparfait et si mal écrit, qu'on a eu toutes*

les peines du monde à le déchiffrer. This being the case, these good men might have felt themselves excused in declining the all but impracticable task of preparing such a mass for the press; but, assuredly, if published at all, the *Thoughts* should have truly represented the mind of their departed friend. It was, however, well that *they*, to whom Pascal's handwriting was familiar, did actually achieve the task of completing a legible copy, without the aid of which—for it is still in existence—it may be doubted, says M. Havet, if, at this time, it would have been possible to read the autograph at all. At first, the Port Royal editors had intended, as they say, to give the best continuity they could to the fragments, by supplying what was wanting in form and in order, by clearing up obscure passages; and, in fact, by—writing a book, such as they imagined Pascal himself would have written, if he had lived to complete his own intention! Happily, from so audacious an attempt these worthy divines were soon turned aside; and it was well it was so, for it is not every man that can get himself into the steel armour of Richard Cœur de Lion, and wield his battle-axe, and bstride a Flanders stallion with advantage. This method of dealing with the *Pensées*, and another also having been rejected, these editors determined, as they tell us, to give to the public such of these fragments only as seemed the most intelligible and the most finished, 'just such as they found them'—telles qu'on les a trouvées—'without adding anything, or altering anything'—sans y rien ajouter ni changer. These are queer words for men of honour to employ, the *facts* being—what they are!

These editors, says M. Havet, have given—generally speaking, or very loosely speaking, *The Thoughts*; but it has been with alterations in detail of all sorts, and some which seriously affect the very meaning of Pascal: the editors, Arnauld and Nicole, especially, had their scruples; his personal friends had their exceptions; and beyond this, the functionaries to whose approval the work was necessarily submitted, demanded that some things should be changed. But above all, care was to be taken that no advantage whatever should be put into the hands of the enemies of Port Royal, under favour of Pascal's name. It was at length to M. Cousin that the world was to owe the important service of dispersing the thick cloud of all these mystifications and of this cowardly prudence, which had so long veiled the real Pascal from view. This distinguished man, prompted, probably, by literary curiosity only, had given some time to an examination of the genuine autograph, collating it, by the aid of the copy,

with the printed editions, earlier and later; and in consequence of the strange discoveries which he then made, a careful collation of the whole of this manuscript, treasured as it had been in the King's Library,* was undertaken by a competent literary person.

M. Cousin, in making a general report of the differences between the autograph and the editions, says,—

'Some of the alterations affect the actual meaning, and these are the most serious; but they were (probably) compulsory (or were deemed indispensable): others affect the form, and these are, as to their motive, the most inexplorable, and they are the most numerous too—alterations of words, alterations in the term of expression, alterations of phrases; suppressions, substitutions, additions; compositions which are arbitrary and absurd—sometimes of a paragraph, sometimes of an entire chapter; and these effected by the means of phrases and paragraphs foreign altogether to the context, and inconsistent among themselves; and, what is worse, a dislocation quite arbitrary and absolutely inconceivable (as to its motive) of chapters which, in the manuscript of Pascal, are strictly consecutive—part following part in a manner which had been the fruit of labour and deep thought.'—*Avant-propos de M. Cousin.*

Inconceivable in truth, in many instances, as to the motives which prompted these *emendations*, are the various readings of the Port Royal editions. Incredible, almost, as to the principles assumed to warrant them, are the misrepresentations, or the falsifications, which have thus been brought to light. Like breeds like;—was it so that the same slimy casuistry which Pascal had pursued to the death in the *Provincials*, had taken possession of the leaders of Jansenism, and that so Jesuitism had got its revenge in poisoning the consciences of its adversaries? One need not doubt that these good men *believed* they were doing only what 'a sound discretion' warranted—and it has been a so-called 'sound discretion' that has burned scores of heretics.

The present editor excuses himself from the task—intolerable and unprofitable—of indicating these variations throughout: he says, there is not a page free from something of the kind; but in his notes, which for the most part are pertinent and serviceable, he has brought under notice those differences which materially disfigure, either Pascal's *Thought*, or his style. Alterations of the latter kind appear to be attributable chiefly to the impertinence of the duke de Roannez, who had laboured at the task of re-writing the *Thoughts* on an improved plan! and in a better style! It is instructive to think of such an instance of boundless coxcombery!

* Now the Imperial.

Finding himself unable to accomplish what he had so modestly intended, this noble person did what he could—en mettant à chaque instant ses expressions à la place de celles de Pascal! Inasmuch as the *Thoughts* of this great mind are the property of modern literature, as well as the pride of France, it is a work deserving of a European vote of thanks, thus to have given us at length, Blaise Pascal in the place of—the duke de Roannez!

Other editors followed the same track, in bringing forward either portions of the *Thoughts*, or some of Pascal's minor pieces: among these was the 'Père des Molets.' But, in 1776, an editor very differently minded came forward, and gave to the world an edition of the *Thoughts*, or rather a selection of them, with notes, indicating very plainly the intention of the annotator. In what way, or rather, by means of what misunderstanding of this Christian writer's purpose, the leaders of the atheism of that time might avail themselves of his doctrine and principles, it will be our part, a little further on, to show. The edition of Condorcet, taken up and patronized by Voltaire, who also added his notes, was printed (as would seem) in London. Condorcet, luminous and geometric as he was, did something in attempting to redeem the collection from the desperate confusion and disorder of the Port Royal editions. His edition was not, however, more than what might be called, in usual phrase, 'the Flowers of Pascal';—all the more strictly theological passages were omitted, and those only were produced which fell in with his design in bringing out a work of this strange kind. As to the spurious and the falsified passages of the Port Royal edition, Condorcet adopted them without inquiry. In 1779 M. Bossut gave to the world a complete edition of Pascal's works. This edition included several pieces which had not before appeared, or which had not been duly edited; but, as to the *Thoughts*, it followed on the same path, reproducing the vitiated portions of the Port Royal edition.

It was in 1842 that M. Cousin—as we have said—amazed everybody by announcing the fact, that, while believing they were in possession of Pascal's *Thoughts*, these, in truth, had never been given to the world. The autograph, as was known, was preserved in the Imperial library, where it had been deposited at the time when rescued from the fire which destroyed the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prez, in 1794. In the National Library this collection was always open to every eye; and yet—so it is affirmed—neither the philosophers who disputed among themselves as to Pascal's principles, nor the literary men who studied his style, nor even the men who,

year after year, had taken upon themselves to superintend new editions of his works, had troubled themselves to examine these manuscripts. M. Cousin could not be so easily satisfied:—he collated the editions, as well with the Port Royal manuscript copy, as with the printed editions: he brought forward samples of the variations; and he made known his opinion, that an edition of the *Thoughts* was a labour to which some one, who should be competent to the task, must give his time. By various citations, exhibiting the gravity and extent of the variations from the original text, he demonstrated that, although the author of the *Provincial Letters* had always been regarded as a fearless writer, uttering strong things, in bold language, the author of the *Thoughts* was a far more intrepid writer—more violent even, and in every way more startling, than the writer who hitherto had been regarded as bold enough. The world—the world of French literary intelligence, was awakened by this discovery: the charms of the style of this standard writer, and the inimitable touch of a master's hand, revealed now at length, excited a vivid feeling; and this feeling could not fail quickly to bring about what was needed—a careful perusal of the autograph, and a trustworthy edition of the *Thoughts*—a restoration of this mass; or, what we have ventured to call—a resurrection of the real Pascal.

It is thus that the present editor sums up his report of this strange entombment, and of the return to life of his author:—

'The text of the *Thoughts* has, in fact, undergone three successive revelations:—in the first, the Port Royal editions—the spring, the vigour of the writer, was almost entirely suppressed;—in the second, the extracts brought forward by Des Molets, and which were repeated in the editions of Condorcet and of Bossut, there was perceptible, in degree, and sparingly, something of the temerity, as well of Pascal the Jansenist, the sectarian, as of Pascal the philosopher and the sceptic; so that a surmise was suggested as to that which at length was to become manifest. The third, and the last of these revelations, has left nothing more to be wished for. The *Thought* of this daring writer, in all its startling audacity, and his style too, in all its freedom and its vivacity, is in view. The date of this revelation, of which M. Cousin was the instrument, will ever be memorable in the history of French literature.'—*Etude*, p. 54.

M. Cousin, who had made the discovery, had produced samples: he had shown what was to be done; but had not himself undertaken the heavy task which remained to be achieved. In 1844, M. Prosper Faugère brought out, in two octavo volumes, an edition of the *Thoughts*, and of other small pieces, to which he pledged himself as being faithful, complete

and authentic. This laborious editor attempted to bring the scattered materials before him into what he imagined to be their true order, as intended by Pascal; but probably this was attempted on insufficient grounds.* But M. Havet, not himself believing that Pascal had actually digested any plan, as if for a complete treatise, has not attempted to make search, in the confused mass, for the indications of what he thinks never had existence. He has therefore fallen back upon the arrangements of his predecessors; not as if these were better, or that one was better than another; but because, in his view, they are all alike unauthentic and unimportant. The arrangement of the edition of Bossut, to which the readers of Pascal are accustomed, is followed in this edition, with some few exceptions, which need not be here specified.

We have now said what may suffice for putting before those of our readers who are not already acquainted with them, the actual facts of this, perhaps, unexampled instance of the literary substitution of a factitious for a genuine image of a mind—and this, a mind of the highest order. The instance is in itself fraught with instructive inferences, which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful reader. Presuming, then, that *our* readers are of the thoughtful class, we may leave them to pursue such meditations at their leisure, and at this moment turn toward subjects of a wider meaning. Pascal's mind, seen as we *now* see it, in conflict with the great problems of all time, gives an exhibition of the true nature of those problems, as they display their relation to the vigorous evolution of the mind of France in the seventeenth century. This evolution was preliminary to that of the next following century, which itself has shaken the European commonwealth; nor must it be thought to have reached its ultimate consequence, even at this late time. The *beginning* of this end takes date from the appearance of the *Essays* of Montaigne, in 1580; and therefore this 'time of the end,' as to the religious destiny of France, wants now about twenty years to make up its three centuries.

In giving this prominence—as the leader of modern French thought in religion—to Montaigne, we follow the guidance of our subject. If Pascal has already been rescued from the hands of his Jansenist editors, there is something still to be done in rescuing him, as to the *Pensées*, from the *Essays* of his

master. At an early time in his course, and, as appears, before the hour of his conversion, Pascal had read, and had—might one say so—sodden his soul in the mind of Montaigne; and thus it is that, in almost countless instances, when putting a thought on paper, what he was doing—whether consciously or unconsciously—was noting and repeating, for his own future use, a something then floating in his mind, which *now* proves itself to be, either in substance, or perhaps in very words, a citation from the *Essays* of Montaigne. These are not instances of plagiarism in any proper sense of the word. The notes were made by Pascal for his own use in future; and he cared not to recollect precisely whence they had come to him. The present editor adduces many instances of these formal and informal coincidences; and the reader who will take the pains to do so, availing himself of M. Havet's aid, and having also the quaint *Essays* in hand, may come to know what is Pascal in Pascal, and what is Montaigne. But, in truth, the two minds, little as we may have been used to think it, were *consecutive* minds. There was a principle of connection—there was a sequence of occult causation between them; and thus it is that the great writer to whom, on the Christian side, it has become trite to make a confident appeal—'Was not Pascal a Christian?'—was, in an intellectual sense, the son and heir of the writer who has often been named, and denounced too, as the father of the modern French infidelity—the very writer behind whom BAYLE, in making up his apology for his own freedoms, says—Après tout, oseroit-on dire que mon Dictionnaire approche de la licence des *Essais* de Montaigne, soit à l'égard du Pyrrhonisme, soit à l'égard des saletez?—*Dict.* p. 3025. It is not apart from a careful distinction made and insisted upon, that we should risk the *apparent* paradox of naming, in causative order, Montaigne, Pascal, Bossut, Condorcet, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists, with Voltaire as chairman of the committee of Unbelief. This needful distinction, in rescue of Pascal, we may suggest as we go on: it is such as might lead to useful reflections in these times!

But a word as to Montaigne. This bold thinker, and humane and upright man, who was neither Huguenot nor atheist, flung himself off with heat from the ferocious fanaticism of his times. Cruelty and bigotry he abhorred; and, subject to such restraints only as his public position imposed upon him, he spoke and wrote as he thought. In so thinking, speaking, and writing, he distanced himself, intellectually and morally, yet not ecclesiastically, from the men of his time—in fact, from all the world in the sixteenth century.

* This edition, 1844, found its way into England at the time, and it may be in the recollection of some of our readers, as it is in our own; albeit a copy is not now before us.

Looking at the social system and at the manners of his countrymen, as from the vantage-ground of a needful perspective, he fell naturally into the habit of dissecting everything—of stripping off every mask—of working himself well up to the core of every subject—of probing, analysing, opening out all things, whether sacred or profane. It can be no wonder that the young and ardent author of the *Provincial Letters*, himself so searching a practitioner with the knife in morbid anatomy, should take to himself a teacher, such as was the author of the *Essays*. Or, if this might be a wonder, it must cease to be so accounted when, as now, we come near to this same Pascal, in the perusal of his genuine thoughts. This, then, is the order of intellectual causation:—Montaigne leads the way, a sincere Catholic, but Pyrrhonist; Pascal follows in the next century, not only Catholic, but a devout Christian, and yet a Pyrrhonist also. But—may we say it?—he leaves the royal banner of genuine religious thought, theistic and Christian, floating loosely in the winds! Alas! his co-religionists of Port Royal—*Catholic* in the sense of spiritual slavery, and *Christian* in the sense of devout feeling and of compromise—knew not their vocation: they heard not the voice of Heaven; they lowered the colours of their chief, and these, available as they were for sinister purposes in their torn condition, were hoisted with acclamations upon the wall of Atheism! Thus, then, come we up to the verge of the pit out of which, in the next hour, issued a roaring storm of blood and fire—all the ingredients of hell flung up to the skies, and thence descending, to deluge the earth.

Pascal did much—and he did it with profound skill—in the way of barring the inference which the world would be quick to draw from his Pyrrhonism, which was at once *constitutional* with him, and *geometric*: it was a matter of temperament, and it was also a result of mathematical logic. But what he did in this way, or for this purpose, was left in an inorganic state; and thus it failed of effecting its purpose according to his own intention. It was as if a man, for the protection of his house and goods, had put into the hands of his servants sword-blades without handles, and rifle-barrels without stocks!

Then, beside this—the impracticable condition of Pascal's weapons, defensive and offensive—he wrought under a condition which has ever been fatal to success in those who, conscientious as they may have been—and he was inexorably, immoveably, profoundly conscientious in all things (witness his temporary disagreement with his Port Royal friends)—have so stood forth as champions of Christianity:—in the fewest words

expressed, Pascal earnestly desired to save the Gospel—*salvâ ecclesiâ*. So it has been with a succession of great and honest men, from Augustine to our times.' What availed that noble work, the *Civitas Dei*, in stemming the torrent of superstition and confusion which so soon after deluged Africa and the western world? Little or nothing. Read the African Salvian, and find your answer. Respectfully we would here say—Think of this, whoever it may be now, in this crisis of Christian belief, in whose secret unconfessed purposes this same maxim or principle may crouch—save Christianity—*salvâ ecclesiâ*.

There is extremely little of Romanism in Pascal. But although in theology he himself outdoes Calvin's Calvinism, there is in him a profound dread of the Calvinistic schism; and, just as the Donatists kept Augustine true to the Church, and induced him to be the champion of its corruptions, so did the Huguenots drive Pascal in upon the Church of Rome—its corruptions notwithstanding.

We should say something, perhaps, of Pascal's personal history; but this is one of a few instances in which the greatness of the mind throws into a position of comparative non-importance the facts of personal history. In his case, this history was quite uneventful; nor is it of a kind to be signally instructive. As a leader in science, and as a profound mathematician, his course came early to an end: he did indeed secure a place for himself in the annals of philosophy; yet he did little more than give evidence of a depth and sagacity which, if it had been devoted through many years to secular science, would undoubtedly have given him a name second to few or none among its chiefs in modern times. It is in its reflected influence upon his religious course that this great scientific reputation has chiefly become noticeable.

The memoir of her brother, as given to the world by his devoted sister, Mme. Perier (Gilberte Pascal), is rather a eulogy than a biography; and, while it mentions leading facts of the personal history, it leaves the reader to seek elsewhere for information concerning some of the most important occurrences thereto belonging. Nothing is related by his sister of the circumstances to which Pascal's conversion has been attributed (as incidental cause); nor do we find in this memoir any statements of his connection with Port Royal, or of his controversy with the Jesuits. This connection, which made him to a great extent the *sectarist*, we should think it wearisome, at this time, to bring into prominence; and as to that controversy, the fruit of which was the *Provincial*

Letters,* it would be beside our purpose, just now, to bestow much space upon it.

This great soul came into the world (June 19, 1623) consoorted with a material organization of a very peculiar kind. Such was the body—or such the brain or nervous system—that it could never consist with that easy equipoise between mind and body to which the term—health properly applies. There could be no health, there could be no buoyant enjoyment of either mental or corporeal existence, in the instance of one whose mind—a Titan mind—was ever struggling and beating against the walls of its cell, as if determined to get out, or to break and shatter everything that was in the way of its liberty. Then the miseries which the living man was thus destined to endure were vastly aggravated by the enormities of the asceticisms which he practised; and yet, were not these very enormities—was not this hideous asceticism itself—a product of the life-long quarrel between the lodger and the lodgings?

The notes of the surgeons who made a *post-mortem* examination of the mortal remains are extant. This document contains particulars of this sort:—‘The stomach and the liver were withered—shrivelled; the intestines were in a gangrenous state.’ These derangements had no doubt been induced, in the course of years, by the incredibly absurd ascetic practices in which Pascal had persisted—spite of the remonstrances of his physicians and his family. So it is that the *post-mortem* of a man who kills himself at forty or fifty, by drams of gin, offers to the dissector nearly the same revolting appearances as those that are the product of a life of religious infatuation! As to the head, the appearances were indeed singular. We do not profess to be qualified to say whether they are of a kind that is in an extreme degree rare. There were no traces of sutures, except the sagittal; the cranium was, therefore, in a manner a solid unyielding case or osseous helmet! As to the frontal suture, instead of the ordinary dove-tailing which takes place in childhood—we believe, about the eighth year, at which time the brain has reached its final dimensions—the natural closing up of it had been prevented by the want of elasticity in the rest of the cranium, resulting from the absence of the temporal sutures; and then the wide gap had become filled in with a calculus, or non-natural deposit, perceptible to the touch on the scalp, and which probably obtruded also upon the

dura mater within, and so would be the cause of intense suffering through life. As to the coronal suture, there was not a trace of it! The brain was of unusual size and density—such, in fact, as to keep the sagittal suture open, in default of the relief afforded ordinarily by the other sutures. But, as a sufficient explanation of Pascal’s death, and of the miseries of his later years, there were found within the cranium, and at the part opposite to the ventricles, two depressions, filled with coagulated blood in a corrupt state, and which had produced a gangrenous spot on the *dura mater*. Thus are some born to anguish, beyond the reach of remedial art; and so was it with this great and burning spirit; and so did Pascal’s frequent saying realize itself in him—*La maladie est l’état naturel des chrétiens!* It may well be believed that in his case the suffering to which he was born had induced a state of mind and temper commingling philosophic fortitude with Christian principle, and therewith the ascetic mood; which state of mind expressed itself in many of the stern paradoxes, and the ultra-rational maxims, which abound in, and which, we must confess, disfigure, the mass of Thoughts now before us.

Pascal’s paradoxes in morals, his harsh and gloomy views of human life, and the enormities of his personal mortification, what were they but outward expressions of the organic anguish which it was his lot to endure year after year? Thus speaks his modern eulogist:—

‘Pascal would not permit himself to be conscious of the relish of his food; he prohibited all seasonings and spices, however much he might wish for and need them; and he actually died because he forced the diseased stomach to receive at each meal a certain amount of aliment—neither more nor less, whatever might be his appetite at the time, or his utter want of appetite. He wore a girdle armed with iron spikes, which he was accustomed to drive in upon his body (his fleshless ribs) as often as he thought himself in need of such admonitions. What folly! and yet how sad is such a spectacle! how disheartening is it! And then, as to his virtues—they were in a sense virtues out of joint. His purity—what was it: He was annoyed and offended if any in his hearing might chance to say that they had just seen a beautiful woman! He rebuked a mother who permitted her own children to give her their kisses! Toward a loving sister, who devoted herself to his comfort, he assumed an artificial harshness of manner, *for the express purpose*, as he acknowledged, of revolting her sisterly affection! This is the man whose wont it was to describe man as a compound of greatness and of wretchedness! Thus, indeed, did Pascal truly describe himself—great always, and miserable always! ‘Let us then cease,’ says this editor, ‘to think of these miseries, and fix our attention upon this gran-

* It is unlucky that this customary rendering of the French ‘*Lettres Ecrites à un Provincial par un de ses Amis*,’ conveys a wrong idea, as if the letters were a provincial product, instead of the contrary.

deur—grandeur, not of the intellect only, but of the heart also.—Notes, p. 29.

In estimating, at their just value, Pascal's labours on the side of Christianity, and in coming to think equitably of the causes which lessened so much the actual product of these labours, it is necessary to understand the degree to which a mind so powerful and so penetrating had suffered damage—*first*, from the misfortune of his physical conformation; *next*, from his too great admiration of Epictetus, and of Montaigne; *then* from his Jansenist sectarianism; *then* from his devotion to the Papacy, which in him was at once a logical and a religious inconsequence, or incoherence. If he had not, in these several modes, lost or forfeited his proper advantage, it is just conceivable that the influence of his writings upon the mind of France, in that age, would have been of lasting and beneficial consequence. At the least, he might have precluded the possibility of what actually happened, when a sinister use was made of his reputation by the Encyclopedists of the next century. Moreover, the position he assumed on the noted occasion of the 'miracle of the holy thorn' becomes explicable (or it is in some measure explicable) when we find that he was not able to rise superior to the most abject infatuations of the ascetic practice. These extravagances are, of course, spoken of with admiration by his devoted sister. To reject every gratification of the senses, to refuse every pleasure, to abstain from everything that might be called superfluous, was, we are told, the one maxim or sovereign rule of Pascal's life. And yet this Bible reader had the New Testament by heart; and so well acquainted with it was he, says his sister, that if, in his hearing, by chance any passage was quoted incorrectly, he never failed to correct the error, saying, 'That is not Holy Scripture.' Thus cognizant of the Heaven-given principles and rules of virtue, and thus knowing how that rule was exemplified in the practice of Christ and his ministers, he could so grievously misunderstand all! Paul had said, 'I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound. I am instructed (divinely instructed) both to be full, and to be hungry; both to abound, and to suffer need.' In the face of Scripture, in defiance of the divine example and precepts, this strong logical mind could persuade itself to enact the fakir after the most outrageous fashion! With an incessant vigilance toward the senses and the appetites, he absolutely refused them the smallest satisfaction. He had acquired a wonderful skill, his sister says, in turning away his consciousness. If in any instance the diet which his maladies

compelled him to use was agreeable to the palate, he would not *taste* it—he *swallowed* it only! Never did he utter any such exclamations as this—'This is very nice.'

Of a piece with these frivolous severities, and with these pitiable perversions of the nobler moral sense, are very many of the iron-like cynical conclusions and the startling paradoxes which are scattered up and down among the *Thoughts as they now stand*; and when the reader comes upon passages of this class, he will do well to recollect that what so much offends common sense in the writings of one like Pascal—deep thinking and severely logical as he was, should be put on one side, or should be thrown on to the heap of his ascetic mistakes. Compensated, in the equitable balance of the Christian moralist, were these damaging errors by the practice of virtues which are always admirable. His alms-deeds reached the utmost extent of his resources; he gave to the poor, daily, all he could give; his humility, his patience under an extremity of suffering, and especially his denial of that ambition which never fails to be present in powerful minds, gave evidence of the intensity, and of the sincerity of the surrender he had made of himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the service of God and of his fellows.

Some however of those instances of extravagance or of paradox which occur in his sister's narrative, or among the *Thoughts*, are traceable to a very different source; for they are the product of the geometric hardness of his mode of thinking;—they are violences offered to common sense at the demand of that logic which sometimes he followed wherever it might lead him. An explanation similar to this is perhaps the best apology which the case admits of, in the instance of some of Jonathan Edwards' astounding affirmations in his *Essay on Virtue* and other writings. Common sense forgotten—Scripture out of view—and then the most enormous of all imaginable conclusions may be boldly drawn from what?—from '*our premises!*' Alas for virtue, for piety—for theism, for humanity, for everything fair and precious—when some awful conclusion is coming down upon us—by right of logic, like an express train in the dark, with its glaring red eyes, and we—on the rails! Pascal did not hesitate to tell his loving sister that she was guilty toward God—was chargeable with a crime—if she loved her brother with any personal affection; and here, on a page before us (324), this geometrician says,—'It is an *injustice* for any one to become attached to me (in the way of personal regard or affection) although this attachment be free on their part, and be to them a source of plea-

sure. It is so because I cannot be *the end* of any one. I possess nothing that can satisfy any one. Am I not about to die? and so the object of their affection dies! As I should be blameworthy if, in any case, I made what was false to be believed, although I did it sweetly, persuasively, and that the belief itself was pleasurable to those who entertained it, so, in like manner, am I blameworthy if I make myself loved, or if I induce any of those about me to attach themselves to me.' In what sense was the writer of a *Thought* like this, accustomed to read the narrative of Christ's behaviour in the family circle at Bethany? But what is Scripture when opposed to an unanswerable syllogism! It is, as we may see in a thousand instances, it is—as a bundle of straws! Volumes of absurd *certainties*—of nonsense demonstrations, have sprung from the unlucky usage of applying terms proper only to mathematical reasoning to moral and theological problems. What meaning can cleave to the word—*infinite* in many of its usual applications?—as much as to such phrases as these—infinite *blue*, infinite *yellow*, infinitely *sweet* or *sour* or *bitter*. Pascal's reasoning was of this sort:—God, who is infinite, has a rightful claim to the *whole of my love* (as if love were a *quantity*); therefore to set off any portion of *this love*, which is *finite*, can be nothing better than a *robbery*—it is so much love *misappropriated*. If Pascal had been a husband and a father, and happy as such, he would have come to know that love is—not a ponderable mass, but a sunshine, which suffers no diminution in diffusion.

It is quite needful, in attempting to bring Pascal into his due place on the field of Christian argument, to set off from the instance not a small amount of over-statement, and of paradox, and of cynical asperity, which were his disadvantage—*first*, as a geometrician who trusted far too much to his rules, as if they could be applicable to moral problems; *secondly*, as an ascetic, and a celebs, after the fashion of the most fanatical species of Romanism; *thirdly*, as the inheritor of a life-long anguish; and, *fourthly*, as the partisan of a persecuted sect—the Jansenists.

In advancing these necessary cautions, we shall, as we think, have acquitted our duty toward Pascal in drawing the reader's attention to his genuine *Thoughts*. Enough, then, of what relates to the man; and we now turn to the theologian—the theist and the Christian philosopher; or, in a word, we look to this great mind, regarding it as the property of the modern religious community.

Pascal can scarcely be allowed to claim a place in the catena of masters in abstract phi-

losophy, or intellectual science. Certainly he has no claim to stand at the head of that science, which, if he had aimed at it, might have been his position, at least in the order of time; for he was anterior by a little to Descartes, and by more than a little to Malebranche and to Spinoza. But, in truth, his aim was loftier than that of a philosophic ambition; there are no traces in his writings of any design to inaugurate a philosophy; there is nothing which should place him on a level with either Bacon or Descartes. The relation in which he stood to *philosophy*—at least within the circuit of French literature—was of quite another kind; and it may be of some consequence to understand what this relation was. The seventeenth century—as in Germany and in England, so in France—had been indeed the age of *intellectual*, as the sixteenth was that of *religious* vivification; all things had broken over their bounds, both in theology and in philosophy:—a future, new in its first elements, had opened in front of the thinking world, as elsewhere, so in France. But wherever the two powers—theology and philosophy—are moving onward, each in the plenitude of its force, and on parallel lines, they tend—whether intentionally so or not—each to shove its companion to the wall, or to push it off from the commanding *centre* of the main road. Either it is theology that leaves philosophy to take care of itself, or else it is philosophy that leaves theology to do the like, for itself. In England—(but this is a wide subject, from which we must abstain)—in England political and ecclesiastical conditions held the high road *in trust*, and secured fair play between the two. But it was not so in France. The fatal triumph of the papistical fanaticism, and the brutality of the infatuated government of Louis XIV., finally successful in 1685, bereft what might have been a genuine theology of all room of free development. The consequence was certain to follow. A pantheistic philosophy, which the Jesuits were not able to control, and upon which the Court did not keep its wakeful eye, crept into existence in France; and, at length, it fairly possessed itself, unopposed, of the highway of thought. Many of the great writers of that time, intending no such thing, or intending the very contrary—and such were Malebranche and Descartes (perhaps even Spinoza)—levelled the ground:—the preliminary railway work was done; the rough places were made smooth; the hills were made low, or tunnelled; the hollow places were filled in. BAYLE came up to wheel in the rubbish, and so was the tramway of Atheism made ready for D'HOLBACH, CONDILLAC, HELVETIUS, ST. LAMBERT, VOL-

TAIRE, and the suite of those who made proclamation before their admiring countrymen that 'the Beyond' is a fable—the invention of priests, and that Eternal Fate alone rules the universe. Under this iron sceptre virtue and vice, good and evil, are but pairs of words—intending the same thing: crimes and virtues are alike good, when they are alike profitable.

Whercabouts, then, should have come in—if it could have come in at all, in France—the redeeming, or the *withstanding* influence of a writer such as Pascal? This influence should have come in, and, under favouring conditions, it might have come in, to hold the ground; to keep the road open for theology—that is to say, for Christian Belief—solidly established by a course of reasoning against which the atheistic sophistry would not so easily have prevailed. At an early time in his literary course Pascal had achieved a triumphant success, in his demolition of the Jesuit casuistry. And then, in winning this success as a polemic, he had also, by the rare vigour and the fresh purity of his style, come to be regarded as a model, and, indeed, as an *authority*, as a master of the French language. This, his well-earned repute—a sidelong advantage as it was in respect of his great argument—gave him a *status* and a power of which none of the writers, his contemporaries, were at all able to deprive him. Almost might he be regarded as the originator of the French language in its modern form. Such as he made it, and such as he left it, it has, in the main, continued to the present time. There is no English writer of the same time who stands now in the same position, as to modern English, which Pascal still occupies in relation to modern French.

Then, at the same time, this Christian lay theologian, and this conspicuously popular writer had won a place for himself in the then rapidly developing physical science of Europe. His early mathematical treatises, and the successful experiments which were made at his suggestion, in proof of the weight of the atmosphere, had had the effect of setting him on high in science in the view of the European commonwealth. It would not be easy—we do not know that it would be possible—to name a comparable instance of a man his equal in this peculiar sense, that (while he was yet young, too) he stood before the world, as a writer, unrivalled in literature, and as a master of the powers of language and of argument. Great also was he among the great in the mathematical and the physical sciences, and quite unrivalled as a polemic and a reasoner, on the field of Christian and ethical controversy. We may not say as much as this on behalf of Bacon, or of New-

ton, or of Locke, or, indeed, of any one else among our English magnates.*

How then was it that, thus endowed, and thus in the actual command of means and of forces so peculiar, Pascal nevertheless failed to accomplish what might have been thought to be his destiny? How was it that, instead of heading the mind of France *for good*, at that critical moment, when the balance between Christianity and Atheism was trembling on the turn, the products of this profound mind—true in substance, forcible in manner, fresh, and breathing life—fell out of regard almost; and then only came into much notice, when they were hoisted on high and exhibited in triumph by the apostles of impiety, and the pioneers of revolutionary horrors? Such a course of things as this, does it not ask explanation?

Several lesser or incidental causes contributed to bring about this contradictory result. Pascal not only killed himself at an early age—his work half done—by his misjudging ascetic practices; but, in the same way, he greatly impaired the influence he might otherwise have exercised in ruling the philosophic mind of France, by the extravagance, and indeed the servile and stolid style of the superstitions to which he was addicted. The frivolous abstinences, and the small observances which he imposed upon himself—and which, no doubt, enhanced his repute among the sectarists of Port Royal—if they had not widened the wide interval between himself and the Calvinistic (or call them, in a modern sense, the Protestant) community in France, which was equally rigid, and not much less superstitious in their own way, could not fail to give disgust to the ex-

* 'Il y avait un homme qui, à douze ans, avec des barres et des ronds, avait créé les Mathématiques; qui, à seize, avait fait le plus savant traité des coniques qu'on eût vu depuis l'antiquité; qui, à dix-neuf, réduisit en machine une science qui existe tout entière dans l'entendement; qui, à vingt-trois ans, démontra les phénomènes de la pesanteur de l'air et détruisit une des grandes erreurs de l'ancienne physique; qui, à cet âge où les autres hommes commencent à peine de naître, ayant achevé de parcourir le cercle des sciences humaines, s'aperçut de leur néant, et tourna ses pensées vers la religion, qui, depuis ce moment jusqu'à sa mort, arrivée dans sa trente-neuvième année, toujours infirme et souffrant, fixa la langue que parlèrent Bossuet et Racine, donna le modèle de la plus parfaite plaisanterie comme du raisonnement le plus fort; enfin qui, dans les courts intervalles de ses maux, résolut par abstraction un de plus hauts problèmes de géométrie, et jeta sur le papier des pensées qui tiennent autant du Dieu que de l'homme: cet affrayant génie se nommait *Blaise Pascal*.' We should gladly have cited seventh pages of Chateaubriand's eloquent eulogy of Pascal. The reader will perhaps recollect the passage in *Le Génie du Christianisme*, p. 370, small Edition of Paris, 1868.

panding intelligence of the many, who then, and still more so in the next generation, were schooling themselves in free thought. Men of this order would resent the proposal to follow the guidance of a man, whatever his powers of mind might be, who was used to drive pricks into his side for breaking the naughtiness of intellectual pride, when he found himself attracting attention in scientific circles! Those whom he might otherwise have influenced—holding them to the truth—had just then learned to think, and to feel, and to reason in converse with the illustrious minds of Greece and Rome. Should such men submit themselves to the mindless puerilities of monastic Fakirism? So it was, in part, that Pascal had forfeited his right to rule the mind of France: it was not for a morsel of meat that he thus sold his birthright; but for the folly of refusing it, or of refusing to taste it when it was actually in his mouth.

Another, and an incidental cause of his failing to effect what otherwise he might have effected in this way, was the incomplete state in which he left his *Thoughts* in relation to the first principles of Theism. It was a consequence of this incompleteness that he came to be cited and appealed to as a universal sceptic—a declared Pyrrhonist, and the author of all unbelief.

Then we are brought round to what has already been referred to—the pitiable and miscalculating caution of his Port Royal friends, who, after keeping the invaluable treasure of his manuscripts in the dark for seven years, brought forward, at last, a mangled mass, from which had been removed, by their unfaithful fingers, almost everything of force, and of fire, and of bold truthfulness too, which, if it had been left to recommend the collection at its first appearance, would not have failed to move the mind of France in an effective manner. So might it have been that the *Thoughts*, found to be of a piece, in spirit and style, with the *Provincial Letters*, and well sustaining the high reputation of their author, might have stood as a munition on the field of Christian theology in France, within which multitudes might have found safety—yes, and salvation.

But the principal cause of Pascal's failing to accomplish a redemption of this kind for his country, was not indeed *his* fault, or the fault of his friends. What can either a preacher or a writer do, unless there be within his call an audience—a public that is already prepared by their sympathies to obey his challenge, and to yield him their plaudits, and to stand by his side, and to show a front of strength for his defence? If there be heard anywhere a voice, as of one 'crying in the wilderness,' there must also be within hearing

a multitude, able and willing to repair to the scene. Pascal, had he raised his voice never so loudly, could not *then* have gathered a people around him. A depopulated wilderness (in a religious sense), right hand, and left hand, and in front, had been created, by the mad fanaticism and the debasing superstition of the Church and of the monarchy—one in cruelty and folly. The Jansenist party at that time, with which Pascal had identified himself, was not large enough, in a popular sense, for this purpose. Many of the clergy did, indeed, openly or secretly, favour Augustinian doctrine; but by the people the party was seen to stand in a false position:—false toward the Papacy, which it bowed to and bearded; false toward evangelic doctrine—Augustinian doctrine, which, whether in Jansen's books or not in them, was not—everybody felt it—was not the congenial and the *congruous* doctrine of the Romish Church. This sectarian theology was substantially, if not Genevan, yet quite near at hand to Calvinism. Those therefore who would gladly have embraced it if the Reformed Church had been tolerated in France, could think of Romish Jansenism as nothing but a compromising, and a damaged, and an embarrassed Protestantism; whose professors, for consistency's sake, should have walked forth from the communion of Rome. A compromising religious community ought not to wonder, or to think itself ill-treated, if it fails to carry with it the cordial sympathies of a nation. It is not in human nature to do justice to those who are thought not to be doing justice to their own convictions. But might not Pascal have gathered to himself a willing, listening audience from the Reformed Church—the Calvinist ministers and people of France?—He, a Roinanist! A sufficient reply to such a question—if indeed it could be seriously propounded—is to be found in the simple fact, that the horrors of 1559, and the hellish murders of the St. Bartholomew in 1572, were still, we may say, fresh in the recollection of the men of Pascal's time. Seventy years are too few for bringing to oblivion the traditions of such a time of woe, conserved as these traditions were in the memories of thousands of families throughout France. It is just such an interval of time as this that separates the now living aged men in that country from the years of the guillotine; and if there were now a party in France that could be regarded as the representatives of the butchers of that time, and who appeared as their apologists, the intensities of revengeful hatred would, no doubt, show themselves alive toward them to this moment. Pascal—firm son of the Papacy as he was—how could *he* be listened to by

the descendants, the sons and the grandsons, of the men that were slaughtered in that night?

The one man among Pascal's contemporaries who, if we think only of his force of mind and his greatness of soul, might have stepped forward to rescue Theism and Christianity from the then germinating atheistic philosophy of France, was the Bishop of Meaux; but Bossut—eminent and fervent Christian as he was—always felt, and thought, and wrote as the *Churchman*. Churchman he was in so decisive and unexceptive a manner, that, in him, the bold *entireness* of his convictions on that side neither required nor admitted any sort of compromise, any concession, any ambiguous expression of a half doubt upon any subject, or upon any subject dear to him. But this florid Churchism, and this assured belief—belief from nature, from earliest boyhood, or the cradle, or the womb—was a constitutional prohibition against his ever thinking or speaking as a philosopher—using the term in its best and genuine sense. Mad. de Staël somewhere says, 'Celui qui n'a pas souffert que sait il?' One might put a parallel question, and ask, 'He who has never doubted, what does he know?' Pascal was born to doubt, or, we should rather say, born to sift all commonly accepted notions, and to reach the very bottom of every subject. Let the reader turn, at hazard, from the pages of Bossut to those of Pascal, and he will see at once what we mean in affirming that it was Pascal, not the illustrious Bishop of Meaux, who, if he had had an open course before him, and a few more years of life, might have stopped the way, and might have rescued genuine philosophic thought from the sophists and the atheists of the next century, who—it is with sorrow one thinks of it—misunderstanding his scepticism, vaunted his great reputation as a gain on their side, and so proclaimed him father of unbelief.

What, then, was this misunderstood scepticism? what was Pascal's Pyrrhonism? Was it so, indeed, that this solidly constructed intellect could find no firm footing in all the regions of thought? Did Pascal, indeed, hold his religious belief with a trembling hand? This is just now our question.

The consecutive *Thoughts* (in eleven paragraphs) which make up the first chapter (so to call it) or 'Article' in this collection, if they are well understood, might suffice for giving us the true answer to this question; and if these impressive passages—sublime indeed as they are—were rendered into the terms of recent metaphysical argument, they might serve to bring Pascal to his place at the head of that philosophy which has aimed

to trace the limits of religious thought. If this position were assigned to this great mind, then there might be claimed for him the advantage of affirming this limit in relation to the sciences universally—mathematical science not excepted—that they all have their limits, anterior and posterior, and which are impassable by the human reason; and that, while occupied with the things of a mid-region—that of *relations*—they must all alike (the physical, the mathematical, and the theological) be willing to accept a *bare belief* concerning the Absolute and the Infinite as *actual*, although standing for ever beyond the cognizance of human reason. Pascal's Pyrrhonism, then, in the fewest words expressed, is his peremptory rejection of any alleged achievements of philosophy beyond the boundaries of that *mid-land*, or region of Relations, whereupon the human reason may usefully and properly employ itself. But then he affirms (further on) the *certainty* of the conclusions, as well of Theism as of Christianity, *within that region*. In this sense, Christian belief is as *sure* as are the surest parts of the sciences:—in the nature of things, it cannot be more so, and it is not less so.

How then did it come about that the atheistic sophists of the following age made their boast of Pascal's authority, as if it were on their side? It has come in this way:—*first*, inasmuch as he put his *Thoughts* on paper in a fragmentary manner, boldly, freely, and *incautiously*—if he had foreseen what was to be the fate of his papers. In a hundred places he professes his Pyrrhonism in simple terms;—he says, nakedly—*le Pyrrhonisme, c'est le vrai*—intending always, as is manifest to every intelligent reader of the mass of these *Thoughts*, just this—that all human reasonings, all speculation, carried *across the border*, is infirm, is inconclusive, and—ought to be rejected. This is Pascal's manner—this his usage, in speaking, as he did, to *himself*. The exception which he made for saving the *genuine* part of the physical sciences, and, with these, also, Theism and Revealed Religion, is never very far off from such professions of scepticism; but then it is not always quite close at hand. He had no prescience of the Encyclopedists; and therefore it is that these writers, after they had, to their own satisfaction, rejected—unrefuted, his reserve for religious belief—for Christianity specially, blazoned those passages in which they found his Pyrrhonism professed in unqualified terms!

To cite the passages in full, and in the author's own words, would be very gratifying alike to the transcriber and to the reader; but this may not here be done;—it is the *substance* only of many passages that we must now rudely report, inserting, as we go, a few

of the most significant, or the most striking expressions. A task indeed it would be worthily to *translate* these intense thoughts. We can make no profession of ability to do any such thing. In passing, we may note the circumstance, that the eleven paragraphs of this 'Article Premier' abound with instances of the omissions, and of the substitutions, and of the *corrections*, that were effected by the first editors—Pascal's Port Royal friends.

'Let man,' says Pascal, 'contemplate Nature in its majesty, its height, its amplitude. (He here writes as if he accepted the Ptolemaic hypothesis.) Let him be amazed in recollecting that the circuit of the sun in the heavens, vast as it is, is itself only a delicate point when compared with the vaster circuit that is accomplished by the stars. Let imagination go beyond the range of sight, and then learn that this visible universe is but a spot in the ample bosom of Nature.* No idea can come near to this immensity. Stretch imagination as we may, we do nothing more than produce atoms, as compared with the reality of things—*nous n'enfantons que des atomes*. (This reality) is a sphere infinite, of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere.† Man returning to his home, where he is lodged—this dungeon—I mean the universe (the visible, or stellar universe)—let him learn to think correctly of the relative importance (or extent) of the earth—of kingdoms, cities, and himself! What is man, in the midst of the infinite? But now there is another prospect, and it is not less astounding—it is the infinite beneath him! Let him look to the smallest of the things which come under his notice—a mite:‡ it has limbs—veins in those limbs, blood—globules in that blood—humours, and a serum too. Let thought exhaust itself in pursuing this track. You believe that you have at length reached the smallest of all existences:—may, I will here open before you another abyss. Within the enclosure of this atom I will show you, not merely the visible universe, but the very immensity of nature:—in this abyss an infinite of worlds, each of which has its firmament, its planets, its earth, its animals, and then its mites;—and so with this mite, without end—without rest! Whoever gives his mind to thoughts such as these will be terrified at himself—trembling where Nature has placed him—suspended as if it were between infinitude and nothingness. What, in truth, is man in the midst of Nature? A nothing in respect of the infinite; a universe—un tout—in respect of the Nothing. Never can he comprehend the extremes (either way). The end of things, and their principle, are for ever hidden from him in impenetrable secrecy;—equally incapable is he

of seeing the Nothing whence he is derived, and the Infinite in which he is swallowed up. What then can he do, but contemplate certain phenomena—a *middle of things*—in eternal despair of knowing either their principle or their end? All things have come up from the Nothing, and are carried forward towards the Infinite. Who is it, then, that shall follow this astounding course? The Author of these wonders comprehends them; none but He can do so—*tout autre ne le peut faire*.'

There is much in this of what will be reckoned as rhetoric only; nevertheless it conveys what Pascal intends to build his philosophic doctrine upon; and he goes on to do so:—

'From not having thought of these (two) infinites (the infinite of vastness, and the infinitely small), men have rashly entered upon the examination of Nature, as if they were themselves in any proportion with her (as if the human reason were, or could be, intelligently cognizant of the Infinite.) Strange it is that men have sought to comprehend the principles of things, and so to come to the knowledge of all things, by a presumption which is as infinite as is their object. Certain it is that a design (or purpose and expectation) of this sort implies, if not a presumption that is infinite, a capacity that is as infinite as Nature.'

Pascal then affirms this infinity in both directions as bounding—as surrounding—the sciences, *all of them*—geometry not excepted:—

'Car qui doute que la géométrie, par exemple, a une infinité d'infinities de propositions à exposer? Elles sont aussi infinies dans la multitude et la délicatesse de leur principes; car qui ne voit que ceux qu'on propose pour les derniers ne se soutiennent pas d'eux-mêmes, et qu'ils sont appuyés sur d'autres qui en ayant d'autres pour appui ne souffrent jamais de dernier?'

A step beyond this might well be taken, by means of this reference to geometry, in illustration of Pascal's *real meaning* in his profession of Pyrrhonism. Not only has any given position in geometry—take our stand where we please in Euclid—an infinite *in front of it*, as to the conclusions, *in future*, which may be derived from it, and an infinite in the rear also, as to the principles whence itself is derived—this is not all; for, supposing we had gone back to what might be accepted as *ultimate geometric axioms*, or principles, these principles, concerning the relations of extension (and so of number), only stand where they stand to point the finger over the shoulder towards the dark abyss of metaphysical first principles; and these are indeed placed hopelessly beyond the powers and compass of the human reason. Thus it is, therefore, that while the infinite *in front of our actual geometry* may invite

* Pascal, says the editor, avait mis d'abord—*n'est qu'un atome dans l'immensité*, puis, dans l'amplitude.

† This expression, which has been so often repeated, is of uncertain origin: it is not Pascal's own; he received it probably from Montaigne.

‡ Ciron. Modern physiologists deny to this animalcule blood-vessels and a circulation.

endless progress—for none can say that he has reached the boundary—it is otherwise as to the dark infinite *in the rear*, or that metaphysical abyss in respect of which a reasonable and a modest Pyrrhonism will profess its rejection of any alleged certainties. Take this instance, and apply it to theology; and then, as we think, Pascal's *scepticism* will be seen to come into its true place in relation to what has so recently been attempted—namely, to fix, or to set forth in view, the 'Limits of Religious Thought.' Much of our modern modes of argument on speculative Theism takes a hitch precisely at this turn; and we judge it to be of some importance to bring the weight of so great a mind to bear upon the subject. 'He, being dead, yet speaketh' in these resurrectionary *Thoughts*. He goes on thus—(we briefly *report* his meaning).

'Of these two Infinities of the sciences, that of vastness—*celui de grandeur*—is the most obvious—*bien plus sensible*; and so it is that there are few indeed who pretend to know all things.* . . . But the infinitely small is much less obvious, and thus our philosophers have been more forward in professing to reach it; and it is here that they all have stumbled—*achoppé*; and on this ground, modes of speaking such as the following have come into ordinary use:—"The principles of things"—"the principles of philosophy"—and other expressions in an equal degree pompous (*boastful—fastueux*) though not apparently so much so as their other professions, to know all things, which blinds the eyes. It is quite natural that we should believe ourselves more able to reach the centre of things, than to embrace the circumference; but, in truth, it does not demand less capacity to reach the Nothing, than it does to reach the All: this capacity must be infinite in either case; and it seems to me that any one who had come to comprehend the ultimate principles of things, might also arrive at a knowledge of the Infinite. The one depends on the other, and leads the way to it also; the extremities touch and unite, because distant, and they meet in God—and only in God. Let us then know our boundary. That which we have of being hides from us the knowledge of first principles, which spring out of the Nothing; and, on the other hand, the little which we have of being hides from our view the Infinite.'

Here, then, is Pascal's *scepticism*, or rather his *unbelief*:—he rejects as a vain pretension every boasted conquest of science which assumes to have broken over the border of that mid-region, that milieu des choses—which is the domain that has been granted, or *let-off*, to human reason. But he believes in all that may be established, in modes proper to the subject, *within* this circuit; and as to the Infinite beyond it, he admits, as in mathematical, so in speculative and theological philosophy, a belief in or *concerning* the

Infinite, but he denies the power of the human mind to know or to comprehend it. *Bornés en tout genie, cet état qui tient le milieu entre deux extrêmes se trouve en toutes nos puissances.* If, as in a passage which we here cite, this profound thinker gives expression to the same doctrine, unaccompanied by an exception made on behalf of genuine science, and of a genuine religious belief, we need not go far anywhere among his *Thoughts* in search of his thorough faith in things and principles which may truly be ascertained. Let us hear him further on, when he gives the fullest expression to his Pyrrhonism:—

'Here, then, is our true position: it is such as to render us incapable of knowing certainly, and incapable also of *certain* ignorance. We float upon a vast mid-space, always in doubt and tossed—driven from side to side. Whatever end it may be to which we think we may attach ourselves and be fixed, it shakes and leaves us; or, if we attempt to follow it, it is gone from our hold—it slides away, and is off, never to be overtaken. Nothing stops its course for us. This is our condition by nature; nevertheless it is utterly contrary to our inclinations. We burn with desire to find somewhere a solid footing, and an immovable eternal basis, whereupon to erect a tower that shall reach up to the Infinite; but the entire foundation we have chosen cracks, and the ground opens beneath us, even down to the abyss.'

Pascal's own words must give us here his conclusion:—

'Ne cherchons donc point d'assurance et de fermeté. Notre raison est toujours déçue par l'inconstance des apparences; rien ne peut fixer le fini entre les deux infinis qui l'enferment et le fuient.'—P. 13.

In all this profession of the hopeless uncertainties in the midst of which the human reason finds itself placed, Pascal had an argumentative purpose in view, which, in fact, he never loses sight of; and his determination to make sure of this purpose—in *favour of religious belief*—impels him to push his affirmations of Pyrrhonism up to the very borders of exaggeration, or of paradox. Of this tendency, a dozen instances might soon be produced; but to multiply such instances would tend to no good. We may, however, commend to the philosophic reader the *Thoughts*—apparently broken up into fragments, and yet truly consecutive—in the course of which he gives evidence of his power of analysis and of abstraction, in the regions of intellectual philosophy—if indeed he had chosen there to employ himself; but he had determined otherwise, and therefore he brings his powers of illustration—his *rhetorical* ability, [as well as the rigour of the

* Thus Democritus—*Δίγω γὰρ: περί τῶν συμπάντων.*

analytic faculty—to bear upon a purpose which was foreign to philosophy, and indeed distasteful to those who think of nothing beyond it. Pascal, if he had thought good so to do, might perhaps have originated a philosophy of mind which would well have coalesced with Bacon's philosophy of the physical sciences; and thus might he have excluded from the field, as well Descartes as Malebranche;—perhaps he might have cut away the ground on which, a century later, the Encyclopedists reared their Atheism.

Many passages there are in the portion of the volume now before us, which, by their depth and force, tempt quotation; but we abstain. Much is there which meets sophisms that are current at the present moment:—these, which are as old as human nature, or as old as its intellectual perversions, all pass in review before this apprehensive and discriminative mind; and each, in its turn, receives its fitting rebuke. Pascal rebukes sophistry as from a *moral* position. Bacon specifies the Idols of the Intellect as from the lofty position of unimpassioned 'pure light.'

'Those who the most condemn mankind, and who labour to bring man to the level of the brute, nevertheless are eager to win for themselves the admiration, and the confidence too, of their fellows; thus do they contradict themselves; and an irresistible impulse of nature within them—the love of glory—gives an evidence of the greatness of man, which is far more conclusive than is the reasoning by means of which they would prove his baseness. . . . Man! he is but a reed—the feeblest of things!—yes, but he is a thinking reed! There would be no need that the universe should rise in arms to crush him! a breath—a drop of water—is enough to kill him. But now, even if it were the universe that had crushed him, man would still be more noble than it, which has slain him; for he knows that he dies—he knows the advantage which the universe (in this respect) has over him;—but as to the universe, it knows nothing of this.'—P. 20.

Yet Pascal, himself free in thought and speech as he was, almost to fierceness—bold, reckless of the offence which the feeble might take at his language, speaks of men, such as he deems them to be, in a style not far removed from that of la Rochefoucauld; and so it was that Voltaire asked leave to 'take the part of humanity against this sublime misanthrope.' Pascal was not the misanthrope; but he was always the invalid and the sufferer, and he looks out upon the world as from his bed of bodily anguish. Between the misanthrope and the miserable there is a partition: it is thin, but it is real. This fact should never be lost sight of by the reader of the *Thoughts*. Too often does the cynic come forward from out of these depths

of meditation. Besides this, the power of satire, which made him terrible to the Jesuits, and his peculiar faculty of driving the knife in between the joints of the harness, impelled him often to utter almost savage *bons-môts*, when such occurred to him; and yet he says—'The utterer of *bons-môts* is but an indifferent character.' This, at least, was not true of himself.

We come, then, to ask, What indeed was Pascal's *ultimate intention*? and, further—On what ground was it that he made his faith—his Theism and his Christianity, to rest? One may divine the nature of this ulterior purpose from expressions such as these, which, as they are of critical quality as to what follows, we give as they stand. P. 61:—

'J'écrirai ici mes pensées sans ordre, et non pas peut-être dans une confusion sans dessein: c'est le véritable ordre, et qui marquera toujours mon objet par le désordre même. Je ferais trop d'honneur à mon sujet si je le traitais avec ordre, puisque je veux montrer qu'il en est incapable.*

This *immediate* object was to demonstrate and illustrate the uncertainty of all our reasonings on speculative ground; and thence to infer the necessity of other grounds of confidence. So he says, in his sharp manner, 'Se moquer de la philosophie, c'est vraiment philosopher.' But this was not to be *the end* of such mockery. Philosophy leaves us bewildered; we can have no certainty as to *principles*—hors la foi et la révélation. On what then do *these* rest? The grounds on which Pascal raised the structure of his own religious belief must be sought for in and among the disjointed paragraphs that occupy the middle part of the thick volume before us—about 300 pages. We condense the result of this research as much as possible.

The two facts of human nature—each uncontestable, whether or no we are conscious of it, or admit it to be true—are, The greatness (*grandeur*) of man on the one hand, and his misery and his helplessness on the other hand. In respect of these two facts there is no room for reasonable scepticism, though there may be room for stupid indifference, or for infatuated pride. Religious faith takes its rise then in the recognition of these two facts. Look to yourself, therefore. If, indeed, you do not know or acknowledge the greatness of human nature, you lower yourself to the level of the brutes—indeed, ~~to~~ a

* Nevertheless he attached the highest importance to *order* in the disposition of his thoughts. Qu'on ne dire pas que je n'ai rien dit de nouveau: la disposition des matières est nouvelle. The winner at chess is he who puts his pieces in the winning order.

lower level; for they fill out their destiny—they obey and satisfy the law of their nature. Not so man, if he descends to that level; for he then becomes a hideous contradiction—a scandal in creation. But if, on the other hand, you are unconscious of your helplessness and misery—if you profess yourself a god, equal to all things, then this arrogance convicts itself of folly in a thousand modes of failure, humiliation, disappointment, ruin.

But if now, conscious of the illimitable greatness of the human destinies, and desiring to realize what may be your birthright, as man, you feel also your impotence, your moral disorder—if you are straying this way and that way, as in the dark, then you feel the need of religion. The religion that you need must at once recognise the greatness of man, and it must meet him on the ground of his misery and ruin. Among all the religions that have ever been propounded to mankind, there is but one that satisfies both of these two conditions. Christianity—or say rather the religion of the Bible—rests itself upon these two admitted and indisputable principles, these facts—That man is born for communion with God, and for immortality; and that, left to himself, he will sink lower and lower in sensuality and folly, powerless for his own recovery, and yet slow to abandon for ever the hope of it.

Would you then bring yourself to belief, and touch the ground of confidence and hope? Draw near to CHRIST. When near to Him, in converse with Him, you rise to the life immortal; and you thus rise, and thus recover your standing—you regain moral force, and yet walk on a path of humility and of self-abasement. If you reject these conditions, you are still ignorant of yourself.

It is thus that Pascal opens the ground of religious certainty. The Pyrrhonism, of which he makes such frequent profession in these *Thoughts*, takes no hold whatever of these principles of Faith. If man does not so far know himself as to know that he is great, and that he is helpless, then *reasoning*—demonstrations—evidence—be these evidences what they may—will not meet his case; they will take effect upon him only for an hour—they will leave him what he was—an unbeliever. But on the supposition that these first principles (or facts rather) are admitted, then—although it is in a disjointed form—Pascal goes over the ground of what are called the Christian Evidences, in a manner which, at that time, must have had a force and novelty that are barely claimable for it at this time. No valuable purpose would now, and in this place, be secured by bringing forward these arguments, even

though they are recommended often by the force and vivacity of this great writer's style. Some of these insulated instances do indeed tempt quotation. For the following, short as it is, a place may be claimed on the score, not only of the beauty of the thought, but of its bearing upon the first-named of the principles above stated. The thought is so intimately *one* with the language conveying it, that *translation* would seem barely possible:—

'Tous les corps, le firmament, les étoiles, la terre et ses royaumes, ne valent pas le moindre des esprits: car il connaît tout cela, et soi; et les corps, rien. Tous les corps ensemble, et tous les esprits ensemble, et toutes leurs productions, ne valent pas le moindre mouvement de charité; cela est d'un ordre infiniment plus élevé. De tous les corps ensemble, on ne saurait en faire réussir une petite pensée: cela est impossible, et d'un autre ordre. De tous les corps et esprits, on n'en saurait tirer un mouvement de vraie charité: cela est impossible, et d'un autre ordre, surnaturel.'—P. 226.

It is within the circuit of *Christian* thought, and it is nowhere else, that expressions such as these have ever had a place, or could ever arise, or could be suggested, or could recommend themselves to approval as substantially true. In terms or manner, language of this sort may, at first sight, seem to touch upon exaggeration; but the more we dwell upon it, the more does it approve itself to reason. But if so, then it is Christianity that indeed encounters the problems of existence, and that solves them; and here is its proof, as coming from God.

It is at this place (Article 23) in this collection of Pascal's *Thoughts*, that we come to the critical subject of miracles; and at this point we challenge the reader's attention; for there is here presented an instance full of instruction, which is applicable—we boldly say so—to the now-passing evolution of religious opinion regarding this very subject, among ourselves. Already we have referred to that state of mind which leads good men—and which has led so many such—to make a secret treaty with their consciences, to this effect—namely, that, in whatever efforts they may make for saving Christianity, they will place in the very forefront of their labours this, the most sacred of all principles, or universal axioms—*salvâ ecclesiâ!* And what is this 'ecclesia,' for the preservation of which all things in heaven and earth must be compromised, or put in peril? What is this most dear Church, in regard for which—let a little freedom of speech be here indulged, for we have caught the liberty from Pascal himself—what is it for the sake of which our faith in God him

self and his Christ, and our hope of immortality, and our hope for our brethren of mankind everywhere—what is it for the sake of which God and man, and the universe material, and the universe spiritual, must be put in pawn? This awful reality, assumed to be more real than all other (supposed) realities—this inestimable jewel which is heavy enough to turn the scale against the universe and its Creator, is—not the Church universal—it is not the general assembly and Church of the first-born of God, on earth and on high—it is nothing that is itself great, bright, fair, pure, or worthy to be loved and died for: it is nothing better than a sectarian pet!—it is some uncouth symbol—it is a god of the conventicle—it is an idol of the den; it is a score or more of syllables, to which we have chosen to pin our self-idolatry, our arrogance, our despotic temper—in a word, our pride of party, and our sour temper.

Pascal's pawn was not quite of this sort; but it was not of a much worthier sort. We should read his personal history to know how it was—how it could be, that a mind like his, of the highest order, had so got itself entangled in a thrall of cobwebs as to hazard the faith of the Gospel upon the genuineness of a Holy Thorn! Miserable overthrow was this of a robust intellect! Shall we learn nothing from such an instance? Equity would demand that, as counteractive to the mortifying facts now in view, we should read anew the *Provincial Letters*, so that, in the course of such a perusal, we might recover our feeling of respect for Pascal's understanding. How keen was he in the pursuit of sophisms!—how fearless in his exposure of frauds and illusions!—how quick of sight, even as the hawk, that drops from the height of heaven upon its prey in the grass!—or as is the eagle, strong of wing, and as relentless in the clutch of its talons—its victim well held, it soars aloft, sure to rend the trembling creature bone from bone when, at its leisure, it reaches its distant crag. Such was this terrible foe of the Jesuit fathers. All Europe, and not France only, at that time admired the spectacle when this writer, with a shuddering Jesuit in his talons, bore away his prey at his ease. And this is the Pascal that puts in jeopardy our faith as theists, and as Christians—risks all upon our faith in a Holy Thorn! Hear him:—

‘Voici une relique sacrée. Voici une épine de la couronne du Sauveur du monde, en qui le prince de ce monde n'a point puissance.’—P. 291.

The story of the Holy Thorn of Port Royal, and of the train of miracles therewith connected, has been told often enough: nor

have we space, or time, or patience, to tell it again; but the condition under which these alleged miracles were wrought should be understood. The reader of this (call it chapter) of the *Thoughts*, which contains Pascal's statement of the argument concerning the Christian miracles, if such a reader might chance to know nothing of the mortifying incidents among which he had compromised himself, would marvel to find him pursuing so tortuous, and almost unintelligible a course. How is it that a thinker of this order runs off the lines, swerves on this side and that side, when, so far as such a reader knows, there is nothing in view but the genuine evangelic miracles? Yes, but there was in Pascal's prospect, not to say the voluminous miracles of the Romish Calendar!—enormous folios of them—but specially, there was the recent Jansenist, anti-Jesuit miracle of the Holy Thorn:—and therefore it is that this great mind beats about, and gives to his argument so intricate, and so subtle, and so Jesuitical a character, that we rise from the perusal of these *Thoughts* with a mingled feeling of disappointment and of resentment. This paltering with the truth of God, with the Gospel, with whatever is indeed sacred, comes from the predetermination—the foregone purpose, to save—what is it?—une relique sacrée—une épine de la couronne du Sauveur du monde!

It does not appear that a question or doubt concerning the genuineness of this ‘sacred relic’ had presented itself at all to Pascal's mind; nevertheless he—a Pyrrhonist by temperament, and a severe geometrician, and a keen questioner of ancient notions (as that concerning the received doctrine of a vacuum) was yet unbouedly credulous in some directions. Let us fancy what treatment any holy relic would have received at the hands of the writer of the *Provincials*, if only such an instrument of cure had been in the custody of the ‘Society.’ In the most merciless style would he have come down upon any article of Church-craft of which the enemies of Port Royal were making a similar use, for their own purposes.

There is no need that we should here concern ourselves with the facts, whether real or alleged, relating to the cure of Pascal's niece; for a preliminary question comes to be considered. Grant the fact of the cure: then, if it be a miracle in the proper sense of the term, it must be admitted not only to vindicate Port Royal as oppressed by the reverend fathers of the Society, but also to place before us a dilemma of this sort—the hand of God, put forth in this instance on behalf of His persecuted servants, implies the authenticity

of this Thorn; or, if not so, then let us note the consequence of that issue—if not so, a miracle is wrought, itself resting upon what, *if not genuine*, was a gross delusion, and which must have had its origin in a villanous fraud! Nothing less than this can be supposed. Will intelligent Romanists at this time come forward, and coolly profess their belief in the genuineness of the scores of holy thorns that have been preserved in the reliquaries of Europe and of Asia? Think for a moment of the *historic conditions* which attach to the supposed preservation of the actual crown of thorns at the first, and of its conservation through the turmoil of sixteen hundred years! But suppose we are willing to grant these stupendous improbabilities, then let us see into what an abyss of perplexities those must plunge themselves who will persist, as did Pascal, in connecting their attachment to the highest truths with their belief of the authenticity of such things as holy thorns! This piercing spirit refused to look down into that abyss. Did this refusal spring from an instinctive apprehension that he should descry, in the dark gulph, a terrific phantom—the papal infallibility, self-slain by its own contradictions? This might be. He could not be *ignorant* of the irresistible arguments of his Protestant countrymen, and of those of Germany, on this very ground. May we imagine that, in tremulous distress, in this instance, and as if in anticipation of the advice that is now urged upon the young doubting clergy of England, he cast far from him all misgivings? How stood the case of the Holy Thorn? He calls it a sacred relic:—it was authenticated by traditions, and by diplomas from the highest powers in the Church. Be it so; but what comes next? It can never be known how many thorns might have belonged to the crown that was worn in patience by Him who ‘was wounded for our transgressions.’ But assu-

redly, among the implements of the Passion, even if every one of them had been preserved to these times, there ought not to appear a *fifth holy nail*! Yet Pascal’s Church, and Pascal’s popes, have sanctioned the pretensions of holy nails—how many? is it *five*, or *seven*, or *ten*?—and each of these sacred relics has established its own title by a long series of miracles. Did not Pascal know these things? He must have known them; but he *would not* think of them—he would not allow himself to pursue a line of thought which he *felt*, if he would not whisper it to himself, must have carried him over the line—must have ranked him with Huguenots and Lutherans. Thus it was that, in smothering an ominous suspicion, this apostle of theistic and Christian belief for France left himself in a position where (and we should hardly blame them) the keen spirits of the next age thought themselves to be warranted in speaking of him as a believer in God, in Christ, and—in holy thorns! Surely so ghastly an instance as this should take its effect upon some among ourselves even now; aye, upon all who love the truth—and with it, a pet superstition of their own.

Painful subject! Let us dismiss it then, and return to converse with a mind and a soul unmatched in his age, and unmatched since, if the unusual compass of its qualifications be duly considered. Pascal’s *work* was this—to make proof of the powers of the human intellect—*first rectified by its faith in the greatest truths*; to ascertain their reality; and to do this *otherwise* than in the mode of formal expression, and of syllogistic catenation. He arrived at truth, not while perambulating college halls, not while loitering in academic groves, but in exploring caverns. If these are figures, they yet carry a meaning that may be opened out. ‘Those of old time’ had taught us all *they* could teach from chairs of philosophy: they had made it certain, over and over, that the premises they begin with, lead inevitably to the conclusions which they end with. This was philosophy!—this was logic! Pascal broke away from all this antique trifling in contempt and anger, and he took his own course. It was time it should be taken by some one. Despite of its apparent *inconsequence*, and of its openness to technical exception as a *petitio principii*, and as reasoning in ‘a vicious circle,’ Pascal says—for this is the upshot of this mass of *Thoughts*—‘Believe in God, and you will find Him; lay hold of Christ, and you will know that He is “the only-begotten of the Father;” live the life immortal, and you will cease to doubt of the reality of the spiritual economy.’ This is bold advice: Is

* We cite at this place a *Thought* which has a singular pertinence in relation to some recent treatment of religious doubts:—‘Le monde ordinaire a le pouvoir de ne pas songer à ce qu’il ne veut pas songer. Ne pensez pas aux passages du Messie, disait le Juif à son fils. Ainsi font les nôtres souvent. Ainsi se conservent les fausses religions; et la vraie même, à l’égard de beaucoup de gens. Mais il y en a qui n’ont pas le pouvoir de s’empêcher ainsi de songer, et qui songent d’autant plus qu’on leur défend. Ceux-là se défont des fausses religions; et de la vraie même, s’ils ne trouvent des discours solides’ (p. 363).

The editor’s note upon this passage ought to be subjoined; and it well deserves to be considered:—‘*Ne veut pas songer*. C’est comme s’il eût dit, le monde ordinaire n’est pas philosophe. On n’est ni philosophe ni critique quand on peut s’empêcher de songer; et il y a des hommes distingués, et même de grands hommes, qui sont dans ce cas.’

it wise, right, and safe to be followed? A question that will be variously answered at this now passing moment. The answer it receives in any case, will be discriminative of minds and spirits. The pedants of philosophy will laugh such advice to scorn. They will say, to follow such advice is to rend the Aristotelian method to rags. We answer—let it then be rent to rags. Meantime ninety-nine in every hundred of unsophisticated minds, if ever they come to take a firm hold of faith, theistic and Christian, will have reached it in this manner—we mean, in Pascal's manner, such as it is set forth in these profound *Thoughts*. We venture a step further and say—let the implication of saying it be what it may—that minds that are the most patient in thought, and that are the best cultured and the best furnished, will travel on *this* road; and on it they will have found the *sabbatismos* of the religious life.

No mind—none known to us by its products—surpassed Pascal's in that penetrative intensity which carried him to the depths of that abyss of meditation toward which great souls have ever gravitated; but the power to gravitate measures the power to rise—the centrifugal force is as the centripetal. With Pascal, from constitution, bodily and mental, the latter was more often in act than the former; but at moments, and as if with a sudden fiery energy, he soared—he stretched the wing upward and outward, so as to reach the azure where sunshine is perpetual; yet he does not abide in the upper skies. His *office* is of another sort. Give him now your hand—fear nothing—he has a clew in his grasp: he will lead you through ways few have trodden, even in and among the roots of the mountains; he will find a path there where the 'everlasting hills' rest upon their bases. He will be a guide in steeps which 'the eagle's eye hath not seen;' and, more than this, he will be to you a trusty Greatheart in bringing you through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and he is familiar with the phantom tyrant of the place—the Apollyon of universal doubt. Thus far Pascal goes: he reaches truth by the underground passage; he finds God his Saviour *at his need*, in the dark cavern. But he will not go with you many steps beyond the exit of the valley: for himself, he barely knows the road toward the flowery meadows of the Beulah. Immortality, every moment in his resolve, was seldom, with its effulgence, in his view. His ear was not list to catch the distant sounds which were heard by another of his contemporaries, when 'all the bells in the city rang again for joy.'

As geometrician, Pascal will vindicate the validity of the course he pursues in reaching

the ground of an assured theistic and Christian faith; for he says, You must do in theology what you are compelled to do in geometry. You must start with your definitions and your axioms ready-made, of which you can give no account in a metaphysic sense: in endeavouring to step back from Euclid, you plunge over head into a slough. Instead of attempting any such course, accept these definitions—assent to these axioms, and then *work out from them*. Assume them to be all right, and by their aid go on to realize a vast complicity of *relative truths*; then make trial of these remote results in all possible modes; put your conclusions to the proof at innumerable points; test your first principles in that only way in which they may be tested—by the perfect coherence and unswerving consistency of all the results, be they as many or as complicated as you please. Geometry is proved to be true in its inscrutable principles by the inter-related consistency of its remotest consequences. So is it in Theism; so is it in Christianity. Acquaint yourself with God—learn of Christ; and although *every* problem will not be solved in so doing, yet all that are solved in the working out of principles are found to be relatively coherent and consistent, and therefore they are true in human nature.

It would be an illusion to suppose that, in the two centuries that have elapsed since Pascal wrote, the theistic and Christian argument has so far drifted away from the ground it then occupied, that it can be of little or no moment—otherwise than as a question of literary history—to know what was the belief of the foremost minds of that age. Some may incline to say, the belief of *those* times will not be the belief of *these* times. This supposition is true only in respect of the objects proper to historical and literary criticism. It is not true either of theistic principles, or of the *substance* of the Christian argument. Let any one who thinks otherwise, look into the writings—we will not say of the theologians or divines by *profession* of that age, but of the most distinguished laymen—Pascal's contemporaries (or their *immediate* successors) whose treatment of religious questions may be regarded as, in degree, more free and spontaneous than can be that of clergymen: at least it may be said that their Christian belief is liable to no sinister or illiberal suspicion. It would not be difficult to mention twenty names—suitable for such a purpose:—let these nine suffice; and nine comparable to these, on the *opposite* side of this argument, are nowhere to be found. Pascal himself heads the nine (we omit Descartes without forgetting him); the *second* place is due to Bacon; the *third* to Locke; the *fourth* to Grotius; the *fifth* to Leibnitz;

the *sixth* to Milton; the *seventh* to (Sir Thomas) Browne; the *eighth* to Boyle; the *ninth* to Newton;—as diversely constituted and as diversely trained as can be imagined: these nine minds might, in truth, be taken as *representative* of the several orders or species of intelligence. So constituted, and so trained, individually, they show, in their various modes of treating the most momentous questions, that these questions touch the *ultimate results* of thought. On this ground, there cannot but be a substantial sameness, unaffected by ephemeral fashions of opinion. The problems in debate have to do with universals, on the field of abstraction; and they touch the primary conditions of human nature, which is the same, as well in its actual state and its wants, as in its faculties. Aspects of subjects, and sets of phrases, as these are affected by passing controversies, may change from time to time:—this is all.

There is one grave problem in the world of Thought, which, although it may sleep throughout the term of one generation, is sure to be woke up anew among the men of the following; and then the same ground is trodden, or run over, as before; and the results, on both sides of the debate, are substantially the same, so far as minds of the upper class are drawn into the eddy. The problem concerning Theism and Christianity (as *one* subject, not two) whenever it is discussed, acts upon minds with irresistible force as a *discriminative energy*: it parts off the crowd of minds to the right hand and to the left hand, as if with a self-acting adjudicative sovereignty. The instance now before us—that of Pascal, is peculiarly remarkable in this very way, because, *now* that we have a genuine exhibition of his inmost soul in view, the process of this sort of silent adjudication, or this *passing over* from one side to the other side, may be inspected and may be watched in its course. We may here see the inner man—the mind, the reason, the soul, taking its cautionary position, from one stepping-stone to the next. It was not merely a pious and virtuous man—a man of pure instincts and of blameless life, who would naturally go over to the side of religion and of moral order. So it might be, in a sense; but it was more than this—or something different from this. A determinative principle in the human economy is here involved. Is the universe true or false? Is human existence a reality, or is it an illusion? Is there a solid ground of action and of progress open in front of the instincts and the energies of the human mind; or is it a quagmire, illimitable and bottomless, that mocks the audacity of man, and that must engulf him at last?

The great minds whose names we have

just now associated with that of Pascal (differ as they might in temperament and in powers) agreed more than they differed on this very ground: they all—and along with them, the great and productive minds of all ages—thought, spoke, wrote, acted, witnessed, on the confident and the confiding persuasion, that the universe—material and immaterial alike, is real, is not fantastic—that the human mind may safely step forward, and may risk everything on the belief of the unfaltering truthfulness of the constitution of the world. These leading minds, moving on their several paths, trusted themselves to the harmony of the universe, notwithstanding its many discords; they believed in the SOVEREIGN REALITY that challenged them to do the work of life. Whatever these spirits achieved, it was a product of their confidence in the steadfast veracity of HIM whose voice they heard in every call of duty. These, and such like minds, go over to the positive—the right-hand side, in the great controversy of all times—the ultimate problem.

But if the universe be true to itself, and not illusory, and if the primary convictions of the human mind be trustworthy, then it must follow that the peculiar conformation of mind (or *temper*) which develops itself in universal disbelief or Pyrrhonic paralysis, and which utters itself only in the tones of exception and suspicion, and which becomes monotonous in its contradictions, is—a disease of the individual intellect. *Exceptiveness* can never be the normal condition of the human reason; at the best, it can only plead for itself as a needful function in reserve, which may be called for once and again, to come forward with knife and caustic. Those who are *exceptive always* come round, by a decree of fate, to except against their own exceptions, to deny their own denials, to doubt their own doubts; and, in the end, after feasting themselves to satiety upon husks and chaff, they lie down in their meadow—to chew the cud.

Not so the illustrious and the *productive* minds of all ages. These, as often as the Eternal Problem comes up anew to be debated, pass over, sooner or later, to the right-hand side of the field; and there they abide in their places under the marshalling of positive principles. So was it with Pascal: he was born on the left-hand side of the field, but he lived, he taught, he suffered, he died, on the right-hand side of that field; and it is there that now we find him.

There may be slender reason for supposing that the intelligence of France, at this time, will fall back upon Pascal, otherwise than as a model in style. Far down the stream of secularization has the mind of France now drifted; and who is he that shall be able to

bring it back? Several highly accomplished men have laboured to do so; but without success—or with so little success that the result, either on the broad surface of its literature, or in the daily colloquial utterance of its mind, is inappreciable. France, with the brilliancy of its resplendent language, and with the splendour and the finish of its material civilisation, and with the terrors of its martial array—France (would it were *proud*, more than it is *vain*!)—France, in the front position in Europe, is itself emphatically ‘of the earth, earthy.’ France ‘minds the things that are seen and temporal;’ or in so far as it pays homage to the things that are unseen and eternal, it is only as these powers of the spiritual world are presented to it in the ceremonies and the solemnities—we do not care to say of the Church of Rome, but of a congeries of superstitions, the rise of which in an infirm age ought to be their sufficient condemnation, and which the *men* of France have long been used to look at with scorn. France, if ever it is to be reclaimed, will not be brought back by Foreign Protestant intermeddling:—it will not be converted by importations; nor will it be schooled by Teutonic mystifications: the time for such things is gone by. If France is to be reclaimed, it will be by the witness-bearing of men—her own sons—whom God shall raise up from her midst—purposed and resolved to preach and to suffer, as martyrs.

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- ART. II.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on Bank Acts; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix and Index.* July, 1857.
2. *The Evidence given by Lord Overstone, before the Select Committee of the House of Commons of 1857, on Bank Acts, with Additions.* London, 1857.
3. *Return to an Address of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated 24th February 1860, for Copies of all Correspondence between the Government of India, the Board of Control, and the Board of Directors, with reference to the Currency of India during the last Ten Years.*
4. *Return to an Address of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated 26th March, 1860, for Copy of all Correspondence relating to the Establishment of a Paper Currency in India, and of a Minute from the Right Honourable James Wilson, respecting a Gold or Double Standard.*

CURRENCY, it must be admitted, is not a popular subject. We see our readers start

back at the word. The very name brings to them associations of a region without path or light,—of a domain which has become the prey of fancifulness and empiricism of every kind. No wonder the subject is repulsive. It has been seized upon by practical men; it has been accounted peculiarly their province; every trader, and still more, every banker, thinks he knows all about it. Men who commonly know little or nothing of first principles and scientific investigation, and indeed hold them in horror, flood the subject with the crudest and shallowest assertions, in which the public are ready enough to put faith. Even men of high intellect, who have directed the force of their minds to this field, have contrived to throw an air of mystery and perplexity over it, and encumbered it with speculations of so impalpable a nature, as to confuse ordinary minds, and persuade them that currency is hopelessly unintelligible. Nevertheless, we crave a hearing. The subject, we venture to say, is singularly simple. It is doctrines, formulas, theories, and systems, which have created all the confusion. It will be our business to expose these fallacies, and to bring out, in its broad and easily understood features, the substratum of solid rock which underlies these needless superstructures. This, we believe, we shall do most effectually, by first stating the fundamental truths of the science, in a few simple but far-reaching propositions; and we will not conceal our confident hope that our readers will soon discover within how small a compass the whole subject lies.

We begin with a strong caution ever to bear in mind the radical distinction between currency and banking. They are two wholly different things: the mixing them up together has been the source of almost all the confusion. Currency can and does exist where banking in every form is absent; and, on the other hand, vast transactions in banking are daily carried on in England without the employment of a single one of the instruments of currency. This fact is decisive as to the diversity of nature, and the expediency of the separate examination of the principles of each of these two sciences. They are both engaged with money; but, though employed on the same subject, they are no more the same sciences than chemistry and cookery. Banking is a practical method whereby men lend their capital to a special class of traders, under the condition, usually, of repayment on demand. Currency, in its ordinary sense, is an affair of State, a royal prerogative, which selects and appoints the medium, by the help of which the exchange of commodities is effected. A clear apprehension of the diversity of currency and banking will close up

most of the inlets by which perplexity penetrates into the region of currency.

What, then, are the fundamental principles of currency?

1. All buying and selling, all exchanges of commodities, whether effected by the intervention of money or not, are acts of barter; each of the two exchangers parts with one commodity in order to obtain another for which he feels a greater desire.

2. Pure and direct barter on a large scale is impracticable in a civilised community. The respective wants of buyers and sellers could scarcely be made to correspond by barter. The hatter who is in want of bread would be often unable to find a baker who is in want of a hat; endless time would be lost, and trade would become a slow and difficult process. In order to avoid this perplexing inconvenience, civilised nations select some one commodity—generally one of the precious metals—to serve as an intermediate agent for the more ready and rapid exchange of all other commodities. The baker will consent to take the hatter's gold in exchange for bread; not that he has any use to put it to, but because he knows that every other tradesman also who is to supply his wants will take that gold, and furnish him with what he requires. The exchange of his goods for coin is in no country made compulsory on any man; but the facilities afforded by coin for exchanges are so enormous, that, by universal consent, every man has agreed to accept it.

3. The sovereign power in each State claims the right of selecting this intermediate commodity. For reasons of portableness, durability, permanence, as was thought, of value, and other convenient qualities, gold or silver has been almost universally chosen for the purposes of coin: and certain defined portions of the metal, of determinate weight and fineness, have been cut out, marked with an authoritative stamp, and issued forth for general circulation and as legal tender for payment. This is the coin of the realm. It is a commodity of known weight and quality. It possesses an intrinsic value as an article of merchandise, with the addition of a trifling augmentation, caused by its convenience as a manufactured product adapted to meet a specific want. In a normal condition of things, when the demand for and supply of coin act freely, every trader who sells his goods for metallic money receives in exchange an article of equivalent value, which carries its own value in itself, and which, at any time, he can sell for its full worth in the market of the world. The coin thus selected is termed the standard of value, because it measures the value of all other commodities. There are

some important questions connected with the choice of the standard, but they are foreign to our present discussion, and need not to be dwelt upon here.

4. We now come to a matter of extreme importance for the right understanding of the science of currency. We have said that coin is an ordinary commodity, like any other, authenticated as to quality and weight by the stamp of the State. But coin, so long as it circulates within the realm for the purpose of buying and selling, loses for the time its intrinsic value. It resembles a steam engine, a field, or any other machine. Its intrinsic value is suspended till it is sold, and its worth consists solely in the work it achieves. Sovereigns, when passing from hand to hand, are no better than counters or tokens. They are not wanted for the sake of the gold they contain, but solely as pledges that a man shall be able to buy with them as many commodities as those he gave in exchange for them. A bad shilling does the work of coin quite as well as a good one, till it is found out; and it then becomes worthless, because the absence of the intrinsic value destroys faith in its power to persuade a seller to part with his wares. If that seller knew that he could pass it off as good upon another man he would (apart from the question of morality) be as willing to take it as a silver shilling. Metallic money, whilst acting as coin, is identical with paper-money, in respect of being destitute of intrinsic value; with this single difference, that when it is desired to reproduce that intrinsic value, the sovereign can be instantly turned into bullion; whilst, in the case of a note, an intermediate step is necessary—it must be sent to the bank before its intrinsic worth is recovered. The security for the value is already in the hands of the holder of the sovereign; for the note, the solvency of the issuer is an additional requisite. Still, whilst circulating, both make no use of their intrinsic value; and this is the great point to grasp firmly.

5. On this fact is founded the use of paper-notes and other cheap instruments of currency, as substitutes for metallic coin. The work required—namely, the effecting of exchanges—can be as effectually done by the worthless paper as by the expensive coin. The sovereign is not sought or taken for the sake of its gold, but only as a pledge, by virtue of its gold, to the seller, that he shall recover the worth of what he has sold, when he in turn becomes a buyer; and if the note can be made to give an equal guarantee to the seller, it will perform the functions of coin completely. Hence the substitution of notes for coin in civilised countries. It appears from this that all instruments of cur-

rency, whether metallic coin, bank-notes, or any other, whilst in the state of circulation, *are not wealth, but solely machines for exchanging wealth.* They are tokens, counters, title-deeds, securities, certificates, or whatever else people may choose to call them. The currency of a country is not wealth, till it has been converted back again into bullion, and so has ceased to be currency. The money which it has cost to procure has been invested in its purchase: it is gone, and a machine is left in its place. If it has cost a trifle only, the capital of the country has not been diminished in order to acquire it; if, like gold, it is very expensive, there has been a diminution of the nation's capital by all the commodities given to the producers of gold. An addition, say of five millions, to the currency of England, supposing it to remain out in circulation, and not to be exported against purchase abroad, would not be, as so many people think, an addition of so much money, as it is called, to the loan market, so much more to discount with and get loans from, but absolutely a pure loss of five millions of capital, spent and parted with, in order that the business of buying and selling might be carried on more conveniently. In no case could they add to the resources of the money market, for the loss of the capital they cost would exactly balance the value they bring in, under any hypothesis. But, in truth, the effect of the acquisition of so much gold for the purposes of circulation would be, not to ease, but to stiffen the loan market, by the loss of the cost of their purchase. No one would be the richer, or have more to lend, in consequence of these five millions of gold. The country, as a whole, would be so much the poorer; but buying and selling would proceed with greater ease. It would be an addition to the machinery of currency, which would have to be paid for, without any other result than enabling people to buy at the shops with greater facility.

We shall see presently how many forms or theories of currency are shipwrecked on the truth, that the instruments of currency are valueless, precisely as a locomotive or other machine, except as means for carrying on exchanges of commodities, and that the agents it uses are only title-deeds to property, and not the property itself.

6. And here we are brought to a point at which we shall have to encounter the loudest outcry. Currency being only another word for the machinery which accomplishes the exchange of commodities, it follows that it possesses a great variety of instruments, because manifold are the means by which the transfer of wealth is effected. Gold, silver, and copper coin, bank-notes, bills, cheques,

post-office orders, postage stamps, when used for making payments, are all strictly and scientifically currency: they all perform precisely the same work, and nothing else, so far as they are employed as currency; they all belong to the same genus; they differ only in minor and secondary details. No valid and scientific distinction, as to essence and function, can be drawn between them. The fact that cheques and bills are liable to be dishonoured does not exclude them from currency; for bank-notes are in the same predicament, and no one contests *their* right to be called currency. The grand circulation theory of Lord Overstone, Mr. Norman, and almost the whole City of London, emphatically treats these as currency: their effect on currency is the turning-point on which all their arguments hinge. No doubt these various instruments of exchange vary in the range each commands respectively. Coin and Bank of England notes circulate everywhere; bills and cheques are taken only by those who trust the drawers and indorsers. But this fact only makes them out to be instruments of comparatively limited efficiency; it does not change their nature, or disfranchise them as instruments of currency. In England, silver and copper are inferior agents of currency, compared with gold; but who would dispute their title to be accounted currency? A bill or a cheque will effect a sale and transfer of property just as easily as—nay, in most cases, with immeasurably greater ease, rapidity, and convenience, than—sovereigns or bank-notes. There is not a single thing which sovereigns or bank-notes can do, within the realm, which cannot be done by bills, cheques, post-office orders, or the rest, except the discharge of debts for which payment in legal tender is demanded. But the prerogative of being a legal tender constitutes no difference of kind; it affects range of circulation only. If payment in legal tender were generally insisted on—if importers would not sell their cargoes, or manufacturers their bales, except in exchange for gold or bank-notes—the only effect would be, that a larger quantity of these particular instruments of exchange would be required than that now in use; that would be all. The other kinds of circulating machinery would still be employed, only to a diminished extent.

The famous Circulation Theory is swept away by this fact. It treats coin and bank-notes as the sole elements of currency, as alone constituting what is called money. It proclaims that stability of prices and calm in the money market are indissolubly connected with the quantity and soundness of these two great monetary agents. It bids merchants and traders watch jealously the amount of

bank-notes in circulation; and for their special edification it insists that a statement of the notes out in circulation shall be published weekly by the Bank. It points to this weekly report of the infallible sign *stantis vel cadentis ecclesie*, of ease or tightness in the money market. When there is plenty of notes, there must be plenty of money; when notes are scarce, discount is threatened with high rates of interest, and even suspension. The quantity of bank-notes issued, combined with the proportion which they bear to the quantity of gold in deposit in the Bank's vaults, is, according to the right faith, the grand secret, the great art of currency. By this merchants live or die; by this England is richer or poorer.

We grieve to have to tell these distinguished professors that all this fine doctrine is a pure delusion. If notes and coin are instruments of exchange, and nothing else—if they are valueless in themselves, whilst they act as currency—and if there are many other such instruments, of the same nature and essence, equally efficacious for enabling property to pass from hand to hand,—there is an end of the creed that bank-notes have any special and peculiar importance, and that the extent of their issues is anything more than a private concern of the private trade of the Bank of England. If these notes are scarce, more bills, cheques, book-debts, and similar contrivances, will be brought into action; if they are abundant, they will supersede a certain portion of these latter instruments. It is a matter of pure convenience, and nothing else. If a large cheque were presented for payment to a banker, and he were short of bank-notes, he would ask the presenter of the cheque whether a cheque on the Bank of England would not answer the purpose; and, in most cases, it would undoubtedly be readily accepted in payment. The agency of a cheque would be substituted for that of bank-notes; and this is all that the terrible scarcity of notes would come to. The effect would be precisely the same as that produced in local districts, when coin chances for the moment to be scarce: people, it is known, employ credit more largely, and housekeepers defer paying their bills till they are large enough to be settled by cheques.

The importance attached to bank-notes amazes us. The weekly statements of notes issued possess no interest for us; they are merely curious accounts of the relative amount of notes circulating compared with other monetary instruments. It seems to us just as profitable to try to count up how many cheques are issued and paid daily in London. A single fact, one would have thought, would have cured the city of busy-

ing themselves with the number of bank-notes out, and have made them see that they were only one among many equally effective instruments of exchange. Within the last few years the trade of England has doubled itself, while the use of bank-notes, and probably metallic currency also, has remained stationary. How is it possible to resist the inference from this crucial fact, that the public has carried on trade and exchange by the help of other agents, which have been found to answer the purpose equally well? Let any one reflect on the gigantic saving of currency, especially of bank-notes, which has been accomplished by the institution of the clearing-house. Suppress it entirely, and the cry for bank-notes and other monetary machines would shake the island to its foundations. Bank-notes would be wanted in a hundred fold larger quantity. The circulation theorist would then, of course, announce a terrific excess of issues and an approaching catastrophe. Yet what would have happened? A supremely convenient method of paying debts and effecting exchanges would have been destroyed; and many thousands of bits of paper, of inferior convenience, would have taken its place. Or, again, a moment's thought on the system of book-credit would reveal the same truth as to the nature of every kind of currency. In civilised and well-governed countries, in which law is strong and confidence complete, goods are sold on credit. Shopkeepers' books swarm with accounts, which are finally discharged, sometimes by cash, more commonly by cheques. Is it not obvious that these book-debts are an enormous machinery of currency, substituted for its more usual instruments? Is it not certain that the abolition of credit, and the universal adoption of ready money payment, would render a prodigious increase of the other forms of currency inevitable? And is not the conclusion irresistible, that notes, coin, cheques, credit, are all so many diverse methods of currency, all performing the same work, some in one place, others in another, varying with the particular circumstances of each kind of exchange, of buying and selling, which has to be effected, and of no other importance than their respective qualities of convenience, and of the cost at which each of them is acquired? The amount of their several issues is purely a question of statistics, just as much as the number of steam-engines or the number of banks in a country. The country regulates its demand for each of these according to its daily wants. On the other hand, however, if the extension of trade required a larger circulation of bank-notes, this convenience is forbidden by Lord Overstone's law of 1854,

which refuses these additional notes to the public, except on the condition of depositing their equivalents in gold at the Bank; in fact, it can scarcely be doubted that the stationary use of bank-notes is mainly the deed of Lord Overstone and his fellow-theorists. The merchants were doing twice the business; the exchanges of commodities were doubled, at the very least; a larger use of notes seemed the natural and presumable result. Nothing of the sort; Lord Overstone would not hear of it. The merchants might have to exchange millions more of property, he would let them have no more notes; he had fixed the quantity years ago; if they would have more now, they must pay for them, pound for pound. He did not think it was good for them to derive greater advantage from a paper currency; why, he never condescended to explain. He made notes as expensive as gold: no wonder that the expanding trade of the country had recourse to bills, cheques, post-office orders, and other cheap devices. They circulate within narrower limits, it is true; but they make up for this by their numbers. Any one who sees a shopkeeper's clerk pour out on a banker's counter a heap of coin, notes, bills, cheques, and post-office orders, will soon come to a sound conclusion as to their equal title to be ranked as currency. One and all, they are mere title-deeds of property, certificates of ownership, with the sole difference, that the coin carries the means of realization within itself, whereas the others require an intermediate step before the property they give title to can be reached.

7. The distribution of the precious metals among the various countries of the world, is a choice esoteric secret of currency philosophers. They delight to speak of it in mysterious terms. The greater the obscurity with which they can invest it, the loftier they think the dignity of the grand science of a paper circulation. It is always referred to as a strange and undefinable law: it is carefully guarded from being desecrated into the vulgar rule of demand and supply. Yet, what is it that determines the amount of coin in a country, but the use it has for it? and is not that use dependent on the political and social state of the nation, the confidence reposed in its government, its banking and monetary institutions, the sense of security and peace, and endless circumstances of a like nature? A barbarous and unsettled country will have an undue share of metal compared with the extent of its trade: credit is distrusted, for the power of the law is not relied upon. In such countries hoarding is common: political violence or the rapacity of rulers is dreaded for every form of visible wealth. In this one

fact we have the explanation of the ceaseless flow of the precious metals to the East. Europe imports annually increasing quantities of its produce: for the reasons we have just stated, gold and silver are the favourite commodities demanded in exchange. On the contrary, a highly civilised country, especially one so generally secure from invasion and revolution as England, presents the opposite picture. Credit is strong and abundant, for the law is strong, and cultivated intelligence has taught men to trust in one another. Hence the governing motives, in such a nation, which determine the choice of a currency, are cheapness and convenience; and as the precious metals cannot compete with a paper currency in economy, portability, and convenience, the universal effort is to have as little to do with gold and silver as possible. How seldom is gold asked for by a man presenting a cheque; how much more rarely yet would it be asked, if there were notes of a lower denomination than L.5. In Scotland, which so wisely retains one-pound notes, sovereigns are often difficult to procure. What a calamity and danger, cry the theorists: no man will have them, reply the Scotch bankers; and, consequently, they are not kept in large quantities. In England, the banks are the reservoirs into which the metallic receipts of tradesmen are poured; but they pass the gold on as quickly as possible into the final receptacle of the Bank, where it remains in vaults till it is got rid of by exportation. The fluctuations in the use of metallic currency also are extremely great. An unusual increase of some trades involving large weekly payment in wages, or of travelling, would create an extraordinary demand for coin. It is perfectly conceivable, that a sudden rush of travellers to London, to witness some extraordinary spectacle, should cause a distressing dearth of coin, reduce the banks to great straits, and almost stop travelling itself. What would be said of such an event by the theorist? Would they call a run on the banks under such circumstances, however inconvenient it may be to them as traders, a national convulsion, pregnant with monetary disturbance and ruin, and likely to land every one in distress and poverty?

France, and the Continental States generally, hold an intermediate position between England and uncivilised and insecure countries. Banking, and other expedients for economizing metallic money, are but very imperfectly developed in them. They use, consequently, large quantities of coin, and absorb corresponding proportions of the produce of the mines. The explanation is simple. In the distribution of the precious metals, as of all other commodities, the quantity obtained

by each nation is regulated by the extent of its own peculiar demand. Those who seek most, whether East Indians or Frenchmen, will buy and have most; those who, like Englishmen, are advanced enough to require less, will purchase and retain less of the precious metals. The City is ever eager to get more gold; City articles of newspapers are anxious to delight the community with the tidings that gold is coming in, forgetting that this desire militates against the law of our own civilisation, against the height of commercial development to which England has attained. It is, in fact, a wish that England should descend to the mercantile and banking level of France and the East.

The extent of the demand for coin in any given country is determined by its commercial habits; and not, as is so absurdly supposed, by the quantity of gold and silver which it possesses. So long as the value of gold remains constant, and consequently general prices are unaltered, no man will carry a sovereign more in his pocket, no lady will keep at home more gold to pay her bills with, no shopkeeper or banker will retain a sovereign more in his till, because they are told that the Bank of England has half a score more millions of gold in its vaults. What is that to them? They have already as many sovereigns as are needed for carrying on their functions with ease and comfort. The accumulation of gold at the Bank, which makes the City radiant with joy, possesses no more interest for them, nay, less, than the piling up of vast stores of unused sugar, cotton, or wool, in the London and Liverpool docks. Whatever surplus they have beyond what they need for their ordinary purposes, is instantly despatched to their bankers, and speedily finds its way to Threadneedle Street. Where there are sovereigns enough in circulation to effect the amount of daily exchanges transacted by coin, every additional one is an encumbrance to its holder, and is nowhere so safely stowed away as at the Bank of England, or rather, is in no way so profitably disposed of as by exportation from England.

This analysis meets the common cry, When there is an abundance of gold, there is plenty of money; there is more for every one. When sovereigns circulate more freely, and in larger quantities, it must be good for trade. This is one of the large family of fallacies which lurk under that very equivocal word money. Money, as a part of the circulation, is not, as we have already shown, wealth or commodities; but only the instrument by which commodities are transferred from one man to another. Increase of commodities is indisputably increase of wealth; but increase of money, if not wanted for car-

rying out an augmented quantity of exchanges, means only a superfluous and wasteful addition of an expensive article to a stock which is already sufficient for its purposes; and it is very soon got rid of by a natural and irresistible flow into the strongholds of the Bank and the bullion-dealers. Sovereigns cannot be kept out in circulation, when the supply required for the daily wants of the public is complete: wants, that is, not of capital or riches, for these are never satisfied, but wants for carrying on the processes of buying and selling without the agency of barter. The surplus, being returned to the Bank, is stored up there, precisely as sugar or wine is stored up in London warehouses, when not immediately wanted; but with this very characteristic and much overlooked difference, that the sugar and wine is sure to come into English consumption sooner or later, whilst there is no use for this surplus gold, but to send it abroad for the purchase of commodities which England can consume. And whilst in store at the Bank, it has precisely the same effect on the money market, as an equivalent value of sugar or wool in the Liverpool docks, and nothing more.

8. The basis of the actual amount of gold or silver required by any country is the real intrinsic worth of the metal itself. That value is determined, as for every other commodity, by the cost of the supply compared with the demand. This is a question which belongs as completely to the trade in bullion as the value of cotton belongs to the cotton trade. The world has a certain demand for gold, it is ready to pay a certain price for it: and this price ultimately determines the supply of gold from the mines. It is a commodity of irregular production, or rather discovery; and, like most mining products, it exhibits great variations in the supply; but that supply, in the long run, is regulated by the profitableness of gold mining, relatively to that of other occupations. If gold is produced more cheaply, it falls in value: in other words, more gold must be given to purchase the same commodity than before; prices rise. In that case, a larger currency would be required to perform the same work; bills would be summed up to a larger figure, and a fuller purse of sovereigns would be needed. Had not a paper currency and banking come to the rescue, an incredibly larger quantity of the precious metals would now be needed, than before the modern development of commerce; or if the stock could not have been enlarged, a serious appreciation of gold and silver must have ensued. On the other hand, it is plain, that if the supplies of gold from California and Australia exceed the expansive demand cre-

ated by the opening out of new countries and new trades, it must follow the universal law and sink in value. Supposing the standard to continue unaltered, every debtor would gain, and every creditor lose by the change. Annuitants, fundholders,—all, in short, who receive fixed payments, whether of capital or interest,—would be injured: they would receive the stipulated number of pounds or sovereigns; but each pound would purchase a smaller quantity of every other commodity. Whether such an event is likely to occur, and whether, if it does, it ought to be met by an alteration of the standard, are questions of great interest, but too large for discussion on the present occasion.

The question is often asked, What is a pound? The answer is simple: rather less than a quarter of an ounce of gold, of a determinate degree of fineness. The monetary word pound, is a purely legal definition, a mere synonym for the term sovereign; so that, where a debt of a certain number of pounds has been contracted, the law will enforce the repayment of a like number of sovereigns. All that the law does, is to call such a piece of gold a pound; but the law can prescribe nothing as to its value or power of purchasing. Every man settles for himself what amount of commodities he will give to obtain that pound; that is, the real worth of the sovereign is determined by what it can fetch, by its market price, like everything else.

But that market is not the market of any particular country, but the market of the whole world. Gold is easily transported from one country to another; so that any appreciable difference in its value—that is, in its power of purchasing other commodities—is quickly rectified by its transmission from the land in which it is cheaper and brings less, to the land in which it is dearer and procures more. Owing to the great facilities of communication in modern times, a very slight discrepancy of value is instantly corrected by a stream of exportation; so that when writers on currency talk of the depreciation of a currency by reason of excess, they speak of a fact of great practical insignificance among European nations. A military emergency, compelling a sudden export of gold to an army abroad, or very sudden and extensive orders for mercantile purchases in foreign countries, might, for the moment, produce a considerable diminution of the coin in a nation which held no reserves in bankers' hands; but the vacuum and the inconvenience would be of brief duration. Gold would flow in on every side, so long as people had commodities wherewith to buy it. The horror which the theorists inculcate of a defi-

ciency of gold is simply preposterous; there is probably no other commodity the scarcity of which would produce so little inconvenience, or would be so rapidly remedied. A scarcity of cotton would, indeed, be a subject for grave alarm; for how could it be supplied, and how could some four millions of Englishmen be supported? But a deficiency of gold would at once cause it to pour in from the reservoir of the whole world; bankers, who had pledged themselves to pay gold, and merchants who owe debts abroad, being the only persons who would incur any real loss; and that would, at the utmost, be trifling. A small premium on the value of the metal would bring in any supply that could be wanted. In truth, this horror of a scarcity of this particular article, above that of any other, is a mere relic of the unscientific confusion of a short supply of a commodity with the inability of an indebted banker to repay his creditors the capital which he has lost. That is an event, no doubt, creative of real distress, and in 1825, and other crises, was so general as to become a national calamity. But this is a mere affair of borrowing and lending, and can easily happen when the country is gorged with gold. To pretend that a country, which is daily accustomed to witness gigantic fluctuations in the supply and the prices of corn and cotton, should be frightened at a scarcity of one single commodity, and that commodity gold, is nothing less than ridiculous. A premium of sixpence a piece, or at the most a shilling, would draw torrents of gold upon England from all the world, and would restore the whole of the sixteen millions of gold at the Bank, if it had all taken wing, for some L.400,000 or L.800,000 at most. Why, reckoning interest at 5 per cent., it costs the nation the larger of these sums annually to keep cellars at the Bank full of gold.

What metal possesses the qualities which best fit it to be chosen as the standard of value is a question which, in strictness, does not belong to the science of currency; and we shall not enlarge on it here. What currency does say respecting it is, that the utmost attainable fixity of value is the supreme and paramount consideration. The standard determines the meaning and worth of all contracts, and is the measure of all property; and as often as the value of the standard suffers a fluctuation, so often every valuation of property expresses a different amount of wealth. An easily fluctuating standard would be a nuisance of the first order; it would introduce confusion into every man's accounts, and change into every man's position.

It follows from what we have said, that

there is no universal rule for determining the proportion which the standard coin ought to bear to the other agents of currency. Mr. Lushington, the secretary to the government of India, lays down, 'that the wisest and soundest policy is to make as large a portion as possible (with reference to the convenience of the public and the government) of the medium actually circulating metallic;' and on this ground he considers that the issue of notes for less than ten rupees ought carefully to be avoided. This sentence is an example of the jumble of principles which is so common with currency doctors. 'The convenience of the public;' and the doctrine that the currency should be as much as possible metallic, is a direct and conflicting antagonism; and the latter principle is as illogical and false as the former is sound and true. To admit that paper currency is cheaper and less wasteful than a metallic one, and then to restrict its use to the smallest limits, is exactly the same process as to prove that railways are cheap, safe, and swift, and then to rule that the old stage-coach must be used as much as possible. The only sensible rule is, to let the public have just as much metallic currency as their convenience requires, and no more; but to give them also as much paper currency as they are willing to employ. The very object of a paper currency, the one purpose of its creation, is to supersede the metallic. The question, then, how much coin there ought to be in any country, depends for its solution on local causes. In Scotland, where the machinery of notes is largely developed, coin may be almost called rare; nor is the fact followed by the slightest inconvenience. In France and Germany, notes are scarce, and coin abounds. There can be no general rule, for it is the aggregate of the personal wants of each individual man which constitutes the demand for coin. The issue of Bank of England notes of L.1 would expel an immense host of sovereigns from circulation. Ten-shilling notes would treble the exodus; yet society would not be convulsed: the total of the currency would remain unchanged; one agent would have taken the place of another. In Scotland, five one-pound notes are quite as valuable, and far more convenient, than a single five-pound Bank of England note. If general reasoning failed to convince, the example of Scotland ought to be sufficient to prove, that the man who has trust in the solvency of the banker whose note he holds will be as willing to have it as a sovereign, and will make no demand on the bank to have it converted into gold. As soon as one-pound notes had taken the place of sovereigns in England, there would be no greater demand for gold upon

the Bank than there is now; the public would have gained a convenient medium of exchange, and have saved the vast amount of capital now needlessly invested in sovereigns.

9. The principles we have expounded will enable us to deal with a doctrine which is the delight of Lord Overstone and his school of theorists, and with which almost every writer on currency is more or less infected. Are there ever, can there ever be, excessive issues of currency? What is meant, we ask first, by excessive issues? No one has exactly said that there can be an over-issue of sovereigns, for that would be very like saying that there could be too much gold,—the one thing of which, like love, according to these authorities, there cannot be too much. The very word over-issue implies something wrong; but how can it be wrong to have gold? Yet it is certain that at times England has more sovereigns than she knows how to use; they accumulate in heaps at the Bank, and neither directors nor City know what to do with them. We have shown, that when a man has as many sovereigns as suffice for his wants in buying, he sends all the rest to his banker. When every one has enough, all remaining sovereigns are superfluous; they must either lie useless or be sent abroad; it is impossible to get rid of them otherwise. But sovereigns are money, cry the merchant and the Stock Exchange; everybody wants money. The Bank can lend us the coin, it can discount our bills with it; money will then be cheap, and we shall do better. There is a capital and most inveterate error in this language; it is deeply seated in the vitals of every City man. They cannot be made to understand that gold, whether in sovereigns or bullion, is a commodity which cannot be kept out beyond the demand for its use in order to obtain the special service which it renders. There is as real a limit to the use of sovereigns as to that of hats. There is no demand for them beyond their use. Every sovereign in excess of that point is got rid of by the unconscious but unfailing action of every individual who holds it. What does the analysis of facts teach? Let us suppose that the currency is entirely metallic, and that there is a large supply of sovereigns at the Bank. On hearing this, a merchant or broker hurries off with his bill to the Bank; the directors, anxious to turn the store to account, discount it. The gold is told, and tied up in a bag; is that what the merchant wanted? If the sum is heavy, a porter will be needed; would he not have preferred a cheque, which he could have placed at his banker's account at once? However, he takes away the gold: is it not plain that he will not dream of keeping it in his own house? that he will instantly

pay it to the man whose goods he has bought, and for which the discount of the bill was needed? And will not the vendor be in equal haste to carry back to the Bank the gold which was drawn from it only a few hours previously? The plethora of the Bank is unrelieved; in the evening it is as gorged, as rich with gold, as it was in the morning: the sovereigns are not got out after all. A couple of cheques would have done the same thing, and have saved a quantity of trouble. Let the Bank do what it will, it cannot keep the sovereigns out in circulation, unless there are persons who require them for use. But what has happened to the Bank by the process? First of all, it has as many sovereigns as ever. Next, it owes the vendor the value of the sovereigns he brought back and deposited at the Bank. Thirdly, it has become a creditor to the drawer of the bill for the sum advanced to discount it. In other words, without adding a pound to its resources, the operation has pledged the credit of the Bank to the extent of the sovereigns taken out. Is it not perfectly obvious, first, that no manipulation of this kind can get the sovereigns out; and, secondly, that the Bank is limited in its power of lending and discounting by the amount of its general resources? The sovereigns, when they have come back, are due to the depositor; whilst the Bank has increased its credits with the security of the bill only. The Bank cannot go on circulating the gold twenty times a day, making a fresh credit at each rotation. The gold the Bank has it must keep till it can find some one who is able to retain it, either by having some actual work for the sovereigns to do, or by exportation.

And it is further plain, that, as the Bank cannot increase its loans by making use of the sovereigns, an equal value of consols, trade warrants, Exchequer Bills, or any other securities, would have given the Bank precisely the same power of discounting as the sovereigns.

It follows irresistibly, that there can be no over-issue of sovereigns, in the sense that they should remain in circulation without being wanted for actual use; the excess of issue, as soon as it appears, being instantly corrected by the sovereigns flowing back to the Bank vaults, there to lie idle until they are sold to the foreigner, or till some accident, such as a sudden movement of travelling, or some new requirement for the payment of wages, shall have created a real demand for them by the public.

The phenomena are precisely identical with bank-notes; they repeat the same phases. No truth is more unwelcome to the theorists, for it strikes at the root of their

doctrine. There is, and can be, no over-issue of bank-notes in ordinary times. No doubt, if an enemy were in the country, an excess of issue would immediately reveal itself. The public would be incapable of holding the amount of notes it held before; for many would distrust the power of the Bank to meet its promises of payment on demand. But this is an evil which is not peculiar to notes; it is inherent in all forms of credit, especially banking credit. The run on deposits, and the pressure on every kind of debtor by creditors, would be just as certain and just as embarrassing as a run upon notes. No banker, it is plain, could meet all his liabilities, if suddenly pressed upon him. It is the essence of his business to employ the capital of others; and he cannot have it out on loan and in his strong box at the same moment. A certain amount of danger of the failure of immediate payment is inseparable from all banking. Even the State, if it issued notes, with all the wealth of England pledged for their redemption, could not secure immediate convertibility in times of invasion. The arts of peace can never be made to adjust themselves exactly to the violences of anarchy and war.

We say, then, that there cannot be an over-issue of notes, any more than of sovereigns. They will return back on the banker as certainly as the gold; for no man keeps more notes in hand than he wants for the purposes of payment in detail. There are people in abundance who are eager to borrow of banks; but it is not their notes which they want, but their capital or their credit. A sum passed to their account, with the power of drawing cheques against it, is all that they require. In vain would an ignorant banker insist that the loan should be taken out in his notes, for the borrower would either pay for its purchase at once, or would deposit the notes with some banker. In every case, they would travel back immediately to the issuer. Not a few of the best writers on currency have perceived this truth; yet even Mr. Mill believes that, 'at a time when there is a strong tendency to speculation, bankers have a certain power of extending their issues, and thereby fomenting that tendency.' We find no warrant for this assertion in the analysis of facts. Let us take the corn trade for an instance. Rain pours down at harvest time, and much corn is imperilled. Speculation in corn becomes extremely excited. A dealer of known solvency and good credit applies to a country bank to carry out his speculations. The banker has faith in the approaching rise of prices, and makes the advance, and in notes. The speculator hurries off with the notes to a

farmer, and buys his ricks. What can the farmer do with them, but deposit them at the bank on the next market-day? The same process would be repeated at Liverpool and Glasgow in any of the great articles of consumption. The notes cannot be kept out, and the same result recurs as with sovereigns; the speculator obtains the corn by means of the banker's credit or capital, and the amount of his issues remains unaltered. We see no extension of issues here, no fomenting of the tendency to speculate by the help of notes; all this can go on quite as easily without the intervention of a single note.

We do not, however, deny that a banker may be tempted by the power of issuing notes into an unwise extension of his credits, in order to get his notes out into circulation, and he may succeed in obtaining his object. But he can do this only by substituting his own notes for those of other bankers already in circulation; for the gross amount held by the public is determined by the wants of the public alone. It is an affair of competition between two or more bankers, and it may undoubtedly lead to rash and disastrous banking. An eager banker may succeed in forcing out his notes by imprudent advances, displacing the notes of his cautious rival. The advances are not repaid, the bank breaks, and the holders of its notes lose their money. This is a great evil, but it is not one of over-issue, for the aggregate of notes in circulation is unaltered; and its corrective will be found, not in restricting issues—which would be unavailing to discredit the reckless banker—but in proper regulations for securing the solvency of the issuers of notes.

Those who have waded through writings on currency are familiar with the vast apparatus of figures, by which the attempt is made to establish the fact and the danger of excessive issues of notes. Nothing can look more formidable. Runs for gold, broken banks, an impoverished and infuriated people, mercantile credit destroyed, mark the ravages of that terrible calamity. A vast array of statistics sustains the proof, and the mystical language of currency is summoned to awe down the imagination. Who can venture to contradict such a display of figures? Alas! after all, it is only the old fallacy over again: *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. Bankers have stopped payment after issuing notes; therefore issuing notes ruined them. The explanations of the theorists have been misplaced; they have fastened on currency a curse which belongs to banking. They have preached that the notes were too numerous; they should have told us that the notes were not paid. The talk

about over-issue, as the cause of the disasters, is beside the purpose; the bankruptcy of the bankers of itself alone accounts for everything. Excessive issue is a fiction, except in one sense only, when an issuer puts forth more promises to pay than he can make good. Excessive issues are impossible, so long as the notes may be instantly converted into cash on demand; and every note issued is in excess, when the bank is unable to meet it with gold. Nothing even approaching to a proof that any harm ever came from too many sound notes being in circulation has been brought forward. That there have been crises, and that before the crises there has often been a large circulation of notes, constitutes all the logic of these ingenious men. There may be easily too many bad notes, as too many bad shillings; but that there may be too many good notes—if only the public is willing to hold them—is the point to be proved; and that cannot be done by bare dogmatical assertion. When bankers invested their funds in coal mines and similar speculations, there could be no surprise felt at their notes being unpaid; and, on the other hand, when implicit confidence has ever been placed in the perfect solvency of the Bank of England, the fact is very natural, that at all times, even the worst—except, of course, under the Act forbidding cash payments—its notes have always been taken and held as freely as gold. Even the worst crisis which ever befell the Bank—the crisis of 1825—so far from discrediting its notes, was actually relieved by the accidental discovery of a million of unburnt one-pound notes. Commerce was probably never more severely tried than in 1847; but the merchants, in their dread of the suspension of discounts, took to hoarding, not gold, but notes. It was not the convertibility of the bank-note, as has been so often and so groundlessly asserted by Lord Overstone and his compeers, that was felt to be endangered. Men feared that bills might cease to be discounted, or that the Bank might be unable at the moment to pay cheques drawn against deposits. In other words, the apprehension was for the banking, not the issue department of the Bank. The imminence of the suspension of cash payments by the Bank, with which Lord Overstone tried to frighten Parliament in 1857, was a pure fiction of his imagination. No man, probably not even the noble Lord himself, ever preferred gold to a Bank of England note, as being more valuable. He appeals to the extinction of runs on banks since the Act of 1844 and the restriction imposed by it on country issues; but this is again the *post hoc, ergo propter*

hoc. The attempt to show a logical connection between these two facts has broken down; and the improvement in the practice of banking furnishes the required explanation. If the banks of issue had continued to make as bad a use of their funds as previously, there would have been runs and failures; whilst the smoothness and safety to the note-holders, with which the vast system of paper currency has always worked in Scotland, illustrate the principle, that the solvency of the issuer, guaranteeing the convertibility of the notes, is the only point of importance.

10. But for what sums ought bank-notes to be issued? We reply by the counter question—for how small an amount ought cheques to be drawn? The rule is the same in both cases—public convenience. Science prescribes no other limit. It cannot tell, *à priori*, for what sum each member of the public ought to be willing to accept a promise to pay on paper, whether note or cheque. The limitation to L.5 in England is a disgrace to monetary science and commercial practice amongst us. We have never heard an even decently plausible reason assigned for it.* It had its origin in the alarm created by the frequent insolvency of banks of issue, and in an ignorance of currency, which threw away the only advantage for which a paper currency was invented. Paper was designed to supersede gold, in order to escape the expense of the metal; and obviously convenience and safety of payment ought alone to restrict the use of paper. Countries far below England in commercial development have used a currency of small notes with entire safety and great economy. The success of Scotland is a standing reproach to England. The theorists, who talked of excessive issues, naturally set their faces against one-pound notes; but not one of them has ever been able to tell the world why the Bank of England should not circulate its promises to pay one pound on demand among those who trust it, or why a banker who is unsafe for issuing one-pound notes is not unsafe also for issuing fives. No doubt, if a bank that issues one-pound notes becomes insolvent, the poorer classes are more likely to be involved in loss; but the remedy is not the suppression of the small note, but effectual security against non-payment. A parade is made of protecting the poor; but what would be thought of the science if it was held that it was incapable of defending the rich? The public readily take post office orders for a few shillings, and postage stamps for a penny, and give them circulation as currency; can any plau-

sible reason be alleged why an institution of the tried solidity of the Bank of England should not be trusted to supply the country with so very convenient an instrument of exchange as a one-pound note? Mr. Mill, indeed, in his evidence in 1857, seems to suppose that an over-issue is possible in the case of one-pound notes advanced by a banker to manufacturers who paid wages. 'As long as the Bank,' he correctly remarks, 'continues its advances to merchants and general dealers, to what is called the mercantile public, people who deal in goods, but do not pay wages, its issues never originate a rise of prices, because a dealer only uses notes for the purpose of fulfilling previous engagements. Dealers never make purchases in the first instance with bank-notes. The dealers to whom bank-notes are paid usually either send them into deposit, or pay them to persons who pay them into deposit.' 'But the operation,' he argues, 'is different when advances are made to manufacturers, or others who pay wages. When that is the case, the notes do or may get into the hands of labourers and others, who expend them for consumption; and in that case the notes do constitute in themselves a demand for commodities, and may for some tend to promote a rise of prices; and when they do so, and when there is not any other cause for the rise of prices than the issue of notes, that constitutes over-issue—that is, an issue which will be followed by revulsion.'

There is a palpable confusion here of two things of very different natures: a possible real rise of prices, caused by the circulation of the banker's capital among the labourers; and the purely imaginary rise, supposed to be caused by the circulation of a peculiar form of currency, bank-notes. The bank, by its advance, enables the manufacturers to pay wages, which in time enable the labourers to make purchases at the shops, and thus creates a demand for commodities, and possibly a consequent rise of prices within the district, which did not exist before. But this is not an affair of currency, but of capital, and could take place just as well without the intervention of notes, or even sovereigns—the employers authorizing the shops to give credit to the labourers, and undertaking to pay the debts in due time by cheques. The pith of this operation is an advance of capital made by the shops on the credit, first, of the manufacturers, then of the bank, till payment is claimed in actual cash. There is neither over-issue nor revulsion here; for there is no issue at all.

But a rise of prices, caused by the mere form of the payment of the wages—that is, by an issue of one-pound notes—is a pure fiction, without any reality whatever. Whether

* We cannot treat here of possible forgery or panic.

the labourers get a sovereign, twenty shillings, a note, or an authority to run up a bill, for the week's work, the result is the same—they acquire the means of purchasing, and their buying may raise prices in a given neighbourhood: capital is spent in a demand for commodities. If notes are the instruments of payment used, it will make no difference whether the notes are issued to the manufacturer or to labourers who buy for consumption. In the latter case, the shopkeeper will at once send them into deposit, whilst the purchasing power of the labourers will have proceeded wholly from the command of capital they have acquired by their wages. So able a man as Mr. Mill cannot adopt the absurdity, that a simple change of the counters employed, the payment of the wages of a large mill by sovereigns or notes, instead of by cheques, can create an increased demand for commodities, and cause more buying to be made at the shops. If the wages are paid by notes, and prices rise, there can be no revulsion whilst the employment continues, except from a single cause, which does not affect the question at issue. The rise of prices, if it exists, will have been produced solely by a demand for a while locally superior to the supply. But profits soon find their level, and then, no doubt, prices will drop back again; but the form of the currency employed has no share in this effect. The advance of the bank, we do not deny, may permanently increase the circulation, whether of sovereigns or notes, or both. But this is not an over-issue. There will be a larger number of exchanges to be made, more buying to be effected, and they will require a larger number of instruments—more currency—to do the work. It is not over-issue, because every note or sovereign will be wanted, and will be in active operation.

But, in truth, Mr. Mill here stands on the old ground of the theorists. He regards the currency—meaning thereby gold and notes—as standing on one side, and all other commodities on the other; and then supposes that prices are determined by the quantity of currency in circulation, compared with the quantity of all other commodities offered for exchange. Currency thus is a commodity which is dear when scarce, and cheap—that is, exchanges for little—when abundant. The radical fallacy of this view is, that it looks upon currency—not only the gold, but the worthless paper—as a commodity instead of a mere machine, a pure counter for exchange; and disregards the crushing fact, that cheques, bills, book-credits, and other things, are all equally currency, and, upon this theory, ought all to be included in the aggregate of currency seeking to be exchanged for commodi-

ties. He has not grasped the fact, that coin, notes, cheques, and the rest are counters or tokens, differing only in the value of the material of which each is made, and nothing more.

For more than a century no bank-note was ever unpaid in Scotland; and it is inexplicable how Sir R. Peel, with such a fact before his eyes, should have listened to empty theories about inflated circulation, excessive issues, and other sonorous phrases of like quality. Scotch notes have always been paid, because the Scotch have framed a sound system for securing the solvency of the issues; and, had the Bank of England gone on issuing one-pound or ten-shilling notes since the Conquest, every one would have been paid in like manner. Sir R. Peel did an immense service to our practical system of currency, when he made the Bank revert to cash payments in 1819; but, though he saw the supreme importance of a convertible currency very clearly, he knew little about the science. In this, as in so many other matters, the practical logic of the Scotch nation has been admirable. They have followed out Adam Smith's doctrine to its just conclusion. They have suffered no arbitrary line to restrict the economy and convenience of a paper currency at the dictation of shallow dogmatism and caprice.

11. Gold is the legal tender in England for all payments above two pounds: hence it is the commodity which all issuers of notes, as debtors to the holders, are bound by law to pay on demand. But, unfortunately for the science of currency, notes have always in England been issued by bankers, who are equally pledged to repay their deposits in gold; hence currency and banking have been mixed up together in hopeless confusion. No other cause wraps up currency in so much obscurity as this. A right comprehension of the Bank Act of 1844 may have some tendency to dispel it.

Lord Overstone has correctly described the issue department as no part of the Bank of England at all. It is a function which is performed on its premises, and by means of agents, who are only nominally the servants of the Bank. It is not the Bank of England which issues notes, but a self-acting machine worked under its roof, with which the Bank, except as a mere contractor to execute the mechanical part, has no more connection than Glyns' or the London and Westminster Bank. The issue department is a pure automaton; and it is greatly to be regretted that it has not its seat at Somerset House, or some other Government office. It would then be seen that the Bank is nothing but the largest, the most extensive of the bankers of England—

and that the only portion of the notes it has any control over is that which comes into its hands as a banker. The notes issued belong all to the public, and it is theoretically possible that not a single one should be in the hands of the Bank. And we may mention here incidentally, that the mercantile world would receive a benefit of no small value from such a location of the machinery of issue; for in that case the Bank would find it incalculably less easy to avail itself, for its own profit and that of the banking interest, of a low stock of gold as a pretext for raising the rate of discount upon bills. The understanding, so strangely suffered by the ignorance and timidity of merchants, that a small return of gold justifies a rise in the rate of interest, would not then be maintained.

Taking, then, the number of notes sent out by the issue department at 30 millions, 14 millions of these are given to the Bank to circulate, on the condition of being redeemed in gold on demand. The profit which is made on the employment of the capital given by the public to the Bank to obtain these notes is a concession granted to it by the State, in payment of services rendered by the Bank in the management of the national debt; and the sum was fixed at 14 millions, because the State owes that amount of money to the Bank, and is supposed to guarantee the holders of the notes from all possible loss. The remaining 16 millions are, and must be, purchased by an equal deposit of gold; and for whatever it holds of these the Bank is as much a buyer at its own issue department as Smiths or Glyns are for their share of the circulation. It is a delusion to suppose that a large store of gold at the bank gives the Bank a sovereign more to discount with than any other banker in the country. The issue department gives out notes to any man who brings it gold; and those who thus take out notes deposit them afterwards at their accounts with the Bank or any other banker, or dispose of them in any other way they please.

And now arises the critical questions, Are bank-notes money, in the sense of capital available for discount? Are they an addition to the loanable capital in the money market? Are bank-notes money, in the sense that an abundance of them—a large circulation, as it is called—makes money cheap, and a paucity of them makes the money market tight? We say emphatically that bank-notes are not money in this sense; they are not capital, and do not enlarge the resources of the discount-houses by a single pound. They are bits of paper, of great importance, indeed, to their holders, because they are title-deeds, certificates of ownership, and authorities for

claiming payment—but nothing more. They are no more wealth than the muniments in a ducal palace. They are identical with dock-warrants and title-deeds to estates—certificates that their owners possess wealth in the warehouses or in land. No man was ever absurd enough to say that England possesses this wealth twice over—in the wool in the docks and the warrant, in the estate and the parchment; yet how few grasp thoroughly the fact, that the bank-note, which certifies that there are five sovereigns in the cellars, is a piece of paper only, and not riches. No doubt bankers, or the public, will make advances on these notes to the full extent of their nominal value, precisely as they make advances on dock-warrants or title-deeds, or give credit—that is, supply their commodities on trust—to owners of great estates. It is ridiculous to suppose that England is one pound the richer or the poorer by these notes. These notes prove that there are sovereigns of equal amount in the stores of the Bank, just as every cargo of every vessel in the kingdom may be certified by the bills drawn against it, or the contents of every warehouse by its warrant; only the value of the total of the bills and warrants is incalculably vaster than that of the gold in the Bank's vaults. A note may be put in circulation for every acre in England or every acre in India. Would any sane man dream of saying that a single shilling had been added to the discount market by the manufacture of these notes? The manufacture, indeed, of such notes might indicate a great pressure on the money market, because they would be, in fact, petitions from the landowners to borrow capital; but the pressure would not arise from the notes themselves, but from the transfer of capital to the landowners, of whose estates the notes would be pledged.

This fact brings us into direct collision with the ordinary opinion of the City. A large stock of gold is regarded as a sign of an abundance of money; a low figure for the gold is looked on with apprehension, as threatening pressure on the money market. We assert, on the contrary, that the whole of the gold in the issue department (so far as the notes given out from it are made use of for the purchase of commodities, or to be drawn against by cheques) constitutes a demand on the money market, and is a diminution of its resources. No one would doubt for a moment, that a bill drawn against a cargo to arrive is a loan demanded from the holders of money, as it is called. The drawer of the bill asks some one to advance him capital existing in England, to be repaid when the cargo is sold. All such bills indisputably press on the money market. Many bills

pressing for discount make a tight money market. The case is precisely similar with bank-notes: they may be strictly regarded as bills drawn against gold to arrive. Whilst the gold is under lock and key in Thread-needle Street, it is no more a part of the funds of the money market than if it were still in Australia; just as cotton on the sea or in dock is no part of the actual capital of the country, though an excellent security to induce one man to lend his money to another. It can be sold and converted into capital; and similarly the gold may be drawn out, and turned into a fund for discounting with. Till it is thus taken out, gold hoarded, annihilated, that is, just as if it were buried in the ground, and bits of paper, are the only two realities; those bits of paper, however, turning their owners into borrowers of other men's capital, whether in the shops or elsewhere. A million arrives from Australia, and is exchanged for notes at the Bank; the money market does not get hold of the gold, but the owners of the notes, first, will make purchases with them: that is, obtain commodities on the credit of the notes, in other words, increase the demand for capital. In the same way, the opposite fact yields the opposite result. If 10 millions were due to America, and taken out of the issue department, by collecting 10 millions of notes issued and presenting them for payment, the effect on the money market would be identical with the discovery of a hidden treasure suddenly brought to light. The money market would get rid of ten millions of debt and pressure with, as it were, nothing, without the loss of any of its resources. 'O yes,' the City cries, 'we should lose our notes: how are we to get discount?' Doubtless it would lose the notes. But what then? They are only pieces of paper; they are not wealth or money in the sense of capital, but only instruments for enabling wealth to change hands. A few cheques, bills, and book credits, would instantaneously fill up the vacuum.

One corollary from this truth is obvious. We may learn to value the amount of sense contained in the terror of a drain of gold felt by the City and Lord Overstone. When the merchants owe foreign debts, nothing can be more beneficial than a drain of gold, nothing happier than to have gold to drain away. If a bad harvest created a balance of trade against England of 10 millions, a drain of gold and a lowering of the Bank's stock by 10 millions would be the one thing to be desired. The gold had been bought and paid for; it was absolutely useless in the Bank's vaults; every man in the country ought to rejoice that we had it to send away; we should be buying corn with an article of no use to us, and the

money market would not feel a pound's worth of pressure.

We may take the opportunity of noticing here the harm done by that *vox equivoque*, money. In its proper sense, money means the currency of the realm, whether coin or notes—the ordinary instruments of exchange. But money, in that mischievous phrase, money market, means quite a different thing: it means capital seeking loan or investment. The confusion of the two senses introduces endless obscurity into discussions on currency. The expression, money market, has nothing but its alliteration and volubility to recommend it; for it constantly suggests the notion of a supply of gold and notes, which are not the main things it is conversant with. Loan and investment market would be a far more accurate, if a less fluent, expression. The supplies to that market consist of commodities, not of currency in any form, and its function is to sell the right to the produce of existing investments, dividends, stocks and shares; and to procure employment, that is, borrowers who will use it, for the uninvested surplus of the nation's capital. Currency, in all its forms, is only, as we have shown, title-deeds to property, the agency employed by the money market for buying and selling, and the things it passes from hand to hand. Indeed, what is banking, but a manipulation of title-deeds—*titres*, to use the sound French expression? The coin the bankers employ is most trifling: all else is registration, transfer of accounts, and paper certificates of ownership. The largest portion of the supplies in the discount market of London comes up from the country; but what is it that is sent up? Not waggon loads of coin, or boxes full of bank-notes; but bills, cheques, and often only *figne-credits*. When commodities are abundant, these credits or vouchers increase, and the money market grows easy; when, by a bad harvest or stoppage of trade, commodities are diminished, these vouchers also dwindle down, the London bankers get smaller credits, and less paper from the country, and the money market hardens, and interest rises. The quantity of coin and notes in England varies only by a trifle between year and year; yet the amount of wealth, capital, loanable funds, and supplies for discount, varies by gigantic sums. A bad harvest may easily reduce the supply of capital by 40 millions in a single year. In 1847, the funds of the loan market were enormously reduced by an unproductive harvest, a short crop of cotton, and, above all, by the construction of railways. The labourers employed in making them consumed vast quantities of food, clothing, and tools; and, at the end of the operation, there was not, as would

have been the case with a bale of goods, a commodity replacing the expenditure; there was only an improved machine, which, in course of years, would restore it with large increase. The country was in the situation of a great landowner, who had invested a sum far exceeding his income on draining, for which he was deeply in debt, and, so to say, poor; but his estate would yield larger returns each year, and ultimately replace his outlay with accumulation. Accordingly, a terrible crisis ensued; yet the circulation of currency, whether of notes or coin, was probably as great as ever. The savings of England have been estimated at 60 millions annually. This is the fund which feeds the money market; yet, is this a saving of sovereigns and notes, or of realities, commodities and capital? It is needless to heap up more proofs; we have said enough to show that the money market is not a collection of coin and bank-notes, and that no addition of notes, or of coin in the state of currency, constitutes the slightest increase of its means, or furnishes a single new resource for discount.

There are few things so marvellous as that extraordinary relic of the mercantile theory, that *auri sacra fames*, still flourishing in the City, which we all had imagined had received its death-blow from Adam Smith. Gold is still the cry of the City; gold is the object for which trade exists. We prosper when the vaults of the Bank are bursting with gold; we are crushed with oppressive interest, and walk on the brink of a precipice, when the yellow treasure is diminishing. Commerce flourishes when the balance of trade is in our favour, when exchanges are high, and every day announces fresh arrivals of the precious metal. City articles carefully chronicle the sums of gold taken to the Bank, and gloat over the golden freight of Australian vessels come or coming; or else wail lugubriously over the ingots which rapacious foreigners wrench from our grasp. Every week each anxious merchant watches for the report which Lord Overstone pronounces to be the beacon of expanding or declining commerce. A million or two added to the burying vaults makes the City radiant with joy and hope; a million or two dug up and sent out into the world sends every trader full of gloom to his home. A falling exchange is the alarm-note of the City; the very name of a drain throws the world into convulsions.

Such is the spectacle presented daily by civilised and intelligent England; such is the education which its merchants and its Stock Exchange have received from Lord Overstone and the economists. But wherefore the eager panting for one coveted object? Does each trader desire to possess more of his

self, to have a heavier bag of sovereigns in his pocket or his till? By no means; as quickly as he places his hands on the glorious treasure, he hurries it off to his banker. Is the banker eager to keep it! Quite the reverse; he is impatient to deposit it at the Bank of England. There, in the very heart of London city, deep under lock and key, in the recesses of its cellars, the traders of England long for their beloved treasure to rest; with what advantage to living mortal, with what prolific power not possessed by stone pebbles or unworked mine, no oracle has ever yet been able to tell. Alas! it has been bought by the ceaseless industry and expended capital of England; the mills of Manchester and the smithies of Birmingham have laboured, but only that the porters of the Bank may sleep over ingots of yellow metal. The deposit of gold at the Bank is the annihilation of wealth.

And for what purpose is gold coveted? Man cannot eat it, nor drink it, nor clothe himself with it. A very little suffices for the arts, and a certain quantity is needed for coin; but when these wants are supplied, of what use is the surplus? 'We can buy everything else with it.' True; but so we may with any other valuable commodity, and why not rejoice equally over the wool and cotton, the silk and indigo, which enter at once into our factories and give employment to our workmen? Why this special affection for these unneeded ingots, which must be exported again before any good can be got from them? When the currency and a reasonable reserve are full, every ounce of gold imported into England is a surplussage seeking exportation. A drain of gold beyond what is required for these two purposes is the very thing to be desired. Our surplus gold is an article that we have to sell; a drain shows that foreigners are buying it of us, and giving us in exchange commodities which we can turn to better account. One might as well lament over the man who makes purchases in the shops with his gold. What did he get it for but to give it away in buying? We are not speaking of his property; it may be better for him not to part with it, only then he certainly will not keep it in gold. We speak of the metal, the actual sovereigns; and these, it is plain, every man procures for the sole object of draining his purse of them by spending. No one is such a fool as to carry a load without an object. A so-called adverse exchange and an adverse balance of trade are no evils. They indicate that we are obtaining the useful products of foreign countries, and that they are taking off our hands the unserviceable gold. It is possible, indeed—though, with our currency appliances, only just barely possible—

that the payment in gold of our purchases abroad may for a moment create a deficiency of coin in England, may make gold scarce, just as silver is scarce occasionally; but infallibly some other country will send us immediately its spare gold, by meeting our demand for it, and fill up the vacuum. Of all wants, there is none which is so easily and so certainly supplied as gold. A slight increase of its value in England would make it pour in from every corner of the world. India and China obtain as much silver as they can pay for with their products: is England, England rich in every store of manufactured and universally-desired wealth, unable to do as much? Has Adam Smith taught in vain? and is the absurd doctrine of a favourable balance of trade, of the flowing in of a redundant and useless commodity, not yet exploded?

But how, then, is the existence of this strange delusion about gold to be explained? Partly by the old mercantile theory, of which it is a remnant; partly by ignorance of the science of currency; but most of all by the universal and natural feeling of the banking trade, especially of the Bank of England. It is a serious part of their business to undertake to provide gold on demand. Every banker in London, including the Bank of England, is bound by law to repay all his liabilities, whether of notes or deposits, in gold on demand. The business, therefore, of providing gold when wanted, falls on them; it is a duty annexed to the profit of their calling. No wonder, therefore, that they are always nervous as to having gold enough to meet all possible demands on them; no wonder that they preach that vast heaps of stored-up gold, it matters not how useless, constitute a very satisfactory state of things; no wonder that they abhor, with Lord Overstone, the practice of the Bank of France, to purchase gold at a premium when it is becoming scarce. This premium is a clear diminution of banking profits; they have engaged to supply the article, and naturally they do not like to pay an extra price for it. But it is a wonder that political economists should have chosen to identify the banking interest of the Bank of England with the interest of the whole community; that they should have persuaded themselves that there was any greater harm in dear gold than in dear corn, dear cotton, or dear sugar. No doubt it is unpleasant for those who have contracted to furnish a particular commodity to find the price of it raised against them; but what does that signify to the public? A few years ago, Napoleons had to be bought in France at threepence a-piece premium; a similar premium would fetch gold at any time in large quantities: if the

Bank has to pay the charge, that is its own affair, and no one else's. That if there be a real deficiency of coin, a supply should be obtainable, is a fact of importance to every one; but the extra cost of that supply concerns the banking trade alone. Bankers profit by the prevailing ignorance of the science of currency, and protect their own pockets by diffusing a universal belief that there is a peculiar calamity in scarce gold, and that the efforts of the whole mercantile community should be directed to the accumulating such masses of gold as shall protect them from ever having to pay an extra cost for it. When Lord Overstone speaks of a difficulty on the part of the Bank to give sovereigns for notes as equivalent to suspension of cash payments, convulsion of trade, and every kind of mercantile calamity, he brings on the very mischief he professes to deprecate. It would mean nothing of the sort, but solely a scarcity of a particular commodity, which can be very easily and rapidly remedied. It cannot be too often repeated, that pressure on the Bank never turned on the convertibility of the bank-note; the danger has always been felt in the banking department alone. The loud preaching on the necessity of protecting the convertibility of the paper-currency, which ushered in the Act of 1844, was absurd; it was a cry for medicine for a healthy man. No one ever felt uneasy about the payment of the notes; but many trembled at the peril of not obtaining discount for their bills. Great evils, at times, are inseparable from the very nature of banking; and if it was firmly known that the solvency of the note was safe, a temporary difficulty, supposing such an almost impossible phenomenon to arise, in obtaining cash for the note, need scarcely excite attention, so certain would all feel that relief was at hand. 'The Bank,' as Mr. Mill truly remarks, 'would always know how to take care of itself; it would always be able to procure gold enough to meet any demands springing solely out of currency wants, out of a desire to render notes perfectly convertible.' If this is so, why this good-natured, but most needless, anxiety of the public to see the Bank well provided with gold? 'Why seek crutches for a strong man?' In truth, if the issue department were at Somerset House, the Bank of England would take its true place among other joint-stock banks; and few people would trouble themselves whether its stock of gold was high or low, or seek to connect its amount with the discount market and rate of interest.

The terror felt for drains of gold and low exchanges is almost too absurd to be seriously dealt with. They signify only that gold is being exported; and why not rejoice over its

export as much as over that of Manchester bales? Gold is sent out only to bring in a more desirable commodity,—a serviceable in exchange for an unserviceable article. A cargo of cotton or wool is, as a general rule, an arrival far more deserving of welcome than one of gold; and City articles of the press would show more understanding of the matter, if, instead of enumerating the ounces which come from Australia to England—for the most part, too, only in transit to some other country—they would publish the supplies which are brought in of raw material for the great workshops of English industry. If these supplies were to fail, great indeed would be the ruin; but, if gold were scarce for a while, what would be the harm? Change might be difficult to get at railway stations; ladies might be puzzled how to pay small bills; but is this destructive? is this convulsion of trade? is it incapable of being helped out by endless expedients? Will bullion-dealers refuse to buy gold for us abroad? Will foreigners refuse to discount Rothschild's bills with gold? Will not an increased demand for English goods by foreigners, and a diminished demand for foreign ones by Englishmen, speedily bring up the currency again to the brim? Oh, but that means, people exclaim, that prices in England have fallen, and foreigners are getting our goods too cheaply. Doubtless; but that is only saying, in other words, that gold is scarce and dear, and, like tea, sugar, or anything else, takes more to obtain it. If tea or cotton is scarce and dear, China or America gets too much from us; it is an evil for us, certainly; but does any one pretend, as with gold, that it can be avoided, and, whilst pointing to its existence, imply that it could have been prevented by wise legislation? Scarce gold must be paid for at a high rate. Granted; but the question ultimately is this. Whether it would cost more to buy it at a dearer rate occasionally when scarce, or to invest large portions of capital uselessly, in keeping up expensive accumulations of it, for the sole purpose of preventing it from ever being scarce. This is the true issue; but it is one which neither City nor economists ever choose to grapple with. Indeed, dearth of gold may be a sign of a great benefit realized. If it proceeded from the sinking of gold ships, it would, no doubt, be a pure loss; but if the nation parted with its gold, for a time, to buy corn, for instance, to meet a deficiency of food, or to procure cotton to keep the Lancashire mills from stopping, can any rational man deny that the scarcity of gold has been the result of a most excellent and profitable export of it?

But, then, reply the City men, all this is very pretty theory; but we know as a fact,

that when gold is going out, and the stock at the Bank is low, high rates of discount and a tight money market are at hand. But is it always so? In the last spring, the very opposite fact occurred: gold was abundant, yet discount went up every week. Great was the wailing in the *Times*: old landmarks were swept away; the beacons indicated by the authorities had proved worthless: merchants, on the faith of the theorists, seeing gold abound, had given large orders, and were now met with heavy discount. A very puzzling state of things, indeed, for the theorists, and those who believe in them; but for no other man capable of reflecting on the phenomena. An enormous increase of trade had sprung up, but one that balanced itself. Increase of imports was counterpoised by increase of exports: there was no disturbance of the balance of trade, although there was a vast augmentation of transactions. There was a heavy demand for capital, but none for gold. It was only a repetition, on a small scale, of the grand fact, that in a few years the exports of England have been nearly doubled, with a large increase of employment, of profit, of demand for capital, and rate of interest, whilst the amount of gold in circulation has remained stationary.

But, further, we admit that an export of gold is frequently accompanied by a rise in the rate of interest; but the saddle must be placed on the right horse. The gold is not to be blamed for going out: the true cause of the mischief, of the augmented interest, is the loss of capital, which leads to the export of gold. The crisis of 1847 furnishes an excellent illustration of what occurs at such times. There had been a bad harvest. Farming capital had been expended, as usual, in growing the corn; but there was no grain to reproduce the expense incurred. The cost of tillage had been the same; but, in addition, a second expense had to be made to obtain from abroad the corn, which ought to have been supplied from the fields. The corn was paid for twice: once by the expense of the husbandry; secondly, by the capital given to foreigners for it. There were two payments, and one supply only of corn. The same happened with cotton. There was a bad crop: the price of cotton was about doubled; the same money went out, but only half the quantity of cotton came in: there were fewer bales manufactured, and we got less money from our customers. The deficiency caused by the diminution of manufactures was not made up by an equivalent rise of price; it had to be furnished in gold. In both these cases, then, the pressure on the money market existed concurrently with an export of gold; but it was caused by the loss of capital

through diminished produce of agriculture. In itself, the export of gold was a blessing: it was the cheapest and most easily dispensable article that could be sent out for procuring supplies which must be had.

But, then, we are told, when gold leaves the country, 'paper securities cease to be negotiable, and the supply of gold becomes inadequate on demand.' The latter statement means merely, that the gold is becoming scarce for travelling, paying bills, and the like, that it is growing dearer. But there is no more harm in dear gold than in any other dear commodity; often much less. The former statement is wholly unfounded. There is no necessary connection between scarce gold and discredit of securities: bankers may have to sell, because it is the undertaking of their trade to provide gold; but no one else need do so. Under a deficiency of capital, there may be many forced sales of securities, without any disturbance whatever in the gold market, and *vice versa*. A scarcity of gold could be instantly relieved by an issue of one-pound notes; and this fact is a demonstration that dearness of gold does not mean difficulty of circulating paper. In truth, deficiency of gold only calls a larger quantity of other circulating machinery into play: book-credits, bills, cheques, are more largely used till the gap is stopped up.

There is still another kind of drain, which may be extremely large, and yet wholly free from difficulty or danger,—the exportation, namely, of gold for military expenditure abroad. It might have been possible, that, at the breaking out of the Russian war, five or ten millions should have been suddenly wanted at Malta. Such an export would have been no diminution in wealth, supposing that there had been only a transfer of soldiers and sailors, who otherwise must have been maintained in England. Ought such a drain to have occasioned the slightest commotion in the commercial world? Ought it to have raised discount and created panic? The supposition is purely absurd, and only shows to what the circulation theory ultimately brings its advocates. But how is such a demand for export, such a drain, to be met? If the currency were purely metallic, and banks and notes unknown, the government would obtain what it wanted from the payments of the taxes, or, if they were insufficient, by purchases from the dealers in bullion. No inconvenience would be felt, if, as is commonly the case, there was a surplus of bullion in the country: if there was not, the bullion would rise in price; but the bullionists would very quickly apply the remedy. There would then be an increase of expense; but it would merely be a charge on the military opera-

tions. There would be, we admit, some loss to other people besides to Government, if the military demand sprang up at a time when trade was requiring also an export of bullion: but what we maintain is, that the effect would be no worse than a sudden demand of tea or corn for military objects.

Where banks exist, the form of the process would be altered. The pressure would fall on the Bank of England, as the Government would then draw out its deposits in gold; and the Bank would have to cast about to procure it. There would be no difficulty, but there might be some premium to be paid by the Bank to bullion-dealers; but this is an affair of the Bank exclusively,—a deduction from their profits, inherent in the very nature of their business. The demand, however, might be so sudden and so large, that it could not be met at once: this is a possible, but most improbable event. But granting it to occur, what would be its effects? Nominally, it would be called a suspension of cash payments; and the theorists would go off at a full swing in denouncing its horrors: in reality, it would only be a simple delay, a deferring of the payment till there had been time for fetching gold from abroad. The military inconvenience might be large; for in war, a delay of a single day may make the difference between victory and defeat; but the commercial one would be insignificant. It might be a political, but not a mercantile disaster. It is the incurable error of Lord Overstone and the theorists, that they always speak of a possible deficiency of gold to give on demand as a *reductio ad absurdum*, or equivalent to ruin: they never will choose to see that it is only a very brief scarcity of a single commodity. If the public had intelligence to understand the cause and its mode of operation, such a momentary failure of the Bank to give gold for its notes would not shake the credit of either the Bank or its notes, for its solvency would be known to be unaffected. The Bank might suffer loss by forced purchases of gold; but, we repeat, that would be its own affair. Stringent penalties might be required to compel the Bank to fulfil its undertaking by such forced purchases.

It would be a great improvement in the Bank Act of 1844, if power were given to the Government, under fitting regulations, when a heavy military export was required, to take it from the bullion of the issue department by a direct loan: the effect, so far as pressure on the gold and money market is concerned, would be identically the same as if the Government had suddenly discovered a hidden hoard of sovereigns of equal value, and applied it to the public service.

In judging the Act of 1844, a distinction

must be carefully observed between its actual enactments, and the theories of currency by which its adoption was recommended. In itself, it is an extremely simple affair: an uncovered issue of 14 millions of notes, and a deposit of gold in the vaults for every pound-note issued beyond. The economy of substituting a paper for a metallic currency is carried to the extent of 14 millions, and no further. The country saves the capital which 14 millions of sovereigns would have cost: on the remainder of the circulation there is no gain, for the gold in store has been paid for by English capital. The line was drawn at 14 millions on no principle or theory: it was determined by an accident, by the circumstance that the State owed that sum to the Bank. It is plain, that such a regulation is nothing else than a guarantee that the Bank shall always be solvent as regards its notes,—that is, supposing, which we believe to be not the law, that, in the event of the Bank's insolvency, these 14 millions due by the State would be appropriated to the holders of bank-notes. The amount of the State's debt is certainly not as scientific rule for determining the proportion which the reserve of coin ought to bear to the amount of notes issued. A principle is still needed for judging whether 14 millions is a proper, natural, and scientific limit. That principle can be experience alone, and must be determined for each country separately, according to its circumstances. The rule must be empirical, because science cannot declare *à priori*, within what limits the demand for gold, for both internal use and export, shall range in all commercial communities. A self-contained country, which supplied all its own wants, and bought and sold little with foreigners, would be very steady in its demand for gold: the limit of the uncovered issue might rise to very nearly the whole circulation of notes. On the contrary, a nation which has dealings with all the world, and whose trade is exposed to all the contingencies of climate, winds, wars, crops, and the like, obviously is subject to immense variations in the gold it receives or exports, in settlement of the balance due either way; and, consequently, must make very fluctuating demands on the deposit of gold, either at the Bank or in the country. Actual experiment has established for England, that the limit of 14 millions is excessively and absurdly low; for no crisis since 1844—and in severity the crises which occurred since the Bank Act have been unequalled by any that preceded it—reduced the gold reserve to below about 8 millions. It is clear, therefore, that even Lord Overstone himself ought not to object to a change in the boundary line; for his principle carries him no further than that

there should be gold enough to meet any possible demand. Beyond that, he cannot desire some 8 millions to be idly and unprofitably buried in the cellars of the Bank; for no additional strength is acquired thereby for the convertibility of the note. With the issue department at Somerset House, and the line drawn at 22 millions, there would have been no difference, either in the liquidation of notes or in public feeling, from what has occurred since 1844.

As regards the theories which floated Lord Overstone's proposal into law, it was vehemently maintained, first, that the Bank Charter must make special provision for placing the convertibility of the Bank note beyond the possibility of danger. But the answer to this requirement is crushing. The note of the Bank of England never was in the slightest danger; and, therefore, there was no call whatever for a special measure to defend it. There never was a time, except under the Bank Restriction Act, when the public would not as soon have notes as gold; and as we have already said, in 1825, when the run on the Bank was sharpest, relief was obtained by the chance discovery of a million of unburnt one-pound notes. The whole of the outcry about securing the convertibility of the note was idle and factitious: it was as wise as a demand to render the earth more solid, by heaping up mounds upon it.

The second theory was the necessity of so regulating the issues of notes, as to prevent excess. We have already disposed of this doctrine; it would be just as pertinent to attempt to fix the amount of bills, cheques, or verbal orders, which shall be issued throughout the country. But there is one formula connected with the doctrine which deserves notice; for it is a very favourite one still with many economists. A paper currency, it is said, ought to vary in quantity—that is the phrase—precisely in the same manner as if it were metallic. This is the grand secret for escaping the horrors of over-issue: notes shall be more or fewer, exactly as sovereigns in their place would have been more or fewer. This delightful discovery is nowhere more accurately propounded, than in Sir Charles Wood's despatch to the Governor-General of India, of March 26, 1860, in reference to Mr. Wilson's proposals:—

'The important condition is thus (namely, by the system adopted in 1844, of a paper issue founded on a fixed limit of Government securities, and a self-acting deposit of gold) realized, that the mixed currency of notes and coin should vary in quantity, exactly as if it were wholly of coin.'

This is the true faith of the great doctors: and, with all respect to their ability and emi-

nence, we nevertheless affirm that more ludicrous nonsense never fell from the lips of great men. Notes vary in quantity as coin! They never did, for they never can. The supposition is ridiculous. What coin? Gold, silver, or copper? Will any one venture to assert that the three metals vary alike in quantity? that the public will circulate, for the same amount of trade, a like quantity of either of these metals? Let them try; let them go with a cheque of L.100 to a banker, and see whether they can prevail on themselves to be indifferent whether they are paid in 100 sovereigns, 2000 shillings, or 24,000 pence; whether they will not make desperate efforts to do without coin at all, if it is in copper; or will not beg hard for some other mode of payment, if it is silver. A child can see that, if gold did not exist, and payments must be made in silver or copper, the public would infallibly hold a prodigiously smaller quantity in value of coin than it does now of sovereigns. Equally so with gold compared with notes. If notes were suppressed, gold would not take their place in quantity: neither public nor bankers would endure incessant countings and weighings of sovereigns, porters and huge sacks to carry them away, no taking of numbers, no security against robbers or fire. A man may like to play the gentleman by always carrying a hundred pounds' worth of notes in his pocket; but he never will bear the load of 100 sovereigns, much less of 2000 shillings. In other words, a heavy currency will never circulate in the same quantity as a light one; it is against the nature of things.

There remains the practical question: Ought the reserve of gold, maintained to meet notes presented for payment, to be determined by a fixed line, beyond which all issues of notes must be covered by a storing of gold, or be left to the discretion of the issuers, subject, of course, to the legal liability of payment on demand? The objection to the fixed limit would be greatly reduced if the voice of experience were listened to, and the line were drawn at about the lowest point which the circulation of notes was ever known to reach,—say 22 millions. The waste of capital caused by locking up useless gold would thus be reduced to the lowest sum which might be needed under the severest emergency. In such a case, a fixed limit may perhaps be as good an arrangement as any other; only, be it understood, it is no discovery, no grand formula for preventing over-issue, but a dry matter-of-fact calculation of what has been actually demanded, based on no theory, but on experience alone. The amount of wasted capital on this system would then be the difference between the average reserve required and the additional sum always

kept in store to guard against the maximum of demand.

The opposite system, of a fluctuating reserve at the discretion of the issuers, has this advantage, that it would enable them to make a temporary use of that reserve—that is, of the sum not wanted at the time, but which might be called for when the demand for gold was at its maximum. It would empower them, for instance, to lend it to Government for exportation, or to employ it in the discount market when there was a severe pressure for capital, but no special demand for gold, or to advance it to merchants compelled to pay in gold for unusual but much-needed importations of corn. The gold would be sure to return speedily; and no risk or alarm need attend the operations. But, on the other hand, this system is open to the objection that it mixes up currency with banking; and, in the event of the issuing bankers becoming insolvent, would place the holders of notes in the same position as the other creditors, and would repay them with only a fractional dividend of the value of their notes. This is a loss from which the public has a right to be protected. Those who open accounts at the Bank perform voluntary acts; they deliberately choose their bankers; but the accepting of bank-notes as currency partakes much more of an involuntary character. In truth, the perfect solvency of the note is a primary principle of a paper currency. The history of the Bank of England shows that, in the case of that institution, the danger of non-payment in full is practically null; but it might be far otherwise with less prudent bankers; and we cannot deny that the rule which enacts that there shall be an absolute certainty that there shall always be gold enough to meet every possible demand for cashing the notes, is more conformable to the spirit of monetary science.

ART. III.—*The Christian Element in Plato and the Platonic Philosophy.* By Dr. C. ACKERMANN, Archdeacon at Jena. Translated from the German by SAMUEL RALPH ASBURY, B.A. Edinburgh: T. and Clark. 1861.

In the First Book of Discipline of the Scottish Church, under the head 'Universities,' it is directed that 'the reader of the Greek shall interpret some book of Plato, together with some place of the New Testament,'—a very notable and significant direction in many ways. From this, Mr. Buckle, and other

shallow-clever calumniators of Scottish theology, might at least see that if the learned divines of the sixteenth century were not always engaged in studies so sublime as those of which Plato is the great hierophant, it was not from any deliberate purpose to neglect or misprize the wisdom of the ancients, or any other true wisdom, but rather from the misfortune of the times. The conjunction of the study of Plato with that of the New Testament, was not the only grand project of the intelligent fathers of our Church, which the selfishness of false friends, and the persecution of powerful enemies, turned into a 'devout imagination.' It was intended by Knox, as we plainly see from this direction, that the study of Greek literature, and specially of the Platonic philosophy, should go hand in hand with the exposition of the New Testament in academical profections. But this philosophic and pious purpose has either been wholly frustrated, or fulfilled in the most pitiful and paltry fashion in the letter, and not in the spirit. Certainly we do not find, at the present moment, much trace of a familiarity with the writings of Plato in the sermons or other published works of our Scottish theologians. As little show does the great idealist make in the writings of Reid and Stewart, or even of Sir William Hamilton. No doubt Hamilton knew Plato (that either Reid or Stewart did, we doubt much), and has done full justice to some of his views—as, for instance, in his discussion of the philosophy of the pleasurable, where he adopts the subtle analysis of the Philebus; but his whole cast of mind was rather Aristotelian than Platonic. On the whole, we may safely say that the interpretation of some book of Plato, so piously desired by Knox as part of our academical arrangements, has produced hitherto very scanty fruits in this part of the island. An ignorant and insolent Southern—and Englishmen are sometimes apt to be ignorant and insolent in Scottish matters—might even say that the Scottish brain is of a structure and a texture altogether incapable of Plato: it is too square, too rough, too real, too practical, too utilitarian, too much like a dish of solid, substantial, very nutritive pottage, but to which, instead of rich, mantling cream, has been added a sauce of sour Calvinistic beer. Such, at least, we conceive, is pretty much the idea of the Scottish brain entertained by not a few smart sophists of the southern division of Great Britain, who are continually favouring the public with the results of their incubrations on the genius and character of those who inhabit the northern section. And we will be honest enough to admit that there is a certain class of Scotsmen to whom the sour simile might be applicable; but they no more

represent the general character and capacities of the people, than the race of feeble, simpering, ecclesiastical martinets to be found in the purlieus of some cathedral town represents the veritable John Bull. As to Calvinism, which is a common butt for every frivolous wit, every vain worldling, every hard-faced economist, and every fastidious prig,—this much-abused Calvinism, whatever harm it may do to weak wits and delicate sensibilities, certainly never has stood, and never can stand, between the Scottish mind and the lofty philosophy of Plato. There is, on the contrary, a certain high kinship and brotherhood between the Genevan interpreter of divine decrees and the Athenian expounder of divine ideas, which fully justifies the significant conjunction in which Scottish theology and Platonic philosophy are placed in the direction of the Book of Discipline. The vulgar ideas entertained about Plato, that he is a 'transcendental dreamer,' and so forth, will not certainly go far to establish this kinship; for, though Calvin might be 'transcendental' enough—as, indeed, all questions about divine decrees necessarily must be—he certainly was nothing of a 'dreamer.' But, in fact, to those who will take the trouble to read him, Plato is not one whit more a dreamer than Calvin. His magnificent intellect is in no wise to be compared to a grand pile of sunlit clouds, or a rich garden of the imagination, bright with all dazzling hues, fragrant with all sweet odours, fanned by all celestial breezes, and interflowed by the deep full music of all lucid streams: his coloured clouds are the beautiful background of the stately edifice of his thought; his flowers the festoons hung upon its walls. He is at bottom a granite palace, as solid as Aristotle, as severe as Calvin, as imperturbable as Goethe. What the world often talks about as Platonism, is merely a few rampant foscilities on the massive columns of his argument, which have no more to do with the strength and sustaining power of it than the gold which gilds the horns of the sacrificial ox has to do with the ox itself—something that contributes mightily, no doubt, to the pomp of the exhibition, but not at all to the seriousness of the business. Stripped of such fantastic decorations, Platonism is, in fact, a sort of well-compacted Calvinism of reason, while Calvinism might with equal truth be designated a Platonism of the will. Divine reason and divine decrees differ only as thought differs from purpose. They are equally necessary and eternal, immutable, stern, inflexible, inexorable. Hence the lofty position and the high attitude which both Plato and Calvin assume with regard to the world and its ways, with regard to the multitude, and the opi-

nions of the multitude. They are both extremely one-sided in their ideas, and terribly despotic in their way of avowing them; and rightly so, because the highest truths in morals and theology, like the axioms of mathematics, admit of no compromise, and can tolerate no contradiction. Though Phaeton, the giddy boy, might not be trusted to rein the coursers of the sun, yet Pallas Athena, the only begotten daughter of the Supreme Wisdom, might, in virtue of the brain from which she sprung;

'Alone of all who tread the Olympian halls,
Borrow Jove's thunder.'

It is the faculty of all great minds to be despotical.

The connection between Plato and the New Testament, so distinctly indicated by Knox, has been felt and recognised by all great thinkers and theologians from the earliest agents of the Church. The first chapter of Mr. Ackermann's excellent work is devoted exclusively to this point; and contains a host of testimonies, the upshot of which is, that at no age of the Christian Church has the influence of Plato been altogether unfelt, while in all the most stirring ages we always find him in the foreground, either wisely allied as a brother champion, or blindly assailed as a dangerous friend. The Church of the first three centuries was characteristically a Greek Church; and in so far as being Greek implied participation, not merely in the use of the Greek language, but a participation in Greek culture, the early Christian Church was a Platonic Church, and not an Aristotelian Church. The dominant position afterwards assumed by Aristotle in reference to Christian culture, through the whole mediæval period, has always appeared to us something quite out of keeping with the decidedly Christian character of that age. But the mediæval period, with all its religious zeal and churchly pomp, was not an age in which Christian thought was deeply moved: the revival of letters in Italy, and the Reformation, stirred the long stagnant waters; and with them we find Plato again planted in the van of speculation, and leading on the finest minds in Florence first, and afterwards in Cambridge. It appears, however, that in quiet times, not given to tempt the highest problems, the sober genius of Aristotle always resumed its sway. And with good reason; for though Plato's ideas might be more lofty, Aristotle's facts were more useful. Everybody, to a certain extent could use Aristotle: only thinkers of a certain elevated tone used, or could use, Plato. Besides, may we not say that, as the highest ideal longings of men were already satisfied by Christianity, they had the less need to go

to Plato for the attainment of that satisfaction? This feeling would certainly operate to a considerable extent in common times. But now, in the middle of this nineteenth century, we find ourselves again in the ferment of a period similar to that in which Petrarch longed for a Greek Homer, and the Grand Dukes of Florence died with sentences from Plato in their mouths. The old foundations of thought are being shaken all beneath us, and must be laid anew. In such a state of things, Plato, like a great engineer, whose tunnels are to be made, was sure to be called for, and has already appeared. Professor Jowett fights from behind this Ajax shield in Oxford; Professor Thomson and Dr. Whewell in Cambridge; the late Archer Butler in Ireland, and Dr. M'Coah in Belfast.* Even in Edinburgh, so long the headquarters—amid much no doubt that was good—of cold economy, barren logic, and twinkling sophistry, indubitable signs of some sincere recognition of Plato have appeared. In a thinking age, like the present, no man, certainly no University, and no Church, can creep into its shell, and sit ignoring the storms that are sweeping and surging about it on all sides. If we do not march out manfully, we shall be pulled out ignominiously, into the midst of the struggle; and, being in the midst of it, we cannot do without a leader: we must either hand ourselves over bodily to J. R. M'Culloch, August Comte, and Charles Darwin, or trim our wings for the old ideal flight under the eagle-captainship of Plato. There is no neutrality possible in such matters. Let us eye the alternative coolly, and make the choice with a wise deliberation: Mind or matter; central plastic force, or circumferential accident; wise choice or blind law; Plato or Mr. Buckle.

In endeavouring to present to the reader a succinct sketch of the philosophy of the great Athenian Idealist, in its points of identity or aspects of affinity to the Christian doctrine, we shall arrange our materials under the three following heads:—

1. The Divine Nature; or the supreme causative and regulative principle.
2. The Nature of Man; the origin, character, and value of human ideas, passions, purposes, and actions.
3. The Philosophy of Human Life; the scheme of Providence; future life.

With regard to the Divine Nature, as the great simple principles of natural theology were first distinctly stated by Socrates in his

* In his last book on 'The Intuitions of Mind,' Dr. M'Coah has shown that, if he be not altogether a Platonist, he is at least quite willing to come more than half-way to meet all reasonable Platonists.

argument with Aristodemus, the dapper little Athenian atheist, so there is no idea more essentially and pervadingly Platonic than the idea of God. The philosopher does not, indeed, give himself much trouble to lay a broad foundation of systematic theism for his intellectual system. He rather acts, like the Bible, by supposing everywhere, and asserting, as the fundamental fact of all facts, the existence of one great self-dependent Intellect and self-impulsive energy. 'In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth'—that was just as plain to Plato as it was to Moses; and in the magnificent architecture of the universe, which he constructs in the *Timæus*, he did not write upon the threshold, as Wolf did upon the title-page of the *Iliad*, 'The house of nobody:' but he thought rather with St. Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews, 'Every house is builded by some man; and He that built all things is God.' We shall not attempt to enumerate here the hundred and one famous passages in the writings of Plato, where the lofty theism of the philosopher and his fine reverential piety equally shine forth. They will be found in Cudworth, Archer Butler's Lectures, and many well-known sources. On this point we think Ackermann has not overstated the truth, when he says, that 'Plato's God was to Plato greater than his philosophy;' and that 'science, in the true sense of the word, was to him inconceivable without the idea of God.' We may add, that neither is it to us conceivable. It has been the fashion, and the unhappy tendency of modern times, to separate the language of scientific research from that of theological faith, with a painful anxiety and with an unworthy fear; but as to Plato, theology and philosophy were one, so to a consistent Christian thinker, as everything knowable originally came from the eternal self-existent intellect, so all true knowledge can only be a moving back to him in whom all the various departments of human science find their central starting-point, viz., God. And thus, when the various branches of inductive research are all leading us from the diversified periphery of superficial phenomena, by one process of simplification after another, always nearer and nearer to the great central Force of which all forces are mere variations, we ought to recognise with Plato, that this force means, and can only mean, God; that physics is only the outer face of theology; that laws of nature are only methods of Divine operation; and that the constant changes produced by attractions of gravitation, chemical affinities, and so forth, are only the results of the sleepless energy of the Divine Being; directed by his all-embracing intelligence. If any person, living in these

Christian times, does not believe this, one of two things seems quite plain: either he is not a Christian, or he is not a thinker. And if Christian men of science and philosophers, discoursing men of natural laws and forces, do not feel that these are divine, and do not call them divine, we can only express sorrow for this hollow godlessness of human speech, and wonder how men with microscopes and telescopes, and electric telegraphs, in this nineteenth century after Christ, should be so much more short-sighted in certain important matters than old Heathen Plato was without them. Those among us who do not recognise God in nature, and thus fall short of the wisdom of Plato, may be of three classes: either atheists, or men who never think at all, or mere half-thinkers, who have a morbid dread of what they call 'Pantheism.' With the first class we have nothing to do on the present occasion: on any occasion, indeed, the class of men who believe in the cook who prepared their dinner, but not in the God who prepared their stomachs, are an ungenial class, if possible, to be avoided. With the second class also we have nothing to do; they are not likely to read this paper, nor, if they do read it, can it possibly do them good. To the third class only we shall say a single word. Plato was not a pantheist; much less is it pantheism to believe that God is everywhere working and weaving in what we call the laws of nature, by means of what we call physical forces. Why, we ask, should the Supreme Being be considered as universally present, if not as the universal Agent? But, furthermore, Plato would say—and Christian philosophy must say the same thing—that all force is, by its very nature, spiritual, not material; and that all well-calculated, nicely-regulated force, such as we constantly find in nature, is intelligent and divine. This is what St. Paul means, when he says, 'in whom we live, and move, and have our being.' This is like a phrase picked out from the *Timæus*; and we may depend upon it, the apostle, who was well read in heathen theology, would never have used it, had he been governed by the same morbid fear of a so-called pantheism, which has led some over-zealous moderns to find pantheism in Plato. No doubt, as Mr. Ackermann well remarks, the great Attic idealist did not keep his theological doctrine always quite free from an admixture of the physical. Unquestionably, in the *Timæus*, he calls the stars gods, '*volutiles Deos*,' as the Epicurean says in Cicero; but the *Timæus*, as a great cosmological construction of nature, is merely a sort of tentative, semi-conjectural appendage to Plato's philosophy, which was essentially political and moral. Besides, in Plato's lan-

guage, to call the stars gods, is nothing more pantheistic than if he used our language and called the angels gods. Our mechanical conception of these things has, indeed, removed us very far from the habit of thinking of a round rolling fiery god, such as the stars, without a smile. But divorced from our associations, there is nothing absurd, or irreverent, or pantheistic in the idea. Accidental pantheistic-looking phrases and fancies may occur in Plato, as perhaps in every philosopher who has lived all his life in a polytheistic atmosphere; but genuine pantheism, which has its grand pivot in the habitual identification of the 'one and the many,' and the absorption of all individualism;—of this there is no trace in Plato. They who wish to study this phase of theological speculation will search for it in vain, whether in the political gravity of the *Republic*, in the subtle analysis of the *Philebus*, or the flashing imagery of the *Phædrus*. They will find it in the *Bhagawet Geeta*, and in the *Puranas*.

But we must clear Plato's theology of another charge also; otherwise it will be very fat, indeed, from deserving to take its place alongside of the sound doctrine laid down in that much calumniated Calvinistic compend called the Shorter Catechism. All persons who have been regularly indoctrinated in the theology of that compact little book, believe that God is a person; that a so-called 'impersonal God' is no God at all; is, in fact, a something or a nothing, as inconceivable as a circle without a centre, or a thought without a thinker. But the Germans, whose strange destiny it has been, in these latter days, to believe everything that no other body can believe, and disbelieve everything that every other body must believe, and to frighten the rest of the world into sense and propriety, by exhibiting every possible variety of full-length portraits of nonsense and extravagance;—the Germans, some of whom are very wise, but of whom many, with pious dusty endeavour, have well-merited that it should be said of them truly, as one said falsely of St. Paul, that too much learning has made them mad; these 'intellectual moles,' as Madame de Staël called them, and oporse weavers of invisible yarns, tell us with a grave face, that, 'whether Plato looked on the great First Cause as a personal Being, is a question to which it is hardly possible to give a distinct answer.*' On the contrary, the present writer, having been a close student of Plato for many years, is of opinion that this is a question which it is hardly possible for any person but an unreal, dreaming German, living unhealthily amid

grey bloodless abstractions, to have raised. What is a person? A person is that mysterious conscious principle of unity, which, seated at the centre of any reasonable force, makes that force available for effecting reasonable ends. Now, of this mysterious, conscious, all-conceiving, all-originating, and all-unifying principle, Plato is constantly speaking under the names of *imperial mind*, *the cause inherent in Jove*, *the architect of the universe*, and so forth; and yet we are to be told that he did not believe in its personality! If he did not, neither did Moses. Certainly he did not understand by his βασιλικὸς νοῦς, merely the 'absolute' of the Germans, which, to his real practical intellect, would have appeared nothing but an absolute grey vacuity, an absolute unmeaning gape. In reference to this point, not a little talk has been made, as to what Plato properly meant by the τοῦ ἀγαθόν, or the IDEA OF THE GOOD, which, in the sixth book of the *Republic*, he sets up as the ultimate principle of all philosophy. Those who are haunted by a superstitious horror of a personal God, will naturally feel inclined to seize upon this τοῦ ἀγαθόν as a convenient handle by which to father upon Plato the whole unfathered host of logical abstractions which float about in the grey limbo of Hegel's Berlin philosophy. But Plato's theology has too much blood in it to be sucked into mummy by a process of this kind. In the very passage where he calls the ἀγαθόν the highest principle, he assigns to it, in the intelligible world, the same position that the sun holds in the world of sense, with the remark that, as the sun is not merely a luminous and illuminating, but a plastic and creative power, as that from which all growth proceeds, so the like generative and plastic force must be assigned to the τοῦ ἀγαθόν. The ἀγαθόν is therefore, in this famous passage, manifestly not a mere abstract idea, but a living power, an intellectual force, and an energizing intellect,—that is to say, in popular language, a person. Of 'impersonal intellect,' indeed, people may talk, but they don't know what it means.*

* With this view of the τοῦ ἀγαθόν, we are happy to find that an able writer in the *National Review*, for April, 1861, substantially agrees. He says, 'On the whole, neglecting the refinements of this or that particular passage, we are of opinion that, with Plato, MIND, CAUSE, GOD, and the IDEA OF THE GOOD, are interchangeable terms.' The real reason why the Supreme Cause appears in this passage as an *Idea*, and not as a *Person*, is because the philosopher is here talking of the μέγιστον μάθημα, or most important sciences, which must indoctrinate the philosophic mind. The highest μάθημα, of course, is God; but the form of expression most natural to the context is the idea of the Good, or perfect scheme of the universe, necessarily inherent in the Divine mind.

The Bible is wise in teaching theology by familiar analogies, not by transcendental distinctions. Definitions of the infinite by the finite, as they are apt to begin with presumption, so they are pretty sure to end in absurdity.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we may as well state distinctly that the Platonic Trinity, which is sometimes talked of in theological books as if it had something to do with the Christian doctrine of three persons in the Godhead, is, notwithstanding the authority of Cudworth (in whose intellectual system it figures largely), a mere phantom of erudite imagination. No plain man, taking his notions of Plato's doctrine only from Plato, could ever stumble on such a notion. But men, unfortunately, have often taken their notions of Plato—just as they do of Christianity—at some three or four, or a dozen, removes from the original source; and it has happened to not a few in both cases, that, even when examining the original document, they have seen, by a sort of pious delusion—like the wanderers in Ariosto's enchanted castle—rather what they wished to see than what was actually to be seen.

*'A tutti par l'incantator mirando
Mirar quel che per se drama ciascuno.'*

Hence have proceeded all sorts of mist-gotten refractions, distortions, and delusions fair and foul, of which the philosopher of the Academy is as innocent as St. Paul is of Popery, or St. John of the Inquisition. Students of theology who wish to be well instructed on this subject—for, though fundamentally erroneous, it has interesting bearings—will do well to consult the valuable treatise of the Rev. Dr. Morgan, published near the end of the last century, and lately reprinted.*

With regard to the second grand point of philosophical doctrine, the constitution of human nature, there can be no doubt that the teaching of Plato agrees substantially with that of Moses and of the New Testament. The doctrine of Moses is contained in the famous text (Gen. i. 26), 'And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness;' an image which the Christian doctrine of the fall in no wise calls upon the Christian thinker to consider as altogether obliterated and annulled, but as obscured, overlaid, enfeebled, and distorted. To this corresponds the doctrine of Plato. The two sides of the human soul—the divine and the animal, the spirit and the flesh—are constantly before his mind; and, from the lofty

elevation of a will in harmony with the will of God, he looks down with as benign a sadness as a Christian apostle on 'a world which lieth in wickedness.' He is no idolater of existing human nature; his faith in humanity in one sense is almost too weak; he saw too much of corrupting influences everywhere around him in the clever but unprincipled capital of Greece, to indulge any very fervid hope that his ideal republic would speedily be realized in Greece, or in any remote land of the barbarians. But he held, nevertheless, in the strongest possible way, that there is a divine spark in man, which, by proper appliances, may be blown up into a fine and fervid flame, and which, by its brilliant action, will prove before men and angels its essential affinity with the empyreal stuff of which the stars are made, and the vital virtue which resides in that great physical generator, the sun. Hereby he is at once closely allied to Christianity, and separated by a wide gulf from all those negative philosophies—of which we have had too many in these times—which seem to take a despairful pleasure in raising up an impassable barrier between the creature and the Creator, and making God—if He exist at all—the most remote idea from the familiar conception of the creature, and the most useless. Plato is not, indeed, a rash dogmatizer on the Divine nature; he always speaks on that subject with the utmost modesty and reverence: but to one point he sticks firm; the soul which rules and regulates the little world of each individual man may as certainly recognise its affinity with the soul that informs and animates the universe, as any little trembling sun on the shining expanse of mighty waters might, if it had consciousness, recognise its birth from the one great orb, the eye of day, without which all forms and all colours are impossible. Plato had no more doubt of the intimate and essential kinship of the human soul and the Divine, than a physical philosopher of the present day has of the chemical identity of a drop of water sliding down the slaty sides of Skiddaw, with the rolling currents of the Atlantic. He could not know the Christian method of restoring the Divine image in its fulness and glory, but he felt deeply that man's soul was the proper seat of that image, and that the connection might be, and should be, restored. In a certain sense, he could appeal to men,—'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.' And it is not merely in reference to morals and piety, as we receive it, but in

* An Investigation of the Trinity of Plato and of Philo Judæus; by Cæsar Morgan, D.D. Cambridge, 1853.

reference to the whole length and breadth of human capability and aspiration, that Plato takes his stand upon the pregnant proposition, that 'God created man in His own image,' and that the brightening up of that image, which now from various causes suffers obscuration, is the only proper and reasonable business of human nature, in its triple function, as cognitive, emotional, and practical. As an animal capable of knowledge, and indeed specially called to rejoice in all sorts of knowledge, man has to propose, as the grand business of his life, to rise from confused sensations to clear perceptions, from clear perceptions to probable opinions, from probable opinions to the certainty of absolute science; and this science is certain, because all true ideas or types of things—as distinguished from mere opinions about things—are necessary and eternal, proceeding from the Infinite Mind originally by a great descending process of creative construction, and recognised by each finite mind afterwards by a small ascending process of separation and combination. Knowledge of a God-created world is possible to man only because the soul of man is essentially god-like; hence all true ideas are, and must be, innate. We know only in so far as we carry in our bosoms an intellectual form, which, being kindred, naturally adapts itself to the intellectual form in which the external world is constructed. The controversy about 'innate ideas,' raised by the loose conceptions and vague phraseology of Locke, being in great part a mere battle of words, has now happily blown over; but what Plato meant by it is plain: and it is the germ out of which all his human philosophy grows. I drop the seed of a lily or a rose into good soil: the soil is necessary for its growth; so are all the gentle influences of solar heat, of genial breezes, and of atmospheric moisture; but the thing which makes it grow up into a lily or a rose, as the case may be, and into no other variety of flowery vegetation whatsoever, is no external arrangement, no accidental combination of extrinsic forces, but simply and essentially the God-implanted type of the plant—the divine idea of the plant. Now, the same divine type which, residing in a plant, makes it a lily and not a rose, and not the contrary, residing in a human being, makes one man a great musician, another man a great poet of a certain order—a Boiardo or a Dante,—a third man a great preacher—a Wesley—a Chalmers,—and so on; and, residing in human nature generally, makes all normally constituted men capable of true-thought to a certain extent, capable of true action, on a more or less lofty platform; which knowledge, and which action, in so far as they are

true, and the legitimate fruit of divinely implanted capacities, or 'innate ideas,' are essentially divine. We do not know whether any thinking person at the present day will feel inclined to deny this doctrine of innate ideas: perhaps Mr. Darwin may, and Mr. Buckle; because these men, by a portentous inversion of the natural poles of thought, don't seem to believe in any internal plastic cause at all, but only in external modifying circumstances usurping the functions of the 'Divine idea.' But one thing is certain: whosoever believes with Darwin and Mr. Buckle, is as far removed from Christianity as he is from Platonism. If all Christians, indeed, are not Platonists in this matter, it is because all Christians do not possess, and many do not care to possess, a philosophy in fine harmony and consistency with the faith which they profess. We have had very accomplished and very pious Christians in Edinburgh, for instance, who believed that Francis Jeffrey spoke oracles, when he told them that the fine effect of a Greek temple depended in no degree on the innate idea of symmetry and proportion implanted by God in the mind of the architect who raised the pile, but on some accidental bundle of associations carried about in his bosom by the smug little gentleman who admired it. And yet, probed to the bottom, there is nothing more certain than that this æsthetic theory of association was only one branch of that practical atheism which the denial of innate ideas, in Plato's sense, necessarily brings into philosophy. If there are no innate ideas, there is no possible way of bridging over the immense gulf which lies between us, finite mortals, and the infinite Something, or Nothing, or All Things, which lies beyond our circumscribed province. If we will not take God to be the father of our ideas, we can have nothing better than ourselves; and though such fatherhood does, in the meantime, flatter our vanity, it may, in the day of trial, turn out to be a very sorry parentage, of which we shall have good reason to be ashamed. We shall escape from the strong grasp of divine laws only to become a prey to capricious human fancies, and a sport to all sorts of human delusions. If we will not feed quietly on the deep, old divine truths on which the wise men of all ages have fed, we shall be condemned to amuse our morbid appetite with meretricious novelties, which may stimulate us pleasantly for a season, but will soon leave us jaded, without health, and without nourishment. There is but one true philosophy of all knowledge—the philosophy of divinely-implanted ideas. It lies at the bottom of all high art, all true poetry, and all sound theology. To unspeculative natures,

it is revealed principally in the practical form of conscience, as a test of the inherent divinity of certain emotions and actions. To those who have time and talent for philosophizing, the great expounder of its principles has ever been Plato.

As of our ideas generally, so the divine origin and authority of our emotions, passions, and instincts, is peculiarly characteristic of Platonism. Few philosophers have dared so decidedly to introduce into a system essentially intellectual, a certain co-ordinate action of the purely emotional; insomuch that, of the three kinds of love that are recognised amongst men,—animal or sensuous love, intellectual love, and Christian love,—the second generally goes under his name, even to the present hour. Of the first, the object is mere bodily beauty and physical bloom; the second may be defined a rapturous admiration of moral and intellectual excellence; while the third seems to be rather a highly potentiated feeling of human brotherhood, whereby the strong is generously constrained to help the weak, the wise to instruct the ignorant, and the happy to impart his happiness to the miserable. The necessary and evident product of Christian love is seen in the apostolic and missionary spirit,—a spirit which distinguishes it characteristically from love Platonic, and which has led to results in the moral world of which Plato could never have dreamt. The infinite pity and tenderness of an apostolic Christian soul is a thing unknown to Plato. With all its superiority to the merely animal love, of which such unblushing profession was made in Athenian society, the Platonic passion has still this in common with it, that its direct object is beauty—beauty, no doubt, in its essential character, intellectual, moral, and divine, but manifested to the moral eye in a well-compacted frame, in well-chiselled features, and in a countenance radiant with all attractiveness. But Christian love seeks not the beauty of other men, but their benefit. It goes forth like the light of the sun, with a certain divine ray of productiveness, giving every virtue to everything, and receiving nothing in return but the reflected fruits of its own benignity. This is truly a godlike function. In this Christian love we behold—what, perhaps, even Mr. Buckle might be induced to admire—the very cream of the moral nature of man—luxuriant, redundant, overflowing, fertilizing and fructifying, transforming and new-creating, after a fashion to which the whole history of human society presents no parallel. But Platonic love, though achieving no wonders of this kind, is a most excellent thing, and has its distinct representation in the loveliest phases of Christian emotion. Chris-

tian joy would be a sad thing indeed, if it consisted *only and finally* in binding the wounds of the bleeding, and pouring balm on the bitterness of the broken-hearted. Even the sainted women who shed the mild lustre of divine love into the darkest dens of London and Parisian iniquity, would not have strength to go through their godlike task, if they had nothing to look on from morn to night but those scenes of moral rottenness, and loathsomeness, and sheer putrescence. Those who are to fight most successfully with devils can only do so by keeping company more assiduously with the gods. The moral nature of man requires nourishment from the rapturous contemplation of moral excellence, just as much as the æsthetical nature does from the habitual feeding of the eye on beautiful forms and colours:—

*Costumi tanti
Bellezza eterna ed infinita grazia
Che il cor nutrice e pace e mai non sazia.*

This blissful vision of moral perfection is beautifully described by St. John, in the well-known verses, Epist. I. iii. 1; and it is here that we find the exact point of contact between Platonic love and that phase of Christian emotional life which has been generally termed Mysticism. Cold, clear, square, so-called 'practical men,' with a hammer always in one hand and a nail in the other, ready to nail two boards together, cannot comprehend this; but the thing nevertheless exists, and must be respected. A mill-stream, running with regular quietude in its well-defined bed, for the purpose of grinding the corn of the parish, is one thing; a cloud, floating in the lucid blue, with a thousand and one varieties of shifting form and hue, is another thing: but they are both beautiful things, and very useful things, each in its own way, and must be received into the heart with that fine faculty of loving appreciation in which true philosophy consists.

It is somewhat curious that this element of emotional rapture, which connects Platonic with Christian devout ecstasy, is, after all, only a very small part of the Platonic philosophy, and not at all prominent in his system. The poetic beauty and attractiveness of the two dialogues, the *Banquet* and the *Phædrus*, in which the erotic philosophy is expounded, have, no doubt, served principally to circulate those ideas about 'Platonic love,' which are found floating about more or less in the atmosphere of all modern languages. But these essays, however beautiful, cannot be looked upon, in any sense, as the most serious expositions of Platonic philosophy. How essentially Platonism is based not on emotions of any kind, but on stern

scientific notions, any one may convince himself by studying that wonderful work, the *Republic* ;* and especially the cardinal sixth and seventh books, in which the proper training of a practical philosopher or finished statesman is set forth. Here, while the direct practical bearing of the whole discussion is obvious enough, the preparation for the practical result is altogether and purely intellectual. In these books, if anywhere in the classical writings, we understand how deeply St. Paul saw into the matter when he wrote, '*The Greeks seek after wisdom.*' It is wisdom, *φρόνησις*, and wisdom alone, by which Plato hopes to save human society from the corruption into which it seems to have a tendency to fall ; to *φρόνησις*, and *φρόνησις* alone, he would apply the Gospel text, 'The light of the body is the eye : if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light,' etc. ; whereas, from the whole tone and context of the Sermon on the Mount, it would rather appear that our Lord applied this saying to singleness of purpose and purity of motive. No doubt Christianity may be presented also, and often has been presented, under the aspect of wisdom ; just as Platonism may be presented, and popularly has been presented, under the aspect of love. But the difference exists nevertheless, and is most characteristic. Christianity addresses itself at once, and with a direct imperative vehemence, to the moral and passionate nature of man. 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand !' 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' 'Woe unto you, scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites !' In this direct moral appeal, indeed, the grand power of Christian preaching lies at the present day. No logic, no dialectic, no breadth of comprehensive induction. With Plato it is quite otherwise. He preaches the necessity of conversion, indeed, as much as any apostle ; for he tells you in plain words, that you are like persons chained in a dark cave, with their backs to the entrance, and looking upon the shadows projected upon the back wall of your prison, from bodies walking in the light without, as the only real existences : unless in this case your bonds be loosed, and your stiffened joints made to turn round, and your purblind vision, accustomed to deal with darkness, be brought to look on the light, there is no hope for you.† You may be a clever talker, a brilliant

wit, a trenchant critic, a powerful demagogue ; but till you are converted to seek for wisdom, as the one thing needful, you are still 'in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.'—with all your sounding pretensions, only a blind leader of the blind, a captain of puppets, a hero in a battle of shadows. All this sounds very evangelical, and so, unquestionably, in the upshot, it is intended ; for moral regeneration is the great object of all Plato's philosophy ; but in the meantime it sounds passing strange to us, that, in order to achieve this moral excellence, the first thing to be done is to study arithmetic, then solid geometry, and then scientific music ; last of all, as the great crowning process by which the knowledge of the *τὸ ἀγαθόν* is to be reached, the dialectic process, *ἡ διαλεκτική*. Strange, we say, at first blush ; but the explanation is at hand. The man who held that virtue was practical reason, and whose peculiar and national instrument of spiritual action was reason, could hardly act otherwise. It was not in Greece, where the intellects of cultivated men were as clear, and as firm, and as stable as the piles of pillared beauty where they worshipped, that the moral teaching of any thoughtful man, not claiming any special divine mission, could proceed on any other than a strictly logical and scientific basis. The first thing, therefore, to be done, according to this Greek method, was to cultivate the habit of abstracting from the particular case, and dealing with general rules and universal principles. Arithmetic and geometry presented the most obvious means of breaking ground in this direction. Morality, or practical wisdom, was merely the application of the most general principles of social order and harmony to the life of some particular individual, or the government of some distinct society. These general principles of moral order could be reached by the dialectic exercise of the mind on the great facts of moral existence, only in the same way that the great deductions of mathematics are reached by a careful consideration of the necessary consequences of certain given limitations of space. Therefore the study of mathematics is the best preparation for virtue, if virtue is to be founded on science ; and if it is not founded on science, a proper Greek will have nothing to do with it.

So far we have proceeded in endeavouring to sketch the Platonic doctrine of the individual reason and its connection with the supreme reason. But when we touch on the third point, and inquire into the significance and destiny of human life—the explanation of the present state of human society, from past inheritance and future prospect—in this region, where the human intellect has always

* The English reader will take care to procure the excellent translation of this work, published by Macmillan of Cambridge, which has now reached a second edition. The translation by Davies, in Bohn's Collection, is detestable.

† The beautiful and eloquent passage about the cave occurs in the opening chapter of the seventh book of the *Republic*.

felt itself most in want of a supernatural interpreter, we find that Plato walks with much more uncertain tread. At the same time, it is true that here also he exhibits an affinity with Christian tendencies and aspirations, sufficient to mark him out as generically distinct from Aristotle, the Epicureans, the Stoics, and the other most famous sects of Greek philosophy. On the subject of a previous state of existence, as on our prospects of a future state, a grave, severe, analytic, and thoroughly scientific mind like Aristotle's had naturally little or nothing to say. But Plato, notwithstanding the polemical position which, in the *Republic*, he assumes to the whole bardic fraternity, being a born poet, and a poet of a high order, as the *Banquet* alone sufficiently testifies, could not confine the sweep of his grand imagination within the limited bounds of what was exactly knowable; he indulges also in grand theories and constructions both of the moral and physical world, which, from their curious composition and luxuriant garniture, have generally attracted more notice than the solid kernel of his speculations. But we must not allow ourselves to be deceived in regard to this matter. Beyond the single point of the immortality of the individual soul, which is distinctly and seriously asserted,* and supported by various subtle arguments, we must not suppose that the splendid descriptions of a previous and a future state, which are given in the *Phædrus* and the last books of the *Republic*, are anything more than magnificent draperies, hung over those parts of the building where the prospect was black, and where Dialectic would toil in vain to open out effective windows. It is notable that Plato is always most fertile in myth, and most luxuriant in imagery, where his scientific footing is least secure. Nevertheless, his confident assertion of that one point, the immortality of the individual soul (for there is not a shadow of the Brahminic doctrine of absorption in his books), serves sufficiently to mark him out, among all the Greeks, as a 'schoolmaster who should bring the Gentiles to Christ, even as Moses did the Jews.† That it 'brought life and immortality to light,' was evidently, in St. Paul's eyes, the great glory of the Gospel; and those who are best acquainted with the history of heathen sentiment on this point, will be the first to admit that the distinctness with which he asserts the immortality of the soul, if not a more subtle and profound, is certainly a more

obvious and tangible bond of connection between Plato and Christianity than his grand doctrine of the character and origin of ideas. The mass of the people in Greek and Roman times entertained the most vague and nubilous notions with regard to the state of souls after death. The *Dis Manibus* on the tombstone was a pious phrase, which practically, in most cases, had perhaps as much meaning as 'your humble servant' written by a proud Briton at the bottom of a supercilious letter in which he rails at all foreigners. The Greeks had a blissful heaven only for heroes and demigods, and a baneful hell only for murderers and other red criminals: all the rest was limbo. As for the philosophers, it is certain, both from their own writings, so far as they are extant, and from the manner in which the point is discussed in Plato, that the generality of them had no sort of notion whatsoever of the continued separate existence of human souls after death. Plato, therefore, stands, on this point, quite singularly prominent, and ought to receive heartily the right hand of fellowship from every sincere and generous Christian. As to the explanation of the present state of man, from previous events in his moral history, Plato is not so far from the Christian doctrine as might at first appear. For though he does not distinctly adopt Hesiod's myth of the four ages, and the gradual deterioration of the species from an original high position, which is substantially the Christian doctrine of the fall, he alludes casually, in not a few places, to an early age in the history of the world, when, as Pausanias and most pious heathens believed,* a pure and just race of mortals had familiar intercourse with the gods; and, besides this, he holds generally the great doctrine of the Hindoos, that the sins and miseries of the present state are to be explained as the fruit of sins committed in a previous state of existence. Now, this doctrine, though usually called by another name,—being, in fact, a part of the great doctrine of metempsychosis, which Plato adopted from the East,—is in principle substantially one with the Christian doctrine of the fall. Both imply that the present state of man is not normal, and both conclude that its abnormal phenomena are to be explained by reference to the previous existence of sin in manifestations either of the individual or of the race.

In the above remarks, in which we have confined ourselves strictly to the title of Dr. Ackermann's book, we have not taken any account of his particular doctrine on the sub-

* See particularly the last book of the *Republic*.

† A phrase used by one of the fathers, Clemens of Alexandria, we think, in reference to the Greek philosophers generally, but specially applicable to Plato.

* Pausan. viii. 2: *ὁ γὰρ ὁὗ τὸτε ἄνθρωποι ζῆνοι καὶ μορτῶνται θεοῖς ἵσαν ἐπὶ δικαιοσύνης καὶ δικαιοσύνης.*

ject which we were handling. This we will now do in a single sentence. In his chapter entitled, 'That which is clearly Christian in Plato and his philosophy,' the learned German Archdeacon states the proposition, that, '*the Christian element in Plato and Platonism presents itself in the conception of a SAVING PURPOSE.*' Now, divesting this phrase 'salvation' of all the peculiarities with which it appears stamped in the Christian scheme, and taking it only in the general sense of the redemption of human life from moral pollution, and the elevation of man's moral nature by repentance, and conformity to the Divine will, there cannot be the slightest doubt that, in this sense, there is a saving element in the Platonic philosophy. Whosoever denies this, is extremely ignorant of the actual moral power of philosophy in ancient life. Our modern notion of philosophy is apt to lead us astray in the estimate which we form of an ancient Plato or Zeno. Our modern philosopher is a speculator; either like the transcendental German, trying to gauge the Infinite, or, like the practical Briton, to analyse the Finite. With reference to them, no man would talk of the saving power of Hamilton's Lectures, for instance, or Combe's organology of the brain, or Comte's theory of human progression without God, or Buckle's explanation of the phenomena of man without the soul of man. But we might talk reasonably of the saving power of Bishop Butler's sermons. And why? Because these sermons have a directly practical object, and, even when dealing with questions of a metaphysical nature, are intended to save men from that monstrous abuse of reason which delights in proving that a man is not a man, but a beast, and that whatsoever the best types of our race have rejoiced in, as most characteristically human, is a puerile delusion, which, like the belief in ghosts, and ogres, and fairies, ought to be deliberately abandoned by all men of adult intellect. Now, in this sense, the philosophy of Plato, like that of his master Socrates, has distinctly both a saving purpose and a saving power. It was by extraordinary sanctity of life, as much as by remarkable subtlety of speculation, that the great successors of Plato in the Academy were principally known. Xenocrates, the second in descent from Plato—'that severe Xenocrates,' as the Italian poet calls him—showed the depth of his moral earnestness by the famous saying, so thoroughly evangelical in its spirit, that 'it comes to the same thing in a moral point of view, whether one casts longing eyes or invasive hands upon the property of another.*' And his illustrious

disciple Polemon was converted from a life of debauchery to one of severe sanctitude, in a manner and with results of which there can be no more reason to doubt, than there is of the sincerity and moral value of the most notable conversions of modern times.* Plato, therefore, we shall say, was, like Noah, 'a preacher of righteousness;' and Socrates was a city missionary. But the same can be said of Zeno, and even of Aristotle to a certain extent;† perhaps of some of the better class of Epicureans also. We do not see, therefore, with what propriety Dr. Ackermann gives such a prominent place to this 'saving purpose' in his characteristic of the philosophy of Plato. We have, accordingly, taken the liberty to let this point drop altogether, and attempted a sketch of 'the Christian element in Plato,' from our own independent point of view. The reader will, of course, understand that we have only given the grand lines of the points of resemblance, neither concerning ourselves with accessory details, nor constantly putting in those small caveats and qualifications which all general statements more or less require. Much less will any reasonable person imagine that we had the most remote intention of exhausting the contents of Christianity, while we were presenting its points of identity with Platonism, as distinguished both from heathenism and other philosophies. Those points of Christianity which are *not* to be found in Plato, and which embrace some of its most distinctive truths, the Christian reader will easily supply.

In conclusion, we have to remark that Dr. Ackermann's work, with the exception of a very few inelegant words,‡ has been translated with remarkable taste and judgment; and though we do not think it will suit the English atmosphere so well as Butler's lectures, it is yet a valuable book, full of sound learning, suggestive thought, and moral elevation. It will assert an honourable place in every well-furnished philosophical or theological library.

ART. IV.—1. *Annuaire des Deux Mondes.*
1860.

2. *Miscellaneous Papers published by the Spanish Government.*

THERE has suddenly arisen, almost throughout Europe, a deep interest concerning Spain.

* Valerius Maximus, vi. 9.

† Of the saving power of Aristotle's Ethics, the great text-book of moral philosophy in Oxford, we think there can be no doubt.

‡ 'Concretization' is one. P. 247.

* Aelian. V. H. xiv. 42. Compare Matt. v. 28.

All men—for Mr. Buckle and his theories may be left out of account—regard her as a rising, or rather as a reviving, state. They see her developing herself more stealthily and slowly, but not less surely, than Italy. Many, more sanguine than the rest, or whose watches, as Talleyrand would say, go faster than those of others, declare that she is about to become a Great Power. This may be an exaggerated expectation; but it has a substantial basis of truth. Forty years ago, Byron's saying, 'There is no hope for nations,' was deemed trite enough to be a truism. Now, on the contrary in 1861, the revival of nations has become too common a fact to allow the theory of their new birth to remain a paradox. National resurrection has thus become a leading article of the faith political.

Spain, then, is a clear instance of the operation of this principle. 'This great, and now at last free people,' says Mr. Mill in his *Representative Government*, 'are entering into the general movement of European progress with a vigour which bids fair to make up rapidly the ground they have lost.' No one can doubt what Spanish intellect and energy are capable of; and their faults, as a people, are chiefly those for which freedom and industrial ardour are a real specific.

The civil government of Spain, till lately long tyrannical, has become comparatively free. Her ecclesiastical tyranny, the last bondage to be relaxed, is growing less and less severe. Her disorganized bandits, who never lost the name of an army, are regaining some show of discipline and military science. Ships of war of considerable magnitude are being built both in Spanish dockyards, and in English dockyards for the Spanish flag. The foreign trade of the country is fast increasing. The domestic production and the domestic consumption of the country are also increasing, and at much the same pace. The want of money for improvements has been supplied in part by the sale of Church and Crown lands. Roads are thus being bestowed on a country which, until lately, possessed few, and railways on a country which had none. Productive mines are being worked meanwhile chiefly by English capital, as railways are being constructed in great measure with French capital. In addition to this, Spain has, for the first time, a strong administration under a representative polity.

The 'rise of Spain,' of which we now hear so much, is but a deduction from these facts. Much as the result has startled Europe, it would have been more surprising if such a result had not taken place. Yet Spain used to be called a doomed country, as the unfortunate wits of Vienna were wont to call Italy

a geographical expression. But why? Apparently for no other reason than that Spain experienced during this century, first an era of foreign rapine, next an era of domestic tyranny by both State and Church, and finally an era of civil war. But as revolution was the natural result of tyranny, and civil war of revolution, so the cause for which the civil war began tended to wear out the civil war itself, and to institute in place of it a system reflecting its own principles. Hesiod's Erebus and Night, which sprang from Chaos, produced Air and Day in their turn.

The truth is, that Spain has never required anything but good government to render her one of the first nations of the earth. A national legend shows that this has long been a general notion in the country itself. When Santiago presented Ferdinand III. to the Virgin after his death, the spirit of the sainted king pleaded various requests on behalf of his country. These were freely conceded, until the soul of Ferdinand at length prayed that Spain might enjoy a good administration. But the Virgin peremptorily refused this demand, alleging that, if it were granted, 'not one angel would remain a day longer in heaven.' This tradition, so consolatory to the egotism of the national mind, has its mixture of truth. In Spain, while there exists everything to constitute at any rate a Mohammedan's paradise, there is everything to develop material prosperity. The elements of wealth lie everywhere profusely around the steps of a traveller. But he sees either the elements only, as in some parts of Spain, or the elements half applied, as in others. The country is, however, though differing greatly in different provinces, on the whole the most productive by nature—that is to say, the most susceptible of production—in Europe. The soil is commonly as fertile as in the Christian principalities of European Turkey, which have fed Europe in nearly all ages of her history. It is more amply intersected by navigable rivers, running into different seas, than any other country of the same area and configuration. Its shores command the Bay of Biscay, the immediate Atlantic, the channel which divides it from Morocco, and the Tyrrhene Sea which divides it from Italy. Here are all the elements for great power of production, for great recklessness of consumption, for extensive foreign commerce by sea, both in its yieldings and in its wants, for a great commercial navy, and for a great military navy. But these results, nevertheless, have not been attained for want of industry and due administrative direction. God made seas and rivers, but man makes roads and railways.

This is more or less true of every age of

Spanish history. Spain, as every one knows, once had a considerable navy of both sorts; and both, during this century, pretty nearly disappeared. But she never possessed a great trade in her own productions and consumptions. On the contrary, the interchange between Spanish and foreign shores was comparatively insignificant. The chief wealth of Spain was obtained by her as a maritime carrier for other nations. Thus, when such nations began to compete for the carriage which Spain was for a while monopolizing, and she had no intrinsic wealth of her own to support her commerce on the sea, it was quite as likely that they would rob her of it as not. This may be taken as some indication of the truth, that the commerce of Spain in former periods, which a superficial glance seems to detect as magnificent, rested all the while on a precarious basis, and was almost altogether extrinsic.

No reader can require that we should trace historically the fact, that the normal condition of Spain has been a warlike condition. That country has been so continually harassed by hostilities, that any great development of industry had become impossible. Wars between the Christian princes and the Moors—wars between the different kingdoms of which Spain long consisted—wars with foreign powers, waged in the name of the Spanish succession on the Spanish soil—domestic wars waged on the same principle, or for the same pretext—have followed each other much too quickly for either confidence to be restored, capital applied, or reforms worked out. This is the simple explanation of the fact, that while the cities and open country of France and England have advanced so rapidly, the condition of the interior of Spain has been more or less stationary. Meantime prosperity was confined to the sea-board; and as there was little sent from the interior to be exported, the enterprising inhabitants of maritime cities sought to be carriers of the wealth which their own country neither produced nor required.

If, then, the Government of Spain long continue as firm and as peaceful as it now is, it is likely that the country will become intrinsically more wealthy and prosperous than it ever has yet been. Spain may never regain that maritime monopoly which she once wrested from the backwardness of other states; but she may accumulate far greater domestic wealth than she possessed in the greatest periods of her seafaring history. All this now depends on her possession of a Government at once intelligent and strong—one which will adopt the most expansive policy, and is able to carry out its own will. The O'Donnell Administration bears some

promise of fulfilling this double condition. Its campaign in Morocco has given it a prestige, which places it in a position altogether distinct from every previous administration of Isabella. The Prime Minister of Spain was the victor in the field of battle, and the captor of Tetuan. O'Donnell is now apparently beyond the reach of hostile majorities in the Chambers, and of hostile camarillas at the Palace. The country has imbibed enthusiasm from the result of the campaign, and entertains every disposition to confide the future of the State to the Marshal Duke of Tetuan. An important reacquisition of the Spanish Crown has since been made: one-half of St. Domingo has fallen again to the House of Castile. And what does it propose now to do in Mexico?

But it will be very long before Spain can return to the position of one of the Great Powers of Europe. In order to stand upon even a conventional equality with Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria, or Russia, she must be a great maritime state. Her fleets must be at least equal to those which she possessed before the battle of Trafalgar. The reason is obvious, for it is simply a geographical one. Her configuration cuts her off from all territorial communication with the rest of Europe excepting through France. And the French military power is so great, and the frontier afforded by the Pyrenees so strong, as nearly to destroy the political influence of any military force that it would be possible for Spain to acquire, except, indeed, in the improbable event of a European coalition against France. Spain is nearly as much isolated by the Pyrenees as England is by the German Ocean. Spain could be no more influential in Europe from her military organization, without a navy, than England. With a powerful fleet, on the other hand, she might not only threaten every coast by sea, but land her armies wherever she had an injury to avenge. But without such a navy, those armies, let them be what they may, would be liable to be cooped up in her own dominions during any war that she might wage. The time must be distant before Spain can rebuild the fleets which she has lost. But the sea is the theatre of her contingent strength; and no military armaments will ever afford her even one-half of the European position that is now held by the cabinet of Turin.

There is another and more solid cause, at present unnoticed, of the long want of prosperity in Spain. Wars and revolutions have been rather effects than causes. The want of union, the want of nationality, or, more correctly, of a nationality co-extensive with Spain, have produced the disorders, which in turn have borne adversity as their fruit. The

truth is that in order to form a due conception of what Spain has always been in her internal relations, we must look upon her as a cluster of petty nations. Regard Spain from what point of view you will, and the same conclusion substantially presents itself. In a national sense, a Spain has never—or never hitherto at least—existed. A presumptive instance of this may be taken in the fact, that nowhere is there any national capital of Spain. Russia has her Moscow, France her Paris, Italy her Rome, Poland has her Warsaw. But Madrid is a modern city, without traditions, without veneration, without being popularly recognised as a capital even in Castile. Nor is there any city to supply, as it were, the wants of Madrid, as Moscow supplies the wants of St. Petersburg. The national capitals of Spain are the chief cities of so many provinces. They are centres of nationality, but the nationality not of Spaniards, but of Catalonians, of Valencians, of Andalucians, and of Gallicians.

Indeed political union has long existed amid the most marked social and national disunion. The polity of the State has been too comprehensive for the public feeling. Spain has been no more a homogeneous state than Austria herself. The provinces have resented their bondage under a common monarchy. They have continually endeavoured to break in upon the centralization of the Spanish Government, and to be ruled by a king in Navarre, a king in Arragon, and a republic in Catalonia. This state of feeling in the different provinces of Spain simply represents the fact, that intercommunication has not advanced far enough to lay the basis of an effective centralization. In France, very much the same state of things once obtained that we have in our own day witnessed in Spain. But in the former country, intercourse has worn out these distinctions; and France has long been essentially the one and indivisible nation, which even she was not during the Middle Ages. But the provinces of Spain have meanwhile been separated from one another by mountains, by a want of roads, by an inverse prevalence of robbers, which have together nursed all their social idiosyncrasies and their historical antipathies. Hence the disunion, the domestic wars, and the incapacity to resist their common opponents, which have transformed modern Spanish history into a calendar of revolutions.

But there are already signs that these rigid social and national demarcations between the different provinces are slowly passing away. The civil war itself, without

effacing them, certainly did much to reduce their importance. There was one party to acknowledge the Carlists, and another to acknowledge the Queenites, in almost every province. The partisans of each cause found allies beyond the limits of their particular province. Besides this active sympathy while the war continued, the Governments of Queen Isabella afterwards established throughout the country a uniform system of polity, which violated historical traditions, and assimilated political idiosyncrasies. Even in Spain, too, education has done something. It has tended to lessen national intolerance as well as religious intolerance. The centralization of the Government is now contributing to the same result; and the increase of roads and railways, which present the labour of the last few years, is working out the same aggregating influence which it presents elsewhere.

The picture, therefore, of governments and of nationalities which we have drawn, must now be regarded as having undergone considerable modification. Spain certainly is not yet a homogeneous nation; but the component nationalities of that kingdom no longer present the sharp contradistinction which existed between them twenty years ago. The progress of the country has since been conspicuous enough to warrant a belief that, in the lifetime of some of the present generation, the inhabitants will find themselves one people. It would at this day be a fair comparison to describe Spain as a country that has advanced, in point of national unity, midway between the Austrian empire, on the one hand, and the Italian kingdom, on the other. The Spaniards are no longer marked by the violent international antipathies that exist in the former state, while they have not yet arrived at that spirit of common patriotism and desire for fusion into one nation, as well as into one government, that already marks the other. If Andalusia deemed the Court of Madrid slighted by a foreign power, jointly with Castile, she would make common cause with Castile; but a large proportion of her inhabitants would still desire a Parliament of their own.

Our object hitherto has been to trace the course by which Spain has risen from her revolutionary degradation to the comparatively dignified position which she now holds. The political system established by the termination of the civil war was widely different in practice from what it was in theory. What we commonly understand by the very inaccurate term, Constitutional Government, was nominally recognised; and the different constitutions already experienced during the reign of Isabella have not been wanting, like

the mock representations of the Bonapartes, the Hapsburgs, and the Hohenzollerns, either in the scope of the constituency or the freedom of their choice. It was scarcely, therefore, the direct agency of the Crown which so often debarred the Spanish representatives of the free exercise of their rights. The chief source of political insecurity was to be found in the army and in its leaders. The victorious generals who had subdued the Carlists, aimed next to conquer the revolution itself. Each military leader who could rely upon a considerable body of troops—and the whole Spanish army, until lately, did not exceed 80,000 men, this being considerably less than the army of Belgium is now—aspired to effect a loyal usurpation, to dissolve the existing administration by a dash at the capital, to become President of the Council, and to rule in the name of the Queen. No sooner had these generals achieved in turn this sort of subordinate revolution, than they bribed a majority of the Chambers—some with offices, and some in cash. Or, if the Assemblies were either more truculent or less venal than the usurper of the hour had anticipated, he cut the Gordian knot by the rough expedient of a dissolution. There could be no national progress while the Government was in the hands of an army who were perhaps neither filibusters, banditti, nor pirates, but something between the three.

The recital of a very few figures will suffice to afford a pretty clear view of the revolutionary state of the country, even where the throne of Isabella was not in dispute. Since the establishment of the present dynasty in 1834, there have been four constitutions and twenty-eight Parliaments. There have been in the same period, 47 Prime Ministers, 529 Departmental Ministers, and 78 Ministers of the Interior alone. These changes serve as an earnest of the truth, that the history of Spain during our own day has been a history of intrigue, military revolt, factious opposition, factious triumph, political insecurity, and moral degradation.

Thus far we have described the changes that have taken place at the capital, and the relations of the provinces towards the ruling power, if the phrase be not altogether a misnomer. But, at the same time, an equally important change was slowly and silently taking place in the social character of the people themselves. The soil was being subdivided into infinitesimal estates, much as the French soil had been subdivided a generation or two before. The same mania for what continental nations term proprietorship, that was prevailing in France and Prussia, began to prevail in Spain also. It would, however, be impossible to attempt to state the number

of landowners with accuracy, although Spanish statistics are not wanting for the purpose. These statistics fix the number at five millions; but as the population of Spain, according to the census of 1857, amounts to barely fifteen millions and a half, the ratio of landowners would be greater than the ratio of the adult male population to the total population. Such figures are obviously absurd; but it is just possible that the returns of proprietorships may have been furnished by the *alcalde* of each village, and that the careless statisticians of Madrid may have published the total of these returns of separate proprietorships as equivalent to the total number of proprietors. But, be this as it may, it is certain that the number of the peasantry in possession of the fee-simple of the Spanish soil is already immense, and is still increasing.

While, however, Spain has thus followed the example of France, she still possesses a considerable landed aristocracy, almost unknown to France. Towards this body, her successive Governments, inconsistent with each other in almost everything else, have acted with consistent impolicy. They have studiously withheld from them nearly all the great offices of State. No doubt, a considerable portion of the landed and entitled aristocracy were compromised by participation in the Carlist cause. But many, again, were on the side of the Queen. Yet the offices which our own Government reserves for the leading members of our aristocracy, the Spanish Government almost invariably conferred on the most noisy delegates in Chambers of Deputies. Territorial influence in the provinces ceased to be a qualification for what we term the lord-lieutenancies of counties; but political influence in the chambers was a certain one. The office of *Gefe Politico*, or political chief of a province, fell to the lot of the most clamorous Republican—perhaps without an acre of land in his possession—that such cities as Cadiz or Barcelona could send to represent them in the Chambers. To suppose Mr. Bright Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire, or Mr. William Williams Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey, would be to institute an imaginary comparison that would fall far short of the mark. British parliamentary democrats (if we except the gentlemen of the Brass Band) are commonly men of capital—let them agitate as much as they may. But the *Gefe Politico* was commonly, not only an agitating democrat, but a man of straw into the bargain.

The cardinal error of Spanish administration is closely connected with the absence of the large landowners, of which we have heard much. The successive ministries of Spain

have defended their choice of Geses on this fact; and if the plea could be sustained, their defence would, no doubt, be satisfactory and complete. But, except as regards the exiles of the revolution, they simply put the cart before the horse. That portion of the Spanish landed aristocracy that were not affected to the Carlist cause, never ceased to have their choice whether they would live upon their estates or not. There can be no doubt that, if they had been treated with the consideration which they regarded as due to their position, they would have had every reason to remain in the country, and to divide their year between Madrid and the province in which their lands lay. But they were too proud to witness poor and corrupt demagogues placed in the viceregal positions that their order had before filled. They accordingly expatriated themselves, and a great proportion of them lived in foreign capitals. They surrendered their country to what they deemed the orgies of a revolution that they could not stay; but, at the same time, they took care to draw their revenues from their land. Thus they became known in the provinces only by the exactions committed by their agents in their names. An absent landlord, too, rarely thinks of expending any portion of his income on the improvement of his property; and thus, while the tenants were ground down, the land deteriorated. As the landlord, through his agent, grew more rapacious, the tenant grew poorer. In this way, of course, the very principle of aristocracy became hateful to the people.

But a few years ago we returned from a visit to Spain with the deliberate conviction, that that country had yet to become the scene of the great French Revolution. Nothing then struck us as more probable. The peasantry seemed about to rise against the common pressure of a present Government and an absent aristocracy. The towns, meanwhile, were growing apparently more and more democratic. Taxation rose and wealth declined. Honest men detested the Government for crimes that were as true of one administration as of another. Men who cared only for their mercantile gains were equally opposed to a system which destroyed confidence in commercial transactions. We believe that if it had been possible for Spain to have possessed the communications that France possesses now, or even her roads without her railways, and yet to have remained otherwise in the same social and political position, the event referred to must have happened before the recent reforming policy of the Government had begun. The sympathy between the provinces and the great cities wanted only the development of

rapid unity of action; and that unity of action was defeated only by a want of rapid communications. In this way the provinces and the great cities continued to be isolated; and the Government contrived to defeat a hostility that had no national organization.

We have already glanced at the change of public life that has defeated this expectation. The moment of reform was a critical one for the existence of monarchical institutions; but we believe that the danger of revolution has principally passed away; and it is now a more apposite, as well as a more grateful task, to trace the capabilities than the dangers of the country.

We must clear the way by a word touching territory and population, which rank among the main conditions of all national development. The area of Spain is little inferior to that of France; and the soil, as we have already indicated, is commonly more fertile, almost beyond comparison; although there is in the former country an extent of mountain and other waste land unknown to the latter. But with all this approach to equality of Spain in point of area, and this general superiority in point of fertility, the Spanish population continues to be less than one-half of the French. Indeed, Spain is remarkable for having been one of the most stationary of countries in the number of her inhabitants. It appears from tolerably authoritative figures, that the Spanish population in 1768—now ninety-three years ago—was 9,151,999; and some twenty years afterwards, in 1786, it had risen to 10,268,150. Yet, during the sixty years that followed, 1787—1846, the numerical increase was less than twenty per cent. In the latter year it had reached only 12,162,000; and, indeed, this census is less by one hundred thousand than that which was returned before the civil war began. The losses in battle, and the pauperizing influence of civil commotion, may in some degree account for this result. But in 1857, the census, as we have said, was returned at 15,464,000; and, though strict accuracy cannot be insisted upon in these documents, they may be taken to indicate pretty nearly the gradual increase of the population.

But the Spanish soil, if well cultivated, would probably find itself able to support four times these numbers. Were Spain as populous as Belgium in proportion to her area, her inhabitants would number 70,000,000. Nor can any one doubt that the Spanish soil is commonly quite as fertile as the Belgian; while both the indigenous and imported products are quite as conducive to agricultural and manufacturing industry. We may, therefore, assume that the only intrinsic

limit to the growth of the Spanish population within those figures is to be found in the conduct of the people and the Government; and that, so far, the national activity must be the measure of the increase. We must not forget, however, that the French population presents at this moment a remarkable exception to the commonly accurate doctrine, that the population of a country tends to be regulated by its means of support for them.

Spain and Portugal are at this day the two most imperfectly peopled countries in the west of Europe. They together contain fully the area of France; yet they possess together barely half her population. The area of Spain alone is far larger than that of Italy and Sicily, yet it contains but three-fifths of their population. The Low Countries, without one-sixth of the area of Spain, possess two-thirds of her population. It is quite conceivable that Spain may yet become a formidable nation in point of numbers, as well as of production, commerce, and armaments.

We shall here offer some analysis of these fifteen millions and a half, so far as figures are reliable. The clergy, in the first place, have been greatly reduced by successive enactments—some of them long previous to the Carlist Revolution. It appears that, a century ago, the regulars and seculars together amounted to not less than 209,000. This almost incredible number was reduced at the period of the French Revolution to 180,000; yet, whatever were the further reductions during the French invasion of Spain, the numbers were soon restored under the superstitious reign of Ferdinand VII. But the anti-Carlist Revolution gradually uncloistered the regulars and diminished the seculars, until the Spanish Concordat of 1858 with the Papal See more or less precisely fixed their future number. Since that time there are computed to be about 42,000 ecclesiastics of all classes.

It is laid down in the statistics which we have already challenged, that there are two million and a half owners of land in country districts, and two million owners of house-property in the towns. But, for reasons already stated, we believe these numbers to be fully double of the truth; and the total number of proprietors to fall short of two millions. Probably among them the computation of 800,000 owners of flocks is not exaggerated; and the number of peasantry who are not possessed of the fee-simple of the land, which has been reckoned at no more than 600,000, amounts more nearly to 1,000,000. The merchants of all classes amount, we believe, to as many as 120,000; but in this generic description we must include that undignified

class who are little above the rank of pedlars. The skilled artisans may be some 60,000; and the factory men, engaged in either Barcelona or other cities of Catalonia, may number 150,000.

The nobility have undergone much the same modification as the clergy. Formerly they numbered one twelfth of the whole population. They were exempt from taxation, and held other privileges. Imagine a country in which one man in twelve was a noble—he being probably the only rich man among the twelve,—and he alone exempt from public burdens! It appears that at the period at which the clergy exceeded 200,000, the privileged laity amounted to 844,000. Of these, some 90,000 were free of taxation on account of their offices in the State, and a few more as the servants of the Inquisition; but there were not less than 750,000 free from taxation on the ground of nobility. At this day, however, the number of entitled nobles is in no great disproportion with those of the United Kingdom. This number, erroneously computed by the number of titles extant, has been stated to be 1456; and to consist of 81 Dukes, 675 Marquesses, 539 Counts, 73 Viscounts, and 61 Barons. But, as many of these peers hold several titles each, it is probable that the Spanish entitled aristocracy does not exceed 500, or at the utmost 600. Privilege in respect of taxation is now extinct.

This rapid view of the social constitution of Spain at the present day gives us the picture of a half-aristocratic, half-republican society, which has realized one great condition of freedom by destroying the unjust exemptions of particular classes, and has advanced even towards democracy by parting out the bulk of the fee-simple among the peasantry. But although the territorial subdivision, which has formed a large part of the change of which we now speak, has been carried to a degree injurious to the interests of agriculture, there can be no doubt that there results from these reforms an immense balance of advantage; and now that government at once firm and free has been in great measure established, the question of the immediate future of Spain is more than ever a financial one. Money is the great want of the hour. Whatever is done, must be done more or less by the State. The poverty of the landowners compels the State to assume a large part in the agricultural improvement of the day, as though it were joint-tenant as well as lord paramount. The primarily unremunerative character of railway enterprise requires the State to give either guarantees of interest or capital for construction. Even the roads—which are such that Queen Isabella, who left Madrid last year for Burgos to

see the eclipse, was compelled to turn back and relinquish her intention—are only to be adequately repaired by public aid.

Finance, being thus the axis of further reform, next invites consideration. The commercial improvement of the country can hardly be said to find a reflux in the financial situation of the Government. The ordinary expenditure is continually, and even largely, in excess of the revenue. It is not that the revenue has declined; on the contrary, it inevitably follows, from the increase of national wealth, that the same scale of taxation which prevailed in 1850 would yield a considerably larger revenue in 1860. But the expenditure increases more rapidly than the revenue. Thus there is an annually augmenting deficit. This state of things impairs the credit of the Government, while the general credit of men of capital in the leading marts of Spain is improving. We will take M. Salaverria's budget for 1859 as an example. The later budget of 1860 would hardly serve the purpose of comparison with the expenditure; for 1860 was the principal year of the Moorish war. In 1859, then, M. Salaverria successively brought forward two budgets—an original and a supplementary one. The former was accompanied by a table of estimated receipts; and, according to the transparent artifice of nearly all continental Ministers of Finance, a small balance to the treasury was made out on paper. The expenditure was computed at 1,786,000,000 reals, and the revenue at 1,794,000,000. A balance of eight million reals, or about £80,000 of our money, was thus shown. Now, even of the original truthfulness of such figures we are extremely suspicious. Whether we turn to the French Government, to the Austrian, to the Prussian, or to the Russian, we find this invariable petty balance in favour of the revenue. Yet we have the best reason to believe that all these Governments are largely overspending their revenue, and we all know that Austria is bankrupt. The temptation to the Minister of Finance under a continental Government appears to be irresistible: both ends must be made to meet. M. Salaverria, however, was more unfortunate than M. de Forcade at Paris, or even than M. Bruck at Vienna; for the original Spanish budget of 1859 had not long appeared when he was compelled to submit to the Chambers a supplementary one to the extent of 265,000,000 reals, or something more than £2,000,000 sterling.

If we were to measure the expenditure of the Spanish Government by the expenditure of the French, or even by our own, it would at first sight appear comparatively moderate. Both the original and the supplementary

budgets of expenditure do not together amount to more than £20,000,000 sterling, whereas the French expenditure exceeds £70,000,000, while the British falls not far short of it; and the Spanish population now amounts to nearly one-half of the amount of the French. It is, however, not only more than the Spanish Government can afford; but it does not comprehend the whole of the annual payments for what are commonly regarded as ordinary objects of public expenditure. We shall presently refer in some detail to the yieldings of the Church and Crown lands that are still in process of sale. The nominal application of the money thus obtained is to 'public works and material reforms;' and under this head we commonly class railways, roads, drainage, etc. But the Spanish Government thinks its navy also a 'public work,' and shipbuilding a 'material reform;' and its shipbuilding expenditure is mainly or largely defrayed by the sales of land. At this rate, a considerable addition to the current expenditure must be allowed for.

The Spanish budget, however, both presents the gross expenditure, and includes the interest on a heavy debt. Between the expenses of collection and the dividends to the bondholders, nearly one-half of the two milliards of reals constituting the annual expenditure disappears. The interest on the debt amounts to 551,000,000 reals, or £5,300,000; and the expense of the Ministry of Finance to 420,000,000 reals, or £4,000,000. But between ten and eleven millions sterling are thus left for the ordinary expenses of Government. Of these, the army costs somewhat over £3,000,000, and the navy rather less than £1,000,000. The remainder is absorbed in expenses of civil administration (exclusively of revenue charges). Here, however, we are dealing only with the original budget; and, although we have not the details of the supplementary budget of £2,000,000 before us, there can be little doubt that it refers, like the supplementary budgets of most countries, to naval and military expenditure. It is to be observed that the civil charges to which we have just referred do not include either Education or Public Worship. The Church is in part supported by the *culto y clero* tax—a local charge levied by the parochial alcalde, and in part by a payment from the Government, which, through a singular process, falls under the head of interest on the public debt. For when the State impropriated and sold the lands of the Church, it engaged to pay the Church a three per cent. interest on the sums which should be realized; or, at any rate, it entered into such an engagement in respect of the lands of the secular clergy, and of as

many of the convents of the regular orders as it permitted to survive. The State thus theoretically accepted the proceeds of a debt; and even if it did not pay this interest in full, which there is good reason to doubt, the burden of the Church Establishment would partially fall upon it, as the whole burden of a Church Establishment devolves on the Government in France.

It is of some importance to compare the charges in the original budget for the navy with the activity evinced by the Government in building ships of war, at a juncture of European affairs in which our own maritime ascendancy is threatened by the rise of several naval powers. Both in French and English dock-yards, as well as in the Spanish, ships of war are now being built for the service of the Spanish Government; and it is acknowledged that the proceeds of the sales in question have been largely applied to this object. It is now becoming a political question of growing importance to this country, whether our superiority in the construction of ships of war and marine engines ought not to be jealously reserved for our own benefit. The expediency of protection may linger in the affairs of war when it has been long exploded in commerce.

But to return to the financial question. We have seen that there exists no equilibrium between revenue and expenditure; and this fact will in itself explain the necessity under which the Government has acted, in obtaining the sums demanded by its public works from the sales of property rather than by loans. The credit of Government, but just now firmly established, and continually over-spending its income, would have been incompatible with the contraction of a loan in the requisite degree, except at a ruinous rate of interest; indeed, it would probably have proved impossible to float such a loan at any time in any foreign market. One of the first ministries of Christina, therefore, in 1835, hit upon the expedient of sequestering the lands of the Church as well as of the Crown, and of establishing, by enactment of the *Estatuto Real*, the title of the Executive to their possession and sale, in trust for the advancement of the country. Subsequent legislative enactments and orders in council alternately developed or suspended this policy, according to the predominance of Liberal or Ultramontane interests at Madrid. But the measure with which we are now chiefly concerned is the law of 1st April 1859, the project of the O'Donnell Ministry. In addition to the original and supplementary budget for that year, a scheme was propounded, early in the session of 1859, for the raising of 2,000,000,000 reals, or something less than £20,000,000

sterling, to be expended on public works in the course of the eight following years, terminating in 1867. The lands in mortmain were to be sold during this period; and, pending the liquidation, the Treasury was authorized to issue bonds, for which a public subscription was opened, to whatever amount might be necessary. These bonds were issued in a manner similar to those which have in the meantime been brought forward by the French Government, though they have been subject to the important distinction, that the latter were issued on the credit of the borrowers alone.

The two milliards of reals, for which the acceptance of this measure gave the Executive a vote for a period of eight years, was to be applied in the following proportions. One-half of it was to be assigned to the Ministry of Public Works, with especial reference to the construction of railways. The remaining half was chiefly to be divided between fortification and shipbuilding. A sum of 350,000,000 reals was assigned to the Ministry of War, and a further sum of 450,000,000 reals to the Ministry of Marine. The remaining 200,000,000 reals were to be divided between the three Civil Ministers of Justice, Interior, and Finance. A resort to such means for the establishment of national armaments, as well as for the furtherance of reproductive works, carries a significance which no foreign Government can ignore; but the nearly equal distribution between army and navy of the amount set apart for the former object, entitles us to assume that the Spanish Government has here acted according to its own sense of independence, and not under that French dictation to which many believe it to be subject. If Spain were under the control of France, her armaments would be promoted exclusively by sea. The increase of her military fortifications would certainly form no part of her public policy.

Spain has for a long period been constructing additional roads. It is calculated that during the last half century the Government has expended, on an average, £160,000 a-year upon them. Yet Spain is even at this day a country but half intersected with means of communication, and those that exist are, as we have already said, with but few exceptions, of the worst description. The roads radiating from the capital amount to 4500 miles, the transverse roads to another 1000, and what Spanish statisticians distinguish as 'local roads,' to about 800 more. In addition to this, there are roads to the extent of 4000 miles either in course of construction or in design. But the distinctions drawn in respect of these additional 4000 miles of road are ludicrous enough. We are told that

there are so many miles 'in construction,' so many 'in project,' so many 'in course of design,' and, finally, so many 'not yet in course of design!' It may be assumed, therefore, that a long period will expire before the whole of this addition to Spanish communications will be complete. The estimated expenditure for the 4000 miles is 650 millions of reals, or about £6,000,000 sterling; but a great proportion of the charge is to be defrayed by local charges, the Executive apparently not being at present responsible to the extent of more than one-third of the whole.

Meanwhile, however, the railway movement has altogether surpassed the progress of the new roads. But a few years ago, there was scarcely a single railway throughout the Spanish dominions. We now find, however, that at the beginning of this year there were fully 1500 miles of railway in actual working, and nearly 800 more in course of construction. Over and above these 2300 miles, concessions had been made by the Government to the extent of 1600 miles. The estimated expense of this total of some 4000 miles of railway, in working, in construction, and in design, is nearly five milliards of reals, or five times the amount which the Spanish Government have set apart under the sale of the lands in mortmain. Judging, moreover, from the history of nearly all railway enterprises, there is reason to apprehend that the actual expenditure will largely exceed the estimate. Railway construction is, for obvious reasons, unusually expensive in Spain. That country is probably more intersected by mountains than any other in Europe. If the original system of railway construction, which required a uniform level, had not been now exploded, long and uninterrupted lines, in that country, would have been impracticable. It is now, however, found possible to work railways at inclines equal to those common in many mail-coach roads; and the line between Vienna and Trieste is a remarkable instance of the degree of incline of which railway communication is susceptible. But the majority of the great continental railways with which our countrymen are familiar pass through flat countries. France and Germany, generally speaking, possess a nearly level surface. From Ostend or from Calais, for instance, you may travel to Berlin, or even into Poland, almost without encountering an appreciable undulation in the soil. We anticipate, therefore, that the railway network now in course of weaving in the Spanish peninsula will involve a cost far more than proportionate to the ordinary cost of continental railways, although labour is cheap and timber abundant.

These railways have, for the most part,

been devised by companies, which have undertaken to construct them on the condition of receiving certain payments from the State. These payments are not in any case designed as equivalents, or even approximate equivalents, to the expense of construction; neither has the Spanish Government acted generally on the principle of our Indian Government, which has given the shareholders of the Indian railways a guarantee of a five per cent. interest. The assistance of the Spanish Government is lent apparently in four distinct modes. In some cases, the Government has paid what is termed a 'lump sum' on account of a particular line; in some, it promises so much annually to a company; in others, it has paid in a given ratio per kilomètre; and again, in a few instances, it has guaranteed a rate of interest to the shareholders.

The highest mileage subvention granted by the Government is at a rate of 444,000 reals per kilomètre: this is equivalent to about L.6000 per mile; and it applies in the case only of the railways traversing the most mountainous districts. In more level districts, this subvention falls as low as L.1500 per mile. It will be seen at a glance that such a degree of assistance would still leave the bulk of the expenditure to be defrayed by the companies.—The highest 'lump sum' paid to a company is 228 millions of reals, and applies in the case of the Manzanarès and Granada railway.

It is, however, a highly satisfactory indication of the confidence now prevailing in Spain, that several lines of railway are in construction, and one or two actually in working without any assistance from the State. Of either class, there are eleven thus brought into existence wholly by private enterprise. They are short lines, extending in all to 240 miles; and of this proportion fully 70 miles are now in daily working.

It is probable that extensive demands will yet be made both upon private speculation and upon the Government of the country, to fill the hiatus which every man must anticipate between the estimate and the actual expenditure. The State cannot permit these great projects, on which it has entered with so much energy, to fail for want of adequate resources; and yet we venture to predict that the present resources are altogether insufficient.

It is needless for us, in turning to the counterpart of this great project of 'material reform,' to discuss the question of Spanish fortification. But the sum designed for the reconstruction of the navy is thus set apart. It is intended to build two ships of 100 guns, eight 60-gun frigates, twenty-three corvettes

of 30 guns, and thirty smaller vessels. At present Spain possesses but two ships-of-the-line, eight frigates, five corvettes, and nine brigs. Probably, in the course of two more years, the Spanish fleet will have been increased to this extent. But it is obvious that very many years must elapse before Spain can arrive at such authority on the sea as to exert a voice of her own in the maritime councils of Europe. At an intervening and less remote period, her policy may perhaps become an object of consideration as the auxiliary of France; and in view of that contingency, it must be the duty of this country jealously to watch the armaments even of so inconsiderable a naval Power as Spain now is.

Meanwhile, taxation is being stretched to the utmost practicable limit. It may be doubted whether the people are in a situation to bear an annual charge of seventeen or eighteen millions sterling. But the increasing expenditure, even at this rate of taxation, leaves the revenue considerably in the rear of the public charge; and unless the reform shall begin at that point, it cannot be carried out. We can incomparably better afford to be taxed at our own present rate of forty-six shillings a-head, than the Spaniards to be taxed at their present rate of twenty-three shillings. Nor is the Spanish Government under any urgent necessity of restoring naval and military establishments which it has learned so long to do without. But, apart from the aggregate return of this taxation in Spain, its scope and principles appear to be of very doubtful expediency. The present system of taxation is essentially a modern one: it dates from the year 1845; and, although some incidents of an older system yet remain, the reconstruction at that period was sweeping enough to justify the presumption, that whatever it retained of an older system, it retained on the ground of modern expediency, and not of conservative tradition. The taxes established by the financial system of 1845 are, in one or two instances, peculiar in character to Spain. The largest single tax enforced in that country is the land-tax. The amount which this property charge yields at this day presents a remarkable instance of the growing burdens of the country. It now reaches 475,000,000 reals, or some L.4,500,000 annually. Yet, in 1845, on the introduction of the tax, it was fixed as low as 300,000,000 reals; and so excessive was this impost deemed to be at that moment, that the Government were compelled in the following year to reduce it to 250,000,000 reals. Yet, during the intervening fifteen years, as we have seen, it has gradually mounted to nearly double that amount.

The oppressive character of such a charge may be inferred from the computations, which we have before us, of the value of the agricultural and urban subjects of this tax. Its annual income is estimated at considerably less than three millions of reals, or some L.27,000,000 sterling. The staple of this income, as would be expected in such a country, is rural. Three-fourths of it is represented by land and flocks; and the remaining fourth by taxable objects in the cities. This territorial tax falls therefore in a ratio of about one in six, or of something more than eighteen per cent.; and the burden is obviously intolerable.

Apart, however, from the monstrosity of the imposition of a tax amounting to eighteen per cent. on the produce upon which it falls, other circumstances render it peculiarly severe. There is no such exemption in favour of poor men as has hitherto prevailed in the property and income taxes of this country. And in consequence of the subdivision of the soil among peasant landholders, the poor farmer is himself the person charged with the tax (for he is his own landlord), while he has more often no superior to expend capital for him on the improvement of his land. Two circumstances, therefore, render the position of the Spanish farmer, in reference to this tax, peculiarly hard; although it may be alleged indeed, as a set-off, that he commonly farms his land free of a landlord's rent. According to the extravagant statistics of territorial subdivision which we have already disputed, the number of farms in Spain is estimated at more than three millions; but we may, perhaps, assume the number of farmers in possession of their fee-simple to be one million and a half; and we believe that the bulk of these farms may be fairly estimated at under the value of one hundred reals a-year. It appears, indeed, that there are but twelve hundred estates in Spain of the value of 10,000 reals, or less than L.100 a-year each; and probably the greater number of these fall short of 20,000 reals, or L.200.

Thus the Spanish Government appears to be on the verge of lapsing into the Oriental barbarism of virtually asserting its own title to be landholder, and of imposing a species of land-revenue indifferently upon the noble and the landowning peasant, upon the zemindar and the ryot. It is clear that a tax which operates in this direction must at last assail the desire for free ownership which is a characteristic of the whole Spanish people; because it associates ownership with obligations which render the most cherished prize of the peasant a burden of which he cannot acquit himself, without losing what he

thinks to carry with it, his *status* and his freedom. It is, in our belief, chiefly among the landholding peasantry that whatever republican desires, or desires for provincial government, may now exist in Spain are to be found. The agriculturists are necessarily much slower than the townsmen to benefit by the growth of trade. They are less content and more republican, because they are less prosperous.

There are four other sources of revenue in Spain: the tax on articles of consumption; the tax levied on incomes arising from trade and industry; the custom duties; and the State monopolies, such as tobacco, salt, and gunpowder. The former of these dates, like the land-tax, from the year 1845; with this difference, however, that this territorial charge was then newly imposed, whereas the tax in question had long been in vogue in Spain, but had been abolished during the regency of Maria Christina. The re-imposition of such a tax was a manifest reaction from the free-trading principles that Spain had been one of the first nations to adopt, at all events in articles of home production. No doubt we are not entirely free from the imputation of clogging our own productions by State duties: indeed, before we could obtain such an exemption we must see our way largely to reduce our expenditure. But the Spanish taxation of things consumable applies in the most impolitic, and even irrational manner. We find that it extends not only to wine, vinegar, spirits, and game (in some analogy to our own charges), but to meat, fish, coal, and wood. Our own malt-tax deters us from criticising an impost on the produce of the vine; but here are taxes levied upon articles of the first necessity, and upon articles such as by their very nature have a title to go free. This tax, too, is rapidly increasing, and far more than in proportion to the increasing production and consumption of the country. In the year after its first imposition, 1846, it yielded 187,000,000 reals, but in 1859 it had risen to 280,000,000 reals. The produce of the tax is divided between municipal and imperial exigencies; for Spain, in spite of her general centralization, still leaves much to be effected by local authority, as we have already seen in the case of ecclesiastical revenues.

In this increasing impost the Spaniards clearly have another cause of dissatisfaction with their Government. Certainly, it would be hard to determine why the objects of taxation, apart from the question of the total amount which they together produce, should apparently be more directly connected with loyalty and popular satisfaction in these days than they were formerly. Taxes on meat

are now peculiarly obnoxious. Whether mankind in past ages were wont to be more gaminivorous than they are now, there is no historian to relate. But eating and drinking do certainly appear to enter more largely into human happiness and public policy than they did formerly. In old countries, with dense and increasing populations, such as our own, the fact is in part, if not wholly, to be explained by the corresponding increase in the task of providing for an inevitably increasing consumption. But this is hardly a consideration applicable to such a population as the Spanish, who possess also an area and a fertility of soil naturally capable, as we have said, of supporting fully four times its present amount.

This tax, however, on consumable articles of domestic produce would seem light, even in its present amount, in comparison with our own; for it does not yield more than two-thirds of the gross receipts of our malt-tax. But what renders such a comparison inapplicable, is not simply the broad difference between a prosperous and a poor country, but the fact that our own corresponding taxation is in a great measure fixed and limited. Farmers and brewers in this country can estimate the malt-tax five years hence with tolerable certainty; but no vine-grower in Spain can even assume in 1861 what the wine-tax in 1862 will amount to. There is, therefore, in this kind of taxation of home products, not only a levying of imposts upon articles which it is the most politic to set free, but an active tendency to indispose the Spanish people to encounter their proper burdens.

We shall say little of the custom duties, in which foreign treaties and foreign relations have in great degree restrained the Government from frequent alterations in their tariff. This revenue is increasing only under the just influence of increasing trade. But its total amount even now is but about 220,000,000 reals, or something over £2,000,000 sterling. The Spanish custom duties are certainly not exorbitant; but the apparent insignificance of the custom revenue is to be accounted for chiefly by two other considerations. In the first place, the provisions against smuggling are very inefficient; and in the second, the Spanish trade is more valuable to foreign countries for the produce which they obtain than for that which they export. Wine, cattle, sheep, and even the produce of certain mines in Asturias and Galicia, are largely exported. But Spain is a country naturally so fertile, that, with the exception of what she receives from her own colonies, she can usually produce the fruits of the earth more cheaply than other nations can import them

into her; and our own cotton manufactories are in great degree forestalled by those of Catalonia.

The amazing increase which, if we are to believe implicitly in official figures, has taken place during the last ten years in the external trade of the country, is more than sufficient to explain the simultaneous increase in the revenue of the customs, even consistently with a reduction meanwhile in the tariff. Between the years 1850 and 1860, the Spanish foreign trade more than doubled. In the former year, we find the exports and imports together yielding about 1,200,000,000 reals; in the latter, we see them amounting to 2,700,000,000 reals. These figures represent an increase which the foreign trade of no other country meanwhile exhibits; and assuming that they are generally to be trusted, they may be fairly taken as an indication that Spain is likely to re-assert her former commercial rivalry with the leading maritime states of the world.

Stamp duties, the services and monopolies of the State, on the one hand, and the charge levied on commerce and industry in the towns on the other, together make up the remainder of the Spanish revenue. The former now reaches 480,000,000 reals; the latter, about 90,000,000. A slight analysis of these taxes affords a further view into the productive activity of the nation at this day. The tobacco revenue, for instance, has increased from 170,000,000 to 270,000,000 reals during the ten years to which we last referred; nor has the tax, to the best of our knowledge, been meanwhile augmented in ratio. So the miscellaneous revenue has, in the same time, increased from 18,000,000 to 40,000,000 reals. But, as in Germany, among the subjects of increasing revenue falling within this category, lotteries have a place. The revenue which they yield is increasing at least equally fast with the revenue arising from other imposts.

Such is the public income of Spain; and thus the State is drawing a revenue of L.18,000,000 sterling towards the discharge of an expenditure exceeding L.20,000,000,—both revenue and expenditure fast increasing. And, since Spain has chosen to be both a naval and military power, there can be no doubt that her expenditure will prove to be a perpetually increasing one. Five years ago, the Spanish army did not exceed 80,000 men; now, it amounts to nearly double that number. The country has now a remarkable opportunity for the restoration of her lost financial credit. But, unhappily, the Government appears to be as reckless through its good prospects as the Austrian Government is through its despair. On much of the

public debt of Spain no interest is now paid, and the debt itself is annually increasing. The credit even of the most prosperous country cannot be restored in such circumstances as these.

It is a distinctive characteristic of commercial transactions in Spain, that they are principally conducted by joint-stock companies. To whatever branch of industry or speculation we turn, we find the same indisposition or inability of individuals singly to carry on great trading enterprises. We say 'indisposition or inability,' for it may be one or the other: either the individuals have not the requisite capital for large enterprises, or they have not yet the political confidence to embark their all in single transactions. We take it that this trait presents the measure of the wealth and confidence which a country possesses. Great Britain is less addicted to companies than France, as France, again, is less addicted to them than Spain. Here we find private firms conducting the largest banking houses, and even a single individual, such as Mr. Brassey, here and there working a railway fifty miles in length. The larger railways (if we except the experimental great ship) appear to be the only transactions too large for individual capital and confidence to sustain. We believe that there is no example in this country of a joint-stock company of cotton manufacturers. But in Spain there is hardly a cotton manufactory of importance that is not conducted by a joint-stock company. This fact applies not simply to the cotton manufactories of Barcelona, but to the silk manufactories, too, of Valencia, Seville, and Madrid.

The joint-stock system, thus made applicable to manufactories, of course extends to banks, railways, and to companies of credit, which are legitimate subjects of joint-stock enterprise. Spain has imported the latter institutions from France. She has already a company of 'Crédit Mobilier Espagnol,' a company of 'Crédit Mobilier Barcelonais,' a company of 'Crédit Valencien,' and several others of the same character, some provincial and some imperial. It is estimated that the aggregate nominal capital of these societies of credit amounts to L.15,000,000 sterling. Within the last few years the largest of the existing banks have been established, such as those of Saragossa, Valladolid, Cadiz, and Barcelona. Meanwhile, a corresponding movement has taken place in the enterprises of fire and life assurance,—Spain having now 17 companies concerned in these objects. Figures relative to the total capital of these and other such establishments are before us; but they are evidently incomplete, inaccurate, and even contradictory.

Spain is still restricted in commercial enterprise by two leading circumstances: the still exorbitant tariff which it imposes; and the indisposition of the better classes in most provinces to engage in trade. The Catalonians, the Valencians, and the Gallicians, are the only really enterprising nations of the country. The former, it is well known, are the cotton manufacturers of Spain; and the high duties still imposed on Lancashire produce, are dictated by the same protective illusion with that which we have just seen dissipated in France. But the higher the duty, the more remunerative the smuggling; and Spain is of all countries the least adapted to restrain illicit trading. It is commonly believed that, independently of professed importations from Liverpool, Spaniards annually buy, as Barcelonese cotton goods, three times the manufacture of all Catalonia. A similar impolicy of the State restrains the cloth and silk manufacture, though Spanish wool is the finest in Europe, and the indigenous silk crops are very large. The long cloth cloak which almost every Spaniard wears more often comes from Yorkshire than from his own manufactories, and much silk is imported from Italy and elsewhere. It must be remembered, however, that these Spanish manufactures are yearly sharing the general improvement; but they are too much restricted by bad laws to advance *pari passu* with other subjects of industry.

Public attention has lately been called to the colonial empire of Spain by two circumstances, neither of which does credit to her Government. We allude to her reacquisition of one-half of St. Domingo, and to the increasing encouragement she has given in Cuba to the slave trade, which she had contracted with ourselves and with other countries to abolish. No one now believes for a moment that the Spanish Dominicans recalled the Spanish authority by their own deliberate act. There was, no doubt, a party in Domingo for the restoration of the Spanish Bourbons, as there is at this moment even a party in Calabria for the restoration of the Angevine branch of the same House. But whether that party even acted spontaneously in the movement which they made for this object, or whether they were the paid emissaries of the viceregal government at Havannah, is by no means clear. What, however, is now morally certain is, that they represented the views of an insignificant minority. And it is equally clear that the Cuban government were convinced of it; for they at once despatched a considerable military force, the commander of which, on effecting a landing, established a military despotism. It is hardly less certain that the authorities at Havannah would not have ven-

tured on a course which might have brought the Court of Madrid into collision with other Governments, without instructions from their superiors; and there can be no doubt that such instructions, if sent to Havannah at all, must have anticipated the alleged popular revolution in St. Domingo itself; for the interval between the revolution and the landing of the troops did not admit of a reference to Madrid. We look, therefore, upon the acquisition of Spanish Domingo as sheer filibustering, such as the Spaniards themselves have long been deprecating at the hands of the Americans. It is needless to multiply arguments where the presumption is already strong; but it would seem that the issue of the Moroccan war gave the Spaniards the requisite courage, and that the American civil war gave them the opportunity. The three other Powers chiefly interested in this question are Great Britain, France, and the States of North America. But the latter are otherwise engaged; France is disinclined to resent an acquisition that offers to her a pretext for the seizure of the other half of the island, which she before possessed and colonized, as Spain colonized the half which she has now reacquired; and the British Government is probably unwilling to interfere alone between the Spaniards and the Dominicans, whom, on a fair ground of non-intervention, to which international law is growing more and more attached, she leaves to settle their own disputes, however convinced that the weaker party must go to the wall.

The sufferance of this country, however, yet depends on the fulfilment by the Spanish Government of the pledge which they have given, that they will not introduce slavery into St. Domingo. In support of this pledge they have advanced the plausible but callous argument, that the extent of free labour at the command of planters renders such a course unnecessary. Otherwise, the pledge would be worth no more than the treaty which they are openly violating in Cuba. But it is not in Cuba alone that the Spanish Government maintains slavery. There, indeed, they have a population of 373,000 black slaves, or one-third of the whole population of that island, which does not exceed 1,100,000 in all, white and black, slave and free. But in Porto Rico also there are not less than 50,000 slaves; and we know of no reason for their inutility in St. Domingo that is not equally applicable to Porto Rico.

It is as remarkable as it is deplorable, that a country which certainly cherishes the principle of political liberty at home, should exhibit the bigotry and intolerance, in matters of religion, that have provoked so strong and so just a condemnation in our own Parliament.

It is a striking example, on a broad view, of the remaining influence of the Papacy, that the country in which all Church property is being fast alienated, is the country in which the most intolerant principles still prevail, and in which alone, of all the states of Europe, they who do not conform to the Established faith are liable to be denied the right of Christian burial. Between the increasing numbers of foreigners whom the increasing trade of the country is attracting to its shores, and the zealous exertions of Protestant societies (which, however, the priesthood, through the Government, is doing its utmost to repress), the number either of Spanish converts or of foreign residents, professing another form of Christianity, is gradually but surely augmenting. But it appears to be almost as hard to extort from the Spanish Government the slightest concessions in favour of Protestant worship or Protestant interment, as it would be to prevail upon them to relinquish slavery in Cuba or Porto Rico. We trust that the exertions of the British Government will be directed to this object until they shall have attained it. The illiberality of Spain towards the country which relieved her from French military rule, is, after the system of slavery which she has re-established, the greatest blot upon her civilization.

There is no other country with which we have been at once in longer rivalry by sea and in more active alliance by land. From the beginning of this century almost so far back as into the Middle Ages, we find the record of perpetual reactions from peace into maritime war. Two leading causes of this state of things, as applying to two different ages, may readily be assigned. There was long between this country and Spain a great rivalry in the carrying trade; for though we did not carry for other nations in the same proportion, we at least aspired to carry for ourselves. There was a rivalry in colonization, though the Spanish colonization preceded our own; there was a rivalry, too, in pretension to maritime dominion; the papal concession of the Atlantic within certain latitudes to Spain may be taken as an example of the one, and Selden's *Mare Clausum* as an instance of the other. Maritime war was but the exponent of such commercial and political relations. Even the marriage of Philip and Mary was but a preliminary to the designed subjugation of this country to Spain. And yet a generation further back, the alliance concerted by the Emperor Charles V., when he visited England, had simply for its aim to tie the hands of Henry VIII., while he pursued his policy against Francis I. So long as Spain continued a great or even an independent Power, so long she waged war, as became

such a state, upon grounds of her own choice. But when Spain contracted that famous marriage which the transcendental fiction of the courtiers of Versailles designated as the abolition of the Pyrenees, her maritime policy became very much the maritime policy of France. We need not pursue the motives of France in her maritime wars with this country; but, from the peace of the Pyrenees until after the battle of Trafalgar, Spain appeared against us in arms much more as the unwilling ally of France than as our own pre-determined enemy. Indeed, the conduct of Dumanoir to the Spaniards after Trafalgar had been fought, was but the unrestrained exhibition of the feelings of the French for the ally whom they had dragged as their ignominious contributory into so many wars.

Hence we assume that the sentiment of hostility to Great Britain, as well as the principle of alliance with France, were dying out in Spain even before the commencement of that final struggle which annihilated her naval power. When, therefore, only two years after the battle of Trafalgar, her nominal ally crossed the Pyrenees as her undisguised enemy and oppressor, the reaction of alliances which threw Spain into the arms of England was but the completion of a change for which events had long been preparing the way. Thus far we trace three distinct eras of Spanish external history; a period of independence, in which Spain waged war indifferently against France and England; a period in which Spain warred against England as the auxiliary of France; and a period in which she warred against France as the ally of England. We pass over, as almost without significance, both the reign of Ferdinand VII. and the civil war which succeeded it. They both presented abnormal and necessarily transient conditions. The one attempted to establish a state of government in violation of the first principles of the age; and the other existed simply so long as the chances of war gave the mastery to neither party in the contest.

But the foreign policy which is at this day identified with the name of Marshal O'Donnell is certainly entitled to this distinction—that it aims to render Spain at once independent in its external relations and prosperous at home. This independence in foreign policy has been nearly unknown to Spain since the age of Philip II.; and even that latest period of Spanish authority abroad was an age of poverty and tyranny at home. The present policy of the rulers of Spain carries with it, therefore, the originality of possessing no antecedent in the history even of the last two centuries and a half. In what degree the name of the Duke of Tetnan ought to be associated with the great changes that are now

going on, it seems impossible to determine; but he is certainly the master-mind of the country as well as the real chief of the Government; and such a combination of official and intellectual authority seems to justify the identification of his name with much that has happened during his administration. But be the real authors of these various movements who they may, a fixed resolution has been arrived at, and steadily pursued, to place the country in such a position as to render it no more amenable to the undue influence of France than of England. An impression has certainly been current, that the O'Donnell Ministry has acted under French dictation in its present vigorous exertions to rebuild a navy. But when we look to the interior of the country itself, and perceive the direction of a corresponding energy to its military defence, more especially in the development of the modern system of fortification, we can but conclude that, if the Spanish Government aim to resume their old authority at sea, they are equally resolved that the French shall not recross the Pyrenees.

The reappearance of Spain as a military power is, as we have said, of much less significance to Europe than her reappearance as a naval one. No military organization of which she is susceptible can ever (without a navy) render her arms important otherwise than as defensive weapons, or as allies in some general crusade that Germany and Italy might enter upon with the view of repressing encroachments which we will not anticipate. But, open as she is to several seas, her naval position in Europe is by nature fully equal to that of Great Britain. A state in possession of a steam-fleet at Cadiz and at Ferrol, at Carthagena and at Barcelona, must possess an extensive command at once over the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; and, distant as the day may be, we cannot shut our eyes to the contingency of its occurrence.

The Spanish alliance ought henceforth to be quite as much within our reach as within the reach of the French Government. France has done Spain much more injury than England has done her; and England has scarcely greater interests than France in opposition to those of Spain. It is true we destroyed her navy, and we acknowledged the independence of the colonies that she was endeavouring to subjugate anew. But the loss of her fleet was the result of her own declarations of war against ourselves; and her colonies in South America had freed themselves by their own act. It was France which led her into her maritime disasters, and France which afterwards trampled out that domestic independence that it was our military credit to re-establish. Nor is it apposite to argue from

past experience to future probabilities, if we correctly assume that the Spanish Government is resolved by fortifications, as well as mountains, to keep out the arms, and therefore, by implication, the undue influence of France.

The French Directory defeated Pitt in policy, though Pitt afterwards defeated at once the French Directory, its successors, and its allies in arms. He lost and France acquired the alliance of all other maritime powers. It must henceforward be our care that we are not compelled to atone for such diplomatic disasters again, by the success of our military and naval administration, and by the glory of our military and naval arms. The maritime Powers of continental Europe bid fair to be relatively as powerful, some five or ten years hence, as they were when the French revolutionary war began. It is now one of the most important problems of our foreign policy in anticipation (possibly it may be in prevention) of that rupture between Great Britain and France which yearly increasing numbers hold to be some day inevitable, to detach from the Continent the elements of a maritime confederacy for ourselves. Russia, anti-Turkish and generally aggressive, is more likely, in several respects, to fall into a French than into a British alliance; but Spain has obviously to choose between an ally that would again degrade her into an auxiliary, and an ally that wishes to see her independent. The ratio of our jealousy of Spain is proportioned, not to her armaments, but to her dependence upon a third Power.

While we have been writing, the condition of another Spain has become a European question. The Cabinets of London, Paris, and Madrid, have resolved upon an expedition to the coast of Mexico, in order to redress the grievances of which the three governments have had cause to complain. There will be few to question the justice of such an expedition, so far, at least, as France and Great Britain are concerned. But Spain stands in the invidious predicament of having been more or less an accomplice in the policy for which she is quite as eager to chastise the Mexicans, as either the British or the French Government. Our own grievances against Mexico may be ranged into two cardinal divisions. We claim the payment of interest, which has been in arrear during the last seven years, on a three per cent. loan of more than L.10,000,000 sterling; and we demand indemnities for the past maltreatment of our countrymen, and provision for their future safety. The Government of the country robbed our bondholders of the money they had entrusted to the British Legation; and alienated from their benefit the share of the custom revenue which they had

-hypothecated to them as a mortgage for the payment of their dividends. Here arose a clear case of dishonesty and spoliation. The Mexican government, moreover, afforded no protection to British subjects, who have been plundered and murdered by the inhabitants of the country, possibly with the tacit acquiescence of the Mexican government itself; and we are at liberty to contend, that every foreign government shall be responsible for the misconduct of its citizens towards subjects of the British crown.

The Spanish Government, so far as the personal insecurity of its own subjects trading in Mexico is concerned, has no doubt a similar grievance; although Spain may reciprocally be a country not very safe for Mexicans. But when we pass to financial transactions between Spain and Mexico, we find the former State quite as ready to repudiate her obligations as the latter. The Spanish debt to our own country, for example, may be divided into three classes. There is, first, the debt on which a diminished rate of interest has been paid; secondly, there is that which has been thrown into what has been termed a 'deferred,' or 'passive' stock, and pays (like our own Mexican loan) no interest whatever; and, thirdly, there is the stock which Spain has openly repudiated. The latter class is represented by a fictitious description of property known as 'Spanish Certificates.' These are certificates issued, not by the Spanish Government, but by the committee of Spanish bondholders in London, in nominal representation of a debt ignored by the borrowing Government, which has made as much default as Mexico herself.

When we view these circumstances in relation to the eagerness exhibited by the Court of Madrid to despatch an independent expedition from Cuba against Vera Cruz and Tampico, and to its recent seizure of San Domingo, we may fairly anticipate that a fresh territorial annexation will be attempted under cover of an indignation which it ill becomes the Spanish Government to assume. Whether the Mexicans would again recognise in name the sovereignty of the House of Bourbon, we have no means of forming an opinion, beyond the practical revolt against authority which marks the conduct of the whole people. To overrun Mexico would be very different from overrunning San Domingo, and would, we believe, be impossible. So rich and extensive a country could not be transferred from independence into subordination to another power, without involving a European question. We may be at ease, therefore, in regard to a surreptitious resumption of Spanish sovereignty in Mexico; but the conduct of the Spanish Government in this question, as well as in reference to

Morocco and San Domingo, serves to imply, that in addition to its desire for domestic prosperity, it is haunted again by the phantasmagoria of its ancient conquests, and aspires, at some day, to restore the dominion that was once known as Spain and the Indies.

ART. V.—1. *Literary and Historical Essays.*

By THOMAS DAVIS. Dublin: Duffy.

2. *The Poems of Thomas Davis.* Dublin: Duffy.

3. *Poems.* By JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. London: Simpkin and Co. 1859.

4. *Poems.* By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. London: Bell and Daldy. 1860.

5. *The Poets and Poetry of Munster.* Dublin: O'Daly. 1851.

6. *The Songs of Ireland.* Dublin: Duffy. 1846.

7. *The Book of Irish Ballads.* Edited by D. F. MACCARTHY. Dublin: Duffy.

8. *The Ballads of Ireland.* Collected by EDWARD HAYES. Fullarton and Co. 1855.

9. *The Lyrics of Ireland.* Edited by SAMUEL LOVER. Houlston and Wright. 1858.

10. *The Bell-Founder, and other Poems.* By D. F. MACCARTHY. London: Bogue. 1857.

11. *Underglimpes, and other Poems.* London: Bogue.

12. *The Ballad-Poetry of Ireland.* Edited by C. G. DUFFY. Dublin: Duffy.

13. *Poems.* By JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D. Dublin: M'Glashan. 1854.

14. *Poems.* By the DRENNANS, Father and Sons. Dublin: Robertson.

15. *Versicles.* By THOMAS IRWIN. Dublin: Hennessy. 1856.

16. *Dunbay, and other Poems.* By T. D. O'SULLIVAN. Dublin: Fowler. 1861.

AMONGST all the elements that have mixed and worked together to quicken and kindle the ancient British and Anglo-Saxon into the present English race, nothing is more remarkable than the influence of the Norsemen. They come into the world at a time when the old races are fast decaying, for they have reached their dark age. The storehouses of rude strength are opened up in the north, and nature goes back to the primal elements for a fresh vigour that shall vitalize the world. A new race is wanted, who have had hardship for their teacher, and whose thews and sinews have been developed to wrestle with difficulty,—a race that shall conquer such rough facts as the Greeks have shunned, and become the world's greatest workers; a race of builders as well as battlers, who can plant as well as plunder, colonize as well as conquer,

and triumph where the Romans failed; a race that shall start up into Protestant attitude in the presence of all oppression and wrong, and live and breathe only under such national laws as give room for evolving the noblest nature of the individual. It was from the cold and stormy north that the Creator called forth the kindling energy of a robuster race. These Norsemen came to infuse the Scandinavian blood into our veins, tingling with electric fire, such as the fiercest glow of the East can never match. They were the ocean-born children of liberty; and to this day, in whatever race the Norse influence works, in whatever blood it quickens, that race will be found true to the ancient mother, fighting for liberty still. These Norsemen were born Protestants—haters of the Romish Church—hated it almost as soon as they heard of it. They were known to us in our boyhood as the ‘Bloody Danes,’ ever since they were so painted by the Anglo-Saxon monks who saw their terrible war-ships hovering round the shores, and their faces gleaming in the red light of burning monasteries. This Norse power, then, after innumerable endeavours to open the doors which were held and defended against it with desperate tenacity, passed into the English race, with its indomitable pluck, its enduring hardihood, and all its hunger for enterprise, lust of danger, and longing for new fields of action. It did the same with the Lowland Scotch. And we look upon this same Norse Conquest as one of the great wedding influences of the two peoples. It ranges us on the same side of the world in politics and religion; it gives us the same delight in the sea, and brotherhood in battling; gives us a mutual feeling so strong that it fuses us into one. The Celtic race in Ireland fought strenuously to resist the infusion of Norse influence, and were more successful in their efforts to keep it out. The older brother, already and for long in possession of the land, and priding himself on his direct lineage, looked with dark suspicion on his younger, ruddy, blue-eyed, and fair-haired fellow, who had been to sea, and who came with courage and daring to set his sea-king’s throne high above all the thrones of the earth. The Norseman who came to stir the plodding Anglo-Saxon, and make him lift up his brow in the light of a new dawn, and quicken his footsteps in the onward march of national life, was utterly rejected by the Celt; rejected by all his might in battle, and by his strongest predilections of race. The Norse spirit swam to the shores of Ireland, was continually driven to sea again, but effected a landing in England and Scotland. There was no such wide difference betwixt the Anglo-Saxons and the Irish before the Norse blood got into the

British race. The Anglo-Saxons were over-riden by the Romish Church, and the people were degenerating in the stifling shadow that crept over them, in place of the pure light that shone when Christ was born. These men asserted in their life and looks, their thoughts and deeds, that great principle which was afterwards identified with the name of Luther. They maintained the right of private judgment in religion, and the right of representation in government; and whereas the Celtic affection is most successfully appealed to in fighting for a person, the Norse ambition is to fight for a principle. This illustration alone is sufficient to show how far the Norse influence must have differentiated the Anglo-Saxon in England from the Celtic race as found in Ireland.

We derive from the Norsemen many of those characteristics which we now call ‘so English.’ Our love of the sea; our aptitude for self-government; the large, clear sincerity of men who have been accustomed to look stern realities full in the face; the open-air freshness of look, flesh-and-blood warmth of grip; the frankness and simplicity as of sailors; and a resolute earnestness of being and doing,—were all traits of our Scandinavian ancestors. There was a heartiness in the Norse nature, a breadth in the Norse imagination, which out-distance anything we can find in the Celt. In giving honour, let us also do justice. Our Irish friends have so often done injustice to the inoffensive Anglo-Saxons, so much have they nursed a mistaken feeling of hatred, that the term ‘Saxon’ has become a sufficient mark for the wormwood bitterness of their blackest blood. It is the Norsemen they mean. It was the Norsemen who were their born enemies and natural antagonists. It was the Norsemen and Anglo-Normans who so often attempted the conquest of Ireland. We are not aware that history makes mention of more than one national raid under an Anglo-Saxon king, and that is apocryphal. But the poor ‘Saxon’ has had to suffer in the Irish imagination for all that the Norsemen and the Normans have done.

It was the Norsemen who first ravaged the shores of Ireland in their many Viking expeditions. In the middle of the ninth century, a king of Norway, proud and fierce, had made himself master of half Ireland. From that time the spirit of the country was kept continually insurgent against the Norsemen. And yet to this day it is the name of the peaceable home-loving Saxon that erects the porcupine feeling at a thousand points.

The Irish race appears to us to lack many elements of that new force which the Norsemen came to supply,—that tempering influence and balancing power which sets an

Englishman more firmly on his feet, gives him a good grip of the bridle-hand over the horse power within him, and strength over keep the caloric of temperament shut up at will in a granitic calm. One would think that there was also a defect in the Irish mind which incapacitates it for taking a real possession of the present, and working out of the present a better future. It puts the future first, when in the hopeful mood, and whilst trying to climb up into its lofty and spreading shelter to make its nest there, it will carelessly trample down all those lowly and quiet undergrowths about its feet, those compensations of the present which might fill the heart with comforting thoughts, and life with some sweet satisfaction and peace of possession. Or, if in the mournful mood, it invariably turns to the past, when, according to the natural order of things, it should be looking to a cheerier and brighter future. It turns to some far past, and its poets sing of the bygone days, as though they belonged to a race which has a splendid past, but a hopeless future. Their true possessions appear to remain in a far-off land that lies near the dawn, and is only visible in all its glory when looked at across a sea of tears. They turn to the proud old houses, and the great old times; their chiefs of long and lofty line, and all the fields of victory they 'thrill to name, whose memories are the stars that light long nights of shame.' And while the colours of dawn bloom in the distance, and the glowing reflection flushes their faces, the shadow of sorrow lengthens and darkens, as though all the visionary splendour was only that of a setting sun going down for ever. And the voice of the singer has a sound of tears, and is as sad as a wind that wails in a graveyard at night over the desolate dead. In the midst of the bleakest and most shivering present, they will turn to warm the chilled heart at the glory of their golden time, and find warmth and solace in the pictures of their poetry.

While the Ireland of the present may be all dark, as the wings of the famine fiend overshadow it, and pestilence breathes in the face of the people till they turn blue and ghastly, and the land is a wilderness of graves, and only the last groan of breaking hearts, or the wild cry of rebel men, startles the more horrible stillness of despair,—they will fly to some realm of fancy, or region of whisky-world, and find a land where they can walk entranced in the light of a sun that shines on lustrous fields of harvest gold, and ruddy fruits that come up out of the earth without planting, because the climate is so balmy; and the princes have a loving, noble aspect, the people are radiant with a happy look, plenty reigns, and content rejoices, because the time

is so blessed. Poor Mangan's vision of the past was undoubtedly seen in whisky-world. But Irish poetry has more authentic, if not less amazing, reports of a splendid past. In 'Prince Aldfrid's Itinerary through Ireland,' a poem still extant in the Irish language, and attributed to Prince Aldfrid, afterwards king of the Northumbrian Saxons, we have a glowing account of Ireland in the seventh century. Unless we look upon the Prince merely as a 'finder,' in the sense of the Mediævals, who called the poet by that name, it must have been a wonderful time of day indeed for Ireland, and we cannot marvel that it should yet dazzle the native imagination. He tells us that he 'travelled its fruitful provinces round,' and he found plenty of gold and silver, food in abundance, apparel in plenty. He found God's people rich in pity.

'I also found in Armagh, the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended.'

What a different version Irish representatives give now-a-days!

'I found the good lay monks and brothers
Ever beseeching help for others,
And in their keeping the holy word
Pure as it came from Jesus the Lord.
I found in Munster unfettered of any,
Kings and queens, and poets a-many.'

This will, perhaps, account for the numbers that claim royal descent, still 'unfettered of any' misgivings in making their claim, or scruples in putting it forward.

'I found strict morals in age and youth,
I found historians recording truth.'

Can testimony to national veracity go further, or say more? The writer could not have known what force that statement would acquire for us. But, as though he had a fear lest he might not be believed in after times, he tells us that he did find all these things 'I have written sooth.'

Another bard gives us a pleasant picture of Ireland in the past. How much of its light-heartedness, happy health, and generous nationality, comes from the heart of its translator, Mr. Ferguson, and how much may be found in the original Irish, we know not; but it is as richly stored with delightfulness as a breast full of milk for a babe, gracious and satisfying as Spencer's description of 'Charity':—

'A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from
the yellow barley ear;
There is honey in the trees where her misty
vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling
waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs
in the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.'

'Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground;
The butter and the cream do wondrously abound;
The cresces on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song
i' the forests grand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.'

In all this turning back to the past, we are continually reminded of a race that has seen better days. There is a total want of the fine old Norse spirit of self-reliance, and of making the best possible of the present. On the contrary, among the Irish bards we find a wild wailing set up continually for the expected Deliverer who is to come and restore this golden time. Ireland is sleeping, and her people are dreaming, with all things in a general state of pause, awaiting for the coming-to of Cathleen Ni Houlihan. Or Ireland is cowering underground,

'Neath the sod lying low,
Expecting King James with the crown on his brow.'

Ireland is mostly represented allegorically. The poet often wanders abroad in the purple of dawn, the gold of evening, or green of the day, and he sees in splendid vision a maiden wondrously fair, meek as a vestal, yet grand as a queen. Her eyes are as the stars of heaven, her teeth are smiling pearls, her gold tresses are ringleted and reaching to the knee; but never mortal kissed the lily hand, never did mortal brow rest on the beautiful bosom. This is Ireland, as she sits, perhaps on the sea-shore, looking wistfully with her wide blue eyes to see if her Deliverer is coming over the sea to free her where she is bound, like another Andromeda, mourning melodiously.

One of these bards sings:—

'We love the antique and the olden,
We gladly glance back to the golden
And valourful times of our sages and heroes,
But those shall no more be beholden.'

His conclusion is, indeed, a settler, and startlingly literal:—

'The armies of Britain wield ample
Resources to vanquish and trample;
Charles Stuart's overthrow, should he venture
o'er hither,
Will be dreadful beyond all example.'

One of the most familiar of Irish legends relates that a troop of O'Neill's horse lies in a magic sleep in a cave under a hill. There they only wait to have the spell broken by courage, in order that they may rise to help their country, and overthrow her oppressors. The

legend tells us how one man wandered into the cave, and saw the men lying beside their horses, bridle in one hand, and broadsword in the other. One of the troopers raised his head, and asked, 'Is the time come?' The man was too frightened to reply; and so the soldier, receiving no answer, fell once more into the charmed slumber.

Nearly twenty years ago, there arose in Ireland a band of young men, passionate lovers of their country, and zealous guardians of her proudest traditions. They conceived the idea of awakening this deliverer, who should stretch forth his hand and take the sword they would forge ready for his clutch. They would breathe a new breath of life into Ireland. 'Ireland for the Irish' was the motto on their banner. Around this banner thronged eager spirits, burning high with hope and ardour, who set about fighting the battles of nationality by press and pen, picture and speech, with all the fervour of those three hundred Spartans who sold their lives so dearly in the red pass of Thermopylæ. Among them was the usual mixture of human dross, but there was also immortal metal. They strove to put a new soul into the great body of the people through the opening eyes, the listening ears, or, if need were, the tingling finger-tips that clasped the sword-hilt, and in every way inspire them to lift up the bended brow, and walk erect, straight through some gate of glory into their new kingdom of liberty and light. Some hearts were broken, some lives were wasted, many waves of strength dashed on the wrong shore, failed and fell back worn out and weary. For one thing, they sought what is known in Scotland as the 'Good Man's Croft,' or the 'Devil's Acre.' This is that portion of a farm or estate which will never repay the cost of cultivation. Yet it appears to be satanically endowed with power to tempt the unlucky victim into a wilful determination of conquering its stubbornness, until he wastes his time, money, strength, life, and will spend all the profit yielded by the rest of the land in this mad endeavour to overcome natural sterility. 'Repeal of the Union' was the 'Good Man's Croft' or 'Devil's Acre' of these young, enthusiastic, and wilful Irishmen.

Thomas Davis was the great man of the Young Ireland party. His name is one not often heard in England. It finds no record in Scotland, to judge by the new 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' in which no mention of him can be found. Even Ireland does not yet know what a true lover and faithful son she lost in him. Ten years ago a complete edition of the works of Thomas Davis was proposed by Mr. Duffy, a publisher, of whom his country should be proud; but it was

never called for, and has not been issued. Yet the name of Thomas Davis is one never to be forgotten when ballad poetry is spoken of, no matter in what country. And it is a name for Ireland to cherish in her heart of hearts. Countries as well as writers often do not know when they have produced their best. We hold that Ireland, the nation of many sorrows, suffered one of her greatest bereavements when she lost him. The reader may recollect, in a note of Lord Jeffrey to Mrs. Empson, to be found in Lord Cockburn's *Life of Jeffrey*, that the critic says he has just read,

'A very interesting little volume of "Irish Ballad Poetry," published by that poor Duffy of the *Nation*, who died so prematurely the other day. There are some most pathetic and many spirited pieces, and all, with scarcely an exception, so entirely national. Do get the book and read it. I am most struck with "Soggarth Aroon," and a long, racy, authentic sounding dirge for the Tyrconnel Princes. But you had better begin with the "Irish Emigrant" and the "Girl of Lough Dan," which will break you in more gently to the wilder and more impassioned parts.'

The 'poor Duffy of the *Nation*' should have been written Thomas Davis. Davis was pre-eminent amongst his fellows for his large-heartedness, his capacity for work, his loveableness, his chivalry, invincible as that of the knights of old. He was one of those gallant spirits that start in the race of life with the proudest hopes and aspirations, eager to do, daring to suffer, and mighty to overcome, a martyr and hero in one, but who never accomplish a third of the work that was in them; and so, when we hear the report of friends, who stood about them in a pleasant glow and hush of expectation, and who speak to us of them after they are gone, the report appears to us extravagant. But, high over a heart as warm as the youngest and most passionate patriot, a heart like a 'holy well,' running over with waters of life, Thomas Davis bore the clear head of a calm statesman. He was no mere hot-brained fighting man; no mere madcap and feather-triumph patriot. He was as kingly in council as fervid in song. We may differ with him, as we do, about the supposed benefit of a repeal of the Union—for one reason, that we have lived to see more than he saw. But, right or wrong in object, he set about using the right means. His advice was, to cease wailing and begin working. Any one can destroy; let us see if we cannot create. Study the nation's history, and train up men who shall be worthy of wearing what we are toiling to win. Look no longer to France or Spain for hope and succour, or to any Utopia whatever for the deliverer, but trust to your own heads, hearts, and

hands. Educate, that you may be free. Give the little ones in schools the best available knowledge of literature, art, and science. Everything must be Irish—everything done for Ireland by the Irish. He would have the dull made thoughtful, the thoughtful made studious, the studious wise, and the wise crowned with power. He would have every parish penetrated and permeated with a knowledge of what Ireland had been, was, and might yet become. He would have the people turned on the land in small proprietorships; the bogs drained, and set on fire in the shape of fuel; railways on the land, mills on the streams, and fisheries on the sea. He was as eloquent on the nature of soils as of races, on duties as on rights, on national commerce as on national song.

Among other schemes, he planned the publication of one hundred shilling books, to be printed in Duffy's Library for Ireland, and to consist of history, biographies, etc., the materials for which were to be sought in the State Paper Office, London, the MSS. Trin. Col. Library, and the valuable papers still preserved in Irish convents at Rome, Salamanca, and other places. To infuse a larger spirit of nationality into the people, it was proposed to commence the *Nation* newspaper, and the projectors determined to make use of popular poetry as an agent. There being none at hand suited to their purpose, they had to set about making their own poetry for themselves. This was the origin of most of that beautiful rebel verse, now known as the 'Spirit of the Nation.'

Such was the patriotic heat of the time glowing at the heart of each and all, acting and reacting on one another, that men stood for the moment transfigured in the brightness of faculties new found. Brains formed for solid work, and stiffened into shapes that should be able to wrestle with figure and fact, became fluent at a touch, and poetry flowed from them in vital streams. To refer to one example: we believe that the following poem was the first and last attempt at verse-making on the part of the writer, but it is the most perfect gem of all the Young Ireland verse—an epitome of Irish history—a picture of Ireland the exile—a poem that is anonymous so long as its author lives, but a poem that will make known his name for ever after:—

'THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

'Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the Patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

- ' We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few;
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland too.
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.
- ' Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made.
But tho' their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.
- ' The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast.
And we will pray that from their clay
Fall many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.
- ' They rose in dark and evil days,
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.
- ' Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite!
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Tho' and as theirs your fate;
And true men be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight.'

One marvels whether that shaft hit the mark by accident, like the boy's in the Persian legend. The king's archers were all shooting at the ring, and not one could send the shaft through. A boy, sitting on a house-top near, tried with his bow, and by accident the arrow went through the ring. Wonderful marksman! cried the soldiers; come down and do that again. But the boy was wise, and would not risk his fame. Is this ungracious, Mr. Nameless? Well, you who can write so, ought to have written more!

Up to the time of starting the *Nation* newspaper, in conjunction with Mr. Duffy, Thomas Davis is said to have never written poetry. He tried, and produced a ballad, full of Irish pathos, on the death of Owen Roe O'Neill. All of a sudden it seemed that a national lyricist had, aloë-like, burst into full bloom. There was genuine lyrical leap of the soul into song in Thomas Davis' ballads; more so than could have been anticipated from one who was a late beginner, and who began to write verse from ex-

ternal necessity to teach, rather than from internal necessity to sing. He sang at the call of his country, rather than at the voice of his own soul. It was Pegasus in historical harness, helping to draw the people along a heavy road, full of ruts and furrows, rather than proudly bearing a poet up the steep of Parnassus. But it matters little whence the incentive comes, so that it quickens a fruitful nature. Possibly, if Davis had lived, the politician might have killed out the poet; but he had only written verse for three years, when the chords of his Irish harp were stilled by the dull hand of Death. He died also when only a few volumes of the projected Library of Ireland had been printed. He died of fever, in September, 1845, most probably from over work,—died at his post, and with his armour on, but without getting a glimpse of the better times that have dawned for Ireland. But Thomas Davis did not live or die in vain. The movement into which he flung his life as an impulse, did not end in a cabbage-garden. After the chief was gone, the soldiers fought, rashly, wildly, and ended lamentably. But the spirit of inquiry that Davis woke has not died out. His own spirit is with Ireland still. His words—when speaking of Ireland's wants—still work on, and the men who remember them.

' It is not a gambling fortune made at Imperial play that Ireland wants. It is the pious and stern cultivation of her faculties and her virtues, the acquisition of faithful and exact habits, and the self-respect that rewards a dutiful and sincere life. To get her peasants into snug homesteads, with well-tilled fields and placid hearths—to develop the ingenuity of her artists, and the docile industry of her artisans—to make for her own instruction a literature wherein our climate, history, and passion shall breathe—to gain conscious strength and integrity, and the high post of holy freedom;—these are Ireland's wants.'

We quote a few lines from a poem on the death of Thomas Davis, written by Samuel Ferguson to a music peculiarly national. The poem is not to be met with in the usual collections of Irish poetry:—

- ' And, alas! to think but now and thou art lying,
Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee;
And I, no mother near, on my own sick-bed,
That face on earth shall never see!
I may lie and try to feel that I am not dream-
ing—
I may lie and try to say, "Thy will be done!"
But a hundred such as I will never comfort
Erin
For the loss of the noble son.
- ' But my trust is strong in God, who made us
brothers,
That he will not suffer those right hands,

Which thou hast joined in holier rites than
wedlock,

To draw opposing brands.

Oh! many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st
vocal

Would lie cold and silent then;

And songless long once more should often-
widowed Erin

Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

'Oh, brave young men! my love, my pride, my
promise,

'Tis on you my hopes are set,

In manliness, in kindness, in justice,

To make Erin a nation yet:

Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,

In union, or in severance, free and strong.

And if God grant this, then, under God, to
Thomas Davis

Let the greater praise belong.'

The life of Thomas Davis has not been written. His correspondence was to have been given to the world by Owen Maddyn, if he had lived. Alas! how many grand promises made to Ireland have depended on such an 'if!' We have not many facts of the biographic kind, and we do not feel very generous about giving what we have to those encyclopædists who ought to have collected them for us. Thomas Davis was born at Mallow, Ireland, in the year 1814. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1835; was called to the Irish bar in 1838, made his first essay in political writing in 1840, helped to start the *Nation* in 1842, died in 1845, and numbered 30 or 31 years on his coffin lid. He was a sincere Protestant, but beloved in both camps. He was not married. His intellect was solid, as his life was brief and brilliant. His poems are collected in a little shilling book. His essays are the merest sparks struck out of the grindstone of hard daily toil; but there is in them a touch of the true Promethean fire—ample proof that here was a good and a great man. We give but one specimen of his poetry; but it is a model of ballad verse: in its way, it is perfect as one of Campbell's battle-ballads, although written with the more numerous detail as of our pre-Raphaelite painters, whereas Campbell used the brush more after the manner of the old masters. It is the 'Battle of Fontenoy,' where, as the old Scottish song says, the French for 'ance won the day.' It was the day of the famous English column, whose rolling fire, the French courtier wrote, was 'really infernal,' and the English officers laid their canes across the muskets to make the men fire low; and so fatal was their fire, that the one English volley on the hill top cost the desperate Irish brigade one-fourth of their officers, and one-third of their men. George II., on hearing how the Irish fought, is said to have uttered that imprecation on the penal

code: 'Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects.'

'Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy, the English
column failed,

And twice the lines of St. Antoine the Dutch
in vain assailed;

For town and slope were filled with fort and
flanking battery,

And well they swept the English ranks and
Dutch auxiliary,

As vainly, thro' De Barri's wood, the British
soldiers burst,

The French artillery drove them back, dimi-
nished and dispersed.

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with
anxious eye,

And ordered up his last reserve, his latest
chance to try.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his gene-
rals ride!

And mustering come his chosen troops, like
clouds at eventide.

'Six thousand English veterans in stately column
tread,

Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord
Hay is at their head;

Steady they step adown the slope—steady they
climb the hill;

Steady they load—steady they fire, moving
right onward still,

Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as thro' a
furnace blast,

Thro' rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets
showering fast;

And on the open plain above they rose, and
kept their course,

With ready fire and grim resolve that mocked
a hostile force,

Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner
grew their ranks,

They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee thro'
Holland's ocean banks.

'More idly than the summer flies, French tirail-
leurs rush round;

As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons
strew the ground;

Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore;
still on they marched and fired—

Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur
retired.

"Push on my household cavalry!" King Louis
madly cried:

To death they rush, but rude the shock—not
unavenged they died.

On thro' the camp the column trod—King
Louis turns his rein:

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the
Irish troops remain:"

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a
Waterloo,

Were not those exiles ready then, fresh, vehe-
ment, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish,
there are your Saxon foes!"

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously
he goes.

How fierce the look those exiles wear, who're
wont to be so gay!
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their
hearts to-day—
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas
writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines,
their women's parting cry;
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves,
their country overthrown,—
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on
him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet else-
where,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these
proud exiles were.

'O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting,
he commands—

"Fix bayonets"—charge!—like mountain-
storm, rush on those fiery bands!
Thin is the English column now, and faint their
volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they
make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that
battle wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam, like rocks the
men behind.
One volley crashes from their line, when, thro'
the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the
headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce
huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down
the Sassenagh!"

'Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with
hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish
exiles sprang:
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their
guns are filled with gore;
Thro' shattered ranks, and severed files, and
trampled flags they tore.
The English strove with desperate strength,
paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hill-side is matted close with dying
and with dead;
Across the plain and far away passed on that
hideous wreck,
While Cavalier and Fantassin dash in upon
their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the
sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field
is fought and won.'

This poetry of the *Nation* school could not
be of the highest kind; poetry written for
political purposes never can be: the highest
can only be struck from the eternal strings of
the human heart. Nor did it come as the
natural crown that blossoms out of great
national action, for life must be lived before a
literature can be written. The spoken word
may incite to action. The minstrel Tallifer
may help to win a battle of Hastings, but the

greatest actions must be accomplished before
the greatest song will be sung. Only out of
a strong and healthy national life can a na-
tional literature spring; only out of the lion
of this strength cometh the full sweetness of
poetry. Still, they did some true things in
poetry; and one of the very best things done
by these young men was the very memorable
one of breaking up that huge and foolish
swindle, the 'Repeal Association.' Poor
O'Connell was their bitter enemy, for he felt
they had shortened his days in the land, and
found that they were too much for him.

We have now to speak of other Irish poets
not necessarily connected with the *Nation*
school. These do not properly come under
the title of our article, but may be embraced
in the same view, as belonging to the last
twenty or thirty years of Irish poetry. The
name and fame of Clarence Mangan and
Samuel Ferguson were made before the rise
of the 'Young Ireland' school. The father
and founder of an earlier and more purely
literary school of Irish writers was Dr. Petrie.
In 1832, four very remarkable young men
might be found working in his study in Dub-
lin, and, under his instruction and inspiration,
working, we believe, on the 'Ordnance Sur-
vey Memoir of Ireland' (a great work nipped
in the bud, for fear of exciting too strong a
feeling of nationality). These were, O'Dono-
van, Curry, O'Keefe, and Mangan. Petrie
was at this time editing the *Dublin Penny*
Journal, the first two volumes of which con-
tain writings of great elegance, and include
some of Mangan's best earlier translations.
At the same time, or probably a little earlier,
the Rev. George Fox (now the Principal of
an English College in Demerara) had gar-
thered about him a little band of devoted
young disciples in Belfast, and amongst these
were Hogan, M'Clean, and Samuel Ferguson.
These young men owed much to their teach-
ers, to whom they looked up with love and
gratitude. It was Dr. Petrie who corrected,
by the influence of a refinement of mind and
sentiment acting insidiously, the early faults
of Mangan's style. The chief fault which
Petrie corrected for the time was poor Man-
gan's affectation of a *gamin*-like jauntiness and
knowingness. He also conquered his repug-
nance to Irish material. For Mangan had to
work on literal translations from the original
language, and could with difficulty be brought
to melt into music the bald, disjointed English
which Curry and his other companions put
before him.

James Clarence Mangan was born in Dub-
lin in 1803, of poor parents. His father is
said to have been of a restless disposition, and
unfortunate in business. His boyhood was

most probably spent in the streets, where the precocious child would be an industrious sweeper-up of peculiar information respecting the world in general, and that of poverty in particular. Before he was fifteen, he obtained a situation in a scrivener's office, which he kept for seven years, and was then a solicitor's clerk for three years. Those who knew him in after years speak of his mother, sister, and brother as still living; and these must for long have partly lived on Mangan's scanty earnings. He himself has written of his early days in the lawyer's office:—

'I was obliged to work seven years of the ten from five in the morning, winter and summer, to eleven at night; and during the three remaining years, nothing but a special providence could have saved me from suicide. The misery of my own mind; my natural tendency to loneliness, poetry, and self-analysis; the disgusting obscenities and horrible blasphemies of those associated with me; the persecutions I was obliged to endure, and which I never avenged but by acts of kindness; the close air of the room, and the perpetual smoke of the chimney,—all these destroyed my constitution. No! I am wrong; it was not even all these that destroyed me. In seeking to escape from this misery, I had laid the foundation of that evil habit which has proved my ruin.'

He must have wrought at weaving the web of his wonderful knowledge, assiduously and secretly as any old spider, hid up in the dark of those early years. It is said that he loved some cold and careless coquette, and that a good deal of his life's lustre was run off in tears, which only served to make her triumph more brilliant. But all this was suffered in his own shy, sensitive, uncomplaining way. One who knew him, speaks of there being a gap in his life here; 'an obscure gulf, which no eye has fathomed, into which he entered a bright-haired youth, and emerged a withered and stricken man.'

By the aid of Drs. Petrie and Todd, Mangan obtained employment in the great University Library. The book-worm feasted richly, and then burst into wings of rare splendour. A strange figure he must have been, with the white halo of bleached hair round his head, the dark halo round his eyes—eyes of weird blue, as of one who could see spirits; a lighted corpse-like face, with that faint lavender shadow which they wear who eat opium, and dream its dreams. A strange figure, and yet not startling: a child would not have feared to pull the old brown carmelite coat, climb the offered knee, and kiss the face where queer humour and quaint pathos mingled with an expression such as Cruikshank alone could have figured; and over all was the affecting touch of a weak

will in the mildness of his look, that pained you like the crack in the laugh of age.

One of the most pathetic things in all the mortal life of our Saviour, is His weeping over the doomed city of Jerusalem. There it lies, full of all uncleanness. It has persecuted the saints, slain the prophets, and stoned the martyrs. It spurns the Saviour, and hurries on to meet its day of doom and desolation. Yet, looking on it, the heart yearns over it, the eyes grow tearful; there comes a wave of feeling that would wash out all its sins in forgiveness, followed by the heart-aching, lip-quivering tenderness of the words, 'O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.' There are spirits over whom we yearn in like manner, as far as our nature can follow the feeling of the Divine Master. We long to embrace them and shelter them from the coming doom, and in our utter helplessness we cannot.

Even so did good and true friends yearn over poor Mangan in his later days, and tried to save him, and he would not. There was no bravado, no loud recklessness in his fall. It seemed to be rather from sheer want of will. When set on his legs, there was no power to stand, and down he went, till the image of God was almost wholly battered out of the poor human face. When sinking lower and lower beyond the reach of help, friends still clung to him as near as they could get. His kindest friend, the Rev. C. P. Meehan, was with him to the end, trying to smoothe the sad pillow where he lay. With last words, Mangan requested that one of the Catholic penitential hymns might be read; and when it was ended, his spirit had passed. He died on the 20th of June 1849, in the Meath Hospital, Dublin.

Mangan has been compared to Poe. There was some likeness at first sight, but this lay more in the outer facts of his life, and in external characteristics. If we can get at the inmost spirit of the man, we find the likeness only negative. In weakness of will, in carrying out a good resolution, he was powerless as Poe. But then he had none of the fierce defiant determination to be bad, and thrust the very worst into the faces of lookers-on, calling aloud to those who would have pityingly passed by the sad sight. He never gloried in his gutter as Poe did, or played the madman on purpose to mock humanity and delight the devil. He had not the same ghoulish fondness for digging with lean fingers, and tearing up the secrets of the grave, nor the same morbid lust for creating a creeping horror in the blood of his readers. Poe showed a *malice prepense* against himself, and

went the way to perdition with a wicked willfulness. Poor Mangan slipped down the back way with a shy weakness. Poe seemed to enjoy making your heart ache for him, but Mangan would not have willingly cost you a tear for all his misery. Poe was possessed and torn by seven devils of self, whereas it was one cause of Mangan's sad fate, when all had gone wrong, that he had not a thought about himself. As his best friend says of him briefly and pathetically, Mangan 'had no vice but *the one*.' Both died in public hospitals in the same year, and within ten weeks of each other.

Another likeness between these two poets opens up a curious subject for speculation on psychological phenomena. Shakespeare speaks of method in madness: we think there must be strange music in it too—music that is often unfathomably subtle, or recklessly splendid. We have seen the insane listening to it, trying to catch it, dancing to it, and breaking off in mournful failure. Think of the music of Coleridge, of Poe, of Mangan! We cannot help associating it with the opiate and the stimulant. Coleridge's is the healthiest of the three—he can work the real miracle. Poe's is the most unhealthy, and in him we can detect the conjurer. There is strange music in Mangan, with a sudden breaking in at times of the spirit-world. Now it is playful prank of Ariel in the air; now the tiny tinkling music of fairies, their notes formed from water dropping; now a sudden cry as of a lost soul, warbled instead of wailed, or a horrible laugh thrills through; now some harbinger of death is going overhead in a cold blood-curdling air; now there hurries up a swarm of wild ululant discords, like a chorus of evil spirits hovering round a doomed suicide, as he sits at midnight with white face by a dark water, urging the despairing soul over the last ledge of hope, down—down—down!

The real Clarence Mangan is only to be found in his poems, although here it is difficult at times to know when you have him. It is as though the soul of the man had gone out of him into his books when in Trinity College Library, and the souls of four-and-twenty poets dead and gone, all of different nations, had made use of him. He was master of a prodigious number of languages, but his translations were sometimes translations only in name. It is said, that, on being questioned by a friend respecting the genuineness of an ode from the great Persian lyricist, he admitted that it was only 'half his.' In some alleged autobiographical memoranda which he left behind him, he is stated to have confessed that he frequently fathered on other writers the offspring of his own brain. And

he told a friend of ours, that in German translations he often attributed poems to the poet 'Selber,' meaning himself. Here is a specimen from the Persian:—

'*Thus writeth Meer Djafriz—*

"I hate thee, Djaun Bool,
Worse than Mârid or Atrit,
Or corpse-eating ghool.

I hate thee like sin,
For thy mop-head of hair,
Snub nose, and bald chin,
And thy turkey-cock air.

Thou vile Ferindjee!
That thou shouldst disturb an
Old Moslim like me,

With my Khizzilbash turban!
Old fogy like me,
With my Khizzilbash turban.

"I spit on thy clothing,
That garb for baboons!
I eye with deep loathing
Thy tight pantaloons!
I curse the cravat
That encircles thy throat,
And thy cooking-pot hat,
And thy swallow-tailed coat!
Go, hide thy thick sconce
In some hovel suburban,
Or else don at once
The red Moosleman turban;
Thou dog, don at once
The grand Khizzilbash turban."

He published a series of poems in the *Dublin University Magazine*, between September 1837 and January 1846, under the title of 'Literæ Orientales.' These were mostly original poems, disguised by various so-called Persian, Turkish, and other Oriental names, phrases, and choruses; but the mystification is thrown off at times almost derisively, as if in contempt of any one who could be deceived. In running through these, we have noted here and there an illustrative and characteristic stanza of poems that have never yet been collected. In the number for September 1837 is a fine poem, full of music, in eleven stanzas, called 'The Time of the Roses.' Here is one:—

'See the young lilies, their scymitar-petals
Glancing like silver mid earthlier metals,
Dews of the brightest in life-giving showers,
Fall all the night on these luminous flowers:
Each of them sparkles afar like a gem,
Wouldst thou be happy and smiling like them?
Oh, follow all counsel that Pleasure proposes;
It dies, it flies, the Time of the Roses.'

The second number, March 1838, contains, besides other pieces, a fine lyric 'To Mihri,' of which this is the first stanza:—

'My starlight, my moonlight, my midnight, my
moonlight,
Unveil not, unveil not, or millions must pine:

Ah, didst thou lay bare
Those dark tresses of thine,
Even Night would seem bright

To the hue of thy hair, which is black as
despair.

My starlight, my moonlight, my midnight, my
moonlight.

Unveil not, unveil not, or millions must pine.'

In the third number, September 1838, 'The
Hundred-leaved Rose' is another of Mangan's
curiously versified poems, the one rhyme
being kept up all through :—

'O give her the gardens of Peristan,
Where only the musk-winds blow,
And where she need fear nor storm nor man,
The Hundred-leaved Rose.
For the Summer's hand of love and light,
In the luminous flowers it strews
Earth's valleys withal, drops none so bright
As the Hundred-leaved Rose.'

There are several good poems in the fourth
number, April 1840; one that flows on very
sweetly into its mournful echo—

'All things vanish after brief careering,
Down one gulf life's myriad barks are steering.
Headlong mortal! hast thou ears for hearing?
Pause! believe! the Night, thy Night is near-
ing!

Night is nearing.'

Mangan wrote another series in the same ma-
gazine, entitled 'Lays from many Lands,' con-
taining translations (so-called) from Irish,
Welsh, French, German, Spanish, Italian,
Swiss, Servian, Romaic, Persian, Russian,
Danish, Icelandic, and other languages. It
is as difficult to tell what Mangan did not
know, as to identify what he did. The editor
of his poems, however, is wrong in placing
the 'Mariner's Bride' in the 'Apocrypha,' it
being an exquisite and faithful rendering of
one of Camoens' Spanish Songs (for he wrote
in Spanish as well as Portuguese), beginning
'Irme quiero, Madre, aquella galera.' In his
translations proper—his German Anthology,
for example—Mangan does not abide by the
literal text. But he frequently does what
Coleridge did for Schiller. When his mind
kindles and emits a further flash, he gives it,
and it is often the finest in the poem. An
instance of this occurs in his translation of
Freiligrath's 'Spectre-Caravan,' where he
strikes out the magnificent thought—

'Never quail before the shadows! You are
children of the sun!'

He concludes Rueckert's 'Ride round the
Parapet' with an amplification of the humour
into rich grotesque :—

'And wrinkled Eld crept on, and still her lot
was maidenhood;
And woe! her end was tragic: she was changed
at length, by magic,

To an ugly wooden image they maintain;
She, the Lady Eleanora,
She, the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

And now, before the gate, in sight of all, trans-
mogrified,

Stands Lady Eleanora von Alleyne,
Before her castle gate, in sight of all transmo-
grified;

And he that wont salute her must be fined in
foaming pewter,

If a boor; but if a burgher, in champagne,
For the Lady Eleanora,

Wooden Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

The genius of Mangan was often remark-
ably happy in the continuation and climax of
an author's thought. Readers who may first
read of these German poems in Mangan's ren-
dering, will find the original faint in colour
and languid in music by comparison. In
many of his poems from the Irish he has re-
created them successfully as Tennyson has
reproduced the beautiful mythology of Ar-
thur, and the poetry of his 'Round Table.'
'Dark Rosaleen' is an instance in kind. The
passionate emphasis of the music would of it-
self have made a new poem. We quote four
of its stanzas :—

Over hills and thro' dales

Have I roamed for your sake;

All yesterday I sailed with sails

On river and on lake.

The Erne, . . . at its highest flood,

I dashed across unseen,

For there was lightning in my blood,

My Dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen!

Oh! there was lightning in my blood,

Red lightning lightened thro' my blood,

My Dark Rosaleen.

'Woe and pain, pain and woe,

Are my lot night and noon,

To see your bright face clouded so,

Like to the mournful moon.

But yet . . . will I rear your throne

Again in golden sheen;

'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,

My Dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen! etc.

'I could scale the blue air,

I could plough the high hills,

Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer

To heal your many ills!

And one . . . beamy smile from you

Would float like light between

My toils and me, my own, my true,

My Dark Rosaleen, etc.

'Oh! the Erne shall run red

With redundancy of blood;

The earth shall rock beneath our tread,

And flames wrap hill and wood;

And gun-peal, and slogan-cry,

Wake many a glen serene,

Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,

My Dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen !
The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Mangan had the true temperament of the Celt; exaggerated in his case by his own misfortune, just as it has been in his people by ages of national misfortune. He had the key of the Celtic heart. He was the natural born of a race whose sorrows and joys seem to have a keener birth-pang of pain and of pleasure; a sharper cry and a lighter laugh. He had their tenderness, tremulous to tears—the fire of their warful mood—the music that thrills to the marrow—the sudden, sharp, short intensity of feeling that goes to the heart with a fire-flash and fills the eyes with tears—the frolicking and rollicking, the pathos and humour that brighten a storm-gloom with sun-burst. We find the natural antithesis to his earlier Oriental gaieties, the other extreme of a nature lacking balance and perfecting power, in some of his later pieces, which have a dreariness of desolation, a dark hopelessness that is absolutely frightful. In his version of ‘O’Hussey’s Ode to the Maguire,’ he has painted a picture of tragic woe made splendid by lightning, to match that of poor old mad Lear appealing to the pitiless heavens with his bare white head and broken heart. But it is in reference to himself, and his blighted life, that he reaches the blackness of darkness. How terrible is this from a ballad called the ‘Nameless One :’—

‘Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

‘Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes
blasted,
He still, still strove.

‘And he fell far thro’ that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil’s (usual
Stock of returns.

‘Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! there let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.’

In another piece, called the ‘Saw-Mill,’ he heard the saw and the ‘song of the tree that the saw sawed through,’ and this was the burden,—

‘In a few days more, most Lonely One!
Shall I, as a narrow ark, veil
Thine eyes from the glare of the world and
sun

‘Mong the urns in yonder dark vale,
In the cold and dim
Recesses of yonder dark vale.

“For this grievance not! thou know’st what
thanks
The Weary-souled and the Meek owe
To death!” I awoke, and heard four planks
Fall down with a saddening echo.
*I heard four planks
Fall down with a hollow echo.’*

Another piece concludes still more mournfully, from the touch of ghastly humour in it. The poor dreamer sits at midnight amidst the ashes of wasted life;—

‘Tick-tick, tick-tick!—not a sound save Time’s,
And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain!
Sleep!—no more the dupe of hopes and schemes,
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow:
Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago!’

Alas, what a change from the glow, and grace, and musical sweetness of his carols in the Dawn! He sleeps now where the thistles blow, and no stone marks his nameless grave. Drop a kindly tear, gentle reader, for the sad fate of poor Clarence Mangan.

The questions of Race and Religion, the continual beating of each other black and blue for the sake of Orange and Green, or indeed on any other colourable pretext, must put many an Irishman into a similar state of perplexity to that of the poor English peasant, who had lived to see all his old associations uprooted, and the firm ground on which he had fixed himself take life and move off into unknown seas; the few thoughts he had were all entangled in the revolving wheels of change, and his last words were these: ‘What wi’ faith and what wi’ works, and what wi’ the engines a-buzzin and a-fuzzin, and what wi’ one thing and what wi’ another, I’m clean astoned and fairly bet.’ We fancy that it was Mr. Ferguson, writing some lines to Clarence Mangan in the *Dublin University Magazine*, May 1847, who gave good-humoured expression to something of this feeling of perplexity in regard to the numerous points of divergence with which Ireland bristles all over:—

‘I sometimes doubt if I have Irish blood in me,
So often in these mazes do I lose my clue,
Mixing Danes with Milesians, and clear-faced
Saxon

With the hairy-dirty children of Boru.
I have small faith in Punic etymologies,
I sometimes fancy Petrie and St. Patrick are
the same:

I doubt that Betham knows all the tongues of
Babel,
Or that William Smith O’Brien is a Hebrew
name.

I don't care a button for "Young Ireland" or
"Old Ireland,"

But as between the two I rather like Old Dan;
And I wish the *Nation* would let the agitation
Die out a humbug as it first began.'

Be this as it may, Mr. Ferguson has won a success of a peculiar kind in his happy way of writing Anglo-Irish character, phraseology, and imagery. The greatest of living Irish poets, and one of the finest lyrists that ever lived, he has made it possible to unite the Irish heart and English tongue: his own heart being large enough, his love catholic enough, to appreciate England without lessening his feeling for Ireland.

Mr. Ferguson has been reviled by the more violent of the *Nation* school, because he was not national enough in their way. But Ireland has no living poet more truly national, nor one of whom she has more reason to be proud. His early efforts were directed to the formation of a sound literary taste. His mind, like that of Davis, is richly objective, strong and eager to take that grasp of outward things which has often saved poetry from decay; often broke up new ground in which to plant the immortal flower. His ballads are simple, sensuous, and passionate; poems to quote and get by heart, but not inviting to any critical disquisition. We would far rather have written his 'Forging of the Anchor,' than many a long and magniloquent blank verse poem that might employ a whole academy of critics without ever being licked into living shape. Here is the brave opening burst!

'Come see the Dolphin's Anchor forged—'tis at
a white-heat now:

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—
though on the forge's brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the
sable mound,

And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths
ranking round,

All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands
only bare,—

Some rest upon their sledges here, some work
the windlass there.

'The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the
black mound heaves below,

And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at
every throe:

It rises, roars, rends all outright. O, Vulcan,
what a glow!

'Tis blinding white! 'tis blasting bright! the high
sun shines not so!

The high sun sees not on the earth such fiery
fearful show;

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent-hearth, the
ruddy lurid row

Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men
before the foe,

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the
sailing monster, slow

Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery
grow.

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;"
bang, bang the sledges go:

Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high
and low—

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squash-
ing blow,

The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling
cinders strew

The ground around: at every bound the swel-
tering fountains flow,

And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every
stroke pant "ho!"

'Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and
lay on load!

Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and
broad;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow I
bode,

And I see the good ship riding all in a perilous
road—

The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean
poured

From stem to stern, sea after sea: the mainmast
by the board;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats
stove at the chains!

But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet
remains,

And not an inch he deigns to flinch, save when
ye pitch sky-high;

Then moves his head as though he said, "Fear
nothing—here am I."

Mr. Ferguson has more of the Norse spirit in him than any other Irish poet. The absence of the sea-feeling in Irish poetry is remarkable. This must be a matter of race, because other conditions are the same as in England, the sea embracing all round. The sea has never been a national sentiment with the Irish as it is with us. This makes the 'Boatman's Hymn,' one of Mr. Ferguson's translations from the Irish, all the more noticeable. Somehow the soul of an old Norse sagaman has got embodied here! It is full of the salt and sparkle, the motion and burst of the bounding wave. The expression, however, in the last stanza betrays the warm Celtic fancy. A Norseman would have taken it a little more coolly. The appeal to the rock, and its answer, are also exceedingly characteristic. Wave-motion rocks you to wave-music on that 'tide-top, the tide-top.'

BOATMAN'S HYMN.

'Bark that bears me through foam and squall,
You in the storm are my castle wall;
Though the sea should redden from bottom to top,
From tiller to mast she takes no drop.

On the tide-top, the tide-top,
Wherry aroon, my land and store!

On the tide-top, the tide,
She is the boat can sail *go-leor*.

'She dresses herself, and goes gliding on,
Like a dame in her robes of Indian lawn;
For God has blessed her gunnel and wale,
And, oh, if you saw her stretch out to the gale,
On the tide-top, the tide-top!

'Whillan, ahoy! old heart of stone,
Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,
Answer me well. On the bursting brine
Saw you ever a bark like mine?
On the tide-top, the tide-top!

'Says Whillan, since first I was made of stone,
I have looked abroad o'er the beach alone—
But till to-day on the bursting brine,
Saw I never a bark like thine!
On the tide-top, the tide-top!

'God of the air!' the seamen shout
When they see us tossing the brine about:
'Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
Or through and through us she goes with a
shock!'
On the tide-top, the tide-top, etc.

We look to see the seed sown by Mr. Ferguson yet bear fruit in Irish poetry, and an extension take place in the direction in which he was going, when, to our great regret, he paused by the way. The Young Irelanders have discovered that the feat of the rams' horns before Jericho is not to be repeated, and that verse of the declamatory kind is useless without listeners, and not of much avail even with them. Ireland has set to work in a heartier, healthier way than heretofore, and will lift up a cheerier, nobler song at her labour, no longer satisfied with *having been*—determined now to be.

William Allingham is another of the Anglo-Irish poets, whose poems deserve greater fame than they have yet won. Some half-dozen of his ballads have never been surpassed. They have the pulse of the Irish heart, the idiom of its speech, the colour of the country. The worst of Mr. Allingham is, that he has given up to an over-refined poetic English culture what was meant for the people of his own land. In his great admiration of Tennyson, he seems to prefer serving in England to reigning in Ireland. There has always been a lack of heroic fibre in his poetry; but in his range he has the real touch of hearts, and is often exquisitely natural, and thoroughly national. A little more reliance on the gifts of birth, and a little less on English acquirements, will make a greater poet of him yet. Nothing can be more delightful in its *naïveté*, earnest gallantry, and homely pathos, than his 'Mary Donnelly':—

'Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest.

Be what it may the time of day, the place be
where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before
me still.

'Her nose is straight and handsome, her eye-
brows lifted up;
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like
a china cup,
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and
so fine:
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in
a twine.

'The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded
all before,
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from
the floor;
But Mary kept the belt of love, and O but she
was gay!
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my
heart away.

'When she stood up for dancing, her steps were
so complete,
The music nearly killed itself to listen to her
feet;
The fiddler moaned his blindness, he heard her
so much praised,
But bless'd himself he wasn't deaf when once her
voice she raised.

'And evermore I'm whistling or liting what you
sung;
Your smile is always in my heart, your name
beside my tongue;
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count
on both your hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little
finger stands.

'Oh, you're the flower o' womankind in country
or in town;
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way, and see
your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

'Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my
distress;
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never
wish it less.
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am
poor and low;
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you
may go.'

On recurring to the list of books that head our article, we find that our space will not permit us to do any justice to the deep feeling and stately verse of M'Ghee; the descriptive power and southern richness of Mr. Irwin's poetry; the dash and sparkle of Dr. Waller; the cleverness, especially in French translation, of the younger Dr. Drennan; or the vigour of a bard of the *Nation*, Mr. Sullivan.

Amongst the collections of Irish ballad poetry, Mr. Duffy's little volume is the best, so far as it goes. Mr. Hayes' collection is more complete and ample, but it needs a care-

ful weeding of a great deal of rubbish, and some ballads remain to be added. Mr. Mitchell's American edition of Mangan's Poems is disappointing to us, when compared with what it might have been. But, with all its short-comings, it is one of the richest and most enjoyable books of lyric poetry in the English language.

Mr. Lover proves himself to have been both naturally and artificially unfitted to edit the *Lyrics of Ireland*. He is unable to reach any depth of real Irish feeling, and is full of paltry shallow prejudices against those who were amongst the far truer lovers of Ireland. Thomas Davis, when living and writing in his sincere and hearty way, had told the young verse writers to get at the original melodies of Ireland, for Moore's version of them was corrupt, and this was even more true of Lover's tunes. Now, this was a fact patent, even notorious, and very mildly stated. Thirteen years after Thomas Davis was laid in his early grave, Mr. Lover gets his first great chance of wreaking revenge for the slight. He does it in the meanest spirit. He quotes Thomas Davis falsely; he perverts his meaning, and retorts on the dead man by calling him the 'Bed-maker of the Young Ireland College of Criticism.' We would laugh if we could, but it is too pitiable. Further, Mr. Lover excludes Thomas Davis' best ballads from the *Lyrics of Ireland*. Many of the finest Irish ballads are missing, and these mainly belong to the poetry of Young Ireland. We do not find a single piece of William Allingham's; and, in his great ignorance of his subject, the editor has ascribed the following lyric to Clarence Mangan, and extolled it as possessing that poet's rarest qualities:—

'SUMMER LONGINGS.

' Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

' Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the fair young face and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer day:
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

' Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,

Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay:
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

' Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where in laughing and in sobbing,
Glides the stream away:
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

' Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May—
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlight evenings, sunbright mornings:
Summer comes, yet, dark and dreary,
Life still ebbs away:
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.'

A lovely lyric, and one that will make the reader wish to know more about the author of it; but it is not Mangan's. It has a sweetness of breath that comes from a sounder health than his. It was written by D. Florence MacCarthy, a young Irish poet, whose acquaintance is well worth making, for his genuine musical faculty and lyrical aptitude. Mr. Lover has filled up the place of better men with lyrics of his own; but they are not the real thing, only imitations of the true emerald cut in green glass. No amount of them will compensate for the omission of those which he has left out, any more than the gain of a hundred Samuel Lovers could repay Ireland for the loss of one Thomas Davis.

We do not feel much more affection for the nationality of Mr. Lover, than he himself feels for the 'Young Irishmen.' It is not much in advance of the old 'Teddy my Jewel,' and 'Paddy my Joy' style of representation. We like an Irishman to be an Irishman, a Scotchman to be a Scotchman; but an Irish Cockney, or a Scotchman turned London snob, is to us a mortal abomination. Be a hot-hearted Repealer, or a hot-headed 'Scottish Rights' man, if you please; but don't think to win the favour of a true Englishman by caricaturing your own country for sport in song, or abusing the land you have left in renegade leading articles. We respect patriotism, even if in the wrong; we do not respect flunkeyism, even if it tries to serve in the right. Mr. Lover cannot sound the depths of the Irish nature; cannot touch it to the quick. Neither can Lady Dufferin. The 'Irish Emigrant' is an affecting, sentimental ballad, but very far from the real thing. Let the reader compare it with the poetry of John Keegan, to see the difference. We know nothing of this author, except that he was a poor man, born and bred amongst

the people, that he wrote for his bread, did not need it long, and died in 1849. But the reader, if he have any skill in feeling the Irish pulse, will find the Irish heart beating in some of Keegan's ballads, with an intense tenderness and warmth of nearness to be found in few. In Lady Dufferin's 'Terence's Farewell,' there is an elaborate Irish blunder about England being 'a beautiful city,' but it fails to make the poem genuine. Further, Thomas Davis was quite right in stating that Thomas Moore was 'often deficient in vehemence, did not speak the sterner passions, spoiled some of his finest songs by pretty images, and was too refined and subtle in dialect.' Moore was an exquisite lyrist, and wrote many melodious songs, but they might all have been written by an Englishman. He does not bring out of the Irish harp that piercing pathos which can work so weirdly in Celtic blood. He has none of those 'gushes of feeling that smite the heart like the cry of a woman.' His poetry does not weep the bitter tears that fall within, hot and hissing on the heart, nor reach the utter gloriousness of Irish joy. There are flashes of tenderness in Irish poetry almost equal to the pathos of Scottish ballads. When the flash lightens from the fancy, it is often a splendid extravagance, as when a lover, praising the sweetness of his mistress's voice, asserts that the cattle listening to it 'milked over two-thirds more than was their wont,'—which is rather *strained*; but when it comes through the feeling, and gets simple expression, the endearment is often ineffable.

'Ellen Bawn, O Ellen Bawn, you darling, darling dear you,
Sit awhile beside me here, I'll die unless I'm
near you.'

That is Irish.

'No aid, bright beloved, can reach me, save God
above,
For a blood-lake is formed of the light of my
eyes with love.'

That too is Irish. So are the following:

'Who in the winter's night,
When the cold blast did bite,
Came to my cabin door,
And, on my earthen flure,
Knelt by me sick and poor,
Soggarth Aroon?'

'Her lips are like roses, her mouth much the
same,
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in
crame.'

'The music nearly killed itself to listen to her
feet.'

'But O'Kelly still remains to defy and to toil,
He has memories that hell won't permit to
forget.'

'Tho' it break my heart to hear say again the
bitter words.'

All these are Irish. Many more instances as apt we might quote, and yet fail to catch the subtle spirit of nationality, which is as evasive as it is felicitous. We cannot help thinking that very happy things have to be done for Irish poetry, in worship of that muse unknown to the Greeks, the muse of the household: the divinities of home, weans, and wife, ought yet to make their noblest appeal to its power of passionate endearment.

ART. VI.—*History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke.* By THOMAS MACKINTOSH. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall. 1858—1860.

WE think it is Sir James Mackintosh who praises the Irish writers previous to the end of the eighteenth century, for their elegance and simplicity, and specially alludes to Swift, Berkeley, and Goldsmith in illustration of his remark. It is not proposed at present to hold up Edmund Burke as a model of chastity in style, or, indeed, as excelling in any of the minor arts of a great writer's calling. No man could write more pithily or more elegantly than Burke when he chose; but, for the most part, his writings and speeches are distinguished by entirely different excellences, and charm much more from their total effect than from isolated beauties.

It is gradually becoming admitted by all writers of eminence, that Burke, during his century, was without a rival. His understanding was singularly capacious; his sensibility was exquisite; and his imagination truly regal. None of his contemporaries could come near him as an orator; when he began to speak, he seemed lifted up into an angelic sphere. At times his audience could only wonder; they dared not say they appreciated. His oratory often outran the slow march of his hearers, as far as his intellect soared in grandeur beyond them. The Parliament of his day could admire the dignified rhetoric of Chatham, the fervent logic of Fox, the solid eloquence of Pitt, the brilliant fervour of Sheridan, the subtle refinement of Windham, and the forensic elocution of Erskine; but in what category they were to place the oratory of Burke, was a question which no candid contemporary cared to answer. All they could say was, that he was the most extraordinary man they had ever heard.

No doubt, in the bitterness of political

animosity, petty jealousies were generated and narrow strifes were fomented, so that a speaker in the grave House of Commons would occasionally be treated almost as rudely as if he had lifted up his voice in a bear-garden. Yet strife does not always last: party must give place to humanity, and politics to wisdom. The age of chivalry is not yet gone, although, in Burke's day, it was very nearly so. Chatham can sometimes admire Burke, though Burke is a sworn foe to the great statesman; and Burke can pay a noble tribute to Chatham's memory, though he declined doing so while he lived. Fox does not always contend with Lord North; nor this eccentric statesman with Lord Rockingham. Men must all occasionally play the Stoic, and say, ἀνεχου και ἀνεχου, bear and forbear. Though Burke, in his declining years, renounced the friendship of Fox, of Sheridan, and of Erskine, this did not prevent Fox from pronouncing a glowing eulogium on the merits of his great friend and master, when he lay dead.

It is well to survey occasionally the great deeds of the great men who have gone from among us, if for no better purpose, to keep alive our faith in the perpetual energy of the great mother of us all, who has as fresh power to-day as she had thousands of years ago; and, like the light, is noiseless and strong as she was at the beginning.

Mr. Macknight's is, without doubt, the best biography of Edmund Burke which has yet appeared. It is much fuller than the hasty and incomplete one of Bisset, and surpasses, by many degrees, the painfully laborious but slow-footed performance of Prior, not only in ability, but in warmth and glow. The plan of this writer, besides, is much larger, and in all ways more adequate. The private history of the man and of his works are here viewed in the light of his time. No man, of any time, it may be safely affirmed, reflected more entirely the mind of his age, or was in all ways so completely mixed up with nearly every question of importance, both in England and out of it, as Edmund Burke. And this arose as much from the vast capacity and range of his mind, as from his place as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Another rare accident likewise contributed to enlarge his sympathies with his race. It is the universal testimony of all who had the privilege of closely associating with him, that in point of knowledge he was a moving Encyclopædia. Not that his faculties merely moved under the ideas of other men, as is too often the case with men of stupendous erudition: he kept his knowledge securely packed away in the chambers of his brain, without in the least degree af-

fecting its power of spontaneous work, or in any way repressing or enfeebling the outgrowth of its faculties. This assiduous and many-sided culture rather advanced than checked the growth of his mind. There is no overgrowing the oak when once it has fairly got hold of the soil, and has won for itself a place in the forest; but in its soft youth the stronger vegetation of the parasite might strangle it, and men would be deprived of its shade for a thousand years. So it was with Burke. That which, in his unripe years, might, in careless hands, have kept down the native vigour of his mind, in his maturity was skilfully directed to its adornment. So it is with every mind of great power. There is in such men a strong, ceaseless, unquenchable thirst, which all the waters of Deucalion and Pyrrha's flood cannot quench; and because of this burning thirst—not, be it observed, by reason of the habit of acquirement—one may infer the nature of the raging fire which burns always within. It smoulders and smokes far down, but the cunning hand of the furnace-maker still prevents the fire from triumphing. It is bound down by bars unknown to any forge; it is clinched by rivets that bear no maker's name; and yet how strong and enduring!

It is the strength and native vigour of such a mind as Aristotle's, as the elder Scaliger's, as Erasmus's, as Leibnitz's, as Burke's, as Hegel's, as Hamilton's, that should astonish us more perhaps than their prodigious acquirements. To walk is easy; but to walk gracefully under an enormous load tries the strength of a man. Yet this is what Burke did. Not that he was merely content to be a great reflector of the lights, brilliant and dusky, which shone around him. He strove likewise, with what effect we shall see, to send forth an illumination brighter and more extensive than all of those luminaries put together.

Perhaps the very first condition that one would lay down towards the successful treatment of so eminently simple a life as Burke's, would be the possession in the biographer of supreme candour—absolute indifference as to which side the truth might lie. This is a severe test for any man, but an absolutely necessary one for the man who would set himself to write down, without the semblance of trickery or deception, even of himself, the exact state of the case, as it stood between Burke and truth. The power is wanted of seeing morally as well as intellectually into the bad side as well as into the good one of a man's disposition; of being able to detach his character, and leisurely survey it on every side; to turn it over as industriously as if it were the features of an adversary; to stand

near it, and apart from it; to get above it, and beneath it; to put it in every imaginable light which it could have worn among men; and having done so, to say candidly what sort of man he was, not heeding whether certain foolish persons may find him much of a hero, or whether the tongue of scandal may be let loose by the disclosure. Tried by this standard, Mr. Macknight, as a biographer of Burke, must be found wanting. Not that the verdict could be brought home to his own convictions; for his admiration, not of Burke merely, but of everything about Burke, is as sincere as it is often blind and indiscriminate. He can see nothing in his hero to apologise for; only a deal of rubbish to be swept away, the accumulated droppings of previous biographers, who wanted the sense and judgment with which he has been privileged.

It is much easier to make an impression on a great number of vulgar people, than to attract the interest of persons of real cultivation. If Mr. Macknight had laid this seriously to heart, we should, doubtless, to-day have been without his three volumes on Burke; for we are firmly of opinion that he has given us his best, and no counsel of ours could have made his work other than it is. It is told of La Motte, who had lost his sight, that being one day in a crowd, he accidentally trode on the foot of a young buck, who immediately struck him on the face. 'Ah, sire,' said La Motte, 'you will be sorry for what you have done, when I tell you that I am blind.' We would receive a caution from this anecdote, with its modicum of humour and pathos, as to dealing harsh blows simply when one treads on our corns or the robes of the damsel we fight for. This is why we are so lenient to Mr. Macknight, who tells us in his preface, 'I have written in the spirit of love and reverence for a great and good man.' Not a doubt of it, say we; yet it is surely high time that we had done with all apologies for the deeds of a great man, and with all labour except what is spent in putting his actions in their true light before the eyes of his fellows. When that is done, it is at *their* peril if they misinterpret his character; we, at least, have performed our small part, and we may challenge the world to say that we have done it ill.

It is curious, now that the name of Burke has become so famous, to note how industriously one and another have thumbed the 'Peerage,' if perchance they might alight on some nobleman, gifted or otherwise, from whose patrician loins the great plebeian might be supposed to have sprung. Burke himself was much too great and good a man to give any heed to such silly folly. He had much too clear an eye not to see how ridicu-

lous a man would appear, who should industriously lay claim to a higher lineage than he was fairly entitled to.

Mr. Macknight is a less aspiring genealogist than many. He finds that the gaunt De Burghs are too impalpable on their misty heights for him to chase them. He accordingly pounces down on the trading town of Limerick, and there, with swift glance, observes a certain important citizen, John Bourke by name, who was elected Mayor of the city in 1645, and who now finds all his authority will be needed to quell the fierce mob, maddened by priestly exhortations, and by the fears of their own wild hearts. It is the Marquis of Ormond's peace proclamation; and it is the duty of the Mayor to see it read in the market-place by the king-at-arms. It is received with hisses, and groans, and savage yells by the rabble: stones fly thick and fast: the poor Mayor is 'knocked down,' with all his civic pride, and is summarily forced to yield up his office. And so this 'stony Thursday,' and the swift down-setting the Mayor received, still stand out in grim picturesqueness on the old chronicles of Limerick. But what connection has this Limerick Mayor with Edmund Burke? None in the world, that we can perceive. Edmund Burke's father, it is said, came from Limerick; and that is, in substance, all that Mr. Macknight tells us about his relationship with that unlucky Mayor.

King George I. had hardly gone to his account when Edmund Burke was born. The young Irishman had, accordingly, to get through his poetry, and fight his way to recognition in London, under the rule of George I.'s dapper successor, who was nearly as gross in his tastes as his father, with a much worse temper. Arran Quay, in the city of Dublin, was Edmund Burke's birth-place, but accounts differ as to the year in which his birth occurred. The record in Trinity College, Dublin, has it 1728, while his tombstone bears the date of 1730. The curious will not fail to note that 1728 was the year of Oliver Goldsmith's birth also. His father was an attorney in good practice, and of course a Protestant; and his mother, who was a Nagle, of Castletown Roche, in Cork, was a mild, rather melancholy woman, with weak nerves and ill health. His father was a choleric man, whose temper time did not improve; and from him, it is said, Burke inherited part of the irritability and sudden bursts of passion which did not adorn his declining years. Burke had two brothers and one sister, who reached the years of maturity—Garret, Richard, and Juliana—he being himself the second son. In his youth, his health was not good, and at six years of

age he was removed to the care of his mother's relations, in Castletown Roche. Here he was brought under a double set of influences, which had, doubtless, their effect in moulding his opinions and in ripening his genius. The village in which he was now to reside for the next five years, was situate in the heart of the country which Spenser has immortalized in his *Faery Queen*.* There was Kilcolman, the residence of the poet, and there also was the Awbeg, the bright Mulla of his song. To be at liberty to wander at will by the banks of this stream, to lose himself in the neighbouring woods, and to look, even with a boyish eye, on the gray fortresses of the district, was much more edifying for this dreamy youth than being drilled into Euclid, and made perfect in Horace by all the schoolmasters in the world. We do not think, particularly as his health increased, that he would make a bosom friend of the *Faery Queen*, although his biographer would have us think so. Suffice it, that he got lodged in his mind, by the best of all processes, part of the crude material on which Spenser worked. The day was coming, though still far distant to his boyish eye, when, with a mind hungry for thoughts, and images, and glowing words, he would open his Spenser, and, as line succeeded line, and stanza followed stanza of that marvellous poem, his mental experiences that an hour ago were all lost, behold are all found again, and come trooping up in a new order of their own, draped all of them, too, in an airy, impalpable mist, such as poets love, born of the passionate imagination of his own soul. Thus, while young Burke read but little of the *Faery Queen* in those early years, he did far better by storing his mind with those experiences likely to prove so fertile in his after life.

While here, he came under another influence, which, to a less clear and resolute mind, might have been fraught with quite other results. He was set down amid the Nagles, who had been Catholics since the days of St. Patrick. He would gradually learn to respect such persons, who, amid humble thrift and simple retirement, contrived, despite their adherence to the old faith, to display acts of true friendship and of modest worth. The unostentatious kindness of these humble men always impressed Burke, often beyond words ;

* A friend has kindly pointed out to us a tradition respecting Edmund Spenser and Edmund Burke, that, if of slight foundation, may nevertheless interest some. Burke's mother was, according to this story, great-niece of that Miss Ellen Nagle who married Sylvanus Spenser, the eldest son of the poet, from whom it is conjectured Edmund Burke derived his Christian name.

and their quick sagacity and genial humour was the subject of his praise, even when he became the Right Honourable Councillor of his Majesty.

On Burke's return to Dublin, in 1740, he spent a year in his father's house, and started in 1741 for Ballitore, in the county Kildare, where Abraham Shackleton, a quiet, energetic man, of good manners and of excellent morals, had made for himself a name. This humble Yorkshire schoolmaster had now a flourishing academy at Ballitore ; and Burke, who took to his teacher with a rare affection, found it amply repaid by the lively sympathies of the Quaker. During his residence here, he gave evidence of great mental powers, which were, however, rather to be inferred than perceived directly, for he was uniformly quiet and contemplative rather than forward and pronounced. He left behind him proofs of a remarkable memory, which was destined to astonish other assemblies than the juvenile one at Ballitore. Like all school-boys, and school-girls too, we presume, he formed a friendship which, unlike those of most youths, was a lasting one. This was with Robert Shackleton, the schoolmaster's son and successor. To this youth of good abilities, good scholarship, of homely, honest feelings, and of liberal yet decided religious sentiments, Burke took with all the ardour of a deep passionate nature ; and he had reason all his life long to bless the day that he became acquainted with this family of 'Friends.' It is said that, ever after, Burke hailed a Quaker as something like a personal friend.

On the 14th of April 1743, Burke entered Trinity College, Dublin, whither he carried a good knowledge of the ordinary classics, and a very considerable stock of general information for one so young. But he was still a dreamer, and had begun to write verse. He had, besides, a will of great self-reliance, and was not likely to be put off his own way. While at college, he became successively enamoured of natural philosophy, of logic, and of history ; but he soon subsided into what he calls the *furor poeticus*. Philosopher as he was destined to become, there was a logical Dutchman that seems to have cost him some trouble. The same personage puzzled poor Goldsmith likewise about the same time. This was no other than the 'Dutch Burgersdyck,' at whom Pope sneered, but nevertheless a philosopher considerably above any man's rational contempt, and whose works it might have been well for Burke to have mastered. Sallust, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Milton, were his favourites. Homer, and, strange to say, Shakespeare he did not appreciate. He brought away no

laurels from college, and his father, who possessed the hard, legal ambition, did not like this. Edmund, accordingly, did not feel comfortable at home, and in 1747 he entered himself at the Middle Temple, London.

The London of one hundred years ago was not the London of to-day. Its inhabitants were ignorant and prejudiced. The slave-trade flourished, prisons were unreformed, and highwaymen boldly pushed their trade at noon-day in Hyde Park and in Piccadilly. The heads of traitors grinned fiercely from Temple Bar; and as many as seventeen persons suffered death in one morning by the common hangman. A Lifeguardsman prosed; the city listened to his ravings, and the inhabitants deserted their homes in imminent dread that Babylon the Great was to be swallowed by an earthquake. Yet, amid all this din and outward confusion, Samuel Johnson was engaged on his Dictionary, and David Garrick was lessee of Drury Lane. It has gone the round of the biographers in due course, since Bisset's day, that Burke, like Hume, was a candidate about this time for a Glasgow Professorship of Logic, but that both were set aside in favour of a Mr. James Clough, whom the whole of Burke's biographers will insist upon making Clow. Mr. Macknight finds this story unsupported by the least collateral evidence, and he does not hesitate accordingly to set it aside.*

Meanwhile, if Burke has not gained a professorship, he has abandoned verse. He is now deep in the mysteries of trade and manufactures, and that some time before Adam Smith's great work appeared, or the French economists had written. He is even pursuing details so closely, that he can inform his friend Shackleton that little girls at Tur-laine can earn three shillings and sixpence a-week at their wheel! He has evidently begun at the right place to study political economy. He could not get reconciled to the law, and yet he was a man of extraordinary industry,—two ideas which old Burke

in Dublin could not reconcile. For what in the world *could* a man be engaged upon, if not upon law? The idea seemed to perplex the old man's intelligence, and hence his increased displeasure, and Burke's renewed resolution to walk in the footsteps which he had chosen. He had selected the thorny paths of literature, which in his day were much rougher even than now; and, with hope in his eye, and the ambition of youth in his heart, he set out with a much more contented and assured step than the bystander would judge wise. He had none of that flashy vanity peculiar to little minds; but he had a dim perception of what was inside his brain, and that kind of vague confidence in the long run of things, which keeps always pretty close by the side of youths who are to make a figure in the world. His adoption of literature was not a desperate shift for existence, driven though he now was very much to his wit's end how he should shape his after career. On the contrary, it had his deliberate approval. After being ground in the literary mill for seven years—long enough, one would say, to take the romance out of any ordinary profession—we find him confessing to Horace Walpole that there was nothing so charming as writers, nothing so delightful as to be one. But, adds this indolent, cynical observer of forty-three, 'He will know better one of these days.'

Burke did not turn his back upon the law, because he considered it an illiberal or impossible profession. We have his own impassioned testimony to the contrary. In his speech on American taxation he remarks, 'Law is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences,—a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and to liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion.'

An agreeable chapter could be written regarding Burke's female acquaintances, their virtues, their failings, and their celebrity. There is Peg Woffington, the unfortunate actress, the daughter of a poor grocer's widow on Ormond Quay, Dublin, who fascinated everybody who came within her reach, and with whom young Edmund exchanged glances in the green-room of Drury Lane. There is Mrs. Montague, one of the most brilliant and accomplished women of her time, of great wealth and of great kindness, whose house was always open to men of letters, and who, in 1759, took a real pleasure in introducing the young author of the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* to her great friends. There was Burke's good-natured country-

* Professor Jardine, Clough's successor, the ingenious and highly popular expounder of logic for fifty years in the University of Glasgow, says in 1818, that 'Edmund Burke, whose genius led him afterwards to shine in a more exalted sphere, was thought of by some of the electors as a proper person to fill it [i.e., the Logic Chair]. He did not, however, actually come forward as a candidate,' etc. This, both from the character of the narrator, and from his means of knowledge, is calculated to carry weight; for Jardine must have been some eight or nine years old when the vacancy in question occurred in 1751. But who, in the world, could have known of Edmund Burke in Glasgow five years before any of his books appeared, and who was then only an obscure law student of the Inner Temple? (See Jardine's *Outlines of Philosophical Education*.)

woman, Mrs. Vesey, of Bolton Row, the friend and rival of Mrs. Montague, who made all her guests at their ease, and who was as full of Irish frolic and of Irish bulls, as if she still flourished on the banks of the Liffey.* There were the two model women of French society in those days, Madame du Deffand and Made-moiselle de L'Espinasse, of whose class Sydney Smith once said that they 'outraged every law of civilised society, and gave very pleasant little suppers.' Burke attended those suppers when in Paris in 1773, and listened to the wit and the atheism that circled so freely round their tables. Finance and philosophy, the drama and the *Contrat Social*, D'Alembert and Diderot, Voltaire and Rousseau, Helvetius and 'le bon David,'—all were discussed, all were made the subject of some *jeu d'esprit*.† Burke was disgusted with what he saw of French society, and in his *French Revolution* has held it up as a terrible spectacle to all coming time.

But the young writer has gone to his garret with health, hope, and genius on his side, and it will go hard with him if he cannot wring from letters what will supply his humble board. As an ingenious decoy to the English public, Burke brought out a pamphlet entitled *A Vindication of Natural Society* (1756), which he dexterously ascribed to a late 'noble writer.' Every one pronounced the brochure Bolingbroke's. It was full of his ingenious arguments, it was full of his bold assumptions, and it was his style all over. But so high authorities as Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pitt had pronounced Lord Bolingbroke's style 'inimitable;' and here the most accomplished man of fashion, and the most brilliant orator of the age, were both at fault, for it actually turned out to be the work of a poor law student of the Inner Temple. Henceforward Burke had no need to enter the lists with his visor down. This philosophical satire placed his claims to literary recognition beyond all doubt, and he

* Her invitations were made in the most off-hand way. 'Don't mind your dress,' she called to a gentleman (said to be Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet). 'come in your blue stockings!' A happy expression, as it turned out, which was to give name to a class of females of quite different character from its author, and which, when it became popular, was more frequently applied to those ladies who waited on the ambitious gatherings at Mrs. Montague's. This is still the only synonym we possess for the French *precieuses*, a class that were ridiculed with all Molière's power of satire in his *Precieuses Ridicules*.

† In Marmontel's *Memoirs*, one of the most fascinating books of a bygone age, which the skilled will know how to read, there is given exquisite portraits of the actors of that time, drawn, too, by a man who moved among the scenes which he depicts; and who knew well when, and where, and how to lay on the brush.

was only following the dictates of prudence or of policy when he ventured before the public hereafter anonymously.* A few months afterwards there appeared *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*. When we have said that very little progress had been made in speculative discovery respecting the origin of the Beautiful since the days of St. Augustine, expectation will not be raised too high regarding the production of this philosopher of seven-and-twenty. Hardly two men are agreed even now as to the origin of those ideas, and it is to be feared that this ingenious Irishman did little to remove the difficulties which lay in his path. His theory, that everything was beautiful that possessed the power of relaxing the nerves and fibres, and thus inducing a certain degree of bodily languor and sinking, is almost too grotesque to be calmly commented on; yet the book is full of the most ingenious observations on mental phenomena; and, while comparatively cold and unimpassioned in its style, it possesses, nevertheless, many specimens of rare illustration and most apt allusion, charming the reader even when the oddity of his postulate affronts the reason, and does violence to the feelings. David Hume, who was seventeen years older than Burke, gave likewise to the world, at the age of twenty-seven, his *Treatise of Human Nature*; in all ways a more subtle and profound book, which has turned out so remarkable in the annals of speculation, that both the German and the Scottish philosophers have hardly gained their breath from the hundred years' warfare in which its scepticism involved them.† In

* Those persons who care to note such curious coincidences in the career of literary men, will observe that Oliver Goldsmith, who was, as we have seen, born during the same year as Burke, came to London for the first time during this year.

† The two philosophers became acquainted about this time, and, in return for a copy of the *Sublime and Beautiful*, presented by Burke, Hume gave him Smith's *Treatise on the Moral Sentiments*. Hume, in his chosen walk, had decidedly the better of Burke; and so apt are men's brains to be clouded by the temporary exhalations which their own heat has given rise to, it is only now that we are beginning to recognise duly the vast magnitude of Hume's philosophic genius, or adequately to estimate his powers. It was Burke's intention, we are told by Boswell, to write a detailed refutation of the idealism of Berkeley and Hume; but political affairs interfered, and we are deprived, among other pleasures, of the definite means of settling the much disputed question as to whether Burke had any proper title to the name of a philosopher, or was not rather, according to Mr. Carlyle, merely a 'resplendent and far-seeing rhetorician.' His treatment of this question, which is 'a touchstone of metaphysical sagacity,' according to Mackintosh, would have conclusively disclosed the philosopher, or revealed the rhetorician.

truth, Burke had more in him of the poet than the philosopher; while Hume was of philosophy all compact. But more of this anon.

Towards the end of 1756, or early in the succeeding year, Burke married Miss Nugent, a countrywoman of his own, the daughter of Dr. Nugent, a physician in Bath. As this lady was brought up a Roman Catholic, it was probably this circumstance that gave rise to some whispers respecting Burke's alleged oscillation between his own faith and hers. After her marriage she joined the Church of England, made to him one of the best of wives, and survived him some fourteen years. His father-in-law came up shortly afterwards to London, and for many years Burke found a home in Wimpole Street with this excellent physician. In 1759 he became connected with Dodsley the publisher, with whom he engaged to write the historical section of the *Annual Register* for L.100 a-year. For the next fifteen years or so, his lucid mind can be traced in its pages, giving order and arrangement to its reports, and infusing genius into its details. It was during the same year that he was introduced by Lord Charlemont to 'Single-speech' Hamilton, a selfish, crafty Scot, of much more ability than he generally gets credit for, who had a seat at the Board of Trade and a residence at Hampton Court. Whatever was the nature of Burke's connection with this man—for it has not been clearly defined—we are safe in asserting that it was in the manufacture of ideas that the young writer was employed.* He lived with Hamilton for the next six years, and, after an irreconcilable quarrel, the L.300 of Irish pension which the wily Hamilton had procured for him, was thrown up, and Burke turned his back on 'Single-speech' for ever. At which act let none of our readers marvel, who have any sympathy with honesty and fair dealing.

Shortly after the *Annual Register* was started, Burke met Johnson, for the first time, at Garrick's table. Johnson was close on fifty, and we find the editor of the *Register* in 1759 reproaching the nation with having done nothing for the author of *Rasselas*. Gruff old Samuel seems to have taken immensely to Burke, and the violence of his political views did not deter him from recognising and giving publicity to his admiration of the Irishman's worth and genius. The celebrated Club in Gerrard Street, of which Burke was one of the select nine,†

* Burke himself terms it 'a companion in your studies,' in a letter to Hamilton of this period.

† This Club arose from a suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was called by Johnson their *Romulus*. It originally bore no name, and con-

was founded in 1764. But its keen debates, its flashes of wit, its stores of knowledge, its bursts of merriment, are no longer heard; and the cry of the costermonger or the milkman is now only known where Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith long ago made merry.

On the 17th of July 1765, Burke somehow got introduced to Lord Rockingham, and became his private secretary by the obliging services of his friends William Burke and William Fitzherbert. This William Burke was simply a kinsman of Edmund's, though the latter frequently calls him 'cousin' in his correspondence. William likewise gained for him the acquaintance of Lord Verney, from whom, a few months afterwards, he received the position of Member of Parliament for the borough of Wendover, near the foot of the Chiltern Hills.* This borough was a close one, under Lord Verney's influence; and in those days, when as much as L.9,000 was the price paid for such a post, and L.70,000 for a county, Edmund Burke required to thank those powers who had put it into Verney's heart to be so liberal.

On the 26th of Dec. 1765, Burke became member for Wendover; on the 14th of the following month he entered Parliament; and on the 27th he made his maiden speech. Henceforward his career is so inextricably interwoven with the history of the time, that it is almost impossible to set it in an intelligible light without diverging largely into details quite foreign to this place. We shall only notice briefly a few of his great speeches, which are altogether unparalleled, alike in number and in oratorical genius, in the whole annals of the British Parliament.

The Rockingham Whigs had, the previous year, replaced the incompetent ministry of Grenville; and although Lord Rockingham was an excellent man, of sound integrity, of great courage, an inflexible patriot, and a disinterested politician, the House of Commons was, nevertheless, in no humour to listen to calm debate or to impassioned harangue. The American colonies came before the British Parliament in a federal capacity; and it was on a question touching the competency

sisted of nine members, viz., Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Dr. Nugent, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins; but at Garrick's death it received the name of the Literary Club. Topics, miscellaneous and literary, were often warmly discussed, politics never. (See Boswell's Johnson, and Foster's Goldsmith.)

* The Burkes, as they were popularly called—viz., Edmund, his brother Richard, and William—had for the most part, as Edmund phrased it, 'one home and one purse;' but William and Richard, it is to be regretted, gambled much too largely in India Stock.

of the House of Commons to receive such a petition, that Burke first spoke. Pitt was understood to favour the petition, and the Administration considered the admission of it an open question. The new member argued, in a speech of much force and beauty, that the presentation of such a petition was of itself an acknowledgment of the House's jurisdiction. If Lord Rockingham had any fears for the discretion and tact of his new secretary, this maiden appearance of his set such suspicions at rest for ever. The great Pitt was the first to rise and bestow a warm encomium on the new member. He little dreamt that the rakish clipper, whose feats he had that day witnessed, should, ere a month had gone by, take the wind out of his own great sails, and be seizing on the prize while he was labouring heavily in the offing. As Burke returns from St. Stephen's that clear January night, the ground feels crisp beneath his feet, and the moon shines brightly overhead, while countless stars glitter down over the great city. Halting on his step, he looks up at the great Orion 'sloping slowly to the west,' and yonder the untiring wagoner urges forth his wain on its endless round. And all nature goes its round, as it has done through numberless ages, thinks Burke. But poetry and politics will not yoke together; and though it is a proud moment this for him, it is not unmingled with melancholy, bred in him by those stars, and that nameless something which lurks in the bosom of every man, and which asserts itself strongest in the moment of victory.

Unlike the young aristocratic politician of a former age, and, perchance, also of this one, Burke did not content himself with merely glancing over the newspapers at his club of a morning, before marching to duty: he set himself vigorously to work, as only he knew how, in analyzing the whole work of Government, and the complicated interests of the British Empire. In his successive appearances, he seems, by universal testimony, to have taken the House entirely by storm. Old men and young men, able men and men less able, trading politicians and soldiers of fortune, —all spoke of his orations with enthusiasm. Now he ridiculed Grenville, anon he aimed a shaft even at Pitt. That veteran politician could not brook the idea of Britain being dependent on foreign nations for the raw material of her manufactures, while Burke modestly but earnestly urged the propriety of such a course. This was the *first time the House of Commons had listened to the advocacy of the doctrines of free trade*. He had argued in favour of Catholic Emancipation so far back as 1759; and now, while Fox was still a boy, we find him insisting upon doctrines that

took so many years to ripen into action. But Burke has got into his head certain solid notions regarding political economy, which he will din into the ears of men until they understand them.

The Rockingham Whigs, after a very short term of office, had to resign, and Pitt, who had recently been raised to the peerage as Earl of Chatham, again took the reins. But he did not hold them long; the Duke of Grafton came into office in 1766, and was succeeded by Lord North in 1770, whose Premiership lasted through the American war down to 1782.

The standing order of the House of Commons, which had recently come into play owing to a quarrel with the Lords against the admission of the public to both Houses of Parliament, had, during 1770, been connived at rather than otherwise. This led to the publication of the more interesting debates, with much more detail and correctness than had hitherto been known. Not satisfied with this, the writers for the public prints, as public writers will, had caricatured some of those 'descended from Parliamentary men,' in a style which did not at all meet the approval of dapper little Colonel Onslow. This fiery little Colonel, who two years before had routed a bill-sticker and incarcerated a milkman for a breach of privilege, resolved to put an end to the ridiculing of *him* in the newspapers. He would, in sportsman's phrase, 'bring down' the printers of those audacious journals, and have them reprimanded, on bended knees, in the presence of the Speaker. 'Little Cocking George,' as some newspaper wag called him, singled out two newspapers, the printers of which he resolved to have up before the House. Burke, staunchly supported by Charles Turner, strongly opposed this movement, but, unluckily, they found themselves in the minority. Turner, member for York, was a plain country gentleman of broad acres and blunt speech, a keen sportsman, and one who loved liberty immensely. From the green benches, in his green shooting-coat with tally-ho buttons, he on one occasion had the audacity to tell the House, that if he had been a poor man, with his passion for field sports, he must himself have been a poacher! The day ultimately fixed for the attendance of the printers was the 19th of February. They did not appear. Another order was issued, but it met with no more respect. The sergeant-at-arms was next ordered to seize these two contumacious individuals, but his deputy was only jeered by the printers' devils. The House then addressed the Crown to issue a proclamation for the seizure of Wheble and Thomson, the audacious publishers of the debates. While

this matter was pending, the little sporting Colonel volunteered to bring before them 'three more brace' of offending printers. This motion was pressed forward. Burke and Turner, and the rest of their friends, resolved to divide on every paper as it came before them. The minority were determined to weary the House, that the printers might get off. Every pretence was made, the most ludicrous questions asked, all to spin out the time. Even the name of the printer's familiar was made a pretext for a discussion. The Speaker complained he was tired, and Ellis, Dyson, and Luttrell with one voice denounced the minority. But it was all in vain. Two o'clock came, and the minority still held out. 'I always wished for small divisions,' said the eccentric member for York; 'with fifteen gentlemen having the interest of the people at heart, I will laugh at any majority.' Four o'clock came; the House had divided three-and-twenty times, and the great victory was virtually won. The pompous little sportsman had overshot his mark, and **THE FOURTH ESTATE WAS BORN!** Burke, who saw much farther into political affairs than any of his contemporaries, from the heights of his constitutional wisdom, predicted that 'posterity will bless the pertinacity of that day.'

On the 19th of April 1774, on Mr. Rose Fuller's motion that the House would take into consideration the tax of threepence per pound on tea imported into the American colonies, Burke gave one of his noblest speeches on American taxation. He was called to his feet by a harangue from the renegade Charles Wolfran Cornwall, which consisted of an attack on the Rockinghams, accusing them of all the colonial disturbances since the repeal of the Stamp Act.

He rose ostensibly to put Mr. Cornwall right, but really to defend the Rockinghams from the injurious slights which had been cast upon them. He showed, from the evidence of the existing Ministry, that Parliamentary taxation for an American revenue had virtually been abandoned; and even on the assumption that a repeal of the colonial duties had led to the American disturbances, Lord North was himself the worst of these repealers, because, while Lord Rockingham during his ministry repealed one duty, Lord North had repealed five. Then, accepting a challenge thrown out by the previous speaker, he went fully into the history of colonial taxation, and completely vindicated his own party from the charges brought against them. He went into a copious history of the circumstances preceding taxation by the British Government; the evils of the Stamp Act; the good effects of its repeal; the difficulties of Lord Rockingham's

Ministry; the revival of the policy of taxation by the Chatham Ministry; its evil consequences to the colonies; the solitary tea-duty a financial blunder; and the consequent estrangement of the colonies from the mother country, which was daily becoming more and more imminent. He ingeniously enriched his general narrative by pausing to depict, in colours too glowing ever to fade, the characters of Grenville, of Chatham, and of Charles Townshend, and by showing how their weaknesses had aggravated the discontents of the American colonies. Then he wound up by an appeal to the House, such as has been seldom heard, not to persist in such wrong-headed measures, but to return to that wise policy which the Rockingham Whigs had inaugurated, and without which, Burke concluded, there could be no peace for England.

During the delivery of this masterly oration, idle politicians, drawn thither by common report, filled the lobbies and staircases of the House. Loud cries of 'Go on!—go on!' greeted the speaker, on his pausing to ask if he tired gentlemen. Members of all shades of political opinion declared enthusiastically, that here was the most wonderful man they had ever listened to, and the American agents were with difficulty restrained from hurraing their admiration in the gallery. So entirely and emphatically had he got men's prejudices under for the time by the force of his persuasive voice, that the King and his crotchet of taxing America were temporarily forgotten, and, even at the risk of being regarded as personal enemies to his Majesty, adherents of the Ministry were known to join in the general and irresistible burst of applause.

Perhaps the most perfect specimen of Burke's oratory is to be found in his great speech on administrative reform, delivered on the 11th of February 1780. At the height of his powers, and in the full blaze of his fame, he was likewise of more gentle temper than he afterwards became. All England sang his praises. While difficulty is good for man, as Burke himself declared, there are occasions on which sunshine is one of the most joyous things on earth. He opened his address by laying down the principles on which a wise reform should be founded, neither too liberal nor too conservative, and then proceeded to apply those principles. He proposed to abolish the middle-age division of England into five sovereign jurisdictions, viz., the Principality of Wales, the Duchy of Lancaster, the County Palatine, the Earldom of Chester, and the Duchy of Cornwall. He proposed to get rid of the landed estates of the Crown, and of the forest

lands and forest rights. He proposed, by issuing contracts for the Royal Household, to cut off a number of useless and fat offices, which consumed a great amount of the public revenue. He intended to apply the principle of public contract likewise to the Board of Works and to the Mint. He would abolish the Ordnance Office by assigning it to the Army and Navy. He would introduce unheard of reforms into the Pay Office, and transfer the Treasury and Office of Paymaster of the Pensions to the Exchequer. He would not abolish any existing pensions, because such a course might injure individuals; but he would limit the fund from which they were drawn to L.600,000, or some such sum, which would tend to check all extravagance. He would reduce the emoluments of the Patent Offices of the Exchequer, as the lives and reversions fell in, to fixed salaries, so that public rewards for merit as well as public pensions might still be at the disposal of the Crown. The offices of the Colonial Secretary of State, of the Board of Trade and Plantations, were likewise to be done away with; and he proposed to regulate the salaries of the judges, the ambassadors, and the tradesmen of the Court, on more equitable principles than they had been settled on hitherto. He would make the Ministers of the Treasury and the great personages of the Royal Household responsible for such emoluments, who on an insolvent quarter-day would, he said, be more dreadful to the Royal mind than that of the united colonies.

But it is impossible, in this dry skeleton form, to give anything at all like an adequate idea of his extraordinary powers. The sound political wisdom which held the reins while the bold imagination went forward on the work of reform; the alluring charms of poetical illustration which clothed the past with life, and the future with radiance; the brilliant flashes of wit which played up like electric coruscations over the House; the condensed reasoning, the burning emotion, and the fervid appeals to the most noble passions, rendered this speech the most remarkable one in a small compass that the orator ever delivered. For three hours the audience were spell-bound. Ministerialists, courtiers, sycophants, amid tumultuous cheers, bore testimony to the greatness of the success. The historian, Gibbon, though a king's friend, praised it; and even Lord North condescended to say of it that it had excelled all he had ever heard in the House.

Burke's prodigious labours in the prosecution of Warren Hastings, for his alleged cruelty to the Rohillas and the Begums of Oude, formally began in 1784, and the actual trial commenced in Westminster Hall in February

1788. The animosity of the orator to Hastings dates as far back as 1773.* 'Mr. Hastings,' said Burke, in a speech delivered in that year, 'is to have the casting vote. Mr. Hastings is the individual nominated by this Parliament. If all that has been said is true, if the insinuations of the Committee of Secrecy and the speeches of to-day are true, this man is guilty of everything charged against the Company. Yet this man is to be the first President, and to him is given a controlling power in the Council.'

It was obvious from the impeachment that Burke had spared no pains to make himself acquainted with the alleged crimes, and with the country wherein they were transacted. No man probably ever understood India so well, without having actually set foot on its shores. There is something entirely Eastern about this great oration, partly from the vividness and intensity with which the objects were conceived, and partly, also, it may be, from the excited state of his mind caused by the protracted tale of cruelty and wrong which had buried themselves so deeply in his very soul. The speech, while it has much more than the customary share of gorgeous orientalism in its composition, betrays, besides, far more of embittered sensibility, and even of reckless judgment, than we find in the rest of his great orations. That 'Burke generally took up his side like a fanatic, and defended it like a philosopher,' is an unfortunate saying of the late Lord Macaulay, who appreciated Burke's genius highly, and has done much to disseminate his greatness. The sentence, so far as it applies to the present oration, would be much truer were we to reverse it. The position which Burke took up on the present occasion was by no means a fanatical one, whatever his subsequent advocacy of that position might be called. A man, after turning a case over in his mind for fifteen years; as Burke is proved to have done in the case of Hastings, cannot be said to have made up his mind without due consideration. His feelings, if ever they are to subside on this side of time, have certainly had sufficient leisure to do so in the course of fifteen years. A man who is wholly at the mercy of his feelings we denominate a fanatic; but Burke, even by Lord Macaulay's admission, had naturally perhaps the most solid understanding of any man in England. But, to say truth, these antithetical sentences ring to the ear like adages, but will not always bear too close inspection.

The impeachment lasted nine days in all, four of which were occupied with the oratory

* Lord Macaulay, in his *Essays*, dates it as far back as 1781; but it was certainly eight years earlier.

of Burke. He opened his charge in the presence of the most august assemblage of rank and intellect that perhaps ever met in Westminster Hall to listen to any single speaker. On the third day of the trial, which was perhaps, rhetorically considered, the most important, the speaker, with the documents in his raised hands as a testimony to Heaven of the guilt of the person charged, with streaming eyes and with suffused countenance, related how slow fires were made to inflict unmentionable tortures on tender women, how death met life at the very gates and strangled it. His audience could endure the agony no longer, and burst out many of them into tears. Mrs. Siddons confessed that all the terror and pity which she had ever witnessed on the stage, sank into insignificance before the scene she had just beheld. Mrs. Sheridan fainted; and the stern Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who always in the most headstrong way had insisted on Hastings' innocence, was observed for once in his life to shed a tear. 'This peroration,' said Windham, himself an orator of great accomplishments, as Burke closed his address, 'was the noblest ever uttered by man.' It may astonish not a few to be told that this speech was not written, that the speaker trusted to his never-failing supply of appropriate language in which to clothe his ideas as they crowded upon his brain.

So thoroughly had Burke mastered the art of government, and so completely new were his political speculations, that this very thoroughness and novelty stood in the way of the reception of his ideas by the British public, and even by the British Parliament. It has taken the greater portion of a century to place the majority of the House of Commons abreast of what he spoke long years before. There are few of the great measures of the present day which his far-seeing wisdom did not anticipate, and which his feelings did not valiantly defend. He advocated free trade many years before it became a watchword of party, and supported the claims of the Catholics when Fox was a boy in small clothes. Catholic emancipation was granted many years after his death, but only as a means of preserving the loyalty of the Irish nation. He supported the petition of the Dissenters to be relieved from the restrictions which the Church of England in its own behoof had imposed upon them. He opposed the cruel laws against insolvents, and attempted in vain to mitigate the penal code. He strove to abolish the old plan of enlistment; and he attacked the slave trade, which the King wished to preserve as part of the British constitution. His labours in law reform are well known, and he is almost universally recog-

nised as the first financial reformer whom the British nation produced. By means of various bills, he carried through Parliament a system of official reorganization which, in the single office of Paymaster-General, saved the country £25,000 a-year. Is it to be wondered at, that the man who entertained such 'revolutionary views' should never have been entrusted with a seat at George III.'s Cabinet? His Majesty, as is well known, boasted that he would transmit the crown, exactly as he had received it, to his successor. The paramount evil of Burke's age, and the one against which he sleeplessly battled, was the Court scheme of having a dependent administration in opposition to the Government. It need in no way astonish us, that the most eminent of English politicians, whose mind was fitted for far nobler things than even politics, after spending thirty years in the British Parliament, retired without ever having enjoyed so much as a seat at the Cabinet. But he foresaw all this well. Very early in his public career he remarked with much sagacity, and, as time proved, with too much truth, at the end of his great speech on American taxation (1774), 'I know the map of England as well as the noble Lord [Lord North], or as any other person, and I know that the way I take is not the road to preferment.' He was a poor man when he entered Parliament, and the genius who presides over the destiny of great men held him too fast to her own breast to admit of his gathering much of the glittering dust that the world in its mean way fights for.

In March 1768, he purchased a small estate in Buckinghamshire, twenty-three miles out of London, for some £23,000. This agreeable residence was named Gregories; and is situated near Beaconsfield, where Burke now lies buried. The money with which he was enabled to effect this purchase has given rise to some curious inquiry and to knowing shakes of the head on the part of some of Burke's critics. Lord Rockingham, whose private secretary he was, lent him £10,000; he got by mortgages from Dr. Saunders, of Spring Gardens, £5,000; and William and Richard Burke let him have £8,000. The latter sum had to be returned some years after, when 'the Burkes' were ruined by jobbing in India stock. Lord Rockingham, it is conjectured by Mr. Mac-knight, may have lent Burke £30,000 in all previous to that nobleman's death in 1782,—all which sum was nobly cancelled by a codicil to his will. The Irish estate, which Burke inherited from his brother Garret, was not sold till 1792 or 1793, when it brought something less than £4,000. He sat for Bristol from 1774 till 1780; then for Malton, in

Yorkshire, till the close of his political career. On his retirement from public affairs in 1794, the representation of Malton was delegated to his son, a young man of good promise, who had previously filled the post of deputy-paymaster to his father, at £500 a-year. But this only son, the joy and pride of his heart, was cut off in a few months by a rapid consumption, in his 36th year. The grief of the father at this great catastrophe is said, by Dr. Lawrence, to have been 'truly terrible.' Bursting frequently from all control, he would rush into the room where his dead son lay, and 'throw himself headlong, as it happened, on the body, the bed, or the floor.'

Thenceforward Burke's life was immeasurably desolate. His affections, which had always been fervid; now became almost ungovernable. His feelings occasionally mastered his reason; and the strong oak of the forest sensibly swayed. 'I live,' says this broken-hearted old man, 'in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots.'

His increased irritability is observable, likewise, in the writings which he gave to the world after this date. His *Observations on a late Publication, intitled the Present State of the Nation*, which appeared in 1769, was admitted by highly competent judges to outstrip the publications of Halifax, of Swift, of Addison, and of Bolingbroke. His *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents* (1770), while it called down the dignified wrath of Chatham, the cynical sneers of Horace Walpole, and the screeches of Mrs. Catherine Macauley, sister to Sawbridge, Lord Mayor of London, is now admitted on all hands to be the most perfect exposition of Whiggism which has ever been made. When one compares with these noble works his *Letter to a Noble Lord*, and particularly his last work, the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, we can readily perceive how much the ancient prowess had deserted that undaunted will.

It was during this same year, but before this sad calamity had befallen him, that the final quarrel occurred between him and his generous friend and pupil, Fox. Fox was the acknowledged leader in the House of Commons of what is called the New Whigs; while Burke, again, had been allied all his life long to what he called the Old Whigs. In Burke's speech on the Marriage Act, in June 1781, he said, 'I am accused, I am

told, abroad of being a man of aristocratic principles. If by aristocracy they mean the peers, I have no vulgar admiration nor vulgar antipathy towards them. *I hold their order in cold and decent respect. I hold them to be of an absolute necessity in the constitution; but I think they are only good when kept within their proper bounds.*' The only respect in which Burke's recent writings differ at all from those of an earlier date, is, that they display a mind much more alive than formerly to the dangers of popular illusions, and urge with ever-increasing fervour the necessity for those restraining institutions which the author always advocated as necessary to the preservation of civilised society. His emotions, no doubt, are much more fervid, and his understanding is less solid; but, to all intents and purposes, the opinions which he advocated regarding government thirty years before, were precisely those which he died maintaining.

Fox, again, as we have said, was the darling of the New Whigs, who were supposed to be more on a level with the free spirit of the age, as it was called, than Burke, with his clinging to old systems and to old aristocracies. Fox, besides, at the critical juncture of the French Revolution, seemed to push his doctrines of freedom to an excess, rather than to bring forward the Conservative side of his political views to allay popular alarm. The Old Whigs thought this step was at variance with sound discretion; and Burke, who was very violent on everything regarding the French Revolution, openly declared in the House of Commons, that his friendship with Fox was at an end. Thus these men, who had loved each other more than brothers from the time that Fox entered Parliament, were violently separated, by what one cannot help terming a vile political squabble. No doubt the ardent generosity of Fox would have sought forgiveness in no long time; but Burke, whose nature was deeper, wider, and more serious than Fox's, possessed something of that dark irreconcilability which men fear rather than cling to, and which has been a characteristic of more than one great man in our day.

It was in 1790 that his work on the French Revolution made its appearance. It was read everywhere, and talked about by everybody. No political work on the current events of the day ever equalled it in interest, and in the sudden reputation which it acquired. Nothing else was asked for or thought of. Edition followed edition quicker almost than the printers could throw them off. Thirty thousand copies were soon in the hands of the public. In no place was its effect greater than in the Court of George III., where for long years the name of the author had not

been mentioned without a shudder. His Majesty himself read the book, and would have every one read it near him. 'It will do you good—do you good,' said he; 'it is a book every gentleman should read.' Meanwhile Fox was consigned to perdition by the creatures of the Court: Burke was a great man, and a good man. Even clever Miss Burney (Madame D'Arblay), the intelligent Keeper of the Robes, felt her interest in Burke revive on this royal criticism. The book was talked over with much admiration by Pitt and Wilberforce, and other Ministerialists, at a public dinner at Wimbledon. The fame of it reached the banks of the Isis and the shores of the Liffey; and grave academicals in Oxford transmitted their thanks to the author, and in Dublin they made him an LL.D. ! All the crowned heads of Europe, the French nobility and Princes in exile, King Stanislaus of Poland, the Princes and Sovereigns of Germany, and Catherine of the icy North, sent their special congratulations to the author of the *Reflections*. This was flattering to poor Burke, who had battled so long and so earnestly under neglect and depreciation. Yet Fox could not bear the book; Sheridan could not bear it; and young Mackintosh, at the age of 26, wrote a reply to it. Many of the English people liked it, yet many of them disliked it. Some fifty replies were penned against it; but the only one that is still read is the production of a political staymaker, the 'infidel' Tom Paine. Some two years before Burke's death, the King saw good to bestow upon him two considerable pensions, which amounted in all, during his life, to something over L.10,000. Except the L.4000 per annum, which he received as Paymaster under Shelburne's Ministry, this was all that he ever obtained either from King or courtier. Yet there were persons, as of course there will always be, who knew well the vast sums which his spirit of reform had saved the nation, who were so mean as to grumble at the 'prodigality' of the Government and at the 'corruption' of Burke in this transaction.

From the time of his son's death, Burke never dined from home. His house, formerly like a hotel, was now the picture of desolation. He studiously avoided visitors, and wrapt himself up in the cold folds of his own great sorrow. His head declined, and his body bent together; and the peasants in the neighbouring fields, accustomed to a kind word as he passed, now shrunk off, awe-stricken at the spectacle of so great a grief. Yet still his mind was fresh, and his faculties vigorous. He spent a considerable portion of the days which preceded his death on the perusal of a good book sent him by a good man—*Practical Christianity*, by his friend

Wilberforce. On the 9th of July 1797, Edmund Burke expired at Gregorics, without a groan, in the 65th year of his age. His disease was a scirrhus affection of the stomach. 'His end,' wrote Dr. Lawrence, on the morning of his death, over his lifeless remains, 'was suited to the simple greatness of his mind, which he displayed through life—every way unaffected, without levity, without ostentation, full of natural grace and dignity.'

By his own express injunctions, he was to be interred in the family burying-ground at Beaconsfield, beside his brother Richard, and yet a dearer friend to the old man's heart. On the 15th of the month, at eight o'clock, on a beautiful July evening, while the sinking sun sent its last rays through the casements of the little church, he was slowly lowered into the grave, and laid beside the ashes of his son. It was all over. The great noblemen and members of Parliament slowly and silently file back to their homes and their politics; the flagstones are let down over the grave, and silence and night rule over the scene. Thus passes away the glory of the world!

Burke's widow, who survived him for fifteen years, was removed to the same resting-place in 1812.

It is matter of regret that the achievements of the orator and the actor pass away with the breath of the individual performers. It would be gratifying, in studying Cicero, to be able actually to confront him with his great rival Burke; or, in inquiring into the histrionic powers of Cicero's friend Roscius, to place him face to face with Burke's friend Garrick. But as no such magical gifts have been given to us, we must content ourselves with the meagre limning of such men which history records. When Burke came forward, as his custom was, to the middle of the House of Commons to speak, the first peculiarity which caught the eye of the spectator was the glasses which he almost constantly wore in the days of his celebrity. He was tall and noble-looking, with a decidedly prepossessing appearance; by no means smart in his dress, yet possessing a personal dignity which the tailor could not have given him. He seemed full of thought and care; and the firm lines about the mouth, the strong jaw, and the severe glance of the dark eye, spoke of many an inward battle which was known to no human observer. The head was solid and intense, rather than heavy and massive, high rather than broad, and tolerably prominent; fuller, one would say at first sight, of the reasoning than of the imageing power. His nose, which was straight as if it had been cut after a bevel, opened out into two power-

ful nostrils, made apparently only to sneer. Altogether he looked like a great man, with a great lesson to read to men, more than like a gentle one sent into the world to please. He spoke with a decided Hibernian accent, even although he left the country early in life. But it is to be remarked that men of genius hardly ever lose the tongue of their youth. He had a voice of great compass, and he never required to hesitate for words. They came quick and vehement, frequently almost beyond the power of utterance. As he spoke his head rose and fell; now it swung, and anon it oscillated from side to side of his body, moved by the intense nervous action of his frame. Young Gillray, the foremost of English caricaturists, sketches Burke in various postures and attitudes. One of the most characteristic of these represents him as rapt in the delivery of some splendid oration, with his hands clenched and his arms raised erectly over his head, his whole body the picture of living energy. Yet Grattan complained of the want of grace in Burke's manner as a speaker.

Burke, by the almost unanimous testimony of his contemporaries, was the foremost orator that ever lived. It was the opinion of Fox that *no good speech read well*; and while this is no doubt true of the style of oratory which Fox himself practised, it is the very opposite of true as a test of the highest style of eloquence. A man with a grand voice, a noble presence, and with great plastic powers of countenance, may be an excellent speaker; but, nevertheless, there may be a style of oratory higher than this, of which he knows nothing. If the passion is more in the person of the man than in the thoughts that he gives forth; if the imagery which he wields is quick, sudden, impulsive, not slow, grand, and impressive, the chances are that his speech will not read well, even although it may have made a great impression on the hearers. But let the speech itself be filled to the full with heated emotion, every thought, every image, every word; let it be delivered with all the extraordinary appliances of the orator's art, depend upon it, it will both be a great speech to the hearer and to the reader. Now, Fox's style partook more of the former than of the latter qualities. He was more a debater than an orator, while Burke was an orator all over. Fox gave to his hearers the most splendid specimens of impassioned logic which ever rung through the halls of St. Stephen's; while Burke's declamations were so full of wisdom, of intellect, of knowledge, of imagery, of wit, that his hearers were overpowered by the luxurious prodigality poured at their feet. As one consequence of this, Fox was, take him altogether, more popular

as a debater than ever Burke was. In any audience, more than three-fourths may fairly be counted on as possessing only the ordinary amount of ability, to which Fox's powers allied him much more closely than Burke's. Burke possessed more of the constitutional wisdom of the seer than of the rhetoric of the declaimer; while Fox, again, though he possessed real eloquence, was much more limited in the range and intensity of his ideas. Fox possessed logic and passion in abundance, but wanted imagination; while Burke had all the three in their fulness. Burke's eyes were made to see hardly anything but original ideas; while Fox stole as openly from his great friend as if the matter had been arranged by previous concert. Fox's celebrated maxim, that 'what was morally wrong could never be politically right,' was constructed from the teachings of Burke; and in countless ways, which Fox's generosity rendered him only the first to recognise, Burke disciplined his mind like a schoolmaster. In 1790, Fox stated in the House of Commons, that 'if he were to put all the political information which he had learned from books, all which he had gained from science, and all which any knowledge of the world and its affairs had taught him, into one scale, and the improvement which he had derived from his right honourable friend's instruction and conversation were placed in the other, he should be at a loss to decide to which to give the preference.'—(*Parl. Hist.*, vol. xviii., p. 363.) It was only the other day that there appeared the first instalment of a grave, and, on the whole, meritorious work, in which Burke, as an orator,* is ranked beneath the two Pitts and after Fox. If the writer of this book means to place Burke in the fourth rank of those speakers, who were fully appreciated by an admiring audience, one can find little to object to; for the great Irishman, by the very prodigality of his powers, quite outran often the ordinary faculties of his hearers. But if, on the other hand, it is meant to depreciate that wonderful genius that rendered him not only the foremost speaker in the British Parliament, but, unless we are very greatly mistaken, the foremost speaker in the whole world, we can only say that we are sorry to know it, and shall continue to pray that Pallas may descend and 'give light to men.' Neither is Burke's love of imagery and illustration at all excessive, as this writer supposes. We simply hope, as the most charitable way of accounting for his apparent ignorance, that Mr. May has never read Burke patiently through. Indeed, we hardly

* See *The Constitutional History of England from 1760 to 1860*. Vol. i., pp. 481, etc. By Erskine May. 1861.

know any orator of reputation who is so chary in his use of imagery as Edmund Burke. When he does strike out a figure, he often beats it so thin, and lavishes all his wonderful powers of language in adorning it, that it partly loses the effect of carrying forward the argument, which every good illustration should possess. But this occurs but rarely—not more than once or twice in the course of an oration.

It is, besides, a distinguishing feature of Burke's orations, that they are nearly as far beyond ordinary printed prose, as they must have appeared to the hearers of them above ordinary spoken discourses. While we cannot sympathize with Mr. May in applying the term 'dissertation' to Burke's eloquent speeches, they possess nevertheless much more of the printed disquisition than of the merely rhetorical harangue. They want the closely knit reasoning, the severe diction, the condensed illustration, the restrained language peculiar to a dissertation; and they possess the loosely flowing argument, the easy figure, the disengaged style, the burning passion, the polished and prompt wit, peculiar to a spoken discourse. That which distinguishes them above all other printed orations, and which lends them, we should say, nearly all their power, is the intense sensibility in which they seem to have been conceived. By all accounts, Burke's face was not particularly expressive; it was much less so than Fox's: yet he contrived to surpass Fox in the earnestness and intensity with which he formed his ideas, before they had, so to speak, taken the distinct and expressive form of words.

No one was more familiar than Burke with that Dantean pool where the passions breed, and which every man must visit who would move the affections of others. That dark tarn, with steep and naked sides, rising sheer to heaven, over which these stern sisters, in their wild turmoil, sweep, was as familiar to Burke's eye as any bend of the muddy Thames. Every fragment that he spoke was dipped most cunningly in the waters of this sombre lake. Every paragraph, sentence, clause, word, and syllable, was saturated in this transforming bath. This is the true secret, we take it, of the singular power which his speeches still exercise over his readers.

Burke never strains after fervour. Everything seems to come naturally, as the sunshine after the shower. The exquisite art displayed in the approaches to situations of deep interest or of overmastering power, is as finely natural as are the successive breeze, gale, and storm, which herald a hurricane. All this lavish expenditure of passion is, but as the pent-up steam within a ship. It

moves her forward by its power, to confront and to defeat its twin elements, the air and the water. So it is with Burke's speeches. Passion exists simply to confirm and to ratify his arguments; never, or very rarely, to dazzle the eyes with wanton coruscations. It moves the speech forward, but only according to rule; it seldom breaks out into ungovernable lawlessness. He was an engineer of almost perfect knowledge, and he guided his ship with a pilot's skill.

Burke was always greatly too much in earnest, both from the violence of his emotions and from his intense moral fervour, ever to be a rhetorician in any strict sense. He was, perhaps, the most eloquent man of whom we have any record, but he was not properly a rhetorician.*

There is a pretty general impression abroad among men, that Burke conveyed his thoughts in an ornate, flowery style. No idea of his writings or speeches can be wider of the truth than this. Burning emotion abounds everywhere in his orations and in his more studied discourses, but there is nothing like the florid pomp of words which offends the taste in minor rhetoricians. The astonishing thing is, that the passion is so great, and that the imagery is so small; for, in men of genius, passion and imagery are nearly always in direct proportion. The passions, like the hounds of Actæon, keep always in full cry of the imagination; but there is no Melanchætes so crafty as to make it his prey. Nothing but the extraordinary solidity of an extraordinary judgment could have kept that wild faculty so completely in check as Burke did his imagination. His style is often simple, and even chaste, but always intensely forcible. Sometimes it is fanciful, but seldom elaborately so, particularly in his better days; and in rare cases wildly and even recklessly imaginative. Sometimes he loses, for a time, the command of his powers: one

* The term *Rhetoric* is used in a twofold way, by a twofold class of persons. It is employed in a *critical* and in a *popular* sense. 1. In its critical signification it is used by all who have written on it, from Aristotle downwards, including Quintilian, the gentlemen of Port-Royal, Dr. Campbell, and Archbishop Whately, as the *art of persuasion*. But here they differ among themselves as to details. Dr. Campbell maintains that there can be no persuasion without an *appeal to the passions*; and Archbishop Whately, again, urges, that *conviction of the understanding* must form an essential part of persuasion. The sense in which the word is employed here, is, to denote that voluntary exaltation or derogation of some peculiar aspect of a question in which belief or disbelief is desired to be produced in the minds of the hearers. Thus Rhetoric deals entirely with opinion or probable matter, and with probable matter of a peculiar kind. 2. The word is used popularly, either to denote a showy ornamental discourse, or one filled with rank sophistry.

is then lost in the bewildering Alhambra of splendours into which he has been inveigled. The thread of the argument is lost; the connecting link is missing; the centre of the sphere is forfeited, and few have the cunning to discover it. Yet again he returns to it, but with no advantage gained by his mighty illustration: the reasoning has got cold meanwhile, and it will take the arm of a Thor again to hammer it hot. This was really the way, we believe, that Burke lost so many of his hearers, and, of course, also of his hearty admirers. It was not in the tangled meshes of any syllogism, it was not in the intricacies of any deduction, that his panting auditors broke down; for no man sends home a bit of reasoning with more genuine simplicity and force than Burke. It was rather among his laboured figures, few as they in reality were, where the imagination of the man, like a wild steed unaccustomed to freedom, as those dapple grey coursers of the dawn, that, in old Marston's play,

'Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky,'

broke entirely away from all human control.

His taste, besides, cannot always be defended. His celebrated picture of Lord North will occur to every intelligent reader—'extending his right leg a full yard before his left, rolling his flaming eyes, and moving his ponderous frame;' and his comparing of North's Ministry to a party of courtesans. If Burke had possessed less passion and imagination, we think there can be little doubt that he would have gained a name as a philosopher. We have really little on which to judge off-hand of his purely speculative capacity. Except his treatise on the *Sublime and Beautiful*, where the writing is admirable, but the thinking rather lame, we have nothing to which we can appeal in a ready way to settle his claims as a philosopher. The only word that we can offer as an apology to speculators for the immaturities of thought that are substituted for sound philosophy in the above treatise, is the possibility of its having been a favourite theory of his college days,—the hot season, as we all know, of hot theories, and of much else, which he had taken up before he had got entirely away from the keen-sighted but crude views of his youth, and which he had endeavoured to elaborate at a period when style (Bolingbroke's and others) held much greater sway over him than thought did. This view is confirmed likewise by the report of his having renounced the theory before it had well got before the public. There is obviously no use pointing, as his biographer does triumphantly, to his published speeches for a refutation of

those who choose merely to estimate him as a splendid rhetorician. In these very speeches Burke is never done decrying 'general maxims,' 'abstruse points,' and 'metaphysical subtleties;' and unless we suppose him artfully trying to stave off a popular impression regarding himself, we must admit at once that these orations form no just criterion on which this important question can be settled.

Aphorisms, no doubt, toss perpetually to the surface of his orations, as foam-bells adorn a stream; but is not this one of his happy knacks of insinuating his constitutional wisdom into his speeches, so as not to make them heavy or dull? There is nothing that a popular assembly love more than apothegms: they are like gold-coins—they enrich the possessor while they do not burden him. Those 'short sentences drawn from long experience,' as Cervantes called them, have always been admired by the world, even though sometimes they have not been fully understood by it. In general, however, they are eminently simple in their form, and, so far as the language is concerned, easy of apprehension. Bacon, Burke, and Goethe constructed more adages than all their contemporaries. The first was a philosopher, the last was a poet; and we have not yet ascertained what Burke was, unless we make him a mixture of both. These adages were sometimes imperfectly expressed, no doubt, in Burke's speeches; but, nevertheless, the pith and marrow of the apothegms were there.

Burke's style of constructing a speech is somewhat peculiar, and highly artistic. His usual way is to gather up the contents of what he is going to say into a series of aphoristic forms, and afterwards hammer them out into the gorgeous details, which he knew so well how to handle. Besides, there is an outer and an under current both of thought and language observable in this process. In general, the adage is resolved into its constituent elements by a keen process of analytic thought, while it is delivered with ceaseless passion, and often over all there hangs the fine imaginative nimbus of genius; so that to a listener, unless he were possessed of more than the ordinary sagacity, the outer surface of the oration would alone strike his attention, and the undercurrent of energetic reasoning might pretty much escape him, but he would receive the full contents of their combined force in proportion to his natural ability. Unlike those thrifless though impressive speakers, who trust merely to chance for what they are to say, nothing, apparently, was with Burke adventitious, except perhaps some of his oriental illustrations. The greater portion of his speeches was constructed,

whether consciously or unconsciously, on the principle which we have just described, and it was one of great philosophic sagacity and of eminent practical effectiveness. It was that art which conceals art, which no one but a man of genius can ever adequately handle. Bacon, besides, indulged much more in philosophical aphorisms than Burke did; but Burke had little or no opportunity as a politician of forming anything else than practical maxims.* They are nearly all of this class, and display an extraordinary power of generalizing. It argues that he must have watched men and manners with the same sleepless eye for which the philosopher is distinguished. Men generally designate such a power of forming practical aphorisms by the name of wisdom; yet it is much more intimately associated with the fundamental elements, at least, on which the highest philosophy is based. In truth, the eye of wisdom and the eye of philosophy bear a striking resemblance to each other; but it is this power of sagaciously noting the differences and the resemblances—the *differentia*, in short—of affairs, and of leisurely binding them together, which begins and ends the process of abstraction. And it is this, we take it, more perhaps than in certain other striking coincidences of Bacon's life and his, that discloses to us the kind of mind which Burke possessed. Here we have him actually engaged, only in a different way, in the identical process of induction which the great English philosopher expounded so well; and it is all the more interesting that it is unconscious, struck out, as many of those adages were, on the heat of the moment. Can one doubt that Burke, who spoke these wise sayings that are sown up and down throughout his speeches, had he possessed less passion, would have been a philosopher with a fame, perchance, near to Bacon's? It was passion that urged him into Parliament, and it was

the same stern mistress that at last closed his eyes. To her, likewise, he must attribute any falling away of which the speculative part of the world accused him, as, indeed, by the same austere dame his whole life was in a manner coloured.

Yet Burke did not sell himself to passion; on the contrary, he kept the reins close on it, guided always by the sense of rectitude which rules the world. This is, out of sight, the most striking feature in Burke's political character. While other men are content with propriety, decency, respectability, fitness, as the bases of their political views, Burke is never content until he has landed the question, whether rightly or wrongly, in the arms of virtue or of vice. Thus his political philosophy was something very like a moral philosophy. There is one aspect of his moral and intellectual being which would charm the heart of Mr. Carlyle. It is the entire harmony or apparent unity of action between his understanding and his moral sense; so entire, indeed, that one would be half-persuaded to adopt Mr. Carlyle's paradoxical theory, that the two faculties are essentially one in all men, did one not recollect the number of Apolloniuses, Cagliostros, and Barnums there are in the world. Speaking to Dr. Markham, on one occasion early in his career as a statesman, regarding this manner of judging public events and public men, he said, 'I neither now do, nor ever will, admit of any other.' And he kept his word. In those orations of which some account has been given, it is always the morally wrong that he denounces with his most scathing eloquence, always the morally right that he contemplates with the most peculiar satisfaction. It was on this principle that he judged the conduct of the English Government during the American war, the cruelty of Warren Hastings to the Rohillas and the Begums of Oude, and the atrocities of the French Revolutionists. His work denunciatory of the French Revolution, was answered by Camille Desmoulins, by Anacharsis Clootz, by Tom Paine, and by Sir James Mackintosh; but, with every allowance for the violence with which his burning sensibility carried away his better judgment, so deeply were the principles on which it was written drenched with the moral nature of the man, that Burke must remain for ever, in all the great essentials of the case, unanswerable, even by right honourable dissertators on ethical philosophy. If a man will only be sure he has got truth on his side, he may face an enraged world with a calm front, in the sure reliance that as soon as mankind can know better they will, and the time will come when they will write the very

* A few of those wise sayings for which we have given Burke credit are here subjoined. They are taken at random from his writings:—'Difficulty is good for man.' 'A brave people prefers liberty accompanied with a virtuous poverty, to a depraved and wealthy servitude.' 'Vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness'—a saying which has since often afforded the moralist a text. After the horrors of the French Revolution, Burke said, with truth, 'The age of chivalry is gone'—a sentence which has been very pregnant of remark for politician and man of letters since his day, and which no one has handled to better purpose than Mr. Carlyle. 'Geography, though an earthly subject, is a heavenly study.' 'It is the nature of all greatness not to be exact.' 'Like all great public collections of men, they possess a marked love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice.' 'Those who are bountiful to crimes, will be rigid to merit and penurious to service.' And so on.

name high in their Temple of Fame that they now decry with such a fiendish delight. So true is the old Greek proverb, 'Οψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά—The mill of the gods grinds late, but it grinds fine.

There is one line in that exquisite sarcastic poem of Goldsmith's, the *Retaliation*, in which, in a humorous, bantering way, he describes the character of his great friend Burke, which has always struck us as particularly true, and even happy. No doubt, Mr. Macknight is assiduous in his endeavours to persuade his readers that this poem possesses no real truth; but as we know that he is a hero-worshipper, that circumstance need give us no trouble. While admitting that sarcasm, by its very nature, tries rather to conceal than to communicate the real state of the case, we nevertheless are of opinion that Goldsmith, in his line,

'And t' party gave up what was meant for mankind,'

described Burke's character in one important point, more accurately than his latest biographer has done. It may have been unconsciously, but no one with eyes can help seeing that Burke more than once adhered to the policy of his party more from an associative feeling, than from any determination to proclaim the truth by his political conduct. In saying this, after all, we are merely recognising his proper humanity: no statesman or politician could be more free from all sorts of party charges.

That in private and domestic life he appeared nearly as great as in public, need in no way astonish us. His conversational gifts are admitted, on all hands, to have been remarkable. No doubt, this was the secret of the early attachment of the accomplished Mrs. Montague and of the blundering Mrs. Vesey; as it was certainly, in the days of his celebrity, of Hannah More and of fickle Miss Burney. Goldsmith, who knew nothing of the spontaneous power of conversation himself, could nevertheless apply himself reflectively to the contemplation of it, and remarking of Burke's power of talking on one occasion, when the merits of Johnson and himself were being canvassed, 'Burke,' said he, 'winds into a subject like a serpent.' But the foremost testimony we have, is that of Dr. Johnson, who, although by no means what is called an elegant talker, possessed, nevertheless, an unrivalled power of enchainning the attention by his emphatic eulogiums or denunciations. Burke could only 'ring the bell' to him. 'Burke's talk,' said Johnson, 'is the ebullition of his mind; he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full.' Again, 'That fellow calls forth all my

powers. . . . Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me.' 'Burke,' said he on another occasion, 'is the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you.' Often did he repeat, that 'no man of sense could meet Mr. Burke by accident under a gateway to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England.'

Burke's modesty was nearly as noticeable as his great powers of conversation; and women, who are much quicker-witted than men in detecting any little foible in character, bore ample testimony to the fact. Mrs. Montague, Madame du Deffand, and many others, bore witness to his humility; yet we cannot but think, that the spirit of self-depreciation in which he was accustomed to indulge in the House of Commons, had in it somewhat of affectation.

All who knew Burke must have been aware that benevolence was with him almost a passion. The feeling was kept in pretty strict regulation by the influence of a discerning judgment; it was not allowed to bubble over on the appearance of every object of visible destitution, as in the case of his countryman, Goldsmith. But no man could exceed Burke in sympathy for the really distressed.

The following stories of a hero, a painter, and a poet, serve to put this in a clear light. And first of the hero. One afternoon, while Burke was yet an unknown man, chancing to stroll in St. James's Park with a Mr. Bodly, a lawyer who had been in Calcutta, there came up to Burke (not to Bodly) a timid-looking little fellow, with keen eyes; and after making his humble submission to the two gentlemen, he told Burke that he wished to inquire of Mr. Bodly, whom he had seen in Calcutta, and who was Burke's companion at the time, of his own father's welfare. Having done so, Emin entertained the two gentlemen, on their way down the Strand, with a sketch of his life. He was an Armenian of good family, who, with his father, had been compelled to take refuge in Calcutta, from the storms of persecution which raged among his native mountains. Here, for the first time, he witnessed the effects of European civilisation. Perceiving, with the glance of something very like genius, that England was born for empire, he was seized with an irresistible desire to visit that distant country, the mother of the arts, of peace, and of war. This little brown Asiatic, of eighteen, worked his way to England, and his heart bounded as his feet touched English soil on the stairs of Wapping. Now he was a menial servant,

anon he was a bricklayer, then he became a porter, and again he was a copying clerk. Still he hungered for knowledge. His father sent him L.60, on condition that he would return to Calcutta; but the boy said he had yet much to learn, and sent this L.60 back to India! Had anything like this youth's heroism and devotion in pursuit of a noble cause yet met Burke's ears out of the pages of romance? By the time the narrative had reached this point, Bodly the lawyer had gone, and the two sat in Burke's humble rooms, in the neighbourhood of the Temple. Burke took out half a guinea, and said, 'Upon my honour, this is all I have at present; please accept it.' But he had to do with as noble a spirit as his own. Showing Burke in return three guineas and a half, Emin remarked, 'I am worth this much: it will not be honest to accept of that!' The Armenian subsequently learned the art of war, distinguished himself in eighteen skirmishes on the Continent, and was the first man to fire the French ships near St. Malo. He afterwards returned to his native hills; but the ignorance, jealousy, and selfishness of the Armenians dashed his sanguine spirit, and he settled down at Calcutta a sadder, and, it may be also, a wiser man. Emin's Autobiography, which is very rare, possibly because 'the age of chivalry is gone,' may be seen as it was revised by Sir William Jones, London, 1792.

The story of the painter is soon told. Burke rescued James Barry literally from the fore-castle of a Dublin merchantman. He brought him to England, sent him to Italy, where his own narrow income helped to support him, wrote him fatherly letters when abroad, established him in London; and after all this, the impracticable temper of Barry made him quarrel with his best friend. The painter's selfish ingratitude is a standing reproach: surpassed only by that of Goneril and Regan in King Lear.

Nor is the tale of the poet longer in the telling. George Crabbe, an apothecary's assistant from the fishing hovels of Aldborough, came up to London, with the roar of the German Ocean in his ear, and the sounds of a higher music making melody in his heart. He wrote to Lord North, he supplicated Thurlow, he praised Shelburne in verse, but all in vain. Starvation stared him in the face. He wrote to Burke, who pronounced him 'a true poet.' From that day henceforth his fortune was made. He afterwards became the Reverend George Crabbe, who is known in all our households as a true, if not an elevated poet; as one in whom homely pathos atones for the want of ideal excellence. If any of the descendants of Joseph Emin, of

James Barry, or of George Crabbe hold the memory of Burke next their heart, is there any man so rude as to tear that amulet away?

On one occasion, in a street of Loughrea in Ireland, he found a group of ragged urchins intent on seeing a show. Some friends, coming up and proposing to share the cost—'No, no,' he said, 'this pleasure must be all my own, for I shall probably never again have the opportunity of making so many human beings happy at so small a cost.' 'Always preserve a habit of giving,' were his instructions to his son Richard, then residing in France, '(but still with discretion), however little, as a habit not to be lost.' These anecdotes, gleaned from a field where they lie thickly strewn, may serve, in some faint way, to afford an idea of the benevolence of that great heart, with whom kindness was not merely an instinct; it was based likewise on the deepest conscientious convictions of this mind.

The studies of Burke were almost as various as the objects with which he came into daily contact. He knew politics far better than other men, both historically and speculatively; and the width of that vast field from which he lit up his peculiar subject, was only limited by the extent of his own ardent imagination. His profound knowledge of jurisprudence has gained the applause of eminent lawyers; and Reynolds 'deemed Burke the best judge of pictures he had ever known.' He had paid great attention to the history and the filiation of languages; and when Adam Smith came to London, he found, to his amazement, that Burke was familiar with deductions which had cost the professor half his life-time to elaborate. But when Burke began to study a subject, so intense a hold did his imagination take of its phenomena, that henceforward they were like real things, which he could handle and use. It mattered not what aspect of a subject presented itself, by the aid of that 'fine madness,' of which old Drayton speaks, he was at once able to seize upon it and turn it up to the light of his own exquisite understanding. His memory, besides, which he ceaselessly cultivated, was prodigious, and could only be matched by his other wonderful powers.

There is another curious and highly important feature in Burke's intellectual character which cannot be too much insisted on: the essential unity or harmony of all its great operations. From the preface to his earliest work until the last word he wrote, there is a thread of gold by no means impalpably pervading his writings. It is that complete renunciation of what may be called the metaphysics of politics. He professes entire ignorance of how possible kingdoms ought

to be governed; what he wants to know is the circumstances and present condition of the kingdom he lives in. Tell him that, and he will suggest a few reforms. Is not this the old principle of 'political expediency,' for which some of us have hardly done praising Peel, and for which a few of us have hardly done blaming him? Have not all our statesmen of any note, literally lived upon Burke, whether they would acknowledge it or no? His works are like a perennial fountain, at which a man may gain refreshment to-day and for ever. Like all men of genius, he was far in advance of his age; and we have not yet nearly exhausted the great mine of constitutional and political wisdom which is stored up in his works.

ART. VII.—1. *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.* By E. B. RAMSAY, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Dean of Edinburgh. First and Second Series.

2. *Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Character.* By the Rev. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D., F.S.A. Scotland.

THOUGH not yet admitted into the 'Society for obtaining Justice to Scotland,' and not very sensitive nor 'sudden and quick in quarrel' in regard to the precise heraldic position of the Scottish lion, we are nevertheless sincerely and profoundly attached to our native land. We are proud of Scotland—of her history, her scenery, her character, and her institutions. We relish the smack of the old Scottish tongue, and enjoy the dry pawkiness of the native Scottish humourist. Merged, yet not lost, in the union with her sister England, Scotland has distinct and peculiar claims on our memory, our convictions, and our affections, which we gladly and heartily recognise. It is, therefore, with much cordiality, though not in a spirit of narrow or illiberal nationality, that we welcome these illustrations of Scottish life and character, and express our admiration of the patriotic spirit which prompts and pervades them.

That the Rev. Dr. Edward Ramsay should have written a work on 'Scottish Life and Character,' which his countrymen eagerly read, and heartily admire, can be surprising to none who know him. No man is more highly, generally, and deservedly esteemed and beloved, than this rev. gentleman. In a city much affected by political and denominational differences, where conflicting opinions are strongly entertained and keenly expressed, he has passed a long, useful, and honourable

life, without losing a friend or making an enemy; and in his personal character the venerable is so gracefully blended with the loveable, that all classes regard him with feelings at once respectful and affectionate.

The *Reminiscences* are very entertaining, and, whenever the views and sentiments of the author are expressed, they are full of his own good sense and benevolence. We do not mean to say that all the stories are good, or that, in every instance, the humour has been effectively brought out; it would be easy to point out some anecdotes that might well have been omitted, and others that might be somewhat improved in narration. But, generally, they are well selected and well told, and there is that about the author and the book which disarms criticism. We enjoy the stories, we feel the truth and aptness of the comments, we become more intensely, yet not less liberally Scottish, as we read; and we feel that the best illustration of 'Scottish Life and Character' is to be found in the sound sense in the quaint and simple Scottish humour and language, in the kindly and genial disposition, and the steadfast yet graceful and generous nationality of Dean Ramsay.

Dr. Rogers' *Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Character* is an amusing book, with some good stories, and much good intention, and breathing a kindly and pleasant spirit, though it is not, we think, equal in any respect to the *Reminiscences* by Dean Ramsay.

The object of both works is the same: the collection of anecdotes illustrative of the life, character, and language of Scotland—more especially in its humorous aspect. The stories are, accordingly, all Scottish, generally characteristic, and frequently humorous; not always, however, for in some of them it is difficult to discover the humour. That, indeed, may be the fault of the reader, not of the writer; for humour is a strange and perverse spirit, prodigal to her favourites, yet veiling her treasures from those she favours not. The perceiving of humour is a gift, as well as the producing it; and sometimes it is as difficult of discernment as of production. Some persons are colour-blind, and cannot discriminate between red, green, and blue; and many persons are humour-blind, and cannot discern, or understand, or enjoy, a touch of fun or a stroke of humour. For our part, we think such persons are to be pitied. To them the spring of much hearty and innocent enjoyment is dried up, and they are not the better, though much the duller, for the want of it.

The power of discovering a comic point, of appreciating a humorous hit, and enjoying the fun of a droll position, is a gift not to be despised. It is not a vain, silly, or unbe-

coming thing, as some moping owls and grave dullards suppose. It is, indeed, like all human faculties, liable to abuse, and capable of being perverted to evil; but it is essentially a good gift, and ought to be turned to the good account of which it is susceptible, and to manifest itself in the increase of the cheerfulness, the happiness, and the affection of social and family life. We might go further;—we might say, and adduce much evidence to support the proposition, that, as humour is discerned only by those who can, to some extent, catch the feeling and spirit of the humourist, so the sense or discernment of humour is one phase or department of sympathy, and thus the springs of mirthfulness and of kindness are not far distant; and many a home, amid the alternations of joy and sorrow, that darken or brighten the course of life, has found an ever fresh gladness in the comic vein and jocund humour of some merry and mirthful member of the family. Many of the best men we have ever known—the best in the highest sense of the term—with the best heads and the best hearts, have been men who thoroughly appreciated, and heartily enjoyed, true humour. There are, indeed, some men who, to the jocund and genial aspects of life, present a front so cold and hard as to be quite unimpressible; over whom the brightest flashes of merriment pass unheeded, ‘as o’er th’ impassive ice the lightnings play.’ There are others, with small and narrow minds, self-seeking and self-complacent, who pass through life in the bondage and gloom of subservience to the opinion of some clique or coterie around them, and who, lest they should compromise their dignity or peril their reputation, will not descend from the grave dullness of their decorous walk, or permit themselves the pleasant relish of a wholesome jest, or the innocent enjoyment of a hearty laugh. In this they greatly err, as much so as those who, in the midst of bright scenes and sweet sounds, would close their eyes lest they should see evil, or their ears lest they should hear folly. That a sense of humour, and an appreciation of fun, is implanted in many of us by nature—that it is a source of great enjoyment, and that it is consistent with worth, and truth, and purity,—cannot be denied; and therefore the part of wisdom is, not to stifle, but to guide it.

Humour is described by Addison as the offspring of wit and mirth, descended from good sense, and closely allied to truth. It may also be added, that humour is the comate of liberty, and thrives only in a free soil. As Sir William Temple truly says, ‘We have in our country more originals, and more that appear what they are. We have

more humour, because every man is free to follow his own humour, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride, to show it.’ There may be humour amid poverty and rage—humour amid toils and dangers—humour even amid ignorance, and recklessness, and folly; but there can be no genuine humour in chains. The heart must be free before the springs of true humour can be opened, and then the stream will be free, full, and gushing, in proportion as wit and mirth abound. It is the peculiar quality of humour, that it cannot be forced, or bought, or artificially stimulated. More aptly and truly than of the poet, may it be said of the humourist, ‘nascitur non fit.’ As we have already said, it is a gift, to be recognised, developed, and guided,—not an art to be learned, or an accomplishment to be acquired.

There are many things within the reach of aim, attainable by effort and industry, or capable of being imparted by instruction. Distinction in many departments—wealth, power, learning, wisdom—are generally within the reach of these modes of acquisition; and even those accomplishments which imply somewhat of the *afflatus divinus*, which we call genius, and which Cicero declares to be indispensable to greatness—such as poetry, music, taste, eloquence—demand and require the aid of assiduous culture. But humour is beyond the reach of art, the sphere of aim, or the scope of acquisition. Not only is it impalpable to search, and unattainable by effort, mocking and eluding pursuit; but if, by some bold adventurer, it should seem to be seized and retained, it dies in the capture: its charm, its spirit, its very life, dissolves under the grasp;

‘And every touch that wooed its stay,
Had brushed its brightest hues away.’

Of this humour—clothed in Scottish tongue, and illustrative of Scottish character—the volumes before us contain many specimens. But no collection of anecdotes, no repository of jokes, from the facetiæ of Hierocles to the reminiscences of Dean Ramsay, can adequately illustrate the humour of a country, or faithfully represent that delicate and subtle influence which, floating over a free and joyous society, awakes the wit and the mirth of which humour is the offspring. The humorous anecdotes of our country cannot be comprehended or even represented in a volume. Scattered amid all classes in all parts of Scotland, treasured in countless memories, and told by countless tongues, the good things of the Laird of M’Nab and the Laird of Logan, of Harry Erskine, and John Clerk, and Patrick Robertson, and many others, cannot be so gathered together as to

be presented in a combined form. All that can be done, and all that is attempted in these volumes, is to 'sample them;' and by no selection of samples can the spirit of the whole be adequately expressed. Those who remember Sir Walter Scott and Dr. Andrew Thomson—those who knew Lord Cockburn and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder—those who now enjoy the social privilege of a night with Mr. Daniel M'Nee, or our friend the author of the *Horæ Subsecivæ*,—know well how impossible it is so to catch the spirit of true humour as to do justice to it by narration at second hand. No one can repeat *their* stories with effect.

Whether it is the fact, that our countrymen are deficient in humour, while Englishmen excel in humour, may admit of doubt. We are by no means prepared to acknowledge that the fact is so, notwithstanding the high authority of Sydney Smith, who was himself a man of humour, rich and rare. But of this we are satisfied, that the attempts to explain and account for the deficiency assumed as a fact, have totally failed. No satisfactory or even intelligible reason has yet been suggested, why Scotsmen should be inferior in humour to Englishmen. Such an explanation as, that the Scottish people are poorer than the English, cannot be reasonably accepted. Riches do not create or even stimulate humour. The Irish peasantry are poorest of all; yet we are disposed to think, that in genuine humour, whether of the mirthful or the satirical order, they are superior to both English and Scotch. An Irishman is not, as is often supposed, a mere blunderer into fun. No man can seek occasions for humour. But when occasion comes, the poor Irishman is prompt and ready. There are some Irish anecdotes, the point and pith of which are generally supposed to be a blunder or bull, but which really turn on a stroke of fine natural humour.

An Irishman thus describes his cold reception by an old friend: 'I saw Pat Ryan t'other side of the way. I thought it was Pat, and Pat thought it was me; and when I came up it was neither of us.'

A lad was sent with a note, and a basket containing some living partridges. On his way, tempted by curiosity, he peeped into the basket, when the partridges flew away. Much perplexed was he; but after a little consideration he reclosed the basket, went on his way, and delivered the letter with his best bow. 'Well, my lad,' said the gentleman on reading it, 'I see there are some live partridges in this letter.' 'Oh, by the powers,' says Paddy, 'I'm glad of that, for they flew out of the basket.'

An English gentleman had an Irish ser-

vant, whom he took as his attendant to a Highland grouse-shooting. The expense of the sport to the Englishman had been very great: a large rent for the muir, new guns, and muniments of war on grouse, high-bred dogs, a fashionable shooting costume, and a countless number of incidental charges. Unfortunately, the sportsman was less expert than extravagant. Like a friend of our own, of whom we have heard old Willie M.—speak, 'he was grand at the shooting, but no very gude at the killing;' so, after the first week of the war, as the master and man were seated on a rock consoling themselves under the fatigue and disappointment of unsuccessful pursuit, the Englishman says, 'Well, Pat, this is expensive work. I've been calculating that every one of these birds cost me above L.50.' 'Faith, your honour,' says Pat, throwing a dash of humour into the sympathizing simplicity of his reply, 'I'm sorry for that, but it's lucky there's no more of them.'

A traveller in Ireland, having been inclined to deny that the peasantry were humorous, was told to ask any question at the first labouring man he met on the road. Accordingly, on seeing a sturdy fellow breaking stones, he says, 'Now, my man, if the devil were to come here just now, whether would he take you or me?' 'Me, to be sure,' says the man, 'for he's certain of your honour at any time.'

A poor Irish labourer had an impediment in his speech, and could not pronounce words beginning with the letter P without stammering. A neighbouring gentleman, seeing him digging potatoes, and wishing to make him ridiculous, said, 'What do you call these things you're digging?' 'Sir,' says poor Pat, 'I don't call them; when I want them I fetch them.'

A nobleman and his lady, walking through a magnificent avenue in one of the finest parts of Ireland, were accosted by a poor woman as follows: 'The Lord bless your noble lordship and your gracious ladyship. I dramed a drame about you both last night. I dramed your lordship gave me a pound of tobacco, and your ladyship a pound of tay.' 'Ah, my good woman,' says the peer, 'dreams go by contraries.' 'To be sure they do,' says the woman; 'so it will be your lordship will give me the tay, and her ladyship will give me the tobacco.'

A poor old Irish cripple sat begging at a bridge, urging his appeal to the charity of passengers with the eager and versatile eloquence of his country. A gentleman and lady—young, gay, and handsome, with that peculiar look of gratified and complacent consciousness which indicates the first few weeks of married life—crossed the bridge.

They regarded not the petitions of the beggar; so, just as they passed him he exclaimed, 'May the blessing of the Lord, which brings love, and joy, and wealth, and a fine family, follow you all the days of your life:' a pause; the couple passed heedlessly on, and the beggar, with a fine touch of caustic humour, added, 'and never overtake you.'

Dean Ramsay tells us of a Scotsman whose tender toe was trodden on: the offender said, 'I'm very sorry, sir; I beg your pardon;' and the only acknowledgment was, 'and you've as muckle need, sir.' To our mind, there was some surliness and not much humour in this. The Irish beggar who, on being refused alms, swung his crutch on the toes of the gouty gentleman, whom his prayers moved not to charity, had more humour, when he said to the enraged owner of the suffering foot, 'Bless your honour; if your heart was as tender as your toes, you'd have given me the tenpenny.'

In all these anecdotes, we think that, not a casual comic incongruity, or mere blundering into fun, but a vein of rare humour, can be discerned, the purer and rarer from its natural simplicity. Art is fatal, and premeditation is unfavourable to humour. Sheridan was a man of brilliant parts, and of sparkling wit; and the exquisite wit of the *School for Scandal* is scarcely equalled, and certainly not surpassed, by Cervantes or Molière. That he was also a man of genuine humour cannot be doubted: but while, in some of his writings, his wit gained in terseness and polish from the elaborate care with which he was wont to prepare his favourite passages, the fresh and racy character of his humour is sometimes marred by the same careful preparation. The poor Irishman's comic hits, so simple and natural that they look like blunders, are perhaps the finest specimens of true humour, in which there is no greater charm than that of unsophisticated simplicity. This is the key to the peculiar kind of humour sometimes found in the remarks of persons of weak intellect, of which Shakespeare's clowns and fools, and Walter Scott's 'Wamba' and 'Davie Gellatlie,' afford good illustrations. There are many specimens of such remarks in Dean Ramsay's book:—

'A miller, laughing at the witlessness of a poor weak lad, said he knew nothing. "Na," said the lad, "there's some things I ken, and some I dinna ken." On being asked what he knew, he said, "I ken a miller has aye a gay fat sow." "And what d'ye no ken?" said the miller. "Oh," said he, "I don't ken at wha's expense she is fed."

'The congregation of Lunan, in Forfarshire, had distressed the minister by their habit of sleeping in church. One day Jamie Fraser, an idiot, was sitting in the front gallery, when

many were slumbering around him. "Look," said the minister, "you see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' I hadna been an idiot, I would have been sleeping too."

The clergyman of a north country parish, on coming into church, found the pulpit occupied by the parish idiot. 'Come down, sir,' was the peremptory and indignant call. 'Na, na, minister,' says the idiot, with a confidential wink, 'just come ye up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and faith they need us baith.'

The following anecdote of Rab Hamilton, 'the daftie of Ayr,' as he was called, is not, we think, quite as well given by Dean Ramsay as we remember it in our youth. In the days of Rab, the Newtown Kirk in Ayr, under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Peebles, was supposed to be attended by the most devout part of the population; and puir Rab followed the multitude of those who preferred the preaching of the good man whom Burns mentions as 'Peebles frae the Water-foot,' to that of the 'auld-town minister.' One day, however, Rab was induced to go to the 'Auld Kirk.' Behind the magistrates' seat in the gallery, opposite the pulpit, there were iron rails, between two of which Rab's head was inserted, and got fast jammed. The poor man called out at first rather quietly, then louder and louder on each successive appeal. 'Oh! my head! Eh, Provost Cowan, take my head out atween the rails; eh, Bailie M'Taggart, my lngs are bleeding—take my head out; eh, Deacon Convener, take out my head, afore it comes aff; eh, pious congregation, my head will be aff; eh, godly miuister, help me, and take out my head.' Rab was at length relieved by the removing of a rail, when, rubbing his head, and looking mournfully around him, he groaned out, 'This is a judgment from the Lord for leaving gude Dr. Peebles.' Next Sunday, Rab was in his wonted place in the Newtown Kirk. He was asked how he liked the Auld Kirk, and replied, 'It's no the best, it's no gude ava: I'll never leave Dr. Peebles;' but, on being pressed to state what the sermon was about, or what was the text, he declined to speak, saying, with a knowing wink, 'I never tell in ae house what I hear in anither.'

This Rab Hamilton, though certainly daft, had a curious readiness of humour. Mr. William C——, of D——, who was a clever mimic, was once amusing some friends on the green of Ayr, by imitating Rab's feeble and rambling mode of speaking. Rab came up behind him, unseen, and, as the mimic concluded, clapped him on the back, saying,

'It's no me that; it's no me, Mr. William, it's yourself.'

Rab was once met on the road by a stranger, who asked, 'How far is it to Ayr?' 'Ay,' says Rab, 'you'll be come from Kilmarnock?' 'What on earth is your business where I come from?' 'Very weel, sir, as little is it my business where ye gang to.'

Rab met the late Mr. Ramsay Maule (afterwards Lord Panmure) and Lord Belhaven, walking together on the race-course of Ayr. 'I'm a Hamilton, your honour; I'm a Hamilton,' says Rab, approaching his Lordship. 'Give him a shilling, Belhaven, he is a cousin of yours,' says Mr. Maule. My mither's name was Ramsay,' says Rab, slipping round to the other side, and getting another shilling as his reward.

In like manner, there is frequently humour in the observations of very young persons; and these derive the charm of their pleasantry from their artless simplicity. A very little girl at school, in the course of tuition by a particularly ugly teacher, was asked, 'What is the meaning of the word flattery?' Her reply was, 'Gin I were to say ye were bonnie, that would be flattery.'

A man of short stature and most uninviting countenance, with the peculiar expression now claimed by Mons. du Chaillu as that of the gorilla, purchased a property in a western county of Scotland, from whence he strictly excluded trespassers. Some one sent him a large monkey, which he kept about his place; and a boy having been entrusted with the delivery of a letter, and having found the monkey at the house door, was somewhat alarmed: so he threw down the letter and ran off. On his way down the avenue, the boy met the new laird, who angrily demanded what he was doing there. 'I had a letter for you, sir,' says the boy. 'Well, give it me.' 'Ah, but I gave it to your son, sir,' replies the trembling laddie. 'My son, you little fascal; I have no son.' 'Weel, sir, I canna say for that, but he had an unco leuk o' yourself.'

A 'minister's man'—one of a class of persons of whom many anecdotes are told—was following the minister from the manse to the kirk one Sabbath afternoon, when the minister, glancing back, perceived a smile on the face of his old attendant. 'What makes you laugh, James? it is unseemly. What is there to amuse you?' 'Oh, naething particular,' says James; 'I was only thinking o' something that happened this forenoon.' 'What is that? Tell me what it was.' 'Weel, minister, diinna be angry wi' me; but ye ken the congregation here are whiles no pleased to get auld sermons fra' you, and this morning I got the better of the kirk session ony way.' 'And how was that, Jamie?' says the minist-

ter. 'Deed, sir, when we came out o' the kirk this forenoon, I kened what they were thinking; and says I, "Eh, but you canna ca' that an auld sermon this day, for it's no' abune six weeks since you heard it last."

The Rev. Dr. M'Leod was proceeding from the manse of D—— to church, to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar kind of wig known in that district,—bright, smooth, and of a reddish-brown,—acosted him. 'Dr., if you please, I wish to speak to you.' 'Well, Duncan,' says the venerable Doctor, 'can ye not wait till after worship?' 'No, Doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience.' 'Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time presses.' 'The matter is this, Doctor. Ye see the clock yonder on the face of the new church. Well, there is no clock really there—nothing but the face of a clock. There is no truth in it, but only once in the twelve hours. Now, it is in my mind, very wrong, and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord.' 'Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!' 'Eh, Doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had any hair.' 'Oh Duncan, Duncan, are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?' This settled the question; and the Doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

Many good stories of this venerable gentleman are floating about; and few men have more happily combined the fine discernment and appreciation of humour with the higher qualities of mind and heart than his excellent son, Dr. Norman M'Leod, from whose 'Good Words,' now scattered over the land, a harvest of good and pleasant fruits may be anticipated.

We quite agree with the Dean in his estimate of Dr. Carlyle and his times. His book is amusing, and in some respects instructive; but the picture it presents of the man and his times is a very painful one. Nothing can be more apt and appropriate than the good Dean's description of the life of Dr. Carlyle and his friends, as 'of the earth, earthy.' How far the existence of such 'earthliness' in the Church and the society of these times may have arisen from some degree of reaction against the religious enthusiasm of an earlier age, and how much of it may be traced to the policy which crushed popular independence, and stifled free and ear-

nest thought, and created and fostered a spirit of selfish and jobbing subserviency in Scotland, such as Macklin held up to ridicule in 'Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant,' whose success in life was ascribed to his 'never having a conscience,' and 'keeping aye bowing—never standing straight in the presence of a great man,' it is not within our present province to inquire. Such inquiry, though interesting, would lead us into a field of controversy on which we do not now wish to venture, and would compel us to do more than enter, as we now do, our protest against the views and the sentiments of Mr. Buckle in regard to the social, political, and religious state of Scotland. That gentleman labours under misapprehensions which a little more acquaintance with the real state of parties and feelings in Scotland, during the period of which he writes, would have removed. He seems to imagine that the most liberal and tolerant of Presbyterians have been those most opposed to the Calvinism of their standards, and the strictness of their discipline.

This, however, is a great mistake in point of fact. There has always been a party in Scotland who united the principles of evangelical Calvinism in the Church, with the principles of civil and religious liberty in the State,—who were at once earnest and tolerant. Of that party in the Church, Sir Henry Moncreiff, Dr. Andrew Thomson, and Dr. Chalmers may be considered as types or representatives. Of that party Dr. Carlyle and his friends were the opponents; and by that party, within and without the Established Church, is Scottish Presbyterianism truly and adequately represented. Of this, Mr. Buckle does not appear to be aware; and hence the great inaccuracy of the views to which we have adverted.

The truth is, that there is no country where the clergy, as such, and apart from their character and their labours, have so little power and influence as in Scotland. The genius of Presbyterianism is most unfavourable to priestcraft. The lay element in all our churches has great weight; and ministers must command respect and confidence by their conduct, if they desire to retain their influence.

Dean Ramsay's story of the boy who came up to the minister for examination, is, we think, a good one of its kind—ludicrous, but not humorous. The minister asked the boy how many commandments there were. 'Aiblins a hunner,' says the lad. Having been rebuked for his ignorance, he was returning home, when he met a friend on his way to the manse, and asked him, 'What will ye say, if the minister asks how many commandments there are?' 'Say!' replies

the other, 'why, ten, to be sure.' To this the first lad rejoins, with great triumph, 'Ten! try ye him wi' ten! 'I tried him wi' a hunner, and he waena satisfied.'

Exceedingly good, in a very different way, is the story of Dr. Henry, who, being associated with a colleague not more popular as a preacher than himself, remarked, 'An' it hadna been for that, there might hae been *two* toom kirks this day.'

Both Dean Ramsay's and Dr. Rogers' books are crowded with stories of ministers. But, though some of the selected stories are entertaining, and a few are really good, yet, with all our respect for the reverend gentlemen, who are perhaps entitled to take greater liberties with 'the cloth' than laymen could venture to do, we think that some of the anecdotes of the clergy, or rather some of the anecdotes on sacred subjects—for the clergy, as a class, are not exempted from the comments, or even the raillery, to which others are exposed—might well have been spared. But there is something wild, striking, and almost sublime, in the story of an old Miss Johnstone, who was on her death-bed in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm that shook the house, when, conscious of the near approach of the last enemy, in full possession of her faculties, and with no thought of profane or light allusion, she exclaimed, 'Ech, sirs, what a night for me to be fleeing through the air!' This is not merely a trait of humour out of season, nor a mark of unbecoming levity at a solemn and awful time, but a burst of strange, wild fancy, characteristic of a highly imaginative and poetic temperament. The old lady could thoroughly appreciate the poetry of Burns; and, among graver and better thoughts, there lingered in her aged breast a spirit responsive to the sublime imagery of the storm in 'Tam o' Shanter,' and of the 'Address to the Deil.' We can believe that, not in the weakness, but in the strength of her faith—not in the earthward cleavings, but in the heavenward aspirings—did she realize her flight through that midnight storm into the bright realms of light and glory. There are many instances on record, in which such quaint wild fancies, apparently, but not really, incongruous, have mingled with the steadfast trust and sublime anticipations of Scottish piety.

The singular and sometimes startling combination of sublimity and humour is one of the remarkable features of the poetry of Burns. Of this the 'Address to the Deil' is a good example. There are rare strokes of humour in some of the stanzas; yet the character of the ode is sublime, and we know nothing finer than

'Great is thy power, and great thy fame;
Far kened and noted is thy name;
And tho' yon lowin' heugh's thy hame,
Thou travel'st far;
And, faith, thou'st neither lag nor lame,
Nor b'ate nor scaur.

'Whyles ranging like a roaring lion
For prey, a' holes an' corners trying;
Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flying,
Tirling the kirks;
Whyles in the human bosom prying,
Unseen thou lurk'st.'

Another illustration of the same peculiarity in Burns is the introduction into one of his poems in praise of whisky—too numerous and too attractive they are—of a stanza of singular beauty, presenting one of the most powerful and sublime pictures of a dying warrior in any language. The 'Postscript' to the 'Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives' commences—

'Let half-starved slaves in warmer skies
See future wines, rich clustering, rise;
Their lot euld Scotland ne'er envies,
But, blythe and frisky,
She eyes her free-born martial boys
Tak' aff their whisky.

'What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms,
When wretches range in famished swarms
The scented groves,
Or, hounded forth, dishonour arms,
In hungry droves.

'Their gun's a burden on their shonther;
They downa bide the stink o' powther;
Their bauldest thought's a bank'ring swither
To stand or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff a' throu'ther,
To save their skin.

'But, bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say—such is Royal George's will,
And there's the foe;
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

'Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings tease him:
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gie's him;
And when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas.'

Yet more striking is the combination of humour and sublimity in the poem of 'Tam o' Shanter.' The tale itself, in its commencement, its crisis, and its result, is eminently comic. No one acquainted with the Scottish language can read it without a hearty laugh; and it is recorded of Burns, who composed it all in one day, that he was heard breaking forth into shouts of laughter, as he walked

home at night repeating it to himself. Yet we do not think that we are unduly partial, or too intensely national, when we say, that the imagery and accompaniment of this comic story, are, in their beauty and sublimity, nearly matchless. Quotation cannot do it justice, and we refrain. But, mingled with the strong, clear current of the story, what can surpass the beauty of the reflection on the evanescence of pleasure, the vivid reality of the storm, the enumeration of the places passed by Tam, as

'Weel monnted on his grey mare Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire,'

each place—the ford, the stane, the cairn, the thorn—suggesting its own tale of death, and the then accumulated horrors of the spectacle which, strangely mingled with 'mirth and dancing,' met the astonished eyes of man and mare in 'Alloway's auld haunted kirk?'

It is a confirmation of what we have already said of the spontaneity and simplicity of true humour, that whenever Burns wrote epigrams he did not succeed, while the humour which gushed out freely and naturally in the midst of his songs and poems is of the highest order. Let those who are disposed to deny, or disparage, Scottish humour, read such songs as 'Sic a wife as Willie had,' or 'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,' or 'Tam Glen,' or 'Meg o' the Mill,' or Allan Ramsay's 'My jo, Janet,' or Burns' song, to the same air, of 'Husband, husband, cease your strife;' or read such poems as 'Hallow E'en,' or 'Death and Dr. Hornbook,' or 'The Holy Fair,' or 'The Ordination;' which last, though in some respects such as it is to be regretted that Burns ever wrote, are replete with humour. What Dean Ramsay calls the 'sly, cheerie, pawky' humour of Scotland, is nowhere better illustrated and represented than in the poetry of Burns.

The late Sir Alex. Boswell of Auchinleck was a man of real Scottish humour; and, now that the bitter sting of party has passed away, his playful and graceful pleasantry will not be soon forgotten. Many of his songs, especially 'Jonny's Bawbee,' are excellent, and in the best comic vein.

The Laird of Logan, a gentleman of some property in Ayrshire, was well known in his day as a humorist; and many anecdotes of him are related in that county, some of which are given in Dean Ramsay's book.

At a meeting of the heritors of the parish of Cumnock, a proposal to erect a new churchyard wall was met by the Laird of

Logan with the dry remark, 'I never big dykes till the tenants complain.'

The Laird sold a horse to an Englishman, saying, 'You buy him as you see him; but he's an honest beast.' The purchaser took him home. In a few days he stumbled and fell, to the damage of his own knees and his rider's head. On this the angry purchaser remonstrated with the Laird, whose reply was, 'Well, sir, I told you he was an honest beast. Many a time has he threatened to come down wi' me, and I kenned he would keep his word some day.'

At the time of the threatened invasion the Laird had been taunted, at a meeting at Ayr, with the want of a loyal spirit at Cumnock, as no volunteer corps had there been raised to meet the coming danger. 'What sort of people are you up at Cumnock?' said an Ayr gentleman; 'you have not a single volunteer.' 'Never you heed,' says Logan, very quietly; 'if the French land at Ayr, there will soon be plenty of volunteers up at Cumnock.'

On failure of the direct line of succession, an earldom and large estate in Ayrshire passed to a branch of the family which had settled in America. A friend, meeting Logan, said, 'Well, Laird, what do you think of the new Earl of C——?' 'I canna' weel judge yet,' says Logan; 'American apples are guid, but I'm no sure about American peers' (pears).

Major Logan, a connection of the Lairds, a merry wag, whom many recollect in Ayrshire as a first-rate performer on the violin, and a great social favourite, and of whom, and his 'sentimental sister Susie,' mention is made in more than one of Burns' poems, was also a man of great natural humour. A gentleman, whose reputation for hospitality was not high, after boasting of some port-wine of great age and excellence, was prevailed on, with some difficulty, to produce a bottle. When it did appear, it was only a pint-bottle. Major Logan, on being asked his opinion, said, 'The wine is good, but it's a pity it is so little for its age.'

A certain lawyer, disposed to scoff at serious things, once said, in the presence of Major Logan, that he did not much enter into these matters, but he supposed that he held the same relation to the Deity as a vassal does to his superior. 'Probably you do,' says Logan, 'for ye pay Him *few duties*.'

Some of Major Logan's poetic effusions are remembered in Ayrshire, and are quite in accordance with the hearty and jocose character of the merry old man.

The Bar has, as might be expected, furnished a large store of jokes, puns, and comic stories. The good taste of the present day

is opposed to the exhibitions of judicial jocoseness on the bench, which were tolerated, and even admired, at the close of the last century; and the same course has, to some extent, tended to restrain the comic humour of the bar in judicial proceedings.

But the wit and humour of the legal profession in Scotland has not departed. Some members of the bar, lately lost, and some, happily still spared to us, have been gifted with the true spirit of mirth, and fun, and satire, to a remarkable degree. The names of Cheape, and Outram, and Lockhart, and Logan, and of Lord Neaves, with his rare scholarship, his fine taste, and his prompt and happy wit, will occur to many of our readers.

Some of the legal anecdotes given by Dr. Rogers are good.

Erskine's declining to wear Dundas' silk gown, lest he might be supposed to adopt 'the abandoned habits of his predecessor,' is well known. The following, not so well known, is, we think, at least equally good, and is thus given by Dr. Rogers:—

'Mr. A. B., a judge of the Commissary Court, talked in an inflated and pompous manner. Having failed to attend an appointment with Erskine, he explained that he had been called out of town, owing to his brother having fallen from a stile and sprained his foot. "It was fortunate for your brother," said Erskine, "that it was not *from your style* he fell, or he had certainly broken his neck."

A clever but unsuccessful advocate having died very poor, it was remarked to Erskine, that there were 'no effects.' 'That is not wonderful,' was the reply; 'as he had no *causes*, he could have no *effects*.'

A well known story of Lord Polkemmet has a less known but very characteristic sequel in an anecdote of his grandson. Lord Polkemmet refused to let the dentist insert his finger in his mouth, saying, 'Na, ye'll bite me.' His grandson, Mr. Johnstone, while canvassing the late Mr. Hog of Newliston, declined to take any luncheon from the elector, on the ground 'that it would be treating.' The confusion of ideas is precisely the same in both cases; and that a blunder so ludicrous should be apparently hereditary, is very remarkable.

Of legal and judicial anecdotes, there are several in the Dean's 'Reminiscences;' and we are glad that the whole of 'the Diamond Beetle,' by Cranstoun, has been given; for nothing can be more graphic, spirited, and ludicrous, than the characteristic speeches of the learned judges who deliver their opinions in the case of defamation. The pith and

point of legal anecdotes can, however, receive justice only in personal narration by one of a kindred spirit. There are many stories of Bruxfield, and Eskgrove, and Hermand, and Henry Erskine, and John Clerk, which cannot now be recalled with sufficient accuracy for publication; but with what delight have we heard them from the eloquent lips of Lord Cockburn, when, at his hospitable board, or climbing amid the crags of the Pentlands, or wandering at eve among his flowers, as the setting sun gleamed on the bonnie banks of Bonaly, we were gladdened by the outpouring of such a sparkling stream of real Scottish pleasantry as we cannot hope ever to meet again!

We must now bid farewell to the Dean and his 'Reminiscences of the Scottish Life and Character.' They have been, and they will be, much read and much liked. Of the language, the peculiarities, and the humour of auld Scotland, they present amusing and agreeable illustrations; and those who best know and best love their country, will appreciate and admire most, both the work and the character of the Rev. Edward Ramsay.

ART. VIII.—1. *A Popular Treatise on Comets.* Reprinted from 'Popular Astronomy.' By FRANCOIS ARAGO, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. Translated from the original, and edited, by ADMIRAL W. H. SMYTH, D.C.L., For. Sec. R.S., etc.; and ROBERT GRANT, M.A., F.R.A.S., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. London, 1861.

2. *Essai sur la Queue des Cometes.* Par LEONARD PIERREZ. 2de Edit. Bruxelles, 1860.

3. *History of Physical Astronomy.* By ROBERT GRANT, F.R.A.S. Chap. xv. London, 1852.

4. *Sur les Theories relatives à la Figure des Cometes.* Par M. FAYE. *Comptes Rendus*, etc., Tom. xviii. p. 419. Fev. 28, 1859.

5. *On the Physical Constitution of Comets.* By OLINTHUS GREGORY DOWNES, F.R.A.S. 4to, pp. 45. London, 1860.

6. *Recherches sur les Atmospheres des Cometes.* Par M. ED. ROCHE. *Comptes Rendus*, etc., Tom. xlix. p. 440. Sept. 19, 1859.

7. *Reflexions sur la Theorie des Phenomenes Cometaires, a propos de la Comete de Donati.* Par M. ED. ROCHE. Paris, 1860.

8. *Sur la Constitution physique des Cometes.* Par M. BENJAMIN PIERCE. *Comptes Rendus*, etc., Tom. li. Juillet 30, 1860.

THE material Universe in which we are placed, and within whose bosom our immortal life is to run, is at once the grandest display of divine power, and the noblest theme of human contemplation. Its boundless limits—its gigantic orbs—its rapid, yet regulated movements—its mysterious purpose, have been the subjects of the deepest research, and the boldest speculation. The history of the planets, the comets, the stars, and the nebulae which compose it, and of the methods by which their nature and laws have been developed, from the apparently equidistant mass of stars which surround us, form the Science of Astronomy, the most sublime of all studies, and the most interesting to every member of the human family.

In several previous articles, we have had occasion to call the attention of our readers to different branches of this extensive science—to the systems of double and multiple stars, in which one or more revolve round another—to the spiral and other nebulae discovered by Lord Rosse, and resolved into stars by his gigantic telescope—to the system of *seventy-one* asteroids revolving round the Sun, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter—and to the remarkable discovery of the planet Neptune by the independent calculations of Adams and Leverrier. The subject of comets has been occasionally referred to in these articles; but it has recently excited so much notice, and so many important questions have arisen respecting their nature and use, that we propose to devote a separate article to an account of the system of comets, and to an inquiry into the constitution and functions of these remarkable bodies.

The Solar System, to which we belong, consists of two separate and independent systems of bodies; namely, the Planetary System, and the Cometary System, united only by having the Sun in one of the foci of all their elliptical orbits.

The Planetary System consists of the Sun, illuminating, and heating, and controlling by its attractive force, eight primary planets, with their moons or satellites, together with a group of seventy-one asteroids, or very small planetary bodies, revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

The Cometary System consists of the Sun, throwing out its light and heat, and guiding in their course a much larger number of bodies, to which the name of Comet has been given, from the Greek word *κωματης*, which signifies a *hairy* star.

The number of comets which have been

observed in Europe and China is shown in the following table, drawn up by Mr. Hind:—

Century.	No.	Century.	No.
I.	22	XI.	86
II.	23	XII.	26
III.	44	XIII.	26
IV.	27	XIV.	29
V.	16	XV.	27
VI.	25	XVI.	31
VII.	22	XVII.	25
VIII.	16	XVIII.	64
IX.	42	XIX. to	
X.	26	1861	108

Amounting in all to 635.

That all these comets revolve round the Sun in elliptical orbits, is extremely probable; though it has not yet been established, except in reference to a certain number. Although several hundreds of them have not reappeared, yet it is probable that this has arisen from the great length of their periods, or from causes which have prevented astronomers from observing them; for we can hardly suppose that they have been dissipated in space, or appropriated by some distant sun. After appearing within our system, we know only by the gradual diminution of their light and their magnitude that they have disappeared.

About 225 of the comets which have visited our system have been so carefully observed, from the year 136 B.C. to the present day, that the elements of their orbits have been computed by modern astronomers; and we are now acquainted with the time when they passed their perihelion, or the point of their orbit nearest the Sun, the inclination of their orbit to the ecliptic, the longitude of their ascending node, the longitude of their perihelion, their perihelion distance, or their nearest distance from the Sun, and the direction of their motions, whether direct, like that of the planets, or retrograde in an opposite direction. The orbits of 179 of these comets differ so much from one another, that we are entitled to regard them as different bodies; and as their elements are parabolic, we must consider the major axes of their orbits as infinite. The elliptic orbits of 48, on the contrary, have such a resemblance, that they may have returned twice to our system; while six comets, not contained in the list, have reappeared more than once, and move in orbits actually included within the planetary system. We have, therefore, out of 254 apparitions of calculated comets down to 1861,—

Halley's Comet, which appeared	7 times
Encke's Comet,	14 "
Gambart's or Biela's,	6 "
Faye's,	2 "
Brorsen,	2 "
Arrest,	2 "
Comets with elliptic elements, /	48 "
Comets with parabolic elements, about	177 "
Total,	256 "

With these well-ascertained facts, we are able to take a general view of the system of comets, as independent of the planetary system, though necessarily connected with it, as a joint member of the solar system.

It is a peculiar character of the planetary system, that the whole of the eight planets that compose it, move in orbits so slightly inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, in which the earth moves, that they may be regarded as moving nearly in the same plane. The peculiar character of the system of comets, on the other hand, is, that they move in all possible planes, between the plane of the ecliptic, and a plane perpendicular to it.

This peculiarity is shown in the following table:—

Inclination of Orbits.	Number of Comets in 1861.
Between 0° and 10°	19
10° and 20°	20
20° and 30°	16
30° and 40°	24
40° and 50°	38
50° and 60°	31
60° and 70°	26
70° and 80°	30
80° and 90°	22
Total,	226

The results in this table are very instructive. The number of comets which move in orbits slightly inclined to the ecliptic, and within the planetary region, is much smaller than at greater inclinations. The number in the first 45° of the quadrant is only 90, while those in the upper 45° is 111. The number of comets, the inclination of whose orbits is not far from that of Mercury (which is 7°), is only about 8. The number whose inclination is not far from that of Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Uranus, and Neptune, is only 4 or 6. Hence we see the reason why the planets all move nearly in the same plane;—why the more numerous comets are made to move at all possible inclinations; and why there are fewer in the region of the planets than in any other part of the celestial sphere. The chance of a collision of the comets with the planets and their satellites, and also with one another, is greatly diminished by this distribution of their orbits.

It is interesting to ascertain at what seasons of the year comets pass their perihelia. From the following table it appears that nearly the same number reach that point of their orbit in every month of the year:—

January,	23	July,	15
February,	19	August,	15
March,	20	September,	29
April,	21	October,	23
May,	18	November,	28
June,	21	December,	20

The inferior numbers in the summer

months arise from the greater length of the day, which necessarily prevents a certain number of these bodies from being seen.

In reference to the position of their ascending nodes, and of their perihelia, the comets are almost equally distributed.

Longitudes of Ascending Nodes and Perihelia.	No. of Comets bet. these Long's of their Ascend. Nodes.	No. of Comets bet. these Long's of their Perihelia.
From 0° to 30°	21	17
" 30° to 60°	20	19
" 61° to 90°	23	26
" 90° to 120°	18	22
" 120° to 150°	20	19
" 150° to 180°	18	9
" 180° to 210°	22	18
" 210° to 240°	19	20
" 240° to 270°	17	25
" 270° to 300°	10	29
" 300° to 330°	20	21
" 330° to 360°	19	7
Total,	227	227

One of the most important elements of comets is their perihelion distance, or nearest approach to the Sun. The distance of the Earth from the Sun being *unity*, only five comets approached so near the Sun that their perihelion distance was less than one-tenth of the Earth's distance.

Comet of	Date	Perihelion distance from Sun.
1668,	February 8,	0.005
"	1680, December 17,	0.006
"	1843, May 6,	0.006
"	1689, December 1,	0.017
"	1826, November 18,	0.027
"	1847, March 30,	0.042
"	1816, March 1,	0.048
"	1821, March 21,	0.092
"	1780, September 30,	0.096

Out of 226 comets, that of 1668 approached nearest to the Sun, within the 200th part of the Earth's distance. The comets of 1680 and 1843 were almost equally near him. The distance of the Sun's surface from his centre being 0.0046, the distance of the comet of 1668 from the Sun's surface must have been 0.0004, or only the 2500th part of the Earth's distance. These results, deducible from the perihelion distances in M. Arago's general table, are not perfectly accordant with those in the following table given by the same author:—

Comets of	Distance from Sun's Centre.	Comets of	Distance from Sun's Centre.
1843,	475,000 miles	1780,	9,500,000 miles.
1680,	570,000 "	1665,	10,450,000 "
1689,	1,900,000 "	1769,	11,400,000 "
1826,	2,565,000 "	1830,	11,970,000 "
1847,	3,990,000 "	1827,	13,110,000 "
1816,	4,580,000 "	1851,	13,377,000 "
1593,	8,550,000 "	1827,	17,100,000 "
1821,	8,550,000 "	1758,	19,950,000 "

'It results from this table,' says M. Arago, 'that on the 27th of February, at the instant

of its passage of the perihelion, the centre of the comet of 1843 was distant 80,000 miles only from the surface of the Sun. From surface to surface there was, at the utmost, 32,000 miles between the two bodies.'

From the perihelion distances of comets, we obtain a view of their proximity to the planets. The following table shows the number of comets whose perihelion is situated at different points within the planetary system:—

Number of Comets	46	Between the Sun and the orbit of Mercury.
"	68	Between the orbits of Mercury and Venus.
"	59	Between the orbits of Venus and the Earth.
"	48	Between the orbits of the Earth and Mars.
"	11	Between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.
"	227	Total within the Planetary System.

If the shortest distance of any comet from the Sun exceeds the distance of Jupiter, they are not likely to be seen in their approach to the Sun, unless under particular circumstances.

The following are the actual numbers of known comets whose perihelion is situated within the orbit of each planet:—

Within the Orbit of Mercury,	46
Within the Orbit of Venus,	114
Within the Orbit of the Earth,	173
Within the Orbit of Mars,	216
Within the Orbit of Jupiter,	227

Attempts have been made to determine the number of comets in the solar system.

On the supposition that the perihelia of comets are uniformly distributed within our system, the number included within spheres bounded by the orbits of Mercury, Venus, and the Earth would be as the cubical contents of these spheres; that is, as the cubes of the numbers 3.9, 7.2, 10, the radii of these three orbits, or as the numbers 59, 373, and 1000. Now, since 59 is to 373 as 1 to 6.3, the sphere of Venus ought to contain 6.3 times as many comets as that of Mercury; but there were, in 1853, 37 comets within Mercury's orbit, consequently there ought to be 6.3 x 37 = 234 comets within Venus' orbit, whereas there are only 100. In like manner, there ought to have been within the Earth's sphere 629 comets, for 59 is to 1000 as 1 to 17, and 17 x 37 = 629; whereas there are only 152 comets. If we make the calculation for the orbit of Neptune so as to have the number of comets within the planetary system according to the assumed law, we shall find the number equal to 17.5 millions; for the radius of Mercury's orbit being 78

times that of Neptune, the cubes of these radii will be 1 and 474,552, and 1 is to 474,552 as 37 is to 17,558,424!

Rejecting the law of the distribution of comets, which we have been considering, Lambert adopted the ratio of the surfaces of the planetary spheres, which gives only 326,108 for the number of comets within the sphere of Neptune. If we substitute the radii of the planetary spheres for their surfaces, we shall have only 2886 within the orbit of Neptune.

Having thus obtained a general knowledge of the system of comets, we come now to give an account of what have been called *Periodic Comets*, or comets that move in orbits which they have described more than once, and which have been identified by astronomers as the same body at each of their returns. We have already stated that these comets are only 6 in number, namely, Halley's comet, which has returned 6 times; Encke's, which has returned 13 times; Gambart's, or Biela's, which has returned 5 times; Faye's, Brorsen's, and Arrest's, which have returned only once.

The history of the first of these comets, which has received the name of *Halley's Comet*, is one of the most interesting chapters in physical astronomy. This comet appeared in 1682, when Dr. Halley, by means of Newton's method of determining by three observations the elements of a comet's orbit, obtained the following results:—

Inclination of Orbit.	Longitude of Node.	Longitude of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.
17° 42'	50° 48'	801° 86'	0.57

Looking back into the history of comets, he found that a comet with similar elements occurred in the years 1607 and 1531; and as the interval between these dates was about 75 or 76 years, he had the boldness to predict that the same comet would appear at the end of 1758, or the beginning of 1759. With the view of predicting its arrival with greater accuracy, Clairaut computed the separate effects of Jupiter and Saturn in accelerating and retarding its motion; and he found that its period would be lengthened 100 days by the action of Saturn, and 518 by the action of Jupiter—that its period, instead of being 74 years 323 days, should be 76 years and 211 days, and that it should reach its perihelion on the 13th April 1759, having passed its last perihelion on the 14th September 1682.

To the delight of astronomers, and the surprise of those who had no faith in science, the comet returned in 1759, and passed its perihelion on the 13th March of that year, 30 days sooner than the predicted time.

Upon revising his calculation, Clairaut, who shared the prize of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg with Albert Euler in 1762, for his memoir on the subject, reduced the error of 30 days to 19.

The return of this comet in 1835 was anticipated with peculiar interest. Taking into account the action of the planet Uranus, M. Damoiseau found that in 1835 the comet should reach its perihelion on the 4th November. M. Pontecoulant fixed the 7th, and subsequently the 13th; and two German astronomers, MM. Rosenberger and Lehmann, obtained nearly the same results. The comet was discovered at Rome on the 5th of August, and reached its perihelion on the 16th November, only three days after the predicted time.

According to Pingré, Halley's comet was identical with that of 1456; and from the few materials which he could obtain, he found that their perihelion distance was the same, the inclination nearly the same, and also the longitude of the nodes and perihelion. It passed its perihelion on the 8th of June.

The same comet was found to have appeared in the year 1378. M. Edward Biot discovered in the 'Chinese Annals' that a conspicuous comet had been observed in China in 1378; that it appeared on the 26th September, and continued visible during the 45 succeeding days. The following is the Chinese account of the comet, as given by E. Biot:—

'1878, 26 Septembre (periode hong-wou, 11^e année, 9^e lune, jour kiasu). Une étoile extraordinaire fut vue au nord-est de cinq chars (α, β, γ, δ Cocher, β Taureau). Elle avoit une chevelure rayonnante sur une étendue de 10 degrés environ. Elle balaya le groupe neikiai (τ, ε Grande Ourse); elle entra dans l'enceinte du tse-wei (enceinte de la queue du Dragon), balaya les cinq étoiles du pôle nord (la polaire, et quatre petites étoiles marquées autour du pôle sur les planisphères chinois), passa sur le chaotai du mur oriental (γ Dragon), entra dans l'enceinte du marché celeste (enceinte d'étoiles d'Ophinchus et du Serpent, autour du α Ophinchus et de α Hercule) et se tient dans le marché celeste jusqu'à la 10^e lune pour kionei (10 Novembre), ou le temps devint nuageux, et ou ne la vit plus.'

With these data M. Laugier was enabled, after many trials, to compute the elements of its orbit, and establish its identity with the comet of Halley. He finds that it passed its perihelion in November 8-77, 1378, and that the following were its elements:—

Perihelion distance,	0.5835
Inclination of orbit,	17° 56'
Longitude of node,	47° 17'
Longitude of perihelion,	299° 31'

He found that the different periods of this comet were as follows:—

From 1378 to 1456,	28,343 days,	77 years and 7 months.
„ 1456 to 1531,	27,467 „	75 years and 2 months.
„ 1531 to 1607,	27,811 „	76 years and 2 months.
„ 1607 to 1682,	27,352 „	74 years and 11 months.
„ 1682 to 1759,	27,987 „	76 years and 6 months.
„ 1759 to 1835,	28,006 „	76 years and 8 months.

M. Arago conjectures, with some hesitation, that the comets of the year 52 B.C., and of 885 A.D., 1006, 1230, and 1305, were the same as that of Halley.

Another periodic comet of equal interest, though of shorter period, was discovered by M. Pons at Marseilles on the 26th November 1818. When M. Bouvard presented its parabolic elements to the French Board of Longitude on the 13th January 1819, M. Arago

mentioned its similarity to that of 1805; others suspected its identity with a comet which appeared in 1795; and Encke of Berlin, whose name it now bears, placed it beyond a doubt that it was identical with those of 1786, 1795, and 1805, and that it moved in an elliptic orbit with a period of about 1200 days, or three years and $\frac{1}{3}$ ths, as shown in the following singularly coincident elements:—

	Inclination.	Long. of Node.	Long. of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.	Time of Revolution in Days.
1786,	13° 36'	334° 8'	156° 38'	32	1208.11
1795,	13° 42'	334° 39'	156° 41'	33	1207.88
1805,	13° 33'	334° 20'	156° 47'	34	1207.42
1810,	13° 4'	334° 30'	156° 50'	33	

This interesting comet, whose orbit does not reach as far as that of Jupiter, was seen, on its return in 1822, at Sir Thomas Brisbane's Observatory at Paramatta, and in Europe in 1825, 1829, 1832, 1835, 1838, 1842, 1845, 1848, and 1852.

The diminution in the period of the comet from 1208.11 days to 1207.42 in three revolutions, and to 1204 days in the period from 1848 to 1852, led M. Encke to investigate its cause. The axis of the comet's orbit being not far from the plane in which Jupiter moves, and its aphelion reaching nearly to Jupiter, it is obvious that, when Jupiter is near the comet in its aphelion, he will greatly disturb it. Employing the ancient value of Jupiter's mass, he could not account for the shortening of the comet's period without supposing that the planets moved in a resisting medium; but upon this hypothesis, and using a more correct value for Jupiter's mass, he obtained a satisfactory explanation of the diminution of the period. In a comparison of the observed with the computed places of the comet, the mean error of a single place was only 18".3, whereas, without the hypothesis of a resisting medium, the error amounted to 3' 37".6.

In giving an account of Encke's calculations, Professor Grant makes the following observations, the importance of which will be seen in reference to the influence of a repulsive force upon comets, as recently maintained by M. Faye:—

'The doctrine of a resisting medium,' says Professor Grant, 'has always been a favourite subject of speculation with astronomers; but on no occasion has it been supported by evidence of such a plausible character as in the example

above cited. It is manifest, however, that more extensive indications of such a medium must be discovered before the problem of its existence can be considered as having received a definitive solution. It has not yet affected to a sensible extent any of the other celestial bodies; and until such is found to take place, the questions relative to it must remain in abeyance.'

The next periodical comet is one which possesses an interest of a different kind from that of Encke. It was discovered at Josephstadt, in Bohemia, by M. Biela, on the 27th February 1826, and ten days afterwards, at Marseilles, by M. Gambart. M. Biela computed its parabolic elements, and recognised their resemblance to those of the comets of 1772 and 1806; and at the same time M. Gambart was led to a similar conclusion. M. Clausen also recognised it as a periodical comet, with a period of 6½ years. The return of the comet was observed in 1832 and 1846, but not in 1839. The following table shows the elements of its orbits:—

	Inclination.	Long. of Perihelion.	Long. of Node.	Perihelion Distance.
1772,	18° 17'	254° 0'	110° 14'	1.01
1805,	13° 31'	250° 33'	109° 23'	0.89
1826,	14° 39'	247° 54'	104° 20'	0.95
1832,	13° 13'	248° 16'	110° 1'	0.88
1846,	12° 34'	245° 55'	108° 2'	0.86

In 1832, the comet passed its perihelion on the 26th November, and in 1846, on the 11th February; so that half of that interval, or 2485.2 days, will be the mean length of its period. Hence we have the following elements of its elliptic orbit:—

Major semi-axis,	3.5245
Perihelion distance,	0.8565
Aphelion distance,	0.1926
Eccentricity,	0.7570
Time of revolution,	2417 days.

In consequence of the calculations made in 1826, it was believed that this comet would come into collision with the Earth on its return in 1832. M. Damoiseau, who had computed all the perturbations which the comet would experience from the action of Saturn, Jupiter, and the Earth, found that it would be retarded 9.6642 days, so as not to reach its perihelion till the 27th November 1832; and that on the 24th October it would cross the Earth's orbit at a distance of only 20,000 miles, and near the place where the Earth would then be. It was found, however, that the Earth would not arrive at this part of its orbit till the 30th November, so that its distance from the comet must have been always 45 millions of miles. If the comet had crossed the plane of the ecliptic on the 30th November, its atmosphere would, doubtless, have been mixed with ours, and produced effects which could not have been otherwise than injurious.

When this comet returned in 1846, it exhibited phenomena of such a remarkable kind, that no explanation of them has ever been attempted. On the 19th December 1845, Mr. Hind observed a sort of protuberance on the north side of it; but this was not seen by M. Encke at Berlin on the 21st. On the 15th January 1846, Professor Challis of Cambridge observed that the comet had separated into two distinct bodies. M. Wichmann observed the same thing at Königsberg, and Lieut. Maury at Washington. On the 19th of February, M. Struve saw the double comet for the first time, and made an accurate drawing of it, in which the nuclei were separated 6' 7". On the 21st he made another drawing of it, in which the distance of the nuclei had become 6' 33". On the 4th of March, the distance was 7' 20", and on the 23d of March, 13' 32". In the first of these drawings, both comets had a bright nucleus, surrounded with two fainter envelopes, and a small tail attached like a handle to a sphere. In order to determine the absolute distance of the nuclei, M. Plantamour of Geneva computed the elements of the two comets from observation; and having calculated the perturbations occasioned by Jupiter, Mars, and the Earth, he found

that, during the whole time that they were visible, their observed and computed motions agreed well with each other. He was therefore able to obtain, from the apparent distances, the following measures of the absolute distance of the nuclei of the two comets:—

	1846. Feb. 10.—	150,650 miles.
	" 17.—	154,425 "
	" 26.—	157,475 "
	March 3.—	158,125 "
	" 16.—	156,650 "
	" 22.—	155,075 "

This remarkable comet reappeared in 1852, and was seen at Rome about the end of August. Father Secchi, who observed it on the 16th September, saw both comets, the small one preceding the larger by 30' in right ascension, and situated 30' towards the south of it. The distance of the two nuclei had then increased to 1,200,000 miles.

This 'birth of a new body of the solar system by way of disjunction,' as M. Arago remarks, 'is a fact of the highest importance. While it gives probability to the supposition that the asteroids are the fragments of a burst planet, it confirms the statement of Ephorus, the Greek historian, that the comet of 371 B.C. separated into two, each of which pursued a different course, and also the observations of Cysatus, Wendelin, and Schroeter, that the comet of 1618, which reached its perihelion on the 8th November, had separated into several fragments. The Chinese astronomers speak of *three* comets which appeared in 896, which were connected together and moved in the same orbit; and Hevelius informs us that the nucleus of the comets of 1652, 1661, and 1664, "separated into four or five parts, exhibiting a density greater than the rest of the comet."

This interesting comet was re-discovered at Berlin by Dr. Förster on the 7th of August 1858. Professor Encke has found that, since 1829, each successive revolution has been shorter than the one preceding it by $\frac{1}{100}$ ths of a day, or a little more than 2½ hours; the acceleration from 1829 to 1858, or during nine revolutions, being 4.544 days. The following were its elements in 1858:—

Perihelion passage, 1858, October 18. 5 Berlin Mean Time.	
Long. of perihelion,	157° 57' 31"
Long. of node,	334° 28' 34"
Inclination,	13° 4' 15"
Major semi-axis,	2.21814
Eccentricity,	0.8463914

Another periodical comet was discovered, on the 22d November 1843, by M. Faye, of the Paris Observatory, who, along with M. Goldschmidt, found that it described an elliptical orbit in 7½ years. It was re-discovered at its next return by Professor Challis in

November 1850, and in 1858 on the 8th September by Dr. Bruhus. From the observations made at this time, M. Leverrier obtained the following elements, and predicted its return to its perihelion on the 4th of April:—

Perihelion Passage.	Inclination.	Long. of Node.	Long. of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.
1843. Oct. 17.	11° 23'	209° 29'	49° 34'	1.69
1851. Apr. 3.	11° 22'	209° 31'	49° 43'	1.70
1858. Sep. 12.6.	11° 21' 36.7"	209° 45' 23"	49° 49' 46"	
Major semi-axis,			8.8118	
Aphelion distance,			5.9:10	
Eccentricity,			0.5650	
Time of revolution,	2718 days, or 7.44 years.			

The orbit of this comet extends a little beyond that of Jupiter.

Another periodic comet, but visible only in the telescope, was discovered on the 26th February 1846, by M. Brorsen, of the Obser-

vatory of Keil. It was a mere nebulous mass, without nucleus or tail. According to Brunnow, Goujon, and Hind, it described an ellipse of 5½ years, and had the following elements:—

Passage of Perihelion.	Inclination.	Long. of Node.	Long. of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.
1846. Feb. 25.	30° 58'	102° 38'	116° 28'	0.650
Major semi-axis,			3.198	
Aphelion distance,			5.643	
Eccentricity,			0.793	
Time of revolution,	2037 days, or 5.58 years.			

This comet ought to have returned to its perihelion in 1851; but no astronomer seems to have detected it. In 1857, when its next return was expected, it was discovered by M. Bruhns at Berlin on the 18th March. This comet is in many respects a very interesting one, as its orbit is so situated, that, by the perturbations of Jupiter, it may in time become invisible to us. In computing the exact perturbations of the comet from 1846 to 1857, M. Bruhns found that its path had been violently changed, and had, perhaps, received

from this its present law, and also its law till its next appearance in 1862. Its elements were—

Passage of perihelion, 1857, March 29.	25 Berlin.
Long. of perihelion,	116° 48' 37"
Long. of node,	101° 53' 8"
Inclination,	29° 46' 1"
Eccentricity	0.80160
Major semi-axis,	3.1255

On the 8th of March 1858, M. Winnecke discovered at Bonn a new comet which had the following elements:

Perihelion passage, 1858, May 30.	14 Mean Time at Berlin.
Long. of perihelion,	275° 38' 52"
Long. of node,	113° 32' 48"
Inclination,	10° 48' 4"
Perihelion distance,	0.8857
Major semi-axis,	0.81343

The great resemblance of these elements to the third comet of 1819, for which Encke had found a period of 5.6 years, induced M. Winnecke to believe that it was the same comet. He found that the elements of Encke represented the observations almost perfectly, and that, by making the perihelion passage in 1858, May 1, 985, and augmenting the inclination 7 minutes, his own observations on the 8th and 10th March were perfectly represented, and the one made on the 12th to within a minute. Hence he concludes that the two comets are identical, and that in the interval of 39 years, during which the comet has returned six times, it has not suffered great perturbations either from Jupiter or the Earth, planets from which it was not very distant. Its period is 5.541 years, and its return may therefore be expected towards the end of 1863.

Another periodical telescopic comet was discovered by M. Arrest at Leipsic on the 27th of June 1851. The following are its elements:

Perihelion Passage.	Inclination.	Long. of Node.	Long. of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.
1851. July 8.	13° 56'	148° 27'	323° 0'	1.174
Major semi-axis,				3.4618
Aphelion distance,				5.7497
Eccentricity,				0.6609
Time of revolution,	2353 days, or 6.44 years.			

The comet reappeared in 1857, and was discovered at the Cape of Good Hope by Sir Thos. Maclear, by means of the positions which had been previously calculated by M. Yvon Villarceau. Sir Thomas observed it for 40 days in December 1857 and January 1858. By means of the observations made in 1851, and those communicated to him in 1858 by Sir Thomas, M. Villarceau has calculated the perturbations which it will experience from Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, till its reappearance in 1864. These perturbations are very great, owing to the proximity of the comet to Jupiter, from which it was distant, in April 1861, only 0.36, or little more than a third of the Earth's distance from the Sun. Before and after that date, the comet and Jupiter were a long time, and will continue to be

a long time, together. The perturbations thus produced by Jupiter and the two other planets are so great, that, from December 25, 1857, to August 16, 1863, the long. of the perihelion will have diminished from $323^{\circ} 5'$ to $318^{\circ} 30'$, or $4^{\circ} 35'$, and will remain from August stationary for a year; the long. of the node will have diminished from $148^{\circ} 29'$ to $146^{\circ} 21'$, or $2^{\circ} 8'$; and the inclination of the orbit will have increased from $13^{\circ} 56'$ to $15^{\circ} 39'$. The most considerable perturbations are those in the mean motion and mean anomaly of the comet; the result of the first of these being to increase the period of revolution 69 days, and the result of the second to hasten by 49 days the return of the comet to its perihelion, which will take place on the 26th February, 1864, instead of the 15th April. This last circumstance will keep the comet in the neighbourhood of the Sun for nearly six months, and thus prevent it from

being observed. From the 25th October 1863 to the 22d April 1864, its distance from the Sun in longitude will be less than from 16° to 18° , so that it would almost be in vain to seek for it in this interval. Its lustre on the 25th October 1863 will be 0.037, on the 22d April 0.089, and on the 20th of August of that year it will be reduced to 0.035, its difference of longitude from that of the Sun being then 69° . When Sir Thomas Maclear observed the comet in January 1858, its brightness was very feeble, though equal to 0.190. It will, therefore, require very powerful telescopes to discover it in 1864; but, as its discovery is a matter of very high interest, on account of the unusual perturbations to which it is subject, we trust that the best instruments will be employed in its search. The following are its elements, computed by M. Villarceau:—

Passage of perihelion, 1851, July 8.684.	
Long. of perihelion,	$322^{\circ} 54' 42''$
Long. of node,	$148^{\circ} 28' 37''$
Inclination,	$13^{\circ} 55' 8''$
Period—	2334.51005 days, or 6.3 years.

1857, Nov. 28.194, Mean Time, Berlin.	
	$823^{\circ} 4' 52''$
	$148^{\circ} 28' 46''$
	$13^{\circ} 56' 1''$

Another periodical comet was discovered on the 4th and 11th January 1858 by M. Tuttle at Cambridge, U. S., and by M. Bruhns at Berlin; and it is inter-

esting from its having its period intermediate between that of the comets of 3, 7, and 75 years. The following are its elements:—

Perihelion passage, 1858, March 0.0	Mean Time, Berlin.
Long. of perihelion,	$115^{\circ} 52' 39'' .30$
Long. of node,	$269^{\circ} 8' 42'' .70$
Inclination,	$54^{\circ} 28' 39'' .30$
Angle of eccentricity,	$55^{\circ} 8' 11'' .70$
Long. of major semi-axis,	0.7668740
Time of revolution,	18 years 239.55 days.

M. Donati, who made observations on this comet, says that it was very difficult to observe, from its not having the slightest trace of a nucleus.

Having thus determined the elements of this comet, M. Leverrier investigated the action which Jupiter would exert upon it. In this difficult research he found that when the comet arrived within the sphere of the planet's influence, it was drawn from its elliptical orbit round the Sun, and made to move in a hyperbolic orbit round Jupiter! When M. Faye's comet was discovered, M. Valz, of Marseilles, believed that it was the same as Lexell's; but M. Leverrier, in an able and laborious investigation of the subject, placed it beyond a doubt that they were two distinct bodies.

Under the name of 'Interior Comets,' M. Arago has ranked the comets discovered by Lexell, De Vico, and Peters, all of which are within the orbit of Neptune, but none of which have reappeared so as to prove that they are periodical.

The interest excited by this discussion had scarcely subsided, when Father De Vico discovered at Rome another interior comet on the 22d August 1844. It was visible to the naked eye, had a round and well-defined nucleus, with a short tail of a bluish tint. The following are its elements, as computed by Faye, Brunnov, and Leverrier:—

The comet of Lexell, which was discovered by Messier in June 1770, possesses a peculiar interest. M. Lexell found that it described in $5\frac{1}{2}$ years an elliptical orbit, whose major axis was three times the diameter of the Earth's orbit, and whose periodic time is $5\frac{1}{2}$ years. In the long list of observed comets there is no trace of this comet having been seen before, and, what is stranger still, it has never been again seen, though, if it exists, it must have returned sixteen times to its perihelion. The following are its elements, as calculated by Leverrier:—

Passage of Perihelion.	Inclination.	Long. of Node.	Long. of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.
1844. Sept. 2.	$2^{\circ} 55'$	$63^{\circ} 49'$	$342^{\circ} 31'$	1.186
Major semi-axis,				8.10:8
Aphelion distance,				5.0192
Eccentricity,				0.6176

Passage of Perihelion.	Inclination.	Long. of Node.	Long. of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.
1770. Aug. 14.	$1^{\circ} 35'$	$131^{\circ} 59'$	$356^{\circ} 16'$	0.876
Major semi-axis,				3.1534
Eccentricity,				0.7868

Several other comets of short periods have been observed: one in June 1846, by Mr. Peters at Naples, with a period of 16 years; another in 1743, with a period of 4810 years; another in April 1766, with a period of 5618 years; and another in November 1783, with a period of about 5 years.

The comets which pass beyond the limits of the planetary system may be divided into two classes,—namely, those which move in elliptical orbits, and whose long periods have been approximately determined; and those which move in parabolic orbits, and which, as Arago asserts, ‘plunge into regions of space more distant from the Earth than the stars α Centauri, α Lyrae, Sirius, Arcturus, and Capella.’

Our limits will not permit us to do more than give a list of the comets of long period:

Perihelion Passage.	Period.
1852. Oct. 12.	69 years.
1812. Sept. 15.	70.68.
1846. March 5.	73.25.
1815. April 25.	74.05.
1847. Sept. 9.	74.97.
1682. Sept. 14.	76.17.
1532. Oct. 19.	120 years.
1683. July 12.	187 “
1845. June 5.	249 “
1867. Aug. 23.	258 “
1264. July 15.	292 “
1840. Nov. 13.	344 “
1843. Feb. 27.	376 “
1846. June 5.	401 “
1793. Nov. 28.	422 “
1746. Feb. 15.	515 “
1840. April 2.	743 “
1811. Nov. 10.	875 “
1807. Sept. 18.	1714 “
1769. Oct. 7.	2090 “
1858. Sept. 30.	2138 “
1827. Sept. 11.	2611 “
1846. Jan. 22.	2721 “
1811. Sept. 12.	3065 “
1763. Nov. 1.	3500 “
1825. Dec. 10.	4386 “
1822. Oct. 28.	5649 “
1849. June 8.	8875 “
1680. Dec. 17.	8813 “
1860. June 15.	1089 “
1840. March 12.	1386 “
1861. June 3.	1849 “
1780. Sept. 30.	75,838 “
1844. Oct. 17.	100,000 “

From these details respecting the various classes of comets, the nature and position of their orbits, the vastness of their numbers, visible and invisible, and the extraordinary length of their periods, we may form some notion, faint though it be, of the magnificence and extent of the cometary system when contemplated apart from that of the planets. If the astronomer familiar with magnitudes and distances which numbers can hardly express, stands entranced when he contemplates the planetary system extending from Mercury to Neptune, a distance of thousands of

millions of miles, how great must be his wonder when he surveys the cometary system, composed of bodies which revolve round the Sun in periods of all lengths up to 100,000 years, and of other bodies which plunge into the depths of space beyond even the nearest fixed stars, and which, in all probability, are forced to return into the solar system by the action of some distant sun placed in the remote focus of their elliptical orbits! If we believe, as we doubt not all astronomers believe, that the planets of our system are the abodes of life, and if we have no evidence that comets enjoy the same privilege, we must at least believe that they have been created for grand purposes, which may contribute to the maintenance of the planetary worlds, and administer to the happiness of their inhabitants.

But whatever be our opinion on the functions which these singular creations have to perform, the study of their physical constitution, and of the variety of strange phenomena which they exhibit, is singularly interesting, and has been prosecuted with considerable success by some of the most distinguished astronomers of the age. We shall now, therefore, endeavour to give our readers a brief account of the observations which have been made by modern astronomers, and the results which have been obtained in this department of astronomical science.

When a comet is first seen in approaching the Sun, it has the appearance of a small round nebulous body. In the centre of this body there is a point more or less bright, called the *nucleus*. In advancing to the Sun, the nebulosity, which is called its head, becomes brighter, the brightness increasing on the side next the Sun, but in a very irregular manner. The tail now begins to show itself, and gradually increases in length. After the comet has passed its perihelion, it gradually resumes its original condition of a round nebula with its nucleus, and, growing fainter and fainter, gradually disappears. The irregularities to which we have referred were well seen and carefully observed by Bessel in Halley's comet, in October 1835. Before the 2d of October, it was a round nebula with a faint nucleus. On that day it became suddenly brilliant, and on the side next the Sun there issued a cone of light which curled back, and remained like a luminous sector till the 22d October, varying in size and brightness, and in the direction of its axis, oscillating rapidly on each side of the line joining the comet and the Sun through an arc of 60°. Along with these phenomena, the tail began to form, and the nucleus varied much in brightness. On the 12th October the nucleus, with a power of 179, had a measura-

ble diameter. On the 14th it became suddenly fainter, and with a power of 90 it lost the appearance of a solid body. When Sir John Herschel observed this comet at the Cape on the 25th January 1836, it had no tail, and was a nebulous disc about 2' in diameter, surrounded with a coma of great extent.

The nebulosity, or nebulous disc or head, of comets, is sometimes well defined, like Jupiter, but generally the luminosity increases from an ill-defined margin. Beyond this margin are sometimes seen two, or even three, luminous rings or envelopes, separated from each other by a dark interval, in which the light is hardly visible. In the comets of 1799 and 1807, these rings were respectively 20,000 and 30,000 miles in diameter.

The following are the dimensions of the most remarkable nebulosities, or heads of comets, which are always transparent:—

Perihelion Passage.		
1847, September 9,	18,000 miles.	
1849, May 26,	31,000 "	
Comet of Brorsen,	180,000 "	
Comet of Lexell,	204,000 "	
Encke's Comet, 1828,	265,000 "	
First Comet of 1780,	269,000 "	
Comet of Halley, 1835,	357,000 "	
Great Comet of 1811,	1,125,000 "	

The nuclei of comets, though occasionally opaque, so as to eclipse stars, are generally transparent. They are commonly ill defined, and very frequently are situated between the centre and margin of the nebulous disc nearest the Sun, from which they are sometimes separated by a dark ring.

The following are the real diameters of several nuclei, as given by Arago:—

Gambart's Comet of 1805,	30 miles.
Comet of 1799,	385 "
Great Comet of 1811,	427 "
Second Comet of 1811,	2,727 "
Comet of 1819,	3,280 "
First Comet of 1780,	4,270 "
Great Comet of 1843,	5,000 "
Great Comet of 1825,	5,100 "
Comet of 1815,	5,800 "
Third Comet of 1845,	8,000 "

Interesting as these phenomena are, those which are exhibited in the tails are still more striking and instructive. The long trains of light which accompany comets were observed by the Chinese astronomers, and received the name of *brooms*. The axis of the tail of a comet is on the side of the comet opposite the Sun, and, generally speaking, a continuation of the line joining the comet and the Sun. Sometimes the axis of the tail is at right angles to this, but in general it inclines to the region which the comet has left; the whole tail having a sensible curvature which is sometimes so great as to form almost a quadrant of a circle in an

extent of a few degrees.' The tail is generally more luminous, and better defined on the convex than on the concave side. It usually increases in width towards its extremity, and is divided by a dark band, which separates it into two equal portions, the margin being most luminous. From these facts it has been inferred that the tail is either a cone or a hollow cylinder. Though the tails are generally divergent, yet they sometimes terminate in a point. The tail of the comet of 1769, which passed its perihelion on the 7th of October, as observed by Messier, was the largest and most remarkable that has been seen. On the 10th September it was 60°, and on the 11th 90°, but so faint at its extremity, that the light of Venus, when the planet rose, obliterated several degrees of it. This tail underwent remarkable changes. On the 30th August it consisted of two jets of light, separated by an obscure space 40° wide. On the 2d September the upper jet diverged from the tail, so as to form an angle with it twice that formed by the lower jet. On the 3d September these lateral jets entirely disappeared, the tail exhibiting an obscure central space, with margins formed of parallel luminous lines. On the 4th September the tail consisted of seven parts, some luminous and others obscure.

Comets have sometimes several separate tails. That of 1744 had six, each about 4° broad, and from 30° to 40° long, the space between them being dark. The comet of 1823 had two tails, one behind it, and the other directed to the Sun; the first 5° and the second 10° long, forming an angle of 160° with each other. This strange phenomenon was seen at several Continental observatories.

Our countryman, Mr. Dunlop, who observed the comet of 1824, at Paramatta, found that its tail consisted of five distinct branches, of different lengths. On the 19th October the rays emanating from the extreme tails appeared to cross behind the comet, like the rays which diverge from the focus of a lens. 'At 1½° from the head,' says Mr. Dunlop, 'the rays from the different tails cross, and then diverge indefinitely, so that the rays forming the right margin of the tail proceed from the left margin of the head, and reciprocally.' The following are the lengths of the tails of several comets:—

Comet of	Length.
1851,	2½°.
" 1840,	23°.
" 1811,	23°.
" 1682,	30°.
" 1744, 6 tails,	80° to 49°.
" 1858,	40°.
" 1456,	60°.
" 871 B.C.	60°.
" 1843,	65°, in the Tropics.

	Length.
Comet of 1689,	68°.
“ 1402,	90°.
“ 1680,	90°. Constantinople.
“ 1769,	97°. Isle of Bourbon.
“ 1264,	100°.
“ 1861,	118°. Rome.
“ 1618,	104°.

The following are the absolute lengths of some of these tails:—

1680,	96,000,000 miles.
1769,	40,000,000 “
1744,	82,000,000 “
1811,	100,000,000 “
1843,	150,000,000 “

The length of the tails of comets depends upon the purity of the atmosphere where the observation is made. At Paris the tail of the comet of 1680 was only 62° long. The comet of 1843 had a length of only 40° in France and England, and the comet of 1769 was only 40° long at London, 90° at Paris, and 75° at Teneriffe.

In order to form a correct notion of the nature of comets, we must determine whether they are self-luminous, or shine only by the reflected light of the Sun, or, what is possible, if their light arises from both these causes. The advanced state of optical science enables us to answer these questions. All light experiences, from reflection, a physical change to which the name of polarization has been given. This change, which may be detected by two different methods, increases with the angle of reflection; and is a maximum when that angle is between 50° and 60°. M. Arago was the first to apply these methods. Upon viewing the comet of 1819 with a prism of calcareous spar that gave two images, he found that one of the images was fainter than the other,—an undoubted proof that a portion of the light of the comet was polarized, and consequently composed partly of reflected light. In order to confirm the observation, he employed the polariscope, a combination of a prism of calcareous spar with a thin plate of quartz, in which the two images exhibit different colours when they are formed by polarized light. The plate of quartz was placed beside the object-glass, and the doubly refracting prism beside the eye-glass. With this instrument he examined Halley's comet on the 23d October, 1835, and found that the two images were of different colours, the one *red*, and the other *green*; and hence he concluded that part of the light emitted by the comet was polarized, and therefore came from the Sun, and suffered reflection from the matter of which the comet is composed.

Although there can be no doubt of the accuracy of M. Arago's experiments, repeated by Humboldt, Bouvard, Mathieu, and others,

yet there is nothing improbable in the supposition that the light may have been polarized after reaching the Earth's atmosphere. When we consider that light is polarized by refraction in passing through the coats of the eye, that it is slightly polarized by refraction at the *four* or *six* surfaces of an achromatic object-glass, and also in passing through the lenses of an eye-piece, and that the light of the celestial bodies undergoes a slight polarization by the refraction of the atmosphere, we cannot but admit that the problem of the existence of polarized light in the light of comets is not solved. M. Arago was aware of the fact, that the light reflected from every part of the blue sky is more or less polarized, with the exception of that which comes from the *three* neutral points; and in order to satisfy himself that the polarized light, which he observed, was not produced by atmospheric reflection, he pointed the same telescope upon Capella, situated in the vicinity of the tail, and saw distinctly that its two images had exactly the same intensity.' Now, as the light of Capella ought to have contained as much polarized light as the part of the atmosphere to which its position corresponded, the intensity of its two images ought not to have been exactly the same.

In giving an account of the two experiments which we have been considering, M. Arago does not mention in what plane the light was polarized. If the light was polarized in a plane passing through the Sun, the comet, and the observer's eye, it was a just inference that the polarization was produced by reflection from the cometary matter; but if the light was not polarized in that plane, the polarization must have been owing to other causes, to refraction by the lenses of the object-glass and eye-piece, to the imperfect annealing of the glass of which any of these lenses were made, or to the fact of one or more of the lenses being pinched in their cell.

M. Chacornac, at Paris, observed, in the faintest twilight, distinct traces of polarization in the light of Donati's comet of 1858. M. Ranzini, of Padua, observed them also 'with a simple Tourmaliné, but neither of them speak of the plane of polarization. Professor Govi, at Florence, found the light of the same comet polarized, and he observes that the plane of polarization passed through the axis of the tail.

Some light has been thrown on this subject by the observations of Father Secchi on the comet of 1861. He found that the polarization of the light of the tail, and of the rays near the nucleus, was very strong, and could not be seen even with Savart's band polariscope. The nucleus, however, exhibited at that time no polarized light;

but what is remarkable, on the evening of the 3d of July and the following day, the light of the nucleus presented very palpable marks of polarization, in spite of its diminished size, which on the evening of the 7th July was hardly 1". Father Secchi justly considers this a fact of great importance, 'for it appears that the nucleus in the first days emitted its own light, perhaps on account of the incandescence to which it had been brought by its great proximity to the Sun.'

Father Secchi was aware of the importance of determining the plane in which the light was polarized. On the 3d of July the light of the comet's head was so strong in the telescope, that the coloured bands in Savart's polariscope, and the direction of the black band could be seen. By this means he found that the plane of polarization was in the plane of the tail; but upon looking at his register, he found that the black band corresponded with the angles of 130° and 310° of the circle of position, which shows that the light was polarized under an angle of $162^\circ - 130^\circ = 32^\circ$, a result which admits of an error of not more than 10° . If the error was $+10$, then $32^\circ + 10^\circ = 42^\circ$ is an angle not very far from the maximum polarizing angle, whereas $32^\circ - 10^\circ = 22^\circ$ would give a small portion of polarized light.

While Father Secchi was examining the light of the nucleus and the tail of the comet with a polariscope, Sir John Herschel* was making the same observations in England with a doubly refracting prism. Sir John, on the 5th July, could observe no difference in the brightness of the image, and consequently no polarization, although the angle of incidence, which he makes 52° , was the reverse of one unfavourable for the polarization. 'At 66° elongation from the Sun,' he says, '(which is that of the comet on the occasion in question), the blue light of the sky is very considerably polarized. The constitution of the comet, therefore, is analogous to that of a cloud which, as is well known, at that or any other angle of elongation from the Sun, exhibits no signs of polarity.'

The best observations on the polarization of the light of Donati's comet were made by M. Lias at San Domingo, Rio Janeiro, with a doubly refracting prism. The plane of polarization passed through the axis of the tail. By means of a Tourmaline, he brought the two images to an equality, and found that the quantity of polarized light was as follows, the total light being unity:—

1858. October 24th, 0.086. December 3d, 0.092.
October 31st, 0.082. December 6th, 0.108.

From these observations he concluded, that the

comet had no light of its own, and that its light was composed of two parts—the one regularly reflected, and producing polarization; and the other reflected irregularly, and not polarized.

Another method of determining the nature of the light of comets, and which did not present itself to M. Arago, consists in analysing it with a prism. The solar spectrum, when formed by a good prism, is covered with black lines of various breadths transverse to its length. The light of the Moon and of all the planets, being the reflected light of the Sun, contains the very same lines; but the light of a candle or lamp contains no such lines. The light of the stars contains lines different from those in the Sun's rays; so that we can determine experimentally whether the light of a comet is intrinsic, like that of white flames, or reflected and from the Sun. In making this experiment on the light of the comet of 1861, Mr. Crookes found that it contained some of the principal lines in the solar spectrum, and hence we are entitled to conclude that this comet shone by the reflected light of the Sun.

That comets have been illuminated by the Sun, has been inferred from the appearance of phases which have been observed by some astronomers. The most remarkable observations of this kind were made at Palermo by M. Cacciato, who asserts that he saw distinct phases in the nucleus of the comet of 1819. The position of the crescent, however, which he observed on the 5th and the 15th of July, had not the position at the first of these dates which it ought to have had, if it had been formed by the Sun's light; the line joining the horns being parallel to the length of the tail, in place of being perpendicular to it, as it was on the 15th of July.

Another mode of ascertaining whether the light of comets is intrinsic or reflected, has been explained at great length by M. Arago. The greater number of comets disappear by a gradual diminution of their light, even when their apparent magnitudes are considerable. The most brilliant, indeed, cease to be visible from the earth when they recede to a distance equal to the radius of the orbit of Jupiter; whereas a self-luminous body, as M. Arago has shown, would not disappear under the same circumstances.

Notwithstanding the experiments made by himself on the comets of 1817 and 1835, M. Arago thought 'it possible that the whole light transmitted to the earth by these two bodies might be partly intrinsic and partly reflected light; for bodies, upon becoming incandescent, do not on that account lose the property of reflecting a portion of the light which illuminates them.'

Astronomers have watched with great

* *London Review*, July 13, 1861, pp. 46, 47.

interest for any phenomena in the nucleus or tails of comets which indicated a motion of rotation. While examining the luminous streams which formed the margin or boundaries of the tail of the comet of 1811, Sir W. Herschel observed frequent variations in their length, of considerable magnitude and rapidity; and he conjectured that they arose from a rotatory motion of the tail, which caused its different parts to be carried in succession to the apparent sides. By supposing the hollow cone, of which the tail was composed, to be irregularly terminated, a succession of apparent changes, similar to those actually observed, would take place. As a consequence of this rotation of the tail, Sir William was disposed to admit that the head of the comet turned upon itself. Variations of the same kind in the tail of the comet of 1825, led Mr. Dunlop, who observed it at Paramatta, to ascribe them to a rotatory motion. The tail consisted of five distinct branches, of different lengths, extending about 2° from the head of the comet. The different branches of this tail had not always the same position relative to the margins of the principal tail; and, upon observing the time between two returns of the branches to the same position, Mr. Dunlop found the average value to be 19h. 37m., which he considered to be the time in which the comet revolved. M. Arago has expressed some doubt of the accuracy of these results, in consequence of some English astronomers having 'thrown out suspicions upon some of the labours of their countryman;' and we are, therefore, happy to find that observations analogous to those of Mr. Dunlop have been made on the comet of 1861 by Father Secchi at Rome, and that this distinguished and accurate observer had drawn from them the same conclusion. On the 1st of July, the length of the whole tail, which was double, was 118° , and its greatest width 8° . The principal tail alone was visible at Paris. Its length was 45° , but beyond it there extended, from near its middle, a little towards the east, a long and wide ray, much more feeble, which, passing above α Lyræ, went even to the Milky Way, as far as the stars ϵ and ζ Aquilæ. On the following morning the nucleus was $10''.05$. It was of an oval form, pretty regular, a little flattened perpendicular to the direction of the tail, and a little less defined on the side of the Sun. In the twilight, the branches or jets which issued from the nucleus were short—about 1'. On the evening of the 1st July, the nucleus was greatly diminished, being only $3''.03$, with a power of 400, and $2''.5$, with a power of 700. With a power of 1000 it was very indistinct in its outline. The jets were longer than in the morning,

and of a remarkable shape. Very bright curved rays showed themselves on the north side, one of which was $1' 55''$ in length. This very bright luminous jet was prolonged, and bounded with a bright nebulosity in the form of a rod, curved on the north side. In the middle of this kind of fan was a pencil of straight rays, and to the left a shorter pencil, a little curved. Beyond the fan and its halo (aureole), at a distance of $3' 11''$, was seen a wide luminous envelope, like a rudimental paraboloid, joining itself to the jets in a discontinuous manner. The general envelope of the comet on the one side opposite to the tail was $8'$ or $10'$. During the following evening the tail gradually diminished, but it is remarkable that it passed almost always near α Hercules; and touched the Milky Way till the 6th of July. The two tails were almost independent, and on the 5th July the long and narrow one had almost left the north side of the great one, which was curved on its southern side. On the evening of the 7th the long train was hardly visible.

Having made these important observations, Father Secchi proceeded to ascertain their import. In determining the direction of the different parts of the head of the comet when most distinct, and in referring them to a great circle passing through the Sun and the comet, he found the deviations from that direction very distinct and regular, like those observed by Bessel in Halley's comet. The comet exhibited three very remarkable jets,—one to the apparent left, curved and surrounded with a great nebulosity, which, folded back upon itself, continued to prolong itself in the long tail on the true north side. Another jet appeared in the middle, consisting of rays sensibly straight, and only a little turned back at the top, where they were united to the great paraboloid envelope. The third jet, on the right side (the true south), was formed of jets of light, curved, but less so than on the left side. Behind the head there was an obscure space, which was at first taken for a shadow, but was only a space destitute of illuminated matter, as noticed for the first time by Boscovich in the comet of 1744, and as found in various other comets.

As the measures taken by Secchi are of the first importance in reference to the existence of a rotatory motion, which, he says, 'they appear to prove,*' and have not been published in this country, we have given them in the following table:—

* In his paper, 'On the Successive Phases of Donati's Comet,' published in 1859, Father Secchi saw a 'kind of hole in the luminous matter, resulting from its rarity at that point,' which continued for several days, and which, he says, seemed to prove that the comet had no rotation—at least not a rapid one.

July, 1861.	Angle of Position of the Sun. n.	Supplement of m.	Angle of Position of the Central Jet. c.	Difference. m.-c.	Angle of Position of the Left Jet. s.	Difference. m.-c.	Angle of Position of the Right Jet. d.	Difference. d.-m.	Position of Obscure Space. o.	Difference. o.-m.
1. 10	162° 11'	17° 49'	43°	•— 25°	102°	84	848°	827°	208	+ 46°
2. 11	144 12	35 48	52	— 17	181	96	345	307	198	+ 44
4. 10½	110 15	69 45	77	— 8	171	102	391	319		
8. 10	78 35	101 25	96	+ 5	186	85	403	300		

Father Secchi is of opinion that a portion of the changes exhibited in this table may be due to the change of place of the observer; but, as he considers it impossible to explain them all by this cause, he is of opinion 'that they prove a slow rotation of the comet,'—thus confirming the opinion of Sir William Herschel and Mr. Dunlop.

Besides making these difficult observations, Father Secchi measured the rays of the nucleus and of the nebulosity, the first of which he found to diminish to an almost imperceptible point, while the nebulosity was greatly enlarged.

1861.	Diameter of Nucleus.	In Geographical Miles of 1843 Metres.
June 30th.—15h. 10' '05.		348.
July 1st.—9h. 6" '15.		349.
July 2d.—8½h. 4" '02.		247.

Measures of the Nebulosity of the surrounding Paraboloid.
June 30th.—15h. Radius along the axis of the comet, 1' 55" 6275 miles; Paraboloid of the nebulosity, 3' 11" 10,424 miles.

This comet was seen by M. Capoletti at Chili, who observed in the middle of the tail a line as luminous as the head of the comet itself, extending to one-third of its length, which on the 13th June was 50°.

Before we can investigate the constitution of comets, and give a rational explanation of their tails, and the various forms which they assume, there are two or three points upon which we require correct information. Have comets exhibited any traces of colour, like the planets and some of the fixed stars? Do they exhibit sudden changes of brightness in their nebulous heads, their nucleus, or their tails? And, do the periodical comets return to their perihelion of the same magnitude and the same brightness?

If we place any confidence in ancient observers, we cannot doubt that comets have exhibited on some occasions decided colours, which cannot be ascribed to contrast or any other source of deception. M. Arago states, without mentioning his authority, that the comets of 146 B.C., 662 A.D., and 1526, were said to be of a beautiful red colour. The comet of 1533, according to more than one

observer, was of a beautiful yellow colour. Gemma asserts that the comet of 1556 was red like Mars, but became of a pale white colour. The tail of the comet of 1618 was of 'a very lovely red' colour, and the nucleus of the comet of 1769, as seen by Messier, was 'somewhat reddish.' Sir W. Herschel found that the centre of the nebulosity of the comet of 1811 was occupied by a somewhat reddish body, and that the light of the head had a bluish green tint. A semicircular portion of the head of this comet next the Sun was of a strong yellowish colour. The comet of 1843, at Montpellier, had a decidedly reddish tint; and at Campot, in Cambrage, the Abbé Arnoux informs us that the nucleus of Donati's comet was red. In a work, entitled, 'A Chronicle of Prodigies, Celestial and Terrestrial,' by Lycosthenes, published in 1557, and quoted in the *London Review* of July 6, 1861, the comet of 1556 is described as of a darkish red turbid colour. 'Fusca erat rubens ac turbida.' In describing the nucleus of the comet of 1761, Mr. Webb says that, with the higher powers, 'it was a softly defined golden disc.' On the 11th and 13th March, the tail of the comet of 1843 appeared to Legrand at Montpellier to have a decidedly reddish tint, which disappeared on the 14th.

There can be no doubt, that sudden changes of brightness, and slower changes of magnitude, take place in comets. Kepler informs us, that the tail of the comet of 1607, then at first short, became long 'in the twinkling of an eye.' Wendelin, Snellius, and Father Cysatus saw the tail of the comet of 1618 undulating, as if driven by the wind. Hevelius saw similar movements in the tails of the comets of 1652 and 1661; and Pingré saw in the long tail of the comet of 1769, undulations like those of the aurora, the tail sometimes covering certain stars, and then retiring from them. M. Arago was at first disposed to ascribe these sudden changes to atmospheric vapours passing between the comet and the eye of the observer; but he found, in Halley's comet of 1835, satisfactory evidence that the nucleus, the whole or part of the nebulosity, and the tail of a comet,

may exhibit almost instantaneous changes of brightness. The appearance and disappearance of luminous sectors which he observed strengthened this opinion, and on the 18th November 1835 the sector was only half the length of what it was on the 16th, and was also much less bright, although, from the state of the atmosphere, it should have been longer and brighter. Sudden changes, 'of a rapidly fluctuating character,' occur most frequently when the comet is approaching the Sun, but sometimes also after its perihelion passage. The comet of 1799 passed its perihelion on the 7th September, previous to which nothing unusual was seen; but on the 16th September, Schroeter observed that the nucleus was reduced one-third of its size, and between the 20th and 21st the nebulosity had diminished one-fourth; on the 22d the nebulosity 'burst out with renewed splendour,' as stated by Professor Grant, 'and continued to exhibit the same brilliant appearance until the 25th, when it again became extremely faint.' On the 25th of January 1836, sudden changes must have taken place in the physical constitution of Halley's comet on that day. Sir John Herschel found the diameter of the head to be—

In the direction of right ascension, 229''·4 at 13h. 38m.
In the direction of declination, 237''·3 " 14h. 15m.

And in two days after this, the diameter of the head was—

In the direction of right ascension, 196''·7 at 16h. 25m.
In the direction of declination, 252''·0 " 16h. 29m.

On the 26th, the diameter of the head was—

In the direction of right ascension, 309''.
In the direction of declination, 329''.

On the 3d May, the comet had become a round nebulous body, the tail having gradually disappeared, 'so that the total bulk of the comet, exclusive of the corona, had greatly more than doubled in 24 hours.' On the 20th of January, upon viewing the comet through the 20 feet-reflector, Sir John exclaims, 'Most astonishing! The corona is all but gone, but there are long irregular nebulous tails in all directions.' 'The nucleus is now no longer a dim misty speck, but a sharp brilliant point. It is like a planetary nebula, a little hazy at the edges, 2'' or 2½'' in diameter.' 'I now see a sharp, all but planetary disc, diameter fully 1½'', quite distinct from the haze about it.' 'It is like one of Jupiter's satellites in a thick fog of hazy light.' When Mr Clerihew observed the comet of 1843 at Calcutta, on the 11th of March, he found that since the 10th, the night before,

it had thrown out a new tail twice as long as the original one, and forming with it an angle of 18°. This tail again vanished, and was never afterwards seen. In the work of Lycosthenes, already mentioned, the light of the comet of 1556 is likened to flames, such as come from torches when the wind is blowing.

The observations which have been made during the *seven* apparitions of Halley's comet, enable us to answer the question—Do comets of long periods suffer any change during their absence from the planetary system?

In 1456, this comet was said to be of extraordinary splendour, its nucleus as bright as a fixed star, and its tail at first 10° long, and afterwards 60°. In 1531, its brightness has not been described as extraordinary, and its tail was only 15° long. In 1607, its light was pale and feeble. Some describe it as of the size of Jupiter, but 'with a dark tint,' and others, as resembling 'a faint star of the first magnitude.' In 1682, it was likened to a star of the second magnitude, with a tail of about 30°. In 1759, it appeared like a star of the first magnitude, but with less brightness, and like a planet near the horizon. In the Isle of Bourbon, the tail varied from 3° to 47°. From these observations it was believed that part of the comet had been dissipated when beyond our system. This opinion was not confirmed at the last return of the comet in 1835. During its greatest brightness, Arago compared it 'to the ruddy stars of the first magnitude,' as α Scorpii, α Orionis, or α Tauri; and, from these and other observations, he concludes that there is 'no proof that Halley's comet is becoming fainter.'

We are now, with the aid of the preceding facts, somewhat prepared for inquiring into the constitution of comets, and the cause of their tails and other appendages; but before we proceed to this curious subject, we may advantageously give a brief account of some of the more remarkable comets, as they appeared to ordinary observers.

In 371 B.C. a comet appeared in the heavens with a train of light of extraordinary splendour.

In 52 B.C. the brightness of the comet exceeded that of the Sun. Diodorus Siculus says that it gave shadows equal to those in moonlight.

In 43 B.C. the comet was seen in the daytime with the naked eye.

In 400 A.D. 'a most terrible comet' appeared, of the form of a sword.

In 1006 a comet appeared thrice the size of Venus, with a light equal to the fourth part of a full moon.

In 1106 a comet seen in daylight was visi-

ble over all Europe. The tail, according to various writers, was an object of terrific splendour, resembling a fiery beam stretching across the heavens.

In 1264 a splendid comet appeared in Europe and China. It is said to have had a tail 100° long.

In 1378 a conspicuous comet appeared in China, and continued visible 45 subsequent days.

In 1402 two comets appeared visible in daylight. The first was large and splendid, with a tail of immense length. The second was exceedingly bright, with a tail stretching from the horizon to the zenith.

In 1456 a magnificent comet (a return of Halley's) was seen over all Europe, with a tail of 60° .

In 1522 a comet was seen in full sunshine.

In 1577 one of the most conspicuous comets of modern times was discovered before sunset by Tycho Brahe.

In 1585 the comet observed by Tycho was round like a planet, without tail or coma.

In 1618 a great comet appeared, which is said to have been one of the most splendid of modern times, with a tail of 104° . It was observed by Kepler, who saw a bright ray or jet issuing from the side instead of the middle of the nucleus, as at Rome.

In 1652 a comet, seen by Hevelius, was as large as the Moon when half full, but 'with a pale and dismal light.' It was greatly enlarged as it receded from the sun. Hevelius says that its linear diameter had increased from 1 to .24 between December 20th and January 12th, and that when it was about to disappear, it was almost equal to the Sun in absolute magnitude.

In 1688 a large comet was seen in Brazil and the south of Europe. Its tail, 23° long, resembled a huge beam of light, so vivid, that it was seen by reflexion from the sea.

In 1680 a comet appeared with a magnificent tail, and is remarkable as having enabled Newton to demonstrate that comets are guided in their orbits by the same laws as the planets. Its perihelion passage was on the 8th December; on the 6th November it was a round nebulous body. The length of its tail varied as follows :

Nov. 6,	No tail.
" 11,	$\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ in England.
" 17,	15° at Rome.
Dec. 12,	70° at Rome.
Jan. 6,	40° in England.
" 25,	6° or 7° in England.
Feb. 10,	2° .
" 25,	No tail.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, this comet was subjected to a heat, at

its perihelion, 2000 times greater than that of red-hot iron.

In 1682 Halley's comet appeared as already described.

In 1686 a comet appeared at Brazil and in the south of France, with a nucleus so splendid as to equal a star of the first magnitude.

In 1744 a comet appeared with many tails, and was brighter than Sirius. It was the finest in the 18th century.

In 1759 Halley's comet returned.

In 1769 a large comet appeared, and exhibited singular undulations in its tail.

In 1811 a comet appeared, which Arago pronounces the most celebrated in the first half of the 19th century. We have already mentioned the singular changes in its tail. Its head was 127,000 miles in diameter, and its envelope 643,000 miles. The envelope was separated from the head by a dark space. On the side next the Sun a semicircular ring of light enveloped the head, but was kept quite distinct from it by a dark interval of uniform breadth, through which the stars were seen.

In 1835 Halley's comet again returned.

In 1843 a comet became suddenly visible in March, and was distinguished from the great majority of comets by the brightness of its head and the length of its tail, which was only $1^{\circ} 15'$ broad, and of a uniform brightness throughout. At first the nucleus appeared entirely separated from the tail, but on the 29th March they were united. At Copiapo, in Chili, it had two distinct tails. The second was to the north of the first, forming a considerable angle with it, and consisting of a bright curved filament of uniform breadth. It was double the length of the principal tail. This long filament suddenly disappeared on the 4th of March. It was seen in full daylight like a star of the first magnitude, and has been described by some as the most splendid comet of the 19th century. It approached nearer the Sun than any other comet on record; its distance from the Sun's surface was only one-seventh of the Sun's diameter, having been twice as near him as the comet of 1680, and consequently exposed to a heat of far greater intensity. Sir John Herschel has calculated that its heat at its perihelion was equal to that which would have been produced by 47,000 suns at the earth's distance.

In 1858, on the 2d of June, M. Donati of Florence, and on the 3d June, M. Dieu at Paris, discovered the great comet which bears the name of Donati. It was at first a small nebula, and only about $3'$ in diameter, and continued so till the month of August, when the light was slightly condensed at its centre. On the 3d of September, when the comet

became visible to the eye, an elliptical nucleus appeared, with the greater axis perpendicular to the length of the tail, which was about 2° long. On the 23d September the nucleus was perfectly round and well-defined, and its colour like that of Mars. The nucleus became successively $3''$, $3''\cdot3$, $3''\cdot6$, $4''\cdot6$, $5''\cdot6$. From the 23d to the 30th September the nucleus was surrounded with three semi-circles of different intensities. After September 15th the tail became double, the two luminous parts being equally wide, and the part which separated them very dark near the nucleus. The division of the tail disappeared on the 19th October. M. Chacornac observed seven different envelopes round the central nebulosity. These envelopes or rings were seen by Father Secchi, and by astronomers in different parts of the world. Mr. Bond, of Harvard College, U.S., observed, on the 8th October, across the remoter part of the tail, five or six transverse bands 'half a degree or less in breadth, with clear, well-defined outlines, and perfectly resembling auroral streamers, excepting that they kept their position permanently; that is, without motion sensible to the eye, and diverged from a point between the Sun and the nucleus.*' On the 9th of October Mr. Bond observed a smaller tail shot forth, having little brushes projecting from its convex side; and he also saw a faint luminous ray proceed from the head of the comet in the direction of the radius vector. On the passage of the tail of this comet over Arcturus, the star was magnified with an increase of light, and it was also surrounded with a halo. The following are the parabolic elements of the comet given by M. Bruhns:—

Passage of perihelion, Berlin, 1858, September 30.
 Longitude of perihelion, $36^\circ 13'$.
 Longitude of node, $165^\circ 19'$.
 Inclination, $63^\circ 2'$.
 Perihelion distance, $0\cdot5792$ retrograde.

In 1861 a comet appeared on the 29th of June, which Sir John Herschel, writing on the 6th of July, describes as 'far exceeding in brightness any he had seen before, those of 1811 and the splendid one of 1858 not excepted.' The greatest length of its tail was 80° , and its greatest breadth 5° . The tail was perfectly straight, and grew narrower as it increased in length. 'The nucleus,' says Sir John, 'was uncommonly vivid, and was concentrated in a dense pellet of not more than $4''$ or $5''$ in angular diameter (315 miles). It was round, and like a small planet seen through a dense fog. On

the 5th the fan was distinctly visible, and was like a crescent-shaped cap, formed by a condensation of the light on the side towards the Sun connected with the nucleus. Sir John estimated the distance of the brightest part of this crescent from the nucleus at about $7'$ or $8'$, or 35,000 miles.

Three distinct parabolic envelopes were observed by Mr. Eaton. The innermost of these envelopes was the brightest, and was separated from the middle one by a space devoid of luminosity, a similar space separating the middle from the outer one. The nucleus was on the apparent right of the innermost envelope, and was like a star of the second magnitude. There were two tails, one of which was longer than the other. M. Chacornac, of Paris, observed that the nucleus was not hollow, like half an egg shell, as is the case with most comets, but presented the appearance of a sun composed of fireworks.

The following are the elements of the orbit, as computed by Mr. Hind:—

Passage of perihelion, 1861, June 10th, 1 A.M.
 Longitude of perihelion, $244^\circ 35'$.
 Longitude of node, $279^\circ 1'$.
 Inclination, $85^\circ 58'$.
 Perihelion distance, $0\cdot8003$ direct.

The distance from the Earth from June 30th to July 10th varied from 13,000,000 to 32,000,000 miles.*

In studying the preceding details, the scientific reader cannot fail to be convinced how difficult it must be to give anything like a rational opinion concerning the constitution of comets, and the formation and dissolution of their tails. Cometography, to use the name adopted by Hevelius and Pingré, belongs to two different sciences—astronomy and general physics. The astronomer, as he always does, has nobly performed his difficult task, both as an observer in determining the elements of the cometary orbits, and as a mathematician in computing the perturbations which hasten or retard the epoch of their return; and the optician has supplied him with gigantic telescopes, which, if carried to a finer climate and a loftier region, would enable him to group those 'tumultuous changes' which the comet exhibits under the influence of the Sun. With that information we must look to the chemist and the meteorologist—the wizards in gases and vapours—for a sound interpretation of cometary phenomena, and a rational theory of the causes which produce them.

The earliest explanation of the tails of

* Quoted by Mr. Downe. We cannot understand how bands transverse to the tail could diverge from the point referred to.

* Very interesting drawings of this comet by Professor Challis, Mr. Breen, Mr. Webb, Mr. Chambers, and others, will be found in the *London Review* for July 6th and 18th, 1861.

comets was that of Appian, Cardan, and Tycho, who supposed them to be produced by the Sun's rays passing through the nebulosity of the comet's head, and made visible, like light which has been transmitted through an aperture or a lens into a dark room, and reflected by floating particles of matter. Kepler, who at first adopted this opinion, renounced it for a more rational one. Considering the comet as a nebulous body, he supposed that its constituent parts were dispersed by the impulse of the solar rays, and carried behind it so as to form a tail, the most distant part of which, lagging behind the nebulous head, would give the tail a curved form, concave behind. The chief defect in this hypothesis is, that there is no ground for believing that the rays of light have the smallest impulsive force, and still less a force capable of impelling the nebulous matter to such immense distances.

The opinion of Newton was not the same as that of Kepler, as alleged by Arago. He supposed that the Sun's heat raised the temperature of the nebulosity of the comet; that this heated nebulous matter heated the ethereal fluid composing the solar atmosphere; and that the ether, thus expanded, and rarefied, ascended to a greater distance from the Sun, carrying with it the more volatile particles of the comet, in the same manner as a current of air makes smoke rise in our atmosphere. By this hypothesis Newton explained the direction and curvature of the tail; but it rested upon the assumption of an ether and a solar atmosphere, which science has not yet admitted among its data.

A French writer, Claude Cormiers, improved the hypothesis of Kepler by introducing the Sun's heat as one of the exciting causes of the tails of comets. The nebulous matters, heated and rarefied, yielded more easily to the impulse of the solar rays, and were driven behind the comet to form its tail. This theory was adopted by Whiston and Euler, and favourably received by Sir William Herschel, Laplace, and Delambre.

Dr. Thomas Young is the first person who suggested electricity as an exciting cause of comet's tails. 'It is possible,' he says, 'that on account of the intense cold to which comets are subjected in the greatest part of their revolutions, some substances more light than anything we can imagine on the earth, may be retained by them in a liquid, or even in a solid form, until they are disengaged by the effect of the Sun's heat. But we are still equally at a loss to explain the rapidity of their ascent, for the buoyancy of the Sun's atmosphere cannot possibly be supposed adequate to the effect; and, on the whole, there is, perhaps, reason to believe that the ap-

pearances are derived from some cause bearing a considerable analogy to the fluid supposed to be concerned in the effects of electricity.' Dr. Young considers the nucleus as formed of the same substance as the tail, but 'in a state of somewhat greater condensation.'

Surprised by the regular formation of luminous sectors in the comet of 1811, Dr. Olbers, of Bremen, maintained that the theory of Kepler and Newton could not explain the emission in the form of a sector of luminous matter *towards* the Sun, or, we may add, the tail in that direction. He therefore supposed that both the Sun and the comet possessed repulsive forces, arising from the development of electricity, in the ratio of the proximity of the two bodies. Bessel perceived the evidence of a polar force developed in the nucleus by the Sun in the periodical character of the luminous sectors in Halley's comet of 1835, and substituted polar forces for the two repulsions of Olbers. Under the Sun's influence, the comet's nucleus polarizes and throws towards the Sun particles *negatively* electrified, if the Sun exercises a *positive* action. In order to show how these particles cease to be attracted by the Sun, and are afterwards energetically repelled to form the tail, Bessel supposes that, in virtue of an anterior action of the Sun (at great distances before the development of the polarity), the nebulosity from which the emission is made has been formed of matter electrified in the same manner as the Sun himself. The two opposite electricities will then be neutralized, or rather, the particles emitted by the nucleus will lose as much more of their negative polarity, and receive as much more positive polarity, so that they will move a longer time in this positive atmosphere, and go to a greater distance from the nucleus. At a certain distance from the nucleus there will be only positive matter, like that of the Sun; and this matter being repelled, will go to form the tail. The intensity of the solar repulsion will vary with the nature of the particles; so that, for example, the particles of the comet of Halley were in 1835 repelled by the Sun with a force 2.8 (that of the Sun's attraction, being unity), while the comet of Donati was repelled with a force of 3.8 for the first tail, and 6.32 for the second tail. M. Pape who has ably computed these two last forces, finds it difficult to understand how the Sun could act upon the second tail 16 or 32 times more energetically than upon the first, suggests that the comet may consist of particles of very different specific gravities, but lighter than the ether gravitating towards the Sun, and that these particles may rise in this ether with very different velocities.

In observing Halley's comet at the Cape in 1839, Sir John Herschel noticed the following points as particularly remarkable:—

1. The astonishingly rapid dilatation of its visible dimensions.
2. The preservation of the same geometrical form of the dilating and dilated envelope.
3. The rapid disappearance of the comet.
4. The increase in the density and relative brightness of the nucleus.

In explaining these and other cometary phenomena, Sir John maintained that the laws of gravitation cannot account for such a form of equilibrium as that of the comet of 1835, which was paraboloidal; and that such a form, as one of equilibrium, is inconceivable without the admission of repulsive as well as of attractive forces. 'But if we admit,' he adds, 'the matter of the tail to be at once repelled from the Sun, and attracted by the nucleus, it no longer presents any difficulty.' In order to obtain the repulsive force, Sir John supposes the Sun to be permanently charged with electricity. The cometic matters are vaporized by the Sun's heat *in perihelio*; and the two electricities are separated by vaporization. The nucleus becomes negative and the tail positive; and the electricity of the Sun directs the tail in the same manner as a positive electrified body would an elongated non-conducting body, having one end positively and the other negatively excited.

A theory very different from any of the preceding ones has been recently adopted by Father Secchi. It consists in ascribing the tails of comets solely to the attractive force of the Sun, the nebulous matter rising on both sides of the nucleus like the two opposite tides produced by the action of the Sun and Moon. This theory is consistent with the existence of two opposite tails, and with the fact that the particles of the tail are not part of the nucleus; but M. Roche has shown that if this theory were true, we should always have two tails, and a symmetry of form which does not exist. M. Roche has, therefore, endeavoured to find what force it is which disturbs this symmetry; and if the supposition of a repulsive force, inversely as the square of the distance, such as Bessel and Faye admit, will represent more correctly the physical constitution of comets. The result of this inquiry is, that the form of the concentric strata in the comet's atmosphere is greatly modified. Instead of there being two salient points, there is only one opposite to the Sun,—the external surface of these strata, closed on the side of the Sun, open on the other side; and by this opening the cometary fluid will escape in the form of a tail. M. Roche finds, also, that there should

be a flattening of the strata on the side of the Sun, and a very characteristic inflexion, analogous to what Mr. Bond has shown in his drawings of Donati's comet. Our author has inquired whether the repulsion so energetically shown in the production of the tails of comets may be attributed, as Newton does, to a slightly resisting medium,—a supposition which is quite consistent with the two facts, viz., the absence of symmetry in the comet, and a single tail opposite the Sun; and he finds that it leads to the inadmissible result, that the density of the medium should exceed that of the cometary particles. He therefore arrives at the conclusion that the hypothesis of a repulsive force, whatever be its cause, is preferable to the hypothesis of a resisting medium.

The necessity of a repulsive force proceeding from the Sun being now considered necessary to explain the phenomena of the tails of comets, M. Faye has conceived the idea, that this force emanates from the Sun as an incandescent body; and he has endeavoured to show, by direct experiments with Rhuikorf's coil, that heated bodies do exercise a repulsive force upon highly rarefied matter in the receiver of an air-pump. The following are the conditions which, according to M. Faye, a hypothesis of this kind ought to satisfy:—

1. The Sun exercises visibly a repulsion on the tails of comets.
2. The acceleration of the motion of a comet is connected with the formation of its tail.
3. The more special phenomena of the tails of comets,—viz., their multiplicity, luminous sectors, and the concentric envelopes of the nucleus,—ought to be explained, not in their minutest details, but in their more general phase, without endowing the matter of comets with special properties.

A new theory of the phenomena in the tails of comets, as exhibited by Donati's comet, has been recently communicated to the French Academy of Sciences by Professor Benjamin Pierce, of Cambridge,—a distinguished American mathematician. The following are the different points established by his researches:—

1. The nucleus has the density of metals. Comets have different densities between 3 and 20, water being unity.
2. The nucleus is surrounded with an immense atmosphere. The diameter of the nucleus of Donati's comet was 150 miles, and its atmosphere 40,000 miles.
3. By the Sun's heat, matter is raised from the nucleus and deposited in the atmosphere in the form of an envelope, which rises with an uniform velocity. In Donati's comet the velocity was 30 miles an hour.

4. In proportion as the envelope rises, it becomes electrical like a cloud, and is repelled or attracted by the electricity of the Sun. When the Sun's electricity is sufficient to overcome the force by which the envelope is united, the envelope separates from the comet and becomes a tail.

5. When the tail separates from the head of the comet, the velocity which it derives from an action of impulsion, or from the repulsion of the comet, is so small that it may be neglected,—a result which agrees with those obtained by Bessel in the case of Halley's comet, and differs from the calculations of Pape for the comet of Donati.

6. The particles most electrified in the tail of the comet are those on its anterior side, and the intensity of electricity is the same in all these particles. The maximum intensity in the particles of Donati's comet sufficient to destroy gravitation and give a repulsive force was $2\frac{1}{2}$, the attraction of gravity being unity.

7. The particles not on the anterior side have a much feebler electricity, and the feebleness of their electricity corresponded to their distance from the anterior side. This result is a very important modification of the theory of Bessel, which has been adopted by Pape.

In the comet of Donati there were particles so feebly electrified, that the attraction of gravity surpassed their electrical repulsion.

In addition to these interesting speculations, which we owe to some of the most distinguished astronomers and mathematicians of the age, who have even made them the subject of calculation, we have others of a different kind which have not been subjected to the scrutiny of analysis.

In the essay of M. Leonard Pirmez we have an elaborate attempt to demonstrate 'that in the tails of comets there is no other element than solar light, and that we see it there independent of all reflecting matter;' and he has endeavoured to show how, in consistency with this opinion, the tails of comets may be curved. The assumption, however, that light is visible as light in passing through a medium void of material particles, is so opposed to all our optical knowledge, that any hypothesis resting upon it requires no refutation.

A hypothesis with a higher claim to notice has been brought forward by Mr. Downes, in his work, *On the Physical Constitution of Comets*. He assumes 'that comets are of a like physical constitution to the earth, and that the effects which are produced may be due to the operation of laws which are known to prevail upon the earth,—viz., the laws of heat, and the laws of matter.' He then proceeds to consider what changes the laws of

heat would produce on our earth moving in a very eccentric orbit. The water would, by the extreme cold at the aphelion, be converted into a powdery cohering mass; and the atmosphere, when congealed also, would occupy the interstices of that mass; and what they could not contain would be deposited on its surface, 'the deposit consisting of crystals of air and water mutually entangled.' On approaching the perihelion, the air crystals would explode, scattering the undissolved crystals in streams of expanding air, the explosions increasing when near the perihelion, and the rejected matter issuing in different degrees from different parts of the nucleus. The attraction of the nucleus will now draw the expanded matter back to itself, and act as a repulsive force carrying it towards the back of the nucleus, and forming a tail, not merely of vapour, but of matter. By the issue of jets from the nucleus, Mr. Downes thinks that a rotatory motion may be produced and periodically accelerated. In this way Mr. Downes proceeds to explain the phenomena exhibited in Donati's comet, as observed by Bond and Chacornac; but however much we may admire the ingenuity of the author, we must regret that it has been expended on a speculation which the astronomer and the mathematician alone can bring within the domain of science.

In every age of the world comets have been objects of terror to the superstitious, and sometimes even to the wise. Their sudden appearance in our atmosphere, their peculiar aspect, and the sweep of their tail spanning the circle of the heavens, are all calculated to surprise and alarm the spectator. The conjunctions and occultations of planets, the eclipses of the sun and moon, and even the total and annular eclipses of the sun, though striking phenomena, were observed without fear, because the astronomer predicted them as the necessary results of established laws. The comet, however, had a different character. Its mysterious birth-place, and its equally mysterious destination, after its brief but brilliant course, are equally unknown to us; and it was not unreasonable to believe that so strange a visitor, carrying in its train such material elements, must have been sent to perform some important function in the system to which we belong. The coincidence of the appearance of comets with war or with pestilence, with the death of sovereigns or the fall of empires, with physical convulsions, and with periods of famine and epidemical disease, led the ignorant to regard them as the cause of events which they simply accompanied, and to view them as the heralds of important changes in the moral and physical world. When even Bacon believed 'that

comets exercise some action, and produce some effects on the general arrangements of nature, we may excuse the vulgar when they assign to them a more special influence.

The occurrence of many brilliant comets during the half-century that has passed—in 1811, 1843, 1858, and 1861—has naturally excited a desire to ascertain if they have any relation to our planetary system, or any influence over the bodies which compose it. Dr. Forster, an English physician, has maintained that the apparitions of comets have been accompanied by earthquakes, eruptions of volcanoes, and atmospheric commotions, and that no comet has been observed during salubrious seasons; but this opinion is not only inconsistent with facts, as Arago has shown, but is founded on an erroneous estimate of the magnitude of the cometary system. Our system of eight planets, with their satellites, occupies in the heavens a very narrow zone, with which the comets have little or no concern, while the comets themselves form a gigantic system of bodies, with which, in point of number and extent, ours bears no comparison. That such a heavenly host, encamped in such extensive plains, should be marshalled to administer good or evil to the little family of worlds to which we belong, is a presumption of no ordinary kind, analogous somewhat to the Ptolemaic conceit, that a sun 880,000 miles in diameter was employed to revolve round our little planet as an itinerant lamp, moving with a velocity of 290,000,000 miles a day, to heat and to light a body barely 8000 miles in diameter!

When we consider the number of comets constantly traversing the planetary system, we must admit the possibility of a collision with the Earth; but M. Arago has shown, from the doctrine of probabilities, that the chance of such an event is infinitely small; and we know that no such catastrophe has occurred to our globe during the long period of its occupancy by man.

It is, however, by no means improbable, as Newton supposed, that the exhalations which form the tails of comets may be precipitated upon the planets when they pass through any of those long streams of vapour which sometimes lie in their path. These exhalations may be poisonous or salutary, but there is no proof whatever to justify the opinion that our earth has been either injured or benefited by their influence. In the years 1782 and 1831, dry fogs of great extent occupied so many regions of our globe, that they have been regarded as portions of a comet. The fog of 1783 had a disagreeable odour and a phosphoric light, and it is said to have diffused at midnight a light almost equal to that of the full moon. The fog of 1831 appeared in

every quarter of the globe, and was so dense that the Sun was seen throughout the whole day without a darkening glass, and in some places had a blue or green colour. But though these fogs were of an extraordinary kind, both in their nature and extent, yet we are not entitled to ascribe them to any extraordinary cause, while they are capable of explanation by causes in continual operation within our own atmosphere.

When we have studied the cometary system, so singularly constituted, we naturally ask for what purpose it was created. It has been suggested by some philosophers, that comets are habitable worlds; and Mr. Downes has maintained that they are bodies in the act of preparation for the reception of inhabitants. Without any data to guide us, we dare not venture to adopt or oppose so bold an opinion. Life like ours cannot exist under the alternate influences of heat and cold of such inconceivable intensity; but if living beings, as Sir William Herschel supposed, could exist in the Sun, beneath its crust of fire, life in its tenderest form might be equally protected in a comet from its perihelion heat and aphelion cold.

ART. IX.—*Considerations on Representative Government.* By JOHN STUART MILL.
London: Parker, Son, and Bourne. 1861.

THE work which we have placed at the head of the present article, if not the first in date, is the first in importance of those in which the principles of government have been treated by recent writers in relation to the existing stage of our constitutional development. It was published in the commencement of the present year, but by many it will be read even now as if by the light of another epoch in the history of political life. During the brief period which has elapsed since it was given to the world, the great Democratic State of modern times has been rent in twain by internal force. The sovereignty of a people which owned no other sovereign has been divided against itself; and one half of it, ranged against the other, has entered on a contest as determined, and which, to all present seeming, is likely to prove as unsparring, as ever was waged between the legions of an absolute monarch and his down-trodden subjects. By one party, the constitution, of which, not a year ago, both sides boasted as the latest and highest effort of political wisdom, to the fundamental principles of which all progressive States must ultimately con-

form themselves, has been cast to the winds, with as little concern as if it had been a scheme of Mazzini's for an Italian Republic, or the draft of one of our own Reform Bills. By the other, this same constitution, of which the very life and sap is the general will, is being vindicated by arms with as little regard to the will of the governed, as if they had been Hungarians ruled by Austrian bayonets, or Circassians dragged at the chariot wheels of the Czar.

At first sight it seems scarcely possible to imagine any occurrence which could have confirmed more emphatically the doctrines which Mr. Mill, and those other writers whom, perhaps, we may characterize as philosophical Conservatives,† have been inculcating on us for some years past; and it cannot be doubted that their arguments will receive from the American strife great practical support. Resting on the testimony of what they maintained to be the whole reliable experience of mankind, these writers assured us that democracy, in the sense in which the modern world understood it—that, viz., of a recognition of complete and absolute political equality amongst all the citizens of the State,‡ however unequal might be their citizen worth or their individual wisdom—could not possibly maintain itself as a permanent form of government. Irrespective of deeper, and what they regarded as permanently fatal objections to it in principle, they maintained that, from a practical point of view, it was easy to see that there were scarcely any circumstances in which it could be expected to work evenly and steadily. Owing no traditions, bound by no precedents, checked by no counterbalancing influences, the government of the many simply as such, would be

* What will Mr. Mill say to our calling him a Conservative, when in a note (p. 138) he speaks of 'the Conservatives as being, by the law of their existence, the stupidest party?' Perhaps he will pardon us when we assure him that the severe strictures contained in that note on the manner in which the Conservative party has proved untrue to its own principles, have our fullest assent. But the name is far too fine a one to be lost, and we feel that we cannot pay Mr. Mill, or any other politician, a higher compliment than to say that he deserves that it should be applied to him.

† Mr. Mill distinguishes between a false and a true democracy; the former being the rule of the numerical majority, exclusive of the minority; the latter being the rule of the whole people, the minority being allowed something like its proportion of influence (p. 132). Even in the latter case, if the suffrage be equal and universal, the Government would be in the hands of the lowest class (p. 155), in either case, except in States where there is a slave population, or where the suffrage is limited, ochlocracy would be the more appropriate term. In the democracies of antiquity there was always a slave population, and the suffrage was generally a graduated one.

turbulent, inconstant, subject to continual deception both from within and without, and ready at all times to decree its own dissolution by a single act of its own sweet will. The proposition was one which, with a single exception, they found no difficulty in placing beyond the reach of historical denial. But everything was made to turn on that exception. The past, it was said, could furnish at best but a presumption as to the present or future capabilities of mankind. That government, in this or any other form, had not succeeded hitherto, furnished no reason why it should not succeed now, provided it could be shown that the circumstances in which it was to be tried never arose in any former stage of human society. And this demonstration was undertaken and carried through with some appearance of success. The philosophical Conservatives were reminded that the examples and opinions with which their classical reading might have furnished them, admitted of no present application; for the antique world was devoid of the two most active civilising influences of the present time—Christianity and popular enlightenment. These influences, moreover, were very far from being in healthy operation on the occasions on which democracy was said to have failed in the modern world. The French had twice indulged in a saturnalia of equality in a *débauche de la liberté*, and on both occasions, no doubt, order and sobriety had been restored by the iron hand of despotism. The course of events had been in accordance with the most orthodox doctrines of the Greek publicists. Aristotle or Polybius would have predicted in 1789 and in 1849 just what occurred in 1804 and 1852. But what Frenchmen could not do in their frenzy, there was no reason to doubt that Englishmen might accomplish in their sober senses. And here came in the modern instance. In so far as the experiment had been tried by persons of Anglo-Saxon blood, it was stoutly maintained that it had been attended with as much success as usually attends political experiments. Whatever might be said of the higher functions of government, of its effects on moral and intellectual progress, it was not, and could not be denied, that material prosperity and advancement had been found to be compatible with institutions which were thoroughly democratic.

All this has now been reversed; and in the great model democracy, affairs have assumed a position as wasteful to the material as it is detrimental to the moral well-being of the whole people. Hitherto it has been to the worshippers of the 'almighty dollar,' to those who regarded the functions of government as limited to the enforcement of police regula-

tions, that democracy has looked for its staunchest supporters both in America and amongst ourselves. Whatever might be its effect on the hearts or the brains of the people, their pockets were conceived to be safe in its hands; and the notion that it was the cheapest was even a stronger argument in its favour, than the equally erroneous belief that it was the freest form of government. It is in this very class that it will now probably find its bitterest opponents; for it is by their instrumentality that the next change in the political cycle is usually brought about. Clamorous for equality whilst they live under a government which recognises the organic structure of society, they are the first to cry out for the protecting wings of despotism the moment that democracy threatens to degenerate into anarchy, and that they feel their material possessions to be no longer safe. It was the tradesmen of Paris who pulled down the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe; and it was the very same class, nay, the very same individuals, who voted most zealously and unanimously for the establishment of the despotism of Louis Napoleon. The class is a numerous and influential one in England, as well as in America and in France; and if their eyes are opened to the folly of their present aspirations, the practical effect on the future course of our own politics may be very important.

For our own part, as we never regarded the former conditions of society in America as affording conclusive arguments in favour of democracy, so neither do we now regard the case against it as so very greatly strengthened by recent events. The government of the United States was a federation as well as a democracy; and it is in the former capacity rather than the latter, that it has at present broken down. Moreover, the disasters which are now occurring have had many causes which are not directly traceable to the constitution of the State at all. The question of slavery, and the conflicting mercantile interests of North and South, would have arisen, though the government had been aristocratic or monarchical; and it is not in democracies alone, that questions involving social and material interests so momentous have led to civil war.

But long before this war broke out, indications were not wanting of unsound conditions of social and political life in America, unequivocally referable to democracy. Of these we shall mention only two, which have always seemed to us to be the most significant. A large portion of the most refined and instructed of the upper classes—consequently, of the very flower of the whole people—had withdrawn in shame and disgust from the

public service. Many of them had quitted the country altogether, and taken up their permanent residence in Europe, generally in France. The great body which remained in the country formed a class apart, interesting themselves in art, in literature, in the history and politics of other countries, but taking no more share in the public life of America than in that of China. That they should have ceased to exercise the functions of electors was perhaps not wonderful in a country where an individual vote counted for so little. We ourselves have reached that stage in our progress towards the tyranny of the many. But the exclusive, or, more correctly speaking, the excluded class in America, had done what was far more fatal to their own influence, and to the interests of their fellow-citizens. Reconciling themselves to the fact that they were the subjects of a despot who was very unlikely to accept their services, they had ceased to offer themselves as candidates for any of the offices in his gift; and had thus relinquished, or allowed themselves to be driven from, positions which can be worthily occupied only by those whom inherited wealth has rendered independent of popular favour, and who have enjoyed the leisure which is indispensable for a long and careful cultivation of mind and character. As a matter of course, their places were supplied by turbulent demagogues and dependent sycophants, to whom political life was a trade, success in which, if it was entered on at all, required to be purchased at any sacrifice, either of public interest or private honour. These half voluntary exiles from public life had not ceased to love their country, and to be proud of it too after a fashion; but they loved it, as a man may love a mistress who has betrayed him: they were proud of it, in respect to the marvellous energy which it continued to display in increasing its material wealth and power.

The fact, that society in America had thus cut off its own head, or, to use a still more appropriate figure, had blown out its own brains, was first revealed in Europe by M. de Tocqueville; and it then seemed incredible to his countrymen, and still more to our own. But his statements have been placed beyond all question by subsequent testimony; and there are few of ourselves in later years, who have not become personally acquainted with members of the class in question. Then, again, as a necessary consequence of the withdrawal or exclusion from the public service of the only class who could afford to be indifferent to public remuneration, not only was the fatal expedient of paying members adopted, but the principle of popular election was carried into departments from which it has been

carefully excluded in all well-governed States. The emoluments of the judicial seat were too tempting a bait not to be offered by their representatives to the cupidity of those on whom they themselves depended for their positions, and perhaps for their subsistence. In many of the States, the judges became elective, and consequently ceased to be independent. That the sources of justice have hitherto been less corrupted in America than one would have anticipated in such circumstances, arises merely from the fact, that the corrupting influences have as yet acted on them only partially and for a limited time. 'The practice,' says Mr. Mill, 'of submitting judicial officers to periodical popular re-election will be found, I apprehend, to be one of the most dangerous errors ever yet committed by democracy.'

Such social results as these, springing, as they have done, directly and confessedly from the form of government in America, we regard as far more unequivocally condemnatory of its principles, and as affording far more serious warnings to ourselves, than even the fact of its having proved inadequate to avert the disasters of civil war.

Guided partly by the consideration of these and other results of the normal condition of society in America, and partly influenced by the present crisis, there is, perhaps, no single opinion which at this moment is held more unanimously and unhesitatingly in England, than that any further approach towards the form of government existing in that country would be a grievous error in our own. By men of all parties democracy is condemned: those whom consistency withholds from condemning it in speech, condemn it not less emphatically by their unwonted silence. But what is strange and very sad is, that to men of all parties, with a few individual exceptions—so few, as yet, as to be scarcely worth mentioning—democracy nevertheless, the absolute dominion of mere numbers, seems to be inevitable. It is the dark destiny of England at a future day; for, that we must go on extending the suffrage, is plain to everybody; and universal suffrage, in the only sense in which Englishmen have hitherto learned to understand it, is democracy. Democracy, then, is our doom, which by prudence, moderation, and forethought, we may ward off, but which we cannot avoid. It is a cruel dilemma in which we are placed by our boasted traditions as interpreted by the average political intelligence of our time, that, on the one hand, they impress on us the necessity of going forward towards the realization of that which, on the other, they forbid us to realize on pain of death.

There is a strange and pitiful mixture in

the feelings with which almost all Englishmen reconcile themselves to a line of policy which they regard as involving political annihilation—nay, positively cling to it with pride and constancy, if not with confidence. The doctrine that 'constitutions are not made, but grow,' is the corner-stone of our political system—the national theory of political progress. We love it, first, because it is British, and then still more because it is not French. It flatters our insular vanity to trace its application in the past, and our indolence to repose on it for the future. Whilst it explains our history, and distinguishes it nobly from that of surrounding nations, it enables us to put away from us, without the labour of seeking an answer to them, those uncomfortable prognostications as to the consequences of developing one side only of our national life, with which M. de Montalembert, and those who will reason on such matters, seek to frighten us and break our peace. But this same comfortable and cherished theory but too manifestly involves the consequences we have mentioned; and thus, though the most honoured guest at our political symposia, is the spectre in our closet in our stiller hours.

It is at this point that Mr. Mill takes up the discussion. He sees that, till the question be answered whether and to what extent 'forms of government are a matter of choice,' all inquiry as to the particular forms which ought to be chosen or rejected must necessarily be futile; and he proceeds to discuss it, accordingly, with scientific precision and more than scientific dispassionateness—with a love of truth for the sake of truth and its consequences, beyond what we find in almost any other writer. Not only does he state the fatalist theory still prevalent in England, and the opposite mechanical theory which prevailed on the Continent till recently, with equal fairness; but he makes it his office to protect each of them at once against the calumnies of its opponents, and the indiscreet advocacy of its partizans:—

'By some minds, government is conceived as strictly a practical art, giving rise to no questions but those of means and an end. Forums of government are assimilated to other expedients for the attainment of human objects. They are regarded as wholly an affair of invention and contrivance. Being made by man, it is assumed that man has the choice either to make them or not, and how or on what pattern they shall be made. Government, according to this conception, is a problem to be worked like any other question of business. . . . To find the best form of government; to persuade others that it is the best; and, having done so, to stir them up to insist on having it, is the order of ideas in the minds of those who adopt this view of political philosophy. They look upon a constitution in

the same light (difference of scale being allowed for) as they would upon a steam-plough or a thrashing-machine.

'To these stand opposed another kind of political reasoners, who are so far from assimilating a form of government to a machine, that they regard it as a sort of spontaneous product, and the science of government as a branch (so to speak) of natural history. According to them, forms of government are not a matter of choice. We must take them, in the main, as we find them. . . . The fundamental political institutions of a people are considered by this school as a sort of organic growth from the nature and life of that people,—a product of their habits, instincts, and unconscious wants and desires, scarcely at all of their deliberate purposes. Their will has had no part in the matter but that of meeting the necessities of the moment by the contrivances of the moment.'—(Pp. 1, 2, 3.)

Mr. Mill is an adherent of both doctrines, and of neither; and he has little difficulty in showing that, like all other doctrines which have been very widely prevalent, each exhibits a side of the truth:—

'It is difficult to decide which of these doctrines would be the most absurd, if we could suppose either of them held as an exclusive theory. But the principles which men profess on any controverted subject, are usually a very imperfect exponent of the opinions they really hold. No one believes that every people is capable of working every sort of institutions. . . . On the other hand, neither are those who speak of institutions as if they were a kind of living organisms, really the political fatalists they give themselves out to be. They do not pretend that mankind have absolutely no range of choice as to the government they will live under. . . . But, though each side greatly exaggerates its own theory out of opposition to the other, and no one holds without modification to either, the two doctrines correspond to a deeply-seated difference between two modes of thought; and though it is evident that neither of these is entirely in the right, yet, it being equally evident that neither is wholly in the wrong, we must endeavour to get down to what is at the root of each, and avail ourselves of the amount of truth which exists in either.'—(Pp. 3, 4.)

Mr. Mill's conclusion is, that political institutions are the work of men, and owe, if not their origin, at least their whole form and substance, to human will; and further, that, 'like all things human which are made by men, they may be either well made or ill-made.' But constitutions, however well made, are workable only under three conditions. 'The people for whom the form of government is intended, must be willing to accept it, or at least not so unwilling as to oppose an insurmountable obstacle to its establishment. They must be willing and able to do what is necessary to keep it standing. And they must be willing and able to do what it re-

quires of them, to enable it to fulfil its purposes.' Having illustrated the necessity of these three conditions, Mr. Mill proceeds by their means to assign the limits within which, like a true Englishman, he adheres to the naturalistic or fatalist theory:—

'If the supporters of what may be termed the naturalistic theory of politics,' he says, 'mean but to insist on the necessity of these three conditions—if they only mean that no government can permanently exist which does not fulfil the first and second conditions, and, in some considerable measure, the third—their doctrine, thus limited, is incontestable. What ever they mean more than this, appears to me altogether untenable. All that we are told about the necessity of an historical basis for institutions, of their being in harmony with the national usages and character, and the like, means either this, or nothing to the purpose. There is a great quantity of mere sentimentality connected with these and similar phrases, over and above the amount of rational meaning contained in them.'

But for these phrases, where would be the stock-in-trade of nine out of ten of all the political writers and orators of England? How often does our versatile Premier himself fall back upon them when his popularity is in jeopardy; and who knows the temper of Englishmen like the Premier? And when they have helped the Premier over a difficulty at midnight, how often do they form the very salt and savour of the leader in the *Times*, which records his triumph in the morning. We have a weakness for them ourselves, and we confess to having read them with much satisfaction very often, both in the speech and in the leader. But we must cling to the spirit as well as the letter of our English traditions; and in saying what our fathers said, we must endeavour to remember, that, in the altered circumstances in which we are placed, our duty is to do, not *what*, but *as* they did. 'People are more easily induced to do, and do more easily, what they are already used to; but people also learn to do new things.' Our fathers learned to curb the monarchical element in our constitution at one period of our history, and the aristocratic at another; shall we not learn, whilst extending the borders of the third estate, to prevent it from overwhelming the others, and annihilating the sources of its own development? Our traditions, God be praised, are not wanting in precedents for a wise and temperate appeal to reason and principle in exceptional instances, as well as for a modest and unquestioning adherence to routine in the ordinary case. Here is Mr. Mill's summing up of this preliminary but very important argument:—

'The result of what has been said is, that, within the limits of the three conditions so often

adverted to, institutions and forms of government are a matter of choice. To inquire into the best form of government in the abstract (as it is called), is not a chimerical, but a highly practical, employment of scientific intellect; and to introduce into any country the best institutions which, in the existing state of that country, are capable of, in any tolerable degree, fulfilling the conditions, is one of the most rational objects to which practical effort can address itself. Everything which can be said by way of disparaging the efficacy of human will and purpose in matters of government, might be said of it in every other of its applications. In all things there are very strict limits to human power. It can only act by wielding some one or more of the forces of nature. Forces, therefore, that can be applied to the desired use, must exist, and will only act according to their own laws. We cannot make the river run backwards, but we do not, therefore, say that water mills "are not made, but grow." In politics as in mechanics, the power which is to keep the engine going, must be sought for outside the machinery; and if it is not forthcoming, or is insufficient to surmount the obstacles which may be reasonably expected, the contrivance will fail. This is no peculiarity of the political art, and amounts only to saying that it is subject to the same limitations and conditions as all other arts.—(Pp. 11, 12.)

Nor is the task of vindicating true principles, and of rendering them victorious over what appeared to be the preponderating powers of society, altogether so hopeless as might appear from a fatalist point of view:—

'To think that, because those who wield the power in society, wield in the end that of government, therefore it is of no use to attempt to influence the constitution of the government by acting on opinion, is to forget that opinion is itself one of the greatest active social forces. One person with a belief, is a social power equal to ninety-nine who have only interests. They who can succeed in creating a general persuasion that a certain form of government, or social fact of any kind, deserves to be preferred, have made nearly the most important step which can possibly be taken towards ranging the powers of society on its side.—(P. 14.) And again: 'It is what men think, that determines how they act; and though the persuasions and convictions of average men are in a much greater degree determined by their personal position than by reason, no little power is exercised over them by the persuasions and convictions of those whose personal position is different, and by the united authority of the instructed.—(P. 15.)

We have quoted from this preliminary chapter more extensively than we shall be able to do from those which follow it, because we believe that the question which it discusses is that, of all others, which Englishmen have to settle at the present hour. If the fatalist doctrine, *pure and simple*, be the true one, then let us make up our minds to

it, and consciously and deliberately prepare to make the best of democracy, in place of looking forward to it with feelings of mingled anxiety, terror, and self-reproach. If, on the other hand, Mr. Mill's theory be the true one, and if the shaping of our future course, as of that over which we have already passed, be, humanly speaking, in our own hands, then nothing can exceed the magnitude of the subsequent discussions in which he engages, except their urgency. For these discussions a most precious season of tranquillity is now afforded us, by a conjunction of circumstances which, we cannot conceal from ourselves, may be of short duration. Our anxiety with reference to Continental politics, and the occupation which the volunteering movement has given to the most active portion of the community; the prosperity, and consequent contentment of the working-classes; the absence of very prominent or very turbulent party leaders; the failure of two or three recent attempts to extend the suffrage in the direction of absolute equality; the establishment of despotism in France; and, last of all, the occurrence of those events which have directed our attention to the condition of society in America,—have all conduced to produce in the public mind an attitude favourable beyond all precedent to the dispassionate consideration of questions of political principle. Probably there was no one at whose door the duty of guiding these considerations lay so manifestly as at that of Mr. Mill; and if the circumstances were such as to render it, on his part, a duty to speak, it is equally plain that they have rendered it, on ours, a duty to listen.

We wish we could present to our readers, within the limits to which we must confine ourselves, a summary of the arguments by which he has worked out the various problems which present themselves. But, happily for the readers of Mr. Mill's works, and unhappily for those who review them, he is so concise a writer that it is impossible to convey his reasonings in fewer words than he himself has employed. All that we can do is to note his results; and this, in the more speculative parts of his work, we do the more willingly, in order that we may be able to present, with some degree of completeness, the practical suggestions which he ultimately throws out for our guidance in the stages of our journey which lie next and inevitably before us. It is thus that he sums up his second chapter on the criterion of a good form of government:—'It is, then, impossible to understand the question of the adaptation of forms of government to states of society, without taking into account not only the next step, but all the steps which society has yet to

make,—both those which can be foreseen, and the far wider indefinite range which is at present out of sight. It follows that, to judge of the merits of forms of government, an ideal must be constructed of the form of government most eligible in itself,—that is, which, if the necessary conditions existed for giving effect to its beneficial tendencies, would, more than all others, favour and promote, not some one form of improvement, but all forms and degrees of it.' Those who are acquainted with Mr. Mill's other writings will not be surprised to be told that the improvement to which he attaches the greatest value, and with a view to the promotion of which his preference of one form of government over another is guided, is the moral and intellectual development of the citizen. Government, in Mr. Mill's view of the matter, is primarily and pre-eminently an educational institution; and it is in consequence of the effects which he believes participation in the duties and responsibilities of public life invariably produce on the character of the participants, that, above all others, he prefers self-government; and that, direct self-government being impossible, he concludes that the 'ideally best form of government will be found in some one or other variety of the representative system.' (p. 44.)

To this proposition we may probably assume that the assent of the vast majority of his British readers will be given as fully before as after they have perused the irrefragable reasons by which Mr. Mill has supported it. We should, accordingly, hasten on to the next chapter, were it not that here one of the fundamental maxims of his system first makes its appearance,—a maxim which connects the present with the past of his own political history, and maintains the identity of the philosophical Radical with the philosophical Conservative. Mr. Mill is an advocate for universal suffrage, and will admit the perfection of no representative system in which, ultimately at least, the whole body of the citizens is not to take part. His Conservatism has thus nothing of finality about it; he discards all absolute limits to the suffrage which are not coincident with the limits of the community—(pp. 53, 58, 69)—not as impossible in practice, but as unjust in principle. It is here that his opinions, and those of the school of politicians which is forming itself around him, separate themselves from those of all the other opponents of democracy.

In treating of the proper functions of representative government, Mr. Mill has determined more accurately than any previous writer, what can and what can not be performed by deliberative bodies. His suggestions on this branch of his subject appear to

us to be of the highest practical importance; and could we possess any guarantee either for their adoption or their continuance, they would go far to obviate the evils even of the rudest democracy. Mr. Mill adheres to the doctrine, now becoming pretty prevalent, that law-making, as opposed to law-giving, falls into the category of functions which cannot be performed by a promiscuous and untrained assembly. His proposal, consequently, is, that the duty of framing enactments shall be relinquished by Parliament, and handed over to a body of professional law-makers, with whose freedom of action Parliament shall not otherwise interfere, than by rejecting the measures which it has prepared, whether these have been undertaken at the suggestion of the Government or of private members, or, if need be, of remitting them to the Commission with further instructions. Regarding the constitution of this body, Mr. Mill proposes that a Commission of Codification shall be appointed in the first instance, and that, when its more immediate work is completed, it shall remain as a permanent institution for the purpose of revising and framing the laws:—

'Any Government fit for a high state of civilisation would have, as one of its fundamental elements, a small body, not exceeding in number the members of a Cabinet, who should act as a Commission of Legislation, having for its appointed office to make the laws. If the laws of this country were, as surely they will soon be, revised and put into a connected form, the Commission of Codification by which this is effected should remain as a permanent institution to watch over the work, protect it from deterioration, and make further improvements as often as required. No one would wish that this body should of itself have any power of enacting laws; the Commission would only embody the element of intelligence in their construction, Parliament would represent that of will. No measure would become a law until expressly sanctioned by Parliament; and Parliament, or either House, would have the power, not only of rejecting but of sending back a bill to the Commission for reconsideration and improvement. Either House might also exercise its initiative by referring any subject to the Commission, with directions to prepare a law. The Commission, of course, would have no power of refusing its instrumentality to any legislation which the country desired. Instructions concurred in by both Houses to draw up a bill which should effect a particular purpose, would be imperative on the Commissioners, unless they preferred to resign their office. Once framed, however, Parliament should have no power to alter the measure, but solely to pass or reject it; or, if partially disapproved of, to remit it to the Commission for reconsideration.'—(Pp. 100, 101.)

In order to avoid unnecessary innovations, so distasteful to the English mind, Mr. Mill

proposes that the new Commission should be called into existence in connection with the present machinery of the House of Lords. 'If, in consideration of the great importance and dignity of the trust, it were made a rule that every person appointed a member of the Legislative Commission, unless removed from office on an address from Parliament, should be a peer for life, it is probable that the same good sense and taste which leave the judicial functions of the peerage practically to the exclusive care of Law Lords, would leave the business* of legislation, except on questions involving political principles and interest, to the professional legislators." We cannot imagine any arrangement of detail, of which the constitutional effects would be likely to be so great, as of the appointment of such a Commission. Its labour would be enormous; for if it were constituted in such a manner as not to excite, or if it conducted itself in such a manner as to allay the jealousy of the House of Commons, the habit of devolving business upon it would grow day by day. And its power would increase with its labours, for it would soon become a very difficult matter to contend against its *imprimatur*, even when it had cast a measure in a form differing very considerably from what had been in the mind, or had even appeared in the draft of a bill submitted to it by a private member. The instinct of the English people to accept the dicta of those in authority would strengthen its hands to so great an extent, that we can imagine it going far in tranquil times to control a House of Commons, even if elected by universal suffrage. But if party feeling ran high or a suspicion arose that an error had been committed or a privilege abused, the tide of public confidence would instantly set against it to the extent of rendering it utterly powerless. At best, moreover, it is to the form rather than to the substance, that its influence would extend: as the working hand, so to speak, of a House of Commons, adequately representing the intelligence, the interests, the wishes, feelings, and idiosyncracies of the nation, it would, we are persuaded, prove invaluable. In an irregular, imperfect, and transitional manner, this character belongs to the present House of Commons, and there is therefore no reason why Mr. Mill's suggestion of the appointment of a law-making commission should not be adopted now. But the creation of a representative system, which, while it embraces the whole community, shall at the same time produce such a House of Commons *in perpetuity*, continues still to be the great desideratum.

In his chapter on the infirmities and dangers of representative government, Mr. Mill

shows very clearly, that this character cannot possibly belong to a body of representatives chosen by a class, even if that class should be the numerical majority. The chief ground of this conclusion is, that every class, so soon as it is in power, consults exclusively its own immediate and apparent interests. It is in vain to demonstrate to it, that these are not necessarily coincident with its ultimate and real interests, or to prove to it, that the latter are at all times identical with the ultimate and real interests of the rest of the community.

'The moment, a man, or a class of men, find themselves with power in their hands, the man's individual interests, or the class's separate interest, acquires an entirely new degree of importance in their eyes. Finding themselves worshipped by others, they become worshippers of themselves, and think themselves entitled to be counted at a hundred times the value of other people; while the facility they acquire of doing as they like, without regard to consequences, insensibly weakens the habits which make men look forward even to such consequences as affect themselves. . . . One of the greatest dangers, therefore, of democracy, as of all other forms of government, lies in the sinister interest of the holders of power; it is the danger of class legislation, of government intended for (whether really effecting it or not) the immediate benefit of the dominant class, to the lasting detriment of the whole. And one of the most important questions demanding consideration in determining the best constitution of a representative government, is how to provide efficacious securities against this evil.'

Of the expedients which Mr. Mill has suggested for avoiding class legislation, the most important are the following:—

- 1st. The representation of minorities.
- 2d. The abolition of mere local representation.
- 3d. The graduated suffrage, or system of plural voting.

Of these we shall speak in their order.

Though not, we believe, the originator, Mr. Mill has been the consistent advocate of the scheme for the proportional representation of minorities; and to the weight which it derived from his authority, it was probably indebted for the honour of being adopted by a certain class of practical statesmen, and actually introduced into a Reform Bill. Notwithstanding these advantages, we fear it is not beyond the point at which it may derive benefit from being clearly re-stated to the world. It is thus that Mr. Mill places it before his readers:—

'That the minority must yield to the majority, the smaller number to the greater, is a familiar idea; and, accordingly, men think there is no necessity for using their minds any further, and

it does not occur to them that there is any medium between allowing the smaller number to be equally powerful with the greater, and blotting out the smaller number altogether. In a representative body actually deliberating, the minority must, of course, be overruled; and in an equal democracy (since the opinions of the constituents, when they insist on them, determine those of the representative body), the majority of the people, through their representatives, will outvote and prevail over the minority and their representatives. But does it follow that the minority should have no representatives at all? Because the majority ought to prevail over the minority, must the majority have all the votes, the minority none? Is it necessary that the minority should not even be heard? Nothing but habit and old association can reconcile any reasonable being to the needless injustice. In a really equal democracy, every or any section would be represented, not disproportionately, but proportionately. A majority of electors would always have a majority of the representatives, but a minority of the electors would always have a minority of the representatives. Man for man, they would be as fully represented as the majority.'

To exhaust the opinions of the minority is, of course, a hopeless task; for whilst the subjects of agreement amongst mankind are limited, those of disagreement are absolutely infinite. The only method by which all shades of opinion could find expression in Parliament, would be, by every individual in the community, sane and insane, going there to express them. But though it may be impossible to give utterance to the whole community by means of representative machinery, however perfect, that is no reason why we should not render our machinery as perfect as we can; and that the representation of minorities, according to any of the several schemes which have been suggested, would bring us nearer to complete representation than we are according to the present arrangement, and still more than we should be were the suffrage extended to the whole labouring class, does not, we think, any longer admit of rational question.

But why choose amongst schemes, the best of which are confessedly but makeshifts, when another which brings us infinitely nearer to our object has been offered to our acceptance? It is with this question that Mr. Mill passes to the consideration of the second proposal on his list, in behalf of which he has for some years abandoned the first, and which, till recently, he seemed to think would effect all the objects contemplated even by the third. The scheme to which we refer owes its origin to Mr. Hare, and being quite original, devised and developed exclusively by him, is generally coupled with his name. In an article in *Fraser's Magazine* for April

1859, which he acknowledged to be from his pen, Mr. Mill spoke of this scheme in terms of unqualified praise, and it is thus that he speaks of it, and expounds it now:—

'This degree of perfection (real equality) in representation appeared impracticable, until a man of great capacity, fitted alike for large general views, and for the contrivance of practical details—Mr. Thomas Hare—had proved its possibility by drawing up a scheme for its accomplishment, embodied in a draft of an Act of Parliament,—a scheme which has the almost unparalleled merit of carrying out a great principle of government, in a manner approaching to ideal perfection, as regards the special object in view, while it attains incidentally several other ends of scarcely inferior importance. According to this plan, the unit of representation, the quota of electors who would be entitled to have a member to themselves, would be ascertained by the ordinary process of taking averages, the number of voters being divided by the number of seats in the House; and every candidate who obtained that quota would be returned, from however great a number of local constituencies it might be gathered. The votes would, as at present, be given locally; but any elector would be at liberty to vote for any candidate, in whatever part of the country he might offer himself. Those electors, therefore, who did not wish to be represented by any of the local candidates, might aid by their vote in the return of the person they liked best among all those throughout the country who had expressed a willingness to be chosen.'

The adoption of voting papers would of course be indispensable to the working of this scheme; and by means of placing other names on the paper in addition to that of the candidate specially desired, Mr. Hare provides against the loss of votes, arising from electors supporting him, after he had already obtained the requisite number. The same advantage would be gained by this expedient in the case of the candidate whose name appeared first on the list not succeeding in ultimately obtaining the adequate number of votes at all. In that case, the other names on the lists of those who had voted for him would be taken in their order, and each elector would thus have the satisfaction of knowing that, ultimately at least, he had voted for a candidate who was returned. The chief advantages of this scheme, in addition to those already indicated, seem to be, that it would afford parliamentary expression to every opinion in the community which was held by a number of persons sufficient to entitle them to a representative. It thus provides for the representation of minorities in the most effectual manner, without the necessity of any special machinery being called into existence for that purpose. But a still greater merit is, that it would afford to persons, whose views and opi-

nions were in advance of those of the general community, and who consequently must of necessity be always in a minority in any locality in which they might be placed, an opportunity of still being returned to Parliament by the exceptional individuals throughout the country who had been able to reach their point of view. For these and other reasons we feel that, were we laying down a scheme of representation for a new colony, in place of devising expedients for the development of one which has existed for centuries in an old historical country, we should be not only tempted, but bound to bring that of Mr. Hare to the test of a practical experiment. Whether our object were to give equal weight to the opinion of every member of the community, whether wise or foolish, and thus to produce what Mr. Mill calls 'a real democracy;' or whether we were disposed to adopt the far wiser course of taking into account, as far as we were able, individual claims and capabilities, Mr. Hare's scheme comes equally to our aid. The only serious objection which we know to it, is one which we could wish were less serious than we fear it will prove. It is entirely new to the practice of our constitution, to the ideas and forms of thought of Englishmen, and, if adopted, would effect a complete revolution in our representative system. There is much, however, in what Mr. Mill says in answer even to this practical difficulty: 'In general, objectors cut the matter short by affirming that the people of England will never consent to such a system. What the people of England are likely to think of those who pass such a summary sentence on their capacity of understanding and judgment, deeming it superfluous to consider whether a thing is right or wrong before asserting that they are certain to reject it, I will not undertake to say. For my own part, I do not think that the people of England have deserved to be, without trial, stigmatized as insurmountably prejudiced against anything which can be proved to be good, either for themselves or for others. It also appears to me, that, when prejudices persist obstinately, it is the fault of nobody so much as of those who make a point of proclaiming them insuperable, as an excuse to themselves for never joining in any attempt to remove them. Any prejudice whatever will be insurmountable, if those who do not share it themselves trundle to it, and flatter it, and accept it as a law of nature.'

But, though the ordinary schemes for the representation of minorities might to some extent,—and this last-mentioned scheme would probably to a much greater extent,—tend to mitigate the evils of vulgar democracy, there are none of them which even profess to de-

liver us from them altogether. Assuming, as we do, that the suffrage in some shape or other must ultimately, perhaps proximately, be extended to the whole community, all these schemes leave us in the dilemma of having the whole political power in the State thrown into the hands of a class, and that class the one of all others the most liable to be led astray from its ignorance, and the most open to be tempted from its poverty. To those of us who believe ochlocracy to be incompatible either with order or progress (which Mr. Mill has well demonstrated to be inseparable), it is a poor consolation to be told that it may be fairly and fully worked out by the expedients in question. It is in this frame of mind, with which we are happy to find that Mr. Mill sympathizes, that we turn to the third of the schemes which he has propounded for the improvement of our representative system.

It was in his 'Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform,' in 1859, that Mr. Mill expressed to the public the adherence which for some years he had been privately known to entertain to the principle of the graduated suffrage, or system of plural voting, which, in forms differing from each other, had already been advocated by other writers. In the article in *Fraser's Magazine* to which we have already referred, whilst doing full justice to his predecessors in the argument, Mr. Mill seemed to depart from it in favour of Mr. Hare's scheme, which then, in the first blush of his enthusiasm for what was really a novelty in political speculation, he conceived to be equal to the task of obviating all the evils of democracy. It is with much satisfaction that we find him, in the present work, regarding the two schemes not only as compatible, but as indispensable to each other. It is in this view that we regard his chapter on the extension of the suffrage, not only as the most important in the work, but as likely to prove, in its practical effects, one of the most important contributions which has been made to our political literature since the days of those writers who bridled the monarchy in the seventeenth century.

In the outset, he reiterates the opinion, that a democracy, even if so constituted as to 'be representative of all and not solely of the majority,' would, on any scheme of a suffrage which was universal and equal (not in the relative but the absolute sense of equality), be inevitably the government of a class. 'But even in this democracy, absolute power, if they chose to exercise it, would rest with the numerical majority; and these would be composed exclusively of a single class, alike in biases, prepossessions, and general modes of thinking, and a class, to say no more, not

the most highly cultivated.' We do not think that the permanent and absolute objection to democracy is fully brought out, either by stating that it is the government of a class, or that that class, as matters stand, is an uncultivated one. In order that the magnitude of the evil may be fully before us, we must add, that that class not only is, but *must of necessity continue to be*, the lowest class. However much we may succeed in raising it *absolutely*, however great its good sense, moderation, and forbearance may become, its position *relatively* to the other classes of the community will not be altered. If the man of labour counts for ten now, and the man of thought for twenty, their position, relatively to each other, will be the same if both are doubled. But this by anticipation.

At the stage of his argument which he has now reached, Mr. Mill recurs to the view that the exercise of the suffrage is a means of developing the character of the citizen. 'Among the foremost benefits of free government is that education of the intelligence and of the sentiments, which is carried down to the very lowest ranks of the people, when they are called to take a part in acts which directly affect the great interests of the country.' The ordinary arguments for the extension of the suffrage, derived from the rights of self-government and self-defence, recede, in his view, into the background, when placed in comparison with that which is derived from the right of self-development. But though Mr. Mill is thus shut out by his principles from all grounds of permanent and absolute exclusion from citizen rights, and the 'finality principle,' which (if they have any principle at all) is still that of the so-called Conservative party, is thus formally abandoned, there are several grounds on which, so long as they continue to exist, he is of opinion that the positive privileges of citizenship ought to be temporarily withheld. All of these grounds seem to resolve themselves into incapacity to exercise the franchise with safety to the other members of the community. In addition to the general legal grounds of insanity, imbecility, nonage, and the like, the first which Mr. Mill specifies, as peculiar to the exercise of this particular right, is ignorance. 'I regard it as wholly inadmissible that any person should participate in the suffrage without being able to read, write, and, I will add, perform the common operations of arithmetic. Justice demands, even when the suffrage does not depend on it, that the means of attaining these elementary acquirements should be within the reach of every person, either gratuitously, or at an expense not exceeding what the poorest, who can earn their own living, can

afford. If this were really the case, people would no more think of giving the suffrage to a man who could not read, than of giving it to a child who could not speak; and it would not be society that would exclude him, but his own laziness. When society has not performed its duty, by rendering this amount of instruction accessible to all, there is some hardship in the case, but it is a hardship that ought to be borne. If society has neglected to discharge two solemn obligations, the more important and more fundamental of the two must be fulfilled first; universal teaching must precede universal enfranchisement.'—(P. 160.) We confess that we see some difficulty in the application even of so simple a test of knowledge as that which Mr. Mill proposes. 'It would be easy to require from every one who presented himself for registry, that he should, in presence of the registrar, copy a sentence from an English book, and perform a sum in the rule of three.' We are not quite sure that a public examination in the rule of three might not shorten even the present roll of electors. If we see to it that teaching precedes enfranchisement, we shall be in no great danger if, to this extent at least, we take its results for granted.

The second ground of exclusion is one to which we attach great importance. 'That representation should be co-extensive with taxation, not stopping short of it, is,' as Mr. Mill very truly observes, 'in accordance with the theory of British institutions. But, to reconcile this, as a condition annexed to the representation, with universality, it is essential, as it is on many other accounts desirable, that taxation, in a visible shape, should descend to the poorest class.' The principle of exempting the working-classes from direct taxation (the only form in which, as Mr. Mill observes, taxation is really felt and understood to be such), is one which we have always regarded as false in theory, and exceedingly pernicious in practice. It is unjust to the classes who do not pay, and degrading to those who do not. If taxation be proportioned to means, there is no greater hardship, down to a certain point, in exacting his quota from the man who has little than from the man who has much—from the man who labours with his hands, than from the man who labours with his brains,—and, considering the demands which are usually made upon them by their respective positions in society, the hardship would very often be found to be smaller in the former case than in the latter. Moreover, when we take into account how much broader the social pyramid is at its base than at its centre, we believe it to be a fallacy to suppose that the small contributions of the many would not prove a very substantial

relief to the larger contributions of the few. Mr. Mill's proposal of a capitation tax, co-extensive at least with the suffrage, seems not only just and reasonable, but practicable and simple, because admitting of being levied at a cost which would render it remunerative. There is another consideration which comes in, no doubt, when we descend to those whose earnings are barely sufficient for their subsistence. The weight of a feather, it is said, would be enough to reduce them to the condition of paupers; and this consideration probably affords adequate ground for adopting the principle of rendering taxation in such cases voluntary—depending, that is to say, on a claim for the suffrage being made. Absolute pauperism, bankruptcy, and non-payment of taxes, are Mr. Mill's other grounds of exclusion; and, on these heads, his views will probably call forth no dissent.

These deductions being made, the suffrage must be extended without unnecessary delay to the whole adult population. Mr. Mill makes no exception on the ground of sex,—a point on which we believe he would alter his opinion, if he would take the trouble to poll his lady friends, and ascertain what are, in general, the wishes of those in whose behalf the claim is advanced. The opinions of the female members of the community, on all subjects on which they have or care to form opinions, are pretty faithfully reflected in those of their husbands and brothers; and they themselves, we believe, are quite aware of the fact, and quite satisfied with the amount of influence which they exercise. The exceptional females who have strongly-marked individual opinions on public affairs, are generally persons of the kind for whom it is not intended that any suffrage should make provision. To legislate for them, would be equal to having a schedule apart for men of genius. Our space will not permit us to follow Mr. Mill into the ingenious argument by which he supports this portion of his thesis. We have read it with the respect with which we read everything which proceeds from his pen, when we can see our way to separating it from what is generally understood to be the basis of his ethical system. In this opinion, we are as far from affecting to see heterodoxy lurking behind the scenes, as in the other doctrines which he propounds in this wise, and temperate, and discriminating book. But in this matter it seems to us, that, in common with the greatest thinker of the ancient world, he has scarcely made allowance for the distinction which nature has established, not between the personal capabilities, so much as the social functions of the sexes; and when he tells us that he considers difference of sex 'to be as entirely irrelevant

to political rights, as difference in height or in the colour of hair;' all that we can say is, that we humbly but emphatically dissent.*

This exception, then, being added to the others which Mr. Mill has enumerated, we agree with him, that if society is to be progressive, the suffrage must become universal, and that the sooner it can be safely made so the better. We are further at one with him—and, as we have already said, with our countrymen of almost every shade of political party—in looking forward to democracy with apprehension everywhere, and in England with terror and dismay. How, then, are the evils of democracy to be avoided, whilst the necessity of universal suffrage is recognised, and the benefits of its speedy inauguration secured? Here we must make room for another extract:—

'They (the evils of democracy) are capable of being obviated, if men sincerely wish it; not by any artificial contrivance, but by carrying out the natural order of human life, which recommends itself to every one, in things in which he has no interest or traditional opinion running counter to it. In all human affairs, every person directly interested, and not under positive tutelage, has an admitted claim to a voice; and when his exercise of it is not inconsistent with the safety of the whole, cannot justly be excluded from it. But (though every one ought to have a voice) that every one should have an equal voice, is a totally different proposition. When two persons who have a joint interest in any business, differ in opinion, does justice require that both opinions should be held of exactly equal value? If, with equal virtue, one is superior to the other in knowledge and intelligence—or if, with equal intelligence, one excels the other in virtue, the opinion, the judgment, of the higher moral or intellectual being is worth more than that of the inferior; and if the institutions of the country virtually assert that they are of the same value, they assert the thing which is not. One of the two, as the wiser or better man, has the claim to superior weight: the difficulty is in asserting which of the two it is; a thing impossible as between individuals, but taking men in bodies and in numbers, it can be done with a sufficient approach to accuracy.'

Mr. Mill goes on to show that this doctrine is inapplicable to cases in which the interests of one individual only are concerned. In such cases, the individual is entitled to follow his own opinion, however foolish that opinion may be. But the case is different where the interests of even two are concerned; because here, except in the case of absolute equality of wisdom between the two individuals, either

* On the ground that by getting married, a man's social importance, in the general case, is increased; we see no objection, were the scheme of plural voting adopted, to additional votes being given to married men, as such.

the wiser must give way to the more foolish, or the reverse.

'Now, national affairs are exactly such a joint concern, with the difference, that no one needs ever be called upon for a complete sacrifice of his own opinion. It can always be taken into the calculation, and counted at a certain figure, — a higher figure being assigned to the suffrages of those whose opinion is entitled to greater weight. There is not in this arrangement anything necessarily invidious to those to whom it assigns the lower degrees of influence. Entire exclusion from a voice in the common concerns is one thing; the concession to others of a more potential voice, on the ground of greater capacity for the management of the joint interests, is another. The two things are not merely different, they are incommensurable. Every one has a right to feel insulted by being made a nobody, and stamped as of no concern at all. No one but a fool, and only a fool of a peculiar description, feels offended by the acknowledgment that there are others whose opinion, and even whose wish, is entitled to a greater amount of consideration than his.'

It is several years since the present writer expressed his conviction* that in this doctrine was exhibited the only means of reconciling progress with permanence. The doctrine, as he attempted to show, is anything but new. It is that of Plato, and still more explicitly of Aristotle. It is that on which the governments of the two greatest States of antiquity reposed, during the period of their greatest power and glory. It is that to which the later political speculators of classical times, Polybius and Cicero, with less originality, but greater experience than their masters, adhered. It is that which roughly has been followed by the Constitution of England hitherto, and which forms the fundamental distinction between it and that of our Anglo-Saxon children on the other side of the Atlantic, and our Gallic neighbours on the other side of the Channel. It is that which has been adopted in the electoral system of Prussia, which, if freed from the overwhelming influence of the monarchical element, would probably develop one of the most perfect governments under which mankind ever lived. Above all, it is that which God Himself has pointed out in the organization of our nature, inasmuch as He has not made two faces alike, nor two minds of equal value. With such antecedents, we are surely entitled to ask for it, if not immediate adoption, yet far graver consideration, and far wider discussion, than it has yet received in England.† If coupled, as it would be, with

the offer of a wide, perhaps an unlimited extension of the suffrage, we believe that it would be entirely acceptable to the non-electors, the saner portion of whom share, in much greater measure than is generally supposed, the anti-democratic sentiments of the higher classes; whilst there is scarcely a man in England, possessed of either means or intelligence, from whose spirit an incubus would not be removed by its adoption. The schemes which have hitherto been proposed for working out the system of the graduated suffrage, or, as Mr. Mill has called it, of plural voting, rest upon three grounds:—

1st. Property exclusively.

2d. Intelligence exclusively.

3d. Social position and importance, whether measured by property, intelligence, office, or any other tangible criterion.

The first, which is generally coupled with the name of Lord Robert Cecil, is rejected by Mr. Mill in the present work, as it seems to us, somewhat too summarily. Though we prefer either of the others to it, we cannot conceal from ourselves that it has much in its favour. It rests on the same basis with our present suffrage, and thus involves a smaller innovation on the present principles of our electoral system than any other scheme. It affords a rude index both to the intelligence and importance of the individual members of the community, and thus partially embraces both of the other schemes. Nevertheless, we lean to the opinion, that the following objections which Mr. Mill has made to it are unanswerable:—

'I do not deny that property is a kind of test; education in most countries, though anything but proportional to riches, is, on the average, better in the richer half of society than in the poorer. But the criterion is so imperfect; accident has so much more to do than merit with enabling men to rise in the world; and it is so impossible for any one, by acquiring any amount of instruction, to make sure of the corresponding rise in station, that this foundation of electoral privilege is always, and will continue to be, supremely odious. To connect plurality of votes with any pecuniary qualification, would be not only objectionable in itself, but a sure mode of compromising the principle, and making its permanent maintenance impracticable. The democracy, at least of this country, are not at present jealous of personal superiority, but they are naturally, and most justly so, of that which is grounded on mere pecuniary circumstances.'

Mr. Mill then proceeds to propound the second scheme, which is that to which he himself mainly adheres. 'The only thing

* 'Political Progress not necessarily Democratic; or, Relative Equality the true foundation of Civil Liberty.' By James Lorimer, Advocate. 1857.

† It is very remarkable, as indicating the general level of political speculation even in respectable

periodicals, that this, which is the turning-point of Mr. Mill's political system, is scarcely mentioned in any of the numerous notices which have appeared of his work.

which can justify reckoning one person's opinion as equivalent to more than one, is individual mental superiority; and what is wanted is some approximate means of ascertaining that. If there existed such a thing as a really national education, or a trustworthy system of general examination, education might be tested directly.' Despairing of such a test, Mr. Mill glides from the second of the schemes we have enumerated—that which takes intelligence as its sole basis—into the third, which adopts the existing social position of the individual, as the test of the amount of direct political influence which ought to be conceded to him. In the absence of directly educational tests, 'the nature of a person's occupation,' he says, 'is some guide to his intelligence.' An employer of labour is more intelligent than a labourer; a foreman, than an ordinary workman; a banker, merchant, or manufacturer, than a tradesman; and so forth, rising in the scale of social employment and position. But it is the result rather than the principle of the third scheme which Mr. Mill adopts; for it is on the ground that the employer's position affords a higher presumption for his intelligence than that of the labourer, and on that ground solely, that he would give him a greater amount of political influence.

The third scheme, which was propounded in the work to which we have already referred,* and which Mr. Mill criticised in *Fraser's Magazine*, was based upon considerations which the second scheme still appears to us to overlook. The office of the suffrage, it was said, is not to redress social wrongs, to level down social inequalities, or to amend social evils, but simply to represent society as it exists. The task of improving society belongs to education—popular, scientific, and religious—acting not by means of direct teaching alone, but by literature, art, and philosophical speculation, as disseminated through the press; to criminal law, prison discipline, reformatory asylums, and to many departments of the civil law, such as the laws of marriage, inheritance, bankruptcy, and the like,—but not prominently or proximately to election law. Even supposing the ultimate object of the suffrage, as a portion of the machinery of public life, to be educational, its proximate object is to translate social into political influence—directly, and, in so far as the imperfection of human means allows, accurately—to enable every individual and every class to find expression for their sentiments in the Legislature, without the necessity of bringing that result about either by influencing or suppressing the opinions

of their fellow-electors. The doctrine, in one of the passages which Mr. Mill has selected for criticism, is thus stated:—

'As regards the individual, whatever may be the amount of influence which belongs to his character, in society generally, whether it be greater or less than that of a simple human unit, to the benefit of that influence, in regulating the public and private laws of the country, and to nothing more, is he entitled. If the voice of one man be ten times as powerful as that of another, then he contributes ten times as much to swell that general voice, of which voice the laws are the articulate utterance. But as the State can never take cognizance of individual importance directly, the principle of classification becomes indispensable,' etc.—(P. 498.)

To this theory Mr. Mill objects, that if the social influence of the individual be real—his position already recognised, and his weight felt by his fellow-citizens socially—it will obtain adequate expression under a suffrage which is equal and universal, and can only so obtain it.

'Indeed, under no suffrage but that which is equal and universal, can his political influence be exactly co-extensive with his moral influence, measured by the number of persons who look up to his judgment, and are willing to accept him as their leader.'—(P. 498.)

Our answer to this objection is twofold,—

1st. That, as a general rule, such a translation from social into political influence does not, and cannot take place—in other words, social influence does not tell politically—in a democracy; which is precisely the ground on which Mr. Mill himself is opposing that form of government in the work now under review. He does not deny that the superiority of the cultivated classes is recognised to the effect of rendering them objects not of respect only, but very often of envy, to their inferiors. The latter are most anxious to imitate their manners, their habits, their modes of dress, to associate with them on almost any terms that they will permit, and, if possible, to intermarry with them; but this adulation does not go the length of accepting their opinions, or even of allowing any reasonable weight to them, on objects of government. There the demos follows its own instincts, grasps at what seems to it to be its immediate interests, and, if you entrust it with absolute power, will govern as an exclusive class. The deference for the upper classes, which is so marked socially, thus counts politically for nothing at all; and the translation in question, on Mr. Mill's own showing, does not take place.

2d. In the exceptional instances in which it does take place, it is by indirect means,

* Ante 555.

for there is no direct and constitutional channel for effecting it. These means may be legitimate, or the reverse. They may consist in reasoning, explanation, and persuasion; but they may also consist in bribery, corruption, and intimidation—forms of rendering political co-extensive with social influence, which Mr. Mill cannot admire.

It is probable that there was some confusion in the manner in which the doctrine was stated; for, from one of the cases which Mr. Mill puts to illustrate his objection, he seems to have misapprehended its drift. 'If a peer, simply by being a peer, exercises social influence, it is a vicious circle to maintain, that the constitution ought for that reason to give him additional political influence, when the peerage and its influences only exist at all because the constitution wills it.' Now, here, in place of an example to illustrate its general falsehood, Mr. Mill has hit upon what is pretty nearly a solitary exception to the truth of the proposition. A peer is just the most prominent instance in which the English constitution has already made the translation in question from social into political power. If, by additional political influence, Mr. Mill means additional to his peerage, that would be absurd enough in all conscience, because the peerage is the political measure of his social influence, which influence, in addition to his wealth, rests upon his presumed intelligence and the historical traditions which attach to his name,—or, if the peerage be a new one, on the memory or reality of great personal services to the State. But if, on the other hand, by additional, he means additional to what the man would have had, but for the peerage—that is to say, what he would have had as a commoner on the ground of his intelligence, his wealth, his birth, and the other elements which make up his social position—then it is precisely for such an extension of his political influence that we contend. Had his social position been within a hair's-breadth of that which was held to entitle him to the peerage, or had his claims been overlooked by the minister in power, he must, in the general case, and as matters stand at present (unless, indeed, he had become a member of the House of Commons), have contented himself with one single vote. Any political influence he exerted beyond what belongs to a common ten-pounder, would have been indirect, probably unconstitutional, possibly tyrannical. What we wish is, that such a person (in the case in which he is not a peer) should be furnished with the means of representing himself directly by exercising a suffrage proportioned to his social weight, and thus deprived of all apology, and if he were

a man of right feeling, of all inducement to influence the votes of his fellow-citizens; and this, if we are not greatly mistaken, is what Mr. Mill wishes too, if we could understand each other. A vote, or any number of votes, which should represent his intelligence alone, would not exhaust him socially, or disarm him either of the power or of the right of seeking to represent himself by indirect means. His own younger brother, who was preparing for the Indian Civil Service Examination, would probably surpass him at any examination which could be proposed; and it is extremely likely that the usher of the nearest grammar school would surpass them both. Now, the law of primogeniture may be a very bad law, but it does not belong to the suffrage to repeal it, or to modify its effects. The usher in a school may be really the superior of an ancient country gentleman, or a new merchant prince; but it is certain that social opinion in this country does not recognise him as such. And in pronouncing intelligence alone to be an insufficient test of social value, even absolutely regarded, we think public opinion is right. For, on that scheme, what cognizance is taken of strength of character, independence, originality, individuality, of the importance of which Mr. Mill, in his other writings, and particularly in his book on liberty, is so eloquent an exponent? Mr. Mill himself is no doubt one of the most intelligent men in England, and probably would be able to prove it to a board of examiners: but it is not on that ground that we value him most highly. In the present work, the boldness with which he sets popular prejudices, and, perhaps, even personal predilections, at defiance, and the clearness with which he works out admitted principles to their logical results, give to him far higher claims to our respect than any superiority over ordinary writers which he displays in mere knowledge. It is not for what he knows, but for what he *is*, that we reverence him. His knowledge might be acquired by many: the qualities of which we have spoken are God's gifts to him, and very rare ones, which his fellow-men are not entitled to set at naught. Now, of these qualities we consider Mr. Mill's social position, in so far as it has been acquired, and even to some extent as inherited, to be to some extent a test, whereas they must of necessity have escaped any examination which could possibly be devised. Moreover, by proposing the test of intelligence alone (even supposing intelligence to mean something more than can be ascertained by an examination), Mr. Mill steps out of the region of the *pouvoirs de fait* into that of the *pouvoirs de droit*. In place of devising a scheme to re-

persent, he has devised one to reconstruct society; and, in our opinion, has thereby assigned to the suffrage a far more extensive function than belongs to it. But, even supposing public opinion to be wrong, our objection holds good so long as it remains unaltered. Persons of the class to which we have referred, and others whose position approached to theirs, would tell you that a merely intellectual suffrage represented them as schoolmasters, and not as gentlemen and men of the world; and they would tell you, moreover, what many, even of those who did not acquiesce in it, would assent to by their deeds. If at all good specimens of the class to which they belonged, there would be some reason in their complaint; and as they would hold themselves entitled to the presumption that they were good specimens, even where the contrary was proved to the satisfaction of others, they would have no scruple either in equalizing their political with their social position indirectly, as in England, or in sulkily and scornfully retiring from public life altogether, as in America. That there is a certain portion of political influence which not only would be, but would be legitimately, exercised indirectly by persons of greater over persons of smaller instruction and intelligence, is unquestionable; and for this, allowance would, of course, be made in adjusting the relation between the social and the direct political influence allowed to the various classes of society.

Notwithstanding these modifying considerations, however, we are entirely at one with Mr. Mill in regarding superior intelligence as, in general, the best ground of claim for additional votes; being, as it is, the claim to superior social consideration, which not only ought to be, but which in all normally constituted societies is, most willingly recognised. The following observations on plural voting in general, have, consequently, our fullest assent:—

‘Plural voting, though practised in vestry elections and those of poor-law guardians, is so unfamiliar in those of elections to Parliament, that it is not likely to be soon or willingly adopted; but as the time will certainly arrive when the only choice will be between this and equal universal suffrage, whoever does not desire the last, cannot too soon begin to reconcile himself to the former. . . . A person may have a double vote by other means than that of tendering two votes at the same hustings (polling booth?); he may have a vote in each of two different constituencies. . . . Means might be found of giving a further extension to this privilege, which would connect it in a more direct manner with superior education. In any future Reform Bill which lowers greatly the pecuniary conditions of the suffrage, it might be a wise provision to allow all graduates of

universities, all persons who had passed creditably through the higher schools, all members of the liberal professions, and perhaps some others, to be registered specifically in those characters, and to give their votes as such in any constituency in which they chose to register; retaining, in addition, their votes as simple citizens in the localities in which they reside.’

It was the absence of the cumulative principle involved in the last provision, which rendered Mr. Disraeli’s ‘fancy franchises’ good for nothing.

Mr. Mill still enters a protest in favour of Mr. Hare’s scheme, as capable, single-handed, of working out the political salvation of England; but it is less confident than formerly. ‘So much importance do I attach to the emancipation of those who already have votes, but whose votes are useless, because always outnumbered; so much should I hope from the natural influence of truth and reason, if only secured a hearing and a competent advocacy, that I should not despair of the operation even of equal and universal suffrage, if made real by the proportional representation of all minorities on Mr. Hare’s principle. But if the best hopes which can be formed on the subject were certainties, I should still contend for the principle of plural voting.’ —(P. 172.)

Last of all, Mr. Mill is careful to explain, that it is on absolute grounds that he prefers relative to absolute equality, and the system of the graduated to that of the equal suffrage. ‘I do not propose the plurality as a thing in itself undesirable, which, like the exclusion of part of the community from the suffrage, may be temporarily tolerated while necessary to prevent greater evils. . . . It is not useful, but hurtful, that the constitution of the country should declare ignorance to be entitled to as much political power as knowledge. The national institutions should place all things which they are concerned with before the mind of the citizen, in the light in which it is for his good that he should regard them; and as it is for his good that he should think that every one is entitled to some influence, but the better and wiser to more than others, it is important that this conviction should be professed by the State and embodied in the national institutions.’ Now, if the graduated suffrage be not a mere temporary expedient, but the permanent, and the only permanent basis on which our electoral system can stand, and if the principle which it involves demands no admission more alien to the sentiments of Englishmen than simply that all men are not and never can be equal, we cannot see why its adoption should not be practicable in the present feeling of the country. The doctrine of absolute equality is a French and

American, but it never was an English doctrine; and the fact of their having unconsciously acted on it, to a certain extent, needs, we are persuaded, only to be explained to our countrymen, in order to reconcile them to a system founded on the opposite principle.

One condition, however, we suspect, is indispensable to the adoption of the latter,—namely, that it should be proposed by a Liberal Government; or, if its introduction is to originate with a private member, that that member should be a Liberal. We do not fear that any large portion of our countrymen will prove to be ‘fools of so peculiar a kind’ as to maintain that all men are equal, or to insist on practically carrying out a system which rests on so absurd a foundation. But we do fear that if the doctrine of relative, as opposed to absolute equality, and its consequences, were urged on them by the present so-called Conservative party, they might be led astray by the cry which would infallibly be raised by the Radical leaders, to the effect that the proposal was an attempt on the part of the upper classes to hoodwink the people, and cheat them of their rights.* The true means of obviating so disastrous

* There are a few individuals whose leanings are known to be conservative, but who are free from the suspicion of finality views, and whose public services have gained for them the confidence and gratitude of the public, who might perform this great further service to the State. One name occurs to us, as prominently occupying that position—Lord Elgin. Had Lord Dalhousie lived, he might have been another.

an occurrence is for a politician of well-known Liberal tendencies, a Whig, or ‘philosophical Radical,’ if such a being really exist, to bring forward the measure, coupled, of course, with an offer of universal suffrage. To the latter proposal a violent opposition, we believe (or at least, in charity to their consistency, we hope), would be offered by the Conservative party,* whilst the less liberal and enlightened of the Radical members would, as a matter of course, fight against the principle of inequality. The affair would then probably end in a compromise, which would satisfy the extreme adherents of neither party, but which would be greatly to the comfort of all really sane and dispassionate persons.

We cannot follow Mr. Mill through the other chapters of his valuable book. Our review has had for its object to bring out the results of his thinking on one particular subject, which we regard as of primary and pressing public interest; and we shall be satisfied if we have succeeded in extracting from his pages what may enable some of our readers to substitute, on this one point, a political creed, for the political scepticism which now prevails so extensively in the more intelligent portions of the community.

* Such an opposition would be the truest service which the Conservative party could render to real Conservatism. It would do something to keep the Radicals at bay, and to afford to the philosophical Conservatives an opportunity of effecting a compromise with them.

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