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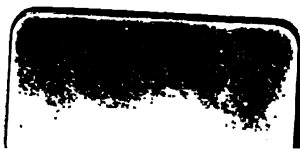
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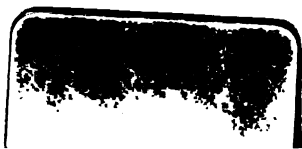
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THERE is a mixture of religion and romance in the story of Bartolomeo de Las Casas, which, even apart from its high moral interest, must always make it an attractive study. All that stirs the fancy or engages the religious sympathies in those great events which form the charm of mediæval history,—the half-sacred, half-martial enthusiasm of the Crusades; the mingled piety and adventure of Rubruquis' or Carpini's mission to Prester John, or of Pedro Covilham's search for the supposed Christian kingdom of Abyssinia; the large-hearted philanthropy of John de Matha's Brotherhood of the Redemption of Captives; the union of proselytism and chivalry which impelled Francis of Assisi to court martyrdom among the infidels; the eager self-sacrifice which spread all over Europe, in cowl and scapular, his brethren, and those of his fellow-apostle Dominic, renouncing fortune and friends, home with its tenderest ties, life with its most courted pleasures, in the pursuit of that lofty vision of gospel perfection which was the soul of mediæval monasticism; even the less sacred spirit of scientific research or of commercial or territorial enterprise, which sent

out, to every point of the compass, adventurous explorers, from Marco Polo to Ca da Mosto or Vasco di Gama,—names which will not suffer by comparison even with

“The glorious roll

Of those who search the storm-surrounded pole;”

—all these characteristics, in various degrees, are found in that episode of the history of the discovery and conquest of America with which the name of Las Casas is associated. And in Las Casas the various characteristics of these representative men of their several ages are found united to a simple, though at times unregulated, earnestness peculiarly his own; to a boldness of thought and speech—a “rough and ready” eloquence—which few adversaries could withstand; a dauntless purpose which no resistance could check and no failure dishearten; a power of self-assertion in the cause of right which rose superior to all respect of persons, maintaining itself alike against the frown of authority, the arts of secret intrigue, and the warfare of open conflict; above all, to a large-hearted philanthropy, as warm as it was comprehensive:

“Wide and more wide, the o’erflowings of his mind
Took every creature in, and every kind.”

It is true that the problem to the solution of which the life of this remarkable man was devoted—the relations, and especially the social relations, between the victorious occupants of a new country and the conquered aborigines whom they displace—is a problem which is as old as the history of conquest, and one whose fitting resolution most probably can only be hoped for as the latest triumph of Christian civilisation: but to Las Casas, in the New World, this problem presented itself in circumstances peculiarly painful, and we think the only drawback upon the almost unqualified panegyric of his friends and the reluctant admiration of his angriest adversaries—that suspicion of an over-fervent temperament to which we alluded above—will find its explanation, if not its defence, in these circumstances. Not even the coldest could contemplate them without emotion. “If it can be proved,” says Mr. Helps in his general *History of the Spanish Conquest of America*,¹ “that Las Casas was on occasions too impetuous in word or deed, it was in a cause that might have driven any man charged with it beyond all bounds of prudence in the expression of his indignation.” He carries the feelings with him, even when the judgment may refuse to follow. His impetuosity, even taking the most extreme picture of it which his enemies have drawn, is free from the slightest tinge of the vulgar vice of excitable and uncontrolled irritability. Throughout his career in America the

¹ Vol. i. p. 240.

moral nature of the man appears in a state of preternatural tension, the result of a solemn consciousness of ever-present responsibility. But his ardour is never fitful or intermittent, as is found in weaker temperaments or under lower motives and less generous impulses. It is as unvarying as it is fervent and impetuous.

Although the oldest traditions of the ancient world are those which regard the migrations of peoples and the successive displacement or interchange of races, yet neither from these traditions, nor from the narratives or speculations of the earliest histories founded upon them, is it possible to glean precise information as to the condition of the native races under the various early colonizations; but it can hardly be doubted that in direct proportion to the rudeness of the age was the oppression and degradation of the weaker race. And as the earliest migrations most probably had their origin in the natural growth of population, which made it necessary for the adventurer to leave an over-crowded home and seek for new settlements—

“exire, locosque

Explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras

Qui teneant, nam inculta videt, hominesne feræne,”—

the result must have been in most cases that the existing population was dispossessed of their lands or hunting-grounds, and either compelled to retire to a distant settlement, or reduced into servitude, more or less complete, under the new comer. The most ancient records of colonization are found among maritime peoples; because for them, besides the growth of population, an additional motive for the formation of new settlements was supplied by the necessities of trade. In this way were formed the Phœnician settlements on the northern coasts of Africa, Septis Magna, Hippo, Hadrumetum, Tunis, Carthage, and the Pelasgian settlements of Greece and Asia Minor, as well as the similar colonies of the islands of the Mediterranean. In many of these the aboriginal population seems to have in great part disappeared. In others, like the Helots of Sparta, they remained in a state of servitude more or less complete. In others, again, where the object was the carrying on of mining operations or similar works, the natives were probably held in a condition of enforced service, of which that of the Israelites under their Egyptian taskmasters is no exaggerated type. Most of the Greek colonies in Asia, in the Islands, and in Southern Italy, in like manner, were maritime. The greater number of them were even restricted within limits immediately adjoining the coast; and although several of the migrations which led to their formation had their origin in some political revolution of the mother city,

yet the colonies were in almost every instance mainly commercial, and their relations with the peoples among whom they fixed themselves arose principally out of that character. But it was not so with the colonies of Carthage in Spain and on the Mediterranean, or with those of Rome outside of Italy, especially in the days of her later development. The settlements formed by both these remarkable peoples were, generally speaking, purely military positions, occupied for the purpose of conquest. In the colonies of the Carthaginians, especially in Spain, the native population seems to have been treated with extreme severity. The Romans, generally speaking, were content with appropriating a portion, commonly a third, of the land, which was assigned to the Roman colonists; and the population, with the exception of the captives of the lance and bow in the first conquest (who were ordinarily reduced to slavery), remained in possession of the rest of the land, the chief hardship of their condition being in the abnormal proportion of the burden of taxes and other impositions which they were compelled to bear.

The successive irruptions of barbarians by which the Roman empire was overthrown, as also those of the Saracens in the East and Africa, must be described as conquests rather than colonizations; and indeed in both alike the interests of the conquered population seem completely disregarded, or rather ignored: but the more enlightened governments of the mediæval Italian republics of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice, renewed that colonial system which had formed so important a part of the system of conquest under which the republics of Carthage and Rome had grown into power. The Pisan and Genoese colonies were for the most part purely commercial, being little more than mercantile factories, similar to those established by European nations in more modern times in India, China, and Japan. The Venetian colonies, on the contrary, with few exceptions, were, like those of the Romans, direct instruments of conquest, the object of which was to acquire and to maintain power in the countries in which they were established, some of them in fact being, and being styled (as Candia and Cyprus), kingdoms subject to the republic. In the Venetian colonies, as a general rule, the inhabitants were left in enjoyment of their own municipal laws, as well as of their more important personal privileges. Nevertheless, whatever may have been the diversity of form which these colonial establishments assumed, the relations of the native population to the colonists or conquerors who occupied their territory is in most cases but too aptly described in a Spanish proverb quoted by Mr. Helps: "If the jar strike against the pot, woe to the jar; and if the pot strike against the jar, woe even still to the jar!"

In all these more modern collisions of rival races, however,

there was no very striking inequality in point of intelligence or of civilisation between the masters and their captives or dependants; and the more or less complete servitude which existed was that which, in all ages from the beginning, has grown up in virtue of the rights of the stronger. But that discovery or re-discovery of hitherto almost unknown and uncivilized races in Africa, in which the explorations of the Portuguese navigators of the fifteenth century resulted, and still more that which followed the Spanish Conquest of America, displayed an entirely new phase of what had always existed in one form or another, as an institution of society from the earliest recorded period. Hitherto men had been reduced to slavery in virtue of the right of conquest, and because, by the conditions of the war, their lives having become forfeit by defeat, were held to be redeemable at the price of their liberty. But the new phase under which slavery appears in later times is that in which men were reduced to slavery for the slavery's sake, and of which the ideal is found in Sancho Panza's scheme of making his government a source of profit by selling the people as slaves and putting the money in his pocket.

Mr. Helps, in the introductory book of his general *History of the Spanish Conquest of America*, has traced very carefully the progress of this unhappy commercial phase of slavery in more modern times through the successive discoveries of the Portuguese navigators under Prince Henry, along the western coast of Africa, from the first transaction of Antonio Gonçavez in 1442 with some Moors whom he had taken prisoners, and from whom he bargained to accept in ransom a certain number of black slaves, down to the formal establishment of a regular trade in slaves, as well as in other products of the country, at the Portuguese factory at Arguim. We learn that from Arguim before the end of the century between seven and eight hundred slaves were sent yearly to Portugal. In this traffic the middlemen were Moors, who exchanged their Barbary horses with the native chiefs for slaves, at the rate of from ten to eighteen slaves for a horse. It is true that the direct object proposed, and no doubt sincerely proposed, by Prince Henry, in obtaining possession of these slaves, was their conversion to Christianity; and the commissions issued to the several explorers who by degrees carried the Portuguese arms along the whole western coast of Africa, teem with instructions and admonitions against maltreating the captives so obtained; but although for a time these admonitions were obeyed, yet it is plain, from the conduct of the agents employed, that they soon ceased all pretence of adhering to the terms of their commission; and in the traffic, whether with the natives themselves, or with the Moorish dealers, the human commodity came to be considered solely as forming part of the

commercial medium of the country, and was transferred and accepted upon precisely the same principles as the ivory, gold-dust, and other products of the land.

By degrees, too, we find a still further development of the slave system. The expedition of Dinis Fernandez in 1445 brought home and presented to Prince Henry four negroes, not obtained by purchase or barter, but directly captured in their own country by the Portuguese. His object appears to have been to make them useful, having first converted them to Christianity, as interpreters and organs of communication with their countrymen in subsequent expeditions. But the example, however innocent its intention, was not lost. We are easily rendered indulgent to vice by its actual presence—

“ For, seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace ;”

and in the patronage of this and similar enterprises by Prince Henry, the evil of which, though palliated in him by the higher motive of benevolence and religious zeal according to his age and opinions, it is impossible to ignore or to disguise, we may see the germ which, under the demoralizing influences that never fail to grow up around institutions in themselves evil, was destined to develop at last into the horrors of the Middle Passage.

It is not, however, our present purpose to trace the details of this melancholy story, the interest of which since our own Emancipation Act, and still more since the late Act of Enfranchisement in America, is rapidly passing into a thing of history. We shall only particularize one single expedition in the year 1444, in which a number of the inhabitants of the Islands of Nar and Tider, no fewer than two hundred, were carried off as slaves, and in which Prince Henry himself, in accordance with the conditions of the expedition, received his fifth share of the captives, amounting to forty-six souls. Mr. Helps, in his *History of the Conquest*, has preserved the narrative of the chronicler Azurara, which might easily appear to be but an anticipated description, on a small scale, of a scene which has a thousand times been repeated with aggravated horrors in the later history of this nefarious commerce. Azurara dilates upon the “ marvellous ” sight which was presented by the captives ; amongst whom were “ some of a reasonable degree of whiteness, handsome and well made ; others less white, resembling leopards in their colour ; others as black as Ethiopians, and so ill-formed, as well in their faces as in their bodies, that it seemed to the beholders as if they saw forms of a lower hemisphere. What heart is there,” he piteously exclaims, “ which was not pierced with sorrow, seeing that company ? For some had sunken cheeks, and their faces bathed

in tears, looking at each other; others were groaning very dolorously, looking at the heights of the heavens, fixing their eyes upon them as if they were asking succour from the Father of Nature; others struck their faces with their hands, throwing themselves upon the earth; others made their lamentations in songs, according to the customs of their country, which, although we could not comprehend their language, we saw corresponded well to the height of their sorrow." Nor is there wanting in this typical narrative the accompanying incident, which has so often formed the most painful characteristic of the modern slave sale—the agony of separation. "While they were placing in one part the children that saw parents in another, the children sprang up perseveringly and fled to them. The mothers enclosed the children in their arms, and threw themselves with them on the ground, receiving wounds with little pity for their own flesh, so that their offspring might not be torn from them." Azurara repeats what has been affirmed by all other writers regarding Prince Henry, that in accepting those forty-six slaves as his share, he did not look to the gain, "his principal riches being in his contentment, considering with great delight the salvation of those souls which before were lost;" and he adds that the thought was not vain, for "as soon as they had knowledge of our language they readily became Christians;" and he himself professes to have seen in Lagos, young men and young women, the sons and grandsons of those very captives, born in the land, as good and true Christians as if they had lineally descended since the commencement of the law of Christ from those who were first baptized.

It will be seen in this way that at the beginning of the last quarter of the fifteenth century a regularly systematized importation of slaves had been established—the annual supply being between seven and eight hundred. At Seville in 1474 negro slaves were abundant, and the tax of twenty per cent. on their value formed an appreciable item of the royal revenue. The same authority, Ortiz di Zuñiga, adds that they were treated with great kindness, being allowed to hold their dances and festivals; and that, moreover, one of their own number was named their "Majoral," and had the duty of protecting them against their masters and before the courts of law, as well as of judging between them in their private quarrels—this officer alone having power to take cognizance of "the disputes, pleadings, marriages, and other contracts," which arose amongst them.

It is certain, therefore, that for many years before the discovery of America, an organized system of slavery and of slave-traffic already existed in Spain and Portugal; and the existence of this traffic will be found hereafter to have an importan'

bearing upon the history of Las Casas. There is every reason however to believe that the importation of slaves from Africa into Europe would not in ordinary circumstances have endured for any long time. Black slaves might have continued for a space to be held a part of the grandeur of a great household, and perhaps for the more luxurious uses of domestic service the negro might have remained in demand, at least until a change of fashion should have ensued. But the staple of labour in Europe must still have been supplied by the hardy natives of the soil, adapted to the European climate, and capable of the fatigues incidental to the conditions of European labour in European countries. It is difficult to believe that the demand for negro slaves for the home-market would have sufficed to maintain such a branch of commerce with Africa, while on the other hand the legitimate commerce in the natural products of the African slave-countries would have gradually taken the place of the slave traffic itself, and eventually have led to its abandonment.

It can hardly be doubted therefore that the discovery of America at this especial period was, according to all human seeming, "an inopportune conjuncture for evil." The labour-market which it speedily threw open at once supplied to the African slave-dealer the demand which Europe would not have continued to furnish; and the special aptitude for labour in the climate of the newly discovered land, which the colonists were not slow to recognise in the African negro, directed towards him in particular that evil instinct which the prospect of gain quickly organized into the hateful system which so long disgraced our civilisation.

These considerations, however, will be more appropriate at a later stage of our subject, and we shall not further delay the reader from what is the most important, as it is the most attractive, part of our theme—the biography of Las Casas.

Bartolomeo de Las Casas was born at Seville in 1474. Being regarded as in every sense one of the notabilities of Spanish history, he is never thought of except as a Spaniard, *sangre puro*, by descent, as well as by birth and education. Nevertheless, although Mr. Helps, in his most charming biography, overlooks the circumstance, it is certain that his family was French, and had settled in Spain under Ferdinand III., the founder of the family having distinguished himself at the siege of Seville in 1247. The name originally had been *Casaus*; but although that name was at first used by Bartolomeo indiscriminately with Las Casas,¹ it is only in the strictly Spanish form, De Las Casas, that it has become memorable in history. There is

¹ Quintana, *Vidas de Españoles Celebres (Las Casas)*, p. 129.

some obscurity in the chronology of the early years of his career. His father was one of the companions of Columbus in his first voyage of discovery, and some of Las Casas's biographers assert that Bartolomeo himself accompanied his father in that expedition. This, however, is a mistake. He was early designed for the Church, and was engaged in study at home during the whole time of that expedition. After making the preparatory studies at Seville, he was sent to Salamanca, where he remained till his eighteenth year, and where he took the licentiate's degree. Prescott, in his *Ferdinand and Isabella*,¹ places his first expedition to the Indies at this date, representing him as one of the twelve ecclesiastics who accompanied Columbus in his second voyage in 1493. That this also is a mistake,² a curious evidence is found in Quintana's biography, which Mr. Helps has overlooked. Among the trophies of the successful voyage which the elder Las Casas brought home when he returned for the first time in company with Columbus, was a young Indian slave; and it is a singular instance of what has been happily called the "irony of life," that while the future champion and defender of Indian liberty was pursuing his divinity studies at Salamanca, this very slave boy was attached to his person; and that he actually remained as the slave of the destined emancipator of the Indians until the publication of the edict of Isabella commanding all possessors of natives of India within the Spanish territory to set them free without delay, under penalty of death, and to send them back at their own cost to Hispaniola.

We think that Mr. Helps has fallen into a similar error in making Las Casas accompany his father, in 1498, "in an expedition, under Columbus, to the West Indies, returning to Cadiz with the expedition in 1500."³ When Las Casas, in 1551, wrote his *Treynte Propositiones*, he spoke of himself as having been for *forty-nine years* an eye-witness of the evils under which the Indies have been suffering. Now had he left Spain in 1498, he would have appealed to an experience of fifty-three years instead of forty-nine.

We are of opinion, therefore, with Las Casas's latest and most elegant Spanish biographer, Quintana, that it was not until 1502 that he set out for the Indies. He had not yet received priest's orders; but, although he certainly was far from enter-

¹ Vol. i. p. 386.

² Mr. Prescott has himself corrected this error in his *Conquest of Mexico*, where in the sketch of Las Casas the dates are accurately and fully stated. See vol. i. p. 206.

³ It is worthy of remark that in his greater work, *The Spanish Conquest of America*, Mr. Helps makes no allusion to this supposed earlier voyage of Las Casas. He states without any reservation that Las Casas came with Ovando to Hispaniola in 1502.—Vol. i. p. 239.

taining the opinions regarding the Indian affairs which he ultimately held, the spirit of religious enterprise was already strong within him. His professional studies once completed, he was not a man to wait long upon opportunity, or to hold back until others should by previous trial have made success secure. He seems to have felt strongly at every period of his career that, under Providence, men's destiny is in their own hands—

“That in the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought.”

Still unordained, he accompanied Nicholas de Ovando, who went out as governor of Hispaniola; and as if his mission was to be marked by a special and distinctive character, he was the first who received the order of priesthood in the Indies, and the first to celebrate in the New World the ceremony of the “Misa Nueva,” which even still in the Catholic countries of the Old World is regarded as possessing a peculiar solemnity.

Not until eight years subsequently does the really remarkable part of his career begin. It is known chiefly from the scattered allusions in his several works, especially his *Historia de las Indias Occidentales*, still in MS. In this work he commonly speaks of himself under the name of “El Clerigo,” and forgets his individuality altogether, except in so far as regards his relations to the Indian population. We have not space to enter fully into his history of the treatment of the native Indians by the Spaniards in the first period of the conquest. It will be sufficiently illustrated by a brief explanation of the condition of affairs at the point at which Las Casas himself first appears upon the scene. The historians of the Indies, in describing the condition of the native population under the Spaniards, have dwelt at great length on the system known by the name *repartimientos* and *encomiendas*, which were in part legalized by the early legislation, in part introduced by individual Governors. These terms, however, have been very imperfectly understood. Their meaning indeed was very different at different stages of the history, and in practice the system worked very differently from what its theoretical import would imply. We have taken some pains to determine the several conditions of this well-known institution at different times, up to the commencement of the benevolent labours of Las Casas. Four distinct phases of the *repartimiento* system are clearly traceable.

It began with the issue of royal letters-patent to Columbus in 1497, authorizing him to grant to Spaniards *repartimientos* of lands in the Indies, in virtue of which letters the grantee is enabled to “sell, give, present, traffic with, exchange, pledge, alienate, and do all that he likes or may think good with,” the lands so

assigned. This form of grant, as far as regards its terms, was but an exercise of the right of assignment of conquered lands claimed by all conquerors, and was rigorously limited to the land itself, giving no rights or powers whatever over the liberties or personal services of the natives.

But the matter did not long remain thus. The next step was to assign to Spaniards portions of *cultivated* land, each of which was placed under the management of a cacique, with the obligation on his part of tilling, by himself or by his people, for the benefit of the grantee, the particular portion of land thus granted. This was usually done by placing under a particular cacique a specified number of thousands of *matas* (shoots of the cazabi), or of *montones* (small mounds a foot and a half high, and ten or twelve in circumference, on the soil of which a cazabi shoot was planted), it being obligatory on the cacique to keep these in a state of cultivation. In this way the colonist, in acquiring the land, acquired also the right to at least so much service on the part of the natives.

A third step in advance was soon after taken. It was permitted to proprietors of mines to take Indians to work not only at the land, but also in the mines, under certain restrictions, the chief of which was the obtaining of a license, which was granted only for a specified time.

The final seal was placed upon the system by a royal letter, dated December 20, 1503, which, although it did not go beyond the terms of the previously existing local enactments of the Governors of the colony, legalized these enactments by investing them with the royal sanction. By this letter the governor Ovando was empowered to compel the Indians to have dealings with the Spaniards, and to work in their service. It is true that the ordinance contemplates the payment of wages for these forced services; but as the amount of the wages was left to be regulated by the Governor, the service practically degenerated into a system hardly, if at all, distinguishable from slavery. It might seem some mitigation of the rigour of such a system that the ordinance provided that the Indians should work under the direction of their own caciques, that they should be instructed in the faith, and should attend the services of the Church; and that they should do these things "as free persons, for such they are." But such a provision, in such a system, and under such hands, could not be more than an idle mockery. Ovando's interpretation of it was, by letters issued to the several applicants, to distribute the Indians in gangs of fifty or a hundred, with a cacique at their head. The order as to their instruction in the faith, it is true, was formally inserted in the deed of assignment, but it remained in every instance a dead letter; and it is a significant commentary on the character

of the relations which now arose with the Indians, that these assignments henceforward, instead of being called *repartimientos*, came to be designated by the name *encomiendas*, a name equivalent to our "commandery" or "preceptory," and borrowed from the vocabulary of the military orders of the home country. The *encomienda* of Ovando thus fell immediately upon the persons of the native Indians, who were directly apportioned to the several grantees. In the *repartimiento* of Columbus, although it dealt with certain specified services of the caciques and their people, to be rendered in the cultivation of the lands assigned, the direct object of the grant was the land, and not the Indian or his service. The latter was a hard and oppressive form of feudal service. The former drifted by an inevitable necessity into formal and unmitigated slavery.

And although the technical conditions of the early *repartimientos* appear to offer some security against the extreme into which the system ultimately ran, yet it is but too plain, not only that the *repartimientos* from the very beginning took, in the hands of the majority of the grantees, the form of a slave system, scarcely, if at all, disguised, but also that even from the first there had existed in the colony a regular slave system based upon the right of conquest. After his very first victory in 1495, Columbus sent home four ships laden with slaves;¹ and soon afterwards occasion was taken, from a tribute which Columbus imposed by his own authority on the inhabitants of Hispaniola, and which in some instances remained undischarged, to lay the foundations of an organization for the capture, and even for the traffic, in Indian slaves, hardly less flagitious than that which in Africa was for so many generations the disgrace of Western civilisation. Many hundreds² of Indian slaves, captured upon this pretext, were sent home in 1498 by Columbus; and in the letter to the King and Queen which accompanied the consignment, Columbus estimates that it would be possible to supply in the same way, each year, as many slaves as sale would be found for in Spain (which he calculates would be 4000), and that the revenue thence accruing to the Crown would amount to forty million maravedis, or about £12,345. It is true that this proceeding excited in the highest degree the anger and indignation of the Queen, who at once ordered proclamation to be made at Seville, Granada, and elsewhere, commanding that all persons who were in possession of any of the slaves thus unjustly captured should at once send them back to Hispaniola under pain of death. But even this decree recognised the lawfulness of reducing to slavery the Indian who

¹ Helps's *Spanish Conquest*, i. 141.

² The exact number was 600, of whom 200 were given to the masters of the ships in payment of the freight of the rest.

might be made prisoner *in a righteous war*, and thus left open to local and interested adjudication the whole practical question of the liberties of the native population.

Such was the condition of affairs in the Indies when Las Casas first appears upon the scene. He had been many years in the country. The native population, under the fatal influences which have been described, was disappearing by thousands. The evil had already reached a formidable height, and was rapidly increasing. In colonial legislation, and still less in colonial judicial action, no hope could be placed of amelioration. It was only from the mother country and its influences that the remedy was to be sought. In its despair under the cruelty of the colonial taskmasters,

“The New World stretched its dusk hand to the Old.”

With the enthusiasm of Las Casas's later career before us, it is not easy to realize how he could have remained so many years an apathetic, or at least an inactive, spectator of what in the end stirred his whole nature so powerfully to its very depths. Mr. Prescott,¹ it is true, represents him as labouring in the cause of the natives from the very day of his arrival in the Indies. But this is certainly a mistake. It is distinctly at variance with the Clerigo's own humble and ingenuous acknowledgment. He frankly confesses, at a time when he had been already several years in the colony, that in these matters he had till then been as blind as the lay members of the flock intrusted to his care.² He was kind and indulgent towards the Indians personally; but he was by no means at this time alive to the true nature of the system pursued towards them by the colonists, without scruple, and apparently without consciousness of its enormities. Of his kindly and merciful dispositions in their regard, and of the notoriety of this character in the colony, we are assured by the very earliest recorded circumstance of his relations towards them—namely, his being selected by Diego Velasquez to accompany him in his expedition in 1511, in the expedition for the occupation and pacification of the island of Cuba; but, on the other hand, we have equally significant evidence how different his theoretical opinions must have been from those of his later career, in the fact that he not merely accepted a *repartimiento* from Velasquez, who assigned to Las Casas, in conjunction with his friend Pedro de la Renteria, a large village (*pueblo*) near Xagua, but even employed the Indians thus assigned to him, not only in cultivating the land, but also in the more oppressive labour of the mines.

¹ *Ferdinand and Isabella*, i. 236.

² “En aquella materia estaba por aquel tiempo el buen Padre como las seglares todos que tenia por hijos.”—*Historia de Las Indias*, ms. L. iii. c. 32. Helps, p. 18.

The story of his change of opinion and of conduct, although it has little of the dramatic character which belongs to many of the memorable conversions in history, is yet eminently interesting, and the more so for its thorough simplicity and openness, and that unshrinking self-dissection which stamps autobiography with the seal of genuineness. He had lived for years in daily contact with the *repartimiento* system, seeking as far as lay in his power to mitigate its rigour, and to promote the happiness as well as the spiritual welfare of the natives who lived under its conditions. But he does not appear ever to have called in question the morality of the principle upon which it was based. At length, on the Feast of Pentecost in 1514, in preparing the sermon of the day, he had occasion to refer to the 34th chapter of Ecclesiasticus. His attention was immediately arrested by verses 18-22:—

“He that sacrifices of a thing wrongfully gotten, his offering is ridiculous; and the gifts of unjust men are not accepted.

“The Most High is not pleased with the offerings of the wicked: neither is He pacified for sin by the multitude of sacrifices.

“Whoso bringeth an offering of the goods of the poor doeth as one who killeth the son before the father’s eyes.

“The bread of the needy is their life; he that defraudeth him thereof is a man of blood.

“He that taketh away his neighbour’s living slayeth him; and he that defraudeth the labourer of his hire is a blood-shedder.”

Las Casas was startled. He suddenly recalled a dispute which he had formerly had with a certain friar who had refused to give him absolution because he possessed Indians. The arguments of the good Father now recurred to his memory with new force. He went to the root of the subject. With his characteristic energy he pursued the inquiry to its first principles; and at length, fully aroused to its true import, he did not shrink from the conclusion that the system of *repartimientos* was in itself a violation of natural justice, and that it was his bounden duty as a priest to expose its iniquitous character.

He began at home. Personally he cared little for the pecuniary sacrifice; but as he held the *repartimiento* in common with his friend De Renteria, he felt it necessary to consult with him as to its surrender. Renteria was absent in Jamaica. Las Casas, although he lost no time in communicating to his friend the governor Velasquez the startling revolution which had taken place in his views as to the lawfulness of the *repartimiento* system, and his firm resolve to give up his own slaves, yet requested Velasquez to keep this determination secret till Renteria’s return. Meanwhile, however, his own convictions being once settled, it was not in his ardent nature to remain inactive. On Assumption Day in the same year, his sermon

opened up the whole question, and made public his own resolution, as well as his views regarding the unlawfulness of the system, and his conviction that no one could possess Indian slaves without peril to his immortal soul. His hearers were amazed. Some, he tells us, were struck with compunction; others "were as much surprised to hear it called a sin to make use of the Indians, as if they had been told it was sinful to make use of the beasts of the field."

This public denunciation of the *repartimientos* he followed up by vigorous private remonstrances and representations. They had little effect, it will readily be believed, in abating an abuse now inveterate in the colony. Las Casas saw that the battle could only be successfully fought in the councils of the King himself; and although he was utterly penniless, he resolved to undertake the voyage to Spain for the purpose. He wrote at once to this effect to Renteria, and summoned him home without delay.

It is not the least remarkable incident in this curious story, that at the same moment in which the new light was breaking upon Las Casas, a similar revolution was taking place in the sentiments and convictions of his friend and partner Renteria. We learn from Las Casas's simple narrative, that the revolution in Renteria's sentiments regarding the Indians was due to the influence of one of those ascetic observances which abound in the system of the Roman Catholic Church—a so-called "spiritual retreat," which Renteria undertook in the Franciscan monastery of Jamaica during the Lent of 1514. His views in the first instance fell short in boldness and breadth of those of his impetuous friend. Renteria limited his plan to a provision for the Christian education of the children of the unhappy Indians; but so earnest was he in pushing it forward, that he had actually formed an intention similar to that of Las Casas, of going in person to Spain to secure the royal sanction and support for the measure. On receipt of Las Casas's letter, he returned without delay to Cuba. A mutual explanation took place. Renteria eagerly transferred to his friend a mission for which he felt that he was himself infinitely less qualified. He sold off without delay the merchandise which he had just brought from Jamaica, together with the farm which he and Las Casas had held in common, and the proceeds were joyfully devoted to the expenses of Las Casas's mission.

Las Casas's departure from Cuba, and probably also the effort which he had inaugurated for the amelioration of the condition of the Indians, led in the first instance to the very opposite result. It may be that the hopes which were raised in the minds of the natives by his interposition in their favour, excited them, as has often been the case in the later movements for

abolition in the United States of America, to courses which their taskmasters made the occasion of fresh repression and of increased severity. Incidents such as the following, and others recorded by Mr. Helps, after Las Casas's own narrative, must have lent a powerful stimulus to the zeal with which he entered on his mission :—

“After their departure from the island, the cruelties of the Spaniards towards the Indians increased; and, as the Indians naturally enough sought for some refuge in flight, the Spaniards trained dogs to pursue them. The Indians then had recourse to suicide as a means of escape, for they believed in a future state of being, where ease and felicity, they thought, awaited them. Accordingly they put themselves to death, whole families doing so together, and villages inviting other villages to join them in their departure from a world that was no longer tolerable to them. Some hanged themselves; others drank the poisonous juice of the Yuca.

“One pathetic and yet ludicrous occurrence is mentioned in connection with this practice of suicide amongst the Indians. A number of them belonging to one master had resolved to hang themselves, and so to escape from their labours and their sufferings. The master being made aware of their intention, came upon them just as they were about to carry it into effect. ‘Go seek me a rope too,’ he exclaimed, ‘for I must hang myself with you.’ He then gave them to understand that he could not live without them, as they were so useful to him; and that he must go where they were going. They, believing that they would not get rid of him even in a future state of existence, agreed to remain where they were; and with sorrow laid aside their ropes to resume their labours.”

In St. Domingo Las Casas saw the superior of the Dominican missions in the Indies, the excellent monk Pedro da Cordova, who warmly approved his design. But Da Cordova warned his friend that he would have little chance of success during the life of King Ferdinand, who was entirely under the influence of two determined supporters of the *repartimiento* system, and moreover themselves possessors of Indians—Fonseca, Bishop of Burgos, and Lope de Conchillos, the King's Secretary. Las Casas, however, was not a man to be dismayed by the prospect of difficulty. It may even be doubted whether the very difficulty did not constitute for him one of the charms of the enterprise. If it was so, he had abundant cause afterwards to recall the prediction of Pedro da Cordova.

His first appeal upon his arrival in Spain was to the King in person. Influenced probably by the representations of Pedro da Cordova, he determined to avoid the ministers, the Bishop of Burgos and Lope de Conchillos; and having been furnished with letters to the King by the Archbishop of Seville, he addressed himself directly, and in very energetic terms, to Ferdinand, first enlisting on his side the influence of his confessor,

Tomas de Matienzo. But he soon saw that the age and infirmity of Ferdinand left little room for hope of independent action on his part; and although Ferdinand received his representation with much interest, and promised to give him a further audience and to provide a remedy for the evils which he described, it became evident that the matter would ultimately come into the hands of the Bishop of Burgos and the Secretary, and La Casas thought it best to forestall their hostility by himself bringing the subject under their consideration before it should meet them in an official form. Conchillos, we learn, received him courteously, and listened to his statements; but the Bishop was overbearing and repulsive. The interview with the Bishop is described by Las Casas with his characteristic plainness. After he had urged upon the Bishop all the arguments which he could bring together against the atrocities of the existing system, concluding with the startling fact, that within three months no fewer than seven thousand children had perished, he had the mortification to find the Bishop utterly unmoved. "What a silly fool you are," interposed Fonseca. "What is all this to me, and what is it to the King?" Las Casas was shocked, but not silenced. "Is it nothing to your lordship," he asked, "or to the King, that all these souls should perish? O great and eternal God! And to whom then is it of any concern?" With these words he took his leave. What might have been his ultimate chance of success with Ferdinand in conflict with counsellors like these it is needless to speculate. Ferdinand died a few weeks afterwards on his way to Seville, at a little village called Madrigalejos, on the 23d January 1516.

By Ferdinand's death, the regency of Spain having been intrusted during the minority of the young King Charles, conjointly to the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes, who had been named by Ferdinand's will, and to Adrian of Utrecht, who had been Charles's tutor, the supreme direction of Indian affairs fell into the hands of a minister who, although a churchman like Fonseca, was a churchman of a very different stamp. The latter indeed was a churchman in name only, although he held in succession a number of ecclesiastical preferments, which, if church-temporalities could make a true churchman, might have infused the ecclesiastical element even into the most secular organization—the Archidiaconate of Seville, the Bishopric of Badajoz, that of Cordova, of Palencia, of Conde, the Archbishopric of Rossano in Italy, and the Bishopric of Burgos! Although a faithful and able minister, and a ready, bold, and dexterous politician, Fonseca appears to have been destitute, not alone of all ecclesiastical tastes, and of those higher spiritual instincts which often give a colour to the character of men of

secular pursuits, but even to have been wanting in that inner moral sense which lies at the bottom of all true Christian polity, even in its purely secular relations. He was a statesman of the hardest and most materialistic school; and in that age the materialism of statesmanship had not even the redeeming characteristics which in later times it has drawn from those higher and more benevolent views developed in the progress of the new civilisation. On the contrary, Ximenes, to whose general career we hope to return at more length upon some convenient opportunity, was, by the very constitution of his mind, a churchman and even an ascetic. But he was of that noble school of churchmen to whom, while there was still a debatable land between the realm of the Church and that of the State, and before it was attempted to draw between them a sharp and immovable line of demarcation, the latter has owed so many and so deep obligations. With him the interests of right and justice were ever foremost, and no consideration of political or economical advantage could reconcile him to the expedient, when he believed it to be at variance with either. Las Casas on hearing of Ferdinand's death had resolved to repair to Flanders, in the hope of enlisting the sympathies of the young King; but he determined in the first instance to lay his statement of the wrongs of the Indians before the Cardinal and his colleague Adrian. They were struck with horror by the recital; and Ximenes, with his characteristic decision, at once assured Las Casas that it was not necessary for him to go to Flanders, but that the remedy for such evils should be found at Madrid. Accordingly he at once appointed a council to hear the representations of Las Casas; and when the facts had been ascertained, he named a committee to draw up, in conjunction with Las Casas, a plan for securing for the future the liberty of the natives, and for regulating their relations to the Government and the Spanish colonial population. The result of many protracted consultations was a scheme, drawn up roughly by Las Casas, modified by the subsequent revision of the associated councillors, and ultimately approved by Cardinal Ximenes and Adrian. The administration of the system so devised was intrusted to a commission of three Fathers of the order of St. Jerome, selected by the General, who were brought to Madrid to receive their instructions and powers. Las Casas, profoundly suspicious of the intrigues of the colonial slaveholders and their Spanish abettors, regarded the sojourn of these commissioners in Madrid as a great evil, and ascribed many of the difficulties and misunderstandings that subsequently arose to the impressions made upon them by the patrons of the *repartimiento* system, before they left Spain for their destined place of action.

During their sojourn in Madrid the code of instructions by which they were to be guided was drawn up under the immediate direction of Ximenes himself. Mr. Helps does not enter into its details, and it would carry us quite beyond the space at our disposal to enumerate them.¹ It will be enough to say that while they appear to have aimed at a complete redress of the sufferings of the native population; and that while they firmly insist upon immunity from personal servitude as the birth-right of Indians² as well as Castilians, they yet attempt a compromise between these principles and the long-established and wide-spread institution of compulsory labour at the mines. It was represented to Ximenes by almost all the returned Spaniards that this could not be suddenly abandoned without the utter ruin of the colony. He tried therefore to devise a remedy for its evils. Within the four islands in which mines existed villages were to be formed, in the immediate neighbourhood of the mines, each under its own cacique, each provided with a sufficient number of houses, a church, and a hospital, and each having a portion of land allotted, which was to be distributed according to the rank and requirements of the community. As a security against the absolute compulsion of slave-labour, a provision was introduced that no Indian could be compelled to join any of those communities. The villages moreover were placed directly under the rule of their respective chiefs, and to each was assigned a priest, secular or regular, who was to be not alone the instructor of the Indians, but was also to be associated with the cacique in the exercise of his authority, and especially in administering punishments, in which respect his power was limited to the infliction of flogging. With the same view many restrictions were placed upon the amount and duration of labour which might be exacted; and rules were laid down as to the mode of conducting the operations and apportioning the products. The superintendents or administrators were to be bound by oath not to impose excessive labour on the natives; and further, as some protection against such excess, it was provided that the master-miners and inspectors themselves should in all cases be Indians.

Such were the leading features of the plan of administration with which the Hieronymite commissaries were intrusted. It is due to Las Casas to say that both the permission to make

¹ They will be found fully explained in Herrera, *Historia de Las Indias Occidentales*, dic. ii. lib. ii. c. 3, pp. 27-32. An excellent summary is given by Hefele in his admirable biography of Ximenes, *Der Cardinal Ximenes und die Kirchliche Zustände Spaniens am Ende des XV. und Anfange des XVI. Jahrhunderts*, p. 484-92.

² An exception is recognised for the case of the Caribs, who were represented by the colonists as cannibals, although Las Casas consistently denied the allegation. It was permitted to make captives of the Caribs, and to retain them as slaves.

slaves of the Carib Indians and the compulsory labour of the miners were introduced against his remonstrance, and were regarded by him as opening the way, at least in principle, to a revival of the atrocious system against which he was contending. But it was difficult for a minister at a distance from the scene, and beyond the immediate presence of the evil, to realize its full extent, or to understand, as did Las Casas, the subtle influences by which it would be enabled to resist every measure devised for its abatement, short of complete and absolute abolition; and Ximenes believed that in the precautions which his plan embodied, together with the further discretionary powers in its execution which he intrusted to the Hieronymite Fathers, would afford a more safe, as well as a more easy remedy, than could be hoped from the measure proposed by Las Casas, more complete in theory, but in practice difficult, if not impossible.

But besides, as a further security for the effectiveness of his plan, the Cardinal invested Las Casas himself, under the title of "Protector of the Indians," with independent authority, not only as adviser and consulter of the commission, but also as direct organ of communication with the home Government, with a very wide and general power to "take such steps in the matter as might be for the service of God and of their Highnesses." And a most valuable support to his views was the appointment of a legal commissary named Zuazo, who was invested with extraordinary judicial powers, and authorized to inquire into, and if necessary revise, without right of appeal, the proceedings of all the judges in the Indies. An appointment so unlimited was vehemently resisted, not only by the *repartimiento* party, but even by some more moderate members of the council on Indian affairs; and Las Casas feared that the Hieronymite Fathers themselves had been injuriously influenced by the representations of the agents who had been sent home from the Indies in the interest of the colonists, and who had several interviews with the Fathers during their stay in Madrid. After long delay, five of the council definitively refused to affix their signatures to the powers proposed for Zuazo. The preparations were thus brought to a stand. It seemed as if, after so favourable an opening, the scheme was about to fall hopelessly to the ground. Las Casas was alarmed, but he did not lose courage. He went once again to the Cardinal, and Ximenes proved equal to the occasion. To use the homely phrase of Las Casas, he was not a man to suffer himself to be played upon (*ninguno con el se burlaba*). He sent upon the moment for the recusant councillors, and called upon them to sign in his own presence the required powers of Zuazo. They did not dare to refuse. But it is painful to add that they had

the bad faith to affix secretly to the signature a certain private mark, which they intended as a means of attesting, what they meant subsequently to avow, namely, that they had signed only upon compulsion.

At length all difficulties, at least upon the surface, were removed :—

“ At last, all was ready for these seeds of well-devised legislation to be taken out and sown in the Indies. Las Casas went to take leave of Ximenes and to kiss hands. He could not on this occasion refrain from uttering his mind to the Cardinal, telling him that the Hieronymite Fathers would do no good thing, and informing him of their interviews with the agents from the colonies. It moves our pity to think that the sick old man, wearied enough with rapacious Flemish courtiers and untameable Spanish grandees, should now be told, after he had given so much time and attention to this business of the Indies, that the mission would do no good. Well may Las Casas add, that the Cardinal seemed struck with alarm ; and that, after a short time, he said, ‘ Whom then can we trust ? You are going there : be watchful for all.’ Upon this, after receiving the Cardinal’s benediction, Las Casas left for Seville.”

Ximenes might well entertain these gloomy forebodings. The germ of failure was brooding even before the expedition left Spain. It is plain that mutual distrust had arisen between Las Casas and the Hieronymite Fathers. The Fathers, with a view to the greater effectiveness of the commission, thought it prudent to dissociate themselves from him, as a person who was already committed to a course decidedly hostile to the Spanish party in the Indies. They sailed therefore in a different ship, and on their arrival (in December 1516) they took a separate, and, as it speedily proved, an antagonistic course. The difference was on a vital point. One of their instructions was to take away and restore to full liberty all Indians who were held in servitude, whether by absentee Spaniards, or by judges or other officials of the Spanish Crown, even though resident in the colony. The first part of the instructions they carried out ; but they deemed it inexpedient to enforce the second. Las Casas protested warmly against this resolve, but in vain. The Fathers, conceiving that such a measure would be more than the temper of the colony, indeed than the actual exigencies of its labour-market, would bear, made use of the discretionary power which they had received from the Cardinal, and suspended this part of the instructions.

Meanwhile Zuazo, the judicial commissary, arrived, and Las Casas resolved, as the only means of bringing what he believed to be the vital interests of the Indian cause under discussion, to impeach the judges whom the Hieronymites had spared. Mr. Helps holds the balance between Las Casas and the Hierony

mites with a very hesitating hand. He evidently believes in the good faith and right-mindedness of both; but though he is of opinion that the bolder course would have been successful, he leans to a very indulgent judgment of the motives, as well as of the prudence, of that adopted by the Fathers:—

“Las Casas resolved to impeach the Judges. To use his own phrase, he brought against them a tremendous accusation (*púsoles una terrible acusacion*), both in respect to their conduct in bringing Indians from the Lucayan islands, and also in reference to the infamous proceedings connected with an incident in Cumaná, where two poor Dominicans were left to be murdered by the natives. Certainly, if any charges were to be made against these Judges, it must be admitted that the subjects of accusation were well chosen.

“The Jeronimite Fathers were much grieved at this bold step being taken by Las Casas. They evidently wished to manage things quietly; and were proceeding mainly with the second class of remedies for the Indians, giving them in *repartimiento* to such of the colonists as they thought well of, and publishing the orders for ameliorating the condition of the subject people. The Fathers seem on the whole to have made great efforts to do good, which must not pass without due recognition. I think with Las Casas, that if they had ventured to adopt the scheme, which he, Dr. Palacios Rubio, and Antonio Montesino, had planned (the main points of which were, the doing away with the system of *repartimientos* and compulsory working at the mines), it would have been better; and there is no doubt that, while Ximenes lived, they would have had a sufficiently powerful protector to enable them to carry out such a measure. But, though not determined enough to carry out such a bold undertaking, which few men, indeed, would have had courage for, and leaving many of the colonists in possession of their Indians, they still made great efforts to carry out the second class of measures for the relief of the Indians and the benefit of the colony.

“Las Casas may complain of the Jeronimites, but I have no doubt they were more vigorous, and aimed at better purposes than almost any mere official persons would have done: and their conduct illustrates to my mind what I have long thought about government,—that there are occasions when those do best in it who are not strictly bred up for it, and who are not, therefore, likely to have the vigour and force of their natures encrusted with routine and deadened by a slavish belief in the incomplete traditions of the past.

“Such measured proceedings as the Jeronimite Fathers at first adopted did not accord with the temperament of Las Casas; neither were they such remedies as the fearful nature of the disease demanded. Moreover, in addition to his disapproval of their measures, he distrusted the men themselves. He states that they had relations whom they wished to benefit in the island of Hispaniola, but as they feared him too much to do so there, they recommended these relations to Diego Velasquez, the Governor of Cuba; and Las Casas

observed, that in a letter which he happened to see when they were about to close it, they signed themselves, 'Chaplains to your Honour' (*Capellanes de Vuestra Merced*), a mode of describing themselves which seemed to him conclusive of the position the Fathers were going to take up with regard to this Governor."

This collision of views was the crisis of the danger which Las Casas had foretold to the Cardinal. He had written repeatedly to Spain during the progress of affairs, but without any direct result. It was afterwards ascertained, indeed, that his letters had been intercepted, and he now resolved to return, and to appeal in person against what he regarded as the fatal policy of the Hieronymite Commissioners. He left St. Domingo in May 1517, and was followed soon after by Fray Bernardino de Manzanedo, one of the three Hieronymite commissioners, and the representative of his brother.

There can be little doubt what would have been the judgment of Ximenes in this vital controversy. But it was the fate of Las Casas many times in the course of his labours to find his hopes baffled on the very eve of expected fulfilment. On his arrival in Spain he found the great Cardinal dying. Mr. Helps affirms that he was still able to receive Las Casas,¹ and although it appears to us much more probable that this is a mistake, and that Las Casas never saw the Cardinal after his return, it is certain that the latter was enabled to learn the sentiments of the dying minister. He had the mortification to find that his letters had been studiously intercepted, and that Ximenes had been kept in almost entire ignorance of the proceedings in Hispaniola. The knowledge of the bitter truth came too late for the remedy. Ximenes died on November 8th, 1517.

At the time of Ximenes' death the young King Charles was but sixteen years old. The supreme authority in Spain now came into the hands of the Grand Chamberlain William de Croy of Chievres, in Hainault, and of the Grand Chancellor Jean Salvage. In the latter Las Casas had the good fortune to find a not unfavourable listener, having been recommended to him by some Franciscan Fathers from Picardy, whom he met at St. Domingo, while on his way to Spain. The Chancellor, to whom the department of the Indian affairs chiefly appertained, freely consulted Las Casas on the many memorials which came before him, and in the end obtained the young King's consent that, conjointly with Las Casas, he should devise a remedy for

¹ Helps's *Las Casas*, p. 54. Hefele states that on Las Casas's arrival at Aranda, he found Ximenes too ill to receive him.—*Der Cardinal Ximenes*, p. 498. Quintana is equally explicit.

the ill-government of the Indies. The drawing up of the scheme was intrusted to Las Casas. Its chief feature was a proposal to supply to the colony from other sources the labour which experience had proved to be unsuited to the feeble and unenergetic Indian race; and it consisted of a two-fold provision, first, of emigrant labourers from Spain who were to be invited by certain definite advantages, and of whom Las Casas undertook to secure an abundant enlistment; and secondly, of negro slaves, of whom each Spanish resident in Hispaniola was to have license to import twelve from Africa. The latter branch of the scheme remains as a lasting blot on the reputation of Las Casas; and it may well be regarded as one of the most curious of those anomalies in which history abounds, that the greatest triumph of philanthropy in the present age has been the undoing of an inveterate and intolerable wrong, which, if it did not originate with the greatest philanthropist of the sixteenth century, at least had his undoubted sanction and support. It has been doubted by some of the apologists of Las Casas whether the proposal for the importation of negroes really was made by him; and the well-known constitutional Bishop of Blois, Gregoire, formally denies it in the *Life of Las Casas* which he prefixed to the French edition of his works. But the fact is undeniable. Quintana in his admirable biography devotes a special dissertation to the subject, in which he produces four several proposals of Las Casas, of which it forms a part.¹ And indeed it is strange how any doubt as to the fact could ever have arisen, seeing that Las Casas himself, in the *History of the Indies* which he wrote in his later years, humbly confesses it, and frankly avows and bewails his error. "This advice," he says, "that license should be given to bring negro slaves to this land, the Clerigo Casas first gave, not considering the injustice with which the Portuguese take them and make them slaves; which advice, after he had apprehended the nature of the thing, he would not have given for all he had in the world. For he always held that they had been made slaves unjustly and tyrannically, since the same reason holds good of them as of the Indians."²

But although Las Casas must beyond all question be held answerable for having made this proposal, it would be equally unjust to regard him as the originator of negro slavery in the Indies. We have already seen that the importation of African

¹ *Vidas de Españoles Celebres*, p. 227. First, in 1516, to Cardinal Ximenes; secondly, in a later memorial presented to the Government, proposing that each colonist might be permitted to take two or three negroes; thirdly, in a clause of the contract with the Government for the Cumana expedition; and lastly, in a memorial to the Council of the Indies in 1531.

² MS. *Historia de Las Indias*, liii. c. 101; Helps, p. 67.

slaves into Europe almost kept pace with the progress of maritime discovery in Africa; and its introduction into the West Indies was one of the very first devices of the infant colonization. In proposing it, Las Casas was only following the universally received ideas of his time.

"From the earliest times of the discovery of America, negroes had been sent there; and the young King Charles had, while in Flanders, granted licenses to his courtiers for the importation of negroes into Hispaniola. But, what is of more significance, and what it is strange that Las Casas was not aware of, or did not mention, the Jeronimite Fathers had also come to the conclusion that negroes must be introduced into the West Indies. Writing in January 1518, when the Fathers could not have known what was passing in Spain in relation to this subject, they recommended licenses to be given to the inhabitants of Hispaniola, or to other persons, to bring negroes there. From the tenour of their letter it appears that they had before recommended the same thing. Zuazo, the judge of *residencia*, and the legal colleague of Las Casas, wrote to the same effect. He, however, suggested that the negroes should be placed in settlements, and married. Fray Bernardino de Manzanedo, the Jeronimite Father, who had been sent over to counteract Las Casas, gave the same advice as his brethren about the introduction of negroes. He added a proviso, which does not appear in their letter (perhaps it did exist in one of the earlier ones), that there should be as many women as men sent over, or more.

"The suggestion of Las Casas was approved of by the Chancellor, and by Adrian, the colleague of the late Cardinal: and, indeed, it is probable there was hardly a man of that time who would have seen further than the excellent Clerigo did."

"Before quitting this subject, something must be said for Las Casas which he does not allege for himself.¹ This suggestion of his about the negroes was not an isolated one. Had all his suggestions been carried out, and the Indians thereby been preserved, as I firmly believe they might have been, these negroes might have remained a very insignificant number in the general population. By the destruction of Indians a void in the laborious part of the community was being constantly created, which had to be filled up by the labour of negroes. The negroes could bear the labour in the mines much better than the Indians; and any man who perceived that a race, of whose Christian virtues and capabilities he thought highly, were fading away by reason of being subjected to labour which their natures were incompetent to endure, and which they were most unjustly condemned to, might prefer the misery of the smaller number of another race treated with equal injustice, but more capable of enduring it. I did not say that

¹ "Las Casas is much misrepresented by Herrera, who gives an account of the suggestion as if it were made, not in addition to, but in substitution for, other measures."

Las Casas considered all these things; but, at any rate, in estimating his conduct, we must recollect, that we look at the matter centuries after it occurred, and see all the extent of the evil arising from circumstances which no man could then be expected to foresee, and which were inconsistent with the rest of the Clerigo's plans for the preservation of the Indians.

"I suspect that the wisest amongst us would very likely have erred with him: and I am not sure that, taking all his plans together, and taking for granted, as he did then, that his influence at court was to last, his suggestion about the negroes was an impolitic one."

At all events, certain it is that the part of Las Casas's scheme, against which the opposition of the antagonistic party was directed, was not the importation of negroes, but the project of free emigrant labour. His old adversary the Bishop of Burgos, who had for a time fallen into disfavour, was recalled about this time to the Indian administration. He ridiculed the project of free emigration, and declared that in twenty years he had not yet found twenty men who would go to the Indies in the capacity of labourers. Las Casas in reply undertook to find three thousand. But again his evil fortune awaited him. At the crisis of the struggle his friend and supporter, the Chancellor, was suddenly seized with fever, and died, leaving to the Bishop of Burgos his old supremacy, and sinking the Clerigo, in his own homely phrase, "down to the abysses." Fonseca at once proceeded to form a special council of Indian affairs almost all devoted to his own views; and his first act was to undo the last relic of the old scheme of Las Casas, by recalling the Hieronymite Fathers from the Indies.

Meanwhile the Clerigo, undismayed by this adverse change, set about his plan for enrolling emigrant labourers. He had obtained, through the influence of the Flemish ministers, all the necessary authority for the purpose, and an Italian named Berrio was appointed to act under him. Unluckily for the success of the enterprise, this man, by a secret understanding with the Bishop of Burgos, had his instructions privately altered, so as to make him independent of Las Casas. The history of this transaction throws a curious light on the social condition of the rural population of Spain at this period:—

"The Clerigo, with his squire and other attendants, set off on his expedition for procuring emigrant labourers. He directed his course from Saragossa towards Castille, assembling the people in the churches, and informing them of the benefits and privileges they would acquire by emigrating. Numbers consented to go, inscribing their names in a book. At Berlanga, out of a population of two hundred, more than seventy inscribed their names. It gives a curious insight into those times, to see that the inducement with these people to emigrate, was

to get away from the seigniorial rights over them. They came to Las Casas with the greatest secrecy; and he relates this speech made by four of them:—‘Señor, no one of us wishes to go to the Indies for want of means here, for each of us has a hundred thousand maravedis of *hacienda* and more, but we go to leave our children in a free land under royal jurisdiction.’”

The scheme, however, notwithstanding the favourable disposition of the peasants, failed, through the insubordination and recklessness of Berrio; and Las Casas at once turned to a project of an entirely different character. Abandoning for the moment the hope of any general legislation for the colony, by which one common end might be put to the horrors of the condition of the natives, he directed his efforts towards the foundation, within a limited district, of at least a model settlement, in which the benefits of Christian civilisation might be secured for the Indians, and an efficacious protection might be afforded to them, and to all other natives who might take refuge amongst them, against the cruelties for which he had found it impossible to carry out a preventive in the colony at large. With this view, he proposed to form a sort of company, consisting of fifty individuals, each contributing two hundred ducats, who would undertake the work out of Christian motives; and at the same time he offered to them a fair prospect of forwarding their own interests by lawful means. He proposed that the members should wear a distinctive dress—white, with a red cross, like that of the Knights of Calatrava; and he looked forward, if the design should prosper, to its being ultimately incorporated as a religious fraternity. To this association he asked that a district on the mainland, extending a thousand¹ leagues along the coast, should be assigned, in consideration of a yearly tribute to the Crown; and he stipulated that, in order to guard against the contagion of evil example and the other ills under which the good name of Christianity had been dishonoured by Europeans in the eyes of the natives, the district should be shut against all Europeans, with the exception of the members of the fraternity; and one of the objects of enforcing a distinctive costume was to distinguish this band in the eyes of the Indians from all other Spaniards whom they had ever seen before. They were to labour for the conversion of the Indians, and to carry a friendly message to them from the King; they were to be accompanied by twelve priests, Franciscans and Dominicans; and it was to be expressly provided that neither then, nor at any later time, should the Indians, within the limits appointed, be given to Spaniards, whether as *repartimiento* or any other form of slavery. But in this scheme, as in

¹ The limit eventually fixed was two hundred and sixty leagues.

the last which the Clerigo had proposed, liberty was given to the fifty members to import a hundred and fifty negro slaves, one half men, the other women, which number might be increased to five hundred, if it should so seem expedient to the Clerigo. In a word, the plan, omitting the provisions for negro labour, bore a strong resemblance in its leading features to that of the celebrated *reducciones* of the Jesuits of Paraguay; and it is particularly to be observed that the very regulation which, during the height of the anti-Jesuit crusade, was represented in so invidious a light against the society—that by which the territory was kept shut against all other Europeans and against the questionable example of their lives and character,—was one of those upon which Las Casas insisted most strongly, as indispensable for the success of the gospel among the native population. It is further worthy of note that Las Casas asked nothing for himself, and in no way provided for his own interest or ambition.

The scheme was approved of by the Flemings, and by the new Grand Chancellor, Arborio de Gattinara, who had succeeded on the death of Salvage. By their advice it was laid before the Indian council. There it met with the strong disfavour of Las Casas's old antagonist, the Bishop of Burgos; but he combated it less by open opposition than by delay. In this way, however, he managed no less effectually to baffle the design of the Clerigo.

Las Casas encountered the Bishop with his own weapon of indirect warfare. Finding himself powerless in the Indian council, he enlisted on his side the sympathies of the eight royal preachers and of other eminent ecclesiastics, one of whom is said by Las Casas to have been a venerable monk from Picardy, a brother of the Queen of Scotland,¹ who had been a missionary in the Indies, and was able to speak from personal knowledge of the wrongs of the native population. The course taken by the royal preachers is not uncharacteristic of the age. Having first discussed among themselves, and been satisfied of the enormity of the evils of the Indies, they drew up a plan for their redress, and bound themselves by oath not

¹ We have sought in vain to verify this statement, having failed to discover any brother of any of the queens of Scotland about this period who entered into the Franciscan order. On referring to Wadding's *Annales Fratrum minorum*, we find the same individual described as '*fratrem germanum regis Scotiæ*' (vol. xvi. p. 21). But even on this supposition the difficulty seems equally insoluble. A brother of the royal house of Scotland, who in 1517 was a *viejo muy cano*, could only be the son of James II.—hardly possibly of James III. But even supposing the latter, neither of these kings had any son who entered the Franciscan order. Las Casas, however, only mentions the circumstance as a thing commonly said—*segun se decia*.

to be deterred by fear or influence from seeking its accomplishment. They resolved that they would first admonish the council of the Indies ; failing this, they would go to the Chancellor ; should he not take the initiative, they would address themselves to Monsieur Chievres ; if he too were unmoved, they would appeal to the King in person ; and if all these failed to provide a remedy, they would preach publicly against the neglect of duty by all these men, powerful as they were, not sparing even the King himself. This resolution they committed to writing, and each having subscribed it with his name, they swore solemnly upon the cross and the book of the Gospels to carry out their resolve.

The Indian council contrived to checkmate them at their very first move. Their memorial never went beyond the first stage of the contemplated procedure. When presented to the council, it was received courteously, and even with somewhat of approval. But the old policy of delay was again effectually applied.

Las Casas, however, had not relied exclusively upon the royal preachers. He vigorously pressed forward his own plan of a separate colony ; and in the end he succeeded in getting the King to appoint a special council to judge between him and the council of the Indies, Las Casas himself being permitted to name some of the members. It was in vain that Fonseca resorted to the old expedient of procrastination. When summoned to a meeting of this special council he shammed sickness as an excuse for non-attendance. Again he was summoned, this time to a council the object of which was not specified ; but to his chagrin he discovered, on presenting himself, that it was for the very discussion which he had determined to evade ; and he had the mortification to find that the council adopted by a majority of voices the proposal of Las Casas, and ordered that the territory should be assigned for his experimental colony.

Fonseca's expedients were not yet exhausted. He set on another company, at the head of which was the historian Oviedo, to offer for the territory a much higher yearly revenue than that proposed by Las Casas. The council were summoned again to consider both proposals. Las Casas appeared in person, and a most exciting scene ensued :—

“Las Casas spoke out very boldly before it ; and, in the course of the proceedings, Antonio de Fonseca, the brother of the Bishop of Burgos, a man of great authority, thus addressed Las Casas, interrupting him probably in the midst of some statement : ‘You cannot now say that the members of the Indian Council have been the death of the Indians, for you have taken all their Indians away.’ He alluded to the order issued by Ximenes, that the Indians should be

taken away from absentee proprietors, amongst whom were members of the Council. Las Casas replied—‘My Lord, their Lordships have not been the death of all the Indians, but they have been the death of immense numbers where they possessed them: the principal destruction, however, of the Indians has been effected by private persons, which destruction their Lordships have abetted.’

“The Bishop in a furious manner then broke into the discussion with these words: ‘A fortunate man, indeed, is he who is of the Council of the King, if, being of the Council of the King, he is to put himself in contest with Casas.’ To this unmannerly speech the Clerigo replied with much readiness and dignity: ‘A more fortunate man is Casas, if, having come from the Indies two thousand leagues, encountering such risks and dangers, to advise the King and his Council, in order that they might not lose their souls (*que no se vayan a los Infierros*) on account of the tyranny and destruction which is going on in the Indies, in place of being thanked and honoured for it, he should have to put himself in contest with the Council.’”

The majority of votes was again found to be in favour of Las Casas. But the Indian council still continued obdurate. They drew up a lengthened memorial against Las Casas, which they presented to the Chancellor. It was laid before the council, and Gattinara informed the Clerigo that he must put in a reply. But the council refused on various pretences to place the memorial in his hands for the purpose. Months of delay were thus entailed:—

“Months were wasted about this trumpery affair, which may give us some notion of the perseverance and endurance of the Protector of the Indians. At last the Chancellor got the memorial into his hands. He then invited Las Casas to dinner, and afterwards, taking out of his escritorio a large bundle of papers, he said to the Clerigo, ‘Answer now to these things they say against you.’ Las Casas replied, that the Council of the Indies had been months preparing this accusation, ‘and I have to answer them in a *credo*. Give me the papers for as many hours as they had months, and your Lordship shall see that I will answer them.’ The Chancellor said, that he could not part with the papers, as he had promised he would not let them go out of his possession, but Las Casas might answer them there. So, of an evening, while the Chancellor was at his work, the Clerigo came, and sat in a corner of the room, and drew up his reply. Chancellors, even in those days, seem to have been greatly overworked; but, indeed, this has always been the case, that the work of the world, of all kinds, gets into knots, as it were; and one man is often left to do the work of six men, who, with infinite dissatisfaction to themselves, are looking on and noting how ill the work is done. At eleven o’clock, a collation was always brought in; at twelve, the Clerigo took his leave, and went home to his *posada*, not without some fear of what might happen to him on the way from such powerful enemies as were ranged against him. In four evenings Las Casas had prepared his reply.

"The Chancellor then summoned a Council, and laid the reply before them. It seems to have been successful, for all the Bishop of Burgos could say against it was, 'The preachers of the King have made these answers for him.' This, of course, the Chancellor knew to be false. He reported to the King the whole course of the proceedings; and his Highness ordered that Micer Bartolomé should have the grant, and that no notice should be taken of the offers of those who wished to outbid him."

Notwithstanding this seemingly conclusive decision another "terrible combat" still awaited him; but we must pass it by, although it is eminently characteristic of the man. The concession remained undisturbed. On May 19, 1520, the King signed the necessary deed previous to his departure to Flanders; and it somewhat relieves the dark shadows of the character of the Bishop of Burgos, that, although by the departure of most of Las Casas's friends in the King's train, he was left in a great degree at the mercy of the Bishop for the details of the arrangement, yet everything regarding the settlement was facilitated, and all further opposition was withdrawn.

The plan of Las Casas was variously criticised. The opposition hitherto described arose for the most part from the very lowest and most unworthy motives. Others condemned it from the higher ground of spirituality. Among them was an old friend, a distinguished licentiate called Aguirre, whom Queen Isabella had trusted most highly, and had appointed one of her executors. Las Casas's answer to his friend places in a very striking light the mingled shrewdness and simplicity of his character:—

"This man had always loved and favoured Las Casas, but when he found that the Clerigo was pursuing an enterprise in which Aguirre heard of rents being paid to the King, and of honours being sought for by Las Casas on behalf of his companions, the licentiate said 'that such a manner of proceeding in preaching the gospel had scandalized him, for it evinced an aiming after temporal interests, which he had never hitherto suspected in the Clerigo.'

"Las Casas, having heard what Aguirre had said, took occasion to speak to him one day in the following terms: 'Señor, if you were to see our Lord Jesus Christ maltreated, vituperated, and afflicted, would you not implore with all your might that those who had him in their power would give him to you, that you might serve and worship him?' 'Yes,' said Aguirre. 'Then,' replied Las Casas, 'if they would not give him to you, but would sell him, would you redeem him?' 'Without a doubt.' 'Well, then, Señor,' rejoined Las Casas, 'that is what I have done, for I have left in the Indies Jesus Christ, our Lord, suffering stripes, and afflictions, and crucifixion, not once but thousands of times, at the hands of the Spaniards, who destroy and desolate

those Indian nations, taking from them the opportunity of conversion and penitence, so that they die without faith and without sacraments.¹

"Then Las Casas went on to explain how he had sought to remedy these things in the way that Aguirre would most have approved. To this the answer had been, that the King would have no rents, wherefore, when he, Las Casas, saw that his opponents would sell him the gospel, he had offered those temporal inducements which Aguirre had heard of and disapproved.

"The licentiate considered this a sufficient answer, and so, I think, would any reasonable man."

The expedition sailed at last in 1520. But its arrival in the New World fell at a most unhappy conjuncture. A few years before, a company of missionary monks, Franciscans and Dominicans, had founded establishments on the Pearl Coast, on the mainland where Las Casas's grant lay. They had been eminently successful in attracting and converting the Indians, and had lived most happily with the natives, until a treacherous attack was made upon the little settlement by the Spanish pearl-fishers of the island of Cubagua, who seized and carried off a number of the Indians as slaves. It had unluckily happened, although the missionaries regarded this outrage with horror, that the suspicion of the Indians was turned upon the Dominicans, in consequence of the leader of the expedition having some time previously visited the convent; and a few Sundays afterwards, the Indians, in revenge for their supposed treachery, attacked the Fathers while celebrating mass in the little church, and slew several of them. The news of this violence had thrown the whole Spanish colony into excitement; and when Las Casas reached Porto Rico, the first intelligence which awaited him was that the *audiencia* at St. Domingo had prepared an expedition to avenge the outrage, and that Ocampo was actually on his way in command thereof. His dismay may be easily imagined. On Ocampo's arrival he showed him the powers which he held under the royal commission, and endeavoured to set aside, or at least to detain, an expedition which could not fail to defeat for ever the hopes of such a settlement as was contemplated under the royal grant. Ocampo respectfully pleaded that he was directly responsible to the *audiencia*, and could not receive orders from any other source. He continued his voyage; and Las Casas had no resource but to distribute his party for a time in threes and fours amongst the inhabitants of Porto Rico, and to proceed himself to St. Domingo. He was received coldly, but without open resistance. He required to have public proclamation made of his mission, and to have the fleet recalled, and the expedition withdrawn from the territory which had been assigned to him. The *audiencia* had no choice but to comply. But they con-

trived to thwart him effectually, although indirectly. Under pretence of concern for the lives of the King's subjects, the ship in which Las Casas had reached St. Domingo was submitted to an official survey; she was pronounced not alone unseaworthy, but incapable of being repaired; and Las Casas was thus condemned to sit still, while Ocampo's expedition carried destruction among his unhappy people, and the result of this expedition was first made known to him by the arrival of a consignment of Indian slaves at St. Domingo, the first fruit of the treachery and cruelty of Ocampo and his party!

Thus distracted between the consideration of two extreme evils, Las Casas was driven to an accommodation with the colonist party in Hispaniola, the terms of which are so much at variance with his habitual views, as to supply some measure of the embarrassment in which he found himself:—

“ They thought it better to come to terms with him, and for this purpose they devised a plan which would not only remedy the past, but from which they might hope for some profit in the future. This was to offer to become partners with Las Casas in working out his grant from the King. They sent for him and made their proposition. He listened favourably to their terms; and it was finally agreed that Las Casas should go to the territories assigned to him; and that the expedition which had been sent out under Ocampo should now be placed under the Clerigo's command. Accordingly, two vessels were fitted out for him, and well provisioned. Ocampo's expedition consisted of three hundred men: out of them Las Casas was to choose a hundred and twenty, who were to be paid wages: the rest were to be sent back.

“ This agreement between the authorities of St. Domingo and Las Casas took the form of a commercial speculation. There was to be a company, and the venture was to be divided into twenty-four shares. The King was to have six shares in the concern, the Clerigo and his Knights six shares, the Admiral three shares, the Auditors, the Treasurer, the Contador and other official people, each a share. The means of profit were to be found in pearl-fishing, exchanging trifling commodities for gold, and making slaves, which last was a great object, for the following reason. Many of the principal persons in St. Domingo had bands of slaves employed under mayordomos in the pearl fishery at Cubagua; and human life was swiftly exhausted in procuring these diseased productions then so highly valued—the water mines, if we may so call them, being quite as injurious to the delicate Indian as those on land. A constant supply of slaves on the spot where their services were most valuable, was much to be desired.

“ This last-mentioned means of profit was to be provided for in the following manner. Las Casas was to ascertain what Indians in those parts were cannibals, or would not be in amity or converse with the Spaniards, or would not receive the Faith and the preachers of it.

Upon his pronouncing against the natives of any province upon either of the above points, these people were to be attacked by the hundred and twenty men under Ocampo, and were to be made slaves. Anybody who hoped that Las Casas would so pronounce must, as he intimates, have been somewhat mistaken in their man.

"The whole of this business must have been exceedingly distasteful to Las Casas; but he saw no other way of accomplishing any part of his object, and prudently availed himself of this."

It was, accordingly, with all the unhappy prestiges of this Cubaguan outrage, and of the treachery and violence of Ocampo, that Las Casas landed at last on the mainland of America. The only hope of recovering the confidence of the unhappy natives was by the enforcement of the regulation, which had formed part of the original royal grant, for excluding all Spaniards from the colony. Now the Spaniards on the island of Cubagua had hitherto freely visited the mainland on the plea of getting fresh water, that of the island being reported unfit for use. Las Casas protested on his arrival against this infringement of the law, which had already had the effect of utterly demoralizing the natives. But he found himself powerless to prevent it. He remonstrated energetically with the *alcalde* of the island, but without effect; and in the end, as a last resource, he was prevailed on, against his own better judgment, to make a voyage to St. Domingo, in order to engage the authority of the *audiencia* to support him. His withdrawal from the district was the signal for an uprising of the Indians, and almost as soon as he reached St. Domingo, he received the news of the breaking up and all but total extermination of his colony.

This was a crushing blow. His first impulse was to return once more to Spain, and appeal anew to those who alone had power to counteract the fatal colonial influences by which, unless controlled from the Supreme Government, every measure for the protection of the natives, however wisely and carefully devised, must be baffled and turned to evil. But his resources had long been exhausted, and he neither possessed, nor was able, in this crisis of his unpopularity heightened by failure, to command the means necessary for the cost of the home voyage. He was forced, therefore, to be content with an appeal in writing, addressed to the King, to Cardinal Adrian of Utrecht, who at this time (although Las Casas was unaware of it) had been elevated to the Papacy, and to the other ministers who had heretofore shared and supported his views. Meanwhile, he was received with ready hospitality by the Fathers of the Dominican convent of St. Domingo.

From the date of this crowning misfortune, we are for a long period without any detailed account of his proceedings. It would seem that sickness for a time was added to the

other depressing influences which bore him down, and that now, if ever in his eventful life, his resolute spirit gave way. All we know is that, in the interval of suspense, while he was awaiting the reply to his letters, he "began to ponder more frequently upon his state," and held much converse with the Fathers of the community, especially with a certain Father Betanzos, whom he had known for many years,—“a grey-haired young man, grey from his terrible penance in other lands,” who was afterwards a most prominent figure in the history of the New World; and the result was that, after much deliberation, he received the Dominican tonsure and habit in 1522. And thus, when the returning fleet brought back from the court and even from the Vatican kindly letters of encouragement and promise, the Protector of the Indies was already committed to the silence and abstraction of the novitiate, from which he emerged at the regular period, only to pursue, for a long series of years, the routine of the monastic life, diversified by study, and probably by the preparation of that History of the Indies on which all the historians of the New World have drawn so largely for their materials.

The precise time and occasion of his re-entrance into active life are obscure and doubtful. He is supposed to have been aroused into his old activity by the news of a rebellion in Hispaniola, and of the horrors which accompanied its repression; and Mr. Helps gives credit to a statement (which, however, does not appear very definite) of his having gone once more to the Spanish court in 1530. There is also reason to believe that shortly before Pizarro's second expedition to Peru, Las Casas procured a royal decree prohibiting the Spaniards to reduce the Peruvians to slavery, and travelled in person to Peru to deliver the order into the hands of the commander.

It was not, however, until 1531, that Las Casas re-entered in a regular and permanent way upon his old career as missionary and protector of the Indians. At the invitation of the Bishop of Nicaragua, he, in company with his brother Dominicans, established a convent of their order at Leon, the chief Spanish town of the province. In 1534 he made, or rather attempted, a second voyage to Peru; and about the same time, or probably a year or two later, he again returned to Spain. The great object to which he now was compelled to address himself was rather the prevention of individual acts or enterprises of atrocity, than any of the general schemes for securing the liberties and persons of the Indians, in which he had so frequently been baffled by the ingenious obstinacy of his interested antagonists. The most unbridled license was practised with impunity. Out of a body of four thousand natives impressed in this very province of Nicaragua to carry burdens for an expedition, only si

survived the hideous cruelties to which they were subjected and Las Casas mentions that when one of the Indians fell sick and weary on the march, and was no longer able to keep pace with his fellows, the quick way of getting free the chain by which the gang were bound together, was to cut off the head of the broken-down sufferer, and thus disengage him from the party !

In many of these atrocities the most revolting circumstance is the entirely gratuitous and objectless cruelty :—

“ There was a certain man named Juan Bono, and he was employed by the members of the *audiencia* of St. Domingo to go and obtain Indians. He and his men, to the number of fifty or sixty, landed on the island of Trinidad. Now the Indians of Trinidad were a mild, loving, credulous race, the enemies of the Caribs who ate human flesh. On Juan Bono's landing, the Indians, armed with bows and arrows, went to meet the Spaniards, and to ask them who they were, and what they wanted. Juan Bono replied, that his crew were good and peaceful people, who had come to live with the Indians ; upon which, as the commencement of good fellowship, the natives offered to build houses for the Spaniards. The Spanish captain expressed a wish to have one large house built. The accommodating Indians set about building it. It was to be in the form of a bell, and to be large enough for a hundred persons to live in. On any great occasion it would hold many more. Every day, while this house was being built, the Spaniards were fed with fish, bread, and fruit by their good-natured hosts. Juan Bono was very anxious to see the roof on, and the Indians continued to work at the building with alacrity. At last it was completed, being two storeys high, and so constructed that those within could not see those without. Upon a certain day Juan Bono collected the Indians together, men, women, and children, in the building, to see, as he told them, ‘ what was to be done.’ Whether they thought they were coming to some festival, or that they were to do something more for the great house, does not appear. However, there they all were, four hundred of them, looking with much delight at their own handiwork. Meanwhile, Juan Bono brought his men round the building, with drawn swords in their hands : then, having thoroughly entrapped his Indian friends, he entered with a party of armed men, and bade the Indians keep still, or he would kill them. They did not listen to him, but rushed against the door. A horrible massacre ensued. Some of the Indians forced their way out, but many of them, stupefied at what they saw, and losing heart, were captured and bound. A hundred, however, escaped, and, snatching up their arms, assembled in one of their own houses, and prepared to defend themselves. Juan Bono summoned them to surrender : they would not hear of it ; and then, as Las Casas says, ‘ he resolved to pay them completely for the hospitality and kind treatment he had received,’ and so, setting fire to the house, the whole hundred men, together with some women and children, were burnt alive. The Spanish captain and his men retired to the ships with their captives :

and his vessel happening to touch at Porto Rico when the Jeronimite Fathers were there, gave occasion to Las Casas to complain of this proceeding to the Fathers, who, however, did nothing in the way of remedy or punishment. The reader will be surprised to hear the Clerigo's authority for this deplorable narrative. It is Juan Bono himself. 'From his own mouth I heard that which I write. Juan Bono acknowledged that never in his life had he met with the kindness of father and mother but in the island of Trinidad. "Well, then, man of perdition, why did you reward them with such ungrateful wickedness and cruelty?" "On my faith, Padre, because they (he meant the auditors) gave me for destruction (he meant *instruction*) to take them in peace if I could not by war.'"

And Las Casas describes another scene, of which, early in his career, he himself was witness, which is hardly less explicable on any intelligent principle of human action:—

"In the morning of the day on which the Spaniards under Narvaez and Las Casas, amounting to about a hundred men, arrived at Caonoa, they stopped to breakfast in the dry bed of a stream where there were many stones suitable for grindstones; and they all took the opportunity of sharpening their swords. From thence a wide and arid plain led them to Caonoa. They would have suffered terribly from thirst, but that some Indians kindly brought them water on the road. At last they reached Caonoa at the time of vespers. Here they halted. The chief population of this Indian town and the vicinity were assembled together in one spot, sitting on the ground, and gazing, no doubt with wonder, at the horses of the Spaniards. Apart, in a large hut, were five hundred of the natives, who, being more timid than the others, were content to prepare victuals for their visitors, but declined any nearer approaches. The Spaniards had with them about a thousand of their own Indian attendants. The Clerigo was preparing for the division of the rations amongst the men, when suddenly a Spaniard, prompted, as was thought, by the Devil, drew his sword: the rest drew theirs; and immediately they all began to hack and hew the poor Indians, who were sitting quietly near them, and offering no more resistance than so many sheep. At the precise moment when the massacre began, the Clerigo was in the apartment where the Spaniards were to sleep for the night. He had five Spaniards with him: some Indians who had brought the baggage were lying on the ground sunk in fatigue. The five Spaniards hearing the blows of the swords of their comrades without, immediately fell upon the Indians who had brought the baggage. Las Casas, however, was enabled to prevent that slaughter, and the five Spaniards rushed out to join their comrades. The Clerigo went also, and, to his grief and horror, saw heaps of dead bodies already strewed about, 'like sheaves of corn,' waiting to be gathered up. 'What think you these Spaniards have been doing?' exclaimed Narvaez to Las Casas; and Las Casas replied, 'I commend both you and them to the Devil.' The Clerigo did not stop, however, to bandy words with the Commander, but rushed hither and thither endeavouring to prevent the indiscriminate slaughter which was g

on, of men, women, and children. Then he entered the great hut, where he found that many Indians had already been slaughtered, but some had escaped by the pillars and the woodwork, and were up aloft. To them he exclaimed, 'Fear not, there shall be no more slaughter—no more;' upon which, one of them, a young man of five-and-twenty, trusting to these words, came down. But, as Las Casas justly says, the Clerigo could not be in all places at once, and, as it happened, he left this hut directly, indeed, before the poor young man got down, upon which a Spaniard drew a short sword, and ran the Indian through the body. Las Casas was back in time to afford the last rites of the Church to the dying youth. To see the fearful wounds that were made, it seemed, the historian says, as if the Devil had guided the men that day to those stones in the dry bed of the river.

"When inquiry was made as to who had been the author of this massacre, no one replied. This shows how causeless the massacre was, for if there had been any good reason for it, the Spaniard who first drew his sword would have justified himself, and perhaps claimed merit for the action. It may have been panic in this one man; it may have been momentary madness, for such things are taken much less into account than is requisite; but, whatever the cause, the whole transaction shows the conduct of the Spaniards towards the Indians in a most unfavourable light."

Goaded to madness by their sufferings, it could hardly be hoped that the Indians should not prefer any conceivable position, however full of privation, to a condition of dependence upon the lawless race whose progress in the world could be tracked by a series of such enormities. There was a province called Tuzulutlan, bordering upon Guatemala, in which dread of the Spaniards, and a resolute spirit of resistance to their admission, prevailed in so remarkable a degree, that among the Spanish inhabitants of Guatemala it was known by the ill name *Tierra de Guerra*, "Land of War." The people of this land were "a phantom of terror" to the Spaniards. Three several times had the latter attempted to penetrate it; thrice had they returned miserably foiled (*las manos en la cubeca*, "with their hands to their heads"). It would be difficult to imagine a more unpromising field for missionary enterprise. But its very difficulty gave it value in the eyes of Las Casas and his brethren, who accepted it as a crucial test of the possibility of succeeding by peaceful and Christian measures where force had proved utterly unsuccessful. The experiment was made the subject of a very curious contract, dated May 2, 1537, the terms of which Las Casas has preserved, between the Deputy-Governor and the missionaries; in which the former distinctly admits the ferocity of the tribe, and their impracticability under the hands of the Spaniards, and engages that, if the monks shall succeed in bringing the district into conditions of peace and of

submission to the King, the province shall be reserved as a domain in chief of the Crown, and shall not be let in *encomienda* to any private Spaniard, nor shall any Spaniard, except the Governor himself, be permitted to enter the province for four years after the date of its conversion.

The plan of Las Casas and his religious brethren is detailed minutely, and illustrates very remarkably the spirit of the men and of the age. After several days spent in prayer, fasting, and other ascetic exercises, they prepared with great care a series of verses in the Quiché language, explanatory of the great doctrines of Christianity,—the creation, the fall of man, his banishment from Paradise, and the promise of his future redemption; next the birth of Christ, His life and miracles, His passion and death, His resurrection, and His future coming as judge, to reward the good and punish the wicked. Having arranged these verses in *coplas* after the Castillian mode, they set them to music suitable to the Indian instruments; and lastly, they trained four Indian merchants, who, as traders with the natives, had free access even to this dreaded land, to recite these verses and chant them to the accompaniment of the rude instruments of the Indians. This preparatory process occupied three months. Mr. Helps shall narrate the rest:—

"The merchants were received, as was the custom in a country without inns, into the palace of the cacique, where they met with a better reception than usual, being enabled to make him presents of these new things from Castille. They then set up their tent, and began to sell their goods as they were wont to do, their customers thronging about them to see the Spanish novelties. When the sale was over for that day, the chief men amongst the Indians remained with the cacique, to do him honour. In the evening, the merchants asked for a '*teplanastle*,' an instrument of music which we may suppose to have been the same as the Mexican *teponaztli*, or drum. They then produced some timbrels and bells, which they had brought with them, and began to sing the verses which they had learned by heart, accompanying themselves on the musical instruments. The effect produced was very great. The sudden change of character, not often made, from a merchant to a priest, at once arrested the attention of the assemblage. Then, if the music was beyond anything that these Indians had heard, the words were still more extraordinary; for the good fathers had not hesitated to put into their verses the questionable assertion that idols were demons, and the certain fact that human sacrifices were abominable. The main body of the audience was delighted, and pronounced these merchants to be ambassadors from new gods.

"The cacique, with the caution of a man in authority, suspended his judgment until he had heard more of the matter. The next day, and for seven succeeding days, this sermon in song was repeated. In public and in private, the person who insisted most on this repetition was the cacique; and he expressed a wish to fathom the matter, and

to know the origin and meaning of these things. The prudent merchants replied, that they only sang what they had heard; that it was not their business to explain these verses, for that office belonged to certain *padres*, who instructed the people. 'And who are *padres*?' asked the chief. In answer to this question, the merchants painted pictures of the Dominican monks, in their robes of black and white, and with their tonsured heads. The merchants then described the lives of these *padres*; how they did not eat meat, and how they did not desire gold, or feathers, or cocoa; that they were not married, and had no communication with women; that night and day they sang the praises of God; and that they knelt before very beautiful images. Such were the persons, the merchants said, who could and would explain these couplets: they were such good people, and so ready to teach, that if the cacique were to send for them, they would most willingly come.

"The Indian chief resolved to see and hear these marvellous men in black and white, with their hair in the form of a garland, who were so different from other men; and for this purpose, when the merchants returned, he sent in company with them a brother of his, a young man twenty-two years of age, who was to invite the Dominicans to visit his brother's country, and to carry them presents. The cautious cacique instructed his brother to look well to the ways of these *padres*, to observe whether they had gold and silver like the other Christians, and whether there were women in their houses. These instructions having been given, and his brother having taken his departure, the cacique made large offerings of incense and great sacrifices to his idols for the success of the embassy.

"On the arrival of this company at Santiago, Las Casas and the Dominican monks received the young Indian chief with every demonstration of welcome: and it need hardly be said with what joy they heard from the merchants who accompanied him of the success of their mission."

In this way an entrance was effected, and under the gentle and dexterous management of these devoted men, all the rest followed so easily, as to demonstrate in the eyes of the most obdurate the theory for which Las Casas had all along contended—the practicability of "bringing the Indians to the true faith by words only and sacred exhortations."

It was at this period, too, that he found for the first time, in the comparatively favourable circumstances of the mission which the Dominican Fathers had established, and which was little exposed to the disturbing and corrupting influence of contact with the main body of the colonists, an opportunity of reducing to practice his plans for the civilisation of the Indians, and for their moral and social elevation towards the level of European life and usages. Within a comparatively short time he succeeded, first by exciting curiosity and creating an interest in the preparations for his scheme, and afterwards by rather permitting its advantages to be discovered by the Indians them-

selves than forcing them obtrusively on their notice, in weaning them from those of their customs which opposed the greatest practical obstacle to their instruction. The story is too long to be transferred to our pages; but we can refer with much satisfaction to Mr. Helps's account of the gradual formation of *pueblos* or villages, and of the steps by which the Indians were won over to abandon their nomadic life, and to come together into certain centres, where they might be within easy reach of the influences to which it was desired to subject them, and where the Fathers might be able to preach and teach, "not merely spiritual things, but manual arts, and even to instruct their flock in the elementary processes of washing and dressing" (p. 218).

This, indeed, appears to have been the happiest time of the good Father's life; and, in the midst of his success, he had the—for so good a son of the Church—inexpressible satisfaction and triumph of finding his views as to the treatment of the Indians, and his teaching as to their fitness and capacity, as well as readiness, to receive the Christian faith, confirmed by the highest authority of the Catholic Church. Two briefs, issued by Paul III. in June 1537, one addressed to the Bishop of Tlascala, and the other to the Archbishop of Toledo, proclaimed, in the most decisive terms, the aptness of the Indians to receive Christianity; denounced, in the same forcible language, the injustice of depriving them of their liberty or their property; and prohibited, under pain of excommunication, all attempts to reduce them to slavery. In a word, Las Casas at this period began to see his way to that happier state of things for which he had long been sighing, and which in truth became a reality under the later Jesuit missionaries in Paraguay. There only seemed to be needed a competent supply of missionaries, in order that the work of purification and conversion might, at least in the new districts, be fully and satisfactorily established.

With the view of supplying this want, Las Casas, now in his sixty-sixth year, cheerfully, in 1537, undertook once more the voyage to Spain, and speedily effected, with the superiors of his own and the Franciscan orders, the necessary arrangements for a reinforcement of the devoted band of labourers whom he had left behind; and we may infer, from the royal orders and letters issued at this time, how thoroughly the Emperor appreciated their services, and approved their views:—

"... There are a number of royal orders and letters, about this period, all bearing upon the conversion of the inhabitants of Tuzulutlan. There is an order sanctioning the promise which had been made on the Emperor's part, that no lay Spaniard should enter that province within five years, unless with the permission of the Dominican monks. There are letters, addressed, by command of the Em-

peror, to each of the principal caciques of 'the Land of War' who had favoured the Dominicans, in which letters Charles thanks them for what they had done, and charges them to continue in the same course. There are orders to the Governor of Guatemala to favour these caciques in their endeavours to help the Dominican monks, and instructions to the Governor of Mexico to allow Indians to be taken from that province by the Dominican monks, if they should find such Indians useful in their entry into Tuzulutlan. Music, the means by which Las Casas and his friends had accomplished so much good, was not forgotten; and the Emperor commands the head of the Franciscans in New Spain to allow some of the Indians who could play and sing church music in the monasteries of that order, to be taken by Las Casas into the province of Tuzulutlan. And, finally, there is a general order to the authorities in America to punish those who should transgress the provisions which had been made in favour of Las Casas and his Dominicans."

When the missionary party was in readiness to sail, an order came from the President of the Council to detain Las Casas, in order that he might assist at a commission which was about to be held concerning the government of the Indies. The Franciscan Fathers sailed for their destination in the beginning of 1541, but Las Casas and the Dominicans delayed their departure. Las Casas entered into the project of reform with his characteristic energy. It was now that he wrote his well-known work on *The Destruction of the Indies*, and the practical deductions from the facts therein detailed which are embodied in his memorial entitled *Veynte Razones*; ¹ and it is to the labours of this commission, inspired by his energy, and directed by his practical experience, that the natives of Spanish America owe the code of laws which, although revoked before long, has yet, by the spirit which it embodied and the ideal which it set up, been the great safeguard against the utter ruin which has fallen upon the native races elsewhere throughout the New World—the code known as the *Nuevas Leyes*.

In the preparation of these laws, Las Casas, although he would have desired much more had he been free to follow his own views, took a principal part. In 1543, when this work was completed, and when he was about to take his leave in order to return to the scene of his labours, he was surprised by an offer from the Emperor, of the wealthy bishopric of Cuzco, capital of the province of New Toledo. Las Casas declined it without hesitation, and resolved to persevere to the end in the career which he had chosen as a humble labourer in the work of the mission. But before the time fixed for his departure arrived, news reached Spain of the death of another bishop who had just been named to the newly-founded see of Chiapa, and had died while on his

¹ "Veynte Razones, por las quales prueba no deverse dar los Indios a los Españoles en Encomienda no in Feudo."

way to take possession of the bishopric. It was now represented to Las Casas that the charge of a purely native missionary bishopric like Chiapa would be in fact the most perfect realization of the career which he had always desired ; and that, as the see was remote from the seat of government, it would be necessary that the new bishop should be one capable of looking effectively to the administration of the new laws. Las Casas felt that he ought not to resist any longer ; and in deference to the advice of the superiors of his own order, no less than to the earnest representations of the Indian council, he consented to accept it, and, having been consecrated at Seville, he set out for his new bishopric on Wednesday, July 4, 1544.

This was the turning-point in his public life. To the *encomienderos* of the Indies his appointment to a bishopric was an open declaration of war, and from the first he was received by them with sullen discontent, which gradually warmed into undisguised hostility.

Personally, the change of his rank affected him little :—

“ His dress was that of a simple monk, often torn and patched. He ate no meat himself, though it was provided for the clergy who sat at table with him. There was no plate to be seen in his house, nothing but earthenware ; and in all respects his household was maintained in the simplest manner. He had lost all his books, which had been on board a vessel that had sunk in Campeachy Bay. This was a great grief to the good bishop, who, amidst all his other labours, was a diligent student, giving especial attention to the voluminous works of Thomas Aquinas, which were a needful armoury to all those who had any controversy to maintain in that age.

“ It was only at rare intervals that Las Casas achieved success, or knew happiness ; and the sufferings of the Indians oppressed his soul here, in Chiapa, as they had done in other parts of the New World. The members of his household could often hear him sighing and groaning in his own room at night. His grief used to reach its height when some poor Indian woman would come to him, and, throwing herself at his feet, exclaim, with tears, ‘ My father, great lord, I am free. Look at me ; I have no mark of the brand on my face ; and yet I have been sold for a slave. Defend me, you, who are our father.’ ”

It was not in the nature of Las Casas to remain passive. Supported in his own strong conviction by the authority of the Papal pronouncements already mentioned, he resolved to enforce by spiritual penalties the new laws under which he had accepted his episcopal trust ; and he took the decisive measure of forbidding that absolution should be given to any one holding slaves contrary to the provisions of these laws.

This bold, but in Las Casas thoroughly natural and consistent course, brought on the crisis :—

“ There was nothing that the Spaniards in Ciudad Real did not r

and do to molest the bishop. They called him a 'Bachelor by the Tiles;' a phrase of that time, signifying one who had not been a regular student of theology, who had entered by the roof, and not by the door. They made verses upon him, of an opprobrious kind, which the children sang in the streets. An arquebuse, without ball, was discharged at his window, to alarm him. His dean would not obey him, and gave absolution to some persons who notoriously had Indians for slaves. The Dominican monks partook of the unpopularity of the bishop. Finally, Las Casas resolved to seek redress, not for his own wrongs, but for those of his Indian flock, from the Royal *Audiencia* of the Confines; and he made a journey to Honduras for that purpose. There is a letter of his, dated the 22d of October 1545, addressed to that *audiencia*, in which he threatened the Auditors with excommunication unless they should provide a remedy for the evils which existed in his diocese. When he appeared before them, the president, far from listening favourably to the protestations of Las Casas, poured forth a torrent of abuse upon him: 'You are a scoundrel, a bad man, a bad monk, a bad bishop, a shameless fellow; and you deserve to be chastised.' 'I do deserve all that your lordship says,' Las Casas replied. The bishop said this ironically, recollecting how much he had laboured to obtain for this jungle his place."

The history of the contest which ensued would be too long to be inserted here—the result of this appeal to the *audiencia*; the delegation of an auditor to examine into the matter on the spot; the formal conflict of Las Casas with the people of Ciudad Real; the synod of bishops at Mexico; and the decrees of Las Casas's separate junta, declaring that the Spaniards who made slaves were "tyrants," that such slaves were to be considered as illegally made, and that all who possessed slaves were bound in conscience to liberate them. His struggle was a bold and earnest one, but it was unsuccessful. The time was once again singularly unfavourable for Las Casas. It was just the height of Gonzalo Pizarro's rebellion in Peru, and the resistance to the New Laws was so powerful and so determined that the Emperor was forced to revoke them. Las Casas felt that to contend further would be only to compromise the interests which he should appear to maintain. He saw, moreover, that his relations of antagonism with the *encomiendas* party made success doubly difficult for him, or rather that his presence even acted as an incentive to resistance. He resolved, therefore, to withdraw from a position which from the first with reluctance he had accepted. He decided accordingly not to return to his diocese after the Mexican synod; nominated a vicar-general; appointed confessors for the diocese, laying down, in twelve rules, the conditions upon which they were to give absolution; and trusting to the presence of so many of his own brethren in the province, as some assurance that the spirit of his mission would still be maintained, he returned to Spain in 1547, and resigned his bishopric.

But not even with this formal withdrawal from the episcopal office did his interest in Indian affairs, or his active connexion with them, terminate. His return to Spain fell in exactly with the controversy regarding Sepulveda's well-known work *Democrates Secundus, sive de Justis Belli Causis*, in which the writer maintained the right of the Pope and the Kings of Spain to subdue by war the natives of the New World, and to compel them by force of arms to receive the gospel and to obey the laws of nature. Sepulveda openly declared that more could be effected in a month by conquest than by mere preaching in a hundred years.

A doctrine so revolting to every instinct of Las Casas, and so at variance with every incident of his life, could not fail to arouse him to activity: and especially when, after the publication of Sepulveda's work had been arrested in Spain, an "Apology" of the work had been printed in Latin at Rome, and afterwards in Spain, in a Spanish translation. The controversy which ensued is one of the most curious upon record. It was conducted in the way of a disputation, held in the presence of a junta convened by Charles v. at Valladolid, and consisting of the members of the Indian Council and several theologians and learned men, numbering in all fourteen. Sepulveda opened the discussion by a lengthened statement. Las Casas replied by reading, in five consecutive days, his work entitled *Historia Apologetica*. The case on either side was then summed up in a most masterly manner by the celebrated Domingo de Soto, confessor of the Emperor, and one of the most eminent of the theologians of Spain, whom Hallam describes as "always inflexibly on the side of right." This summary was first submitted to Sepulveda, who delivered, in presence of the junta, a formal reply to Las Casas, drawn up in the form of twelve distinct objections. To these objections Las Casas in turn rejoined. No formal verdict was delivered by the members of the Council; but the proceedings were ultimately published.¹

At this time Las Casas had reached his seventy-seventh year, and the reader even of the meagre outline of the controversy to which Mr. Helps's limits of necessity confine him, will be amazed by the vigour which he still exhibited at so advanced a period of life, and after a career of such labour and anxiety. And his career of useful and energetic action was far from terminating here. He fixed his residence in the Dominican College of St. Gregory at Valladolid, and the energy which had hitherto found its vent in action was now transferred to his pen. He laboured indefatigably at the work undertaken during the first years of his conventual life, the *History of the Indies*. The conclud-

¹ It was published in 1552, and will well repay perusal. It occupies about 140 quarto pages.

ing sentences of it record that he was still engaged upon the task in the year 1561, the eighty-seventh of his age. His treatise on Peru, in Mr. Helps's opinion the most successful effort of his pen, was written in 1564, when he was ninety years old. And although his time was chiefly devoted to these literary labours, yet, even in his extreme old age, he was always ready to work on behalf of the cause he loved so well, whenever occasion of danger might seem to arise. In 1555, soon after the accession of Philip II., a suggestion was made to the King to relieve the embarrassment of the national finance by selling the claim of the Crown to the reversion of the *encomiendas*. This measure, at the sacrifice of the liberties of the natives, would have produced an enormous increase of revenue. Las Casas wrote against it with all his ancient fire and resolution. The dying Emperor, Charles V., from his retreat at Yuste, joined in the same protest, and the project was abandoned. Even so late as 1566, when Las Casas learned from the Dominican Fathers at Guatemala that the *audiencia* of that province had been suppressed, foreseeing that the natives must thus lose all chance of justice, as it would be necessary for them, in case of oppression, to undertake the long journey to Mexico in order to seek redress, the veteran of ninety-two years, without a day's delay, set out to Madrid, represented to the King and Council the evil results of the suppression of the local *audiencia*, and had the satisfaction to obtain the assurance of its revocation.

This success appears as it were the *Nunc dimittis* of the Protector of the Indies. Las Casas never returned to his convent at Valladolid. Within a few weeks he fell ill at Madrid, and after a brief illness died at the convent of Atocha, in July 1566, having reached the patriarchal age of ninety-two years.

Like all earnest workers in a cause which involves important interests, Las Casas encountered during life the angry hostility of those whose interests were bound up with the profitable abuses for which it was his object to find a remedy; and thus among his contemporaries his character has been represented in the most contradictory lights. The same diversity, although by no means expressed with the same bitterness, exists in the judgment of later historians. He has been taxed by some with indiscretion, intemperate zeal, overbearing violence of temper, impatience of opposition, and blind and uncompromising spirit of party. Much of this unfavourable judgment has been revived by a late writer on the history of the conquest of America—Mr. Wilson; and although the avowed purpose of his book is to vindicate Las Casas's substantial accuracy in another point of view, the picture which he draws of the Protector of the Indies himself is singularly unamiable. He regards him as a "well-meaning enthusiast," but "blindly zealous" (p. 281), and

represents "his zeal as constantly outrunning his judgment" (p. 437). Mr. Helps may perhaps be said to fall into the opposite extreme, and to be too reluctant to acknowledge in the conduct of Las Casas any failure, even upon the score of over-impetuous enthusiasm. Prescott's estimate of his character is on the whole more calm, and will be more readily accepted. The devotion and admiration which even the warmest admirers of the great philanthropist must entertain towards his memory will scarcely be less tender for the acknowledgment, that with all his great and generous qualities he was not entirely without failing; in a word, that although a noble and devoted champion of a sacred cause, he was yet a man. And, at all events, no doubt has ever been entertained of the greatness of his qualities and the nobleness of his views. His energy was almost super-human. The mere bodily fatigue which he underwent, and which he continued to an extreme old age to endure without a murmur, is almost without example. He crossed the ocean twelve times; he traversed every then known region of America and the islands; he made repeated journeys from Spain to Flanders and Germany to see the Emperor on the affairs of his mission; his literary labours would have been remarkable even in a scholar who had no calling outside of the halls of his college or the quiet of his private study; and he had the gift which belongs to most energetic natures, of infusing his own energy into all with whom he was thrown into contact in the progress of his all-absorbing enterprise. Nay, there is something of the greatness of his own mind and the fervour of his own spirit in the very opposition which he provoked, and in the controversies by which his life was almost unceasingly agitated.

He was doomed to experience much bitterness and to encounter many disappointments; and in the end he was driven by the force of circumstances to retire from the struggle, with the painful consciousness that much of the evil against which he had contended still remained unabated. It is idle at this distance of time to speculate what might have been the fate of the Indies had Ximenes lived, and had the policy which that great minister embraced, at the dictation of Las Casas, been carried out with his characteristic energy. We only know that another policy triumphed. But no one can doubt that while the persistent opposition offered by Las Casas to that unhappily triumphant policy failed in much, yet in much also was it effective for good. It is difficult to estimate what amount of the destruction of the native races is due to the cruel treatment which Las Casas denounced, and how much to the altered condition of things, to the ravages of disease, and to other causes placed beyond ordinary control. Unhappily, with our own disgraceful memories of the fate of those aboriginal rac

with which our colonial enterprises have brought us into contact, we cannot afford to judge too severely even the worst pages of Spanish colonial history. The feeble races, as in Australia and Tasmania, have literally withered away before our footsteps. The fiercer and more vigorous, as in New Zealand and Caffraria, and in part in Canada, have either been exterminated or driven into jealous isolation; and in no case whatever have we succeeded in effecting even the semblance, we do not say of fusion, but even of a common and neutral occupation of the land. But whatever we are to regard as the explanation of the result, it is undeniable that, of all the colonists of the New World, the Spaniards, with all the crimes against the native races for which even they must be held responsible, are those whose destructive influence appears at the end of four centuries to have told least fatally upon the aboriginal population. A comparison of the so-called Spanish America, whether with Brazil, Guiana, and the West Indies, or still more, with the United States of North America, presents a contrast which cannot but be painful to members of the Teutonic race, and followers of the Teutonic Christianity. Omitting in all the negro element, it will be found that in the United States the Indian population stands to the Europeans in about the proportion of one to forty. Now, in Brazil, Guiana, and the West Indies, the Indians fall but little short in numbers of the Europeans and those of European descent, while in Spanish America the Indians and half-caste Indians, who form a large element of the population, are actually in a majority of nearly five to one.¹

Much of the merit of this result is due to the enduring influence of the labours of Las Casas, sustained and systematized by the missionaries, and still more by the Jesuits in a later generation. And, however difficult it may be to reconcile the system which they pursued with the theories of political economy, or with the supposed requirements of modern civilisation and freedom of thought, few of those who ponder well the above contrast will hesitate to accept the decision of one whose very verdict may show by its language that he was no lover of the Jesuits, that "in Brazil and Paraguay their superstition may be forgiven them for the noble efforts which they made on behalf of the oppressed Indians, and for the good which they effected. The centenary of the institution of the Society could not be celebrated by these tribes with more gratitude and joy than were justly due."²

¹ See the *Kirchen-Lexicon* of Welter and Wetze, Art. "America."

² Southey's *History of Brazil*, ii. 332.

ART. II.—THE GREEK GNOMIC POETS.

THE term Gnostic, when applied to a certain number of Greek poets, is arbitrary. There is no definite principle for rejecting some and including others in the class. It has, however, been usual to apply this name to Solon, Phocylides, Theognis, and Simonides of Ceos. Yet there seems no reason to exclude some portions of Callinus, Tyrtaeus, Mimnermus, and Xenophanes. These poets, it will be observed, are all writers of the elegy. Some of the lyric poets, however, and iambographers, such as Simonides of Amorgos and Archilochus, have strong claims for admission into the list. For, as the derivation of the name implies, gnostic poets are simply those who embody γνώμαι, or sententious maxims on life and morals, in their verse; and though we find that the most celebrated masters of this style composed elegies, we yet may trace the thread of gnostic thought in almost all the writers of their time. Conversely, the most genuine authors of elegiac gnomes trespassed upon the domain of lyric poetry, and sang of love and wine and personal experience no less than of morality. In fact, the gnostic poets represent a period of Greek literature during which the old and simple forms of narrative poetry were giving way to lyrical composition on the one hand, and to meditative writing on the other; when the epical impulse had become extinct, and when the Greeks were beginning to think definitely. The elegy, which seems to have originated in Asia Minor, and to have been used almost exclusively by poets of the Ionian race for the expression of emotional and reflective sentiments, lent itself to this movement in the development of the Greek genius, and formed a sort of midway stage between the impassioned epic of the Homeric age and the no less impassioned poetry and prose of the Athenian age of gold.

Viewed in this light, the gnostic poets mark a transition from Homer and Hesiod to the dramatists and moralists of Attica. The ethical precepts inherent in the epos received from them a more direct and proverbial treatment, while they in turn prepared for the sophists, the orators, and Socrates.

This transitional period in the history of Greek literature, corresponding, as it does, to similar transitions in politics, religion, and morality, offers many points of interest. Before Homer, poetry had no historical past, but after him a long time elapsed before the vehicle of verse was exchanged for that of prose. Xenophanes, Parmenides, and Empedocles wrote poems upon nature in hexameters. Solon and Theognis committed their statecraft and ethics to elegiac couplets. Yet at the same time Hera

clitus and the seven sages were developing the germs of prose, and preparing the way for Attic historians and philosophers.

Again, whereas Homer introduces us to a Hellas small in its extent, and scarcely separated from surrounding tribes, we find in the transitional period that all the strength and splendour of the Greek race are dissipated over distant colonies, Hellenic civilisation standing out in definite relief against adjacent barbarism. The first lyrical and elegiac poets come from the islands of the Archipelago, or from the shores of Asia Minor. The first dramatists of note are Sicilian. Italy and Sicily afford a home to the metaphysical poets, while the philosophers of the Ionian sect flourish at Ephesus and Miletus.

Corresponding to this change in the distribution of the race, a change was taking place in the governments of the States. The hereditary monarchies of Homer's age have disappeared, and, after passing through a period of oligarchical supremacy, have given place to tyrannies. The tyrants of Miletus and of Agrigentum, rising from the aristocracy itself; those of Corinth, Athens, and Megara owing their power to popular favour; others, like Cylon, flourishing a while by force of mere audacity and skill; others, again, like Pittacus of Mitylene, abusing the rights of their dictatorship for selfish purposes,—had this one point in common: it was the interest of all of them to destroy the old religious and historical prejudices of the race, to gather a powerful and splendid court around them, to encourage art, to cultivate diplomacy, and to attach men of ability to their persons. As the barons of feudalism encouraged the romances of the Niebelungen, Carolingian, and Arthurian cycles, so the old hereditary monarchies had caused the cyclical epos to flourish. It was not for the interest of the tyrants to revive Homeric legends, but rather to banish from the State all traces of the chivalrous past. With this view Cleisthenes of Sicyon put down the worship of Adrastus, and parodied the heroic names of the three tribes. Poetry, thus separated from the fabulous past, sought its subjects in the present,—in personal experience, in pleasure, in politics, in questions of diplomacy, in epigrammatic morality. Such, then, was the period during which the gnostic poets flourished,—a period of courts and tyrannies, of colonial prosperity, of political animation, of social intrigue, of intellectual development, of religious transformation, of change and uncertainty in every department. Behind them lay primitive Homeric Hellas; before them, at no great distance, was the time when Greek genius would concentrate itself in Athens. Poetry and science were then to be distinguished; the philosophers, historians, and orators were to make a subtle and splendid instrument of Greek prose; the

dramatists were to develop the choice and dialectic beauty of the Greek language to its highest possible perfection; tyrannies were to be abolished, and the political energies of Hellas to be absorbed in the one great struggle between the Dorian and Ionian families. But in the age of gnostic poetry these changes were still future; and though the mutations of Greek history were accomplished with unparalleled rapidity, we yet may draw certain lines, and say—Here was a breathing-time of indecision and suspense; this period was the eve before a mighty drama. We propose, therefore, to consider the gnostic poets as the representatives to some extent of such an age, and as exponents of the rudimentary, social, and political philosophy of Greece before Socrates.

Three periods may be marked in the development of the early Greek elegiac poetry—the Martial, the Erotic, and the Gnostic. Callinus and Tyrtæus are the two great names by which the first is distinguished. Mimnermus gave a new direction to this style of composition, fitting the couplet, which had formerly been used for military and patriotic purposes, to amatory and convivial strains. In after years it never lost the impress of his genius; so that Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius may be regarded as the lineal descendants of the Colophonian bard. Solon at a later date applied the elegiac measure to severer subjects. He was the first to use it for purely gnostic purposes, maintaining, however, the martial spirit in his Salaminian verses, and imitating the example of Mimnermus in his lighter compositions. Phocylides, to judge by the scanty fragments which we possess of his poems, was almost wholly gnostic in his character. But Theognis, who is the latest and most important of the elegiac writers of this period, combined the political, didactic, and erotic qualities to a remarkable degree. As a poet, Simonides was greater than any of those whom we have named; but his claims to rank among the sententious philosophers rest more upon the fragments of his lyrics than upon the elegiac epitaphs for which he was so justly famed. These are the poets whom we intend to speak of in detail. Taken together with Homer and Hesiod, their works formed the body of a Greek youth's education at the time when Gorgias and Hippias were lecturing at Athens. In them the contemporaries of Pericles when boys had learned the rules of good society, of gentlemanly breeding, of practical morality, of worldly wisdom. Their saws and precepts were on the lips of the learned and the vulgar; wise men used them as the theses for subtle arguments or the texts for oratorical discourses. Public speakers quoted them as Scripture might be quoted in a synod of the clergy. They pointed all remarks in after

dinner conversation or upon the marketplace. Polemarchus, for instance, in Plato's *Republic*, starts the dialogue on Justice by a maxim of Simonides. Isocrates the Rhetor alludes to them as being "the best counsellors in respect of human affairs," and Xenophon terms the gnomes of Theognis "a comprehensive treatise concerning men." Having been used so commonly and largely by the instructors of youth, and by men of all conditions, it was natural that these elegies should be collected into one compendious form, and that passages of a gnomic tendency should be excerpted from larger poems on different subjects. In this way a body of sententious poetry grew up under the great names of Solon, Phocylides, Simonides, and Theognis. But in the process of compilation confusions and mistakes of all kinds occurred, so that the same couplets were often attributed to several authors.

The earliest elegiac poet was Callinus, a native of Ephesus, between the years 730 and 678 B.C. His poems consist almost exclusively of exhortations to bravery in battle. "How long will ye lie idle?" he exclaims; "put on your valour; up to the fight, for war is in the land!" He discourses in a bold and manly strain upon the certainty of death, and the glory of facing it in defence of home and country, winding up with this noble sentiment:—"The whole people mourns and sorrows for the death of a brave-hearted man; and while he lives he is the peer of demigods." The lines of Tyrtæus, whose prominent part during the second Messenian war is the subject of a well-known legend, embody the same martial and patriotic sentiments in even grander verse. It would be alien from our purpose to dwell upon these military poems, since the only gnomic character which they display is the encouragement of a heightened honour, unselfishness, indifference to gain, devotion to the State, and love of public fame.

Strangely different are the elegies of Mimnermus, the poet of Colophon, who flourished toward the end of the seventh century B.C. His name has passed into a proverb for luxurious verse, saddened by reflections on the fleeting joys of youth, and on the sure and steady progress of old age and death. Tyrtæus, though a native of Attica, wrote for Spartans at war with a strong nation; Mimnermus was born and lived among Ionian Greeks emasculated by barbarian control and by contact with the soft Lydians. It was of these Colophonians that Xenophanes, a native poet, said—"Instructed in vain luxury by the Lydians, they trailed their robes of purple through the streets with haughty looks, proud of their flowing locks, bedewed with curious essences and oils." For such a people the exquisitely soft and musical verses of Mimnermus, pervaded by a tone of

lingering regret, were exactly suitable. They breathe the air of sunny gardens and cool banquet-rooms, in which we picture to ourselves the poet lingering out a pensive life, endeavouring to crowd his hours with pleasures of all kinds, yet ever haunted and made fretful among his roses by the thought of wrinkles and death. "When your youth is gone," he says, "however beautiful you may have been, you lose the reverence of your children and the regard of your friends." More hideous is old age than death. It reduces the handsome and the plain man to one level—cares attend it—the senses and the intellects get deadened—a man is forgotten and put out of the way. The Greek sentiment of hatred for old age is well expressed in one epithet which Mimnermus employs—*ἀμορφον*, *formless*. They detested the ugliness and loss of grace which declining years bring with them, almost more than weakened powers or the approach of death. Nay, "when the flower of youth is past," says Mimnermus, "it is best to die at once." Men are like herbs which flourish for a while in sunshine—then comes the winter of old age, with poverty or disease, or lack of children. His feeling for the charm of youth was intense; he expressed it in language which reminds us of the fervency of Sappho—"Down my flesh the sweat runs in rivers, and I tremble when I see the flower of my equals in age gladsome and beautiful." Such is the hopeless, dreamy, and regretful strain of Mimnermus. He repeats it with a monotonous, yet almost pathetic persistency, as if the one thought of inevitable age oppressed him like a nightmare day and night. "May I complete my life without disease or cares, and may death strike me at my sixtieth year!" Such is the prayer he utters, feeling, probably, that up to sixty the senses may still afford him some enjoyment, and that, after they are blunted, there is nothing left for man worth living for. In all this Mimnermus was very Greek. We shall have occasion further on to revert to this subject, and to dwell again upon the fascination which the flower of youth possessed for the Greek intellect, and the horror with which the ugliness of age inspired them. That some escaped this kind of despair, which to us appears trivial and unmanly, may be gathered from the beautiful discourse upon old age with which the *Republic* of Plato opens. Mimnermus belonged to a class of men different from Cephalus, however: nowhere in the whole range of literature can be found a more perfect specimen of unmitigated *ennui* produced by political stagnation, by the absence of any religion or morality whatever, and by the practice of mere sensuality. In Mimnermus we have the prostrate tone of the worst Oriental, combined with Greek delicacy of intellect and artistic expression. The following

passage may be cited as at once illustrative of his peculiar lamentation, and also of his poetical merits:¹—

“What’s life or pleasure wanting Aphrodite?
 When to the gold-haired goddess cold am I,
 When love and love’s soft gifts no more delight me,
 Nor stolen dalliance, then I fain would die!
 Ah! fair and lovely bloom the flowers of youth;
 On men and maids they beautifully smile:
 But soon comes doleful eld, who, void of ruth,
 Indifferently afflicts the fair and vile:
 Then cares wear out the heart; old eyes forlorn
 Scarce reckon the very sunshine to behold—
 Unloved by youths, of every maid the scorn,—
 So hard a lot God lays upon the old.”

We are not surprised to hear that the fragments of Mimnermus are supposed to have belonged to a series of elegies addressed to a flute-player called Nanno. They are worthy of such a subject. Nanno, according to one account, did not return the passion of the poet.

In Mimnermus, however affected or morbid he may have been, we yet observe a vein of meditation upon life and destiny, which prepares us for the more distinctly gnostic poets. Considered in the light of Greek philosophy, Mimnermus anticipates the ethical teaching of the Hedonists and Epicureans. In other words, he represents a genuine view of life adopted by the Greeks. Horace refers to him as an authority in these well-known lines:—

“Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
 Nil est jucundum, vivas in amore jocisque,”

on which the scholiast observes that the elegiac poet “agreed with the sect of the Epicureans.”

Next to Mimnermus in point of time is Solon. Perhaps the verses of this great man were among his least important productions. Yet their value, in illustrating the history of Athens, would have been inestimable, had they been preserved to us in a more perfect state. “There is hardly anything,” says Grote, “more to be deplored, amidst the lost treasures of the Grecian mind, than the poems of Solon; for we see by the remaining fragments that they contained notices of the public and social phenomena before him, which he was compelled attentively to study, blended with the touching expression of his own personal feelings, in the post, alike honourable and difficult, to

¹ This and some other hitherto unpublished verse translations we have been kindly allowed to use by their author.

which the confidence of his countrymen had exalted him." The interest of Solon as a gnostic poet is derived chiefly from the fact that he was reckoned one of the seven wise men of Greece, that he was one of the two most distinguished Nomothetæ of Hellas, that he is said to have conversed familiarly with the great Lydian monarch, and that he endeavoured to resist the ascendancy of Pisistratus. Thus Solon bore a prominent part in all the most important affairs of the period to which the gnostic poetry belongs. Its politics, diplomacy, and social theories, its constitutional systems and philosophy, were perfectly familiar to him, and received a strong impress from his vigorous mind. It is thought that his poems belong to an early period of his life, yet they embody the same sentiments as those which Herodotus refers to his old age, and express in the looser form of elegiac verse the gist of those apophthegms which were ascribed to him as one of the seven sages. Literature and politics were almost identical at this period among the Greeks; their philosophy was gained in actual life and by commerce with men of all descriptions. The part which Tyrtaeus, Alcæus, Pythagoras, Empedocles, and Archilochus played in the history of their States need not be more than alluded to. Simonides of Amorgos founded a colony; Theognis represented a large and important party. But Solon, more than any of these men, combined a prominent public life with letters. Nor are we inclined to agree with Grote in depreciating the poetical value of his verses. Some of them are very fine and forcible. The description, for example, of the storm which sweeps away the clouds, and leaves a sunny sky (Frag. 13, ed. Bergk.), is full of noble imagery. The first three fragments of Solon's elegies form part of the ode which he recited in the market-place of Athens, when he braved the penalty of death, and urged his fellow-citizens "to rise and fight for the sweet isle of Salamis." These lines are followed by a considerable fragment of great importance, which describes the misery of ill-governed and seditious Athens. Among the sayings attributed to Solon (Diog. Laer. i. 63) is one which gives the keynote to this poem. When asked what made an orderly and well-constituted State, he answered, "When the people obey the rulers, and the rulers obey the laws." The paraphrase which we subjoin exhibits in strong contrast the difference between *Dysnomia* and *Eunomia*, as conceived by the Athenian lawgiver. Demosthenes, who used the name of Solon on all occasions with vast rhetorical effect, quotes these lines in a celebrated passage of the speech *De Fals. Leg.* 254:—"The citizens seek to overthrow the State by love of money, by following indulgent and self-seeking demagogues, who neglect religion and pervert the riches

of the temples. Yet justice, silent but all-seeing, will in time bring vengeance on them for these things. War, want, civil discord, slavery, are at our gates; and all these evils threaten Athens because of her lawlessness. Whereas good laws and government set all the State in order, chain the hands of evil-doers, make rough places plain, subdue insolence, and blast the budding flowers of Até, set straight the crooked ways of tortuous law, root out sedition, quell the rage of strife; under their good influence all things are fair and wise with men." Thus early and emphatically was the notion of balance enunciated among the Greeks; it formed the ruling principle of their philosophy as well as of their politics; for the *μηδὲν ἄγαν* of Solon corresponded to the *μέτρον* of the Ionic physicians, and contained within itself the germ of Aristotle's ethical system, no less than of the political philosophy of Plato's *Republic*. In the fifth and sixth fragments Solon describes the amount of power which he would have intrusted to the Athenian Demus; in the ninth he prophesies the advent of a despot: "From storm clouds descend furious snow and hail, and thunder is born of bright lightning; so great men produce the overthrow of States, and into the bondage of a despot's power the people fall unwittingly. Easy it is to raise the storm, but hard to curb the whirlwind; yet must we now take thought of all these things." Fragment the second contains a further warning on the subject of impending tyranny. The power of Pisistratus was growing to a head, and Solon told the Athenians that if he proved despotic they would have no one but themselves to blame for it. The remaining fragments of Solonian poetry are more purely meditative. "Bright daughters of Mercury and Olympian Zeus," he begins, "Pierian Muses! hear my prayer. Grant me wealth from the blessed gods, and from all men a good name. May I be sweet to my friend and bitter to my foe; revered by the one and dreaded by the other. Money I desire, but no ill-gotten gain: for the wealth that the gods give lasts, and fleets not away; but the fruits of insolence and crime bring vengeance—sure though slow. Zeus seeth all things, and like a wind scattering the clouds, which shakes the deep places of the sea, and rages over the corn-land, and comes at last to heaven, the seat of gods, and makes a clear sky to be seen, whereupon the sun breaks out in glory, and the clouds are gone—so is the vengeance of Zeus. He may seem to forget, but sooner or later he strikes; perchance the guilty man escapes, yet his blameless children or remote posterity pay the penalty." Two points are noticeable in this passage: first, the dread of ill-gotten gain; and secondly, the conception of implacable justice. There was nothing which the Greeks more dreaded and detested than wealth which had been procured by

fraud. They were so sensitive upon this point that even Plato and Aristotle regarded usury as criminal, unnatural, and sure to bring calamity upon the money-lender. Thus Chilon the Lacedæmonian sage is reported to have said, "Choose loss rather than dishonourable gain: for the one will hurt you for the moment, the other will never cease to be a curse." There are few of the seven sages who have not at least one maxim bearing on this point. It would seem as if the conscience of humanity were touched at a very early period by superstitious scruples of this kind. The Jewish law contains warnings similar to those of Solon; and among our own people it is commonly believed that unlawful wealth, especially money taken from the devil, or property wrested from the church, is disastrous to its owner, and incapable of being long retained in the possession of his family. Theognis expresses nearly the same sentiments as Solon in the following verses:—"He who gets wealth from Zeus by just means, and with hands unstained, will not lose it; but if he acquire it wrongfully, covetously, or by false swearing, though it may seem at first to bring him gain, at last it turns to calamity, and the mind of Heaven prevails. But these things deceive men, for the blessed gods do not always take vengeance on crime at the moment of its being committed; but one man in his person pays for a bad deed, another leaves disaster hanging over his own children, a third avoids justice by death." Both Solon and Theognis, it will be observed, express emphatically their belief in a vengeance of Heaven falling upon the children, and the children's children, of offenders. This conception of doom received its most splendid illustration at the hands of the tragic poets, and led philosophers like Empedocles to devise systems of expiation and purification, by means of which ancestral guilt might be purged away, and the soul be restored to its pristine blamelessness. Theognis in another fragment (731-752) discusses this doctrine, and calls in question its justice. He takes it for granted, as a thing too obvious to be disputed, that children suffer for their father's sin, and argues with Zeus about the abstract right and policy of this law, suggesting that its severity is enough to make men withdraw their allegiance from such unjust governors. The inequality of the divine rule had appeared in the same light to Hesiod and Homer (see *Iliad*, xiii. 631; Hesiod, *Op. et Dies*, 270). But it is in the gnostic poets that we first discover a tendency to reason calmly upon such questions: the wedge of philosophical scepticism was being inserted into the old superstitious beliefs of the Greek race. Yet in some respects these gnostic poets represent even a more gloomy view of human destinies than the epic poets. Solon says,

"It is fate that bringeth good and bad to men; nor can the gifts of the immortals be refused;" and in Theognis we find, "No man is either wealthy or poor, mean or noble, without the help of the gods." . . . "Pray to the gods; nought happens to man of good or ill without the gods." . . . "No one, Cyrrhus, is himself the cause of loss and gain; but of both these the gods are givers." It would be easy to multiply such passages, in which the same conception of the divine government as that for which Plato (*Rep.* p. 379) blamed Homer is set forth; but the gnomic poets go beyond this simple view. They seem to regard Heaven as a jealous power, and superstitiously believe all changes of fortune to be produced by the operation of a god anxious to delude human expectations. This theology lies at the root of the Solonian maxim, that you ought not to judge of a man's happiness until his death: "for," in the language of Herodotus, "there are many to whom God has first displayed good fortune, and whom he afterwards has rooted up and overthrown."

Thus Solon moralizes in his elegies upon the vicissitudes of life:—"Danger lies everywhere, nor can a man say where he will end when he begins; for he who thinks that he will fare well comes to grief; and often when a man is at his worst, Heaven sends him good luck, and he ends prosperously." It must however be observed that Solon in no passage of his elegiac poems alludes distinctly to the intervention of a jealous or malicious destiny. He is rather deeply impressed with the uncertainty of human affairs—an uncertainty which the events of his own life amply illustrated, and which he saw displayed in every town about him. Simonides repeats the same strain of despondency, moralizing (*Frag.* 2, ed. Gaisford) upon the mutabilities of life, and exclaiming with a kind of horror: "One hideous Charybdis swallows all things—wealth and mighty virtue." The tone of belief was very low and insufficient at this period in Greece. The old simplicity of life was passing away, and philosophy had not yet revealed her broader horizons, her loftier aims, and her rational sources of content. We have seen how Mimnermus moralized upon the woes of age. Solon, whose manliness contrasts in every other respect with the effeminacy and languor of the Colophonian poet, gave way to the same kind of melancholy when he cried, "No mortal man is truly blessed; but all are wretched whom the sun beholds." What can be more despairing than the lamentations of Simonides?—"Few and evil are our days of life; but everlasting is the sleep which we must sleep beneath the earth." . . . "Small is the strength of man, and invincible are his sorrows; grief treads upon the heels of grief through his short

life; and death, which no man shuns, hangs over him at last: to this bourne come the good and bad alike." In the midst of this uncertainty and gloom Theognis cannot find a rule of right conduct. "Nothing," he says, "is defined by Heaven for mortals, nor any way by which a man may walk and please immortal powers." Nor can we point to any more profoundly wretched expression of misery than the following elegy of the same poet: "It is best of all things for the sons of earth not to be born, nor to see the bright rays of the sun, or after birth to pass as soon as possible the gates of death, and to lie deep down beneath a weight of earth." This sentiment is repeated by Bacchylides, and every student of Greek tragedy knows what splendid use has been made of it by Sophocles in one of the choruses of *Œdipus Coloneus*. Afterwards it passed into a commonplace. Two Euripidean fragments embody it in words not very different from those of Theognis, and Cicero is said to have translated it. Truly the people were walking in darkness; and it is marvellous that men, conscious of utter ignorance, and believing themselves to be the sport of almost malignant deities, could have grown so nobly and maintained so high a moral standard as that of the Greek race.

The remaining fragments of Solon contain the celebrated lines upon the Life of Man, which he divides into ten periods of seven years. He rebuked Mimnermus for wishing to make sixty the term of human life, and bade him add another decade. We also possess some amorous verses of very questionable character, supposed to have been written in his early youth. The prudes of antiquity were scandalized at Solon, a lawgiver and sage, for having penned these couplets. The Libertines rejoiced to place so respectable a name upon their list of worthies. To the student of history they afford, in a compact form, some insight into the pursuits and objects of an Athenian man of pleasure. Plato quotes one couplet in the *Lysis*, and the author of the dialogue *περὶ ἐρώτων*, attributed to Lucian, makes use of the same verses to prove that Solon was not exempt from the passion for which he is apologizing. Apuleius mentions another as "lascivissimus ille versus." On the whole, although the most considerable of these elegies has also been ascribed to Theognis, there seems no reason to doubt their authenticity. Solon displays no asceticism in his poetry, or in anything that is recorded of his life or sayings. It is probable that he lived as a Greek among Greeks, and was not ashamed of any of their social customs.

Passing from Solon to Phocylides we find a somewhat different tone of social philosophy. Phocylides was a native of Miletus, who lived between 550 and 490 B.C. If Mimnermus

represents the effeminacy of the Asiatic Greeks, Phocylides displays a kind of prosaic worldly wisdom, for which the Ionians were celebrated. He is thoroughly *bourgeois*, to use a modern phrase; contented with material felicity, shrewd, safe in his opinions, and gifted with great common sense. Here are some of his maxims:—"First get your living, and then think of getting virtue." . . . "What is the advantage of noble birth, if favour follow not the speech and counsel of a man?" . . . "The middle classes are in many ways best off; I wish to be of middle rank in the State." Aristotle (*Pol.* iv. 9. 7) quotes the last of these sayings with approbation. It is a thoroughly Ionian sentiment. Two of his genuine fragments contain the germ of Greek ideas which were destined to be widely developed and applied by the greatest thinkers of Greece. One of these describes the Greek conception of a perfect State:—"A small city, set upon a rock, and well governed, is better than all foolish Nineveh." We here recognise the practical wisdom and thorough solidity of Greek good sense. Wealth, size, and splendour they regarded as stumbling-blocks and sources of weakness. To be compact and well governed expressed their ideal of social felicity. Plato in the *Republic*, and Aristotle in the *Politics*, carry the thought expressed in this couplet of Phocylides to its utmost logical consequences. Again he says, "In justice the whole of virtue exists entire." This verse, which has also been incorporated into the elegies of Theognis, was probably the common property of many early moralists. Aristotle quotes it in the fifth book of the *Ethics* with the preface: *Διὸ καὶ παροιμία βόμενοι φάμεν*. It might be placed as a motto on the first page of Plato's *Republic*, for justice is regarded by Plato as the architectonic virtue which maintains the health and safety of the State. Phocylides enjoyed a high reputation among the ancients. Though few genuine fragments of his sayings have been handed down to us, there is a long and obviously spurious poem which bears his name. Some moralist of the Christian period has endeavoured to claim for his half-Jewish precepts the sanction of a great and antique authority. The greater number of those which we may with safety accept as genuine are prefaced by the words *καὶ τόγχε φωκυλίδεω*, forming an integral part of a hexameter. Phocylides was author of an epigram in imitation of one ascribed to Demodocus, which is chiefly interesting as having furnished Porson with the model of his well-known lines on Hermann. He also composed an epigrammatic satire on women, in which he compares them to four animals, a dog, a bee, a pig, and a horse, in the style of the poem by Simonides of Amorgos.

To enter at length into a criticism of the long and exquisitely

satirical iambic poem of Simonides the elder would be out of place. But we cannot refrain from observing, by the way, how much of Ionian sentiment upon the subject of the family and the sexual relations is contained in it. Many lines remind us of the bitterest Euripidean sarcasms, nay, Euripides may be said to have quoted them. The Ionian race, strongly influenced by Asiatic nations, conceived a very low opinion of women, and treated them in such a way as to prevent their attaining any intellectual eminence or even physical vigour. Among the Dorians the reverse held good; and the contrast between the two Greek families on this point furnished both the comic writers and the moralists of Athens with much matter for ridicule and meditation. Simonides, it must be allowed, gives to good women a fair share of commendation.

Xenophanes, a native of Colophon, and the founder of the Eleatic school of philosophy, has left some elegies of a gnostic character, which illustrate another point in the Ionian intellect. While Phocylides celebrated the superiority of comfort and the solid goods of life, Xenophanes endeavoured to break down the prejudice in favour of mere physical advantages, and to assert the absolute pre-eminence of intellectual power. In his second fragment (ed. Bergk.) he says, "You give all kinds of honours—precedence at festivals, pensions, and public maintenance—to runners, boxers, pentathletes, wrestlers, pancratists, and charioteers, who bear away the prize at Olympia; yet these men are not so worthy of reward as I am, for better than the strength of men or horses is our wisdom. What is the use of all this muscular development? It will not improve the constitution of the State or increase the revenue." In our paraphrase we have, for the sake of brevity, modernized the language of Xenophanes; but we have preserved the meaning of an elegy which admirably illustrates the principles of the Ionian race, and of Athens in particular, as contrasted with those of the Dorians. Plato, Aristotle, and all the political moralists of Greece, blamed Sparta and Thebes for training mere soldiers and gymnasts to the exclusion of intellectual culture, thus retarding the growth of their constitutional systems, and forcing them to depend in all emergencies upon brute force. Had all Ionians been like Solon and Xenophanes, had there been nothing of Mimnermus or Phocylides in their character, then the Athenians might have avoided the contrary charge of effeminacy and ignobility of purpose and merely æsthetical superiority, with which they have been taxed.

Contemporary with Phocylides was Theognis, a poet of whose gnostic elegies nearly fourteen hundred lines are still extant. Some of these are identical with verses of Solon, and of other

contemporary writers; yet we need not suppose that Theognis was himself an imitator. It is far more probable that all the gnomic poets borrowed from the same sources, or embodied in their couplets maxims of common and proverbial wisdom. That Aristotle so regarded one of their most important aphorisms on the architectonic supremacy of justice we have already seen. Besides, it is not certain on what principle the elegies which bear the names of different poets were assigned to them. Theognis covers more ground than any of his predecessors, and embraces a greater variety of subjects. It has never been imagined that the fragments we possess formed part of an elaborate and continuous poem. They rather seem to have been written as occasion served in order to express the thoughts of the moment. Many of them contain maxims of political wisdom, and rules for private conduct in the choice of friends; others seem to have been composed for the lyre, in praise of good society, or wine, or beauty; again we find discussions of moral questions, and prayers to the gods, mixed up with lamentations on the miseries of exile and poverty; a few throw light upon the personal history of Theognis; in all cases the majority are addressed to one person called Cyrnus.

Theognis was a noble, born at Megara about the middle of the sixth century B.C. His city, though traditionally subject to the yoke of Corinth, had under the influence of its aristocracy acquired independence. In course of time Theagenes, a demagogue, gained for himself despotical supremacy, and exiled the members of the old nobility from Megara. He too succumbed to popular force, and for many years a struggle was maintained between the democratic party, whom Theognis persistently styles *κακοὶ* and *δειλοί*, and the aristocracy, whom he calls *ἀγαθοὶ* and *ἱεῖς*. Theognis himself, as far as we can gather from the fragments, spent a long portion of his life in exile from Megara; but before the period of his banishment he occupied the position of friend and counsellor to Cyrnus, who, though clearly younger than himself, seems to have been in some sense leader of the Megarian aristocracy. A large number of the maxims of Theognis on State government are specially addressed to him. Before proceeding to examine these elegies in detail, we may touch upon the subject of the friendship of Theognis for Cyrnus, which has been much misunderstood. It must be remembered that Theognis was the only Doric poet of the gnomic class—all the rest of these whom we have mentioned belonging without exception to the Ionian family of the Greek race. We are not, therefore, surprised to find some purely Dorian qualities in the poetry of Theognis, which are missing in those of the others. Such, for instance, are the invocations to Phœbus and Artemis,

with which our collection of fragments opens; but such, in a far more characteristic sense, is the whole relation of the poet to his friend. From time immemorial it had been the custom among the Dorian tribes for men distinguished in war or statecraft to select among the youths one comrade, who stood to them in the light of pupil and squire. In Crete this process of election was attended with rites of peculiar solemnity, and at Sparta the names of *εἰσπρηλῆς* and *ἀκτῆς*, or "inbreather" and "listener," were given to the pair. They grew up together, the elder teaching to the younger all he knew, and expecting to receive from him in return obedience and affection. In manhood they were not separated, but fought and sat in the assembly side by side, and were regarded in all points as each other's representatives. Thus a kind of chivalry was formed, which, like the modern chivalry of love and arms, as long as it remained within due limits, gave birth to nothing but honourable deeds and noble friendships, but which in more degenerate days became the curse and reproach of Hellas. There is every reason to believe that Theognis was united to Cynus in the purest bonds of Doric chivalry; and it is interesting to observe the kind of education which he gives his friend (see 1049-1054, Theogn. ed. Bergk.) Boys in the Doric States were so soon separated from their home, and from the training of the family, that some substitute for the parental discipline and care was requisite. This the institution to which we have briefly alluded seems to have to some extent supplied. A Spartan or Cretan settlement resembled a large public school, in which the elder boys choose their fags, and teach them and protect them, in return for duty, service, and companionship.

Lines 87-100 describe the sincere and perfect affection, the truthfulness and forbearance, which the poet requires from Cynus. In another passage (1259-1270) he complains of the changeable character of the youth, and compares him to a skittish horse. One of his longest, and, in point of poetry, most beautiful elegies, celebrates the immortality which his songs will confer on Cynus (237-254). He tells his friend that he has given him wings to fly with over land and sea, that fair young men at festivals will sing of him to sweetly-sounding pipes, and that even Hades shall not prevent him from wandering on wings of fame about the isles and land of Hellas so long as earth and sun endure. The lofty enthusiasm and confidence of these promises remind us of Shakespeare's most pompous sonnets. Again, he bewails the difficulties and dangers of this kind of friendship (1353 and 1369), or entreats Cynus not to let malicious slanders interrupt their intimacy. In some cases we cannot acquit Theognis any more than Solon of licentiousness in the expression of his love. But the general

tone of his language addressed to Cynus is so dignified and sober that we are inclined to think his looser verses may refer to another and more scandalous attachment.

A very ingenious attempt was made by Mr. Hookham Frere to reconstruct the life of Theognis from the fragments of his elegies. We cannot allow that his suggestions are uniformly successful; on the contrary, it seems to us that he introduces a great deal of merely foreign matter and modern sentiment. Yet several points are clear enough, and on some others Mr. Frere has thrown the light of very plausible conjecture. Those who are interested in such feats of hypercriticism will do well to possess themselves of *Theognis Restitutus*. We will select two points for further illustration—the politics of Megara and the private life of the poet, so far as they are made clear to us by the fragments, and then revert to some more general questions of Greek morality which are suggested by the reading of these poems.

The first elegy of great importance (43-60) describes the state of Megara when under the control of a democracy. It expresses the bitter hatred and contempt which the Greek nobles in a Dorian State felt for the Periceci, or farmers of the neighbouring country, whom they strove to keep beneath them, and to exclude from all political rights:—"Cynus, this city is still a city, but the people are all changed, who some time since knew neither law nor justice, but wore goatskins, and dwelt like deer beyond the walls. Now they are noble, son of Polypas; and the brave of heretofore are base. Who can endure to look upon these things?" Again he says (1109-1114), "The nobles of old days are now made base, and the base are noble, . . . a man of birth takes his bride from a low man's house." In another place he complains that the rabble rule the State with monstrous laws, that the sense of shame has perished, and that impudence and insolence lord it over the land (289-294). In these perilous times he compares the State to a ship managed by incompetent and unruly mariners: the waves are breaking over her, but the sailors prevent the good pilot from guiding her helm, while they make pillage of the common good (667-682). This simile bears a striking resemblance to the passage of the *Republic* in which Plato compares a State possessed by demagogues and the mob to an ill-governed ship. Lastly, says Theognis, "Porters rule, and the nobles are subject to the base." In this state of disorder the very principles of Dorian society are neglected. Money is regarded as the charter of nobility, and no attempts are made to maintain a generous breed of citizens. "We are careful," he says (183-196), "to select the best race of horses and the like, but a noble man doubts not about marrying a mean woman if she bring him money; nor does a

woman reject the suit of a mean man if he be rich. Wealth is honoured ; wealth has confused our blood." This passage has great interest, both as showing the old prejudices of the Dorian aristocracy, and also as proving that a new order of things was beginning in Greece. Even the Dorian States could not resist the progress of commerce and republican institutions ; and little Megara, situated between mercantile Corinth and democratic Athens, had but small power to stem the tide. But the party of Theognis were not always out of power. When Cynus and his friends held sway in Megara, he gives them this advice (847-850): "Trample on the empty-headed rabble ; strike them with the stinging goad ; and put a galling yoke upon their neck, for never shall you find so despot-loving a Demus in the whole earth." That he had frequent cause to apprehend the rising of some tyrant from the body of the people may be noticed in the fragments. Among the earliest of these in our arrangement (39-42) occurs this elegy :—"Cynus, this city is pregnant ; but I fear that it will bring forth a man to chastise our evil violence." He then proceeds to lay down the axioms of the oligarchical State theory : the nobility, he says, never ruined a city ; it is only when base leaders get the upper hand, and wrest justice in order to indulge the populace and make their own gain, that civil dissension and ruin ensue. Tyrants were as hateful to the true oligarchs as a democracy, and Theognis in one place actually advises tyrannicide : "To lay low a despot who consumes the people is no sin, and will not be punished by the gods" (1181). This sentiment corresponds with the couplet of Simonides on Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and with the apophthegms of several of the sages.

Theognis, seeing Cynus environed with political difficulties, thought fit to furnish him with rules of conduct. He was very particular about the choice of proper friends. One elegy (31-38), in which he discourses on the desirability of consorting with none but the best company, and of avoiding the contagion of low comrades, attained a wide celebrity among the Greeks. So much of their life was spent in public, and so much of their education depended on society, that the question of social intercourse was one of paramount importance. Plato in *Meno*, Xenophon in the *Memorabilia*, and Aristotle in the ninth book of the *Ethics*, all make use of these verses :—"Come not into the company of bad men, but cling always to the good ; eat and drink with them ; sit with them, and seek to please those who have great power. For from the noble you will learn what is noble ; but if you mix with base men you will lose the wits you have." It must always be borne in mind that by *ἱσθαὶ* and *ἀγαθοὶ* Theognis meant the men of his own party. The "good"

and "noble" were men of birth, wealth, breeding, and power, on whom, by prejudice and habit, he conferred these moral titles. In course of time, however, as the words acquired a more ethical significance, the philosophers were able to appropriate maxims of worldly prudence to their own more elevated purposes; nor were they even in the times of Theognis other than ambiguous, for the identification of aristocratic position and moral worth was so conventionally complete, that words which were intended to be taken in the one sense had an equal application in the other. In another elegy (305-402) Theognis repeats this advice, when he observes that no one is born utterly bad by nature, but that he contracts habits of depravity from his associates. Here it is obvious how much of ethical meaning the words "good" and "bad" involved, even in the times of the Megarian poet, and how vastly important he considered the society of well-bred companions to be in the formation of character. A different view of moral habits seems to be taken in another fragment (429-438), where Theognis attributes more influence to nature than to training:—"To beget and rear a child," he says, "is easier than to instil good principles. No one ever devised means for making fools wise, or bad men good. If Heaven had given to the sons of Æsculapius the gift of healing wickedness and folly, great fees would they have earned. If you could fashion or insert what minds you liked, good men would never have bad sons. But no amount of teaching will make a bad man good." These verses are quoted both by Plato and Aristotle, with whose inquiries on the subject of Education *versus* Nature, of *τροφή* as opposed to *φύσις*, they had, of course, considerable correspondence. In connexion with this subject of moral habits and companionship, Theognis thought fit to give his pupil advice about his deportment at the public dinners of the Dorians. At these social meetings there was ample scope for political intrigue; and hence it followed that a public man was forced to be particular about his associates. The poet devotes a series of couplets (61-82) to this point, recommending Cynrus to be reticent, and not to communicate the whole of his plans even to his friends. He warns him how difficult it is to get a faithful friend. You could not find, he says (83-86), one shipload of really trustworthy and incorruptible men upon the face of the globe. Moreover, nothing requires more skill than to discover the insincerity of a hypocrite (117-128). You may test gold and silver, but there are no means of getting at the thoughts of men. This sentiment, together with the metaphor of pinchbeck metal, is used by Euripides in *Medea* (line 515). Aristotle also quotes the passage in his Eudemian *Ethics* (vii. 2). Time, however, says Theognis (963-970), and experience and calamity are the

true tests of friendship. If a man will bear misfortune with you, or will help you in a serious undertaking, you may then, but not till then, rely upon his expressions of attachment. This suspicious temper reminds us of the social philosophy of Machiavelli; indeed, Greek politics in no respect resembled those of modern Italy more closely than in the diplomatic footing upon which all the relations of society were placed. There are two very curious passages (213-218 and 1071-1074) in which Theognis bids his friend be as much as possible all things to all men. "Turn a different side of your character," he says, "to different men, and mix part of their temper with your own. Get the nature of the cuttle-fish, which looks exactly like the rock it clings to: be versatile, and show a variety of complexions." Again, he boasts that "among madmen I am exceeding mad; but among the just no man is more just than I am." Nor is this subtlety to be confined to friendly relations merely. In one most jesuitical couplet (363) Theognis urges his friend "to beguile his foe with fair words; but when he has him in his power, to take full vengeance and to spare not." As to the actual events of the life of Cyrnus, we know nothing except what is told us in one of the elegies (805-810), that he went as a Theorus to the shrine of Delphi. We may gather from some expressions of the poet that he was of a rash and haughty and unconciliatory temper.

Passing now to the personal history of Theognis, we are struck with his frequent lamentations over poverty and the wretchedness of exile. "Miserable poverty!" he cries, "go elsewhere; prithee stay not with a host that hates thee." "Poverty breaks the spirit of a noble man more than anything, more even than age or ague. The poor man is gagged and bound; he cannot speak or act. . . . Poverty comes not to the market or the law-suits; everywhere she is laughed and scoffed at, and hated by all men; . . . mother she is of helplessness: she breaks the spirit of a man within his breast, so that he suffers shame and wrong in silence, and learns to lie and cheat and do the sin his soul abhors. . . . Wretched want, why, seated on my shoulders, dost thou debase body and mind alike?" (267, 351, 385, 173-182, 649.) Wealth, on the other hand, he cries with bitterness, is omnipotent (1117): "O wealth! of gods the fairest and most full of charm! with thy help, though I am a mean man, I am made noble." "Every one honours a rich man and slights a poor man: the whole world agrees upon this point." But the finest and most satirical of all his poems on this subject is one (699-718) in which he says: "Most men have but one virtue, and that is wealth; it would do you no good if you had the self-control of Rhadamanthus himself, or if you knew more wiles than Sisyphus, or

if you could turn falsehood into truth with the tongue of a Nestor, or if you were more fleet of foot than the children of Boreas. You must fix your mind on wealth—wealth alone. Wealth is almighty." It was poverty which gave its bitterness to exile. My friends, he says, pass me by; "no one is the friend or faithful comrade of an exile. This is the sting of exile." "I have suffered what is as bad as death, and worse than anything besides. My friends have refused me the assistance which they owed, and I am forced to try my foes" (811-814). Hope, which has always been the food and sustenance of exiles, alone remained to him. There is one beautiful elegy (1135-1150) in which he imitates Hesiod, singing how faith and temperance and the graces have left the earth, how oaths are broken and religion is neglected, how holiness hath passed away; yet, if a pious man remain, let him wait on Hope, to Hope pray always, to Hope sacrifice first and last.

Verses 825-830 and 1197-1202 describe his condition while living as a poor man, stripped of his paternal farms, in Megara. The voice of the harvest bird brings him sorrow, for he knows that other men will reap his fields. How can he pipe or sing, when from the market-place he sees his own land made the prey of revellers? The same sense of the *res angusta domi* is expressed in the welcome to Clearistus. We gather from another elegy (261-266) that Theognis had lost not only his land, but also a girl to whom he was betrothed. Her parents gave her in marriage to a man less noble and less worthy than himself. Nor do we fail to get some insight into his domestic circumstances. Mr. Frere explains one fragment (271-278), full of Lear's indignation, by conjecturing that Theognis had left a wife and children behind him at Megara during his wanderings, and had returned to find them estranged and thankless. He translates the fragment thus:—

"One single evil, more severe and rude
Than age or sickness or decrepitude,
Is dealt unequally, for him that rears
A thankless offspring; in his latter years,
Ungratefully requited for his pains,
A parsimonious life and thrifty gains,
With toil and care acquired for their behoof;
And no return! but insolent reproof;
Such as might scare a beggar from the gate,
A wretch unknown, poor and importunate!
To be reviled, avoided, hated, curst;
This is the last of evils, and the worst!"

The same kind of ingenious conjecture supplies us with a plausible explanation of some obscure couplets (1209-1216), in which it appears that Theognis, having been taunted by a female

slave, replied by making most sarcastic remarks on the servile physiognomy, and by boasting that among all his miseries he had remained a free man and a noble-minded gentleman. He often bids his soul be strong and bear bad fortune, like Ulysses when he cried, *τέτλαθι δὴ κραδίη καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλης*. Nor does he fail to ease his heart by praying for vengeance, and indulging the hope that he may live to drink the blood of his foes (349), and to divide their property among his friends (562). That he was kindly entertained in the various States he visited, he tells us; and it is thought that he received the citizenship of Hyblæan Megara. Sicily, Eubœa, Sparta (783-788), and Thebes (1211), are specially mentioned by him as his homes in exile. Wherever he went he carried with him fame, and found a welcome. "Yet," says the poet, "no joy of those fair lands entered my soul, so far was anything from seeming dearer than my native land."

Among the elegies of general interest attributed to Theognis, none is more beautiful than the following hymn to the goddesses of Song and Beauty, which has been very elegantly rendered into English verse:—

"Muses and graces! daughters of high Jove,
When erst you left your glorious seats above,
To bless the bridal of that wondrous pair,
Cadmus and Harmonia fair,
Ye chanted forth a divine air:
 'What is good and fair
 Shall ever be our care.'
Thus the burden of it rang:
 'That shall never be our care
 Which is neither good nor fair.'
Such were the words your lips immortal sang."

The very essence of the Greek feeling for the beautiful is expressed in these simple lines. Beauty, goodness, and truth were in their minds almost convertible terms; and the nearest approach which Plato made to the conception of a metaphysical deity was called by him the *ἰδέα τοῦ καλοῦ*. Not less Greek is the sentiment expressed in the following lines (1027):—"Easy among men is the practice of wickedness, but hard, friend Cynus, is the method of goodness." Theognis here expresses very prosaically what Hesiod and Simonides have both enunciated in noble verse (*Op. et Dies*, 285-290, and Simonides, *Frag.* 15, ed. Gaisford). It is noticeable that in his couplet *τὸ ἀγαθὸν* is used instead of *ἀρετή*. The thought, however, is the same; nor does it differ widely from that which is contained in the Aristotelian "Hymn to Virtue," where we see that what the Greeks meant by this word included not only moral rectitude,

but also the labour of a Hercules, and all noble or patriotic deeds which implied self-devotion to a great cause.

The occasions for which the elegies of this class were composed by Theognis seem to have been chiefly banquets and drinking parties. In the Dorian States of Greece it was customary for men to form select clubs, which met together after the public meals for the purpose of drinking, conversing, and enjoying music. These friendly societies formed an appendix to the national *φειδῖτια*, or public tables. Great care was taken in the selection of members, who were admitted by ballot; and in time the clubs acquired political importance. Periander is said (*Ar. Pol.* v. 9. 2) to have abolished them in Corinth because they proved favourable to aristocracy—no doubt by keeping up the old Doric traditions which he took pains to break down. In the verses of Theognis we are introduced to many members of his club by name,—Onomacritus, Clearistus, Demonax, Democles, Timagoras, and doubtless Cynrus. Of course these customs were not confined to Doric cities; on the contrary, the Symposia and Erani of the Athenians are more celebrated for their wit and humour, while readers of Thucydides remember how large a part the clubs played in the history of the 8th Book. But the custom was systematized, like everything else, with greater rigour among the Dorians. It appears that, after having eaten, the cups were filled and libations were made to the Doric patron Phœbus (cf. *Theogn.*, Frag. 1.); then came the Comus or drinking-bout; flute-players entered the room, and some of the guests sang to the lyre, or addressed an elegy to the company at large or to some particular person. These facts may be gathered from different fragments of Theognis (997, 757); but if we wish to gain a complete picture of one of these parties we may seek it in an elegy of Xenophanes, which is so fresh and pretty that we feel inclined to paraphrase it at length:—

“Now the floor is cleanly swept; the hands of all the guests are washed; the cups shine brightly on the board. Woven wreaths and fragrant myrrh are carried round by the attendants, and in the middle stands a bowl full of all that maketh glad the heart of man. Wine too is ready in reserve, wine inexhaustible, honey-sweet in jars, smelling of flowers. Frankincense breathes forth its perfume among the revellers, and cold water, sweet and pure, waits at their side. Loaves, fresh and golden, stand upon the table, which groans with cheese and rich honey. In the midst is an altar hung about with flowers, and singing and merriment resound throughout the house. First must merry-making men address the gods with holy songs and pure words; libations must they pour, and pray for strength to act justly; then may they drink as much as a man can carry home without a guide—unless he be far gone in years. This also is right, to speak of noble deeds

and virtue over our cups; not to tell tales of giants or Titans or the Centaurs, mere fictions of our grandfathers, and foolish fables."

It was customary at these banquets to sing the praises of youth and to lament old age, ringing endless changes on the refrain "*Vivamus atque amemus*," which antiquity was never weary of repeating. Very sad and pathetic is the tone of these old songs, in which the pæan mingles with the dirge, for youth and the grave are named in the same breath, and while we snell the roses we know that they will wither. Then comes the end—the cold and solitary tomb, eternal frost and everlasting darkness, to which old age, the winter and night of life, is but a melancholy portal. *Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes cum sumus*.

"To pleasure, in life's bloom, yield we our powers,
While yet to be and to enjoy are ours—
For swift as thought our glorious youth goes by,
Swift as the coursers that to battle fly,
Bearing the chief with quivering spear in hand,
Madly careering o'er the rich corn-land,"—

so sings Theognis (977), and with even more of pathos he exclaims—

"Ah me! my youth! alas for eld's dark day:
This comes apace, while that fleets fast away."

The same idea is repeated in many other elegies, always with the same sad cadence: "No man, as soon as the earth covers him, and he goes down to Erebus, the home of Persephone, takes any pleasure in the sound of the lyre, or the voice of the flute-player, or in the sweet gifts of Dionysus" (973-976). At another time he reckons up the ills of life: "When I am drinking I take no heed of soul-consuming poverty nor of enemies who speak ill of me; but I lament delightful youth which is forsaking me, and wail for grim old age who cometh on apace" (1129-1132). Their tone reminds us of Mimnermus, who said the utmost when he cried—

"Zeus to Tithonus gave a grievous ill—
Undying age, than death more horrible!"

To multiply more elegies of this description would be useless. We may, however, allude to an exquisite poem of Simonides (Frag. 100, ed. Gaisford), which combines the sweetness of Mimnermus and the energy of Theognis:—"Nothing human endures for aye. Well said the bard of Chios, that like the leaves so is the race of men: yet few who hear this keep it in their mind; for hope is strong within the breast of youth. When the flower of youth lasts, and the heart of a man is light, he nurses idle thoughts, hoping he never will grow old or die; nor does he think of sickness in good health. Fools are they

who dream thus, nor know how short are the days of youth and life. But learn thou this, and live thy life out, cheering thy soul with good things." The tone of these elegies pervades a great many monuments of Greek sculpture. Standing before the Genius of Eternal Repose, or the Genius of the Vatican, we are surprised at the dumb sadness with which their perfect beauty has been chastened. Like the shade of young Marcellus in Virgil, they seem to carry round them a cloud of gloom, impalpable, yet overshadowing their youth with warnings and anticipations of the tomb.

With Theognis the list of gnostic poets, strictly so called, may be said to close. Simonides, from whom we have adduced some passages in illustration of the elder elegiac writers, survived the bard of Megara, and even attained a greater reputation at the Syracusan and Athenian courts. How highly his maxims were valued by the moralist of the succeeding age, is known by every reader of the *Protagoras* and *Republic* of Plato. But a more detailed analysis of his verses would be out of place, when we consider that his chief fame rests upon epitaphs, patriotic epigrams, and lyrical fragments,—none of them strictly gnostic in their character.

To modern readers the wisdom of the poets whom we have considered will perhaps appear trite and commonplace, their inspiration tame, their style pedestrian. But their contemporaries were far from arriving at this criticism. To obtain distinct and abstract maxims upon the morals of society, politics and education, was to them a new and inestimable privilege. In the gnostic poets the morality which had been merely implicit and vague in Homer and Hesiod, received a separate treatment and distinct expression. The wisdom which had been gradually collecting for centuries in the Greek mind, was tersely and lucidly condensed into a few pregnant sentences. These sentences formed the starting-points for new syntheses and higher generalizations, the topics for enlarged investigation, the "middle axioms" between the scattered facts of life and the unity of philosophical system. We may regard the gnostic poets with interest, partly on account of the real, if rare, beauty of some of their fragments; partly on account of their historical and illustrative value; partly because all efforts of the human mind in its struggle for emancipation, and all stages in its development are worthy of attentive study. To the sophists, to the orators, to Socrates and his friends, to the tragic writers, to educated men at large in Hellas, they were authorities on moral questions; and their maxims, which the progress of the centuries has rendered commonplace, appeared to them the sentences of weightiest wisdom, oracles almost, and precepts inspired by more than human prudence.

- ART. III.—1. *The Treatment of Idiocy by the Physiological Method.* By SEGUIN.
2. *Traitement Morale des Idiotes.* Par SEGUIN.
3. *Maladies de l'Esprit.* Par E. ESQUIROL. *Revue des Deux Mondes.*
4. *De l'Idiotie chez les Enfans.* Par FÉLIX VOISIN.
5. *Reports of the American Asylums for the Imbecile.*
6. *Idiot Asylums.* Edinburgh Review, 1865.
7. *Des Principes qui doivent présider à l'Éducation des Idiotes.* Par M. DELASIAUVE.
8. *A Manual on the Classification, Training, and Education of the Feeble-minded, Imbecile, and Idiotic.* By DUNCAN & MILLARD.

IN every human being, be he the mightiest or the meanest among the family of Adam, there exists a vast dimly lighted region of unknown extent and unascertained resources ; a world of which we as yet know too little even to define its boundaries, and of which we can only say, in vague and general language, that it lies between mind and body, between soul and sense. It is a realm thick sown with subtle affinities, thick peopled with analogy, hint, and suggestion, some of them of obscure, and some of fearful import. Far off there is a murmur as of the ocean, and we hear far inland the rush and roar of a mighty cataract ; dark untracked woods are around us, and through them the river of life flows down. But who has tracked that river to its unknown source ? Who through marsh and jungle, and waste of whirling burning sand, has won his way to the centre of this mysterious realm, and there ascended some height of vantage commanding it from sea to sea ?

All that we as yet know of our own nature tends to awaken surmises as vague and wild as were those of Cortez when he gazed

“ Silent upon a peak of Darien,”

and yet if we wish to know anything of man as he really is, if we would desire, amid the complications of an incomplete and struggling existence, to be truly useful and helpful to our fellow-creatures, we must learn not to turn aside from Humanity under its more strange and conflicting aspects. We must be content to grow as familiar with its every chamber as we might be with the rooms of some old memory-haunted house where we have played in childhood, and dreamed away the golden hours of youth. And in this “ our breathing house not made with hands,” we shall doubtless find not only fair parlours looking upon a summer garden, but many dark closets,

many long drearily-echoing corridors, many passages that end in nothing. We shall come suddenly upon windows that open upon heaven itself, and find that here also, as in the vision of the Pilgrim, is a gateway "that leadeth unto hell."

This region has in ages less enlightened than our own been almost given up to the charlatan and the fanatic, and even in our own days we have seen fantastic tricks played within it both by the mesmerist and the revivalist, and known things done that were enough to make the angels weep. But surely the time has come when all fact has grown too valuable to the true thinker to be ignored or passed over because it happens to be inconvenient and hard to fit in to some already established system. Man's complex nature encloses within it many facts, startling, hard to classify, or to bring under a general law, and some of these we must be content to accept and to acquiesce in, to receive them as self-asserting facts, and to let them lie quietly alongside of others that seem to oppose and contradict them. We believe that physiology, approached in this spirit, is the true antidote to materialism, and that the more we learn of the soul's dependence upon the body, the more we recognise its actual, if not entire subjugation to the organism it has to work through, the more thoroughly we shall believe in the soul's distinct existence, and separate power and freedom. When we have learnt all that is at present known about brain and cell, and nerve and tissue, we shall find that we have extended, and not in any degree exhausted, the study of the rational, affectionate man. Nay, we shall find him rather grown than lessened in our eyes by researches that some may deem too curious. To say that such an instinct or emotion belongs to the animal part of our nature is thought to convey a certain sense of disparagement, but what if we can prove that the range of feelings we are so accustomed to classify are connected as intimately with the highest as they are with the lowest region of our nature,—what if we can establish by the very light which the late researches on imbecility cast, that the slightest warp in our physical organization is fatal to general human development, and that the perfect animal is needed to make the perfect man? If the foot or the hand be faulty the soul suffers, if a muscle withers the whole life endures a blight. From all that we at present know of man, it appears that the soul can as little exert itself without the body, as the body can exist without the soul. Nor is there between these two wedded mates any such disparity of native rank and lineage as a proud and ignorant spiritualism has been pleased to place. Each is originally beautiful, originally noble; each is "created free, although born in chains;" each is fallen and perverted from its clear original ideal; each seems capable of utter, even final degradation; each contains

within it the hints and rudiments of ultimate perfection, while in each lie wrapped the seeds of death and ruin. It is not in vain that spiritual and natural life and death, moral and physical well-being and decay, are so full of affinities, that we can scarcely speak of one without making use of some term that seems more properly to belong to the other. The springs of life, *of all life*, lie close together, they may be tracked up to the same remote and hidden source, more hard to find than that of Nile or Niger, that "well-spring of life" which remains the secret of God himself—they lead down to one unfathomable sea. Physiology reveals so many marvels, so extends our views of the capabilities of man; it shows us, both in his body and mind, such vast reserves of power, such sheathed and crippled energies; it lays bare such springs of latent ecstasy, dark in their flow, and silent as is a subterranean river, that need but a touch to bid them flash and kindle into air and light, to allow the heart or the intellect to believe that either man's body or his soul can perish. Yes! I would say further, that physiology stands in need of Christianity as its complement; it makes sense (to speak familiarly) with the gospel, and with it alone. It requires a commandment that is exceeding broad, and no creed will suit it but that which *saves* both soul and body, which purifies and exalts and crowns each with an equal honour. Christ is the Saviour of the body; the heaven to which He admits us is no blank uncomforted Sheol, of which Job said, "I shall lie down in desolate places among kings and counsellors of old"—no shadowy Elysium to which Achilles and Iphigenia preferred *life*, be it even that of a slave "toiling among men beneath the light of the cheerful sun." Christ is emphatically the "life;" He is the Lord and the Giver of life in its fulness and entirety, and the resurrection which we obtain through union with Him is the restored perfection of *our whole nature*, the marriage of the purified soul with the glorified body,—a union without which neither can exert its full powers or know its true blessedness, and awaiting which *each* groans within itself, being burdened, "waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body."

And in a region presenting, as does all that has to do with Humanity, many apparent contradictions, it need not surely surprise us to find that we advance greatly towards the clear understanding of man's whole nature, through the contemplation of its exceptional and abnormal phases. The very imperfections and aberrations of humanity seem to let light, as through chinks and crannies, into caverns within which it would not otherwise have penetrated. In insanity and delirium, for instance, both soul and body exert a fitful and irregular

strength, of which the experience of calmer moments has possibly given little more than the hint. Even the wreck of mind will sometimes give proof of the power of mind, and manifest the superiority of will over muscle, in the energy of misdirected volition put forth by a poor emaciated madman whom many strong men cannot hold. In dreaming, too, the soul is often stirred to depths of anguish, and raised to heights of ecstasy, such as actual life under its present limited conditions can never admit it to. The tenderest heart in its waking moments can neither conceive nor realize rapture so exquisite as the bliss that floods body and soul and spirit in a happy dream, nor can all that a cruel imagination has yet devised of subtle torture equal the absolute horror with which nightmare can crowd and overcharge a moment. Even some of our merely intellectual powers seem to gain strength in states like those induced by hysteria and somnambulism. Nay more; the mind under these unnatural conditions seems to develop a fresh range and order of faculties, as if a secret finger had been laid upon some hitherto unsuspected *stop* in the great organ.¹ The dull under these conditions become brilliant; the illiterate (as in so many cases of religious exaltation) eloquent; the very countenance is, as it were, transfigured into tender and expressive beauty. These things are enough to prove that around, above, *within* man, is a world from which he is at ordinary times excluded, yet a world which is surely his own, although it be for the present barred from him by angels or demons with their swords of flame, and as yet he can but look through the gate, so girt and guarded, for a moment, flinging his soul across through pang and spasm, so to win a dear-bought, momentary glimpse.

And amongst the abnormal conditions of humanity, imbecility, at first sight so repulsive, so barren of all suggestion, will appear, when we come to look into it more closely, to be rich in analogical inference and full of tender poetry. For, taking man at the standard he was evidently originally designed to meet, what are any of us, even the most gifted, but beings to whom something is wanting, people of whom it may

¹ Nothing in this way is more wonderful than the influence of narcotics, and the consciousness of expansion and freedom, thronged with images of beauty, to which the soul attains under such influence. And yet it cannot be in the power of a mere drug to *create* such images, or to induce such energies. The secret of beauty and of energy is in man himself, and the power of the drug is over the body, imparting a momentary concentration to the nervous system, that lifts its weight from the soul, which is ordinarily kept down by a too feeble or too heavy physical organism, and enables both body and soul to ascend together to heights, from which, alas! both must quickly fall.

be truly said, to quote the ordinary north-country expression in speaking of the imbecile, *that we are not all there*. How much of us is wanting even to the best of us, none but He who made us knows, for *we* may be dimly conscious of some inward swerve and failure, but in His mind alone is drawn the clear perfection of the outline each was originally designed to fill. "I do not wish," writes Thoreau, "ever to see John again, I mean him who is dead, but that other whom only *he* would have wished to see or to be, and of whom he was the imperfect representative." To explain what I mean more fully, I would say that humanity, even under its happiest conditions, works under a stringent "statute of limitations," the grace and freedom of its movements is fettered, the crowning glory of its achievements dwarfed, by the imperfection of man's bodily faculties and organs. A man, even the greatest man, is in some degree sheathed and swathed in an organization which literally renders him

"Incompetent to keep
Heights which his soul is competent to win."

But an idiot is one on whom this bodily organization has acted like the machinery of the iron shroud in the frightful mediæval story: it has crippled and crushed his rational and intellectual being, which lies within it maimed even to death, inert and passive as the prey within the folds of the boa-constrictor. An idiot is one who is never strong enough to cast off the swaddling-bands of infancy, and who lives bound round with them from head to foot, until he exchanges them for the cerecloths of the grave. Therefore there is no sight that our world, so full of sorrowful ones, can offer, so deeply tragic as that of idiocy. Insanity itself is not so full of fearful suggestion, nor is its problem one of such intricate and overwhelming complication. For the poor maniac has at least *lived*; he is one who has suffered the extremity of woe and loss, but who still retains something of the dignity of him "who has had losses," of a being once responsible and intelligent, capable of feeling and inspiring love. He is now, in the expressive French phrase,¹ an alien from his kind, cut off from the broad swift-flowing stream of human interests and sympathies, "he is desolate with all his company;" but the idiot, as his very name implies, is *isolated*, and has ever been so; he is disinherited from his very birth—even from before it. He is a being disassociated from all around him, without ties, without aims, without resources; his life's history is indeed a blank, summed up and circled in nonentity. He is one who, in the emphatic

¹ *Aliéné*.

language of Seguin, "can do nothing, can think of nothing, can care for nothing."

The spectacle of idiocy fast bound in the iron misery of an imperfect organization, awakens in the mind the thought of a fatality more gloomy and irresistible than that which presides over a Greek drama. The bondage here is final, the soul's captivity lifelong. Yet even in learning the soul's dependence upon the body, we learn, as I have said, much of the soul's greatness; and nothing brings out more strongly than does idiocy, the sharp distinctive difference between the animal and man. When the great governing principle of reason, intelligence, *that in fact which makes man what he is*, is unable to exert its supremacy, all in the lower, as in the higher part of human nature, is chaos and disorder, and the idiot is as far from the perfect animal as he is from the perfect man. Such is the grandeur of man's whole nature, that, as in all that is perfect and structural, defect in any part works ruin to the whole design. An animal is sufficient to its own wants—self-helpful, in harmony with the universe it belongs to, a law unto itself, guided and checked even as to its instincts and propensities; but the man in whom the animal nature predominates is unable even to provide for the mere animal wants which have to him become imperious. He has lost his life's Dominant to which every fibre in his nature refers, and all is discord; he is unable to help himself, out of relation with all that surrounds him; and the utter absence of spontaneity in the idiot is one of the strongest witnesses we have to man's inalienable freedom. If Man is robbed in any degree of his birthright, if the motive, impelling, governing principles of reason, volition and affection, are unable to make their energies felt within him, he is indeed bereaved. He is one who may perish with cold and hunger, although he is the Father's son, and heir unto a kingdom, while the furred, skinned, and feathered tribes of earth, sea, and air, know how to provide themselves with homes and sustenance.

The question which we are now considering, that of the educability of the imbecile, is not one of mere philanthropy. So far it has been chiefly considered in that light, and has engaged the attention of but a few persons, and they among the number of so-called enthusiasts. But if the principles laid down in the books and reports before us are true, and the facts to which they bear witness can be well established, it is a question which connects itself most closely with almost every other social one. It is an inquiry which bears, and that in no indirect way, not only upon education in general, but upon legislation, upon morals, upon the general relations of human

beings with each other, and even upon the nature of moral accountability with God. "The question as to whether or not the idiot can be improved," says one who is well qualified to speak upon the subject,¹ "is a question which touches upon the loftiest outlooks of psychology, the most important problems of education; and the light our researches shed is as valuable to the philosopher as it is to the physician."

The books and papers which now lie before us are not cheerful reading, they are not of the kind which makes a half-hour pass pleasantly to the general reader, nor are they likely to be taken up except by persons particularly interested in the subject to which they are devoted. They carry us into the heart of deep scientific problems, and involve the weightiest practical conclusions. Seguin tells us that when he began to write on idiocy he found himself involved, without intending it, in moral, medical, physiological, and educational questions of the highest import. One question, he says, drew on another, each fact seemed to rest upon some anterior one, *alone able to explain and to interpret it*, so intimately connected are all researches that have Man for their object.

It does not fall within our present limits to follow out the questions into which these books enter largely; a few simple, clearly established facts are enough to make any thinking person feel the importance of their leading inquiry—"Can the idiot be educated?" England and Wales, it seems, contain at present about 50,000 idiotic and weak-minded persons. A formidable battalion, and the more so when it is swelled and strengthened by the vast number of unrecognised cases of mental infirmity, of backward, imperfectly developed, and peculiarly constituted children, who all require, in the language of those who best understand their condition, *a special* (or physiological) education, and who cannot be benefited, but will assuredly be injured, by the course of ordinary teaching. How all-important to the life of the family, to the well-being of the nation, becomes the question of their susceptibility to improvement! How worthy of the attention of the Government of every Christian State! For the idiot, as it has been truly remarked, does not sink alone. The present scientific researches bring into clear light a fact which has been long familiar to the chaplains of jails and others practically interested in our criminal population, that a large proportion of it is made up of weak and mentally deficient people, whose infirmities have made them the easy victims and the ready tools of the vicious and designing. M. Voisin's attention was drawn to this subject by seeing a company of *forçats*, among whom his practised eye at once

¹ M. Delasiauve, Médecin de l'Hospice de Bicêtre.

detected a man who was a manifest idiot, incapable of responsibility. In 1838, he inspected, along with a Commission appointed by the Government, a prison where 500 young criminals were submitted to his inspection. Upon a phrenological examination, it appeared that the heads of more than two-thirds of these boys, that is 315 out of the 500, were of the lowest character of development—a truly astounding proportion. These poor boys, who all belonged to the very lowest class, had not only had to contend against every social disadvantage, but had started in the race of life under the heavy weight and disability an imperfect organization entails. Are such poor beings to be turned loose on society, to become centres of evil and degradation, or are they to be trained to peace and order, or at least to be sheltered, to be *saved* alike from injuring and from being injured? Such inquiries are certainly worthy of the attention of a great and Christian nation. It is kind no doubt in the individually charitable to subscribe sovereigns, to fill purses, to weary their friends to give them a vote for Earlswood for the benefit of this or that idiot who has come across them in a chance way, but this is a question that ought not to be left to philanthropy.¹ It is one worthy of a nation's heart. It is time that England, who for her 50,000 imbeciles has as yet provided asylums for just *one thousand*, to ask whether we are to continue to allow the weakest, the least fortunate among us, to drift hither and thither as chance and fate direct, the very *flotsam* and *jetsam* of humanity, or to decide whether as a nation we will seek to emulate the

¹ We must not however forget to draw attention to the wonders which philanthropy, so far unaided and single-handed, is at present working. The noble Northern Counties Institution now founding at Lancaster, which will be the largest in the world, owes its origin to the munificent gift of £2000 from a private individual in circumstances not even affluent. Its objects have been advocated with great ability and zeal by Dr. De Vitre, the chairman of the central committee. The secretary, Mr. James Diggins, calls the writer's notice to a very interesting feature connected with the work—the interest which has been taken in it by the humbler orders of men. The Provencals in their richly poetical idiom are accustomed to speak of an "*alms is blossom*," by which they mean a gift given by the indigent to one yet worse off than himself, and we are all familiar with the touching Manx proverb—"When the poor man gives to the poor, God himself smiles." Mr. Diggins tells me of a poor old woman in receipt of parish allowance who asked leave to send some work she had done to a bazaar spontaneously got up at Anstwick, a small village near Settle, for the benefit of the Royal Albert Institution, a bazaar which raised £74. In Lancaster, he adds, the poor have now been contributing their weekly penny for a year or two, and have also subscribed through the medium of their friendly societies—the Oddfellows alone contributing £105. Handsome sums have also been obtained through the co-operative bodies. At Lancaster we have a working-men's auxiliary committee that has raised upwards of £150 in weekly contributions. Sunday-schools have also subscribed, one of them raising in a few weeks as much as £18.

wise and loving economy of our Divine Founder, and strive to heal that which is sick, to bind up that which is broken, to bring back that which is driven away, to gather up of these fragments and leavings of human existence, "so that nothing be lost."

The idea of educating the imbecile is probably the youngest born among the daughters of philanthropy. It has yet to make its way into general acceptance, and the apathy with which it is apt to be received in so many cases, arises from the want of interest which, even in subjects far more naturally attractive, belongs to pure and simple ignorance of their nature and objects. It seems well, therefore, to give a short historical outline of the rise and progress of this new science; and for this we have not to go back to any remote period, for the schoolmaster, as regards the feeble-minded, has not been long abroad. France, the nurse and mother of great ideas, too generous to remember Lord Bacon's famous adage, "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*," ever ready herself to be herself the subject of each high experiment of liberty and progress, claims, along with many kindred glories, that of being the first worker in this peculiar field. Itard, in the early days of the French republic, was the first person who ever tried to educate an idiot, and his indefatigable labours upon the well-known wild man of the Aveyron laid the foundation-stone of all that has been since done in the way of physiological education. Yet Itard, strange to say, never imagined himself to be educating an idiot, and all that has proved most valuable in the result of his experiments, grew, as in the case of those of alchemy, out of a mistaken aim. Trained in the principles of Rousseau, Itard sincerely believed that if a true savage—meaning by this a real wild man, one who would be considered such even by savage tribes—could be found, the task of his education would lay bare those "innate ideas," the true springs of human intelligence, which a false and artificial mode of culture had blighted and perverted. Such a subject for theorization he believed himself to have discovered in the "*sauvage de l'Aveyron*," a boy who at the age of about eleven was caught by some hunters in the woods, wild and naked, living upon roots and acorns. The literature of the eighteenth century, and above all the philosophy of Rousseau, says M. Esquirol, had made savages fashionable, and the wild boy was for a short time the gazing-stock and wonder of Paris. Fashionable curiosity was however quickly satiated; the world soon grew tired of looking at a morose, unclean, ill-conditioned child, who bit and scratched every one who interfered with him. The poor "wild man of the woods" was soon abandoned, and forgotten by all save by the few, Humanity's true and faithful lovers, who never lose

their sense of kinship with the great family we all belong to, and in whose eyes a man, however forlorn, degraded, and embruted, is still *a man*. He was visited by the illustrious Pinel, the earliest friend of the insane, who saw at once how nearly his characteristics approached those of the idiotic children confined in the Bicêtre, and under the then rooted impression that nothing could be done to improve those who were born deficient, warned Itard that his cares would be thrown away. Itard took a different view of the boy's condition, but so fully agreed with Pinel in the firm belief that idiocy was incurable, and that children affected by it were not susceptible to the influence of any sort of sociability or instruction, that when after years of patient labour he found out that the boy was really an idiot, one who as such had probably been cast out by his parents to perish in the forest, he gave up his case for ever in deep disappointment and disgust. But the zeal and patience which Itard brought to an obscure and unrepaying task, and continued to exert through a period of five long years, were not really thrown away. Himself a man of true genius, he had caught from another, the Spaniard Pereire, the first teacher of the deaf and dumb, whose labours a little preceded his own, the secret of the education of the senses; he had learnt from him the futility of pursuing ordinary methods of culture with children whose whole organization was exceptional, and upon this hint of deep significance he spoke and acted.

To attach the wild boy to the habits of social life, to awaken his nervous sensibility, to extend the circle of his ideas, to lead him by degrees to the use of language,—such were the aims of Itard, and such are now those of the idiots' most advanced teacher; and none that have come after him, says M. Esquirol, have ever surpassed him in miracles of patience and ingenuity, in artifices brought to bear upon continually recurring obstacles, in the separate training of every separate sense. These were so far successful, that although his work must be on the whole regarded as a failure, the boy who had lived in the midst of his fellow-men, as one blind, deaf, and insensible, learnt to see and listen, to distinguish objects by their touch and smell, and awoke to sentiments of tender and caressing gratitude towards his teacher. The name of Itard must be ever cherished by the friend of the idiot as that of the pioneer boldly striking into trackless forests, the pilot venturing upon "perilous seas forlorn." He takes high rank among the guides who have none to guide them, among the leaders following only the instinct of their own great souls. We are perhaps lingering too long upon the threshold of our narrative, and yet before leaving the well-worn subject of the

wild man of Aveyron, it is scarcely possible not to be struck by the light his story casts upon days not very far from our own. Our own age has plenty of faults, and plenty of fault-finders to discover and proclaim them. We are told at least once a week, if not oftener, that there was never an age so shallow, heartless, and money-seeking as the present one; yet in humanity we may perhaps have gained something, and that removes us a long way from days when, as in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, idiot children were frequently thrown to perish in the forests by their parents. Some few among these contrived to exist in spite of a thousand adverse chances, through the sole strength of instinct, and became assimilated to the wild beasts among whom they lived. Linnæus has left a list of ten of these unfortunate beings, whom he, curiously enough, considered as forming a variety in the genus *Homo*. Its headings read strangely—

Juvenis Lupinus Hessensis, 1544—a young man found in Hesse among wolves.

Juvenis Ursinus Lithuanus—a young man found among bears in Lithuania.

Juvenis Ovinus Hibernus—a young man found among wild sheep in Ireland.

Juvenis Bovinus Bambergensis—a young man found among herds of oxen near Bamberg; and so on through the sorrowful catalogue,

“Sorte funesta clari.”

Contemporary with Itard's labours may be noticed those of another celebrated physician, Fodéré, a Savoyard, who gave his attention to Cretinism, a local form of idiocy, involving physical and mental degeneracy of the profoundest type, attributable as is generally known to atmospheric causes, and to hereditary transmission in the places which have originally favoured its development. Fodéré entered on the path since then more fully explored by Dr. Guggenbühl, and tried to ameliorate the condition of the Cretin¹ of the Alpine valleys, to make him serviceable in rural industry, and in some degree to educate him. But the attention, never perhaps very general, which had been excited by the writings of Itard and Fodéré was not of that strong and lively character which can keep

¹ It is not perhaps generally known that the word *Cretin*, linked with such painful and repellent associations, is a modification of the family name of the great family of Christ. They were called “Chrétians” by the peasantry, in the same spirit that has sometimes given them the name of “innocents,” and which still continues in Eastern countries to invest insanity with a protecting halo. And the name imports that these are Christians as it were *par excellence*, children of the good God, born irresponsible, and therefore incapable of ever displeasing Him.

itself long awake. Public interest altogether slumbered on the question, and Pinel and Esquirol, so full of undying solicitude for the insane, only added strength to the ban under which the idiot lay, by casting the weight of their powerful authority into the heavy balance against him. For him alone there was neither help nor hope, and for about thirty years, dating the work of Itard at the very beginning of this century, we find a chasm in our narrative broken perhaps as the years go on by some solitary little-headed voice.

But all things, according to the saying of Tertullian, ripen, and righteousness also ripens along with them. "At certain times and eras," remarks M. Seguin, "the whole race of man, as regards the discovery of truth, seems to arrive at once at a certain point, so that it is hard to say *who* is the discoverer. All we know is that something which the race has long wanted has at last been found, and this point once reached, the friends of truth hasten in from all quarters to compare, to analyse, and to increase their great acquisitions." "For it is not enough," adds Seguin, "that a truth be ripe in the mind of a thinker, and that the vowed advocates of light and progress are ready to hail its birth, *the social medium in which it has to work must be also ready*, otherwise it falls upon soil in which it cannot germinate, and no decided result ensues." Some such propitious hour had struck when in 1842 Dr. Guggenbühl opened his school for cretins on the Abendberg, while at the same time M. Saegert commenced one for idiots at Berlin, both without knowledge of the methods being pursued by Seguin, whose indefatigable labours at the Bicêtre were in full vigour of operation. In 1846 a school was established in Leipzig by Dr. Kern. As early as 1819, Dr. Poole of Aberdeen had advocated the expediency of subjecting idiotic children to medical treatment and educational training, but the first practical effort in Great Britain was made by the Misses White of Bath, who opened in 1846 a small house in that city for the training of the imbecile, and commenced with four children. In the early part of 1847 there appeared in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* two articles on M. Seguin's work at the Bicêtre, which were written by Mr. Gaskell, then medical superintendent of the Lancashire Lunatic Asylum, and for many years subsequently a Commissioner in Lunacy. These articles attracted the attention of Dr. Andrew Reed, the renowned philanthropist, who, having secured the earnest co-operation of Dr. Connolly, and other active benevolent and scientific gentlemen, started an asylum at Park House, Highgate. The outgrowths of this institution are the National Asylum at Earlswood, one of the best known and most efficiently conducted institutions of the kind in the world,

and the Eastern Counties Asylum at Colchester, of which Mr. Millard, one of the earliest friends of the idiot, is the able superintendent. Scotland in 1852 opened her first institution at Baldovan, near Dundee, promoted by Sir John Ogilvy; and Dr. Brodie began the good work in Edinburgh, now carried on upon a larger scale at the new Scotch Asylum at Larbert. In June 1853 the corner-stone of Earlswood, Surrey, was laid by Prince Albert. In 1863 a small asylum for the Western Counties was commenced at Star-cross, Exeter, under the leadership of the Earl of Devon, and in June 1868 we see the foundation laid at Lancaster of a large institution for the reception of the idiots and imbeciles of the seven Northern Counties of England. A small asylum for the Midland Counties has, we understand, recently been started at Birmingham.

As early as 1842-3, two American gentlemen, Messrs. Mann and Sumner, had seen the work of Seguin at Paris, and written home an approving notice of it.¹ Idiot education was quickly set on foot in Massachusetts, and since then has been adopted as a *State duty* by New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Ohio. Seguin himself has been won to America, and has had the school of New York under his care; and one fact to America's undying honour must not pass unrecognised, —that even the heavy financial strain which the late war has laid upon all her energies and resources, has not been allowed to interfere with the keeping up of these establishments, nor has party feeling been allowed to check their beneficial working by preventing the admission of children from the Southern States.

The American reports, to which we shall have occasion to refer again, are characterized by a quite remarkable warmth and kindliness of expression, and by the broad basis upon which the work is placed. "This school," says the annual report for Massachusetts, "had its origin in that respect for humanity which is pained by the thought that any who bear its image should remain outcast from the universal family, unembraced in the common bond of brotherly love."

¹ Seguin's deservedly eminent (we may call it pre-eminent) position among the teachers of the idiot, consists in the high and honourable place he gives to moral forces, especially to the freedom of the will. This at all costs and trouble he is bent upon evoking and strengthening, and while his predecessors had contented themselves with the mere education of the senses, his rare genius makes all that can be done in the region of emotion and impression subserve to the true if but partial awakening of reason, conscience, and will, feebly as each may be able to manifest itself. "When we try," he says, "to educate the isolated idiot, we do not mean the mere teaching him reading, music, etc. : we mean to give him the sense and the power of establishing in the limits of his capacity those social relations (*rappports sociaux*) whose ever changing state is expressed by the two fixed words *rights* and *duties*."

France meanwhile has continued the work she so nobly inaugurated. Among many names honourable in the ranks of those who, in the emphatic language of M. Esquirol, have endeavoured, and not in vain, to remove "the mark of the beast" from the forehead of the idiot, Belhomme, Falret, Ferrus, Leuret, we come to one who even from the unscientific reader challenges a more than ordinary attention. M. Voisin is one of those ardent and lively thinkers who compel you to go along with them, perhaps not the whole length of the road upon which he is himself travelling, but assuredly further than you at first intend. They who have gone one mile in his company will certainly go twain, and find themselves richer in ideas than when they started. His attention has been greatly drawn to the consideration of the obscurer mental afflictions less obvious to the outward eye than idiocy, yet dating like it from birth, and interfering as surely and fatally as it does with the exercise of volition, affection, and will, displacing that grand triumvirate under whose rule alone a happy, respectable, and honoured life is a possible thing. Voisin's extended practical observations of idiocy, insanity, and mental and nervous maladies in general, joined to profound phrenological studies, have led him to believe that in a certain nature any given moral faculty—say affection, or the sense of responsibility—may be as surely, though less obviously, wanting, as the power of attention, comparison, or the faculty of number is wanting to those whose deficiencies are intellectual. "We must learn," says Voisin, "that human nature is made up of instinctive, perceptive, moral, and intellectual elements, whose harmony constitutes the man. But an unseen enemy can sap and mine at any one of these, idiocy can besiege *any one of these faculties in separation from the rest*, or it can attack the whole nature at once, thus making of man, as the case may be, a complete or a partial wreck. It can work an innate weakening of the moral sentiments, it can enfeeble the motive springs of duty and affection, it can induce an actual deadness in the region of some great fundamental power, while the other powers remain undisturbed, and continue the independent exercise of their several functions."

Also, says Voisin, there are a number of persons whose whole organization is exceptional, who do not conform to the common standard and level of humanity—people who are, and must remain, as he expresses it, *hors de ligne*, a class in which, along with weak and wandering, perverted and ill-balanced minds, he does not hesitate to include the bright inheritors of genius, and the possessors of extraordinary benevolence and heroic courage. All these, he says, are alike in this, that they sink below or rise above the safe mediocrity and even balance to which the great

majority of the human race is vowed and consecrated; they resemble each other, sadly as the great hero and the great criminal differ, in a certain *original want of adjustment and proportion*, which makes each pass easily, under exciting circumstances, into a state of exaltation, in which man, in Voisin's energetic language, "is given up to his individuality," when his actions become automatic, his passions irresistible,—when he is no longer, in the language of common life, his own master, but the blinded follower of a blind guide, left at the mercy of some fierce over-ruling instinct, or of some trivial outward circumstance.

Voisin founded a school in Paris in 1834 for the treatment of intelligences of an exceptional class. We know not what measure of success has attended this establishment, or whether its blessed promise of amelioration has justified the hope expressed with so much tenderness by one who in early days inspected it, and spoke of it as "filling up a place until now left blank both to science and to humanity." "How much wasted wealth," says M. Marc,¹ "may *here* be restored to society! To say nothing of rocks and shoals avoided, and shipwrecks saved, what noble and generous natures, what hearts too deeply sensitive for their own peace, what magnificent intellects, perilously gifted and unsuitably placed for development, whose unrecognised powers have worked but misery for themselves and ruin to those around them, might have been saved and rescued! And leaving on one side these brilliant and exceptional cases, how many incomplete and partially endowed natures are there among us, which only *needed to have been better understood* to have been lifted to a larger, more liberal, more intellectual, more useful, and more happy life!"

It is easy to see how great the difficulties must be in a work of this kind, and how far from certain the results. The task of training an idiot, however irksome, is simple compared with that of guiding and modifying a mind naturally "erring and extravagant," full of far greater capacities for gain and loss. The theories of Voisin have been severely censured, as being tinged with materialism, and as tending to restrict the area of human responsibility. But the great onward march of humanity has surely by this time carried us past the point when our advance was to be retarded by cries and watchwords, and we must no longer, in Voisin's own words, refuse to give due weight to facts, which, *however exceptional, are not on that account less positive or less evident*. It is impossible for any one who has observed human nature with any degree of attention, to doubt that a man's whole character is moulded, and his

¹ Premier Médecin du roi, Inspecteur de Maisons de Santé.

career and conduct determined, by the temperament and constitution he brings with him into the world. In ordinary cases this strong bent and sit of nature is held under sway by reason, is modified by education, is kept in check by example and opinion; a rational man sees clearly that if he would be respectable, or even endurable, he *must* hold this or that propensity in abeyance, and in ordinary cases he feels that he *can* do so. How far, in the exceptional cases we are now considering, impulse and instinct, wanting these given restraints become so fatal and irresistible as to place certain individuals beyond the sphere of accountability, only God, who is at once the Maker and the Judge of all men, knows. In ordinary cases, it is surely enough for us to admit, what experience plainly shows us, that *to limit human responsibility is in no degree to lessen it*.¹ If we are bound on one side, we are free upon another; and if man's freedom, according to Lavater's illustration, is only that of a bird within its cage, we have enough to do within our given boundaries, and need not fret that we can never overpass them. If our physical constitution is unalterable, our moral nature contains within it the germ and promise of infinite expansion. If humanity must still deplore its deep inadequacy, must still confess to a chasm never to be filled up between its bright intention and its faltering deed,—if it must say with St. Paul, “how to perform I find not,” it may say with him, “*to will is present with me*.” Let nature bind man to the earth by fetters which cannot as yet be broken; he is the prisoner of a glorious hope, heir to a freedom to which every human affec-

¹ “The freedom of the bird in its cage is an exact emblem of human liberty. Man possesses his given circle of activity, and that defined boundary it is impossible for him to surmount, and *within it* his sphere of action lies. *Each individual must continue what he is*, with the granted possibility of maturing and exerting himself to a determinate point. *An exact conception of human nature, and a proper idea of the limits to which it is confined, are of great service in making us lowly, courageous, meek, and active*.” “When we have learnt,” Lavater adds, “that human power and capacity, whether for feeling or action, are *bounded things*, and can extend the application of this truth from ourselves to others, we have found what constitutes the germ of all social charity and tolerance, and may hope to hold in check the hateful tyranny which leads every one to make his own individuality the standard of good, and to think that nothing can be right or good that deviates from it. *Every man has his own individuality*. When we perceive this we shall perhaps cease to demand ardent sensibility from the abstract reasoner, or the depth and exactness of this reasoner from the person in whose temperament feeling bears sway. *We shall learn to look in all that has to do with our fellow-men to that which is, and not to that which is wanting*. God has many vessels, of gold, of silver, and of wood; the gold may be unused and rusty, yet it remains a precious metal; the wooden one may happen to be more useful than it is, yet it must ever remain a wooden vessel. Neither care, thought, education, nor activity, can bestow on us another nature.”

tion, every heavenward aspiration testifies. He is a being who can will, who can desire, who can love, who can pray; a being rich in intelligent and affectionate attributes, strong through supernatural aids, and as such removed farther than line can reach or plummet sound from the region of the plant and the animal.

Voisin's theory as regards the instruction of the imbecile is "to work upon what we find."¹ *Développer ce qui existe* is his chosen motto, and we may add, that of the friends of the idiot in general. "We must always remember," says Voisin, "that education and instruction do not *create* faculties; these, whether strong or feeble, must be there to begin with, and the part of the teacher is but by care and patience to draw them out to the best possible advantage." To this end, these wise and loving teachers make, as one of these books expresses it, "the grand tour" of the constitution of their poor infirm disciples; they make themselves acquainted with every faint manifestation of intelligence, they observe each fancy, each predilection, they take note of each feeler he puts forth, however feebly, so as to find the point from which they may best work the machinery through which they hope to rouse his innate faculties, and to bring him into relation with outward life. For we must remember that idiocy, in the view of those who best understand its nature, is to be looked upon as the result of an imperfect physical organization so shutting up the soul within its material envelope that it can neither receive impressions from surrounding objects nor make its own power felt upon the external world. Sometimes, as in cases of hydrocephalus, the senses may be active, and the brain itself in fault, unable to register the impressions sent to it; in others, an active brain may be cut off from all communication with outward things through dull and blunted senses, and through the deadness of the great nervous system, whose fibres are the conductors and

¹ A truth which applies to all mental and moral influence. This, when its power is the most direct and happy, is far less felt in what is *communicated* from one mind to another than in what is called forth by contact. An intelligent person in conversation with a powerful and original thinker has sometimes reason to be astonished with the unsuspected wealth and profusion of *his own* ideas. Even so, in the moral order, will love, hope, ardent admiration of an exalted character, exert the transforming influence so justly ascribed to them as quickening energies, reinforcing the mind's native powers. They do not create, they do not even change, but they vivify what is torpid, and free the soul's wings. Love never yet *made* a painter, though but for love Quentin Matsys might have died a smith.

So even in spiritual things, conversion, the soul's most wondrous transformation, conforms to the same law. The change the Holy Spirit works on the heart of man is effected by the awakening of dormant *but existing* good, and the consequent repression of evil.

agents of motion and sensation. In either case, remarks Seguin, one result follows, *isolation, incapacity*; or, in other words, that absence of spontaneity which seems the distinguishing characteristic of idiocy. In its most complete manifestations, or what is in these books called "profound idiocy," the human being is so wanting in sensation and so utterly deficient in will as scarcely to rise above vegetative existence, respiration and digestion being the only acting functions. This state is always attended with great bodily weakness; it is often induced by repeated and frequent attacks of epilepsy, whose recurrence keeps the sufferer physically at too low a point to be raised by any leverage, however skilful, so that these cases are hopeless for the instructor. Beings of this class would perish with hunger in the very midst of food, if they were not fed as infants are obliged to be. But even in cases where the blight of idiocy has laid a less heavy finger, we shall always find the idiot one who has to be laboriously and painfully *taught* all that happier children learn insensibly. Things which are toys to other children are to idiots serious studies. *All* is foreign to him, unfamiliar, for he alone has never been able to catch the mother-language of general humanity; he has the helplessness of childhood without its endearing grace, and knows not how to feed or clothe himself, or how to make his simplest wants known. He is one emphatically, "who having eyes, sees not; who having ears, hears not; and having hands, handles not." "The idiot," says Seguin, "does not *see*; their look generally, when they do look, seems thrown at haphazard, and not to go or stay by any exercise of wish; it is evident that they have great difficulty either in directing or fixing a *willed regard* on any object at a little distance, and they seem to hunt about for things they crave for, as if they had but an accidental and unsteady sight of them." With regard to the faculty of hearing, this accomplished teacher tells us that many weak-minded children are practically deaf and dumb, who are not so organically. They *can* hear, but from the profound indifference and inattention their state induces, they are really insensible to sound, until the slumbering faculty is awakened and trained to exercise.¹ And it is not only each several sense that requires a separate education, but even the simplest muscular movements are in the idiot inept and irregular; he cannot move, sit, or stand like other people; every gesture is a revelation of his peculiar infirmity. His limbs are either convulsed

¹ In this interesting condition, says Seguin, the child will sometimes *hear the sounds he knows and wishes for, and none other*. For instance, he will hear music, and not the speaking voice; he will retain and repeat tunes, and not be able to hear or repeat a single word.

and agitated with continual *aimless* movements, or stiffened into the rigidity of that *inertia* peculiar to the idiot, and presenting, says Seguin, the most formidable among the many difficulties his teacher has to encounter. The silent immobility of his "I will not" differs, he says, most essentially from the positive refusal to move which either man or animal can exert at pleasure. *His* attitude is wholly negative, and arises from the absence of any external inducement which solicits, or internal motive which induces him to exertion. He must be wooed and coaxed to action. "Even to walk," says Seguin, "presents to him at first so many difficulties, that we may say it is as hard work to him as to think. So he will leave it alone till he is compelled or bidden, and will scarcely undertake anything on his own impulse." To grasp or lay hold of anything we wish for would seem one of the simplest of conceivable operations, yet whole pages of one of these interesting works is devoted to the subject of "prehension," or the action of the hand in taking, losing, and keeping hold. "No language," says Seguin, "descriptive or scientific, can give an idea how many steps are required before a child will learn to throw a stick from him in the direction the teacher points to." An idiot, from being unable to perceive the relation which one object bears to another, has no idea how, in common parlance, to set about anything of his own accord. Seguin tells us that in teaching his pupils to draw a figure so simple as the square, they could not be brought, except at the expense of countless artifices, to see that in order to form it the four lines must be made long enough to meet each other at each corner.

These artifices, these aids, these encouragements, are indeed endless. Not the adept watching his crucible, nor Newton pondering over the mighty problem of the universe, ever brought more zeal and patient devotion to bear upon his task than is here given to quicken the dormant intellect of an idiot, to aid the obscure travail of some poor feeble and fettered soul, to send a ray of glimmering light down the deep sunken shaft of the pit where humanity lies bound like Joseph, and forgotten of his brethren.¹ Incidentally in these books, and as

¹ The idiot seems always to conform to Locke's definition of him, and to continue one who cannot "reason, compare, or abstract." On this account, says Seguin, the task of teaching him to read would have been much easier than it is, had written letters remained, as in the days of hieroglyphics, the *direct representation of the thing they signify*, instead of being, as they now are, mere bizarre and arbitrary signs, in no way logically connected with their object. Even so, he adds, a chasm yawns between the written letter and the articulated sound,—no relation connects, no similarity makes them one; and to acquire a knowledge of them is indeed a feat of mental gymnastics.

"Ulysses knew, indeed," says Madame de Gasparin, in her affecting story

mere matters of course, we find it recorded that a teacher, before he could make a child appreciate the difference between a round and a square, repeated the same experiment 600 times, or we come across some evidence of tender ingenuity like that of Dr. Guggenbühl, who, after many ineffectual attempts to teach his Cretin pupils the alphabet, succeeded in quickening their attention by drawing out the letters in phosphorus on the wall of a darkened room. Miracles of patience and of love such as these, and the kindred ones that have lately been brought to bear on the teaching of the deaf-mutes and the care of the insane, at once recall and fulfil a deep saying of our Saviour, when, alluding to His own beneficent works of healing and restoration, He says, "*Greater works* than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father." To raise the dead was for God an easy task, but for a man it is surely a gigantic one; all things were possible to the Master—"Speak the word only, and thy servant shall be healed;" but of the disciple, in a work like the present, it may be said truly, "that he has nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." None has gone before him on his path, and he has, as it were, to explore and make good each step he takes.

And if we ask to what good has this great cost been made, and inquire into the reward of so much devoted labour, the results which these reports and papers lay before us are indeed surprising. Their testimony as to the amount of good already done is uniform, and when we consider the great and real difficulties of the work, the statistics laid before us by the various reports we are considering, English, Scotch, and American alike, the general impression is abundantly cheering. One and all speak of bad habits corrected, of health and morals improved, of many children who were a positive burden to their family being now able to maintain, or partially maintain, themselves by their own labour. Dr. Howe tells us, of the children placed under his charge, many who were in a state of apparently hopeless idiocy have gained useful knowledge, most of them have become cleanly, decent, docile, and industrious, and *all* of them are happier and better in consequence of the efforts made in their behalf. Dr. De Vitre, in a speech made at the late foundation of the Northern Counties Asylum, says, "As far as our present statistics go, there are only 6 per cent.

Un pauvre Garçon, "that one apple and two apples made three apples, and when the innkeeper's son took two of them away, he was aware that he had only one left; but this transaction, however simple in itself, stunned and stupefied him when it was translated into figures. The white symbols upon the black slate conveyed not one idea to his mind, however long his restless eyes might wander over them."

of the whole family of idiots in this country who are incapable of improvement; one half of the remainder can be so far benefited by training as to be made able to attend to their own wants with some degree of propriety; *of the whole, at least 10 per cent. can be restored to society as useful members of it.*"

In this doubtless very high average of good accomplished *all* the reports before us concur, and add to their generally encouraging statement some very interesting cases of a more extraordinary kind. Among these we may notice that of a pupil of Dr. Guggenbühl, who was sufficiently cured to become a schoolmaster, and was capable of instructing his scholars in four languages. We are also told of a physician, once resident at Montpellier, in childhood an undoubted Cretin, but who recovered, passed through a professional education, and became the author of a book on Cretinism. Seguin tells us of several among the American pupils who passed out of idiocy into heroism, and enlisted of their own accord to defend the republic. One of these, after doing good service as a soldier, was captured by Grant's army, and died a prisoner in the miserable Andersonville stockade. Another youth, who had been pronounced incapable of instruction in ordinary schools, learned in the institution at Syracuse to speak, read, and write well, and developed great and useful capacities for work in the farm and garden. Seguin tells us how he, moved, along with another comrade, by an intelligent patriotism, joined the army, and after serving half a year, was smitten by typhus fever, and dragged himself "home," *i.e.*, to the asylum, at the door of which he was found in a dying state. His companion served with distinction two years, and was fatally wounded at Fisher's Hill. Instances like these must, however, be looked upon as exceptional, as in general cases, whatever amount of improvement may be effected in the habits, conduct, and mental acquisitions of those who are born so far below the mark which others start from, an absence of originating power, *a want of self-direction*, will remain, which seems, as one of these books expresses it, always to call for the directing and guiding hand. In judging what education can effect for the idiot, we must be careful not to compare him with the average man, with whom he must always appear to a disadvantage, *but with himself* in his untrained, original condition, or with that of those of his fellow-sufferers upon whom no such care has been bestowed.

The theory on which the education of the imbecile rests is stated in language which some may think extreme by Dr. Parrish of Pennsylvania. At a meeting there in 1859 he said, "The notion that imbecile children or idiots did not possess minds was not admitted in this institution. He himself believed

that every creature born in the form of man had a mind. Darkened and infirm it might be ; shut out from human sympathy and aid, alone in its solitary gloom ; wayward and without intention and purpose so far as we could see ; but yet, far down, behind its sorrow, in its solitude, somewhere in its nature, was the image of God. But for our faith in the existence of mind in every human creature we could not labour with any hope of success." He adds elsewhere, "Mind is not *wanting* in cases of imbecility and idiocy, it is only warped, weakened, or overcome by physical causes. The brain is *there*, but its workings are clogged by disease." In accordance with this view, every effort of the teacher of the idiot, from whatever point he works, is directed to one aim, that of awakening what is dormant and setting free that which is bound. We have seen in the quotations made from Seguin's writings how perseveringly this aim is kept in view as regards the intellect, and how vast and varied a machinery is brought to bear upon the passivity in which the will sits in the idiot, like the lady in Comus, "locked up in alabaster." The same end is kept in view by all the gymnastic exercises and hygienic aids which have been found so valuable ; all these seek by a series of shocks and stimulants to rouse and rally the physical energies from their death-like trance. Dr. Guggenbühl's climatic experiment with regard to the Cretins, whom he has removed from the depressing influence of their native valleys to a home where they breathe the clear stimulating mountain air, is a sort of crowning achievement in this line, and its eminent success shows what may be gained as to general intelligence by the bracing and tightening of the fibres of a relaxed and languid physique. But there is one irresistible engine, the powerful reinforcer of all other leverage, the fulcrum alone strong enough to effect the imminent deadly breach in the thick-walled rampart which lets the forlorn hope pass through into the citadel. Love is in this region, as in all others, the stand-point from which, when once won, the world can be moved from its place. "It would surprise no one," says Dr. Howe of Massachusetts, "to hear that neglected children have been awakened to affection by the kindness shown them in this institution, for we all know that love will call forth love ; yet we have here been taught a new fact, *that love also elicits intelligence*. We have learnt how it is that God himself works when He would quicken the faculties of His creatures, *and love is brought before us as the magnetic force of the moral, as electricity is of the physical, world*. It vivifies and exalts all that is ethereal in man—reason, affections, will ; and all who would do good may here learn a lesson that points them to the hiding of their power, in the element of their nature through which alone they can open the way of hopeful

and beneficent communication with every one who wears the human form."

Seguin closes a series of admirable remarks upon what is required in the moral training of the imbecile, as to order, obedience, authority, in these remarkable words: "Our work is one *ever changing in form, never changing in object*; it is a work in which the teacher, the nurse, the physician, the philosopher, the moralist have all something to do. But all that each does must be done in the spirit of affection, and that of the deepest kind. Science, art, literature, education, medicine, philosophy, may each do something for our pupils, but love alone can truly socialize them, *and those alone who love them are their true rescuers*. Moral association, sociability, family affinity, all these have to be *created* in the idiot; his sense of affection stands in need, like all his other senses, of development. *All of these poor children may be taught to love by being loved*; and to make the idiot feel that he is loved, and to make him eager to love in his turn, is the end of our teaching, as it has been its beginning." The treatment of idiocy," adds Seguin, "is a commentary upon St. Paul's declaration; we may bring skill, even genius, to the task, we may understand all mysteries and all knowledge, we may speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and if we have not love it will profit us nothing."

And along with the blessed influence of love, another sentiment, equally holy in its origin, and scarcely less powerful in its effects, is freely brought into play in the education of the imbecile. When love is present, joy, under one form or another, can never be far distant, and when the poor idiot is re-baptized into the great human family, these two stand together at the font his elected sponsors, to declare, and promise, and vow in his name glorious things which he as yet can but imperfectly apprehend. Nothing in these manuals is so affecting as the large share which pleasure and delight take in the work of intellectual and moral regeneration. The idiot, it seems, is one who must above all things be *pleased*. He is not cognisant of the claims of duty, nor alive to the promptings of interest; he is, alas! unconscious of the fit and fair, and utterly careless of the profitable. Yet as regards both doing and having, he knows what he *likes*. His teachers will often watch for weeks and months to see the first gleam of intelligent interest making itself known in a manifestation of pleasure—in sense, sight, or sound. Perhaps some day he will take up a pencil in a shy and furtive manner, and quickly lay it aside if he sees that he is observed, or he will betray a passing susceptibility to the power of music.¹ No such hint or indication is thrown away,

¹ The writer of this paper has known a gentleman who, as a boy, from an

be it even *playing with a straw*, mentioned in one of the Philadelphian reports, as being, in the case of a remarkably sluggish and inert boy, the first voluntary action he was ever known to engage in. The same report tells us of an idiot of the most depraved class, "a moral idiot, secretive, roguish, thievish, ignorant, and indifferent, also as obstinate as a mule, whose whole better nature was brought into exercise through the delight with which it was found he listened to a well-told story." Judicious advantage was taken of this by his teachers, improving lessons were inculcated, and this boy was found to have a susceptible heart, as easily led into right as it had been darkened and misled by wrong. He gave evidence in due time of strong religious feeling, and became so honest that he was trusted with money, while in the schoolroom his progress was surprising. Even his very gait was altered. Instead of thieving, he gave a poor woman in poverty and rags a large portion of his Christmas savings; describing himself after this act of charity as "feeling big in here," laying his hand on his heart with great pathos. The extreme susceptibility of the idiot to pleasurable emotion, his delight in colour, in music, in perfumes, prove to us that man cannot even at his lowest estate forget that he was meant by God to be happy. Some secret instinct tells him that he is the Father's son, brought up in His house, rejoicing continually before Him, and when rudely disinherited, he will all the more earnestly strive to re-vindicate his original right and claim to joy. The idiot, it seems, must have something for his fancy to caress; something to minister to *that innate necessity for delight*, which is perhaps the deepest part of man's nature, and the secret alike of its power and of its degradation.

"In this wreck of powers," says Seguin, after a striking description of the utter incapacity of will which is so marked a feature in idiocy, "one human, irresistible impulse remains; low as we find the idiot, far lower than the brute in regard to activity and intelligence, he has like all the rest of the human race, *what no animal possesses*, his hobby, his charm, his amulet, the *external object towards which his human centrifugal power gravitates*, and this, be it a broken piece of china, a thread, a rag, an unseizable ray of the sun, he will spend his life in admiring, kissing, catching, polishing, sucking it, as the case may be. Take away that amulet, the occupation of his life is gone. This species, so to speak, of worship, shows that if the idiot is unable utterly failing physique and a general want of mental power, was rapidly sinking into Cretinism, raised and restored to health and spirits by being allowed to devote his whole time to music, *the only thing for which he cared*, and to receive the education of an organist. He was afterwards able to go through the usual university education in classics and divinity with a fair amount of credit.

of his own accord to enter into relation with the outward world, he is ready to do so if we only know how to help him."

The masters we are now dealing with do not certainly require the warning conveyed in the old adage. They find "Jack," alas! a very dull boy to begin with, but they certainly will not *make* him so by all work and no play. Play is recognised with all its honours,—in fact, declared by Seguin to be "a moral power," a training in sociability, courtesy, and self-restraint; toys are in high favour, music, dancing, and theatrical representations are freely admitted, pictures, recitations, dialogues, and animated narratives, each find their place; "*form is added to facts, colour to forms, movement to the whole.*" Seguin says that he has in all cases found that those among his pupils who have made the most progress have been those most brought into relation with works of art, and adds that the energetic stimulant, which *the poetic element* gives to life, is too little taken into account in general education,—a subject upon which, it is scarcely necessary to say, researches like these cast valuable light, for in Voisin's words, "we are still dealing with man although under a different aspect." Much that Seguin says with regard to the barren conquests of ordinary routine education might be carried into a wider field, and many of his golden sayings are capable of universal application. "What," he asks, "do we gain by the mere exercise of memory? It impedes rather than improves. *Better one thing thoroughly known than a hundred only remembered.* Teaching many facts is far less fruitful than teaching how to find the relations between a single one and its natural properties and connexions." "We must never," he adds, "confide to mere memory what can be learnt by the exercise of higher powers; *or often instead of the living true idea, we give a false and incomplete one, or add a mere name in the place where a thought ought to have been.* All that lives is produced by contact; a fact received in isolation from other facts does not germinate; *that which enters the mind alone dies in it alone.*"

Another axiom is, always to teach that which lies nearest to what the child already knows. Many of Seguin's rules with regard to authority, command, and influence of a less direct sort, as to how and in what cases each may best be brought to bear upon the childish or undeveloped will, are so instinct with genius and light, that they cannot be but available to the general nursery and schoolroom,—"*profitable,*" like the sayings of the wise, "in whatever direction they are turned."

But who can estimate or sufficiently admire the patience these books record,—the boundless resources of skill and

ingenuity, the powers of genius itself called forth and kept in unceasing play? And to what end? Not to breathe life into a statue or bid the canvas speak; not to command a listening senate or to win the smile of beauty and of love; not to gain the coveted laurel or to obtain a name among our fellow-men; but to awaken a ray of intelligence in some poor sickly and repulsive child, whose whole nature is perhaps too torpid to respond to kindness, and whose faculties are certainly too dull to guess at the great sum of time and thought and care that is spent over his improvement. Yet, though the idiot may truly be numbered among that portion of humanity, "blind, and halt, and maimed," who can never recompense their benefactors, such devoted generosity will surely meet a due reward, and will find it in that "better resurrection" to which their good deeds contribute so largely—the restoration of humanity *as a whole*, to intelligence, to faith, and to God. Let no one think of the idiot, as persons wholly uninformed on the subject are apt to do, as a happy and harmless if limited being, shielded by his very infirmity from the awful burden of responsibility,¹ and freer than are wiser people from care and pain. These books reveal a sadly different story. Some of the phases they exhibit are so repellent, and some of the narratives they tell so dark and terrible, that no one would pause over them except to gain some desired end, and that end once attained he might pray to be able to dismiss and to forget them for ever. The experience of few grown-up people is so limited as not to have shown them something of the evil which a poor being so fearfully left to his own guidance may both suffer and cause, a risk of course greater in the humble order of life, where continual care and watching of a weak-minded person is impossible, and where, unless the tone of the family life is unusually good, such persons too often become the centre of wide-spread moral debasement,—for the idiot, be it ever remembered, *does not sink alone*.

These books show us that the naturally harmless idiot, apparently incapable of either good or evil, if left to his own unguided instinct, is apt to furnish but another example of the

¹ The list given in some of these books of the bodily diseases to which idiots, in addition to their participation in all ordinary ones, are particularly liable, such as epilepsy, chorea, rachitis, is indeed a formidable one, and must in some degree perplex the advocates for the comfortable doctrine of compensation, believers in which are generally pretty well at ease in their own individual minds and bodies and estates. The saying of the wise man, "The poor is oppressed because he is poor," unfolds a truer doctrine. When the mind, the body, or the outward circumstances become depressed below a certain point, kindred afflictions, allied infirmities, gather quickly round the whole life, and misery makes it a prey.

degradation to which the savage and the outcast, to which, in fact, all human beings in a state of isolation, almost inevitably descend. His own darkened nature becomes to him "a horrible pit, full of mire and clay," and no evangelizers went ever on a more blessed errand than those who descend into it with light and encouragement; who put his feet upon the rock, and order his goings, and who in many cases succeed in putting a new song within his mouth, enabling this poorest among all earth's denizens to rejoice in God his Maker.

We have said that the claims of this subject are far too weighty to be left to mere individual charity. Yet it is well, perhaps, that philanthropy should in this case, as in many others, work out the first experiments, which may afterwards be carried forward on a broader scale, as one of universally admitted obligation. The institutions which are at present being founded demand a heavy outlay; they are large, and necessarily expensive,—as a single master cannot here, as in places of ordinary education, take charge of a great number of pupils. "Here," says M. Delasiauve, "all preceptorial action is necessarily minute, immediate, sustained, and in some degree individualized on each separate object," so that a large staff of teachers and superintendents is called for, and these, it is scarcely necessary to say, must be unexceptionable as regards intelligence and moral tone. Considerable space is also required for the varied exercises the children so imperatively require, and another object gained in large institutions is to be found in what in these reports and papers is called "mutuality," or the efficacious stimulus of numbers, which seems most friendly to the state of the imbecile, whose natural foe is isolation. They are naturally prone to imitation, and the moving pantomime which is here ever going on around them, solicits, and as it were constrains, them to attend and to participate; they are more at ease, too, it appears, and happier in the company of each other than in the world, where a vague yet crushing sense of their own infirmity is apt to grow upon them to a degree that checks any possible improvement. These institutions must also be contemplated in the light of asylums and refuges for those who are incapable of receiving permanent benefit; and to see how great a blessing they may thus prove, we need only look around us, and see how many idiots of the hopelessly incapable class become a terror and perplexity to their relatives, and very often, in poor families, exhaust the whole energies of a parent by the continual and harassing anxiety which watching over them entails. This burden is sometimes life-long, and though often, to the honour of human nature, met with the tenderest devotion, often also what is really, as poor people express it,

"a heavy handful," is *felt* to be such. Some hearts are formed to love and pity the unfortunate, yet when we look at human nature as it really is, and remember that weak-minded people are always more or less troublesome, and sometimes very provoking—when we reflect too that in many of these cases the infirmities which constitute misfortune are such as at the same time create repulsion, we will cease to wonder at the appalling instances of neglect and cruelty which the reports of the Commissioners of Lunacy have so frequently brought to light.

Such considerations, however, are but incidental to our subject; they will readily occur to any one who looks at it in the light of reason or experience, or who will follow out with any degree of care the bearings of any one case of mental infirmity which may happen to come under his own notice. Such an inquirer will soon learn enough to convince him that in the idiot, and *in those most nearly connected with him*, are to be found, if anywhere, the persons who need all the help and support and comfort which the stronger members of the Christian family are bound to furnish to the weak and heavily burdened ones. Nor must we forget, in considering this great subject, that we were men even before we were Christians, nor become oblivious of the claims of our brotherhood in that great "congregation of humanity, the first church founded by Jesus Christ upon earth, long before He himself appeared on it,"¹—Humanity, which, in the admirable words of Lavater, we shall find as we study it more closely, "*ever, even in its humiliation, astonishing, ever a subject of wonder, surpassing even under its imperfect and abortive conditions the most lovely and perfect animal nature. Each circumstance connected with the human nature in which we share cannot but appear to us in the light of a family consideration, while we learn to rejoice and to triumph in the existence of whatever is happy, and to endure all that is favoured with the endurance of the Deity.*"

¹ Lacordaire.

- ART. IV.—1. *Zwingli-Studien*. Von Dr. HERMANN SPÖRRI, Privat-docent der Theologie an der Universität Zürich. Leipzig, 1866.
2. *Ulrich Zwingli, nach den urkundlichen Quellen*. Von J. C. MÖRIKOFER, Erster Theil. Leipzig, 1867.

BENEATH the crest of Mount Sentis, on an upper slope of the Toggenburg, a long narrow valley watered by the river Thur, and lying to the north of Lake Wallenstadt, is situated the village of Wildhaus, peopled by Alpine shepherds and farmers. It is a spot not lying within the usual limits of the tourist's range; yet one who guides his movements by an interest in national memories may allow it a claim on his attention stronger than the home of Rousseau or of Tell; for there, in a small quaintly timbered house, still pointed out with pride by the inhabitants of the locality, was born, on January 1st, 1484, one who, if to command the wills of men in his own generation and to anticipate the reasonings of a distant futurity be proof of greatness, may justly be called the greatest of all Swiss men,—Ulrich Zwingli the Reformer. A genuine Helvetian stock was that of Zwingli. The Reformer's father was bailiff or *ammann* of his district. It was a true Alpine landscape on which Ulrich first opened his eyes: to the south the mountain summits called the Seven Electors (*Churfürsten*); to the west, the green hills of the Toggenburg; to the east, the snow-capped heights of the Vorarlberg.

In his native village a meeting was held a short time since, to provide funds for the establishment of some public institution in commemoration of Zwingli, the "Toggenburger," as his friends were wont to style him in his lifetime. The institution resolved upon is, we are told, a college, to be erected at Wildhaus, for the reception of the most gifted students from the different scholastic foundations of Switzerland; in which institution means are to be provided them for completing their education without expense. This, it was felt, would be a more worthy monument to such a man, a lover of practical utility and of mental enlightenment, than any effigy of stone or brass. The journal from which we derive our information adds a hope that the funds now being collected for a statue of the Reformer at Zürich may be diverted to the furtherance of the Wildhaus project.¹

This local recognition of Zwingli's greatness falls in with a theological and literary tendency of our days. Powerful as he was in his own age, and famous as his memory has been through the centuries succeeding, it seems to be reserved for the modern

¹ Our information dates from January last. We do not know what progress in the scheme may have been made since then.

time to estimate justly the drift and tenor of his thoughts. The subject has been treated in sundry publications which have issued recently from the German press. A *Life of the Reformer* by J. C. Mörikofer, of Zürich, carefully compiled from original research among the archives of Zürich and Berne, as well as from the usual biographical authorities, is now in the course of publication. The first half of it was issued in 1867. A smaller volume, entitled *Zwingli Studien*, by Dr. Hermann Spörri, private tutor at the University of Zürich, published in 1866, conveys, in five concise and suggestive essays, the leading outlines of his opinions, ecclesiastical, theological, and literary, verifying these by a constant reference to the works of the Reformer himself. These two works we shall use as in great measure the groundwork of our considerations in the ensuing pages.

But Zwingli's historical *pose* had already been re-adjusted within our own time. The first writer who formed a just and comprehensive view of his character, and of the part he aimed at playing in the Reformation drama, was Leopold Ranke, in his history of that great transaction. Ranke brought the sympathetic lights of modern criticism to bear on events and personages that had long been treated in the spirit of traditional acceptance so all but universal with historical writers up to the last half-century. The history of the Reformation, in particular, had been stereotyped by Protestant narrators, and Zwingli's character had received its sentence first from the Lutheran, and then from the Calvinist point of view. From neither was he rightly understood. It had always been well known, and admitted, of course, that he was a fearless and enlightened man, doing battle to the Papal usurpations as resolutely as Luther, and founding the Helvetic church; but, together with this, he was held to be a cold, dry, utilitarian religionist in matters of doctrine; a combative and secular politician, who mixed up the affairs of this world with those of the next; and whose death on the bloody field of Cappel, was rather a warning than a bright example. This was the verdict of the Lutheran writers in the first instance, who inherited their leader's aversion to the principles of the Swiss Reformer. It fell in with the tendencies of the Calvinistic school likewise, who could never relish nor understand the breadth of Zwingli's theology; and English writers, accustomed to assimilate rather than to originate opinion, mostly followed in the track of the Continental critics.

“Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht!”

How strangely, it may be said in passing, this, or the Tower of Siloam theory, comes from lips which, when it serves their

purpose, are so ready to pronounce human afflictions to be a token of Divine acceptance and blessing! The exultation of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More on Zwingli's death had, however, at least the plea of party feeling to excuse it, though Luther himself could speak more generously on the occasion; but the carping criticisms of the modern writer D'Aubigné bespeak nothing less than feebleness of judgment, both in his character of historian and of theologian.

But Lutheranism and Calvinism, the most powerful expressions of Protestant life for three centuries, have ceased to have any real command over the present generation. Men are now inquiring how it is that the Reformation, the vital essence of which was deliverance from human authority in matters of faith, so soon lost its principle of free inquiry, and ran its neck under the yoke of dogmatic inventions. And as investigation is opening up vistas long overgrown by the tangle of time and prejudice, it lights upon the commanding figure of the Reformer of Zürich, and experiences in the contemplation of his eagle glance an unexpected thrill of sympathy. Luther and Calvin spoke to their own generation. Speculation, not yet released from the training of the schoolmen, was ready to embrace with the one the mystic sensuous exposition of faith blending the Divine influence with tangible symbols; with the other, to syllogize from partial premises, till natural feeling and moral intuition lost all their shapings in the rigid grooves of predestinarian dogma. Apart from both, Zwingli, prophetic-like, sketched the outlines of a religious scheme for which his time was unprepared, but which harmonizes signally with the critical convictions now taking hold of our generation. The great effort of his soul was to establish the "reign of Law." Convinced that there could be no essential discrepancy between the dictates of the conscience, of the moral impulses and of the understanding, he traced, or believed in where he could not trace it in detail, some fundamental generalization capable of giving method to all the detached manifestations of God's truth in earth and heaven. This made some call him a rationalist; but the *reason* to which he appealed was not the mere faculty of logical analysis; he was much less of a dialectician than either Luther or Calvin, and if he sometimes used their weapons in arguments for which they were scarcely fitted, it was in contradiction to the principle of his philosophy that he did so. What he really trusted in as man's best guide, was the reason which acts on wide deduction, and is assisted by the moral sense; the "verifying faculty," as some in later times have called it. Again, he believed in a close connexion between piety and practical utility: "By their fruits ye shall know

them." This led his adversaries to style him a cold utilitarian. His utilitarianism was that of the gospel ; his idea of piety he has himself described : " *Veram pietatem, quæ nihil aliud est quam ex amore timoreque Dei servata innocentia.*" Again, he believed that the best conditions for man's development consisted in his social and political well-being. Here his views, as well as his national training, induced him to mix in the intricate web of State ambitions and rivalries. Accordingly his enemies upbraided him as a meddler and a worldling ; but he meddled with no more worldly aim than the promotion of that Christian Utopia, which to him, the republican citizen of a small community, seemed more actually and nearly attainable than to a private student under a monarchical government, like Sir Thomas More. It was Zwingli's habit, in short, to regard human progress as a thing which "moveth altogether if it move at all," and in this, we repeat it, he was very unlike any other religious teacher of the sixteenth century.

This also makes it difficult to divide the subject-matter of his opinions under distinct heads ; but we may for our present purpose set before us two leading directions of thought in regard to which his attitude demands our special attention ; after which we purpose to glance at some biographical particulars, but briefly only, and as they help to verify our general estimate.

Zwingli's active career began in 1506. Up to that date he had been a student, receiving instruction in some of the best academies of Germany and Switzerland, drinking in the spirit of the Renaissance. For twelve years he was pastor at Glarus, for twelve more, pastor, professor, political leader, at Zürich. This is the summary of his life ; not a life of many outward changes, or of startling vicissitudes, but teeming with far-reaching results, both practical and ideal.

I. Let us first consider his position in the matter of Church-and-State politics : a position not to be understood without some insight into the contemporary condition of Switzerland. Switzerland, when Zwingli grew to manhood, was in one of those transitional phases which come alike to nations and to individuals, when the character awakens to new impressions, and exhibits tendencies divergent from the track of its former associations. The Burgundian war had ended, triumphantly for the Confederates, but the renown their valour had acquired by it attracted the notice of the restless kingdoms around them, and made foreigners eager to purchase so useful a commodity. It was but the economical law of demand and supply. The Swiss had valour and sinews ; the French, Germans, and Italians had gold, and wanted fighting men, and so came to pass the

result, thus rendered by Bishop Alexander from the animated rhyme of Victor Hugo:—the Switzers gave

“ The strength of foot they learnt by perilous path and flood,
And, from their blue-eyed mothers won, the old mysterious blood ;
The daring that the good south wind into their nostrils blew,
And the proud swelling of the heart with each pure breath they drew,
The graces of the mountain glens, with flowers in summer gay,
And all the glory of the hills—to earn a lackey’s pay ! ”

Corruption of manners naturally ensued, and a cosmopolitan indifference to political ties and traditions. These were the evils which were undermining the old national virtue when Zwingli came to manhood ; and during the years of his Glarus ministry he did his utmost to recall his fellow-countrymen to former principles, to unite them by the bond of patriotism, and to denounce foreign service, *i.e.*, every military engagement to which they were not called by the interests of the Confederacy or by their constitutional relations to the Papacy or the Empire. Thrice as military chaplain he accompanied the troops of Glarus across the Alps, but on each occasion it was to espouse the cause of the Pope against the ambitious French monarch. It was the success of French intrigues and the establishment of French ascendancy at Glarus which at last overwhelmed him with perplexity, and caused him to forsake his post there. The two years he subsequently passed at the convent of Einsiedeln, while still nominally pastor at Glarus, were a memorable turning-point in his mental development—momentous as the seclusion of the Wartburg to Luther, or the retirement in Arabia to St Paul. While there, meditating among the displays of the grossest superstition, and the study of the original Greek Scriptures—in the year 1516, before Luther had lifted up his voice in controversy, he came to the conviction that “ the Pope of Rome must fall.” This was the great High Priest for whose temporal sovereignty he had trod the battle-field at Marignano, whose spiritual sovereignty had held Christendom together for a thousand years. How was his new conviction to operate on his political and ecclesiastical course ?

The answer to this question is given by his career at Zürich, to the chief pastoral office in which city he was summoned in consequence of the reputation he had already acquired by his learning and his pulpit eloquence.

“ Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,
Mi ritrovai in una selva oscura,
Chè la diritta via era smarrita : ”

such might well have been Zwingli’s utterance when, exactly on his thirty-fifth birthday, January 1st, 1519, he delivered his

first sermon from the pulpit of Zürich Cathedral. What with religious ignorance and moral corruption, Zürich might well at this time have been called a "forest intricate, and wild and drear." It was a *Vorort* (presiding canton) of the Confederacy, and as such had, according to the remark of Vadian, received more numerous embassies from the chief European potentates than any other free city of Christendom. Political life accordingly ran quick and active in its veins. But what was political life to the Swiss of those days? It was the sordid barter of blood for gold; and the cities most prominent in the world's eye had of course most share in the market. The perversion of manners engendered at Zürich especially, by the wealth and bad example of the foreigners, was such that the historian Bullinger compares its moral position in the Confederacy before the preaching of the Reformed doctrine, to that of Corinth among the Greek republics. The corruption however was greatest among the petty nobility and the peasantry of the canton. Among the city magistrates, elected from the burgher class, some sturdy sense of virtue and public spirit did exist. Eventually this formed the stable fulcrum for the operations of the Reformer.

For the first two years of his residence at Zürich, Zwingli held aloof from direct participation in political affairs, and devoted himself to maturing and imparting the moral and religious impressions produced on his own mind by the study of the Scriptures and of ancient literature. Meanwhile he had opportunity of observing with a critical eye the administrative action of the Great Council.¹ Practically, the independent spirit of the Swiss cantons had long made itself felt even in ecclesiastical matters. Zwingli's original appointment at Glarus had been given him in spite of the interest made for a favourite of the Pope himself; and no special ordinance, either of the Pontiff, or of the local bishops, his delegates, had much chance against a decided expression of popular opinion. It was in this state of things that Zwingli discerned a way to the solution of any theoretical difficulties consequent on the Reformation movement. Withdraw the National Church from all dependence on the Bishop of Rome or his subalterns, and what would naturally ensue? Nothing but what was in point of fact the ordinary procedure—the management of Church affairs, appointment of pastors, etc., by the ruling council of the city, elected, theoretically at least, by the people themselves. This brought the whole conception of the visible Church to the basis of a pure democracy. In every Christian State the people were the Church; and Church functionaries, legislative or executive, owed their powers ultimately to popular election or sanction. Inasmuch

¹ The Great Council, or Council of Two Hundred, was the chief governing body in Zurich.

as the highest State council—in Zürich the Council of Two Hundred—had the power of government for all secular purposes, so also should it have power of government for ecclesiastical purposes, which having no other ultimate law than the people's will and conscience, ought to be considered not apart from, but in conjunction with, their secular interests. Harmonizing as it did with the spirit of free inquiry and scriptural study inculcated by Zwingli from the moment he mounted the Cathedral pulpit, the dictum of the Council's representative right of management in Church affairs made speedy way in the convictions of the Zürichers, and being formally proclaimed in the famous conferences of 1523, became the foundation of the Helvetican or Zwinglian Church.

It was the same principle on which, allowing for differences in the political constitution of the State, the English Reformation of Edward's VI.'s reign was built. The notion of a Divine right in any hierarchical order was an innovation of the Presbyterian Puritans in the first instance, and afterwards taken up in opposition to them by the Episcopalian High Churchmen. Our early Reformers recognised the Church character of all Protestant national communities, and never dreamt of repudiating the "orders" of non-Episcopal sects.

Now, in maintaining this view, Zwingli had to resist two opposing forces—the Romanists on the one hand, the fanatical levellers on the other, who wished to make the Church of the "true believers" independent of all State control. The Romanists, not unnaturally, accused him of "dividing the Confederacy." In reality, however, the Confederacy had already admitted the germ of disunion in the sordid competition for foreign service. Zwingli believed himself to have discovered the secret of its reunion on a new and firmer basis. The levellers accused him of subordinating the things of religion to the things of this world. Zwingli believed that in his postulate of the identity of Church and State he held the true key to religious reform, as well as to the restoration of Confederate unity. Like so many prophets, inspired and uninspired, he blended in his vision the ideal with the presently practicable fulfilment of the principle he advocated. He anticipated that Switzerland, agreed upon first principles of far greater depth than any that had as yet held its cantons together, would become the mountain fortress of a pure and enlightened doctrine. He did not require to fence in his Reformation by articles and dogmas, but simply to trust it to the free and fair study of the Word of God. To establish true principles of Scriptural interpretation and moral judgment was to him far more important than to particularize doctrine.

But the most magnificent ideals are hemmed in and quenched by the perversity of human conditions.

“Dem herrlichsten was auch der Geist empfangen
Drängt immer fremd und fremder Stoff sich an.”

Zwingli's Reformation struck rocks on every side. In as far as it succeeded, in outward results at least, it passed after his days into a sectarian form of confession like others, and has received less of the world's homage than the originally coarser conceptions of Luther and of Calvin. Its comparative failure was partly in consequence of local and accidental, partly also of inherent difficulties, on which we will here say a few words. And, first, the untowardness of external circumstances made Zwingli himself adopt means inconsistent to some extent with his ends. One section of his opponents consisted of the Anabaptist levellers, who desired to make church affairs dependent on the will of each separate congregation, and to exempt them altogether from State supervision. Zwingli had theoretically admitted their principle of congregational democracy: in subjecting the country communes to the central control of the Zürich city magistracy, he was to some extent infringing the logical corollaries of this tenet, and substituting practical expediency. Again, it so happened that it was among the unenlightened bigoted adherents to the old faith in the pastoral cantons of the mountains that the democratic element in secular affairs was really prevalent. In Zürich and Berne, rich and industrial States, whose predominance in the Confederacy had been of later growth, the trading oligarchy, and not the democratic plebs, in point of fact gave the tone to public affairs, and offered the favourable soil for the cultivation of the new opinions.

Again, one of Zwingli's main difficulties, when the Reformation left the narrow field of Zürich to encounter the general opinion of Switzerland, was the confederate constitutional law which provided that the common affairs of the thirteen cantons should be decided by a majority of the cantons themselves. Now, the five forest cantons commanded an undoubted majority in this sense; but then theirs was by far the poorest, the least populous, the least enlightened portion of the Confederacy. The real moral weight lay with Zürich and Berne. Nothing could be done in the way of religious reform, wearing the semblance of joint confederate action, save by altering the fundamental law, and making the majority depend on individual voices and not on the number of the cantons. It was a similar question to that which had to be decided when the National Assembly of 1789 met at Paris, and which it was then felt must precede all other innovation.

Zwingli never carried this point,¹ but as time went on his views acquired expansion in another direction. He cared less about uniting the Confederacy, which for the moment seemed a hopeless task, and more for enlarging and consolidating the fellowship of Protestant believers throughout Christendom. "*Civitas Christiana*," Christian co-burghery:—that was the dream, some will perhaps say the delusion, of his later years. That was the hope which made him dedicate to Francis I., the representative of that very French influence he had formerly so detested, the greatest of his theological works (*De vera et falsa religione*); for Francis was for political reasons drawn to favour the Protestant movement in Germany and within his own dominions, and in his own family the "Word" appeared to be making progress. That was the vision which made the obstinacy of Luther at Marburg so very bitter to him, which made him co-operate with the designs of Philip of Hesse, which threw him into opposition to the cautious "confederate" policy of Protestant Berne, and so, eventually, wrought his ruin.

Thus much, briefly, for the local and accidental obstacles to the realization of his principle of the identity of Church and State. The inherent difficulties attending it are those which have never ceased to attach to a similar conception when advanced in later times, whether by a Grotius, an Arnold, or a Bunsen. If by the State is meant a body politic organized for the purposes of national unity and law, it is obvious that its ends are temporal merely, and subsist only with reference to this life. If the State means something more than this, and contemplates the religious interests of the individual, then indeed it may mean the Church also, but then also it ought to include like-minded Christians of other States, and so would belie its own essence as a *national* body. The Church, again, is held together by views and sanctions which refer to another state of existence. To raise a barrier between one National Church and another on the ground of geographical separation, would seem to be a mere conventional device, not subsisting in the nature of things. The only matter that can properly separate Churches is fundamental difference of creed; but differences of creed do not create any barrier of exclusion among the members of a well-constituted *State*, as such. Formerly they did so; and in that way Church and State may in a certain sense be said to have been more nearly identical before the modern progress of democracy made the abolition of test restrictions inevitable. But then the *State government* did not represent the actual state or nation in any

¹ We are told that at the present moment a movement with this tendency is taking place in Switzerland, beginning with the internal constitution of Zürich.

broad popular sense; it is a mischievous error to confuse the two things.

Whether, ultimately, the progress of civilisation may not accomplish a much nearer approach to the true identification of Church with State than has ever yet been attained since the times of the old heathen republics, it is not for us to divine. It can only be, as it would seem, by a movement of States towards federalism, and of religious opinion towards harmony. That it ever will be perfect on this earth seems, to say the least, unlikely, and its most earnest advocates are driven to compromise when expounding it in detail—witness the Dean of Westminster's late thoughtful pamphlet on the subject. In Zwingli's days the consummation seemed no doubt much more near and probable than it seems to us; and this for a reason which we are hardly wont to take enough into account when we meditate on the Reformation crisis in general. In that great and unprecedented revolt against traditional beliefs, and the ecclesiastical foundation on which they rested, a reaction could at first scarcely be contemplated by the advancing spirits. The breaking in of light after long centuries of superstition seemed certain to be followed by a progressive dispersion of the shadows. That day should still have to contend with night, and even partially to give place to it again, seemed as improbable to the heralds of the new opinions as that the classics should be lost once more, or the way to America forgotten, or all the printing-types in the world mislaid—for these had been so many concurring sources of new enlightenment to a generation not yet passed away. If in our day a Cambridge professor of astronomy were to attempt a revival of the Ptolemaic system, it would not seem more strange to us, than it probably would have seemed to Zwingli had he been told that three centuries after his time the Virgin and Saints would still be carried in procession at Lucerne. Nor would he have been more ready to anticipate the pertinacious hostility of Protestant sects to each other. It was his confident belief that the "truth" would make its way as inevitably in moral and doctrinal as in physical science.

II. We have next to look upon Zwingli in his relation to that revived zeal for the culture of ancient literature which characterized his age,—the intellectual movement known by the name of the *Renaissance*. His position in this respect is a very independent one, and brings him into connexion with modern ideas far more than with those generally prevalent in his own age.

The Renaissance, with all its kindling appeal to the human

intelligence and imagination, was embraced eagerly by many who before the religious revolution broke out, anticipated an era of purified doctrine and free inquiry. When the flood-gates were opened, these ardent thinkers found themselves jostled against a number of rough and coarse spirits, whose insight into the cause of Reformation was based on no higher motives than common-sense and sturdy impatience of priestcraft and superstition. Of the intellectual vanguard of the sixteenth century, some, like Luther, resolved that religious reform was only to be won by prompt and resolute assertion of conscience, and threw behind them all special care for literary culture, as secondary to their main object. Some, like Erasmus, took fright for the interests of the learning which to them was dearer than differences of religious doctrine, and preferred to call back the authority of the Pope and priesthood if only revolution might be averted. And some there were, mild and genial spirits, like Melancthon, who preserved unabated both their love for general culture and their pious solicitude for purity of faith; but in these the two impulses were present side by side, as it were, with no direct attempt to harmonize them; possibly, as among a large number of religionists among ourselves, with a secret misgiving that their essential aims were divergent. Now Zwingli was a votary of the Humanities with all his heart and soul, and at the same time a most resolute and thorough-going investigator into religious doctrine. He never for a moment allowed the two objects to be incompatible; but, on the contrary, studiously yoked them together, and placed their union in the forehead of his philosophy. The whole bent and endeavour of his teaching was to show that knowledge under any conditions was part and parcel of religious culture. Wherever God's great gifts of imagination and reason had been bestowed, there also His Spirit had moved; and where His Spirit had moved, there the benefits of Christian redemption must needs have extended. His interest in ancient literature was not the merely æsthetic, or the merely philological, or the merely scriptural interest, which led so many in divers ways to the study of Latin and Greek. Besides and above all these it was the *moral* interest. He admired the poets and philosophers of antiquity for the heroism, the patriotism, the magnanimity of their sentiments. As a Swiss republican his heart bounded at finding his national aspirations glorified in the words and deeds of those who had immortalized the republics of old. He delighted in Plutarch, Thucydides, Demosthenes, and, above all poets, in Pindar, whose polytheistic utterances he was wont to explain as hyperbole only, while for his ethical grandeur he ranked him on the same level with the writers of the Psalms and of the Book of Job.

Erasmus hailed in Zwingli a student whose classical taste and knowledge were superior to Luther's. Their first personal acquaintance was made at Basle in 1515, before the Wittenberg Theses had been proclaimed, and while Erasmus was still favourable to religious reform. Zwingli's generous nature at once bowed down with reverence before the prince of the Renaissance. A letter, expressive of unbounded admiration, written by him to Erasmus after their parting, has been preserved. Six letters from Erasmus to Zwingli have also been preserved; they extend from the early period of their intercourse to 1523, when Zwingli incurred Erasmus's abiding wrath by the magnanimous protection he accorded to the turbulent controversialist, Ulrich von Hutten. It is curious to trace in these letters the gradual abatement of Erasmus's good-will; his warnings against Zwingli's reforming zeal, and distrust of the path he was pursuing. We can hardly doubt that one of Zwingli's greatest trials must have been this severance in opinion from one who saw more clearly into the worth and greatness of knowledge than any other humanist of the time, himself excepted, and to whose surpassing scholarship he looked up with such profound reverence. But not for a moment did he falter. Truth was dearer to him than Erasmus. As for the minor prophets among the humanists, and for those temporizing Reformers who sought to slacken his energies by preaching up their favourite virtue of patience, towards them he clearly felt some movements of contempt. "Patience" was such an easy plea wherewith to gild the moral cowardice of minds which shrunk from the demands of an age of change. "This patience (*Geduld*)," remarks Mörikofer, "was the everlasting song which the humanists were perpetually singing in different tones;" and he quotes a letter of Beatus Rhenanus to Zwingli, praising him for some presumed manifestation of this virtue, adding, "Zwingli was sagacious enough to know how far he might build his faith on a Rhenanus, and how far such a man was likely to keep step with him. Most of his letters to this correspondent accordingly contain nothing relating to his ideas as a Reformer, and are simply confined to books and political news. But when Rhenanus takes to praising his apostolic zeal, Zwingli puts the subject aside with a playful turn, and finds that his friend paints him in too tragic colours."

It was in accordance with the marked utilitarian character—using the word in a worthy sense—of his literary judgment, that Zwingli was never seduced into cultivating the conceits of a classical style where the homely language of his fellow-countrymen was more appropriate to the purpose in hand.

In the versification of his political and literary poems, and in the prose of his popular treatises, he was wont to use the dialect of German Switzerland, fashioning it, however, into a useful literary instrument, as Luther did that of Western Germany, by the application of grammatical rules and forms derived from the languages of antiquity. Nor did he attempt to display his acquirements by early authorship, like so many enthusiastic students of the new learning. His preface to Ceperin's edition of Pindar, composed towards the end of his life, is the only contribution to classical literature he has left. And yet as an instructor in the classics he was indefatigable, from the time of his tutorship in Basle University to the last days of his life at Zürich; while for his special insight into their sense and spirit we have the testimony of his pupil Valentine Tschudi, who declared, writing from the University of Paris, that no acuter interpreter of the ancient authors had he there or anywhere else found. It is amusing to contrast with this testimony of Tschudi, and with the yet more important estimate of Erasmus, the arrogant contempt of Luther for the theological opponent he detested: "What a fellow is this Zwinglius!" he wrote, "ignorant as a block of grammar, and logic, and every other science!" No doubt Zwingli was less of an adept in the dialectics of the schoolmen than the Saxon divine. He studied scholastic theology at Basle, but it was only to turn from it with settled aversion; but his genuine sympathy with the spirit of antique philosophy and poetry was a faculty which Luther in his imperious self-consciousness had simply no organ to comprehend.

The value Zwingli claimed for the intellect as the main channel for receiving the breadth and depth of God's truth, is a feature of his religious philosophy which differences it from the teaching of most pious sentimentalists, with whom it is the commonest of commonplaces to decry intellectual culture in comparison with spiritual graces. Zwingli, like the teacher in Proverbs, believed in a vital connexion between the two. He carried this conviction almost to the length of mysticism; the mysticism of the reason as opposed to that of the heart. Revelation itself, he held, was no objective fact, but the inward impression of Divine truth on man's discerning spirit. And while he held that the intuitions of philosophy and poetry were in their degree "revelations" to the genius capable of discerning and harmonizing them, he laid at the same time a stress on the true principles of scriptural exegesis, which brings him again in connexion with the reasonings of modern scholarship.¹

¹ His simile in condemnation of those whose habit it is to argue from single texts is especially apt:—"They are neither skilful nor judicious," he

It was in accordance with this strong bent of his character that Zwingli set the highest possible value on a liberal education, and made the endowment of schools the first result of his Church Reformation, applying to that purpose the revenues which were surrendered by the Cathedral and Our Lady's Minster foundations. He supervised personally the course of education at the Cathedral school during the last six years of his life, delivering lectures on the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures.

The impulse given to Zürich in this respect outlived his age. While Berne has been famous for material prosperity, and Geneva for cosmopolitan culture, Zürich, the "Athens of the Limmat," has been distinguished above all Swiss cities for her learning. A university was founded there in the present century, carrying on the honourable traditions; and the recent works of Mörkhofer and Spörri on Zwingli's life and opinions owe their origin to its influences.

Dr. Spörri, expounding the different structure of Zwingli's theology from that of Luther, shows how the breadth of his views, ecclesiastical, moral, and intellectual, was consequent on his fundamental conviction of the incommensurateness of things material and things spiritual. We cannot here enter into all the doctrinal deductions which follow from this view; it is enough for our present purpose to point to one or two of its leading results. He would not allow that the visible Church, or its ministers, or the Sacraments, or the Scriptures, were definite fountains of grace, or had any supernatural power essentially contained in them. God's intercourse with man's spirit he held to be immediate; outward means to be helps and occasions, but never, strictly speaking, media of spiritual life; to attach positive virtue to them was superstition. If, in the austere banishment of all sensuous elements from his ritual he strained a point too high for mortal nature, it was in recoil from a superstition whose debasing influences he felt to be incalculable. The rigid morality that prevailed in Zürich under his pastoral sway was at all events a noble justification of his teaching. The description of the army that took the field in 1529 might pass for one of Cromwell's *Ironsides*, or of the Huguenot following of the first Condé.¹ Then again Zwingli held that the Church invisible extended through all countries and all ages; that the eternal scheme of redemption, through the eternal Son of God, not being tied by the events of historical Christianity, was destined to embrace all varieties of character and training,—to

says, "in the teaching of the gospel. They pick out a fragment of the Word, regardless of what stands before or after it, and try to force it into the meaning they desire, just as though one were to try and plant a garden with a flower which has been broken off from its roots."

¹ See, for the last, the 7th volume of Froude's *History of England*, p. 392.

apply to the heathen sage who had followed the law of conscience and right, as well as to the student of the Gospels who had had the immense advantage of a more definite teaching and a purer example. It was a great rest and joy for him thus to find place in his scheme of Divine government for his favourite heroes of the old world. He could not bear to consider them apart from it, nor to exclude from the limits of the heavenly franchise any human beings who had received from the Creator of all mankind the highest gifts of the so-called natural human soul.

III. And now, thirdly, let us cast a glance over some personal aspects of this great man's career, considered as a whole, and in more detail than we can here even indicate. There is an epic harmony in its proportions which makes up for its comparative lack of dramatic incident; while the hero's noble consistency of spirit may be set not disadvantageously against the picturesque impulsiveness of Luther's genius. It is an appropriate metaphor by which some writers have contrasted the two Reformers: the one, the son of the mines, exploring the dark recesses and glittering treasures of personal sin and grace; the other, the native of the mountains, stretching his vision over the general bearings of God's providential scheme, and drinking in freedom from the airs of heaven. Oswald Myconius, the devoted personal friend and biographer of Zwingli, said of him, in allusion to the place of his birth, "I have often thought that, being brought near to heaven on these sublime heights, he there imbibed something celestial and sublime." The expression is remarkable, because in the time of Myconius and of Zwingli the education of sentiment had not arrived at any direct recognition of the moral influences of nature. That Zwingli did observe and assimilate the phenomena thus present to his early consciousness we have interesting proof in the Alpine comparisons which he was wont to introduce into his dissertations,—as when, writing to the Anabaptists, he compares dissensions among Christians to the devastation caused by mountain torrents; or when, exhorting the pastors of the people, he likens their cares to those of the faithful shepherd whom he must so often have watched on the slopes of the Toggenburg; entering on both occasions into details which mark the freshness of his observation. Had he lived under the influences of our day he might, we can imagine, have recognised some of the half-conscious impressions of his boyhood in the noble description of Wordsworth's mountain philosopher:—

"What soul was his, when from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light!

No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request,
 Rapt into still communion that transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
 That made him ; it was blessedness and love.
 A herdsman on the lonely mountain-tops,
 Such intercourse was his."

We turn again to the wondrous monody of Leopardi on the Eastern Shepherd's life :—

"E quando miro in cielo arder le stelle,
 Dico fra me, pensando,
 A che tante facelle ?
 Che fa l'aria infinita, e quel profondo
 Infinito seren ? Che vuol dir questa
 Solitudine immensa ? Ed io, che sono ?"

And we feel a conviction that, however imperfectly realized to his own mind, communings such as these with the works of Nature's God must have had their share in widening the basis of Zwingli's theology, in tuning his lofty spirit to harmonies which the barriers of scholastic creeds and systems could not limit, which few theologians in his age dared so much as to acknowledge.

Zwingli's ministry at Glarus and his two years' retirement at Einsiedeln constituted his training time for the Reformer's mission. In the first of these places he had full experience of the political corruption of his country, and at Einsiedeln, a sanctuary of cosmopolitan resort, he witnessed in a concentrated form the grossest aspects of Romish superstition. When removed to Zürich, at first, as we have before noticed, he abstained from direct political action, and occupied himself with pastoral duties and study, giving time for the new ideas which had taken possession of his soul to settle upon their foundations. But his presence made itself felt irresistibly ; and when, a year and a half after the preaching of his first sermon, the Great Council issued a stringent ordinance for the regulation of pulpit instruction generally on the basis of wholesome scriptural doctrine, it was obvious that a new and potent influence had been at work already on the sentiments of the people. The first production of Zwingli's pen (*A Defence of Freedom in the matter of Fasting*) appeared in 1522. From that time his treatises fell like hammer-strokes, thick and frequent, but always as occasion arose, never for mere literary display or recreation. Unlike other Reformers, he was not impatient to rush into the lists of controversy. He possessed a rare patience of thought, and preferred, unless where the vital exigencies of warfare demanded a charge, to let his ideas grasp

their final consequences before he brought them to the battle-field ;—in this also unlike Luther, who confidently proclaimed his leading dogma without reference to anything before or after, and when brought in collision with an unwelcome inference, bounded off to another dogma with equal assurance, no matter how inconsistent with the conditions which seemed to render the first possible.

From January 1523, when the great conference was held at Zürich, which virtually decided its secession from the authority of Rome, to Easter 1525, when the first celebration of the communion after the Reformed model took place, Zwingli's guiding hand was not only felt, but acknowledged, both by friends and foes. He was the shaper of the Reformation, the adviser, and often the secretary, of the Council, the pastor of the people ; and before long he was called to encounter and to direct the sympathies, favourable and unfavourable, of the rest of Switzerland. His activity was prodigious. We find him on one occasion declining a proffered visit from Bernhard Haller, who, following in his steps, was promoting the cause of Reformation at Berne, "partly," he says, "because the pressure of business and the care of the churches so beset me on every side that Dr. Henry Engelhart said lately he only wondered I did not lose my senses."

His personal qualities helped, along with his intellectual distinction, to give him a rare empire over the hearts of his compatriots. They have been described by his near and affectionate observers, Oswald Myconius and Henry Bullinger, both of whom composed records of him after his death. Naturally, as it would seem, his spirits were buoyant. He was fond of nature, a lover of society, poetical by impulse, and a proficient in music, which indeed at one time threatened to absorb too much of his time and attention, in the opinion of his friends. But practical exigencies made him a man of many cares and anxieties. His business habits were laborious, and when engaged in important affairs he allowed himself but little sleep. His tastes were simple and popular. He loved the country-folk and their ways. His temper was cordial, but somewhat hasty and impatient of contradiction. In his younger days he had not always been strict in the moral regularity of his behaviour ; but as the purpose of his life stood out in distincter proportions before him all early levity gave way. The requirements of the Christian life pressed nearer on his conscience. Grave responsibilities, the alienation of old friends and ties, the painful opposition to sanctities and authorities formerly held supreme, made his heart sadder and his will more resolved. But to the last much of the old charm was there. The quick feeling, the fearless love of learning and of truth, whenever and

however it might present itself, the warmth of friendship, the tenderness of pity for the weak and young. Of his sensibility we hear some interesting indications at different crises of his career. He was wont to burst into tears when his sympathies were either warmly excited or cruelly chilled. Comparing him with Luther—for the comparison is one which will continually suggest itself perforce,—we remark, that while more swayed by his reason and less by his instinct in matters of opinion, while less given to that picturesque impulsiveness of heart and fancy which constituted Luther's great charm in domestic intercourse, Zwingli was to the full as ardent in his own beliefs, and as susceptible of those emotions which are the accompaniment of the highest genius. In the earlier portion of his career there was the intense interest of present success and the hope of great things for the future to make Zwingli's head higher and his pulse quicker. His practical energies were invigorated by the occasions which called them forth. He met opposition with the buoyancy of the "happy warrior." His popularity suffered, as was inevitable, from the uncompromising manner in which he tilted his lance against all abuses that came in his way,—for he aimed at being a moral and a patriotic *Reformer* in the fullest sense of the word. "While Luther's main object," says Ranke, "was a reform of doctrine, which he thought would be necessarily followed by that of life and morals, Zwingli aimed directly at the improvement of life. He kept mainly in view the practical significance of Scripture as a whole. His original views were of a moral and political nature. Hence his labours were tinged with a colour peculiar to himself." And hence he encountered enmity from various and opposite quarters. At one time he lived in daily danger of assassination at Zürich.

Like Luther and so many other Reforming doctors of his time, Zwingli married a wife, Anna Reinhardt, a widow of good connexion and substantial means—circumstances which his enemies did not allow to pass without a sneer. He was a husband of a different type from the jovial impulsive Saxon; apparently more like an ancient Roman or an austere Puritan in his notions of the retired position befitting a woman. He rarely makes mention of his "dearest wife" in his letters, though from the casual indications he gives of her existence, happiness and confidence are implied. The names of four children, two sons and two daughters, are duly inscribed by his own hand in his Family Bible, which still exists among the archives of Zürich, an interesting memento of his orderly domestic life. Gerold Meyer, his wife's son by a former husband, was his ward and pupil. It was for him he composed his admirable work *On the Education of Noble Youths*, which he published at the moment when the opening of the new Cathedral school promised the means of

carrying out in practice the precepts of his pen. Over Gerold's morals he watched anxiously when youth and gaiety misled him for a while, had the satisfaction of seeing early levity give way to manly virtue, and was not divided from him in his death at Cappel.

Dr. Spörri gives a striking summary of Zwingli's position, drawn from the indications in his own writings, at the period when it stood highest amongst his contemporaries :—

“On far into the North, to the *natio libera et bellicosa* of the Dittmarshers, even to East Friesland and Sweden, he superintends the progress of evangelical doctrine. To the king of France he prescribes conditions, almost as to a vassal. The secret council of Zürich, carried away by the daring spirit of the man, and fascinated by the promise of a glorious future, is his passive organ. Duke Ulric of Wirtemberg and Landgrave Philip of Hesse, ‘with whom he can do pretty much what he likes,’ wait for the hints he gives them in his private despatches. . . . It is a remarkable contrast. Whilst Luther, placed on the stage of a great political power, withdraws more and more within the depths of his individual soul, Zwingli stretches with ever-increasing influence beyond the boundaries of his narrow fatherland.”

But while Zwingli's external sway thus expanded, the ground was waxing hollow beneath his feet. The year 1525 may be pronounced the most really triumphant and happy of his life. His grand reforms at Zürich were then consummated. The Easter communion after the Reformed model set its seal upon them. Schools, hospitals, public provision for the poor, had been carefully instituted out of the revenues withdrawn from the capitular and conventual foundations; for practical utility and morality were in his view the indispensable expression of all religious soundness—the wedding garment without which no creed, however orthodox, could find a place at the Master's board. No wilful corrupt application of any portion of the confiscated funds had been permitted. The disorderly efforts of the Anabaptists had been repelled. The city magistracy had been maintained as the administrators of law, both civil and religious. Zwingli himself was appointed in this year to the headship of the Cathedral school, a supererogatory burden of care to him, we would think, yet a proof of his fellow-citizens' confidence which he valued, and an office which appealed to the undying passion of his heart for classical culture.

From this time two new sources of difficulty, and eventually of defeat, cast their shadows over his path. We must devote a few words to each. In the first place, the opinions on the Eucharist publicly affixed as the badge of the Helvetian Church roused the hostility of Luther, and effectually hindered that political union of all Protestants which Zwingli felt to be

the only hope for the overthrow of the old superstition. Connected with this occurred the most dramatic incident of his life, his interview—the first and only one—with Luther himself, at Marburg, where, in conjunction with the Landgrave of Hesse, he sought to overcome the obstinacy of the Saxon theologian.

Highly characteristic are the accounts which have been left to us of this conference by Bullinger and others. The correspondence of Zwingli himself is—as for so many of the events of his life—one of the most valuable sources of information. The Landgrave cared comparatively little which definition of the Eucharistic rite gained the upper hand, as long as he could but bring the two parties to unite their strength. Union was all he desired, union against Papal and Imperial despotism, the dread forces which were concentrating their energies against the grand free movement of the age. But below him stood Luther bending over the velvet-covered table, and writing on it with chalk his text, *Hoc est corpus meum*, from the literal meaning of which he refused to depart, let Zwingli advance what arguments he might. There stood Zwingli, longing like the Landgrave for union, and chafing at the obstinacy which refused to listen to analogy or critical exegesis, or even to admit a liberty of interpretation, while at the same time unable himself to pander to a false harmony by calling black white at the bidding of the rival doctor. We are told of the insulting personalities of Luther, and his wilful misunderstanding of Zwingli's words—as when the Swiss Reformer brought the sixth chapter of St. John to prove that “feeding on Christ's body” was to be spiritually understood, and said, “This passage breaks your neck.” “You are in Hesse and not in Switzerland,” replied Luther haughtily; “in this country we do not break people's necks;” and then turned round and complained to his friends of Zwingli's violent camp language. We are told of the angry impatience of Zwingli, striking the table between them, and bursting at last into passionate tears when his own larger views could make no impression on his adversary's mind; of the Landgrave's anxious summons to dinner when words waxed high; of the more effectual interruption of the sweating-sickness, which broke out at Marburg, and made it advisable for the assembly to disperse; finally, of the last earnest efforts of Philip of Hesse and his divines, which induced Luther to go so far as to offer the hand of “peace and charity” to those he still refused to own as brethren; and the glad acceptance by the Swiss of even this ungracious concession. Things indeed turned out somewhat better than might at one time have been expected. The drawing up of the articles was committed to Luther, who seems to have had some sense of the responsibility cast upon him. Many points of hearty agreement were found between the two parties,

and where agreement was not attained, a tolerant expression of difference was permitted, so that, upon the whole, the approach towards religious concord, if imperfect, was not altogether abortive. On the other hand, the political union of German and Swiss Protestants, which had been so cherished an object with the Landgrave and Zwingli, had failed; Luther was not to be brought out of the narrow groove of principles—passive obedience to State authorities being one of them—within which his Reformation, deep, intense, and powerful as it was, had moved. Before Philip and Zwingli a broader horizon was in view, and in their private conferences at this period counsel was taken for a regeneration of European life, for which, as events proved, the time was not ripe. Had other Reformers been as much advanced beyond traditional limitations as they were, the Romanist reaction would scarcely have stopped the way.

The other cause of hindrance to Zwingli and his schemes was what seemed at first a splendid triumph to both,—the adhesion of Berne, the most powerful canton in Switzerland, to the Reformation. For Berne took the lead which Zürich had hitherto held, and her favourite element was political compromise. She loved material prosperity, relishing, as D'Aubigné puts it in scriptural language, "the butter of her kine with milk of sheep and fat of lambs." She held by the old traditions of confederate law, and did not choose to see, as Zwingli saw, that a new era had come upon the earth, and that the Confederacy needed to be reconstructed in order to meet its requirements.

When war, long expected, at last broke out between the Protestant and Romanist divisions of Switzerland, Zwingli desired one thing above all others, and that was, that the indispensable condition of peace should be the right of preaching the gospel without molestation in all the cantons of the Confederacy, so that the people might have the power of choosing for themselves what form of faith they would follow. Herein lay his main hope of yet seeing the realization of his *Civitas Christiana*. Berne opposed to the making this a necessary condition, her attachment to the old political system, which left each canton power to enact its own internal laws. Every sacrifice short of a renunciation of Reform by the cantons that had already embraced it should, she thought, be made to keep the old constitution together. From this action of Berne resulted the unsatisfactory peace of 1529.

A hymn of Zwingli's, long a favourite among the hills and valleys of his native land, entreating God's protection for His saints amidst the dangers of the time, and praying for the blessing of a holy peace, is said to have been composed by him as he descended the mountain of the Albis on this occasion, his heart heavy with disappointment and with the presage of unceasing

perils. That he was desirous of a renewal of hostilities has been made a subject of reproach against him by religious historians. But he was actuated by no petty or revengeful motives, simply by a desire to decide a matter of supreme importance to the welfare of the world before the moment had passed when success might be secured. He knew the struggle must be renewed some day, and might be renewed when the foe was better prepared to carry it on : and the result justified his views.

When the forest cantons, not acquiescing in the position accorded them by the peace of 1529, renewed their offensive conduct towards individuals of the Reformed faith in those territories or "bailiwicks" where a joint-government by the cantons subsisted, Berne herself pronounced sentence of outlawry against them, by subjecting them to exclusion from the lowland markets,—a species of blockade prescribed by confederate law in cases of contumacy. Zwingli complained of the measure as both inadequate and cruel, punishing the innocent with the guilty. The forest cantons found it intolerable ; and the actual outbreak of war came accordingly from them. But it came, as Zwingli had anticipated, when they were ready, and their adversaries ill prepared. Then followed the fatal end. On an October afternoon, in 1531, the hostile arrays encountered on the heights of Cappel, between Zürich and Zug. Zwingli, who had accompanied the troops with his Bible—some say with his battle-axe also,—lay dead on the field ; and Protestantism lost her hope of predominance in Switzerland. Zürich and Berne and a few other places were allowed to retain their faith, and that was all. The Zwinglian Propaganda came to an end. In the common territories and bailiwicks the Romish creed was mostly re-established, the convents restored, the new teaching prohibited. The relation of the two persuasions in Switzerland as then established has continued mainly the same to our own days. The Calvinistic evangelization of Geneva was a later and a distinct episode.

There is a pathetic grandeur about the history of Zwingli's last days on which we fain would linger, but the limits of our subject command us to be brief. As so often happens when a great man drops suddenly from the scene where he has filled so large a space, the dismay and regret of contemporaries found relief in superstitious associations. Bullinger tells of Zwingli's last visit to Bremgarten in the dead of night—for personal danger surrounded him even in the Protestant camp,—to impress on the Reformed Diet there assembled the serious perils of the situation ; he avers that, when riding back before the break of day, and about to part from Bullinger himself and other friends at the Zürich gate of the town, a form attired in a snow-white garment appeared—and frightened the

sentinels on guard, then vanished into the water. Nor were other portents wanting. Fountains of blood were said to spring from the earth in various places. Halley's comet made one of its seventy-sixth year courses through the heavens in the month of August. "This ominous globe," said Zwingli, as he gazed at it one night from the Cathedral burying-ground, "is come to light the path that leads to my grave." But his mind was tranquil. He was occupied during the last year of his life in writing a commentary on the prophet Jeremiah. He was softened, it was said, in temper and deportment, and towards his greatest foes showed less asperity than had been his wont. Other changes too had worked within him. Latterly his thoughts had learnt to rest not so much in the contemplation of his country's welfare or his church's efficacy as in that of God's universal scheme, and the eligibility of all good men of all the ages to its benefits. Latterly, too, he seems, though with no weak sentimentality, to have longed for death. Time had brought the bitter experience that the ideal and the practical could not as yet be brought into agreement, and the noble spirit yearned more and more for that immortal existence where its visions of harmony might expand unhindered.

And here we are tempted to confront the sententious strictures of D'Aubigné, a writer of the Calvinist type of piety, with the more liberal and judicious verdict of Dr. Spörri.

First D'Aubigné:—

"There was but one means of safety for Zürich and for Zwingli," he says, speaking of the preparations of 1531,—"*he should have retired from the political stage, and fallen back on that kingdom which is not of this world.* He should, like Moses, have kept his hand and his heart night and day raised towards Heaven, and energetically preached repentance, faith, and peace. But religious and political matters were united in the mind of this great man by such old and dear ties that it was impossible for him to distinguish their line of separation. This confusion had become his dominant idea; the Christian and the Citizen were for him one and the same character; and hence it resulted that all resources of the State, even cannons and arquebusses, were to be placed at the service of the Truth. When one peculiar idea thus seizes upon a man, we see a false conscience formed within him, which approves of many things condemned by the word of God."

Next hear Dr. Spörri:—

"It is customary to regard Zwingli's death on the battle-field as the penalty for the errors in which his far-reaching endeavours involved him. But this is assuredly too hard a sentence for the measure of his fault. What Zwingli did indeed expiate at Cappel, by the expiation of experience, was the fact that just at that decisive moment his ideal

of Christian co-burghery left him and Zürich in the lurch, and that the strenuous exertions of his later years were all in vain. But in those very exertions he showed himself not undeserving of the prophet's name. Not unlike Isaiah, who opposed alliances with stranger nations as unworthy of the chosen people, Zwingli devoted to the neutrality of his fatherland the best strength of his youthful years; he was the first indeed who recognised and declared this the true political mission of Switzerland. On the other hand, we do not speak too highly of his tendencies towards the common union of nations, when we say that they remind us of the cosmopolitan impulse of the ancient prophet, who in his inspiration beheld all peoples joined together in the kingdom of God. It is true it was, and remained, an ideal only: when Zwingli approached nearer to the present world with his visions of a universal theocracy, he erred; but it is by no mere accident that in those his last years he composed his commentaries on Isaiah and Jeremiah; and Bullinger in his memorial oration was not far wrong when he assigned to Zwingli a place on the same line with those heroes of the Ancient Covenant."

Before we close this sketch of a great man, who, with all his historical eminence, is, if we mistake not, somewhat of a stranger to the popular imagination of English readers, we may allow ourselves, perhaps, without too great a stretch of fancy, to point to one among our countrymen and of our own generation, as having in some personal characteristics and modes of thought (allowing for the difference of a humbler sphere of action and a less momentous mission), borne no slight resemblance to the Swiss Reformer. We allude to Arnold of Rugby. Arnold united the love of ancient republican life and literature with Christian devoutness. While sympathizing with the moral rather than the æsthetic element in the best heathen civilisation and literature, he entered keenly into scriptural exegesis; he repudiated all sensuous media and human authority as sources of religious life; he urged intellectual inquiry with fearless ardour; he saw in social and political affairs the noblest field for the Christian's development; he advocated the co-extensiveness of Church and State. And he, like Zwingli, in the midst of a life of many-sided toil, sank suddenly from the world at the age of forty-seven, within two years of that which he used to remind himself had been signalized by Aristotle as the culminating period of man's faculties and energies:—

ἐπάμεροι· τί δέ τις; τί δ' οὐ τις; σκυῖας ὄναρ
 ἄνθρωπος· ἀλλ' ὅταν αἶγλα δίοσδοτος ἔλθῃ
 λαμπρὸν φέγγος ἔπαισιν ἀνδρῶν καὶ μέλιχος αἰών.

These are the words, from his favourite poet, which Dr. Spörri suggests might be placed as a motto over Zwingli's collected writings. They form a fit conclusion to our present considerations.

- ART. V.—1. *La France Nouvelle*. Par M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1868.
2. *La Politique Radicale*. Par JULES SIMON. Paris, 1868.
3. *Tableau de la Situation des Établissements Français dans l'Algérie; Gouvernement Général de l'Algérie*, 1864, and 1865-1866.
4. *Compte Rendu au nom du Conseil d'Administration de la Société Générale Algérienne*. Par M. L. FREMY, Conseiller d'État en Service Extraordinaire Président. Exercice, 1867. Paris, 1868.

IN 1861 M. Guizot defined "the terrible problem of our time" to be—"What is the new political edifice which corresponds to the new society which has grown up, and how to construct it so that it shall endure?" Last June M. Rouher exclaimed in the Corps Législatif, "The work of the Empire may be summed up in two words—the preservation of order first, and then the separation of the liberal from the revolutionary flag." In these and similar utterances, and still more in their accordance with what appeared to us to be the prevailing tone of thought and feeling in France, we had already begun to fancy that we recognised the silver lining of those clouds of error, hesitation, and abject irresolution which have so long darkened the political horizon of that great country, when the two remarkable books which we have placed at the head of this article fell into our hands. Their authors, unhappily, do not share our hopes. They are profoundly dissatisfied with the present, and distrustful of the future; and yet we conceive it to be the highest compliment we can pay them, not as individuals only but as exponents of the opposition, when we assure them that the effect of what they have written has been to strengthen these hopes in our minds. The appearance of a work so lofty in tone, so thoughtful, resolute, and temperate, as that of M. Prévost-Paradol more especially, is the best of all proof that the higher aspirations of France have not been extinguished during the sixteen years of tranquillity which the lassitude of the nation and the iron rule of the Empire have produced, and that, if her political progress has been less apparent, it has been scarcely less real than her material improvement. In these years of silence the dear-bought lessons of the previous sixty have been deeply, and we believe widely, pondered. Those who heedlessly rushed into action before, have demanded of themselves the reason of the political faiths for which they fought; they have sought to determine the amount of truth embodied in the symbols for which

their fathers shed each others' blood, and the result has been the commencement at least, in many directions, of that winnowing of truth from falsehood, which is the first condition of all real advancement. The system of government under which Frenchmen have lived during this long period has been confessedly a transitional one. No man believed, and no honest and disinterested man professed to believe, that a military despotism could be permanently established in the nineteenth century, in what, without instituting invidious comparisons, we must all recognise as one of the foremost States of Western Europe. Under no conceivable adaptation could the Empire itself be accepted as the solution of the "terrible problem." But the whole nation accepted it notwithstanding, if not patiently at least peaceably, and many accepted it gratefully, not only as a *locus penitentiae* for past errors, but as a great and glorious opportunity which God had afforded them for distinguishing between possible and impossible aspirations, and determining at least the necessary conditions of permanence in the future edifice.

Never was the boast which identifies the State with the person of the Sovereign truer in the case of anointed monarch, than of the present ruler of France. The Empire is not an institution but a man; and so long as the man exists, in vigour and efficiency, the work of constructing the institution must be suspended; for that the man himself should accomplish a work which must consist in merging his personality in a permanent, and, as such, necessarily impersonal form of government, is scarcely a conceivable event. Nothing can be more natural than the impatience which the liberal party in France exhibit for the termination of this period of inaction; and we deeply sympathize with the discouragement which the present indifference of the nation to every higher interest than mere physical well-being occasions them. To the young, the vigorous, and the high-hearted, the duty of waiting is the hardest of all. But there are circumstances in which it is also the noblest, and the present position of Frenchmen we conceive to be emphatically one of those in which "they also serve who only stand and wait."

Till this period of hibernation elapses it is vain to conjecture what shall be the special characteristics of the future government of France; and in the comparative indifference to forms and names which the highest class of political writers profess, we see an indication of that temperance of view which is the best guarantee for the spirit of compromise which must inevitably guide any final arrangement. Nothing can be wiser than the following passage:—

"There will be found in these studies that declared and determined

indifference to questions of persons, of dynasties, and of external forms of government, which has cost me so many attacks, and even a judicial condemnation; but which I hope will always be my principal title to the approbation of wise men and good citizens. Not that I have not, like the rest of the world, my private inclinations and personal preferences; but I insist upon regarding them as secondary questions when placed alongside of the primary question of the political and administrative reformation of France. Notwithstanding those abrupt or insensible modifications which time always operates on us, I believe that, on this point at least, I am proof against all change; and I cannot imagine that I should ever become capable either of hatred or enthusiasm for such words as monarchy or republic; or that any form of government, whatever be its form or its name, should ever succeed in changing me, by the mere fact of its existence, either into a factious adversary or a servile partisan. These questions of names and persons, which for too many Frenchmen sum up all that they understand by the term politics, are dominated, in my eyes, by a question vastly more important, that, namely, of whether or not we shall ever be a free nation."

But though it belongs to a future into which we need not seek to penetrate, to determine what shall be the external form of the ultimate government of France, its principles, its objects, and even its essential characteristics are already traced by the results of experiments which have been repeated only too often. Whether it be monarchical or republican, whether its genesis be the spontaneous effort of the genius of the people, or, as is more probable, be presided over by an ancient dynasty of kings, enlightened by experience and chastened by exile,—if it is to be a free government of any kind, we know, and Frenchmen of all classes appear at length to have learnt, that it must be one which neither sacrifices liberty to order nor order to liberty. That the permanent realization of either of these great objects of political life apart from the other is impossible,—nay further, that the more perfect the realization of the one the more perfect will be the realization of the other also,—that they stand and fall, rise and sink together,—are ascertained truths of political science, of universal application, which for the present appear to be almost more familiar to the mind of France than to the mind of England. The firm hold which the national mind has at length been enabled to take of these cardinal maxims, not as theoretical doctrines, but as practical rules of action, we regard as so great a gain, that setting all minor grounds of present discouragement at defiance, we feel warranted in stretching out a hand of congratulation to our friends and neighbours, and meeting every token of discouragement with a *sursum corda*!

Nor have the publicists, or even the public of France, failed

to deduce inferences from this political commonplace, which still further indicate the justness of their appreciation of the necessary character of the structure which it belongs to the next generation to rear :—

“The classes hitherto dominant,” says M. Guizot, “no longer contest the general rights of humanity, and show themselves everywhere disposed or resigned to accept the system of open competition to merit of every form. The middle classes have learnt to distrust social Utopias, and to recognise the conditions of public order which are indispensable to the good order of families and the prosperity of labour.”

The accuracy of the first branch of M. Guizot's assertion will not be called in question, either in France, or as he extends it, in Europe generally. The principles of Free-trade have extended themselves from the Forum to the Senate, and from the Senate to the *Salon*. In so far as the aspirations of democracy are confined to the vindication of competition without fear or favour, their realization has been complete, and we trust final, in every department of life. It is in this triumph that we behold the true harvest of the French Revolution. Would that we could feel equally confident as regards the second ground of hope to which M. Guizot refers—that we could feel satisfied that the futility of the search after the central Utopia of all,—after equality, not in the sense of equality before the law, but of equality of social conditions and political rights and responsibilities, had been seized with the same clearness with which men have acknowledged the injustice and impolicy of erecting insuperable barriers between class and class. The distinction between liberty and levelling, between freedom to rise and license to pull down, plain though it seems at first sight, is one which, in the last analysis, even the scientific mind seizes with difficulty, and of which the popular mind continually loses sight. There is reason to apprehend that the instinct which has hitherto guided the English nation unconsciously to its reception, or at least to its application, has been somewhat enfeebled. Still, notwithstanding all that has happened to us of late, we ourselves are not prepared, and very few Englishmen, we presume, are prepared to give in their adhesion to the opposite doctrine, even as stated by so moderate a democrat as M. Prévost-Paradol ; to concur with him in the opinion that our colonies, in so far as they have acted on it, have made *une prodigieuse avance sur la mère patrie* ; or to join with him in looking confidently and hopefully forward to the time when the aristocracy of England shall be “vanquished and destroyed.” In an eloquent passage in which he sketches the aristocracies of

Rome, of France, and of England, with that clear and vigorous outline which gives such charm to his pictures, he pays to that of England the compliment of saying that it has had *la justice et l'adresse d'appeler dans son sein tout ce qui s'élève et brille à côté d'elle*. Now, an aristocracy of which this can be said even by so generous a critic, is an aristocracy the existence of which is, to our thinking, entirely consistent with the highest conceivable development of liberty, and we confess we can see no substantial object contended for by M. Prévost-Paradol, or by any individual or party that stops short of socialism, that is inconsistent with its permanence. Nay, we go farther than this. We assert, and if we could succeed in making ourselves understood, we should assert, without fear of contradiction, that the existence of such an aristocracy, and of the amount of inequality which it implies, are not merely reconcilable with, but are involved in the idea of liberty, both social and political, and that to interdict to individuals the right of acquiring any one of its characteristics, or to prohibit their sanction either by society or by the State, would be to infringe upon liberty both private and public. For what are the characteristics of such an aristocracy? Let us try whether we cannot seize hold of this spectre which still so scares our neighbours, and demand of it whether its ultimate intents be indeed "wicked or charitable." M. Prévost-Paradol has an evident tenderness for it himself; and it has hitherto wandered amongst our alleys and hunted over our stubbles so harmlessly, he would be the last man to object that for old friendship's sake we should have a last word with it, before we commit it pathetically to the force of that democratic current, the action of which, he tells us, "will be so regular and gentle as to be almost insensible."

And first, let us put aside four accidental characteristics which have been associated with it so frequently as in the eyes of many to constitute its essence:—

1st. Hereditary legislation has no more to do with the existence of an aristocracy than hereditary jurisdiction has to do with the existence of a magistracy. The propriety of its preservation, even in States where it has long existed, is a question of political expediency which now greatly divides opinion, and we agree with M. Paradol in regarding its introduction or revival as impossible.

2d. *Privilege*, in any sense in which the interests of others could be prejudiced by it, never formed any part of aristocracy in England. With us the noble never enjoyed either favour from the judge or exemption from the tax-gatherer.

3d. Neither has exclusiveness ever belonged to it. Every office in England, and every rank and dignity which England

could confer, short of the Throne, has always been open to every Englishman. There are, no doubt, certain offices, the duties of which are supposed, as a general rule, to be better performed by persons of illustrious ancestry and hereditary wealth, than by new men or poor men, however eminent may be their personal qualities. Wherever the object is to *represent*, either the nation abroad, or a portion of the nation at home, it is not unusual, and we humbly think not unreasonable, to give a certain preference to persons who, from their birth, have been taught to regard themselves less as individuals than as the representatives of families which existed, like the State itself, generations before they were born, and will exist for generations after they are gone. Such persons, so to speak, are born representatives, and the experience which they have acquired in the family is a preparation for filling the offices of the State, unattainable in the case of other men. But when they are chosen to fill these offices, in consequence of what are believed to be their special qualifications, they are chosen for the benefit, not of themselves, but of those who choose them.

4th. Neither our laws nor our customs ever knew anything of the interdiction of marriage between nobles and commoners, which is probably the most offensive form in which social inequality can assert itself. The latter restriction was, if possible, more alien to the customs of our ancestors than to our own. Chaucer and John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," married sisters, which would scarcely be permitted to a poet-laureate and a prince of the blood in our day.

Apart from these accidents, then, what are the necessary characteristics of aristocracy? Of what elements has it been composed in England hitherto, and what are those which we hope are permanent, and which M. Paradol has doomed?

They may, as it seems to us, be reduced to two—

1st. The consideration which, rightly or wrongly, the imagination attaches to illustrious or honourable birth, and the social precedence which, *cæteris paribus*, results from this consideration.

2d. The advantages which arise from the possession of inherited wealth—viz., independence of manual or servile labour in early life, and the consequences of this independence, viz., intellectual and moral cultivation, personal refinement and dignity, and perhaps an improved physical condition. The latter point is one on which we do not insist; though the possibility of improving the animal man is not likely to be soon abandoned in a country in which the lower animals have been made by culture almost to change their nature.

Now, inasmuch as a father has no dearer possession to transmit to his children than his good name, and this possession exists in all degrees, from the fame of the hero to the credit of the honest man, the first of these elements of aristocracy is as inseparable from liberty as the second, which manifestly belongs to the rights of property and of the person. Yet these, and nothing but these, are the elements of aristocracy, as we understand it now, and have always understood it, in England, and we fail to see in what sense their combined existence interferes with "that upward and downward motion, according to the intelligence, the activity, and the good fortune of each," which M. Prévost-Paradol claims as the special peculiarity of a democratic society, or with equality in any sense in which equality does not mean levelling, and result in socialism. Apart from the position of the peerage as hereditary legislators, the aristocracy of England is neither more nor less than a cultivated class, the culture of which has been the work of more than one generation.

If our colonies do not possess it, its absence is a proof, not of their having outrun the mother country, but of their not having yet attained to her position. So far from believing that we shall lose it, we never doubt for a moment that they will gain it, because it is simply as a more highly developed form of social life than they yet enjoy.

That the social structure has been more than once rudely shaken in France is unquestionable; but the entire disappearance from such a country, even for a time, of a class, or rather of a hierarchy of classes, in the enjoyment of traditional respect and hereditary refinement, is a simple impossibility. That the tastes and habits and occupations of these various classes should, to a certain extent, separate them from the class which lives by manual labour, and even from each other, is not only inevitable, but it is reasonable and right; and though we know that M. Prévost-Paradol will smile, we do not hesitate to state it as our impression that, under external arrangements and designations somewhat different, separate classes of society are being reconstituted, which, *whilst they continue to be accessible to all*, whilst the very same individuals, between their cradles and their graves, may have belonged to every one of them, will nevertheless be as distinctly marked and as well defined as those of the *ancien régime*. Nay more, in the spontaneous growth of this classification, as one of the results of peace and industry and well-being, and in its more than toleration by public opinion in France, we trace one of the most hopeful indications of the progress of social and political re-organization, and of the proximate triumph of those very principles of liberty

of which M. Prévost-Paradol is himself the most powerful living advocate. The lesson of subordination is the first lesson of the citizen as well as of the soldier,—for the State is only a vast and complex host marching through the wilderness of the ages. A citizen who refuses to recognise a superior is no more fit for the exercise of political power than a soldier who has not learned to obey is fitted to command; and it is not till a society has become capable of such an effort of self-discipline, as to tolerate a gradation of ranks, as well as an unequal distribution of means, that it becomes capable of self-government.

But notwithstanding the healing action of this unconscious and spontaneous tendency to "order themselves lowly and reverently to their betters," it cannot be questioned that, to so logical a people as the French, great danger still lurks in the want of clearness of the public mind on the subject of equality.¹ So long as men continue to cherish the belief that equalization is involved in the attainment of liberty, and as such is the ultimate object of free-government, so long as the proposition that "all men are equally men," which nature warrants, is regarded as convertible with the proposition that "all men are equal men," which nature repudiates,—liberty will be in constant danger of degenerating into license, and no safe groundwork has yet been laid for the political edifice.

But even on this subject, though much remains to be desired, the dawning of light is apparent. There is a wise inconsequence in M. Prévost-Paradol's preference for constitutional monarchy over republicanism, though we agree with him in thinking that but for the unhappy traditions which attach to it, the realization of a constitutional republic is by no means impossible. The same remark applies to the importance which he attaches to the regulating and guiding influences of the upper Chamber. A single Chamber so elected as to take cognizance of property and intelligence, as well as of mere naked manhood, is not inconceivable. As the simplest, it is probably the ultimate, form which the political organism will everywhere assume. But if it be, as we believe it is, inevitable in France, and probably in England, that the Lower Chamber, for an indefinite period, shall be chosen by a suffrage which is not only universal

¹ The want of any French equivalent for the English word *Gentleman* may seem a trivial, but, if we reflect on it, is a conclusive proof of the accuracy of this allegation. The word *Gentilhomme*, of which our word was no doubt an adaptation, still retains its ante-revolutionary signification of a person born in an exclusive class: *Monsieur*, like our *Master*, is merely a polite mode of recognising the existence of the human *non-ego*: and there is no intermediate epithet.

but equal, and which, as such, ignores all the higher elements of civilisation, the only hope of creating a political organism which shall be in some measure "the mirror" of a nation in which these elements exist, rests in the formation of an Upper Chamber which shall recognise them. A Chamber elected by a graduated suffrage, would, no doubt, be the direct and consistent means of attaining this object. But here again the present state of political opinion will form an obstacle to anything beyond a mere approximation to the ultimate form; and till the public mind is educated up to the point of consciously receiving and openly acknowledging the fact that all electors are not equal electors, any more than all men are equal men, some such roundabout mode of arriving at the practical result which this acknowledgement would yield, as the Prussian system of double election by provincial assemblies of first and second instance, is probably the most workable. If, to an assembly so chosen, the higher dignitaries of the State and representatives elected by certain learned bodies, were added, as M. Prévost-Paradol proposes, it is difficult to imagine any attainable body which should more satisfactorily represent wealth, wisdom, and worth.

Even when we turn to writers and speakers with whose general tone of thinking we can less sympathize, the same indications meet us of a growing tendency to discriminate between liberty to rise and license to pull down.

"The separation of the liberal from the revolutionary flag" was not probably intended to be a very definite indication of policy, but it was no doubt intended to be, and is, a perfectly unequivocal expression of opinion; and in another direction we find even so pronounced a liberal as M. Jules Simon, in his recent book *La Politique Radicale*, making no secret of his distrust of the counting of heads without reference to their contents, as a final answer to the dictates of reason and the teaching of experience. But it is from the general tone of the press, and so far as we have had an opportunity of judging of conversation in France, more than from any expressions of individual opinion, however important or significant, that we derive the hope that the lesson of order, if less definitely comprehended, has been not less deeply impressed than the lesson of liberty. The constant use of the word itself and its equivalents, is perhaps as sure an indication as any other; and many of our readers, like ourselves, must have been struck with the extent to which such words as *ordre*, *organization*, *reconstruction*, and the like, during late years, have taken the place of the *liberté*, *égalité*, *fraternité* of former days. The sense, moreover, of this famous formula has itself

been modified by the juxtaposition in which it now appears, and even socialism, as M. Jules Simon has remarked, no longer means what it meant twenty years ago.

We have been so long in the habit of regarding the political genius of France as destructive, that we are often tempted to doubt of its success in the work of construction, even now that it seems willing to undertake it with honest intentions and sounder views. But if we recall for a moment the earlier history of France these doubts will be dispelled. It is impossible to contest the claims of old France to the honour of having contributed far more than her share to the building up of that new edifice of feudal society, and that system of separate feudal States, which arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire. It was in France, more than anywhere else, that the fusion of the Romanic and Teutonic elements of society was effected, and that the monarchical and centralizing principles derived from the Empire continued to assert themselves alongside of those principles of local life and provincial individuality which the younger and fresher blood of the northern nations introduced. It was in France, somewhat later, that out of populations and institutions so dissimilar as scarcely to offer any bonds of union at all, was built up the most homogeneous State that the world has ever seen. In old France, in a word, we possess a guarantee that a new France, still fairer and more orderly, will arise out of the *débris* of revolutions, just as the old Paris, which is being gradually swept away, is a guarantee to us that a new Paris, more magnificent and symmetrical if somewhat less rich in associations, will spring from the *demolitions* which in their progress we deplore. "Paris is France"—the vast unbroken lines of her palatial streets, and the imposing symmetry of her architectural monuments, are the visible expression of the national genius,—and if any man would behold a symbol of the political edifice which the new generation of Frenchmen are destined to rear, let him gaze upon the city which they are constructing for their abode. The one, like the other, in all probability will surpass in completeness every previous effort of science and civilisation, and the first political edifice which can claim to be anything more than a happy historical accident will be seen in France. Too rigid in conception, time and use will adapt it to the complexity of human requirements, as the projecting boughs have softened the lines of the Champs-Élysées, till art, ceasing to be the rebel subject, has become the loyal minister of nature.

If we contrast the following profession of faith with that love of anomalies for their own sake which is characteristic of all parties in this country, we shall have some conception of the

completeness which, sooner or later, will probably belong to the political institutions of France :—

The true character of political radicalism (*une politique radicale*), is to reject all transactions and half measures,—to go, as is vulgarly said, to the very end of one's principles. It is that which distinguishes it from prudentialism (*une politique sage*), which boasts of being able to make all the necessary concessions at the proper time. The first of these political schemes is a doctrine, the second is a capacity. If one believes that one is possessed of an absolute truth, one can neither conceal it, nor deny it, nor delay it. Neither can one despair of it, for truth must prevail; that is a law as infallible as any of the laws of the physical world. Hence all the characteristics of radicalism—an ardent adhesion to the justice of its cause and to the truth of its principles, a determined confidence in the future, a generous contempt for expediency and equivocations, a voluntary ignorance of difficulties and obstacles, a habit of studying facts somewhat too hastily, and of taking too little account of the ephemeral variations of opinion. One may compare the adherents of radicalism to those travellers who pay no attention to maps or made roads, but who, fixing their eyes on the distant object which they wish to attain, march towards it in a straight line, with the unalterable resolution never to turn back, never to turn aside, never to stop. They are accused of pursuing chimeras, but they console themselves with counting the number of chimeras long railed at and spit upon, which have become realities, and beneficent realities. They are reproached, moreover, and sometimes with reason, with speaking a language which their contemporaries do not understand, and thus condemning themselves to isolation and consequent impotence; but they reply that the true conductors of mobs are not those who bend down to them to be heard more readily, but those who call out to them from above. History does not justify the reputation for want of skill which has been attempted to be fixed on them; and the last teaching of philosophy is that justice is the surest and the most cunning of political schemes.

It is not that M. Jules Simon himself is precipitate or impractical, or that his party conceives that an adhesion to principle involves a literal acceptance of the maxim "*tout ou rien*." Radicalism, he tells us, aspires no doubt to the full and entire possession of liberty, but she approaches it by conquering successively such liberties as are possible. It is radicalism, because it demands the whole and vows never to stop till the whole has been obtained; but it neither hopes to reform the world in an hour, nor has it the folly to despise such incomplete reforms as may render the final reform more attainable.

This latter we may say is plain common sense, which in the absence of either clear aims or lofty motives mere selfishness would dictate to any one who desires to elbow himself on in the crowd. But what British party or British partisan will dare to address the following to their opponents?—

“It is thus that we may speak to all third parties. It is by our obstinacy and immovability, of which you complain, that we do you service. In meeting you half-way we might give you perhaps a few votes, which would not be sufficient to make you a majority. By our constant pre-occupation with the absolute we prevent you from contenting yourselves too easily. We never cease to attract you towards the summits which we occupy. It is we who put something like inflexibility into politics, which without us would be nothing but the art of working out men and utilizing occurrences. Say if you will that you represent wisdom, experience, moderation, skill. As for us, our function is different—we represent conscience!”

But whilst these indications of juster principles and clearer aims seem sufficient to counterbalance the general apathy of France and the acknowledged difficulties of her financial situation, and to reassure us as regards the internal policy, if not of the Government, at least of the nation, we no sooner direct our attention to the external policy which French opinion still freely indorses, than our faith in the future is rudely shaken. In Europe we encounter vague aspirations, dictated not by reason but by tradition; and out of Europe, ill digested schemes of conquest and colonization, feebly prosecuted, and to which rumour ascribes other motives than their ostensible ones. The attempt to dominate Europe has been abandoned for the claim to vindicate the idea of nationalities; the passion for military glory has given place to the desire for material well-being and civic magnificence, the vanity of propagating liberty abroad has been supplanted by the hope of one day realizing it by moderate counsels at home. And yet France—not the Government, but the nation—continues to be haunted by the feeling that, apart altogether from any benefit either to herself or her neighbours, her dignity requires that she shall act as the general arbiter of European destiny. So long as this visionary object continues to be striven for, the necessity of France being in a condition to meet Europe in arms (*de tenir tête à l'Europe coalisée*) is plain enough. Hence the enormous armaments which exhaust her resources, and the rumours which trouble her repose.

We are far from condemning the desire to preserve the well earned claim of France to be heard with deference in the counsels of Europe. The doctrine of *disarmament*, which M. Jules Simon tells us has become *presque une religion*, and which his friend

M. Jules Favre supports with all the power of his marvellous eloquence, has, it is true, our warmest sympathies. But we are not prepared, even in its behalf, to give in an unqualified adhesion to the narrow and negative policy which would make immediate material self-interest the only ground which justifies either men or nations in interfering in each other's affairs. Collectively and severally we have active duties to others as well as to ourselves, and on the part of a great nation there can be no duty more imperative than to assert the lofty privilege of preventing injustice and promoting civilisation. On this ground, the part which France took originally in the Italian war entitles her to our admiration; and had she interfered in Denmark, she should have had our co-operation, or in Poland, our good wishes. In the latter case, the duty of helping the weak lay primarily at her door, and had she performed it successfully, she would have fairly earned more than the questionable honour which always waits upon success. A great wrong which sits heavy on the conscience of Europe would have been righted, and a valuable element of the balance of power would have been restored. The Mexican expedition stands apart as a wholly exceptional and inexplicable act of Imperial caprice. Whether we regard it in the light of policy or of duty, it was equally a mistake; for France had no need of Mexico, and no call, and as it proved no ability, to help her. But the Mexican expedition never enjoyed even the amount of popularity which in France usually attends on bold enterprises; the nation is not responsible for it, and it scarcely falls within the scope of any considerations which extend beyond the fortunes of the present holder of power. The case, however, is very different with the German question, the Eastern question, or the Roman question, even now. No Frenchman ever for a moment conceives it possible, that without loss of national prestige France can permit one of these to be finally adjusted without her interposition, and yet there is not one of the three to which any special French interest attaches. Even the coveted "Frontier of the Rhine," supposing its attainment to be possible, which there certainly is no present reason to believe, necessitating as it would do the absorption of a large population of alien blood and race, would furnish a continual *casus belli*, and prove for generations a source of weakness rather than of strength. The loyalty of Alsace is a subject of constant congratulation amongst Frenchmen, and we quite believe that, for the present, the Alsacians have no desire to change masters. So much two centuries of habit and intermarriage have effected. Still it is in the possession of Alsace, and in a less degree of Lorraine, in violation of that very principle of nationalities which she has of late proclaimed so loudly, that France presents to

Germany her one vulnerable side, whilst the consciousness of this fact is the only substantial or rational ground for the jealousy with which she contemplates the union of Germany into a single State. Till the limits of the Germanic Empire are determined, the tenure by which she holds these provinces must continue to be insecure, but the hope of strengthening it would scarcely be a surer or more substantial reason for going to war with Prussia, which means ultimately with the whole Teutonic race, than the hope of regaining the fancied hegemony of Europe would be for reverting to the policy of the First Empire.

The increased political importance of Germany, like her growing wealth and population, so long as it is attained without external aggression, is a fact which France and the other nations of Europe are bound to accept, just as they have accepted her intellectual pre-eminence, which, for half a century, has been quite unquestionable. Her material success may well be a stimulant to our efforts, but it neither justifies our envy nor warrants our interference. We have no more right to set limits to her political growth by invading her territories, than to arrest her in her search after truth by shutting up her lecture-rooms and burning her books.

And the further we pursue the subject, the more we are persuaded that the immediate material interests of France in this case are coincident with the policy which morality commands. If we put aside the frontier of the Rhine, and the French cantons of Switzerland, which would add so little to her power or grandeur, that the moral degradation which would result from the treachery of seizing them would more than counterbalance the material profit, there is only one conceivable material gain which could result to France from a successful war with Germany,—we mean, of course, the absorption of Belgium. The objection to the annexation of Belgium, as a violation of the doctrine of nationalities, does not, as M. Prévost-Paradol remarks, exist to the same extent as in the case of the Rhine provinces. Even here, however, it is not absent, for if French be spoken in Brussels, Flemish is spoken even in Dunkirk; and in case of ill success, a counter-claim is not wholly out of the cards even on the Belgium frontier. But putting this aside, and throwing to the winds all such antiquated considerations as the faith of treaties and the opposition of England, the single fact that if France should lay claim to Belgium, Germany would fall heir to Holland as a *quid pro quo*, and would instantly bloom forth into a great naval power, is a sufficient reason why France should leave both as they are as long as possible.

Then look at the Eastern question. Suppose the victorious armies of France were to march into Constantinople and plant

the three-coloured flag on her loftiest minaret—what then? What could she do with it? When the “rapture of the strife” was over, when the sensation articles were written, and read, and forgotten, and when “the occupation” began to weigh on the national resources to a greater extent than it gratified the national vanity, she must quietly give it back to the Turks, or hand it over to the Greeks or the Austrians to be again contended for by Russia. What gives its peculiarity to the Eastern question is, that Turkey is the only country in Europe which has not long ago passed into the hands of those who must be regarded as its ultimate possessors. But even Turkey, if it is to change masters, must fall to one or other of those who have the nearest claims, ethnologically and geographically. A foreign possession in Europe has become an anomaly too extravagant to be contemplated, and Constantinople would be as foreign to France as Calcutta is to England.

With one single great exception, the recent attempts of France at colonization have exhibited the same aimless or mistaken character as her European policy. Springing neither from national necessities nor aspirations, the only justification which can be made for most of them is that which M. Guizot stated in 1843 for the foundation of the colony of Cochin-China:—“Il ne convient pas à la France, d'être absente d'une aussi grande partie du monde, où déjà les autres nations de l'Europe ont pris pied; il ne faut pas que nos bâtiments ne puissent se réparer que dans la colonie Portugaise de Macao, dans le port Anglais de Hong Kong, ou dans l'île Espagnole de Luçon.” As a matter of sentiment we can appreciate the motive; but sentiment is a costly councillor when she dictates the foundation of colonies at the ends of the earth. The existence of other European *comptoirs* in the ports of which her ships could trade and refit, far from being a reason for France rushing in to found another, seemed plainly to indicate the propriety of her reserving her energies for the still uncultivated field which Providence had assigned her for their display at her very doors.

The impassioned pages, in which his sympathies struggle with his regrets, in which M. Prévost-Paradol has given over the empire of our planet beyond the borders of Europe to the Anglo-Saxon race, will be read with a thrill of pride and thankfulness by every man who speaks the English tongue. We should be guilty of ingratitude to the Giver of all good if we failed to recognise the extent to which the gorgeous vision is justified by what has already occurred. In a wonderful measure, God has, no doubt, permitted us, in these latter years, to be “fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth,” and whether or not we anticipate so glorious a destiny for our children, it is impossible that

we should not look hopefully forward to the heritage which appears to be in store for them. In North America, and in Australia, a basis of population has been laid, which, in accordance with the principle of nationalities, proclaims them to be ours. The same character belongs to our South African colonies. Our hold upon Asia is neither so secure nor so uncontested. Our Indian empire is still a colony, rather in the Phœnician than in the Anglo-Saxon sense; and along the shores of the Mediterranean, where their flag was so long without a rival, and where their factories were planted in every bay, where Carthage alone was more than a counterpoise to our three Presidencies, how slight are the traces which the great merchants of antiquity have left behind them! But in so far as France is concerned, Asiatic colonization, on any extended scale, belongs neither to the possibilities of the present nor to the aspirations of the future; Cochin-China is not intended to be more than a *comptoir*, and in every other direction, with the one reservation which we have made, she must fight at the best on equal terms with other nations; and this too without the basis of operations in the past which belongs to many of them,—to Spain, for example, and Portugal, and Holland. Nay, further, with the special character of the necessities which press upon her, or at all events of the ambitions which she cherishes, no amount of conceivable success in the acquisition of distant territories could compensate France for the price at which they must be purchased. In return for our colonial supremacy we ourselves have been forced, in a great measure, to relinquish our position as an European power; and that of France, far from being strengthened, would unquestionably be weakened by similar acquisitions.

But one and all of these unfortunate peculiarities of her position are reversed when the eyes of France are directed to the opposite shores of the Mediterranean. There fortune appears positively to urge on her acceptance an empire, the possession of which would solve all her difficulties, and gratify all legitimate longings, whether as an ancient European State or as a member of the greater commonwealth of the world. The future of France—*La France Nouvelle*, to which M. Prévost-Paradol beckons his countrymen, we are entirely at one with him in thinking—morally as well as materially—is to be found in North Africa. But we cannot concur with him in regarding it as her *chance suprême*. It is more than a chance. The strongest Mediterranean power in Europe,—if France really wishes to conquer and possess its southern coast, her failure is simply impossible. The fairest portion of it already is hers; and from the Pillars of Hercules to the Libyan desert no native power could, and no

European power would, oppose her gradual progress. Tunis and Morocco are in the last stages of Oriental decrepitude, sick unto death ; Italy, a recent convalescent, is no more in a condition to re-conquer Africa than to reconquer Gaul ; and Spain stands more in need of a conqueror than of conquests. On the part of England, some slight diplomatic sparring might arise out of real or fancied interests in Morocco, or jealousies with reference to Egypt, but no more serious consequences need be anticipated from it than those which resulted from the unworthy repinings, the "dog in the manger," "beggar my neighbour" grumbings, with which we watched the occupation of Algeria in 1830 ; whilst, in the interests of civilisation, Englishmen in the main, like other civilized men, would simply wish to France every possible success in the performance of a task which Europe must sooner or later undertake, and which only France can perform.

Such are the ulterior prospects which that magnificent coast, on which the gifts of the tropical are added to those of the temperate zones, offers to the enterprise and ambition of France. Sallust tells us that the geographers of antiquity were divided as to whether the region north of the Atlas belonged to Africa or to Europe ; and there seems no good reason, either geographical or ethnological, why it should not belong to France, or why those who people it should not partake of all the benefits which European civilisation and French citizenship can confer. The population which covers it or wanders over it now is a mere tithe of that which it is fitted to support, but such as it is it would place France very nearly on a footing of numerical equality with Germany ; and we believe that M. Prévost-Paradol's estimate of an ultimate population of eighty to a hundred millions of Frenchmen on the two sides of the Mediterranean is not an extravagant one.

But a nominal sway over hostile barbarians is a very different matter from the quiet possession of an equal number of cultivated men of our own race, speaking our own tongue, looking proudly back with us into a common past, and hopefully forward into a common future. An African empire peopled by Arabs never can make France what an European empire peopled by Teutons is fast making Germany ; nay, can never be more to her than a drain on her resources and an impediment to her action as a European power. This reflection, so obvious as to suggest itself to every mind, and which presses very painfully on the public mind of France, seems at first sight to offer but two alternatives,—either all hope of a Franco-African empire, valid for European purposes, must be abandoned, or else it must be an empire peopled by men of French blood and their

descendants. For present practical European purposes, the prospect of amalgamation with the existing inhabitants of North Africa is so distant and questionable as scarcely to deserve that it should be taken into account, and with these objects mainly in view, we cannot wonder that we should find M. Prévost-Paradol leaning in the direction of what is known in Algeria as the Colonial, in opposition to the Government policy, and embracing the latter of the two alternatives we have mentioned. As a recent residence of some months in that country has led us, if not to an opposite, at least to a modified conclusion, we must be permitted to offer two or three sentences of suggestion on a question, the momentous importance of which justifies every attempt at solution, however humble.

The difficulty of fusing together the various races which inhabit it is unquestionably the standing difficulty, "the dire discouragement," which opposes itself to French enterprise in Africa. That it does not admit of immediate, or even proximate removal, is plain; but the life of nations is long, and it is of a present field for her still exuberant, if not youthful energies, with an ultimate prospect of being able to retain, or, if she will, to regain, her position as a European power that France stands in need. Now, of what may be possible in future, as regards the African coast generally, we can judge only by what has been accomplished, or seems to be possible, with reference to that part of it which France already possesses. With that view, let us turn our attention to the population of Algeria, and note its constituents as these appear in the analysed tables which have just been issued by the Government. The total population of Algeria, indigenous and European, according to the quinquennial census of 1866, amounted to 2,921,246. Of these, 469,040 were inhabitants of the civil territory and centres of colonization; 2,434,974 belonged to the indigenous tribes which are still administered by military government; and 17,243 were population *en bloc*, which is explained to mean persons connected with hospitals, schools, charitable institutions, convents, prisons, and indigenous porters who are generally negroes.

The total European proportion was only 217,990, and of these not much more than the half, namely 122,119, were French, born or naturalized. The rest were constituted as follows:—58,510 Spaniards, 16,655 Italians, 10,000 Anglo-Maltese, 5,446 Germans, and 4643 of other nationalities.

Now, if these figures prove anything at all, they prove that Algeria is not yet, and is not at all likely soon to become, a country peopled by Frenchmen, in the sense of persons who have emigrated from France, or their descendants. To colonization, in the only sense in which it presents itself to the Eng-

lish mind, the obstacles in France are probably insuperable ; or, what amounts to very nearly the same thing, Frenchmen almost universally believe that they are so. We Anglo-Saxons are so filled with the pride and joy of spreading our family ties of race and language ; England is so small, and England's children are so great,—that nothing surprises us more than to find so high-spirited and capable a people as the French, decidedly, and apparently without reluctance, making up their minds to national sterility. But so it is. Just as the individual Frenchman prefers the freedom of celibacy and the joys of the *café* to the burdens of matrimony and the cares of the household, so the French, as a nation, prefer the decorations of Paris and the barren glory of occupying Rome to new cities and young citizens of their own. In addition to this want of enthusiasm, Frenchmen have a nervous distrust of their own ability to colonize, and an exaggerated belief in our colonial genius, and that of other nations. Inconsistent as it may seem, this feeling is to be traced even in the most vehement organs of the colonial party in Algeria, whose bluster is dictated far more by opposition to the military government, and hatred for the Arabs, than by quiet confidence in their own powers. To these obstacles to success, partly imaginary and possibly temporary, others fall to be added, of a more serious and permanent nature. The population of France does not outgrow her limits like that of the Teutonic nations, and in many parts of France there is still more than sufficient field for the amount of agricultural energy which the nation develops. Though land is very dear in the north, in the immediate neighbourhood of the great centres of population, and in the rich wine-growing districts, it is very cheap in the centre and west ; and the home-loving young French agriculturist prefers the banks of the Loire and the pastures of Brittany to the shores of Africa. For these and other reasons—of which the existence of a vast, powerful, intelligent, indigenous population, to whom the public faith of France is pledged, is surely the most prominent—we are disposed to join in the national distrust even of the ultimate colonization of Algeria by Frenchmen.

Is amalgamation, then, between the few Frenchmen who may still be induced to emigrate, and the Arabs, the only other resource ? The nation whom it is the pride of Frenchmen to emulate, and the African portion of whose inheritance appears to have descended to them, were wont to supply, by adoption, the lack of children of the house ; and the French themselves seem more apt to adopt than to generate. If we compare the feelings of the Alsacians with those of the Poles, we shall be disposed to conclude that France is by no means the worst of

stepmothers ; and to ascribe to her the genius of assimilating alien races, is only to concede to her the gift which, in repudiating that of colonization, she enthusiastically claims. Now, if, bearing this fact in mind, we revert to the character of the European population, which at present dwells in peace and brotherhood in Algeria, we shall see at least one element of hope that the difficulty which the want of direct colonization occasions may not prove insuperable. From the document to which we have referred, it appears that this population is already one of the most mixed on the face of the earth ; and no man can walk for ten minutes along the streets of Algiers without having the fact confirmed to him by hearing three or four European languages spoken. As given in a table before us, the percentages stand thus :—French born and naturalized, of whom, be it remembered, no inconsiderable portion are in Government employment, 56 per cent. ; Spanish, 26 ; Italians, 7 ; Anglo-Maltese, 5 ; Germans, 3, and other nationalities, 3. What the French cannot do themselves, then, the other nations of Europe seem not unwilling to do for them, and under them ; and a vast influx of European emigrants into the only colony which is really European in character, if suitable arrangements are made for them, and suitable inducements held out to them, may be anticipated almost as a certainty. It is this mine which the great Société Algérienne, the formation of which the Emperor announced to the colony in so pompous a manner on his arrival in 1856, and to which the Government has virtually handed over the task of colonization, is engaged in working with every prospect of success. As the French element will always preponderate over any other single element, and the government and business of the colony will be conducted in French, the whole of this European population, from whatever sources it may be derived,—and the more varied they are the better for the purpose,—in three generations will be as French as the inhabitants of the Rue St. Honoré. The French family will thus have received, by adoption, an accession to its numbers, which has no limits except the limits of unoccupied soil in North Africa ; whilst the loyalty even of the portions of it which stretch away into the oases of the Sahara will be far more trustworthy than that of a German-speaking population dwelling on the banks of the Rhine.

So much for the European element. But the great difficulty lies confessedly elsewhere. How is the indigenous population to be assimilated to and amalgamated with the European ? Let us try whether here again a glance at the tables will not help us.

The whole indigenous population amounts to 2,686,024. From this number fall at once to be deducted 33,952 Jews (or

Israelites (as they prefer to be called) who, having been the great gainers by the conquest, are enthusiastically French. There remain 2,652,072 Mussulmans. But these Mussulmans are not a homogeneous body; and the bundle again admits of being broken by separating its component parts. In the first place, we must distinguish between those who inhabit the territories under civil government, and the centres of colonization, within the military territories on the one hand, and the tribes of the military territories on the other. The former, amounting to 217,098, are already partially Europeanized. Amongst the Moors, who in a rough way may be described as the Arabs of the towns, the effects of the process are quite obvious; but it is extremely difficult to judge even by personal observation of the extent to which it has taken effect amongst the rural population, because in dress and appearance they remain unchanged, and very few of them speak more than half a dozen words of any European language. Their progress in industry, however, is attested by the fact that they suffered comparatively nothing from the late famine, which so cruelly decimated their countrymen in the military districts; whilst another fact which bears not insignificantly in the same direction has been ascertained by the Government. Of 44,493, which it seems is their whole number of married men, there are 41,578 monogamists, 2,571 bigamists, and only 344 polygamists. On these interesting numbers the Government statistician remarks:—

“It is thus established, that in the part of the territory in which Europeans and natives are brought most into contact, almost all the Mussulmans are monogamists, and polygamy is almost an exception. It is possible that poverty has a good deal to do with a state of matters which we are accustomed to consider as contrary to Oriental habits, but this can scarcely be the sole cause. It is not unreasonable to assume that, influenced by European example, the natives are beginning themselves to modify their traditional customs, and to constitute the family according to the new forms which new necessities demand.”

Deducting then this semi-Europeanized portion of the population (which is perhaps going a little fast) there remain of the tribes of the military territories, 2,434,974, by far the greater part of the population of Algeria, wholly Oriental in their customs, and fundamentally hostile to French, or any other European or Christian domination.

But even this element is not united, and one very important distinction falls to be made with reference to it, that namely between Berbers, or Kabyles as they are more generally called in Algeria, and Arabs. Of this distinction, strangely enough, we find no trace in the Government tables; and yet, in the eyes of every Algerian, whether colonist or official, it is the most

important of all. These Berbers, the Barbaroi of the Greeks, so far as is known, are the true indigenous inhabitants of North Africa. It is in their veins that the blood of Massinissa and Jugurtha flows; and what is even a more important fact for our present purpose, this blood has mingled with that of Phœnicians, and Carthaginians, and Romans, and Vandals, and all the other races who from time to time made descents on the country, or settled on its coasts. Nor is their history less important than their pedigree; for it was they who listened to the preaching of Augustine and Tertullian, and constituted the flocks of the 800 bishops, or pastors, of the African church. When the Arab conquest swept over them in the sixth century, this Romano-African population bent to the storm; they conformed ostensibly to the religion of the Crescent, and retired into the mountain districts of the Atlas, and the oases of the Sahara. But they carried along with them much of what they had learned from previous conquerors, and much of it they have ever since retained. Industrious, frugal, and teachable, dwelling in a house, cultivating the soil, engaging in commerce, the husband of one wife who is his companion and his equal in place of his puppet and his slave, the Kabyle differs from the Arab in his customs still more than he does in his appearance, which, except where the sun of the desert has deepened his tints, approaches markedly nearer to the European type. Where the opposite influences of the snows of the Atlas have been at work on him, he often exhibits, at the present day, the red hair and blue eyes of the Vandals, who probably affected these colder regions. This Kabyle element, so vastly more open to European influences than the Arab, far from being insignificant in extent, is really the preponderating one in the population of North Africa, and this not in Algeria only, but in Tunis and Morocco. The Riff pirates of the coast, and the Tueregs or Tuaryks of the desert, "whose country is on the camel's back," as one of them told a friend of the writer, are the poor relations of the high-bred Kabyle of the Djurjura, on whose weapons and jewellery may still be seen the sign of the Cross, and whose "Canons" bear traces of the jurisprudence of Justinian. As the Kabyles are everywhere mixed up with the rest of the indigenous population, it is difficult, and perhaps impossible, to ascertain their actual number. In the absence of statistics we must be contented to be guided by such statements as we can glean. The population of Kabylie itself, where the race exists in tolerable purity, has been put down by a recent writer at 800,000, and the Kabyles of the plains, or Kabyle Arabs, as he calls them, at about a million. In the province of Algiers alone, the confederation of the Bein-M'zab is stated in the

Government report to amount to 22,000. With such figures before us, and knowing how extensive and densely peopled are the districts which they occupy, we believe we may with safety assign to the Kabyle element, more or less pure, one-half of the remaining indigenous population of Algeria. This leaves us 1,434,974, and if we further deduct the native troops, amounting to some 13 or 14,000, and allow for camp followers, and if we subtract the Kourlour'lis, or children of Turks by Moorish women, and the negroes and half-castes, both numerous, we shall see our way to regarding the difficulty of amalgamation as a far less formidable one than it at first appeared. Mr. Wingfield, the intelligent writer whom we have just mentioned, estimates the Arabs of pure blood at not more than 500,000, and he is probably pretty near the truth.

In dealing with these people, the measures pursued by the French Government seem to us in the main to be eminently wise and just; and we do not doubt that, by such means as the constitution of private property, the education of the young, by contact and rivalry with Europeans, and still more probably with Kabyles, by time and patience, and we fear we must add by disease and poverty, the only serious obstacle which still opposes itself to the entire and permanent occupation of Algeria will gradually melt away.¹

And then for the future! For ourselves we heartily join with M. Prévost-Paradol in exclaiming, "May that day be near when the children of France, feeling the limits of Algeria too narrow for them, shall pour forth over Morocco and Tunis, and found that Mediterranean Empire which shall be not only a satisfaction to their pride, but which, in the future condition of the world, is the last refuge of their grandeur." Let us atone for the unworthy jealousies of the past, by aiding, as best we may, so noble an enterprise! In the circular note in which the French Government of the day explained the objects of the Algerian expedition to the Christian powers of Europe and

¹ One not unimportant element of ultimate success in the work of amalgamation probably will be found to lie in the very fine physical character of the native population of Algeria. If we except the negroes, there is no portion of it, from physical intermixture with which any European population need shrink; and though we should be very far from counselling any approach to a literal application of the old legend of the Rape of the Sabines, we confess that we have sometimes speculated as to whether its metaphorical meaning might not be justifiably called to mind. Of all the known means of bringing conquerors and conquered together, intermarriage is the most powerful—if not indeed the only effectual one. Why then should not the French Government bestow a dowry on every Moorish maiden who wedded a Christian lord, to be solemnly presented at the wedding,—when circumstances admitted, by the gracious and kindly hands of Madame la Maréchale de MacMahon, or, perhaps, even of the Empress Eugénie herself?

America, we find expressly set forth as one of them, "the necessity of opening the southern coast of the Mediterranean to the production, to the civilisation, to the commerce, and to the free intercourse *of all nations*." To the honour of the too many Governments that have since supplanted each other in France, it must be admitted that not one of them has proved faithless to this liberal programme. The merest casual visitor to Algeria will not fail to recognise the friendly dispositions towards our own countrymen which actuate the present holders of power; and those of them who may resolve on selecting it as a permanent residence, may comfort themselves with the reflection, that should fortune again prove fickle to the Napoleon dynasty, that which she promises next to favour is still more decidedly imbued with English sympathies. Next to an English colony—nay, next to England itself as an English home,—would be a colony within four days of London, governed by the Duc d'Aumale!

ART. VI.—*The Four Ancient Books of Wales, containing the Cymric Poems attributed to the Bards of the Sixth Century.*
By WILLIAM F. SKENE. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1868.

THE literature of Wales, among general readers, has long been the object of a vague curiosity rather than of an intelligent interest. Popularly, the celebrity of the Arthur-myth, and less reasonably of Gray's "Bard," had impressed people with the notion that there might exist a mass of Cymric poetry, and of Cymric chronicle, of which the "Mort d'Arthur" was a specimen; and something like a feeling of disappointment was engendered as the labours of Welsh scholars year by year rendered accessible, by translation, to ordinary readers, some portion of that which had been hitherto veiled in the obscurity of a difficult language. It may be added that the self-assertion and exaggerated nationality of some of the literary "Fluellens" indisposed men's minds to be candid, and so it came to pass that Welsh literature found few who took much interest in it out of the Principality, and not many accurate students in its own land.

Yet that this branch of the Keltic family had special claims on the attention of the ethnologist, and that its literature demanded special critical study, was undeniable. Wales, so gifted by nature, so grand in its scenery, so rich in mineral wealth, so interesting in its historical associations, had left its mark upon the history of the human mind. It had taken its share in that remarkable civilisation which is associated with the Irish missionaries in Western Europe. Its thought was an element in the Keltic influence on the world. It tended to illustrate the measure and true position of that influence as an integer in mediæval history, and thus, both for its own sake and as illustrative of the more copious literature of Ireland, the study of the Welsh writings is now assuming its proper place, and therefore we hail, with no ordinary satisfaction, the appearance of the scholarly work of William Forbes Skene, who, in addition to an accurate knowledge of Gaelic, Irish, and Welsh, brings to the study a more than adequate knowledge of the early history of the races represented by these languages, as well as an ingenuity, facility of suggestion, and power of synthesis of no ordinary measure.

To the literary treasures of Wales Mr. Skene applies that discriminating criticism which has with such happy effect been employed on the cognate works of Ireland. Just as men have cast aside the imaginative conclusions of Beetham and O'Brien for the accurate investigations of Petrie, Todd, and Reeves, so Mr. Skene supersedes the fanciful theories of Herbert

and Davies by careful investigation and classification of facts. Not that Mr. Skene affects the sceptic. There is no tendency in his method to erect a literary reputation on the ruins of his subject. He is by no means the great man in Molière whom nothing pleases. He holds the balance between undue doubt and undue acceptance, and the result is that he has placed the Welsh question on a solid basis, and thrown much light on many hitherto obscure points of history and ethnology.

The Four Ancient Books of Wales are—the Black Book of Caermarthen (written A.D. 1154–1189); the Book of Taliessin (beginning of the fourteenth century)—both originally preserved at Hengwrt, and now the property of W. W. E. Wynne, Esq. of Peniarth; the Book of Aneurin (end of thirteenth century), in possession of Sir Thomas Phillipps; and the Red Book of Hergest (compiled at different times in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries), now laid up in the library of Jesus College, Oxford.

The contents of these manuscripts remained little known till the publication of the *Archæologia Britannica* by Edward Lhuyd in 1707. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the Ossianic controversy naturally directed men's attention to the cognate Welsh poetry. In 1764, the Rev. E. Evans published his specimens of the poetry of the ancient Welsh bards, and in 1784, Edward Jones, in his musical and poetical relics of the Welsh bards, printed some of the ancient poems with translations. Dr. Owen Pughe was the next commentator on these works, and in 1801 Owen Jones, a furrier in London, published the *Myvyrian Archæology of Wales*. Sharon Turner, in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, vindicated the real historical value of the poems; and a new school, represented by the Rev. E. Davies, in his *Mythology of the British Druids* (1809), and the Hon. Algernon Herbert, in his *Britannia after the Romans* (1836), and the *Neo-Druidic Heresy* (1838), maintained an ingenious but wild speculation, that these verses were the expression of a secret adherence to the old Paganism, and that under Christian terminology an esoteric heathenism was concealed in the poems of Taliessin. In 1850, the Vicomte de la Villemarqué, a learned Frenchman, sought to restore the ancient text by assimilating it to the Breton orthography. All these authors accepted the historic value of the works in question; but in 1849, Mr. Thomas Stephen, in his *Literature of the Cymry*, and in 1858, Mr. D. W. Nash, in his *Taliessin, or Bards and Druids of Britain*, rudely shook these convictions, by submitting the poems to a critical analysis, the result of which was to attribute the greater part of them to the twelfth century.

In this state of the question, Mr. Skene publishes the text of the ancient books in its oldest form, accompanied by a literal

translation by two eminent scholars, the Rev. D. Silvan Evans of Llanymawddwy, and the Rev. Robert Williams of Rhydy-croesan, along with a critical dissertation of no ordinary interest.

The date claimed for the early Welsh poets is the sixth century—the age of the Heptarchy, of Theodoric and the Ostrogothic kingdom, of Clovis and his Frankish successors, of Justinian, Belisarius, Boethius, and St. Benedict of Nursia. In Wales it was a century of national life, of religious and mental activity. It was the age of St. David, St. Illtudus, St. Sampson, and St. Teilo, Bishop of Llandaff. The ecclesiastical connexion of Wales with other lands was illustrated by St. Aedan, Bishop of Ferns in Ireland, and St. Padarn of Vannes in Brittany, not the friend of the celebrated poet of the day, Venantius Fortunatus, though some have supposed him to be so. The intellectual life of the times was represented by the discussions about Pelagianism, a phase of thought which, originated by Pelagius or Morgan, a Scot of Wales, seems to have found a congenial soil among the Britons. How a system which magnifies the force of the human will and minimizes the supernatural factors in the operations of the soul, should have found favour among a race so influenced by the imagination, and so affected by the hyper-physical, is one of the most abnormal circumstances in the history of human thought. It was at this epoch that the celebrated college of Bangor-Iscoed on the Dee was founded by Dunawd Fawr—the “Dinot Abbas” of Venerable Bede. In temporal matters, of which more hereafter, the Irish were in possession of Caermarthenshire, Urien Reged held the lands between the Towy and the Neath, and regained his father’s dominions in the north—that is, the land between the Humber and the Clyde, the capital of which was Alcluyd or Dumbarton.

Between the sixth and the twelfth century there occurs “a fault” in the literary production. Either no works ever existed, or they have perished. A few poems are attributed to Cuhelyn Elaith and Meigant, and one to Tyssilio, son of Brochmael Yscythrog. Since the twelfth century there has been a tradition of letters. At the end of the eleventh century an impulse was given by the landing of Gruffydd ap Cynan, the true heir of North Wales, in 1080; and by the return of Rhys ap Tewdwr in 1077 to South Wales. The first had been educated in Ireland, the latter in Armorica, and the result was that North Wales developed in the direction of poetry in the period between 1100–1450, its chief bard being Cyndello, the *prydydd mawr*, while South Wales manifested its intellectual life by a form of prose literature which took the form of history, the first evidence of which was the History of the

Britons, compiled or edited by Geoffrey of Monmouth before 1147. Some of these works were chronicles called *Bruts*, others were tales termed *Mabinogi*, while about the middle of the twelfth century some historic facts appear in the form of *Triads*. There is a further branch of Cymric literature, not unquestioned as to its authenticity, and that is the productions of the four chairs or schools of bards, one of which, that of Glamorgan, is maintained by Edward Williams of Flimstone, *bardicé* Iolo Morgangwg, to be still in existence. Of this class of works the most important is the *Mabinogi* of Hanes Taliessin, a history of the poet which professes to have been compiled by Hopcin Thomas Philip, who flourished between 1590 and 1630.

To test the value of the actual inheritance of prose and poetry of the Cymry, so far as it embodies the national history, it is important to have a definite conception of what are really the sources of the early history of Wales. Beside the statements in contemporary authors of other countries, we have three early documents which have come down to us—(1.) Gildas's *Historia et Epistola*, A.D. 560; (2.) Nennius's *History of the Britons* (*cir.* 738), with the additions of a later chronicle up to 977, and a collection of genealogies compiled a century and a half before the *Bruts*; (3.) *The Ancient Laws and Institutions of Wales*, the most important of which are those of Howel the Good, in the tenth century.

These documents supply us with some curious information about the state of Wales and the distribution of the Cymric population between the Roman occupation and the sixth century, in strong contrast to what we should have expected from the ordinary conception of the history of the period. Instead of Wales being the stronghold of the Cymry, and exclusively occupied by them, while the Saxons are in the centre of England, and the country north of the wall between Tyne and Solway surrendered to the Picts and Scots, we find the seaboard of Wales on the west possessed by the Gael or Gwyddyl, and the Cymry confined to the eastern portion of the principality. A line drawn from Conway to Swansea would separate the races; in North Wales the Cymry possessed Powisland, while the Gael had Gwynnedd and Anglesey; in the south the Cymry had Gwent and Glamorgan, the Gael had Dyfed; Brecknock belonging to the mysterious Brychan and his family.¹

But strange to say, from Dee and Humber to the Firths of Forth and Clyde, we find a great Cymric population, only broken by the mixed Gaels of Galloway, the Ettrick Forest, and the Manau Gododin, the region of Carron and Stirling, while along the coasts the Saxons had settlements from Tyne to Esk.

¹ *Vide Rees' Welsh Saints*, p. 136.

The names Cumberland and "the Cumbraes" have stereotyped the remembrance of this state of things. They are records of a great Cymric race, beset on different sides, by Saxons on the east, Picts on the north, and by Gael, Gwyddyl, Scots or Irish, on the west. These formed permanent settlements. After the final destruction of the Roman power, and the vain appeal of the Britons to Aetius in 446, the first event that emerges from the darkness is the appearance of Cunedda, his retreat from the first to the second wall in 409 or 410, and the expulsion of the Gael from Wales by his descendants in the fourth generation, especially by Caswallawn Law Hir, the father of Maelgwn, who was rapidly rising into power at the time when Gildas was writing. Cunedda was the Gwledig, an office similar to the Emperor or Bretwalda of the Saxons, a chief elected from the surrounding *reguli* as *summus dux*. Ambrose, Conan, and the great Arthur, held the same office. Divested of its mythical accretions, there seems no doubt that Arthur was a historical personage, but of the charm thrown round him by those who followed Geoffrey of Monmouth there is nothing. All that we know is that he combated Octa the son, and Ebessa the nephew, of Hengist, who tried to seize the country lying between the Forth and the Clyde, in twelve battles, the localities of which indicate a struggle for the possession of the south of Scotland. Mr. Skene very boldly and ingeniously finds localities for the different fields of action :—

"According to the view I have taken of the site of these battles, Arthur's course was first to advance through the Cymric country, on the west, till he came to the Glen where he encountered his opponents. He then invades the regions about the wall, occupied by the Saxons in the Lennox, where he defeats them in four battles. He advances along the Strath of the Carron as far as Dunipace, where, on the Bonny, his fifth battle is fought; and from thence marches south through Tweeddale, or the Wood of Celyddon, fighting a battle by the way, till he comes to the valley of the Gala, or Wedale, where he defeats the Saxons of the east coast. He then proceeds to master four great fortresses: first, *Kaerlium*, or Dumbarton; next, Stirling, by defeating the enemy in the *tratheu Tryweryd*, or Carse of Stirling; then *Mynydd Agned*, or Edinburgh, the great stronghold of the Picts, here called *Cathbregion*; and lastly, Boudon Hill, in the centre of the country, between these strongholds."

It is strange that Mr. Skene, having carried the scene of Arthur's exploits so far north, makes no allusion to the local tradition which connects the scene of Queen Guinevere's death with Meigle in Perthshire, in the immediate neighbourhood of which is Arthurstone.

The hero's death took place at Camelon, now identified with the interesting remains on the south bank of the Carron. It

took place in 537, probably caused by a Pagan insurrection, for his murderer was the son of Loth, "*vir semipaganus*," and every notice we have seems to point to Arthur as representing the Christian element in the contest. That Heathenism was struggling again for the mastery is clear from the fact that three years after this, St. Kentigern was expelled from Glasgow, and settled in Wales till 573, while the consolidation of the Pagan kingdom of Bernicia gave it temporary strength. The struggle between the opposing elements resulted in the triumph of the Faith, as well as in the amalgamation of various petty states into larger kingdoms. Among the monarchs of the time, Maelgwn, first opposing his uncle, then turning monk, then relapsing, and marrying his nephew's widow, shines out with some individuality. The critical field of battle took place at Arderydd or Arthuret, near Carlisle; then Christianity prevailed. Rhydderch Hael established himself in Alcluyd as king of Strathclyde, at once recalling St. Kentigern to Scotland; and Aedan, who was crowned king of Dalriada by St. Columba, pushed his victorious arms into Bernicia in 603.

The history after this becomes most obscure, and the Keltic Bruts do not correspond with what is related by the trustworthy Bede. However, the Irish annals assign the date of 613 to a battle fought with Brochmael on the banks of the Dee, where the Britons were defeated. Ten years afterwards, Cadwalla, King of the Britons, supported by the able Penda of Mercia, slew Edwin at Hæthfelth. He also slew Osric of Deira, and Eanfref of Bernicia, doing great damage to the now Christianized Northumbrians. Next year, St. Oswald is narrated to have slain the impious leader of the Britons at Denises Burn, near the Roman wall, but it is probable that this was the other British king, Cadvan, king of Gwynedd, and that Cadwalla survived till 659. The history of his successor, Cadwalladwr, is also very confused; but the Britons seem to have been under the sway of Oswy, and remained so under his successor Ecfrid, till the latter was slain at the battle of Dunnichen, in Forfarshire, in 686. By this battle, the Cymry of Strathclyde recovered an independence which they had lost to the Saxon at Denises Burn, but confusion seems to have reigned in South Wales. From 664 to 754 there appears to have been no king there. Rotri Molwynog was the first real king of Wales after Cadwalladwr. These battles gave victory to the natives over the Saxons, and in Rotri the monarchy was re-established. In his son Conan the direct line failed, and the marriage of his only daughter Esylt, with Mervyn Frych, king of Manau, set a new family on the throne.

Whence came the new dynasty? Where was this Manau? It was not the Isle of Man, which is Manand or Manann. It

is, according to Mr. Skene, the region of which we get the first notice in the account of the battle of Mynydd Agned, or Edinburgh, in Arthur's time, which was connected with St. Monennua, the apostle of the Irish Picts of Ulster, and of the Galwegians, and where Oswy attacked Penda and slew thirty chiefs, obtaining thereby the command of Galloway, and of the region in question. It was here that the Picts rose in 698 and slew Brechhaig or Beohrt, the alderman. It was a province occupied by the great strong race of the Picts. On the termination of the Pictish kingdom, and the merging of the Picts and Scots in 844, it disappears from the map of Scotland.

"Manau or Manann, therefore, in its widest sense, included Slamanan, and the western frontier proceeded in a line from thence to the Pentland Hills, so as to take in the great moor formerly called *Caldover Moor*, consisting of what is now the three parishes of West, Mid, and East Calder, and thus included that mountainous region forming the west part of Linlithgowshire, embracing the parishes of Torphichen, Bathgate, and Whitburn. It probably also included that part of the range of the Pentland Hills called of old Pentland Moor, till it came down upon the North Esk, which formed its eastern boundary to the sea. On the north-west there lay between it and the Carron the district of Calatria or *Calathros*, containing on the coast the parishes of Kinnell and Carriden, while from Carriden to the Esk the coast would belong to Manann. At the point now called the Queensferry, it approaches within a short distance of the opposite coast, and the name of Clackmannan on the northern shore indicates that that district likewise belonged to it. On some one of the islands in the Firth which lie between the mouth of the Esk and Carriden was the city of Giudi or Iudeu, which may have been founded by the people Bede terms the Jutes, while the fortified rock of Mynydd Agned or Dunedin was the great stronghold of its Pictish inhabitants."

The remaining history of Wales, till the twelfth century, is contained in one page of our author:—

"Mervyn Frych was succeeded by his son Rodri Mawr, who acquired South Wales through his wife, and thus became king of all Wales. He divided Wales into three petty kingdoms among his three sons—Anarawd, Cadell, and Mervyn—the eldest, Anarawd, obtaining Gwynedd, with Aberfraw in Anglesea as his capital; Cadell, South Wales, with Dynevor for his capital; and Mervyn, Powis, with Mathraval for his capital; and the king of Gwynedd was to be supreme over the other two. He was succeeded by his eldest son Anarawd, who died in 913, and he by his son Edwal foel, after which Howel dda, son of Cadell, king of South Wales, obtained the dominion of the whole of Wales, from 940 to his death in 948. After his death a struggle commenced between the descendants of Edwal foel and of Howel dda for supremacy in Wales till the year 1000, when the sovereignty was usurped by Aeddan ap Blegwred, and a period of confusion ensued both in North and South Wales, during which Cynan, the rightful heir of North

Wales, took refuge in Ireland, and Rhys, the rightful heir of South Wales, in Armorica, and which was only terminated when Rhys ap Tewdwr succeeded in establishing himself in South Wales, in the year 1077, and Gruffudh, the son of Cynan, in North Wales, in 1080.

"The kingdom of South Wales soon came to an end, in consequence of Jestin, the Lord of Glamorgan, having called in the assistance of Robert Fitzhamon, a Norman knight. Rhys ap Tewdwr was defeated in battle and slain by him in 1090, and, according to the *Brut y Tywysogion*, 'then fell the kingdom of the Britons,' and Robert Fitzhamon, with his Norman knights, took possession of Glamorgan, and 'the French came into Dyfed and Ceredigion, which they have still retained, and fortified the castles, and seized upon all the land of the Britons.' This was true of South Wales only, as in North Wales the native princes still ruled till the year 1282, when the death of Llywelyn, the last prince of North Wales, was followed by the subjugation of all Wales by King Edward the First.

"Rhys ap Tewdwr had an only daughter, Nest, who had a son by King Henry the First, Robert, Earl of Gloucester. By marriage with the daughter of Robert Fitzhamon, he succeeded to all his possessions in South Wales; and, as the son of Nest, the only daughter of Rhys, was regarded by the Welsh as representing in some degree the princes of South Wales. He died in the year 1147."

This summary of the history of Wales leads to the inquiry into what were the mutual relations of the different races of which it was composed, and especially of the true place which the Picts occupy among them. The Picts seem to have been the strongest and the most civilized of all the Celtic tribes. This is proved, not only by the embassy sent by one of their kings to Jarrow, as recorded by Bede, but by the still more satisfactory evidence from the art on their sepulchres. These interesting documents in stone, now made so familiar to us by the volumes of the late Patrick Chalmers of Aldbar, and of Dr. John Stuart of the Register House, are in the main confined to the districts over which the Pictish kings had sway; there are few instances of their existence among the Dalriadic Scots, and therefore, the fusion with them, while it brought the Picts under the influence of the Irish civilisation, as indicated by the erection of the towers of Brechin and Abernethy, was by no means in all senses an advance in civilisation. The fused Picts had not the strength to introduce their peculiar art into the rest of the country, and this weakness accounts for their gradual subsidence into the feeble condition in which they are spoken of in the later monkish chroniclers,—for the entire merging of one race in another, the disappearance of a nation from the world, the death of a language, are remarkable facts in ethnology. The reader will recollect "the exquisite fooling" of Sir Arthur Wardour, in the *Antiquary*:—

‘Why, man, there was once a people called the Piks—’

‘More properly Picts,’ interrupted the Baronet.

‘I say the Pikar, Pihar, Piochtar, Piachtar, or Peughtar,’ vociferated Oldbuck; ‘they spoke a Gothic dialect’—

‘Genuine Celtic,’ again asseverated the knight.

‘Gothic! Gothic! I’ll go to death upon it!’ counter-asseverated the squire.

Since the time of Scott, fresh information on the mysterious race has been collected, and we have now, for the first time, a scholarly analysis of what remains to us, which we cannot introduce to our readers in more appropriate words than those of our author:—

“In human beings the recollections of infancy are the most vivid and tenacious, and every change of circumstance or of place in early years impresses itself with an indelible mark on the memory, so that, while the recollections of middle life become faint and dim with advancing years, those of the nursery still stand out in the background with a clear and distinct light, and can be produced in all their original vividness. In like manner with races of men in an early stage of their social condition, the events of the infancy of the race, its migrations and settlements, seem to be indelibly impressed on the national memory, are the subject of songs and ballads, and become interwoven into such oral literature as they possess, while their history, after they become a settled people, may become to them a dreary blank, till the progress of civilisation and society creates something like national annals among them.

“Such ethnological traditions, however, in time lose the form of simple narrative, and assume a mythic and symbolic shape, which, though bearing the outward semblance of fable, still preserve the recollection of real ethnological fact. This mythic and symbolic form of the early ethnological traditions of the various tribes which form the population of the country, usually presents itself in two different aspects, according as the one idea or the other prevailed. According to the one, these tribes were a series of colonies arriving in the country at different times, and succeeding each other as occupants of the land, and their migrations from some distant land, in which some fancied resemblance in name or customs had fixed their origin, are minutely detailed. According to the other, each race is represented by an *eponymus*, or supposed common ancestor, bearing a name derived from that of the people, and the several *eponymi* representing the population of the country are connected in an ethnological genealogy, in which they appear as fathers, brothers, or cousins, according to their supposed relation to each other.”

We find both these existing in the documents of the particular race with which we have to do. On the one hand, we have Albanus, the eponymus of the Gwyddyl or Gael, called the brother of Brittus, and progenitor of the Alban, from whom the

Scots and Picts took their origin. Also we find the ethnology of the inhabitants of North Britain represented under the form of successive colonizations. Three tribes are brought to Alban, according to the Triads, and remain there: the race of Gwyddyl, or Gael generally; the red Gwyddyl, from Ireland, that is the Scots; and the Gwyddyl Ffichti or Gael Picts. The whole testimony of the Britons themselves, and the inferences to be drawn from tradition, clearly range the Picts as a people with the Gaelic division of the great Keltic race, and not with the Cymric or British.¹ They point to their race and language both being Gaelic, but though this may be true of a central body of the people, yet there are indications that the more outlying or frontier Picts were mixed with other races, especially with the Saxons, the Irish Scots, and the Britons. Thus the Picts and Saxons are mentioned by Ammianus as united in the second great Barbarian invasion of the Roman provinces, and in Constantine's Life of St. German the two races are mentioned in close union in 529. In 503 a settlement of Irish Scots occupied a portion of the Pictish kingdom of Dalriada or Argyleshire, while Higden, in his Polychronicon, declares that they were also mixed up with the Britons. Each of these races occasionally saw a king of their own upon the throne. At length the Scoti succeeded in converting the accession of one of their race to the crown, in right of his Pictish blood through female descent, into a permanent supremacy over the Pictish population of the country, when gradually the people disappeared among the Scots, and the name became lost.

Beside the testimony of tradition in the two forms which we have just indicated, there are three other sources whence we may draw conclusions more or less satisfactory—(1.) The allusions in foreign contemporaneous writers; (2.) The remains of language indicating its own ethnical relation to languages spoken by other races; and (3.) The inferences to be derived from the topography of the districts which the sept in question have been known to have occupied. It is true that the evidence from the last two must be taken with some reservation; there may have been the infusion of a foreign element in the language, and the names of places may have belonged to a still more primitive race. With these abatements, however, an approximation to the truth may be obtained from all.

¹ We know little or nothing of the relation between the ancient language of Gaul and the rest of the Keltic family except from the names that occur in Cæsar. Of the first there are no living remains. It lasted in some of the districts of France till the fifth century. In Sulpicius Severus's *Life of St. Martin of Tours*, in that age, a distinction is drawn between the two languages,—*Tu vero vel Celticè aut si mavis Gallicè loquere dummodo jam Martinum loquaris.*

I. Under the first head, that of foreign writers, we learn that the Picts unquestionably existed as a known people and as an independent nation, possessing a political organization, and a known language, in which they read the Holy Scriptures, till the middle of the ninth century. Then till the twelfth the name of Pict is known as the denomination of one element in a population formed of two races, but combined under one monarch. After the twelfth century the name disappears as applied to any portion of the population of Scotland. Bede testifies to the first of these statements. Henry of Huntingdon, in 1135, writing in the second period, makes the curious remark that the Picts seemed destroyed, and their language so entirely obsolete that it seemed like a fable that their mention was made in the annals. Considering that the Picts occupied a division at the Battle of the Standard in the very year in which Henry wrote, and that Richard of Durham says their language was still spoken at Kirkcudbright, we must (even if we allow, which there is no reason for doubting, that the mediæval chroniclers understood by Picts the same race that had existed some centuries before) take the statement with the reservation that the Picts had ceased to be a separate nation, and were fused with their neighbours, while their language, which had once been written, had degenerated into a provincial dialect or *patois*.

II. The scanty relics of the Pictish language are next very ingeniously used by Mr. Skene to illustrate the ethnical position of the nation. And here we must remark *en passant* that the singular advantage of being a scholar in Welsh, Gaelic, and Irish gives him a right to speak with such authority as few scholars in England possess. After stating that the modern condition of the different Keltic dialects probably represents that of none of the ancient ones, he remarks that there run through them all two distinctive differences, which must have existed before their introduction into Britain, if not before their entrance into Europe. These differences sever the languages into two—(1.) The Cymric, containing Breton, Welsh, and Cornish; (2.) The Gaelic, containing Manx, Irish, and Scotch Gaelic, which resemble each other more closely than the three Cymric dialects do each other. Each of the dialects composing the one class possesses in common those great distinctive differences which separate them from the three dialects which compose the other class, but, on the other hand, all are children of one common parent. Two-thirds of the vocabulary are common to all the dialects; the great number of the primitive adjectives are the same; the irregular forms bear a smaller proportion to the regular forms than usual, but the irregular forms bear a remark-

able analogy to each other. The permutation of the initial consonants common to all gives the means of discriminating the different dialects. The phonetic laws of transformation between Gaelic and Welsh are perfectly well known, and they become the test whereby to determine to which sept the Pictish belongs. When Scott wrote the *Antiquary* only one Pictish word was known, and that had been preserved by Venerable Bede. It is Peanfahel. Since that time there have been discovered Ur, Scolofth, Cartit, Duiper,¹ and a considerable number of proper names, both of places and persons. The phonetic changes in these words exhibit Pictish as occupying an intermediate place between Cymric and Gaelic, leaning to the one in some of its laws, and to the second in others. It is, to speak more correctly, a Gaelic dialect partaking largely in Welsh forms. This is confirmed by the historical fact that St. Columba the Scot² could be understood in familiar conversation, but not in preaching, by the Picts.

"I consider," says Mr. Skene, p. 138, "that Pictish was a low Gaelic dialect; and, following out the analogy of high and low German, the result I come to is, that Cymric and Gaelic had each a high and low variety; that Cornish and Breton were high Cymric dialects, Welsh low Cymric; that old Scottish, spoken by the Scotti, now represented by the Irish, Scotch Gaelic, and Manx, were the high Gaelic dialect, and Pictish the low Gaelic dialect."

When the Picts came into contact with the Cymric in Gallo-way and Manan, the mixed language and blended forms which resulted from the communication is the language which is known to Bede as Pictish.

III. The third source whence we may derive knowledge on ethnology generally, and specially in the case of the Picts, is the etymology of places; but here there is a danger lest the inquirer be led astray by resemblance in sound only. Arguments from mere similarity in sound to words in an existing language overlook many important considerations, not the least weighty of which is the gradual change and corruption which go on. The whole question is not arbitrary, but must be determined by the strictest laws of philology. A double process can be detected. On the one hand, the language itself changes, and no longer exactly represents the ideas which existed when the local nomenclature was formed. On the other hand, the topographical terminology by corruption diverges day by day from the spoken language. Where the population has remained the same, and the dialect in which the names were given is still the spoken language of the district, the names

¹ Reeves's *Adamnan*, p. 63.

² Reeves's *Adamnan*, p. 62, n. 145.

either remain in their original shape, in which case they represent the archaic form of the language, or they undergo a change analogous to that of the written tongue. Obsolete names disappear as obsolete words drop out of the language, and are represented by more modern vocables. Where there has been a change in the population, and the older race has been replaced by a people speaking a kindred dialect, the names of places are subjected to the dialectic change which characterizes the rest of the speech of the inhabitants. There are some striking instances of this, where a British form has been superseded by a Gaelic one, *e.g.*, Kirkintulloch, the old form of which, Nennius informs us, is Caerpentalloch, *kin* being the Gaelic equivalent for the Welsh *pen*; Penicuik, the old name of which is Peniacop; or Kincaid, the ancient designation of which was Pencoead.

“When the new language is of a different family, the old name is stereotyped in the shape in which it was when the one language superseded the other, becomes unintelligible to the people, and undergoes a process of change or corruption of a purely phonetic character. In the former case it is chiefly necessary to apply the philological laws of the language to its analysis. In the latter, which is the case with the Celtic topography of the low country, it is necessary, before attempting to analyse the name, to ascertain its most ancient form, which often differs greatly from its mere modern aspect.”—P. 147.

It is with these that we have chiefly to do. The first important thing is to distinguish between the generic terms, such as the words for *mountain*, *river*, *valley*, and the like, and the specific ones, *great*, or *small*, etc. etc. When the objects of nature remain in their eternity, the names applied by the original inhabitants are generally retained by their successors, but with some phonetic corruptions, as Aberbuthnoth becomes Arbuthnot. On the other hand, when the districts are successively occupied by different branches of the same race speaking different dialects, the generic terms exhibit dialectic differences; thus the Welsh *Pen* is the Gaelic *Ceann*, and the Gaelic *Fionn* is the Cymric *Gwynn*. The comparison of generic terms thus helps to indicate the race of the aborigines, and even to discriminate between the different branches of the several races. Bal, Col, Dal, Drum, Inch, Inver, Aber, Pit, etc., are all generic terms, and from these we may approximate to the knowledge as to the branch of the great Keltic family to which each place may belong. Mr. Skene, after showing how fallacious are the rough generalizations of Chalmers, and the more recent inductions of Isaac Taylor, from the supposed positions of the Invers and Abers (which, indeed, are the same word pronounced with or without the aspirated *m*, or *anuswara*, as it is termed in the

Sanscrit Grammar), gives us the following accurate table of the distribution of the Keltic local terminology :—

GENERIC TERMS.	IRELAND.	WALES.	SCOTLAND.												
			Angli.		Britones.				Picti.					Scoti.	
			Berwick, Roxburgh, Haddington.	Mid-Lothian, Linlithgow.	Selkirk, Peebles.	Dumfries.	Ayr, Renfrew, Lanark.	Stirling, Dumbarton.	Perth.	Fife, Kinross.	Forfar.	Kincardine, Aber- deen, Banff.	Elgin and Nairn, Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland.	Kirkcudbright, Wigton.	Ayrgh, Bute.
Aber . . .	...	W	3	3	...	4	...	...	12	4	7	18	6	...	...
Ard . . .	68	...	...	...	...	...	...	16	34	6	14	66	51	5	93
Arn . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	15	15	5	...	...	...	...	...
Ar . . .	...	W	...	...	...	...	...	4	...	...	...	...	...	15	...
Auch . . .	25	...	...	...	...	25	88	24	6	27	162	153	8	12	107
Auchin . . .	...	...	4	...	23	88	34	80	...	...	22	8	25	...	...
Auchter . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	6	10	6	12	4	...	...	...
Auld . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	33	9	...	...	...
Bal . . .	...	...	...	...	...	36	63	90	88	127	67	59	56	39	...
Balna . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	10	...	...	...	...
Ballie . . .	104	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Ballin . . .	...	...	3	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	3	...	...	...	...
Belloch . . .	36	W	...	...	...	9	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	14
Bellie . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Ban . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	16	...	...	...	...	...	...
Bar . . .	...	...	...	...	27	66	6	...	...	11	...	...	90	19	...
Barn . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	6	...	...
Blair . . .	...	...	...	...	...	16	51	29	8	...	11	8	...	...	...
Bo . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	5	...	...	...	10	...	...	...
Carn . . .	28	...	...	...	...	11	...	13	8	8	54	15	4	...	...
Car . . .	...	W	8	6	12	36	12	7	18	10	18	5	15	...	...
Col . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	7	...	...	...	17	...	...	...
Corrie . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	9	...	...	...	8	...	...	...
Cambus . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	12	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Clon . . .	93	...	...	...	...	8	13	...	...	...	...	...	...	7	...
Craig . . .	16	W	...	19	21	42	21	43	25	12	46	8	31	19	...
Cors . . .	...	W	...	...	14	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	9	...	...
Cul . . .	39	...	...	...	...	47	...	25	11	...	22	22	7	...	...
Cumber . . .	...	...	...	...	6	...	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Cult . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	10	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Dal . . .	10	W	...	...	20	82	8	52	...	...	...	...	24	...	...
Drum . . .	64	...	4	...	30	50	26	51	33	25	56	36	57	25	...
Dun . . .	95	...	3	6	14	16	17	26	11	17	...	20	...	14	...
Fetter . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	4	...	...	...	...
For . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	13	9	11	22	...	...	...	...
Fin . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	14	6	4	...	3	...	...	...
Glen . . .	35	W	5	...	17	42	44	56	...	23	52	54	61	52	...
Gar . . .	...	...	...	...	...	34	...	...	...	...	17	...	23	...	...
Garth . . .	...	W	...	...	...	10	23	13	...	...	...	...	...	10	...
Inch . . .	90	...	...	...	...	...	18	30	25	10	17	31	...	...	...
Iron . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	15	...	...
Inver . . .	6	...	2	...	...	...	5	32	10	16	37	69	...	24	...
Kin . . .	30	...	3	...	...	...	6	43	34	52	88	57	...	7	...
Knock . . .	29	...	...	...	5	64	...	6	...	...	32	30	37	31	...
Larg . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	13	...	...
Lín . . .	...	W	...	...	...	...	...	...	5	8	...	...	...	...	...

GENERIC TERMS.	IRELAND.	WALES.	SCOTLAND.												
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Ian	3	W	...	...	...	...	...	...	6	9	...	...	...	...	6
Lath	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Loch	100	...	...	7	...	14	34	16	30	18	...	15	19	28	...
Locher	...	...	...	...	...	5	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Led	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	6	6	...	...	...	...	...	...
Mon	14	...	...	...	...	7	...	...	11	13	13	31	...	...	...
Mul	15	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	8	...	...
Pen	...	W	9	3	...	5	7	...	...	...	...	...	...	2	...
Penny	...	...	...	...	...	...	7	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	11
Pet	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	75	52	38	30	5	...	...
Pit	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	7	9	...	...	...	...	...
Pitten	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Pol	...	...	...	...	...	13	7	6	9	...	...	...	17	9	...
Port	22	...	...	...	...	...	...	3	...	...	...	...	...	8	...
Ra	63	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	17	6	...	...	...	...	...
Strath	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	19	13	...	27	35	...	13
Stron	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	17
Stuck	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	8	...	...	...	...	...	...	6
Tar	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	14	...	...	...
Tra	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	5	...
Tom	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	11	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Tor	...	...	11	...	...	11	...	...	...	9	...	21	22	10	19
Tullie	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	38	...	...	...
Tulli	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	7	25	...	11	42	7	...	...
Tulloch	17	...	...	...	...	...	...	5	...	...	...	10	...	...	...

Taking then the test of the Cymric Pen, Gwynn, Gwern, and Gwydd, the Gaelic equivalents of which are Ceann, Fionn, Fearn, and Fiodh, to determine whether the topography of the country indicates a Welsh or Gaelic occupation, and applying it to the names given in the works of the anonymous geographer of Ravenna in the seventh century, Mr. Skene detects a Cymric population along the Roman wall from Tyne to Solway, and a Gaelic one between Forth and Clyde. If the same test be applied to the actual terminology, it will be found that with one exception the British Pen does not occur north of the Forth, and the other Welsh terms only occur in the Gaelic equivalents. And, analysing a step further with reference to the Pictish language, we find five terms peculiar to the district occupied by that race,—Auchter, Pit, Pitten, For, and Fin. Thus while the generic terms do not show the existence of any Cymric race north of the Forth, “we find traces of an older and more recent

form of the Gaelic—the one keeping labials and dentals, the other gutturals; the one hardening consonants into tennes—the other softening them by aspiration; the one having Abers and Invers—the other having Invers alone; the one a low Gaelic dialect—the other a high Gaelic dialect; the one I conceive the language of the Picts—the other of the Scots.”

Having settled the relation between the Pictish language and the rest of the Gwyddyl family, Mr. Skene proceeds to trace the extremely obscure history of the septs who were opposed to them—the Gwyr y Gogledd, the men of the north, the occupants of the great Cymric kingdom stretching from the head of Loch Lomond, occupying the counties of Dumbarton, Renfrew, Lanark, Ayr, Wigton, Dumfries, Roxburgh, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and joining Wales on the south. With great ingenuity and learning the incidents of the poems are localized, the heroes of the poems identified.¹ The incidents are found to have occurred in that region previous to the twelfth century, and actual proof is obtained as to their antiquity, from the circumstance that events mentioned in them are found to correspond with other documents which have descended to us, so that the law of verification from without, if not that of undesigned coincidence so ably used by Paley, applies to the matter in question. Of these documents the most important are the Bonhed Gwyr y Gogledd, giving the pedigrees of some of the Reguli or princes of the district, the genealogies annexed to Nennius in 977, and the lives of some of the Cambro-British saints, such as Saint Cadocus. The result is that portions of the poems will stand the test, and may be assumed to be the literature of the Cymric inhabitants of the district in question before that kingdom was subdued by the Saxon King in 941.

“As soon as this view of their birthplace and home is recognised, localities are identified, warriors recognised, and allusions heretofore obscure become intelligible. During the last half-century of the Roman dominion in Britain, the most important military events took place at the northern frontier of the province, where it was chiefly assailed by those whom they called the barbarian races, and their troops were massed at the Roman walls to protect the province. After their departure, it was still the scene of a struggle between the contending races for supremacy. It was here that the provincial Britons had mainly to contend under the Guledig against the invading Picts and Scots, succeeded by the resistance of the native Cymric population of the north to the encroachment of the Angles of Bernicia.

¹ Mr. Skene is the first to have discovered among the Peniarth mss. the document printed in the Appendix, vol. ii. No. 1, in which the name of the men of Gogledd is applied to the families in which the heroes mentioned in these poems are to be found.

"Throughout this clash and jar of contending races, a body of popular poetry appears to have grown up, and the events of this never-ending war, and the dim recollections of social changes and revolutions, seem to have been reflected in national lays attributed to bards supposed to have lived at the time in which the deeds of their warriors were celebrated, and the legends of the country preserved in language which, if not poetical, was figurative and obscure.

"It was not till the seventh century that these popular lays, floating about among the people, were brought into shape, and assumed a consistent form. The sudden rise of the Cymric population to power under Cadwallawn, and the burst of national enthusiasm and excited hope, found vent in poetry. The Cymry were stimulated to combined effort by the voice of the bards, and poems were composed, and the more ancient lays either adapted to their purpose, or embedded as fragments in their own compositions. It is in the seventh century that I place these poems in their earliest consistent shape, and I do not attempt to take them further back."

It would be foreign to the intentions of such a review as this, which seeks merely to popularize an obscure and unattractive subject, to enter into the details of the controversy which has been raised on the value of the ancient books of Wales. That controversy must be read in the works of Mr. Nash and Mr. Stephen, and in the learned pages of our author. It is sufficient to indicate his result, which is, that four eras in the history of the Cymry seem to connect themselves with these poems:—

1. The era of Cadwallawn and of Cadwalladwr, in which the poems were first brought into shape. The sudden rise of the Welsh into power under the first of these kings expressed itself in poetry, and when this collapsed, the necessity of keeping alive the national spirit under the misfortunes of his successor continued to animate the Muse.

2. The time of Howel dda in 948, when the poems found for the first time a home in South Wales, and the incidents which had hitherto been supposed to have occurred in Strathclyde and the north came to be attached to Gwynnedd, so that North Wales got credited with the exploits of a still more northern country.

3. The epoch of Rhys ap Tewdwr, when the introduction of the Arthur-myth from Brittany led to the composition of *Bruts* and *Mabinogion*,—to the fabrication both of prose compositions and of spurious poetry, confessedly imitating the earlier work.

4. The time of King Henry II., the actual date of the *Black Book of Caermarthen*, in which there are indications that in some of the poems the writer had transcribed from some older record, and had not always understood what he wrote.

Having followed our author in his conclusions as to the dates of these interesting documents, it remains for us to say something

of their poetic character. It cannot be doubted that the first impression which they give is one of disappointment. Their literary merit is immensely inferior to the authentic portions of Ossian, and not equal to the Irish poems lately published by Dr. Todd. But it must be borne in mind that the translators in the present instance have confined themselves to a very rigorous method, which seeks to give the sense, such as it is, in the baldest and most unattractive form. This was necessary from what had gone before. Previous translations had been utterly worthless. Catching at the meaning of a few of the words, the interpreter drew on his imagination, and a paraphrase in florid English was often the result. As might be expected, every version was different, and there was not even an approximation to certainty in the rendering. The first step towards accuracy was to give literally the meaning of every Welsh word in its equivalent English, leaving it to after study to determine the sense. Not only in many cases is the text possibly corrupt, but among races such as the Kelts it was often regarded as bardic merit to be obscure. Though there was no esoteric heathen cultus insinuated by such hidden allusions, there was a manifestation of intellectual pride in far-fetched ideas, which, while they taxed the ingenuity of the hearer to discover, gave great glory to the poet who invented them. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that we have lost many of the key-notes to the interpretations. Proverbs now forgotten were then familiar to all, and were quoted with more or less appositiveness on the strength of that very familiarity. Allusions to customs in every-day life, now obsolete, must also be taken into account. The impossibility of understanding Aristophanes without the light thrown on Athenian life by the scholiasts is analogous to the difficulty in making out the sense of the Cymric poems, which arises from our ignorance of the daily habits of those who composed them.

Besides, we must bear in mind the primary intention of all poems produced by such a state of civilisation as mediæval Wales. It was not merely to give *éclat* to the feast of the chieftain, or to minister to his family pride; it was by recording events, at once to supply the place of history and to keep up the national spirit. The bards were the national annalists. Actual events were embalmed in these metrical compositions. Once embalmed, they were a treasure for ever. The rhythm helped the memory. In those Keltic races the power of remembering verse is a special gift.¹ Dr. Petrie used to mention a case in

¹ Giraldus Cambrensis (*Descriptio Kambria*, p. 200) says, "Genealogiam quoque generis sui quilibet observat et non solum avos atavos et tritavos sed usque ad sextam et 7mam et ultra procul generationem memoriter et promptè genus enarrat in hunc modum Reus filius Griphini," etc. etc.

Ireland which came under his special notice. A manuscript pedigree of one of the ancient families carried on the record of that race till the seventeenth century, and was known to Irish scholars. Dr. Petrie heard that there was an old woman, a Miss O'Lochlin, who was able to repeat it. He described how he went to an obscure village in the south, where in a hut he found an aged woman in extreme poverty, but with a certain dignity of manner which betokened gentle blood. After introducing himself to her he obtained her consent to chant the pedigree, and she not only sang correctly what was known of the family from the manuscript, but continued the succession to the present time.

This strictly historical intention of the poems accounts for the absence of the most potent of all earthly inspirations—the relations between the sexes. The beauty of woman is never the theme, nor is interest drawn from successful or unsuccessful love. As an offset, no impurity defiles the work of Taliessin or Llywarch Hen. Yet there is a deep underlying sense of the beauty of things created, and there is a dithyrambic swing about some of the verses that is not to be despised—thus (p. 349) :—

What is the noise: is it the earth that	If there is a cry on the mountain,
quakes ?	Is it not Urien that conquers ?
Or is it the sea that swells ?	If there is a cry on the slope,
Whitened, clinging together, against	Is it not Urien that wounds ?
the infantry.	If there is a sigh on the dyke,
If there is a cry on the hill,	Is it not Urien that is active ?
Is it not Urien that terrifies ?	A cry of a journey over the plain,
If there is a cry in the valley,	A cry in every meandering vale.
Is it not Urien that pierces ?	

Or this from the Gododin poems (p. 430) :—

Mine, the praising of Urien,	Who hastened to the shout of war ;
Of splendid purity of life.	I saw blood on the ground
Very keen his conduct of hosts,	From the assault of swords.
The ruddy-reaping of the steep.	They tinged with blue the wings of
Reddyn formed them,	the dawn ;
At the battle in Harddnenwys,	They threw off the spears.
It was Ynyr that broke them to pieces.	Three hundred festivals complete of
A hundred festivals holding	the renowned
A hundred friends he defended.	Ynyr, on the earth indeed there will
I saw mighty men,	be redness.

The following simile is striking (p. 379) :—

And now the early leader,
The sun is ascending,
The sovereign, from which emanates universal light.

The Pleasant Things of Taliessin not only give one a remarkable picture of the objects which went to make the daily life of the Cymry happy, but exhibit a certain poetical power ;

and "Bright are the Ash-tops," in the Red Book of Hergest, indicates no ordinary appreciation of the pleasure to be derived from the contemplation of nature, though it is difficult to follow the subtle association which suggests the different moral aphorisms connected with each flower and plant.

Lastly, we must make allowance for the office of sound and of music. Giraldus says :—

"In cantilenis rhythmicis et dictamine tam subtiles inveniuntur, ut miræ et exquisitæ inventionis lingua propria tam verborum quam sententiarum properant ornationes. Unde et poetas quos Bardos vocant, ad hoc deputatos in hac natione multos invenies. . . . Præ cunctis tamen rhetoricis exornationibus annominatione magis utuntur : eaque præcipue speciei quæ primas dictionum literas vel syllabas convenientia jungit."¹

However, with every abatement as to literary merit, it must be recollected that these rude productions are among the earliest specimens of a vernacular literature possessed by any of the existing nations of Europe. There are found, indeed, in the Acts of the Council of Leptines, A.D. 743, certain parts of the Baptismal Service in Teutonic, the first record of the great German language, which has exercised such influence on the progress of the human mind ; and some of the Irish literature is no doubt of remote antiquity ; but still the fact remains, that here we have, mixed up with spurious imitations, some genuine productions of a distant age, throwing light on a very peculiar state of society, and embalming many obscure historical facts.

But they also throw much light on the curious question of the religious state of Wales during the dark ages. Of the devotional literature which illustrates this our knowledge is not great ; but, such as it is, it is interesting. A service in honour of St. German (MSS. Bodl. 572) is the oldest extant liturgical text of the churches of South Britain, and alludes to the madness of the cruel and ambitious Guortigern. In Wales proper we have an early office of St. David preserved in Ricemarch's Life, written in A.D. 1090, also two later post-communion collects in honour of St. Teilo. The Achau y Saint contain material for much ecclesiastical history, and the letter of Aldhelm to Geruntius² in 692 gives a vivid picture of the bigotry of the priests of the Demetæ, who lived beyond the Bay of Severn, in the matter of the Tonsure and Paschal Cycle. A few legendary lives of the saints, and some most interesting penitential Canons throwing much light on the morality of priest and people, must also be made mention of. Beyond these, we have few indications of the Cymric religion, and therefore the hymns and poems in

¹ *Giraldi Descriptio Cambria*, p. 87.

² *Migne's Patrologia*, lxxxix. 90.

the four ancient books are worthy of study in this respect. These divide themselves into—(1.) Poems purely religious ; (2.) Secular poems, with a marked religious sentiment in them ; and (3.) Poems which contain scraps of Latin, which seem to have been portions of hymns sung in church.

The mediæval religion of Wales was probably similar to that of the cognate Kelts of Ireland, with certain local differences. The devotion to holy wells, so popular in Ireland, had a noted illustration in St. Winifred's, which to this day draws votaries to its healing waters. The reverence for bells and *baculs*, or pastoral staves, is attested by Giraldus (pp. 27, 213), and the miracles cited by him are very similar to those recorded in the Hagiology of that country. The same type of ascetic sanctity which marks the early saint of Erin is found among the Cymry. The development of the enormous monastic system, is indicated in the accounts of some of the institutions, such as Llan Carvan, and Caer-Wogorn.¹ The same processes of alienation of Church lands, and their conversion into lay inheritances, which were so frequent in Scotland and Ireland, took place in Wales, with this difference, that the law of Gavelkind, which obtained in Wales, split them up into moieties, and the like. The marriage of the clergy continued as a recognised institution till at least A.D. 1200. Four successive bishops of Llandaff were married men, with families. With all this, there was an eminent sense of the supernatural. The religious temper of the people was full of reverence. They had the most awful faith in the Divine interposition in the affairs of life, but withal they were liable to fiercest outbreaks of bloodthirsty passion, soon assuaged, but very madness while they lasted. The history of the Church is the record of vigorous efforts at discipline over a nation so constituted, often indeed taking the shape of a vindication of the respect due to the Church, as where the gravamen of such offence is considered the perjury that has been committed after swearing amity on the sacred relics.

Darker forms of a semi-heathen cultus are not wanting. One of the first acts of the English Reformation was the destruction of the image of Darvel Gatheren. It was brought to London, and with the chips Friar Forest was burnt for denying the King's supremacy, Latimer preaching the condemned sermon. A few months previous to this, Our Lady's Taper at Cardigan, which was said to have burnt nine years, and then to have gone out for ever on account of the perjury of some one who had sworn falsely by it, was, "on experiment, proved submissive to a last conflagration."²

The very best of these effusions, so far as the sense is con-

¹ See Rees' *Welsh Saints*, p. 122. ² Froude's *Hist.* vol. iii. p. 287-294.

cerned, are those which express the simple truths of religion. Meigant's "Not to call upon God,"¹ and "Christ Jesus, who art in perfect possession of light,"² in the Red Book of Hergest, contain admirable sentiments. The obscure poem of Taliessin, where he passes over into a description of the physical sufferings of our Lord in His Passion, is striking (p. 556) :—

Those that placed me on the cross
I knew when young.
That drove me on the tree,
My head hung down.
Stretched were my two feet,
So sad their destiny.
Stretched with extreme pain
The bones of my feet.
Stretched were my two arms,
Their burden will not be.
Stretched were my two shoulders,
So diligently it was done.
Stretched were the nails,
Within my heart.
Stretched was the spiking,
Between my two eyes.
Thick are the holes

Of the crown of thorns in my head.
The lance was struck
And my side was pierced.
It will be struck to you also,
As your right hand (struck me).
To you there will be no forgiveness,
For piercing me with spears.
And the Ruler we knew not
When thou wert hung.
Ruler of heaven, Ruler of every
people !
We knew not, O Christ ! that it was
thou.
If we had known thee,
Christ, we should have refrained
from thee.

The doctrine of the Incarnation is distinctly stated—"The glorious God sits on the lap of Mary his counterpart." The common theological formula is "God the son of Mary," an expression which is like one in St. Jerome, but which probably dates long after the Council of Ephesus, which produced a crop of new words and expressions, such as *Θεομητορ*. It will be recollected that M. Comte, reasoning from such terms as this, maintains that the period in the world's history when monotheistic ideas were most prevalent, was that of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.³ The effect of the Incarnation is clearly stated in one of the anonymous poems from the Black Book of Caermarthen (p. 512) :—

God delivered us when he assumed flesh.
Man would have been lost, had He not ransomed him, according to
his glorious ordinance.
From the bloody Cross came redemption to the whole world.
Christ the mighty Shepherd, his merits never fail.

Beside that of the blessed Virgin,⁴ we find the intercession of St. Michael⁵ alluded to. The great European devotion to him came in about A.D. 493, after what was termed the Apparitio in Monte Gargano. None of the numerous local

¹ P. 502.

² P. 493.

³ Vide Comte, *Politique Positive*, pp. 428-433. Paris, 1843.

⁴ P. 508.

⁵ See Rees' *Welsh Saints*. This is an indirect argument in favour of the antiquity of the poem. See also Brut y Tywysog, a. 717.

sacred personages are mentioned. Taliessin's *Elegy of the Thousand Sons*,¹ records the number of the saints in scores, but neither Teilo nor David nor any of the historic saints are mentioned by name. Purgatory is not referred to, and Uffern is more than once termed "the cold refuge," also, "moist Uffern."

There are many passages which remind one of the celebrated *Lorica of St. Patrick*, but none of them come up to the sublimity of that remarkable poem.²

A point deserving consideration is the existence of certain Latin quotations, which as presented to us in their present form, are not always amenable to the laws of grammar. Thus at page 285 :—

Pater noster ambulo
Gentis tonans in adjuvando
Sibilem signum
Rogantes fortium.

And further on in the same poem :—

Hic nemo in por progenie.

Elsewhere there are scraps from the Vulgate, as "a bimatū et infra," brought in apparently without connexion with the context. Were these sounding words in the ecclesiastical language introduced to carry awe into the minds of his rude hearers by the bard, or are they in a corrupted form remains of real hymns used in the church service? In the *Elegy of the Thousand Sons* by Taliessin, not only do Latin phrases occur, but words that seem mere doggrel are adopted for the sound, such as *Edris*, *Ertri*, *Kila*, and *Amanion Amabuti*. Yet in the same poem there is preserved what is evidently part of a Christmas Prosa or Sequence, following the strict rhythmical laws which distinguish that form of religious poem. The actual verses as they are given, are not, so far as we are aware, known to Mone or Neale, and it would be very curious to trace out their paternity.

These records of the ancient belief of the Welsh are not only interesting from the points of view just indicated, but they form the first links of a chain, the end of which we now hold in our hands. The religion of Wales is likely to be an important element in the politics of the next twenty years. It is here that the question of the establishment of the Church of England will be tried under the most disadvantageous circumstances. We have alluded to some of the most notable features of the ancient Cymric Church, its marked Kelticism, and its modification by the nature of those who professed it. An interesting

¹ P. 545.

² Given in Todd's *St. Patrick*, p. 426. A spirited translation was made by the unfortunate James Clarence Mangan, *Poems*, p. 413. New York, 1859.

monograph might be written upon its fortunes. First we have an ancient national creed emerging from the obscurity of legend, then comes its gradual Romanization, the schism consequent thereon, and its final absorption into the great Western polity, not without the preservation of many of its local peculiarities. Time passes. The influence of England, now consolidated under Norman and Plantagenet, increases, and the struggle takes place between Nationalism and the see of Canterbury. This also ends in the enforcement of a foreign ecclesiastical domination, along with the continued assertion of local peculiarities. The pages of Giraldus Cambrensis give most graphic pictures of this condition of things. The Welsh Church was under Canterbury before the Welsh State, such as it was, was under England. The prelates became Anglicized, and the general corruption of the fifteenth century tainted all ranks and conditions. The Reformation found Wales ready to receive it. The Tudor Kings were popular there. Henry VII. had given the Welsh a charter of liberty and monarchy, in view of his descent from Owen Tudor, and his son, in 1536, by Act of Parliament, made a plenary incorporation of the Welsh with the English. The Reformation was generally accepted. The Prayer-book and Bible were immediately translated, and for a long time "no place has been more exact in keeping to the strict rubric and constitution of the Church of England, both as to substance and form of worship."¹ The old Cymric veneration for sacred persons long survived. At Bangor, ninety years ago, wherever the Bishop came, all the people knelt down to receive his blessing. The clergy, though wretchedly poor, and in many cases obliged to eke out their scanty incomes by farming and other labour, were respected in their ecclesiastical capacity, the sacraments were held in awe, and many of the old pre-Reformation pious uses obtained among the peasantry. Then came the Wesleyan movement. All Wales was stirred to a man. The excitable people found here what they wanted—a religion of emotion, without any very severe claims by the austere side of Christianity. The result is that now religiously Wales has become a little Ireland; the upper classes are Anglican, while the whole heart of the nation is Methodistic and Dissenting; and it requires no great political foresight to divine, that the problems in course of settlement in Ireland, when applied eventually to England, will receive their ultimate solution in a very marked degree by the actual aspect of Cymric Christianity, some of the earliest manifestations of which we have thus traced in "*The Four Ancient Books of Wales.*"

¹ "*History of Wales, written originally in Welsh, by Caradoc of Llancarvan, and newly augmented by W. Wynne.*" Lond. 1677, p. 328.

ART. VII.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE institutions and social life of America would appear in some respects unfavourable to the production of any form of literary activity in which the imagination is principally concerned. There is a hardness and matter-of-fact quality alike about the types of character and the historical environments which the Western Continent presents to the writer's study and choice, while he himself is open to the same influences that tend to produce these general features of national life. There would seem, therefore, to be at once less favourable conditions for the generation of the idealistic faculty, on the one hand, and less material for its exercise, on the other. Notwithstanding this twofold operation of the practical and materialistic complexion of the life of that great nation, its literature is not without examples of conspicuous idealism. A country that can boast of three such contemporary authors as Emerson in Philosophy, Longfellow in Poetry, and Hawthorne in Pure Fiction, cannot be considered a barren or unhopeful soil for the cultivation of the richer fruits of the imagination.

As a literary artist, and in respect of that characteristic so difficult to analyse or define, but to which common consent has assigned the name Genius, it is questionable whether, among the distinguished and remarkable men whom America has produced, there is any one of higher rank than Nathaniel Hawthorne—if, indeed, his equal. He has no glittering brilliance to arrest vulgar notice, no high-pressure enthusiasm or sweeping passion hurrying away with whirlwind-power great and small that come within its range, nor that rude muscular force that compels attention and often commands assent. He is calm, dreamy, subtle, with an imagination most penetrating, a refined—almost a fastidious taste; and in his hands the pen becomes a very magician's wand, "creating," as he himself says, "the semblance of a world out of airy matter, with the impalpable beauty of a soap-bubble."

He is very far from being one of Carlyle's heroes: he is eminently the man of contemplation—not of action. His part in the drama of life—if it can be properly called a part in the drama at all—is not on the busy stage, mingling in the throng by whom the movement is carried on and the plot worked out; but aside, as a spectator, sympathizing with, yet critical of all, and recognising the hidden springs of the action and the influences, reaching from beyond the present and the visible, that sway the actors, with a far keener and more comprehensive sense than any of themselves. It could not be better expressed

than in the words of Miles Coverdale, in reference to his own share of the transactions at Blithedale:—"It resembles that of the chorus in a classic play, which seems to be set aloof from the possibility of personal concernment, and bestows the whole measure of its hope or fear, its exultation or sorrow, on the fortunes of others, between whom and itself this sympathy is the only bond." He is meditative, sympathetic, interpretative; too poised to be decisive; with an ear too justly open to the multitudinous voices within him, to become the clear and pronounced organ and advocate of any one. Hence at once a certain suggestiveness and reticence, a tendency to raise questions rather than to settle them, and a delicacy, almost diffidence of treatment, which by some is felt to be most insinuating, by others timid or tantalizing. There are dark and curious chambers within his consciousness, which perhaps a want of firmness and courage, perhaps a wise humility, restrains him from too rashly investigating, but the shadowy forms of which he often finds a pleasing subdued awe in watching and pointing out from a distance. He sees a mystery in every living thing,—not merely the mystery which profounder science discovers underlying every operation of Nature, and of which that operation is but the phenomenal result and expression, but a latent mystery which manifests itself often with seeming caprice, yet ever normally, finding its cause and sanction less in physical than in moral and spiritual forces and laws operating through the veil of sensible things that overlie them. Endowed with a deep appreciation of the wonderful complexity of life, he sees minutely interlacing tissues lost to grosser sense, and which sometimes, under unusual lights, present shifting and apparently unaccountable hues.

It is thus not difficult to understand that, with all his power, he is hardly what can be termed a popular author. In the present day, indeed, the popular taste has become so vitiated by unhealthy stimulus and coarse sensational excitement, that anything so refined as his flavour must be felt by all who indulge in such debauchery (we can use no milder term) to be cold, lifeless, vapid. He has nothing rough enough in the grain to affect senses so exhausted and debased, and if he had, he is too true an Epicurean to use it. He is dainty in his tastes, and by the dainty reader alone will he be relished. Not only, therefore, in these days of demoralizing fiction and over-wrought incident, will he be generally found to be too reflective and deficient in excitement to be attractive; at any time his fame is not likely to be that of the well-thumbed and dog-eared page. But even now he is, and one day we believe will be still more, generally regarded by competent readers as one of the most refined,

tender, powerful, and highly imaginative writers in the English language.

His employment of that language in perfect adaptation to his purpose, is one of the most prominent charms of this author. We have said, he is dainty in his tastes. In nothing is he more dainty than in his use of words. He is a purist in style. It may, perhaps, be possible that scrutinizing eyes may detect here and there an expression that serves to mark his nationality. But his vocabulary is singularly choice and appropriate, and his style is a model of elegance. It is free from exaggeration or straining, and if it is generally unimpassioned, it is still more devoid of stiffness and dry ungeniality. It flows in a placid, gentle rill, always sweet and pellucid; sometimes in its clearness and purity, in its unobtrusive operation and quiet movement, it may rather be said to distil over upon its subject, and there to crystallize with curious refracting power, which reveals the image undimmed, but deflected from the direct line of vision. Optics supplies a parallel to another of its qualities. It often acts like a reversed telescope, throwing objects back into the distance, and imparting to them a fineness and delicacy and fairy-like aspect, so true and life-like that in no particular can they be found to differ from the realities seen when the glass is withdrawn, and yet with a subtle ethereal character and air of unreality. It is a style admirably adapted to his genius and proclivities, and seems with snake-like ease and grace to curve itself round the quaintest forms, and to insinuate itself into the most tortuous convolutions of thought and sentiment. So far as mere language is concerned, there are few writers that can produce effects of awe and terror and weird-like mystery with so simple means. He builds his magic edifice with small and plain materials, but disposed with such cunning art, that others more imposing and gorgeous would be felt to be vulgar and ostentatious in comparison.

There are, however, many minds, deeply thoughtful and full of generous sympathy, who find in his works neither the charm nor the high tone we would ascribe to them. His immense power—and that always exercised in the most temperate and unstrained manner—can hardly, we think, be denied; but he manifests a fondness for dealing with sides of our nature where assuredly the strength and cheerfulness of humanity do not lie, which by some is felt to be morbid. And we would admit at once that he often chooses subjects that are dangerous themes, and unfolds with curious scrutiny the working of emotions, the treatment of which in almost any other hands than his would degenerate into sickly sentimentalism or repulsive ugliness. In truth, he not only shows a certain preference for handling

such subjects, he sometimes almost seems to play with them. He turns them over and over as if loath to dismiss them or to leave a single point unexamined; he never wearies trying on them the effects of various positions and points of view. But we maintain that his apparent toying with such topics is only apparent. It is the mode in which minds like his question and investigate, and the more cautious and thorough the research the more protracted the seeming dalliance. It is, in fact, after a certain fashion, an application to Ethics of the Baconian experimental method of inquiry. He does not reason out his questions: he verifies them; and the experimental survey must be thorough and exhaustive to secure the inclusion of all possible contingencies. Moral and psychological problems which by the abstract thinker would be analysed and acutely discussed, are by him—we shall not say solved, for positive solution is what he rarely ventures to commit himself to—but, in anatomical phrase, *demonstrated*, by exhibiting the bearings, the workings, and consequences of the data, in concrete and living forms in many and various aspects. Given combinations of moral and spiritual forces are not judged of speculatively. He reduces them to experiment and illustration. He embodies them in the creatures of his imagination, in their character and circumstances, and with the unerring sympathy and instinct of genius he inspires them with life and evolves the results, leaving these to speak for themselves.

That in the prosecution of such experimental Ethics through the instrumentality of the imagination, he evinces somewhat the spirit and tendency of a casuist, must perhaps be granted, in the sense that he generally selects cases which are out of the ordinary run of daily life, which are delicate, fine, and intricate in the complexity and often in the contradictoriness of their elements, and which cannot be decided—which he at least is too judicial, too conscientious to decide—in the rough and ready style, and by the sound, but not always nicely discriminating rules that prevail with salutary result in practical and busy life. The questions he raises are for the most part too complicated and difficult to be dealt with by so coarse though effective an instrument as the so-called strong common sense of the upright man of the world. Such a man would misjudge them, or if his conclusions were right, they would be so on false premisses, and irrespective of considerations that ought to obtain recognition. Hawthorne rests satisfied with no such haphazard and superficial treatment. He manipulates his combinations with the utmost care and precision, to make sure the good there is may not be lost sight of, or to impress on us with haunting iteration the baneful effects on it of that with which it is associated.

An evidence of the general healthiness of his nature may be found in the scenes of sweet innocence and natural simplicity that abound in his works. The freshness of childhood and pictures of genial life and natural beauty have a charm for him, not less than the most intricate and complex tissue of strange and conflicting elements. Every reader must remember "The Old Manse," with its rich orchard, bounded by the sluggish waters of the Concord; its cobwebby library; the fishing excursion with Ellery Channing; the peaceful rest of its "near retirement and accessible seclusion;" its gentle joys "in those genial days of autumn, when Mother Nature, having perfected her harvests and accomplished every needful thing that was given her to do, overflows with a blessed superfluity of love, and has leisure to caress her children." How fresh and touching in its extreme simplicity, mixed with one or two touches of quiet humour, and relieved here and there at the close of a paragraph by a sudden turn of pleasantly quaint moralizing, is "Little Annie's Ramble." What a genuine eye for, and unaffected love of, what is purest, fairest in human nature, it reveals! How charming a half-dozen pages! and all about the the commonest objects,—some would say, the veriest trifles of daily life. Little Pearl in *The Scarlet Letter*, in one of her more natural moods, playing by the sea-shore, while her mother converses with her outraged husband, is hardly less beautiful, if, in its connexion and collateral bearings, not quite so simple a picture of childhood:—

"At first, as already told, she had flirted fancifully with her own image in a pool of water, beckoning the phantom forth, and—as it declined to venture—seeking a passage for herself into its sphere of impalpable earth and unattainable sky. Soon finding, however, that either she or the image was unreal, she turned elsewhere for better pastime. She made little boats out of birch-bark, and freighted them with snail-shells, and sent out more ventures on the mighty deep than any merchant in New England; but the larger part of them foundered near the shore. She seized a live horse-shoe by the tail, and made prize of several five-fingers, and laid out a jelly-fish to melt in the warm sun. Then she took up the white foam, that streaked the line of the advancing tide, and threw it upon the breeze, scampering after it, with winged footsteps, to catch the great snow-flakes ere they fell. Perceiving a flock of beach-birds, that fed and fluttered along the shore, the naughty child picked up her apron full of pebbles, and, creeping from rock to rock after these small sea-fowl, displayed remarkable dexterity in pelting them. One little grey bird, with a white breast, Pearl was almost sure had been hit by a pebble, and fluttered away with a broken wing. But then the elf-child sighed, and gave up her sport, because it grieved her to have done harm to a little being that was as wild as the sea-breeze, or as wild as Pearl herself.

"Her final employment was to gather sea-weed of various kinds, and make herself a scarf or mantle, and a head-dress, and thus assume the aspect of a little mermaid. She inherited her mother's gift for devising drapery and costume. As the last touch to her mermaid's garb, Pearl took some eel-grass, and imitated, as best she could, on her own bosom, the decoration with which she was so familiar on her mother's, a letter—the letter A—but freshly green instead of scarlet! The child bent her chin upon her breast, and contemplated this device with strange interest, even as if the one only thing for which she had been sent into the world was to make out its hidden import."

The heart that so sings in harmony with childhood's sweetest music can hardly be suspected of choosing and enjoying the delineation of horror or evil for its own sake. Even in his tales of darker shade and lurid light, these qualities are relieved, and their real character attested, by the bright sunshine and winning beauty that form the broader features of the picture. In this lies the contrast and moral superiority of his tales, even of most thrilling awe, to those of his wild, erratic countryman, Edgar Allan Poe, whose productions derive their chief fascination from the depth of unredeemed and unnatural horror they reveal. It may be, that what is strange and unusual in humanity has for Hawthorne rather more than a due share of attractiveness, but he never chooses evil for his study from a love of it; and delicate themes he always treats with the utmost delicacy. Nothing could exceed the purity, tenderness, and, at the same time, harrowing truthfulness, with which the sin of the "*Scarlet Letter*" and its fruits are portrayed. We regret we can extract no passage for illustration. Quotation here is of no avail. It is a delicacy, not of any one scene, but pervading the entire story, with a sustained tone that could be achieved only by a mind in which the highest delicacy of feeling is native and inherent. Very different results would such materials have yielded in the hands of a George Sand, or of a Victor Hugo. Even in those of not a few of our popular English novelists we should have seen over all "the trail of the serpent." It may be that Hawthorne exhibits too great a predilection for what may be considered *curious* experiments in the Chemistry of Ethics; but if he deals with poisons, it is to make their real nature and effects known, even when they mingle with fair and good things,—never to trifle with and disguise them.

To the general soundness as well as fineness of moral feeling and judgment displayed in his works, we must admit, at least, one grave exception. His *Life of Pierce* might perhaps be disposed of as an ephemeral production, which, if it served its more immediate purpose, was never meant to do more; as unworthy, it may be, of his reputation and powers, but never put

forth with the intention or hope of its surviving its temporary aims, and therefore to count for nothing in an estimate of his literary capacity and character. Were it merely worthless, this course might be followed. It were hard could one not help his friend to the Presidency by an electioneering pamphlet, without it being subjected to the same criticism as his more earnest and professedly artistic works. Such plea may be sustained for an innocent squib or *jeu d'esprit*. But how slight soever its proportions, how occasional soever its ostensible purpose, his Life of Pierce seeks to achieve that purpose by a treatment, neither apparently frivolous nor uncandid, of a question of the deepest import; and it would seem difficult to escape the dilemma, that either the opinions it sets forth are seriously entertained and advocated by the author, or the success of General Pierce was more to him than truth or falsehood in regard to a question as sacred as it is momentous. When General Pierce offered himself as a candidate for the Presidency, the repeal or the maintenance of the Fugitive Slave Act was *the* question of the day. Pierce was a declared pro-slavery man; and it is with extreme pain that we find Hawthorne advocating his claims as those of a "man who dared to love that great and grand reality—his whole united native country—better than the mistiness of a philanthropic theory." Still we are reluctant to allow ourselves to think that he was, in defiance of nobler convictions, basely prostituting his pen for electioneering purposes. We are rather disposed to believe that he distrusted the wisdom and ability as well as the moderation of the extreme Abolition party,—that he doubted whether violent effort to achieve promptly great social changes might not result in worse disaster. The gradual progress, the natural growth of the body social and politic, was one of the soundest lessons our own great statesman Burke taught. It may be easy for us now, with the result so far accomplished, to read the past in a different light. But we should not forget how little, at one stage of the great struggle, many even of the most generous and philanthropic among ourselves sympathized with or had faith in the professions or the cause of the North. The heroic is born of intensity rather than of breadth and comprehension, and a man may see things on too many sides, unless he sees them all fully and in their just relations. With limited faculties activity may be paralysed by increased knowledge and breadth of view,—not by the calls to action appearing less, but by the objections to any particular action appearing greater. Some spirits are—

"framed

Too subtly pondering for mastery,"

or, indeed, for any independent action at all. The following

reads less like a wise and humble distrust of human foresight and scheming, than a renunciation of enlightened moral agency and of free human aim and effort,—less like a submission to Providence than an acquiescence in Fate :—

“ One view, and probably a wise one, looks upon slavery as one of those evils which Divine Providence does not leave to be remedied by human contrivances, but which, in its own good time, by some means impossible to be anticipated, but by the simplest and easiest operation, when all its uses shall have been fulfilled, shall vanish like a dream. There is no instance in all history of the human will and intellect having perfected any great moral reform by methods which it adapted to that end ; but the progress of the world at every step leaves some evil or wrong on the path behind it, which the wisest of mankind, of their own set purpose, could never have found the way to rectify.”¹

While, however, we recognise a source of weakness and timidity in this scrupulous anxiety to discriminate and to balance, a shrinking from responsibility that tends to issue in a system almost of indifferentism, in forgetfulness of the fact that the responsibility of a *laissez-faire* decision is quite as great as that of one of interference, it is well that we should not confound this with deliberate pandering of clear and honest convictions to lower motives.

An inclination to a fatalistic view of the world and human affairs crops out in other parts of his writings, and perhaps it might form an interesting question how far this tendency may be due to his training in a school of mystic idealism, on the one hand, and to his experience of an attempt to realize a specious but unsound communism and social scheme for the amelioration of the universe in general, on the other. It were assuredly unjust to assume that the opinions expressed by any of his characters,—even those that by any preference or general approval or other token seem to lie nearest the personality of the author,—represent the author's own sentiments ; and full account must be taken of the fact, that in what we now quote, the speaker is represented as undergoing a process of gradual but thorough deterioration alike morally and intellectually. Still, as that speaker is also portrayed as a man of indomitable will and self-reliance, and therefore presents no special appropriateness—at least no clear call or apology—for such views as he is made to utter, the expression of opinion, especially taken in connexion with the deliverance above given by the author *in propria persona*, is not without significance—

“ ‘ Peace, Hester, peace ! ’ replied the old man, with gloomy sternness,—‘ it is not granted me to pardon. I have no such power as thou tellest me of. My old faith, long forgotten, comes back to me, and

¹ *Life of Franklin Pierce*, pp. 113, 114.

explains all that we do, and all we suffer. By thy first step awry, thou didst plant the germ of evil ; but since that moment it has all been a dark necessity. Ye that have wronged me are not sinful, save in a kind of typical illusion ; neither am I fiend-like, who have snatched a fiend's office from his hands. It is our fate. Let the black flower blossom as it may ! Now go thy ways, and deal as thou wilt with yonder man.'"¹

So again in that terrible interview by the brook-side in the forest, when Hester Prynne, in obedience to the requirement of her child, again fastens on her breast the stigma of her sin and shame, with the removal of which she had felt as if the burden of her life and its anguish had departed from her spirit, we read :—

"Hopefully, but a moment ago, as Hester had spoken of drowning it in the deep sea, there was a sense of inevitable doom upon her, as she thus received back this deadly symbol from the hand of fate. She had flung it into infinite space ! She had drawn an hour's free breath ! and here again was the scarlet misery glittering on the old spot ! So it ever is, whether thus typified or no, that an evil deed invests itself with the character of doom." "²

A reflection made by the author in his own name at the end of *The Scarlet Letter*, in taking leave of two of the principal characters, affords less doubtful evidence of the transcendental influence of Emerson. As usual, his strongly undogmatic tendency restrains him from any positive assertion ; but the negation of any fundamental and ineradicable distinction between right and wrong, good and evil, is more than nibbled at :—

"Nothing was more remarkable than the change which took place, almost immediately after Mr. Dimmesdale's death, in the appearance and demeanour of the old man known as Roger Chillingworth. All his strength and energy—all his vital and intellectual force—seemed at once to desert him ; insomuch that he positively withered up, shrivelled away, and almost vanished from mortal sight, like an uprooted weed that lies wilting in the sun. This unhappy man had made the very principle of his life to consist in the pursuit and systematic exercise of revenge ; and when by its completest triumph and consummation, that evil principle was left with no further material to support it, when, in short, there was no more Devil's work on earth for him to do, it only remained for the unhumanized mortal to betake himself whither his Master would find him tasks enough, and pay him his wages duly. But to all these shadowy beings, so long our near acquaintances,—as well Roger Chillingworth as his companions,—we would fain be merciful. It is a curious subject of observation and inquiry, whether hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom. Each in its utmost development supposes a high degree of intimacy and heart-knowledge ; each renders one individual dependent for the food of his affections and spiritual life upon another ; each leaves the passionate lover, or

¹ *The Scarlet Letter*, p. 161.

² *Ibid.* p. 198.

the no less passionate hater, forlorn and desolate by the withdrawal of his subject. Philosophically considered, therefore, the two passions seem essentially the same, except that one happens to be seen in a celestial radiance, and the other in a dusky and lurid glow. In the spiritual world, the old physician and the minister—mutual victims as they have been—may unawares have found their earthly stock of hatred and antipathy transmuted into golden love.”¹

The view we have taken of his writings, as aiming before all else to be an embodiment of the operation and results of strange, involved, and conflicting combinations of moral and spiritual data, is quite in keeping with the very sparing use he makes of eventful incident. Perhaps no novelist so little depends on plot, or on the interest of outward circumstance. If the crucial merit of such a form of literary composition be, as some are disposed to hold, the continuous movement of a well-told story, few claims can be made in his favour. There is no romantic adventure; no gathering complications disentangled by sudden undreamt-of disclosures; no development of events in strict causal sequence, leading ultimately to startling unsuspected results, not even stirring movement of life. No more striking instance could be found of how little he depends on the interest of suspense, of doubt to be solved, of difficulty to be overcome, than is presented in the chapter of *Transformation* entitled “The Spectre of the Catacomb.” The separation of one from the other members of a party visiting the Catacombs of Rome would seem to afford an occasion for a most natural, almost unavoidable scene of high-pitched interest and excitement. The reality of the danger; its magnitude and horror; the confusion of the searchers, themselves ignorant of the labyrinth, and each in imminent risk of being lost in the gloom and entanglement of the intersecting narrow passages; their proneness to rush hither and thither without plan; their eagerness and anxiety only multiplying the difficulties and the hazard; their hasty movements, now extinguishing their tapers, now carrying them past marks that are important for retracing their own steps; their flashing hopes and crushing disappointments;—all the details of such an event are what many writers of fiction would make a considerable digression to introduce—what hardly one would spurn. Yet Hawthorne, when Miriam is separated from her companions in the dismal corridors of St. Calixtus, after mentioning that the guide assured them that there was no possibility of rendering assistance unless by shouting at the top of their voices, quietly disposes of the crisis in a sentence:—“Accordingly they all began to shriek, halloo and bellow, with the utmost force of their lungs. And, not to prolong the reader’s suspense (for we do not particularly seek to interest

¹ *The Scarlet Letter*, pp. 248, 249.

him in this scene, telling it only on account of the trouble and strange entanglement which followed), they soon heard a responsive call in a female voice." He dwells chiefly on the development of the results on the inner life of such events as are narrated—or implied; for often the event is already past, and only inferred, or its circumstantial details, and not unfrequently its actual nature left vague and undefined. Sometimes even—so little is made of mere outward actualities—a suggestion is offered of several possible cases, and the reader invited to make his choice. The actual facts of outward life, considered merely as facts, are held quite subordinate to the intellectual and moral influences with which they are charged; and these he sets forth with a patient minuteness and lingering scrutiny as if he suspected they might yet present some new aspect, or were afraid to close the record uncompleted.

It must not, however, be understood that we would imply that he is to be described as an ideal portrait-painter. He does not, like Thackeray, sketch so many representative characters, illustrative at once of the specialties of the age and of the general human types to which they belong, and connect them by a narrative so slight, a train of events so uneventful, that the story seems little else than a thread to string such picture-beads on. He neither gives a detailed and many-sided portraiture, setting forth, as fully as that may be done, the complete individuality; nor, as is more the special power and practice of the great satirist we have named, a representation of one or two broad and distinctive traits, that form, as it were, the keynote to the character,—a dominating phase that gives tone and colour to all the rest, but still a partial and one-sided view, which, as it is left to stand for the whole, is in truth but a caricature. His forte rather is to delineate the most opposing and contradictory sides of a man, in all their contrasting struggling action and reaction. He displays, with the skill, and almost with the coolness, of an anatomist, the most intricate and conflicting passions and tendencies, as these are called forth by some critical event and its consequences. The characters presented to us by most of the novelists who aim chiefly at portraiture are for the most part stereotyped. They are shown in numerous combinations and surroundings, both to impress the leading qualities on the reader's attention, and to exhibit these qualities forcibly and fully in varied manifestation. But they are always the same; the quality may be displayed under altered circumstances, and again with more ramified operation, but is in itself to the end unmodified, and the closing manifestation, so far as it forms an element of the portrait, might as well have been the first. There is no progress, no growth. The task Hawthorne selects for himself is

rather the development of the effects on character of some great absorbing interest. Not only does he subordinate the external conditions to the inner movements of life, as we have already pointed out; he represents the play of the mental mechanism less in the typical forms of definite classes, epochs, and localities, than in peculiar and strongly individualized cases unfolding under the influence of special, and often critical circumstances.

An effect of those characteristics of his productions to which we have been referring, is the withdrawal of the whole scene from the atmosphere of actual life. Thus one of the most pervading and conspicuous qualities of his works is their highly ideal character. They are rightly named "Romances." His personages do not generally come before us with that force and air of actuality that form the charm of our more realistic writers of fiction. They and their doings are shadowy, remote, and beyond the sphere of habitual experience. Yet all is felt to be profoundly true,—not only what might be, but what in its essential nature *is*, within the heart and conscience. The embodying forms may be intangible shades, phantasmagoria, but the inner life they express finds within us the unhesitating responsive recognition of kindred. They are veritable human souls, though dwelling in a far-off world of cloud-land and moonshine.

With all this strongly ideal character consists a power, not unfrequently exercised, of most faithful and minute realistic painting. For example, the delightful picture of the old "Custom House" at Salem, which introduces *The Scarlet Letter*. How vividly reproduced are the old inspector and collector! One cannot read it without being affected by the sleepy, gossiping, superannuated character of the whole place. The very atmosphere seems somniferous. Or, again, in the chapter of *Transformation* entitled "Scenes by the Way," his exquisite description of rural scenes and manners in Tuscany, and of the villages and small ancient walled towns of northern Italy. Still, even his most telling and minutely detailed pictures of real life, with the truthfulness of a photograph, and the life-likeness of a portrait, are seen, as it were, through an ideal atmosphere. He sees everything through the halo of a poetic medium. All is real, but it is an old-world realness, quaint and mellow with age. The present is too hard, rigid, and unplastic for him. True American as he is, he finds himself straightened and out of his element amid the newness, the clearness of outline, the resistance to the modifying and moulding power of the imagination, of everything in the New World. There is no hoary tradition, no twilight history, no fabled antiquity, nothing picturesque or romantic. He has no

play for his peculiar power. We trace this in his choice of subjects, as well as in his mode of dealing with them. He has a predilection for the farthest back times of New England life, the days of the Puritans, of trial for witchcraft; for old nooks crumbly and moss-grown, rusty parchments, a mouldering rag with traces of embroidery, of which "the stitch gives evidence of a now forgotten art, not to be recovered even by the process of picking out the threads;" for relics of a bygone age, antiquated habits, old-fashioned styles of character and modes of thought and feeling. He oftener than once openly complains of the stern inflexibility of modern realities and American civilisation:—

"In the old countries with which fiction has long been conversant, a certain conventional privilege seems to be awarded to the romancer; his work is not put exactly side by side with nature; and he is allowed a license with regard to every-day probability, in view of the improved effects which he is bound to produce thereby. Among ourselves, on the contrary, there is as yet no Fairy Land so like the real world that, in a suitable remoteness, one cannot well tell the difference, but with an atmosphere of strange enchantment, beheld through which, the inhabitants have a propriety of their own. This atmosphere is what the American romancer wants. In its absence, the beings of imagination are compelled to show themselves in the same category as actually living mortals,—a necessity that generally renders the paint and pasteboard of their composition but too painfully discernible."

In reference to the locality in which the scene is laid, he says in the preface to *Transformation*:—

"Italy, as the site of his romance, was chiefly valuable to the author as affording him a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America. No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily-handled themes either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow."

The absence of hard outline and broad light is especially demanded by another well-marked tendency of our author's mind, more or less displayed in almost all his works. His pages are replete with mystery, hintings of an eerie presence, tokens of a power preternatural yet strangely in affinity with human life, repeated and repeated till a sense of unspeakable awe takes possession of the mind. But this mystery is never revealed; it

is a presence without a form, an inarticulate voice, an impalpable agency. We are kept in remembrance that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in our philosophy. We are brought face to face with the portals into the unseen and inscrutable. We are made aware of recesses in the human heart and brain, where the light of consciousness falls but rarely, and then only casts strange, unknown, and ghastly shadows; of possible properties in Nature, in wondrous accord and harmony with these dark forms within our own constitution, which so seldom flit across mortal vision,—properties that may lie latent all around us, imperceptible to our ordinary senses, yet exerting, or ready to exert, their influence on us every hour of our lives. Every object, every power presents itself to him as striking its roots deep into a subsoil of mystery. Hidden associations link things the most improbable. The present and visible ever spring from the past and unseen. Too sharp demarcations would obstruct the transition from the sphere of immediate obtrusive action, into that of agencies that have long passed from view, or have never been clearly brought within the range of mortal ken.

The introduction of these occult and preternatural powers produces no jar; they are not felt to be inconsistent with the rest of the narrative; they gain for themselves an acceptance as not only possible, but true, and in harmony with time, place, and circumstance. They bring with them no irresistible suggestion of the false and superstitious; nothing of what Hawthorne himself styles "the stage effect of what is called miraculous interposition." The same character of essential trueness that we contended for in his most ideal pictures obtains here. This result is partly due to their own nature, partly to the manner in which these agencies are introduced and employed. We do not feel that it is the ordinary supernatural that is presented to us. That, however skilfully managed, would hardly recommend itself to either the judgment or the taste of the present day. Not only is the improbability, not to say impossibility, too great; it is out of harmony with our modes of thought and feeling, even could it be made apparently possible. It is no unnatural creature that obtrudes itself suddenly, inexplicably, into the circle of our lives; no ghostly apparition revisiting the glimpses of the moon; no uncanny dwarf or vulgar necromancer that is brought before us, but beings and influences connected with us by intimate and inseverable bonds, not coming and going, but ever there, whether recognised or not. They seem the shadowy but immortal offspring of our own actions, thoughts, and feelings,—of ourselves; or the inalienable heritage that has come down to us from the characters and lives of our

progenitors. The same absence of incident that we have found characterizing the more material agents in the scene prevails with respect to these ; they do not come as a *deus ex machina* to achieve striking results, or to overcome difficulties insuperable to mere mortal agency. They are, indeed, rarely committed to definite action. We are made to feel vaguely their power ; what they may have done is hinted at as possibilities, but they are never caught in the act ; we are never even assured of their positive interference. A haunting presence, they exercise their influence on us morally rather than by any sensible means.

It is perhaps a phase of this power and tendency that guides him to so constant and emphatic a recognition of those secret sympathies between individuals connected by no tie patent to sense, between our nature and even inanimate objects ; of the subtle powers upon our minds of time and place ; of the awful and overwhelming complexity of our inherited tendencies and relationships ; of the transmission, through generations, of the effects of human action and character, now slumbering though vital, again—on occasions the most inopportune or opportune, according as we regard the question from the personal and selfish point of view, or from that of universal and moral government—breaking out into activity, like the course of the electric fluid, apparently ever fitful, defying prediction, yet ever in strict obedience to eternal law and varying circumstance,—here peaceable and ineffective, there subduing with irresistible force whatever it meets. There is in us a “mere sensuous sympathy of dust for dust,” in our relations with the spot where our forefathers have for centuries “been born and died, and have mingled their earthly substance with the soil, until no small portion of it must necessarily be akin to our mortal frames.” The embroidered rag that life-long branded her shame on Hester Prynne’s bosom, when musingly placed on its historian’s breast, while yet he, ignorant alike of her name and life, was idly speculating on its purpose, seemed to him to cause “a sensation not altogether physical, yet almost so, as of burning heat, and as if the letter were not of red cloth, but red-hot iron.” “The sympathy or magnetism among human beings is more subtle and universal than we think ; it exists, indeed, among different classes of organized life, and vibrates from one to another. A flower, for instance, as Phoebe herself observed, always began to droop sooner in Clifford’s hand, or Hepzibah’s, than in her own ; and by the same law, converting her whole daily life into a flower-fragrance for these two sickly spirits, the blooming girl must inevitably droop and fade much sooner than if worn on a younger and happier breast.” “The very contiguity of his enemy, beneath whatever mask the latter might

conceal himself, was enough to disturb the magnetic sphere of a being so sensitive as Arthur Dimmesdale." "Pearl's inevitable tendency to hover about the enigma of the scarlet letter seemed an innate quality of her being. From the earliest epoch of her conscious life, she had entered upon this as her appointed mission." The moral relations arising from hidden actions reveal themselves in a sort of *quasi*-physical way through the subtle, untraceable, interpenetrating affinities of mind and matter. When Hester Prynne's husband demands of her the name of the man who had so deeply wronged them both, and demands in vain, he replies, "Never know him! . . . Thou mayest cover up thy secret from the prying multitude. Thou mayest conceal it, too, from the ministers and magistrates, even as thou didst this day, when they sought to wrench the name out of thy heart, and give thee a partner on thy pedestal. But as for me, I come to the inquest with other senses than they possess. . . . There is a sympathy that will make me conscious of him. I shall see him tremble. I shall feel myself shudder, suddenly and un-awares." "Phœbe's physical organization, moreover, being at once delicate and healthy, gave her a perception operating with almost the effect of a spiritual medium, that somebody was near at hand." We are taught again that not in the garden of Eden alone, but all the world over, forbidden fruit grows on a tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and that we cannot eat thereof without having our eyes opened to the dark secrets both of our own heart and that of others :—

"Walking to and fro, with those lonely footsteps, in the little world with which she was outwardly connected, it now and then appeared to Hester,—if altogether fancy, it was nevertheless too potent to be resisted,—she felt or fancied, then, that the scarlet letter had endowed her with a new sense. She shuddered to believe, yet could not help believing, that it gave her a sympathetic knowledge of the hidden sin in other hearts. She was terror-stricken by the revelations that were thus made. What were they? Could they be other than the insidious whispers of the bad angel, who would fain have persuaded the struggling woman, as yet only half his victim, that the outward guise of purity was but a lie, and that, if truth were everywhere to be shown, a scarlet letter would blaze forth on many a bosom besides Hester Prynne's? or, must she receive these intimations—so obscure, yet so distinct—as truth? In all her miserable experience, there was nothing else so awful and so loathsome as this sense. It perplexed, as well as shocked her, by the irreverent inopportune of the occasions that brought it into vivid action. Sometimes the red infamy upon her breast would give a sympathetic throb, as she passed near a venerable minister or magistrate, the model of piety and justice, to whom that age of antique reverence looked up, as to a mortal man in fellowship with angels. 'What evil thing is at hand?' would Hester say to herself. Lifting

her reluctant eyes, there would be nothing human within the scope of view, save the form of this earthly saint ! Again, a mystic sisterhood would contumaciously assert itself, as she met the sanctified frown of some matron, who, according to the rumour of all tongues, had kept cold snow within her bosom throughout life. That unsunned snow in the matron's bosom, and the burning shame on Hester Prynne's,—what had the two in common ? Or, once more, the electric thrill would give her warning,—‘ Behold, Hester, here is a companion ! ’—and, looking up, she would detect the eyes of a young maiden glancing at the scarlet letter, shyly and aside, and quickly averted, with a faint, chill crimson in her cheeks, as if her purity were somewhat sullied by that momentary glance. O Fiend, whose talisman was that fatal symbol, wouldst thou leave nothing, whether in youth or age, for this poor sinner to revere ?—such loss of faith is ever one of the saddest results of sin. Be it accepted as a proof that all was not corrupt in this poor victim of her own frailty, and man's hard law, that Hester Prynne yet struggled to believe that no fellow-mortal was guilty like herself.”

Several of these instances are no doubt susceptible of being resolved into figures of speech, expressing forcibly a truth that might have been hard to render in more literal terms ; and some of them perhaps were intended for no more. But it is difficult to suppose they are all so meant. Many of them seem to point to something far deeper than would be left as a residuum of bare statement, if we abstract as figure all that is capable of such treatment. The conviction that there really is some such profounder meaning wished to be conveyed is greatly increased by a thorough perusal of the works together. Many of the expressions lose much of their force and significance by severance from the context ; and there are many slighter indications of a similar kind which are altogether unsusceptible of extract. The cumulative effect, indeed, of such expressions in the course of consecutive reading is very great ; and it is to such a reading we must appeal if we should seem to have made more of the point than our quotations justify. Sometimes the pregnant meaning we refer to is not asserted, but suggested as a probability, or in a query, or as a scintillation of fancy :—

“ She wondered what sort of herbs they were which the old man was so sedulous to gather. Would not the earth, quickened to an evil purpose by the sympathy of his eye, greet him with poisonous shrubs, of species hitherto unknown, that would start up under his fingers ? Or might it suffice him, that every wholesome growth should be converted into something deleterious and malignant at his touch ? Did the sun, which shone so brightly everywhere else, really fall upon him ? Or was there, as it rather seemed, a circle of ominous shadow moving along with his deformity, whichever way he turned himself ? And whither was he now going ? Would he not suddenly sink into the

earth, leaving a barren and blasted spot, where, in due course of time, would be seen deadly nightshade, dogwood, henbane, and whatever else of vegetable wickedness the climate could produce, all flourishing with hideous luxuriance? Or would he spread bats' wings and flee away, looking so much the uglier the higher he rose towards heaven?"

Sometimes what is at first insinuated as a fanciful possibility is afterwards slipped in as an affirmed fact. Thus "dark flabby leaves," unknown to men of science, were found "growing on a grave which bore no tombstone nor other memorial of the dead man, save these ugly weeds that have taken upon themselves to keep him in remembrance. They grew out of his heart, and typify, it may be, some hideous secret that was buried with him, and which he had done better to confess during his lifetime." . . . "All the powers of nature call so earnestly for the confession of sin, that these black weeds have sprung up out of a buried heart to make manifest an unspoken crime."

We must not omit to notice another feature, which, though perhaps less conspicuous, yet, like small patches of vivid colour in a picture, contributes not less effectively to produce the general result. This is a peculiar vein of humour, always fanciful, often grotesque, sometimes grim and grisly. Poor Hepzibah Pyncheon's aristocratic hens "laid now and then an egg and hatched a chicken, not for any pleasure of their own, but that the world might not absolutely lose what had once been so admirable a breed of fowls." So excessive was the warmth of her brother the judge's affected and hypocritical aspect of overflowing benevolence one particular forenoon, "that (such at least was the rumour about town) an extra passage of the water-carts was found essential, in order to lay the dust occasioned by so much extra sunshine!" The Puritan ministers, grim prints of whom adorned the walls of "the old manse" study, "looked strangely like bad angels, or at least, like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the devil that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages." How true a Yankee touch is this! When one little fellow warns a poor Italian boy that he had better move on, for that nobody lives in the house under a window of which he is grinding his hurdy-gurdy that will be likely to care for his music, "'You fool, you, why do you tell him?'" whispered another shrewd little Yankee, caring nothing for the music, but a good deal for the cheap rate at which it was had. 'Let him play as long as he likes! If there is nobody to pay him, that's his own look-out!'" The cemetery of the Cappuccini at Rome is a small portion of holy soil from Jerusalem; and, as the whole space has long ago been occupied, there

obtains the curious and ghastly practice among the monks of taking the longest buried skeleton out of the oldest grave, when one of the brotherhood dies, to make room for the new corpse, and of building the disinterred bones into architectural devices, or of placing the unbroken frame-work of bone, sometimes still covered with mummied skin and hair, and dressed in cloak and cowl, in niches all around the vaults. "Thus," quaintly comments our author, "each of the good friars, in his turn, enjoys the luxury of a consecrated bed, attended with the slight drawback of being forced to get up long before day-break, as it were, and make room for another lodger." Very often this faculty of humour expresses itself in a piquant little touch, as a kind of aside, or passing comment, or half responsive turn with which a line of reflection is quietly but emphatically closed—like a single bright floweret at the end of a slender stem. But there is one remarkable instance in which it is extended through a long chapter. It is that in which the defunct Governor Pyncheon is a whole night long left undiscovered, the object of the gibes and appeals, the scorn and taunts, of the author's fantasy, which gambols round the senseless clay like a jeering spirit from the abyss. The presentation, face to face, of the transient and trifling occupations and interests of this life, with the mystery and solemnities of death and the unseen realities that lie beyond it, the grave reflections and unearthly mockery, the sustained power, the eerie subject and weird-like effects, are positively terrible.

Some of the qualities we have traced in Hawthorne's works belong rather to the critical than to the constructive faculty. One effect of this is that the author is never felt to identify himself with his characters. They are not subjects into which his own life is transfused; he never loses his own personality. The products of his imagination are always contemplated objectively; he regards them habitually in a scrutinizing, deliberative, questioning attitude. He is ever inquisitive and judicial. It would thus almost appear as if in him the creative faculty, though not inferior either in strength or activity or fineness of temper, were exercised in subserviency to the critical,—as if he peopled the world of his imagination only that he might become the witness and judge of the characters and lives, powers and tendencies, of his own creations. In one respect his writings are detrimentally affected either by this habit or by a weakness of constructive talent, to which the habit itself may be partly due. His individual characters, indeed, are delineated with wonderful minuteness, accuracy, and power. We seem to read into their very core—so far at least as the personality of any one human being can become

the object of comprehension to another. But his works, considered each as a whole, especially those that aim at full development, or at being something more than sketches, are deficient in what may be called architectural structure. There is a want of the converging unity which is the condition of every perfect work of art. This may be the result, as we have said, of a defect in constructive power. His imagination, instead of embracing in one grasp the scene, characters, circumstances, and their developments, as combining to form one system, as all members of one body, elements gravitating round one centre, seizes upon them too much in detail, each as a distinct unit, related to the others only by the ideal bond of moral and spiritual influence which he has created for them. Or it may be, in some measure, due to his habit of yielding too much to what he describes in one of his characters as "that cold tendency between instinct and intellect, which makes one pry with a speculative interest into people's passions and impulses." It is also, no doubt, increased by the want of a strong framework or mould of external circumstance and connected events, which, however it may subserve some of his other aims or tendencies, leaves him more dependent for the compact unification of his tales on a power of internal integration, which he either does not possess, or does not use in sufficient force.

We are not aware whether he ever attempted the work of a professed literary critic, but he has favoured us with a piece of self-criticism, which shows what his qualifications in this direction were. Every reader must be struck with the singular felicity of the following extract from the preface to one of the volumes of *Twice-Told Tales*. The insight and discrimination are only equalled by the exactness and adequacy of expression. So far as the review goes, we dare say every one will subscribe to the justness and happiness of every statement, taking exception to one point only—which perhaps it would have been difficult for him to deal with fairly—the under-statement of his own merits. After remarking that he rather wondered how the tales should have gained what vogue they did, than that it was so little and so gradual, he proceeds—

"They have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade—the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion, there is sentiment; and even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood, as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. Whether from lack of power, or an unconquerable reserve, the author's touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humour; the tenderest woman, one

would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos. The book, if you would see anything in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written;—if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages.

"With the foregoing characteristics, proper to the productions of a person in retirement (which happened to be the author's category at the time), the book is devoid of others that we should quite as naturally look for. The sketches are not, it is hardly necessary to say, profound; but it is rather more remarkable that they so seldom, if ever, show any design on the writer's part to make them so. They have none of the abstruseness of idea, or obscurity of expression, which marks the written communications of a solitary mind with itself. They never need translation. It is, in fact, the style of a man of society. Every sentence, so far as it embodies thought or sensibility, may be understood and felt by anybody who will give himself the trouble to read it, and will take up the book in a proper mood.

"This statement of apparently opposite peculiarities leads us to a perception of what the sketches truly are. They are not the talk of a secluded man with his own mind and heart (had it been so, they could hardly have failed to be more deeply and permanently valuable), but his attempts, and very imperfectly successful ones, to open an intercourse with the world."

His real power as a critic, however, is better seen in what he says in *Transformation* on the remains of ancient Art in Italy. The refinement and accuracy of his perception, as shown there, are such as are found only in the true artist and critic combined. His sympathetic recognition of the central, and—though often perhaps scarce consciously to himself—the guiding idea and feeling of the old sculptor or painter, enables him to breathe new life and meaning into the time-stained, earth-eaten, mutilated marble, and to translate for us into articulate speech the thoughts and feelings that moved the brush of the "old master,"—as real an achievement of genius as their expression in a stone or colour medium, though not as their original conception. Free from technical jargon, he discourses of the yellow, bruised block, or the time-mellowed canvas, till it becomes animated with fresh beauty, again instinct with the significance with which its maker strove to inspire it. Witness his criticisms of the Marble Faun, of the Dying Gladiator, of Guido's Michael and the Dragon, of Fra Angelico's faces and figures of sinless angelic loveliness, of Sodoma's bound and bleeding Christ, and, above all, witness his deep insight into the subtle and elusive meanings, the profound sorrow and expression of loneliness, of the marvellous portrait of Beatrice Cenci, glancing, as it does, at some of the most solemn and awful truths of Christian

faith. Some living artists also are helped to utter their best conceptions through his pen as well as through their own chisel. His interpretation of Mr. Story's really admirable statue of Cleopatra is full of fine perception and true feeling.

We have hitherto referred to his works only incidentally, to illustrate the characteristics we have remarked in their author. We proceed now to notice the more important of them, though it must be very shortly, in succession.

His earliest attempts, we believe, at authorship, were a series of slight sketches which appeared in some of the magazines and annuals of the time, and were afterwards collected—so many of them, at least, as their author thought fit—in the volumes entitled *Twice-Told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse*. These present many of the distinctive features of his more elaborate productions, and are full of promise of their later fruits. Some of these short pieces, especially among the "Mosses," are as pregnant with power and beauty as anything he has given to the world, though, of course, presenting but limited scope for his microscopic analysis and artistic elaboration. "Rappaccini's Daughter," for example, is full of subtle effects and "the lurid intermixture" of antagonistic emotions; of intimations of the hidden and undeveloped affinities of humanity with nature; of the danger of mere intellectualism unconsecrated by affection and moral purpose; of warnings of how forces appointed for pure and beautiful ends may be perverted into deadly poisons. Strange and subtle sympathies are shadowed forth, that are awakened by a breath, a fragrance, the most ethereal means, typifying spiritual agencies too elusive for sense to track. The same generating spirit is transfused into the earthly child as into the plant which, as the offspring of her father's science, germinates at the hour of her birth, and establishes a mysterious sisterhood between the maiden and the flower. "Young Goodman Brown," again, is an allegorical rendering of a temptation in the wilderness into which an impure imagination can turn our hearts, and shows how all faith may be lost, and the very stays of the soul may be converted into means of hurrying it into the abyss, if the tempter be not resisted while he may. Again, the true inherent nature of falsehood, as a very plague-spot in the soul, is brought out with terrible force in "Roger Malvin's Burial," where disingenuous "concealment imparts to a justifiable act much of the secret effect of guilt." Once more, what would most writers make of the simple fact of a man choosing to hide his countenance behind a fold of black crape? Yet in "The Minister's Black Veil," from so small a root-fibre he rears a wondrous growth. By dint of his cunning power of imagination he makes this simple fact teem with significance, and converts it into a

source of thrilling awe or fear to all the beholders; and reflects from their numerous hearts and faces on the reader, as on a focus, a perplexity of sentiment, till the creeping sense of mystery becomes intensified a thousand-fold. Sometimes, as in "Wakefield," by a reverse process he analyses backward, and from a single act of odd eccentricity he builds up the inner fabric of the man, as Professor Owen reconstructs an extinct animal from a tooth.

The Scarlet Letter was the first of his larger works, and is perhaps unsurpassed in the concentrated power of one or two of its scenes by anything he afterwards wrote. The interest is centred in two chief and two subordinate characters,—the two natures, originally so fine, marred by their joint sin, the minister and Hester, and the two against whom they sinned, the husband and the child. There is nothing we know of in literature at once so tender and so unflinching, so harrowingly painful, and yet so irresistibly fascinating, as the dissection of the morbid heart of Dimmesdale,—or rather the history; for it is not its condition at any one moment, so much as its progress, step by step, from refined purity and almost saintly devotion, once wounded by momentary indulgence of unholy passion, through depths of beguiling self-knowledge and self-deception, of moral weakness and self-abasement, of passionate penance and miserable evasion, till, enfeebled to the point of collapse both physically and spiritually, his fall is perfected in yielding for an instant, under the stimulating sympathy and love of the stronger nature and more resolute will of his fellow-sinner, to a dream of unhallowed earthly life and passion, from which he is soon roused by the grim, chill, but to him not unwelcome, hand of death, to cleanse his conscience by confession. The constitution of the man is one of singular fineness and weakness. Every hour of his life he abhors himself in dust and ashes; he struggles, in almost mortal agony, to unburden himself of the concealed sin that rankles and festers in his conscience, till it eats out the whole pith of his being. In helpless cowardice and vanity he faints in the attempt, rendered doubly difficult by the devotedness and worship of his flock, and drifts into wild self-accusations of merely general sinfulness and depravity, which serve only to heighten their conception of his character and of his standard of moral purity. The misery of his life is augmented unspeakably by the fiendish process of refined torture to which he is subjected by the husband, who, living under the same roof with him, in the character of physician, seeks revenge, not in exposure, but in constantly fretting with poisonous touch the ever open wound. One cannot but regret that a nature endowed with so many noble qualities should not live, more visibly to retrieve its fall. Yet we cannot doubt the reality of

his late repentance, and that in his dying confession, there was not only achieved the beginning of a higher life for himself, but a redeeming influence exerted for both mother and child.

Hester's character is of a stronger mould. Without being unwomanly, she is of far less effeminate texture than the man she loved so truly, and for whom she suffered so bravely. Under the hard Puritan treatment she somewhat hardens. The blazing brand upon her breast does not melt, but indurates her heart. It is true that for seven long years she had never been false to the symbol, and "it may be that it was the talisman of a stern and severe, but yet a guardian spirit." But an outcast from social intercourse and joy, her thoughts break loose from conventional limitations, and stray in bold and perilous speculation. Pitiless condemnation and scorn drive her to justify what she had better unfeignedly repented. "What we did had a consecration of its own. We felt it so. We said so to each other." Thrown out of her true relations to society, she sees its whole fabric in false perspective, awry. "For years past she had looked from an estranged point of view at human institutions, and whatever priests or legislators had established; criticising all with hardly more reverence than the Indian would feel for the clerical band, the judicial robe, the pillory, the gallows, the fireside, or the church. The tendency of her fate and fortunes had been to set her free. The scarlet letter was her passport into regions where other women dared not tread. Shame, Despair, Solitude! These had been her teachers—stern and wild ones—and they had made her strong, but taught her much amiss." Divine law broken becomes to her human prejudice. She not only seeks to justify the past; she would vainly aim at a higher and truer life in renewal and perpetuation of the sin; and in her wild daring she carries the poor bewildered soul of the minister with her. For deliberate power and skilful handling it might be difficult to find many passages equal to that in which she fans the dying embers of hope and passion into a short-lived glow before they expire for ever.

Arrived, however, at the very summit of his fame and influence, Dimmesdale is moved by a power and virtue beyond himself to count these and all else as loss that he may win truth; and in conquering himself he is "strangely triumphant" over more than himself. Stronger as Hester has all along shown herself, she "is impelled as if by inevitable fate against her stronger will" by the power of truth and right in his last moments. The child too is subdued: "the spell is broken" that seemed all her life to have inspired her with an elf-like nature that could not be bound by enduring human sympathies. Even Roger Chillingworth, become almost the incarnation of hate and revenge,

though unsoftened, is withered up into impotence for evil by this "death of triumphant ignominy." This character, indeed, though at first apt to be thrown into shadow by the more intense interest that attaches to his wife and the minister, is truly the most painful in the narrative. The laborious student, the benevolent recluse of other days, has his whole nature poisoned, his learning and sage experience of human nature turned into a curse, by the sin that had been sinned against him. All human kindness is dried up within him, and he lives only to keep his enemy on the rack,—to prolong the wretched man's wasting life by care and healing art, only that he may the longer enjoy his devilish work. He miserably sinks out of the circle of human activity and life when his patient's death leaves him without a purpose more.

The early manifestations of Pearl's nature and disposition are deeply significant, full of reflex lights thrown on the modifying influences, not only of parental character and constitution, but of the deeds and circumstances and relations—of serious import to their own character, though perhaps foreign to its general tone—of our progenitors; and that less by their natural and generally recognised operation in habitual life and intercourse, than by a sort of natal affection of blood, and nerve, and spirit;—intimating to us in infinitely varied speech the truth, that what is sown must be reaped—the persistent cogency of moral law, the indestructible cohesion of moral order, either in recognition and observance, or in vindication and retribution. "The child's nature had something wrong in it, which continually betokened that she had been born amiss—the effluence of her mother's lawless passion." She was wayward, fitful, impulsive, never to be reckoned on, full of wild energy, gushing affection, and imperious self-will. "There was fire in her, and throughout her; she seemed the unpremeditated off-shoot of a passionate moment." She was at once the sting and the solace of her mother's heart, and that not only by virtue of the natural relationship of child and parent, as the constant memorial of the crime in which she had been begotten, and at the same time the blessing into which God in his mercy converts for us even the fruits of our sins; but far more in the peculiarity of her disposition, as a very "messenger of anguish," and a purger of her parent's conscience. Her first baby smile is not in her mother's face, but at the scarlet letter on her breast; its gold embroidery is the first plaything which her tiny fingers grasp at; it is the chief object of her later childish curiosity. She loves in imp-like prank to associate it in her remarks with the habit the minister has of keeping his hand over his heart. With malicious pertinacity she seeks ever and again to force his acknowledgment of herself and her mother on the most public occasions. It

appeared to be the very end of her life to probe and keep ever open the hidden sores of both.

The salient features of the child's nature, as well as the tendency and power of evil to perpetuate and reproduce itself, are forcibly set forth in her mother's reflections on her character :—

“ Her nature—or else Hester's fears deceived her—lacked reference and adaptation to the world into which she was born. The child could not be made amenable to rules. In giving her existence, a great law had been broken; and the result was a being whose elements were perhaps beautiful and brilliant, but all in disorder; or with an order peculiar to themselves, amidst which the point of variety and arrangement was difficult or impossible to be discovered. Hester could only account for the child's character—and even then most vaguely and imperfectly—by recalling what she herself had been, during that momentous period while Pearl was imbibing her soul from the spiritual world, and her bodily frame from its material of earth. The mother's impassioned state had been the medium through which were transmitted to the unborn infant the rays of its moral life; and however white and clear originally, they had taken the deep stains of crimson and gold, the fiery lustre, the black shadow, and the untempered light, of the intervening substance. Above all, the warfare of Hester's spirit, at that epoch, was perpetuated in Pearl. She could recognise her wild, desperate, defiant mood, the flightiness of her temper, and even some of the very cloud-shapes of gloom and despondency that had brooded in her heart. They were now illuminated by the morning radiance of a child's disposition; but, later in the day of earthly existence, might be prolific of storm and whirlwind.”

The House of the Seven Gables is in some respects the most elaborate and finished, if neither the most pleasing nor the most profound, of his writings. Its material is of the very slightest. The absence of incident, which we have already remarked on, has here reached its utmost; there is literally no action in the whole romance. The only *event* is the sudden death from apoplexy of a worldly, hardened, outwardly respectable old man, at the very time he is bent on executing the most wicked project of his life. But there is more than mere want of incident to throw the work out of the ordinary category of tales, and almost to class it with other forms of composition: the descriptive nearly swallows up every other characteristic. The dramatic element plays a comparatively insignificant part in any of Hawthorne's writings; but here its deficiency is carried to excess. The portraiture of poor Clifford's life and character, on which the author's efforts have been mainly expended, is produced by pages upon pages of unbroken description. With a wonderfully revealing power, we are told, but Clifford hardly ever, by deed or word, himself shows us, what he is. There is no self-manifesting quality in the characters.

They have all to be introduced, taken to pieces and explained, as much as if they were but lay figures or psychological wax-models. But notwithstanding this defect, the conception of Clifford is apprehended by the author so vividly, so sharply, so thoroughly, and analysed and described with such keenness, care, and minuteness, that the effect is most impressive. Line upon line is added with an elaboration that in the end is almost oppressive. Quietly and gently, touch by touch is given, till it would seem artistic finish could no further go. And it is as a marvel of artistic finish and workmanship that the piece is chiefly attractive. For Clifford, after all the pains bestowed upon him, is far from a loveable person. "An abortive lover of the Beautiful" is but an abortion after all. It is both sad and instructive to see how the mere artist-instinct, unsweetened, unpreserved by admixture of the more humanizing ingredients of heart and soul, corrupts the entire being, and crushes every more generous impulse under the demands for selfish gratification of what thus becomes a ruling passion. May not his terrible troubles have been messengers of mercy in disguise, to save from utter extinction what embers of human feeling were still capable of emitting a transient glow?

The intense all-absorbing devotion of Hepzibah forms, it is true, a pathetic contrast and relief to Clifford's refined unconscious selfishness. But the seclusion in which her pride and misfortunes have shut her up, and her many years' brooding over the one engrossing affection, the one great sorrow of her heart, have so dried up the well-springs of her nature, and narrowed her affinities with human life, that she appeals to our pity, not unmixed with ridicule, rather than to any warmer sentiment of admiration or regard.

Phoebe is, indeed, a cheery, refreshing spot in the dismal picture. We might have introduced her as an example of our author's intense sympathy with the natural and sweet ways and aims of childhood. She is no doubt on the verge of womanhood; but she has so much of the child about her, at least of the child-heart in her, before the woman is awakened by her contact with Holgrave; she is so simple, so natural, so innocent, that we forget her years in her character. But she also exemplifies another quality we have claimed for her historian,—his power to depict scenes of real life. The homely little housewife, so practical in all her thoughts and habits, so skilful in all womanly handiwork, sheds a beam of sunshine through all the gloomy house, through all the gloomier lives, of her kinsfolk, by her gentle grace, her apt and winning ways, and unflagging spirit of genial activity. Every touch is realistic. We feel her sunny smile with gladdening warmth on our hearts. She is one of those

bright but homely creatures, that seem sent to teach us the too-often-forgotten lesson, that cheerfulness is not only a personal charm, but a social virtue.

Artistically, Holgrave is the least satisfactory character. He seems to us less definitely and firmly conceived, less clearly brought out, perhaps less consistent, than almost any other playing an equally prominent part in Hawthorne's works.

The pervading impression of the whole narrative is one of something very like a fate, but really far more solemn and terrible than any fate that ever brooded over Grecian tragedy,—the undying and illimitable consequences of human action and character, and the intimate ties that link the generations of man into one organic whole. The Past hangs like a murky pall of judgment over the Present, teaching us that what we are and what we do may affect those that are to come after us more critically, it may be, than even ourselves.

The lowest rank among his works of fiction we should be disposed to assign to *The Blithedale Romance*. It has much of the same delicacy of handling, and play of the imagination, and unimpassioned study of mental phenomena ; but it does not display the same mastery and subtle fascination as the others. It may be that the subject is less fitted for his peculiar powers, or that he has undertaken it in an hour of less happy inspiration. The task he has set himself is not sufficiently composite fully to engage and call forth his strength. The entanglements and cross-purposes of the love-passages between a strong, rude, masculine nature, of noble impulse and herculean will, but narrow, uncultivated, and under the domination of one idea, and two women nearly related, but of widely different metal and temper, and both equally within the range of his attraction, for the exercise of which the circumstances are in the highest degree favourable, is almost too simple and commonplace a problem fully to charm his fancy or stimulate the peculiar bent of his genius. The circumstances of the Blithedale life were no doubt strange, but not strange enough. Besides, it is not strangeness of outward circumstances Hawthorne needs, but of inward life,—the co-existence of uncongenial emotions and of irreconcilable tendencies. Still the study of the mental constitution and development of some of the characters is fine, and the book has an interest of its own, from the fact of its breaking ground untouched in any of his other works. It is his only tale which issues in a tragic catastrophe ; for although the murder of Miriam's model in *Transformation* may at first appear to be an event of such a nature, his character and circumstances, save as they bear on Miriam, are too incidentally interwoven into the texture of the romance to concern the reader, more than in a secondary degree, in his fortunes. His appearance is too episo-

dical; and his fate is felt rather as the occasion of other events of interest than of vital interest itself. But Zenobia is the prominent figure in *Blithedale*, and her end is undeniably tragic. She is, too, the only instance of Hawthorne's essaying to delineate a character of thoroughly passionate impulse. She has none of the pale tints and pensive aspect of his other creations. He would represent her as Oriental in character, and the unflinching exotic that adorned her hair was a subtle expression of her own nature. This romance, moreover, is the only one in which he has chosen the development of the tender passion as his direct and primary theme. For this, and the modifying influence it exerts, as well as the modified forms it assumes, in minds so variously and characteristically constituted and disposed as Zenobia, Priscilla, Hollingsworth, and Coverdale, form the real interest, although the more ostensible purpose and moral of the book may be to depict the perilous, often ruinous, effects on the individual—whatever they may be to society at large,—of "what is called philanthropy, when adopted as a profession." *The House of the Seven Gables*, and *Transformation*, no doubt, deal with the subject; but in each it appears only as an accessory,—like the side scenes in a drama, or the costume to a portrait; and while harmonizing with the general effect, and affording a setting to the central object, does not divert the interest to itself.

The fundamental idea of *Transformation* is the awakening and education of a human soul from a state of simple, unconscious innocence, through crime, to a higher life of moral and spiritual struggle, in which it may be trained, not to ignore, but to combat and subdue evil. In this some will see an attempt, more or less successful, at an imaginative rendering of a great truth, that has, with varying distinctness, been the subject of human contemplation and speculation since the epoch of earliest written records of the race. Others may be disposed to trace in it a pernicious application of the Goethean doctrine that experience is the mighty teacher, the sole condition of human development, even to the point that our perfect and manifold culture demands personal acquaintance, through actual participation, with guilt; that we are but imperfect and partial, so long as our conscience is free from the darker stains with which life may besmirch it, until we have fathomed the depths, as well as scaled the heights of our inmost nature. Such a theory as this is hinted at in *The Blithedale Romance*, where Coverdale, speaking of Hollingsworth's "plan for the reformation of criminals through an appeal to their higher instincts," says, "he ought to have commenced his investigations of the subject by perpetrating some huge sin, in his proper person, and examining the condition of his higher instincts afterwards." The

difficulty that would, at the outset, present itself in undertaking such a task, would be to find a human type representing, with any approach to adequacy, the original state of innocence and natural simplicity. The solution of this difficulty is found in the poetic conception of the Faun of Antiquity; and it is perhaps to his studies of classical art, while in Rome, that Hawthorne is indebted for the germinating idea of the work, as he confessedly is to the conditions of life, physical surroundings, and social atmosphere of the "Eternal City" of the present day for its details and background. As the marble Faun of Praxiteles affords the key-note to the whole romance, we give his description of it here. After describing the externals of the statue, he thus proceeds to analyse its inner life:—

"Perhaps it is the very lack of moral severity, of any high and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful an object to the human eye, and to the frailty of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause; there is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

"The animal nature, indeed, is a most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs,—these are the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures there is another token of brute kindred—a certain caudal appendage, which, if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild, forest nature.

"Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a sculptor and a poet too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground! The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But, if the spectator

broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell; all the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man! The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists within that discoloured marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles.

"And, after all, the idea may have been no dream, but rather a poet's reminiscence of a period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear."

As a piece of Art-criticism this is very fine. But admirable as it is, it gives a very inadequate idea of the depth and thoroughness of the critical insight and exposition he brings to bear on this wonderful creation of the heathen imagination. The whole life of Donatello is an extended evolution and comment on the ideas he has here formally indicated. For his purpose, there is something marvellously suitable in the conception of the wild freshness, guilelessness, sportive exuberance, of natural life in its physical perfection, obtained in the meeting-point of man and animal; and this is worked out with a felicity and grace in the character of Donatello's yet blameless life, that vie with the production of Praxiteles itself.

We have before spoken of his fine eye for the natural innocence and purity of childhood. He has sketched the same qualities of heart and character, under an ideal aspect, in the person of Hilda, who exhibits a nature more mature and cultivated, and enriched by the fine instincts and sympathies of an artist, but hardly less childlike than "Little Annie." The picture of her virgin life, up in her lonely tower, above the turmoil, and passion, and filth of the city, pursuing the calling of her art with self-renouncing devotion, surrounded by the flock of white doves she feeds from her window, tending the never extinguished lamp before the shrine of the Virgin at the battlemented angle of her perch-home, with a sentiment akin to natural piety, but without the superstition of the professed worshippers of "Our Lady," forms a perfect contrast, not only to the dark, passionate heart of Miriam, who supplies the relieving shadow required for artistic balance to her spotless whiteness, but also in her growth to fair and noble womanhood, unsullied apparently by base deed or foul thought, to the idea sought to be worked out in the more perilous career of Donatello attaining a higher development through personal fall and repentance. And in this, perhaps, we have an example of Hawthorne's tendency to balance every argument and opinion with its counterpoise, and of his anxiety ever to give both sides a

fair hearing. The professed aim of the book is to display the educational operation of sin in awakening the conscience to a higher activity, and the rousing of the intellectual and moral nature, through passion, to a more comprehensive grasp of our position and relations in the universe. The progress of Donatello's development is meant to exhibit this. But Hawthorne would not be held to commit himself too absolutely to such a view, and side by side with the Faun-man, he seeks to show us in Hilda a being of the purest and truest instincts, of profound insight into what most vitally bears on the inner life of man, unfolding the richest blossoms of her nature with as little sense of guilt as could well be the lot of any human soul, save the mysterious shadow and burden its existence in others casts on the purest.

The first part of *Transformation*, it seems to us, is more successful than the latter portion. The growth and slow unfolding of Donatello's nature under the quickening influence of love—for it must not be overlooked that this, as well as guilt, is a teacher to him, and that his crime is not the outcome of unmixed and native evil, but of the passionate madness of a heart untutored to restraint, and moved to its depths by a not wholly ignoble enthusiasm,—his earlier life, we say, up to the period of his crime, is exquisitely fine and full of imaginative truth. The subsequent process has an air of effort, as if more the expression of reflective reasoning than of a vivifying imagination. We must content ourselves without more special reference to the remaining members of the quartet, as it would be impossible in a paragraph or two even to indicate the line of analysis of a character so complex as that of Miriam, on the one hand, and so devoid of salient points as that of Kenyon, on the other. In truth, to do justice to this, in some respects Hawthorne's greatest work, it would be necessary to devote to its consideration an entire article, instead of a page or two of a general review of his works. It is certainly the most mature, and, especially in the earlier half, the most delightful production of his pen. There is something in the free, joyous nature of Donatello that creates an atmosphere of freshness and health around the reader; it is as if he heard the song of birds and the babbling of brooks; as if the bright sunshine of a southern sky were overhead, but interrupted by a cool and leafy shade; as if conventional fetters were all broken, and life rejuvenized and full of the agile sportive gladness of the most wildly innocent animals. In a word, he feels as if the dream of a Golden Age were a realized fact, and all Nature rejoicing, and

“— its beauty
Its sole duty.”

Alongside of this perhaps too sensuous world, lying in the

golden light of imagination, the fair, chaste image of Hilda smiles on him, a sanctifying presence appealing to his more spiritual aspirations on the side of intellect and culture. The combined effect is one of purity and hope, of ethereal joy and full-pulsed life.

This romance is also the author's most ambitious effort. His other works deal with isolated and peculiar cases; their interest may be profound, but it is narrow. In "the marble Faun" he takes a wider range, and in the training of Donatello seems to aim at symbolizing the education at once of the race and of each individual, from a condition of unconscious innocence and unreflecting happiness to the conscious life of a free-will agent, quickened to recognise and war with evil,—from a condition in which man is but the highest and noblest animal, to one of true humanity. Not only is the aim and scope of the book thus loftier and wider than any of the others; it includes a more varied range of interests, and supplements the main current with tributary streams. But from this spring also some of its imperfections. The effect is richer, but more divided. With the larger theme the impression is less intense. It is less uniform in texture, and, whether from the flagging power of the writer, or from the inherent nature of the subject, the crisis is felt to be reached when the plunge into crime is made. It thus labours under the serious defect of attaining its highest point in the middle, after which the interest ebbs without a second flood. "The Scarlet Letter," for unique purpose, sustained tone, and culminating effect, must perhaps be admitted to be the more perfect work of art.

Besides the central interest of the romance, the book is full of subsidiary elements of attraction. We have already spoken of the criticisms on Art with which it abounds, and also casually referred to the delightful and accurate delineations of Italian scenery and life, and of many of the monuments of world-wide interest in and around the city of the seven hills, introduced in the course of the narrative. The author seems to have imbibed the very spirit of the scenes around him. His reproduction of Roman life and locality are faithful and living to a degree that can be fully appreciated by those only who have breathed that air, heavy with the memories of centuries, and gazed around on those circling hills of amethyst, and upward into that sky of such tender ethereal pearly grey and palpitating brightness. We know no description in prose or verse that so conveys the sylvan charm of the Borghese grounds, the beauty and magic prospect from the Pincio, the spell of witchery of the Trevi waters by moonlight, the solemn grandeur and hallowed memories of the Coliseum, broken in upon by the inharmonious and impertinent mirth or borrowed sentiment of tourists, as it

too often is, in its hours of most sanctified and impressive aspect, when night seems to withdraw it from the bustle and pettiness of the life of to-day into the silence and grandeur of a bygone world.

We would not, in conclusion, venture on an attempt at any estimate of our author's mental constituents, or at assigning to him a definite place in the literature of his country or language; but as, in the foregoing pages, we have dwelt mainly on what seemed to us admirable for some form of power or refinement in his literary character and works, we would now the more freely, and to prevent misconception, in a closing paragraph refer again to what we conceive to be in him a fertile source, of justness, no doubt, but far more of weakness—his indecision and balance, not of faculties, but of convictions. The pondering judicial attitude in which he so habitually holds himself leads him in many cases to offer opposing views of a question, either through the medium of different characters, or through the puzzled and wavering introspection of one, or even sometimes through the author's own reflections and descriptions on divers occasions. He deals in few fabrics that have a decidedly right side and a wrong; and takes care to exhibit the reverse of his wares as well as the obverse. He seems endowed with a sort of intellectual polarity. In his mind questions assume formulæ which, like quadratic equations in algebra, yield a twofold and opposite result, a solution at once positive and negative. He has no "singleness of eye"—not that the rays of mental vision ever mingle and confuse each other; on the contrary, each image is clear and sharp; but neither do they coalesce in stereoscopic solidity; they are distinct, but they are quite different. The sceptic, not in the popular, but in the strict philosophical sense of the word, enters as a large ingredient into his composition. He contemplates the world, apart, with shaded eye. He seems ever collecting evidence and information—arranging, sifting, expounding the pleas of both sides, like an impartial judge delivering his charge; but his mental jury rarely return a verdict. On the one side, it is demanded, "Who can trust the religious sentiment of Raphael, or receive any of his Virgins as heaven-descended likenesses, after seeing, for example, the Fornarina of the Barberini Palace, and feeling how sensual the artist must have been to paint such a brazen trollop of his own accord, and lovingly?" On the other, we are reminded of "Madonnas by Raphael, on whose lips he has impressed a holy and delicate reserve, implying sanctity on earth, and into whose soft eyes he has thrown a light which he never could have imagined, except by raising his own eyes with a pure aspiration heavenward." Seen from Hilda's and Kenyon's point of view, Guido's Archangel Michael "is the most beautiful and

divinest figure that mortal painter ever drew," with "an expression of heavenly severity, a degree of pain, trouble, and disgust at being brought in contact with sin, even for the purpose of quelling and punishing it, and yet a celestial tranquillity pervading his whole being." The same figure calls forth from Miriam's wildly excited imagination the following scorching sarcasm :—

"That Archangel now, how fair he looks, with his unruffled wings, with his unhacked sword, and clad in his bright armour, and that exquisitely fitting sky-blue tunic, cut in the latest Paradisiacal mode ! What a dainty air of the first celestial society ! With what half-scornful delicacy he sets his prettily sandalled foot on the head of his prostrate foe ! But is it thus that virtue looks the moment after its death-struggle with evil ? No, no ; I could have told Guido better. A full third of the Archangel's feathers should have been torn from his wings, the rest all ruffled, till they looked like Satan's own ! His sword should be streaming with blood, and perhaps broken half-way to the hilt ; his armour crushed, his robes rent, his breast gory ; a bleeding gash on his brow, cutting right across the stern scowl of battle ! He should press his foot hard down upon the old serpent, as if his very soul depended upon it, feeling him squirm mightily, and doubting whether the fight were half over yet, and how the victory might turn ! And with all this fierceness, this grimness, this unutterable horror, there should still be something high, tender, and holy, in Michael's eyes, and around his mouth. But the battle never was such child's-play as Guido's dapper Archangel seems to have found it."

And in these widely divergent criticisms, representing not merely differences of view, but antithetic types of mind, we recognise the feelings of the two classes, under one or other of which the students of Guido and Raphael mostly rank themselves. Notwithstanding his keen and profound sympathy with art and artist life, the author of *Transformation* declares that "a taste for pictorial art is often no more than a polish upon the hard enamel of an artificial character ;" and with as little ruth as any Vandal he would obliterate the decaying remains of the revered treasures that have come down to us from the noblest pencils of early date. "Now that the colours are so wretchedly bedimmed—now that blotches of plastered wall dot the frescoes all over, like a mean reality thrusting itself through life's brightest illusions—the next best artist to Cimabue, or Giotto, or Ghirlandaio, or Pinturicchio, will be he that shall reverently cover over their ruined masterpieces with whitewash !" His imagination not only seeks, but craves for the old, the reverend, the time-hallowed, and feels scared by the spick-and-span newness of American life ; yet he rails against a permanent and enduring architecture,—an art which, both in public monuments, civil and religious, and in private and

domestic homesteads (where the character is nourished that feeds the national spirit), is perhaps as sure an expression as any, of the stability and historic life of a people. "We shall live to see the day, I trust," says Holgrave, "when no man shall build his house for posterity. . . . If each generation were allowed and expected to build its own houses, that single change, comparatively unimportant in itself, would imply almost every reform which society is now suffering for." And elsewhere we have a reflection of the author's own, that "all towns should be made capable of purification by fire or of decay within each half-century." What destruction, in the thought and heart of a nation, of the sense of grandeur, of traditional associations, of the reverence for the past that forms the hope and life-spring of the future, would such teaching, generally accepted and acted on, at once bear witness of, and reactively contribute to effect! We have already quoted a suggestion that vice may be but a lower form of virtue, and may ultimately be sublimed into it. But the counterbalancing statement is not wanting. "There is, I believe," says Hilda, "only one Right and one Wrong; and I do not understand how two things so totally unlike can be mistaken for one another; nor how two mortal foes, as Right and Wrong surely are, can work together in the same deed." Again, "Sin has educated Donatello, and elevated him,"—and the scope of the whole book is an attempt to embody this view. "Is Sin then,—which we deem such a dreadful blackness in the universe,—is it like Sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained? Did Adam fall that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier paradise than his?" To which we have the rejoinder,—“This is terrible. . . . Do you not perceive what a mockery your creed makes, not only of all religious sentiment, but of moral law? and how it annuls and obliterates whatever precepts of Heaven are written deepest within us?”

In some measure this oscillation may be but the expression of varying moods of a fanciful and speculative mind, that delights, "as an intellectual and moral exercise," as he himself says, in imagination to play out the part of beings hypothetically endowed with intellectual and moral attributes, and placed in hypothetical situations. In so far as it is the result of genuine doubt, sincere impartiality and candour, and dispassionate inquiry, it may indicate a character that will never command a great following; but it is surely better than the unhesitating but blind movement of a spirit of narrow partisanship and merely receptive activity, and must recommend itself to all thinking minds as a healthy discipline, and a process that must precede and underlie all well-founded belief.

ART. VIII.—POSITIVISM: ITS NATURE AND INFLUENCE AS A
PHILOSOPHY, A POLITY, AND A RELIGION.

1. *Cours de Philosophie Positive*. Par M. AUGUSTE COMTE. Paris: Bachelier. Tome Premier, 1830. Tome Sixième, 1842.
2. *Système de Politique Positive: ou Traité de Sociologie, Instituant la Religion de l'Humanité*. Par AUGUSTE COMTE, Auteur du *Système de Philosophie Positive*. Paris: à la Librairie Scientifique-Industrielle de L. Mathias, et chez l'Auteur. Tome Premier, Juillet 1851. Tome Quatrième Août, 1854.
3. *The Catechism of Positive Religion*. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: John Chapman, 1858.
4. *A General View of Positivism*. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte, by J. H. BRIDGES, Physician to the Bradford Infirmary; late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Trübner and Co., 1865.
5. *Notice sur l'Œuvre et sur la Vie d'Auguste Comte*: Par le docteur ROBINET, son Médecin, et l'un de ses treize Exécuteurs Testamentaires. Deuxième édition. Paris: Librairie Richelieu, 1864.
6. *Auguste Comte and Positivism*. By JOHN STUART MILL. Reprinted from the *Westminster Review*. London: Trübner and Co., 1865.
7. *The History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte*. By G. H. LEWES. Third Edition. Second Vol.—Modern Philosophy. London: Longmans and Co., 1867.
8. *The Unity of Comte's Life and Doctrine*. A Reply to Strictures on Comte's later Writings, addressed to J. S. Mill, Esq., M.P. By J. H. BRIDGES, Translator of Comte's *General View of Positivism*. London: Trübner and Co., 1866.
9. *The New Religion in its Attitude towards the Old*. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: Trübner and Co., 1860.
10. *Vingtième Circulaire*, adressée à chaque Coopérateur du libre Subside, institué par Auguste Comte pour le Sacerdoce de l'Humanité. Par M. P. LAFITTE. Paris. 18 Février 1868.
11. *International Policy*. Essays on the Foreign Relations of England. London: Chapman and Hall, 1866.
12. *Elizabeth of England*. Two Lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, January 1862. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: Trübner and Co.

13. *La Philosophie en France au XIX^e Siècle.* Par FÉLIX RAVAISSON, Membre de l'Institut. Publication faite sous les auspices du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique. Paris : à l'Imprimerie Impériale, 1868.

THE most systematic attempt which has been made to prove the self-sufficiency of Science, and the impossibility of Theology and Metaphysics, is what is called Positivism, or the Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. If then we should find, that so far from proving that the principles revealed in consciousness can be dispensed with, it silently assumes, while professing to discard, some of the most important of these, and that Auguste Comte afterwards in the process of his own intellectual development, virtually brought back elements essential to Religion and Metaphysics, we shall surely have some warrant for alleging the failure of Positivism as a substitute for Philosophy, and its own inconsistency as a system of human knowledge. The final result of the doctrine of Relative Knowledge as developed by Comte, must be, if it could be consistently carried out, the annihilation of all possible apprehension of anything true, and the reduction of our knowledge to mere *Schein*. The laws of Nature may be called unchangeable, but we can have no warrant for saying they are ; and Nature, instead of being the grand Totality of general laws, becomes a bundle of multitudinous phenomena viewed in a certain order of which we can really *know* nothing. Positivism cannot escape absolute Scepticism by even becoming Materialism, for it can know nothing about the reality of the sphere of experience with which alone it concerns itself. Comte aimed at carrying his principles into all regions of inquiry, and to give a satisfactory Philosophy, not merely of Science, but also of History, Politics, and Religion. And as his system is the farthest reach (as it were) of the scientific spirit, and carries to its extreme the tendencies existing in so many, though in partially developed form, to deny the possibility of Theology and Philosophy (in the old meaning of the latter term), and to treat all inquiries in these fields with contempt as empty and frivolous—if *it* has failed, and if the substitute it has provided be found to land us in confusion and contradiction, then must we reject the assumptions with which it starts, satisfied that the last and greatest enemy of Philosophy and Theology is incompetent to fulfil its boasts, and that it will be wise for Science to seek reconciliation with Metaphysic, instead of viewing and treating her as an enemy or a rival.

The foundation of Comte's system, in the widest sense of the word, is the classification which he, and Mr. Lewes after him, called the Philosophy of the Sciences. It was certainly a great

work to classify the laws of all the Sciences in their order of relative simplicity and complexity, and to thereby give us an interconnected and interdependent Whole of Scientific Knowledge. But this was only the beginning of his work. The classification of the Sciences was followed afterwards by an examination and subsequent generalization of the facts and laws of human life. Comte discovered general laws running through history, and of which human life manifested the continuous development, and these also he systematized into a connected body of doctrine (which he called Sociology). The Philosophy of the Sciences, and the Philosophy of History and Society, were afterwards followed by the creation of a Religion in which all the laws of the various fields of inquiry, that had been observed and systematized according to their external relations, were systematized according as they were related to man. The Objective order in which things appear was thus succeeded by a Subjective order in which the same classes of phenomena were arranged in subordination to humanity. This Subjective order, which is explained and developed in the *Philosophie Politique* as the Objective was in the *Philosophie Positive*, became the sphere wherein Comte traced out the final Religion—the Religion of Humanity. Humanity was made the central object of the Religion, the only proper object of worship. There is no doubt, of course, that peculiar circumstances in the life of Comte, by quickening his affective nature, and deepening his moral instincts and impulses, led him to attach more importance than he would otherwise have done to the emotional elements that are utilized in the Positive Religion; but we believe they only hastened the development of a natural process. At all events, it is certain that from the first, when he was a mere youth, he was more anxious to assist in establishing a new practical polity to deliver modern Europe from the anarchy in which, in his opinion, she had more or less been for five centuries, than to discover theoretical laws; or rather he sought the latter mainly with a view to the former. There was no real discord between his earlier and later views. By and by we shall seek to exhibit their connexion.

Meanwhile, and before entering on a specific examination of these views, it may be interesting to ask how far Comte's leading principles were peculiar to himself. We do not doubt his originality—he was original in very much—but there can be no question that some of his most important doctrines were suggested to him by others, or were discovered, though not applied, by others. So far as the system of Positive Philosophy in its primary sense is concerned, Comte regarded himself as only continuing and completing the intellectual movement

begun by Bacon and Descartes in modern times. His Sociological theories, though not due to, were certainly originated under the influence of Saint Simon; and some of his greatest thoughts, such as the unity of the human race, seem to have been derived from De Maistre. As fundamental to his Sociology, Comte placed a system of Phrenology similar to that of Gall and Broussais. Even his great law of historical evolution was anticipated by another,—by Turgot in his *Histoire des progrès de l'esprit humain*, as has been pointed out by M. Ravaisson.¹

But although these facts may somewhat affect Comte's reputation for originality, there can be no doubt that he was thoroughly original in his applications of these laws and principles, while it is only fair to add that the author of the *Philosophie Positive* was generally forward to acknowledge intellectual obligations. However one may differ from his conclusions, yet no one who reads his works can doubt the breadth and brilliance of his intellect. Specially unwarranted is the suggestion that the peculiarities of the Religion of Humanity may be accounted for on the theory of the partial insanity or mental weakness of its author. The later work, which expounds it—*La Politique Positive*—is certainly not inferior in grasp or in power of generalization and in some respects is even superior in brilliance to, while it is written in a much simpler and purer style than, the *Philosophie Positive*. To this general appreciation of Comte's intellect, we would only add, that his moral nature was lofty and noble, while his life was pure even to the verge of asceticism. Such assertions may surprise some, who are only aware that to all intents and purposes Comte was an atheist, and that he persistently, and even vehemently, discarded all superhuman sanctions for morality. That he may not have been atheistic, in the common sense of the word, is not here to the purpose. We know that he himself strongly, and even angrily, disclaimed the title. But while, so far as dogmatic assertion went, only declaring that the region of the supernatural—if such there

¹ The following is the passage which is quoted by M. Ravaisson:—"Avant de connaître la liaison des effets physiques entre eux il n'y eut rien de plus naturel que de supposer qu'ils étaient produits par des êtres intelligents invisibles, et semblables à nous. Car à quoi auraient-ils ressemblé? Tout ce qui arrivait sans que les hommes y eussent part eut son dieu. . . . Quand les philosophes eurent reconnu l'absurdité de ces fables, sans avoir acquis néanmoins de vraies lumières sur l'histoire naturelle, ils imaginèrent d'expliquer les causes des phénomènes par des expressions abstraites, comme essences et facultés, expressions qui, cependant, n'expliquaient rien, et dont on raisonnait comme si elles eussent été des êtres, des nouvelles divinités substituées aux anciennes. . . . Ce ne fut que bien tard, en observant l'action mécanique que les corps ont les uns sur les autres, qu'on tira de cette mécanique d'autres hypothèses, que les mathématiques purent développer et l'expérience vérifier."

were—was wholly beyond the reach of human intellect, and condemning the presumption of the atheist who declared that the world was self-originated, or was eternal, yet Comte always practically took it for granted that there is no supernatural sphere, and that all theological averments regarding it (whether natural or revealed) are a bundle of fictions. His negative theoretical attitude therefore involved a positive practical one, which regarded Theology as a pure work of the imagination. Indeed, Comte has thereby laid himself open to the reproaches of Mr. Mill, who holds him faithless to the negative character of Positivism in taking such a position towards Theism. No advantage therefore can be claimed for his religious opinions over Atheism. But he was unlike the ordinary atheist in another respect. Comte was no mere negativist, and even declared a preference for what he might count erroneous doctrines to a merely critical and destructive attitude. His whole purpose and object was, in opposition to the negative school, Constructive. Adopting the axiom of the Emperor Louis Napoleon—of whom his admiration was great, *because* he was the author of such a sentence—that “To destroy you must replace,” he devoted his life to the attempt to construct a harmonious scheme of human knowledge, which should give satisfaction to all the impulses and affections of human nature and manifest Humanity (or the total of what is worthy in human life, past, present, and future), as the centre of his system, and as giving the law of moral order.

It was in 1822 that Comte discovered, “in the fire of an ardent imagination”—to use the words of a devoted admirer—“the fundamental law of human evolution, intellectual and practical. By means of it, political reorganization obtained a positive basis, and modern renovation was assured.” It was with this law he commenced his *Cours de Philosophie Positive*.¹ The true nature of his Philosophy could not, he said, be understood without first of all throwing a *coup d'œil* over the progressive march of the human spirit regarded in its totality. The “great fundamental law” which resulted from this survey he enounced in the following terms:—It (the law) consists in this, “that each of our leading conceptions, each branch of our knowledge (or knowledges, to use a convenient word employed by Sir W. Hamilton) passes successively through three different theoretic states: the theological or fictitious, the metaphysical or abstract, and the scientific or positive. In other words, the human spirit naturally employs in its researches three methods of philoso-

¹ Originally delivered as lectures, Comte called this work a *Cours de Philosophie*, but when he published a second edition, the *Cours* became a *Système*, like the *Philosophie Politique*.

phizing successively ; the character of each of which is essentially different from, and even radically opposed to, the other : first, the theological method, then the metaphysical, and finally the positive." He did not of course intend to allege, as has been supposed by some, that "*every* class of human conceptions" passed through the three states designated ; but only, as he himself expresses it, "our principal conceptions, or each branch of our knowledges ;" or more definitely still, that there are three methods of explaining the phenomena of the Universe. When men first set themselves to account for the wonderful appearances by which they were surrounded, they did so by referring their causes to supernatural agents ; but afterwards, when they had ceased to call in the superhuman at every turn, they were satisfied by the discovery of Metaphysical Entities, such, for example, as Vital Principles, Plastic Forces, etc. According to the latter mode of explanation, objects do all they do and are what they are through some inherent Virtue resident in them. This state is followed by the Positive, which is the third and last, in which men explain existences and appearances by "the invariable laws of phenomena" (to use Mr. Mill's words), without any inquiry into their causes. That is to say, we can trace in the course of man's intellectual development the use of three successive modes of accounting for the facts of nature, one or other of which has been predominant at every historical epoch. But it does not follow that these three stages have so definitely and distinctly succeeded each other that the period in which each prevailed exclusively can be marked off by chronological lines. So far from this, all three may, and to a certain extent do, co-exist,—one method prevailing in one branch of inquiry while another is adopted in a second, and so on. It is also natural to individual intellect, as it is to that of man collectively, to pass through the three states. In history, we observe nations proceeding from the Fetichistic and Theological to the Metaphysical, and landing in the Positive state ; and with individuals, we find that children begin by accounting for things on the same principle as holds sway in the first, or Theologic method, from which, in the course of their intellectual development, they go on to the second, until, in their maturity (in countries sufficiently advanced), they pass into the third, or Positive.¹

¹ In the *Philosophie Positive* Comte attributes the existing intellectual anarchy to the *simultaneous* employment of all three philosophical methods—the theological in certain branches of investigation, the metaphysical in others, and the Positive in yet others.—*Vide* vol. i. f. 50. Mathematics is wholly Positive, but Sociology is metaphysical or theological, and the intervening sciences are more or less infected with metaphysical and theological elements.

That there is a certain amount of general truth in this law of evolution will probably be allowed, although it breaks down when too severely tested. As a hypothetical law it may be, and has been in Comte's hands, very serviceable. His applications of it in the volumes of his *Philosophie Positive* dealing with "Social Physics," and in his *Philosophy of History* in the *Politique*, are full of instruction, and are fertile in suggestive views of the natural processes of human development. At the same time we must dissent from the attempt to make this law or method of intellectual evolution the necessary course of *all* intellectual development (historically). Comte declares it is "impossible to imagine by what other procedure our understanding could have passed from supernatural to purely natural views, from the theological to the positive régime." Yet we have his own authority for the statement that in one of the most important and most numerous branches of the human family the law does not hold good. In the fourth volume of the *Politique* he draws a distinct line of demarcation between the course of intellectual development of the Eastern and Western hemispheres. "The past," he says, "divides itself into two principal ages; the one, essentially common to all peoples, comprises Fetichism and Theocracy; the other, exclusively belonging to the Western world, develops the spontaneous transition between Theocracy and Sociocracy"¹ (through Metaphysics). In other parts of the same work he declares his expectation that the East will pass immediately to the Positive platform (be developed into full-blown Comtists all at once) without traversing any intermediate metaphysical stage. Therefore, on Comte's own showing, since his law of evolution is not necessary among at least one section of the world's population it cannot be a law necessary to all. Without any reference to the disputed point of man's intellectual condition in the very earliest ages, it is thus clear that the Positive law of evolution is only partially applicable. Its main value must therefore remain that of a provisional hypothesis; and as such, while serving to bring into clearer light the solidarity and continuity of the human race, and exhibiting to us a progressive purpose running through the history of man, it may assuredly be of great service.

This "fundamental law" of Positivism is only introductory to the classification of the sciences and of the phenomena of life and society. It has been attempted to deprive Comte of the merit of originality in his scientific classification; but the attempt has been without success. Mr. Morell, in his *History of Modern Philosophy*—and his statement is accepted by Professor

¹ *Philosophie Politique*, vol. iv. p. 10.

Ferrier, and partly also by Dr. Stirling in the annotations to his excellent translation of Schwegler's *Handbook*—says that “no one who compares the philosophic method of Schelling with the *Philosophie Positive* of Auguste Comte can have the slightest hesitation as to the source from which the latter virtually sprang.” Now there is no doubt a considerable analogy between the generalizations of Schelling and Comte; but it is hardly possible that Comte could have put these philosophers under contribution, seeing that he had never read their writings. In a note to the preface to the sixth volume of the *Phil. Positive*, he says, “I have never read in any language Kant, Vico, Herder, Hegel, etc., and I know their works only by indirect references and some very insufficient extracts.” He felt convinced that his abstinence from the works of these authors had greatly contributed to the purity and harmony of his social philosophy. Now that his philosophy was completed, however, he remarks that he intends to *learn the German language*, “in order better to appreciate the necessary relations of my new mental unity with the systematic efforts of the chief German schools.” This is surely enough to demonstrate that from whatever source Comte obtained his theories, he did not get them from Hegel; and as Schelling had not been translated into French at the time when Comte had conceived and partially explained the scheme of his Positive Philosophy (in 1826), which was previous even to the period at which Cousin introduced Schelling's philosophy in a diffuse popular shape to the French public, Mr. Morell's attribution of the origin of Comte's classification to “the German Plato” must be held to be disproved.

Passing from this point, which it seemed desirable to elucidate, since it has led astray more than one writer on Comte, let us go on to the classification itself.

To reduce facts under laws is a necessity of our nature, since without such reduction we should be overwhelmed and hopelessly confused through the multiplicity of special, individual, and unconnected observations. Hence the laws of external phenomena correspond to the laws of our intellectual natures—are in effect the same (as their counterpart), for only in the applications of our intellect can we discover logical or intellectual laws. All psychological observation, all investigation of internal phenomena, is declared impossible by Comte, since we cannot, he says, divide ourselves into two halves, the one of which will be the observer, and the other the observed. All therefore we can know of our logical or intellectual functions is and can only be through and in their actual applications. The homogeneous body of doctrine which the positive philosophy gives us is thus strictly relative to human intelligence,

and the latter finds in external nature its own laws. It will be our constant tendency to reduce the number of external laws by subordinating them to the more general; for "scientific progress chiefly consists in gradually diminishing the number of distinct and independent laws." Yet although always tending to objective unity, Comte thought the goal when all phenomena might be included under *one* law was yet far off. Meanwhile, the only guide we can have in reducing the laws of one class of phenomena under those of another, is their relative simplicity or complexity. Before discovering the order of connexion and interdependence of laws, we must, however, distinguish between the two kinds of sciences presented to us. These are either abstract or concrete. The abstract or general "have as their object the discovery of the laws regulating the various classes of phenomena, considering all conceivable instances; the others (the concrete) are particular, descriptive (sometimes designated natural sciences, properly so called), and consist in the application of these laws to the real history of the various existing beings" (*Phil. Pos.* vol. i. p. 70). In the one case are the elements that enter into, it may be a class or order of different sciences, but which we must abstract in order to view them apart by themselves. In the multitude of observed phenomena we notice certain general elements common to various classes of bodies. For example, the abstract science of Physiology deals with the general laws of all organic existences; and subordinate to it we have the particular or concrete sciences of zoology and botany, which deal with the mode of existence of each separate living body.

This is enough to indicate the nature of the classification, into the details of which we do not require to go. It is only desirable to bear in mind that the system which is presented to us as (excluding both Theology and Metaphysics) the only possible Philosophy, and which claims to embrace the totality of all possible knowledges in a regular series (connected and interdependent), has for its matter the laws or elementary facts of phenomena, altogether apart from any knowledge of causes. According to Comte, "*L'explication des faits, réduite alors à ses termes réels, n'est plus désormais que la liaison établie entre les divers phénomènes particuliers et quelques faits généraux, dont les progrès de la science tendent de plus en plus à diminuer le nombre.*" Let it further be remembered what is claimed for Positive Philosophy by its disciples, viz., that "it represents both the objective and the subjective dependence of our means of knowing" the laws of the universe, of man, and of society. It constructs a series which makes all the separate

sciences organic parts of one science. Yet this same fixed and assured objective science must be dependent upon human conceptions, since the Positive Philosophy is purely relative in the sense that our knowledge is conditioned and in part constituted by the subjective forms that alone make it real. Even the phenomena that appear most thoroughly independent of man are essentially relative. The most general external facts, and the most special internal phenomena, are alike subordinated to the fundamental relation between the organism and what Comte calls "le milieu," the dualism of which constitutes life. "Ainsi, toutes nos connaissances réelles sont nécessairement relatives, d'une part au milieu en tant que susceptible d'agir sur nous, et d'une autre part à l'organisme en tant que sensible à cette action; en sorte que l'inertie de l'un ou l'insensibilité de l'autre supprime aussitôt ce commerce continu d'où dépend toute notion effective" (*Phil. Pos.*, vol. vi. p. 725). Accordingly "all our speculations whatsoever, as well as all the other phenomena of life, are at once deeply affected by the external constitution which regulates the mode of action, and by the internal constitution which determines their personal result, without our ever being able to obtain in any particular case an exact appreciation of the influence due to each of these inseparable elements of our impressions and thoughts." This "biological conception" was the Comtean substitute for the Kantian theory of knowledge, according to which the external "*ding an sich*" and the internal forms of thought are equally indispensable.

The hierarchy of the Sciences, which consists of five fundamental sciences, builds up a stable body of interconnected and interdependent knowledge from the simplest mathematical conceptions to the loftiest social speculations. Comte claimed to have fully completed the elementary system of natural philosophy initiated by Aristotle, and in its general spirit conceived by Bacon and Descartes; but this was only done through the foundation and elaboration of Sociology, which was in his eyes the last and most important science of all, that "without which the system of true modern philosophy could have neither unity nor consistency, and which, though without a place in the routine and retrograde constitution of our scientific academies, has at least in its actual origin as much positivity and more rationality than any of the previous sciences." Of course, if Positive Philosophy were to embrace the explanation of all phenomena, it could not omit the last and most important series of facts and laws. Biology, which is a branch of the fundamental science of Physiology, had explained the laws of the individual. But man does not exist as an independent individual, but as the member of a race; and the condition of

man and of human civilisation at any particular period necessarily depends upon the preceding, and what it has been, just as in its turn it has been determined by its predecessor, and determines its successor. Humanity is thus a collective organism, the links in which are the successive generations of men. "Man, properly speaking," said Comte, "i.e., as an individual, is, at the bottom, a mere abstraction; there is nothing real but humanity, above all in the intellectual and moral order." No study of the existing state of civilisation, however acute, will therefore suffice, taken by itself, to give us a satisfactory Philosophy of History, or a satisfactory body of social and political doctrine. It will supply materials for the study, but it cannot furnish a true system of positive politics.

In order to establish such a system it is necessary to divide the work into two branches:—"The first should seek to establish the general progress of the human race, abstracting all causes whatever that might affect the rapidity of its civilisation, and consequently all the differences between people and people, however great they might be. In the second it will be proposed to estimate the influence of these modifying causes, and consequently to form the definite picture (*tableau*) in which each people will occupy the special plan corresponding to its peculiar development." First, that is, establish the general laws, and then proceed to examine the individual national idiosyncrasies (*Phil. Pol.*, vol. iv. p. 133, App.) As Biology is the science next to Sociology, the latter has become necessary, because it has been found that the former alone could not explain the phenomena resulting from the collective efforts of humanity in its condition of continuous existence. The law of evolution, previously explained, was the cardinal idea on which Sociology was founded. It was the universal law which would embrace and explain the various phenomena determined by the history of man, and enable us to trace these collective determinations through history. The works in which Comte applies the law from the standpoint of human history, contain a valuable series of (on the whole) marvellously accurate historical generalizations. Their main purpose in the eyes of Comte was to prove fundamental to a new polity, and to regulate the social relations of men by being instrumental in bringing the Western races first of all—to be followed afterwards by the other nations—out of the condition of anarchy in which they have been since the decay of Catholicism as a Spiritual power, a power which in its day Comte shows admirably fulfilled the end of moulding nations and peoples to social order.

Sociology alone could finally establish the Positive Philosophy.

Sociology is the summit of the system of all Science, and completes the true system of knowledge, which is henceforth subjected in its entire extent, as in its gradual expansion to one hierarchy, and to a common evolution, possible in no other way. Harmony between speculation and action is also established, supremacy being given over all things to Sociological conceptions. "Finally, the morality whose direct exigencies were implicitly misconceived during the preliminary elaboration, recovers also its eternal rights in consequence of the mental supremacy of the social point of view, re-establishing with an energetic efficiency the continuous reign of the spirit of *ensemble*, to which remains always profoundly bound the true sentiment of duty." The development of human nature, both collective and individual, exhibits the growing ascendancy of humanity over animality, after the double supremacy of intelligence over mere inclination, and of the sympathetic instincts over the personal. Thus morality becomes the universal ruler, and the development of Positive Philosophy leads directly up to it through the portals of Sociology. Of course, however, all our aims and hopes are strictly confined to "real life," as Comte calls our earthly existence; and Positive Philosophy tends more and more to make the happiness of each member of the human family dependent on the development of the sympathetic and benevolent emotions towards his fellows, and to all sensible beings subordinated to man.

It must now appear that in Comte's own mind the moral system which was the basis of the Religion of Humanity was strictly connected with his first development of positive principles, and even with his earliest conception of the Positive Philosophy. It remains for us to sketch the main features of the Religion of Humanity, and to examine its progress and present position.

It has been seen that from his earliest youth the idea of the necessity for social reconstruction—fostered by the influence of Saint Simon—was paramount in the thoughts of Comte. The prevalent confusion and anarchy of society could be only overcome by the constitution and assured supremacy of a new spiritual power exercising an authority over nations and men similar to that exercised by Roman Catholicism in its palmy days. We find this idea in the earliest of Comte's smaller works: and indeed he must, when a mere boy in his teens, have succeeded in emancipating himself from all the theologies and "effete spiritualisms" he saw around him. It might be interesting to examine the circumstances of his youth, which impelled him so soon to the conclusion that the force of theological motives was finally exhausted, and that it had become necessary to substitute

purely human motives, and to build up thereon a new science of morality and politics. Doubtless his native arrogance, we may almost say insolence of disposition, which made him generally rebellious against all authority external to himself, was a main factor in the case. With such a disposition at all events he began his life-work, elaborated a system of scientific knowledge leading up to the new science of Sociology, to which all other sciences were subordinated, and his development of the laws of which conducted him to the conclusion that a still higher synthesis was possible, and that Morality, involving the subordination of selfish impulse to the service of humanity, was the final term to which the process of universal generalization led. From this the step to a new Religion of Humanity was a short one.

Religion, in the Positive sense, has a peculiar meaning. It must be a religion without a God or gods; and therefore it might be supposed without objects of worship. Not so, however. According to Comte, Religion has primary reference to a certain end, and only secondarily to the means by which that end is to be attained. "In itself it expresses the state of perfect *unity* which is the distinctive mark of man's existence, both as an individual and in society, when all the constituent parts of his nature, moral as well as physical, are made habitually to converge freely towards one common purpose."¹ This subjective unity is only possible through the synthetic bending of all our faculties and emotions towards a common object, in such a way as to enable all our faculties to energize with the slightest possible loss of power. This can only be done under conditions which shall not produce any conflict or division among our powers, as Theology has done, says Dr. Bridges, by causing a conflict between Reason and Faith. The unity in view is in fact only the perfect state of intellectual and moral health in which is exercised "the greatest energy of each component part which is compatible with the energy of the whole." How is such a condition of perfect moral health attainable? A satisfactory answer to this question will also supply a satisfactory answer to the social problem. For that which regulates the individual nature of each will also form the rallying-point for all the separate individuals comprising society. It will be obvious that here Comte has reversed his "stand-point," and instead of—as in Sociology—descending from the laws of collective human life, he is applying to the latter what can only be found by beginning with the individual. But in the eyes of the author of the Religion of Humanity, "these are but two distinct forms

¹ *Vide* Introduction to the *Catechism of Positive Religion*, p. 46.

for one and the same problem ; for every man, at different periods of his life, differs from himself not less than he differs from those around him ; so that for the individual, as for the community, the laws of permanence and participation are identical." Like the Objective Unity, however, which we seek in the sphere of the external, this Subjective Unity of the individual is never completely attainable ; it is an ideal to which we may approach, but which, as the state of absolute perfection, is ever beyond us. The difficulty in our way arises from the pressure of our personal wants and wishes, which are constantly interfering to prevent that perfect devotion to Humanity, the *Grand Etre* of Positive worship, that can alone secure entire unity. The work of our lives must therefore be to approach ever more and more to the subordination of these selfish aims and ignoble passions and feelings to the service of Humanity ; to make Altruism predominate over Egoism. All former religious systems sought to bring human nature into a condition of harmony, but the importance of the end led men to attach the name Religion to the means or varieties of opinions by which it was to be effected, and which became so numerous and appear so irreconcilable. "Positivism, however, can bring them into an essential agreement, by viewing each in reference to the purpose it served in its own time and country. There is at bottom but one Religion, at once universal and final. To it all the partial and provisional religions more and more pointed, so far as the whole state of things at the time allowed."¹

But if harmony and health in our moral (and it must also be added in our physical) natures are the end of Religion, through the direction of all our energies to a common purpose, it is indispensable that there should be an emotional bond for the completion of our subjective unity, by binding together in every individual his diverse internal impulses, and also an intellectual bond to connect him with the external world, as to society, by the knowledge of the universal order. Religion must *bind together* man's inner nature by Love, and bind man to the outward world by Faith. Thus both heart and intellect share in constituting the synthetic unity of man and of society. Our actions and our thoughts are governed by our affections, and a point of union is necessary to connect these, which is found in Love. But in addition, as outside of us, we recognise an order or totality of phenomena which is above us, and to which we must submit. "There is a natural connexion between the two general conditions on which religion depends, especially when the external order of things can become the object on which the inward feeling can rest." It has always been

¹ *Catechism.*

the intellectual object of every religion to explain the universal order that rules over human existence, in order to determine our relations towards it. The prevalence or predominance of our personal instincts, or of any single selfish instinct, will exclude sympathetic and benevolent feelings. All such egoistic impulses must therefore be submitted to the affections, which require an outward object whereon to rest, otherwise there would be the continuous agitation of the heart by internal conflicts between the impulses and the senses, and the stimulus of pride or vanity. Moral unity is thus only possible by the subordination of all that is selfish, egoistic, and personal, to the good of Humanity. But it is subordination not absolute sacrifice that is demanded; for while Positivism "condenses the whole of sound morality in its law of *Live for others*, it allows and consecrates the regular satisfaction of our several personal instincts"¹ in their due spheres.

Religion resting upon Love and Faith—which gives Altruism as the ideal of practical morality, and which accepts and submits to the external order of the Universe for the purpose of modifying and directing its operations—develops systematically our noblest passions and powers. It is impossible to frame any absolute rule that shall determine in every case when and how the personal instincts are to be subordinated to the social; but the ideal of man must be in all circumstances and conditions to "Live for others." Love is the principle or foundation of action; Order—the Order of External Nature—the Fatality to which by Faith we submit ourselves—and Progress, or the advancement of the human race, the end of social existence. The entire system of natural laws, the order of the universe recognised by Positive Philosophy, is represented in the subjective sphere by Humanity, to which we owe all we are and have, which has arranged the conditions of our existence, and which is the instrument of our progress and happiness. The history of this Humanity exhibits to us the chosen ones who really constitute it, guiding the mass of the race during the past forty centuries, and ever striving to elevate man from his primitive isolation and animality, to the state of relative perfection yet in store for him and for society. Humanity thus conceived is the sole *Etre Suprême* we are bound to love and serve, and our affections go out towards this true providence of the race as the central object of our devotion. The sphere of the physical (in which natural science finds its field of investigation) is united to the sphere of morals (which regulates human life with supreme reference to the good of Humanity), the two being bound together by the connecting link of the logical sphere. The region of morals

¹ Robinet's *Vie de Comte*.

containing the highest synthesis on the subjective side will therefore be found to coincide with the physical, which contains the highest synthesis on the objective side. The external and internal are thereby connected and are reciprocally interactive. The end of perfecting our total system of knowledge is to develop the worship of the *Grand Etre*, the object at once of our love and faith. According as we view the Totality of our Knowledge from the subjective or the objective side, we have a different order of the same series of universal elements or laws. Regarded in relation to humanity we have the descending series proceeding according as they are less and less connected therewith—Morals, Sociology or Social Physics, Biology or the science of individual life, and, finally, Cosmology, comprising Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, and Mathematics. Regarded externally we have the same series, only in inverted order, beginning, that is, with Mathematics, and ascending regularly to Morals. "We may then descend or ascend according as we place ourselves at the subjective or objective point of view, that is, according as we relate the fundamental series to our conceptions, to our abstract constructions, or to the phenomena that serve as their base" (Robinet's *Vie de Comte*, p. 40). Man is bound to the outer world by the series of external knowledges, while his own internal unity is guaranteed by his subordination to sympathy. Both intelligence and activity are regulated and directed by sentiment, and universal love consolidates all our speculations in systematizing, consecrating, and disciplining them (Robinet).

From all we have said it is evident that the existence of an unvarying external order (a totality of laws) is fundamental to the Positive Religion. The secondary arrangements of the unvarying order may however be modified by human action; and consequently the Order of Nature corresponds with the idea of a necessity admitting modifications, which becomes the indispensable foundation of the order man introduces. While then we resign ourselves to the immutable order, the resignation does not preclude but encourages action. Our affections are fully occupied by the "idea of an immense and eternal Being, Humanity," in which the whole of our Positive conceptions are condensed, and which is destined to constant development by means of Sociological laws under the preponderating influence of biological and cosmological conceptions. This Humanity, although composed of the *ensemble* of human beings, past, present, and to come, does not therefore include all men. "All are necessarily born children of Humanity," said Comte, "but all do not become her servants." Those who are "mere digesting machines," are no real part of the *Grand Etre*. In

order to make up for the loss of those who are unworthy of the association, we may connect with the Supreme Being all the animals really helpful to man!

The solidarity or necessary connexion in space of human life is one aspect of the unity, whereof its continuity or progress in time is the other. Hence a constant action and reaction of the various parts of Humanity. "The living are always by the necessity of the case—and the more so the more we advance in time—under the government of the dead. Such is the fundamental law of human order." The servants of Humanity among the dead live on in the minds of their successors, a mode of existence purely subjective, as distinguished from the objective existence that implies the presence of the body. Humanity thus comes to be divided into two great sections, and as time proceeds, the influence of the dead continues to be a growing one. The worthy servants of Humanity receive as the reward of their service in this life incorporation with the Great Being, by which their subjective immortality is insured. "We have received large endowments from the liberality of our predecessors; we hand on gratuitously to our successors the whole domain in which man lives and moves; and the addition made in each successive generation becomes smaller and smaller in proportion to the amount received. Our exertions are necessarily disinterested. They meet with an adequate reward in our subjective incorporation, by which we are enabled to perpetuate our services in an altered form." The Great Being which is thus constituted is the object of worship and the final end of action, and *its* action is the collective work of an innumerable multitude of individuals. Of course, Comte could not claim that the idea of doing service to Humanity, or even of regarding human life as a unity, was wholly new and original. He traced the germ of his own theory in the most remote ages, and admitted that even a disciple of "the egoistic doctrine of Christianity" could say with some significance that "we are every one members one of another." But this was at best a confused anticipation of the final dogma of Positivism, which can only be properly and fully attained through the convergence of all branches of human knowledge to its centre in man.

By the discovery of the *Grand Etre*, with its nature and relations, the dogmatic side of the Religion of Humanity is completed, and the next point in order is the worship instituted in its honour. The one supplies the wants of the intellect—the other those of the heart and imagination. The object of the worship of Humanity is, to adopt the words of Comte, to adore her, "not as his worshippers adored God, with vain

compliments, but in order to serve her better by bettering ourselves. This is the normal object of Positive worship" (*Catechism*, p. 87). Not the indulgence of mere feeling, which leads to Mysticism; but the cultivation of feeling in order to action—in order the better to fulfil the practical maxim, *Live for others*. In the *Catechism* of the Positive Religion, Comte adjures his "spiritual daughter," whom he is addressing, to beware of reducing worship to the cultivation of mere feeling, an error to which, he adds, "I am more prone than you, by my greater tendency to system." But Worship does more than cultivate the feelings—it is also the bond of union between the doctrine and the *régime* or system of practical rule which the doctrine renders necessary. This it is by "idealizing both the one and the other." Of course our objects of worship are wholly fictitious in the sense of having only subjective existence, but they differ from the former fictitious creations worshipped by man in this respect that we are fully conscious that they *are* subjective. We adore the representation in our own minds of the Past, the Present, and the Future of Humanity: that is to say, our Ancestors, Contemporaries, and Descendants. As the best concrete types of these, we may worship the Mother, the Wife, and the Daughter, which encourage in us respectively feelings of veneration, affection, and tenderness. In such Worship we reproduce within us, by the aid of the imagination, stimulated by sentiment, the images of absent beings, as types or ideals, that are dear to us though they may be distant or dead; but since we know that these are merely images and representations, our own subjective creations, we still continue to subordinate the inner to the outer life, our mere contemplations to external reality. Still the types of perfection that live in our hearts, and which we adore, become regulators of our action, and under their influence and inspiration we grow purer and better.

The chief instrument of Positive Worship is Prayer—not in the shape of petition for the bestowal of benefits on ourselves,—which of course is deemed the height of selfishness,—but what Robinet calls "a true elevation of man to Humanity, in which we express to Her, or her best representatives, the gratitude and love with which they inspire us." Through prayer we contemplate and venerate what is noblest in human life, and thereby ourselves grow more noble. It becomes, therefore, the means of perfecting our natures; for the Positivist prays in order to give expression to his best affections. This is his main object. "He may also ask, but he asks only for a noble progress, which he insures almost by the

very asking." It is evident, then, that prayer is used on account of the reflex effect which the practice has upon our minds and affections. It is enjoined as a daily practice;—nay, as a practice to be followed three times a day—morning, noon, and night. "All prayer," says Comte, "public or private, ought to begin by commemoration as a preparation for effusion, the last occupying half the time the former occupies." In this last sentence we have an example of Comte's besetting sin—his passion for over-regulation,—which made him descend to fix the most minute details of the arrangements of the Positive Worship, public and private. Thereby appears the grotesqueness of his system. If he had simply given the complete dogma of Positivism, or even confined himself to expressing the main ideas of a Positive Worship, he would have escaped nearly all the laughter and contempt which he has excited. It is impossible to suppress such feelings when we contemplate the burlesque Ritualism which characterizes the Positive Worship. There is assuredly nothing absurd in itself in commending the use of art in the forms of poetry, music, and architecture in Positive worship; but when we come to the detailed Symbolism presented to us, and see the Divinity of Positivism—Humanity—represented, in sculpture or painting, as "a woman of the age of thirty, with her son in her arms," the sense of the ridiculous is irrepressible. When, too, we are told that in the temples of Humanity the image is to be fixed behind the sacred desk, and that a series of moveable banners, to be borne in the Positivist sacred processions, are to be used, on the white side of which will be the holy image, and on the green the sacred formula of Positivism—the *green side to be turned towards the procession*,—we cannot help wondering how so much that is grotesque could consist with so much that was really great in the mind of Comte. Mr. Mill might well say that Comte could have had no sense of ridicule; and however his disciples may try to prove the reverse from his fondness for Molière, etc., they will never succeed in convincing the world that he could have had any idea of the feeling of incongruity which his detailed arrangements must produce among men. So minute were these arrangements that he drew up a calendar, in which every day of the year—which was re-divided according to Positive conceptions—was devoted to the worship of some special servant of humanity. Then there is all the nonsense about guardian angels, etc., on which we have no patience, and happily there is no need, to enter. The Positive Worship was completed by the institution of a series of nine "Sacraments," the object of which is to consecrate to the service of the *Grand*

Etre the various epochs in human life, from birth to the choice of a profession, on through marriage, to death, and after death to incorporation in Humanity. The Worship that does this is, we are told, "a continuous idealization of human life, a permanent culture of sociability. From the cradle to the tomb it developes our Altruism: it offers to us a better and more synthetic conception of the *Grand Etre* who rules: it opens to us the ways of a subjective activity more elevated than that of real life."

But the Doctrine and the Worship do not complete the Religion. There remains yet the *régime*, by which the principle of universal harmony secures predominance over practical life, and which rests on the double basis of the worship and the doctrine. We have already seen that the Universal Order is divided into the Order of the World external to man and the order of man's world. A similar division is applicable to the progress whereof order is the basis. There is a progress which has reference to man's external circumstances, and there is a progress which has reference to his moral and spiritual natures. This division leads to the distinction between Temporal and Spiritual action and government, and therefore between temporal and spiritual authorities, or secular and political government and the Priesthood. Regarding the world from the "statical" point of view, or in the elements of its existence apart from its movement (which is "dynamical"), Comte had early arrived, we have seen, at a conviction of the necessity for a separation of the spiritual and temporal powers as the basis of social order and reorganization. He alleged that "any combined action of man, on however small a scale, requires the existence of a power whose special duty it is to bring back to general views and feelings, agents whose constant tendency is in the opposite direction. Such a power must check the disorganizing, and foster the converging tendencies of these agents." No society is possible without a government, not even the simplest form of it in the family. And as all men stand in need of education and guidance, it follows that in every society should be developed a Priesthood in some form or other. Never was it more needed than in these times of confusion, when, through the influence and action of Protestants, Deists, and Metaphysicians, Society is hopelessly disorganized. Only through a Positive Priesthood which shall undertake and direct the education of the members of society according to the very comprehensive plan sketched out by Comte, can reorganization be possible. The Spiritual Power, however, acts by persuasion and conviction, not by coercion. But cases may occur where the two former prove insufficient, in which instance the Priesthood is entitled to call to its help the judgment and

opinions of others. It is obvious that were Society ever reorganized according to Comte's scheme, the power of the Priesthood might, and indeed in the long-run must, prove fatal to individual liberty. For the Priesthood would have the power, in the case of those deemed irrecoverably bad, of excommunicating them from Humanity, and in her name pronouncing them absolutely unworthy; after which they would be "incapable of sharing in the benefits and duties of human society." We can conceive nothing more oppressive than such a power might become, despite the fact of its being, as Dr. Bridges says, a moral power resting on persuasion. A Positive Society, for instance, would tolerate none who were not Positivists in its midst; and were Society to become Positivist, persecution of those who dissented from its doctrines and disregarded its practical injunctions would be the consequence. The persecution need not take the form of physical coercion; but even without that the degradation necessarily consequent upon and in part resulting from the excommunications of the Priesthood would become intolerable. As usual, Comte goes into excessively minute detail in developing his ideas of the Positive Priesthood. He did not stop with constructing the general idea of a Spiritual authority, but proceeded to fix the orders, ages, and salaries of its various members. The High Priest of Humanity—the Head of the Spiritual Authority—"whose natural residence will be Paris, as the metropolis of the regenerated West," is to receive an annual salary of £2400, and is to be assisted by four national superiors, at salaries of £1200 each, who are to guide respectively the Italian, Spanish, English, and German Churches, and so on.

But we have perhaps already given more than enough of the details of the Religion of Humanity,—at least, quite as much as is consistent with a general survey of Positivism. Mr. Mill is so far impressed by the Religion of Humanity, that he takes some trouble to show how a religion without a God may not only be possible, but may be of a very elevated character, and of great practical utility. Mr. Lewes rejects the Positive Religion, but accepts "the great ideal existence," the conception of Humanity. We submit that in this he is scarcely logical. *If* he agrees with Comte in rejecting all causes, including the entire sphere of the Supernatural, and *if* he also accepts the "great ideal existence" which can alone regulate and guide those feelings that connect us with society, and lead us to subordinate selfish impulses to benevolent, then we do not see how consistently he can stop short of the Religion of Humanity. He is bound to show us how these feelings are to be exercised, cultivated, and developed. This Comte did, and was therefore so far the more consequent thinker of the two.

It may be interesting, before proceeding to estimate the influence of Positivism, to refer to the steps taken by Comte to make a practical commencement with the new Faith, and to inquire what success has hitherto attended or followed his efforts. We have said little hitherto about the influence of the circumstances of Comte's own life upon the formation of his opinions, as we consider that rather more has been done in this way than was quite necessary. We reject as absurd the attempt to trace to the remains of mental aberration, weakness, or insanity, the peculiar and strange religious doctrines and practices developed by him late in life. Unless we are to conclude that whatever may be strange in a man indicates insanity, there is no ground for charging insanity upon Comte. It is true that his intellect was once for a short time disordered; but it was only for a short time, and the cause can be traced in the intense and long-continued mental exertion which,—and it cannot be wondered at, considering the nature and endurance of that exertion—disturbed his brain. At the same time there is no doubt that the great self-concentration of Comte, building itself as a practice on the original tenacity and obstinacy of his nature, and favoured and fostered by his habits of seclusion from all intellectual influences other than his own, caused a one-sidedness which led him to forget and under-estimate the peculiar aspect his views would necessarily assume in the eyes of other men. The latest of his writings sufficiently shows there was no intellectual weakness in Comte,—and the fact of the perfect symmetry and systematic connexion of his views ought to demonstrate that insanity, in the ordinary sense of the word, had nothing to do with them.¹ Their peculiarity or grotesqueness, where they are grotesque, was probably due to those silent, solitary habits of thought being unchecked by reference to any objective standard, and tested only by the subjective standard of his own thoughts and feelings. There is another point of connexion between Comte's life and speculations to which we must refer, and on which much that is irrelevant and unjust has been written. There can be little doubt that Madame Clotilde de Vaux was the cause of a development of emotional feeling in Comte, and of a great exaltation of moral sentiment; and that under her influence he was led to attribute more to the sentimental elements of our nature than he might otherwise have done. We need not go into the subject minutely; but Comte being what he was by nature, it

¹ As well say that the remarkable theories of the later years of Schelling—in which he supplanted by a new, and, strangely enough, what he called a Positive Philosophy, all his earlier philosophical opinions was a proof of mental derangement.

was not astonishing, after his separation from his wife, that he should become powerfully influenced by a graceful, accomplished, and amiable woman, whose position in being separated from her husband, through no fault of hers, he viewed as similar to his own. The friendship of the two was, there can be no doubt, not only pure in character, but morally and spiritually beneficial to both. She was not, unfortunately, a woman whose intellectual nature was developed equally with her emotional and moral; and hence her influence over the author of the Positive Philosophy was too purely sentimental to be altogether healthy. But it was certainly due to her that Comte developed so soon as he did what we may call a Positive Religion and a Positive Metaphysics. Before knowing her he had indeed laid the foundations of the Religion of Humanity; but the supremacy allotted by him to Sentiment was, according to his own account, due to Clotilde, who was also, indirectly, the author of many of the foolish fancies about guardian angels, the worship of Woman, etc. etc., that became prominent elements of the Religion of Humanity. Her death increased, instead of causing to decline, her influence over Comte. The too short year in which he enjoyed her society became his ideal of all that was lovely and of good report. Naturally, therefore, Clotilde's image became the object of his fervent adoration, and henceforth Clotilde de Vaux herself became to Positivist worshippers what the Virgin Mary is to Catholics. It is curious to see the strange wanderings of a strong intellectual nature like Comte's, when wholly under the dominance of Sentiment, and recognising no stable, objective, and really-existing Ideal—an Ideal which was also a Real—that could satisfy his heart as well as his intellect.

Comte's first attempt to found a Positive Society, which should be developed into an association for the regeneration of human life, by the constitution and maintenance of a general Spiritual Power, supreme over all other organizations, and which as a Priesthood should direct the education of mankind, and save the Western World from anarchy, seems to have been made about two years after Madame Clotilde de Vaux's death. In February 1848, he issued a circular announcing the formation of the germ of such a Society, with "Order and Progress" as its motto. Its first object was to promote Positive instruction—on the one side in mathematical, inorganic, and biological studies, and on the other in history, which was the roadway of Social Science. Social studies were the end of this Association, which regarded intelligence as subordinate to Sociability, and the Spirit as the servant of the Heart. The month after the announce-

ment of its formation, with its centre of course in Paris, although it aimed at ultimately embracing within the sphere of its operations the whole of Western Europe, Comte, as its founder, addressed himself by circular to all who desired to become connected with it. In this document he declares himself the founder of a political Society, "destined to fulfil towards the second part of the great Revolution, which is essentially organic, an office equivalent to that which the Society of Jacobins so usefully exercised in the first part, which was of necessity critical"—the only difference between the two Societies being that the latest will be still more purely consultative, without any mingling of temporal intervention, "since it will rest upon a new general doctrine, the partisans of which are yet too few in number to obtain any other influence than that which may emanate from a free, public appreciation of the wisdom of their judgments and discoveries." This doctrine is of course, Positive Philosophy. "Until," said Comte, "it has acquired sufficient importance and extension, its *séances* will continue to be held at my house every Sunday, from seven to ten o'clock;" and in order to insure the harmony of the Society and its composition, "I alone will remain judge of the intellectual and moral aptitude of all who seek admission." Comte here virtually assumes the attitude of Pontiff or High Priest of Humanity, which he afterwards openly claimed to be. Of course knowledge (to a certain extent) of the Positive Philosophy was essential to membership; and Comte proclaimed that the Positive philosophers who wish to devote themselves to the Priesthood must renounce all public political positions. This he solemnly declared was the necessary result of the profound conviction which for more than twenty years had familiarized him with the essential separation of the two elementary powers. In this separation lay the fundamental principle of all healthy modern politics. For allies in the great work he had inaugurated, Comte looked not so much to the learned *savans* of the age, but mainly to the *prolétaire* class. It was among women and workmen that he hoped for most converts; and the striking characteristic of the new social regeneration would consist in the intimate alliance formed between true Positive philosophers and the proletaries of Western Europe.

But we must here draw attention to another circular, which was prepared in November 1848, and signed by twelve of Comte's most intimate friends and admirers, calling upon all who valued and sympathized with Comte's great life-work to subscribe to form a fund for his support. The twelve state that the composition of his works had occupied his whole lifetime, but they had excited against him enmities that had deprived

him of the means of making a livelihood. We need not here give the details of Comte's "persecution," by which he lost the office of Examiner in the Polytechnic School, and also the position he occupied as a teacher in a private boarding-house. Comtists have perhaps made more than sufficient noise about the matter. Yet, there is no doubt he was harshly treated, and was made to suffer for his opinions in person and in pocket. To repair the evil his friends asked, not from Positivists only, but from all the "enemies of injustice," the sum of 5000 francs, to be subscribed annually, *so long as Comte had no other means of support*. The result of the appeal was that a sum of 3000 francs was subscribed in 1849. This fund, instituted in peculiar circumstances, Comte soon came to look upon as a perpetual annuity due to him by his friends, which ought to be supplemented so as to become a permanent provision for the Positive Priesthood, and for the advancement of Positive principles. In the circular issued by him early in 1850, thanking his friends for their bounty, he declares that he did not hesitate to accept it "on the double title of a legitimate guarantee against the culpable spoliation of which I was officially the victim, and as a pledge of *merited* security for the continuance of my philosophical works." Holding as he did, that the public were bound to contribute of their abundance for the help of the philosophic few labouring at unremunerative pursuits, he thought it only his right to receive their money while he was devoting himself to the service of humanity. Had he not devoted his entire life to the founding of a healthy philosophy, and of the true religion, and ought he not therefore to receive the support of all who regarded the Positive faith as the only way of escape from continuous anarchy? Comte seems to have even looked forward to a more settled and permanent provision for the Positive Priesthood than was furnished by the voluntary offerings of the faithful; but he said that as it had been in the case of the Catholic Clergy, so would it be with the Priesthood of Humanity—private benevolence would long provide what would ultimately be supplied by public munificence. Perhaps if the scheme of indiscriminate endowment should ever be carried out in this country the Positive religion may attain in England the position its author anticipated! At all events, the new philosophers could not be expected to fulfil properly their social functions unless they were made independent of the ignoble cares that attend making one's livelihood. The fund was originally managed by M. Littré, between whom and Comte however, differences sprang up long before the philosopher's death, and who finally left the ranks of the complete Positivists.

The circular from which we have just quoted was the first of a series that has been issued annually since the establishment of the Positive Society, and became the means of connecting Positivists by a practical bond that was made a sign, and soon afterwards a test of fellowship. In a very short time Comte made the subscription list the test of the true Positivist. In March 1851 we find him dividing his followers into two parties, the one incomplete, and the other complete. The former consist of those who simply accepted his philosophical principles, while the latter, besides doing that, carried them out to their social and religious consequences. The annual circulars now exhibit year by year an increasing arrogance of tone. Abandoning all hope of reparation from his persecutors, and therewith seemingly all design or desire to work for his own support, he "feels himself constrained, at the age of fifty-four," to throw himself entirely upon the subscription, which was at first intended to have been only provisional and temporary. At this time the subscription list showed a total of above 4000 francs. The provisional fund designed to afford Comte temporary help had become transformed into a Sacerdotal subsidy, contribution to which was binding on every one who professed to be a Positivist, and which in 1853 he proclaimed his intention of making a preliminary condition of such a qualification. It was time to discriminate between the true and the false sheep! He would henceforth test all pretenders by the strict rules laid down in the Positive Catechism; but before so testing them it was necessary they should subscribe. The minimum asked from any individual (a centime per day) was so little that very few could claim exemption on the ground of poverty. The total amount of the subsidy ought to be 7000 francs, as 2000 francs were "morally" due to Madame Comte, as the annuity which her husband should pay to her. Anything beyond this amount would be applied to help aspirants to the new Priesthood, "or to facilitate my publications, or to some other Positive purpose." Because of his social mission he called upon even "sincere theologians," who believed with him that the greatest want of the age was the establishment of a spiritual power, to come to his help. In 1856 M. Comte was able to express his assurance of the establishment of his system in practical life. "Posterity," he then wrote, "will regard the Positive state of Humanity as having commenced spiritually during the year just past, since the Positive Religion, which had been fully established the previous year, from that time applied itself to the political institution of the final transition." As an evidence of this he mentions the consecration of the Positive Sacrament of Marriage "between two noble proletaries," for the first time

three months before. The author of the new religion was satisfied with the progress of his work.

The last circular issued by Comte was dated January 1857, and in it he expressed his gratification that, after seven years of painful gradual preparation, the subsidy had at last considerably exceeded the minimum (it amounted to about 8200 fr.). He judged hopefully, was even sanguine, of the future, "reading the signs of the times," from his own peculiar point of view; for the faith of Comte was great. Amongst the subjects of satisfaction to him to which he refers, was the fact of worthy Positivists having begun the practices of daily worship, both secret and domestic, to which he attached great importance. He rejoiced in the publication of various works that testified to the spread of Positivism in foreign countries. In closing his eighth and last circular, Comte declared that the slowness of the social progress of Positivism was more due to Positivists themselves than to the Western public. From the fact, too, of emerging amidst revolutionary surroundings, the doctrine which aimed at subordinating the head to the heart had not hitherto affected sentiment except through intelligence. Better suited to the South than to the North, more appreciable by women and workmen than by other classes, it has only affected special individuals by "substituting conviction for persuasion." What has happened, however, shows how rapid will be the progress of Positivism once it has become more poetical than philosophical, and has assumed its normal character and its natural destination. "Thanks," said Comte, "to the noble toleration of the Dictator (Louis Napoleon), who was the author of the best sentence of the nineteenth century, the liberty granted to my volumes is extended to my smaller works, and even to my circulars, in which the Western Republic is annually proclaimed under the Imperial stamp."¹

On Saturday the 5th September 1857, after a painful illness, "the founder of the Religion of Humanity heaved his last sigh," at half-past six o'clock in the evening, surrounded by a few faithful friends. He was attended during his illness by Dr. Robinet who became his biographer, and he appears to have borne himself with becoming fortitude and resignation, thoroughly convinced, as would appear, to the very last, of the truth of the Positive Religion, of which he was himself the High Priest. He was buried on the 8th September, in the cemetery of Père-la-

¹ The Positive circular has as its heading, "*République Occidentale*," under which are written the three Positive mottos:—"*Ordre et Progrès*," "*Vivre pour autrui*," and "*Vivre au grand jour*." It is addressed (since Comte's death), "*A chaque co-opérateur du libre Subside, institué par A. Comte, pour le sacerdoce de l'Humanité*."

Chaise, his body being followed to the grave by his adopted family—who, during the latter years of his life, were assiduous in their devotion to and care for him—and by a portion of his disciples. The body was placed in a temporary resting-place until a suitable tomb could be prepared, and a few farewell words were pronounced by Dr. Robinet over the grave, upon which “the disciples of the universal religion separated, after having placed on his tomb, and that of his eternal companion (Clotilde de Vaux), the funeral homage of their veneration.” On the third Sunday after Comte’s death a more formal oration and eulogy was delivered by Dr. Robinet, who was appointed to the duty by M. Pierre Lafitte, chief of Comte’s executors, and M. Magnin, President of the Positive Society. Of course the oration consisted of a glorification of Comte and the work he had accomplished.

The year of Comte’s death, the subsidy reached the unprecedented sum of 15,486 francs, or nearly double what it was the previous year. By his will (prepared two years before his death), Comte left the most minute directions and explanations of his wishes. Amongst these was that his adherents should continue the annuity of 2000 francs to his widow, in order that the obligation resulting “from my single really serious fault since my youth,” should be fulfilled to the uttermost. This single serious fault was his marriage. He also desired that an annuity of 1500 francs should be paid to his adopted daughter, Sophie Thomas, to whom should be intrusted the charge of “the sacred domicile where was originated and completed the religious evolution of Positivism, whose holy rites will continue to be celebrated there until the erection of a special temple.” Thirteen of the most devoted disciples of Comte, under the presidency of M. Lafitte, who had for fourteen years been an intimate personal friend of M. Comte, were named to see the will carried out. As Comte was without private or personal property, the fulfilment of his last wishes depended upon the subscribers to the subsidy. With the exception of a few trifles, bestowed as affectionate souvenirs upon his father, sister, adopted daughter, and several of his more intimate personal followers, he devoted all that was in the house—furniture, books, letters, MSS., etc.—to his “sacerdotal successors,” to be preserved, “at the expense of the Positive Church;” and minute instructions were left as to the choice of a perpetual successor as President of the Positive Society, and as to the formation of the Western Committee.

The sequel is painful. According to Dr. Robinet, Madame Comte took energetic exception to the terms of her late husband’s will, and succeeded in securing the countenance and support of M. Littré. A few days after the funeral she presented

herself at the dwelling she had not entered for fifteen years, and after admission "she had the painful hardihood to insult the beings the most dear to Auguste Comte, without being prevented by him who accompanied her," viz., M. Littré. She forbade the house to Positivists; occupied the "sacerdotal chamber," and would not allow the commemoration the disciples wished to observe in honour of their master. Madame Comte persistently declined all offers of compromise by her husband's executors. They proposed to pay his debts, and to continue payment of her annuity, if she would abandon her claims to Comte's literary property and works, and to the other relics of the founder of Positivism. She declared, however, that she could not, without dishonour, accept an annuity that her husband had regarded as an obligation consequent upon the fault he had been guilty of in marrying her. At the sale of effects which afterwards took place, Comte's disciples obtained the "precious relics" they were so anxious for. As to M. Littré, it is impossible to trust the evidently prejudiced and one-sided account given by M. Robinet of his conduct after Comte's death. It may be natural for the attached and reverential disciples of the founder of Positivism to venerate their master, and to regard all his "precious relics" as sacred, but they should really hold excused from the duty of cherishing similar feelings, those who, unlike them, do *not* put faith in the religious mission of the High Priest of Humanity. It may also be true that there is a unity in Comte's life and doctrine from first to last, and that only they are worthy of the name of Positivists who adopt all his principles and doctrines, and who believe that Positivism is a religion which "has its seat, its worship, and its priesthood; which had a saint for its founder, and which, if necessary, will have its confessors and martyrs." All this may be admitted, and yet surely one may be allowed to practise what Comte called "the common-sense method" of looking at ordinary facts and phenomena without being thereby under any *moral* obligation to adopt all the consequences to which Comte was led. The way in which M. Littré is anathematized by Comtists because he has done the one and not the other, is foolish, and only shows their intolerance.

From what has been said, it appears that the continuation of the Positive subsidy (even though relieved from Madame Comte's annuity) was indispensable to the fulfilment of the terms of Comte's will. It was necessary, in the first place however, to find a fitting successor to Comte as the High Priest of the new Religion. This difficulty was got over, or evaded, by the appointment of M. Pierre Lafitte, already perpetual president of Comte's testamentary executors, provisional "spiritual" director of Posi-

tivism ; and at the same time, M. J. Magnin became, according to Comte's will, "temporal" president. Thereby the Positivist directorate was reconstituted. M. Lafitte's first duty was to rally the supporters of Positivism after the death of their master. For this purpose he continued the annual circulars, and he was greatly helped, he tells us, in his work "by the devoted assistance and the noble voluntary subordination of Mr. Richard Congreve, one of the Britannic members of the Positivist Council, and the leading representative of the new religion in England." In the exercise of his sacerdotal functions, M. Lafitte extended the domestic consecrations, and instituted two new festivals in celebration, respectively, of the birth and death of "the founder of the universal Religion." Afterwards provision was made for the administration of the sacrament of "social destination," whereby the individual is consecrated to the business of his life. On the morning of the annual celebration of the death of Auguste Comte (6th September 1859), this sacrament was conferred on M. Hadery, a gentleman who had undertaken the work of attempting to solve practically the Comtean problem of agricultural cultivation. He was enabled to do this on a befitting scale through the liberality of "a young English Positivist," who gave 250,000 francs to provide the agricultural establishment of M. Hadery. The object hereby sought to be fulfilled was the carrying out of Comte's design of "regenerated industrial chiefs," who, under the new Positive social *régime*, in which duties take the place of rights, would regard property as only the means of discharging duty. The sacrament of "social destination," by which M. Hadery's enterprise was consecrated to the service of Humanity, was preceded, we are told, by a lengthy exposition of the principles of the new political economy, and of the true organization of modern industry. After having recalled the reciprocal duties of masters and workmen, of the industrial chiefs, the new patricians and the *prolétaires*, or new citizens, to each other and to society, and their common obligations to Humanity, the representative of the Positive priesthood proposed to the new industrial chief the essential conditions of every engagement of the kind :—

"You recognise," he said to him, "that wealth, social in its source and its destiny, should nevertheless receive a personal appropriation so as to be employed with a worthy independence in the service of Humanity."

"You promise to use with a wise economy only what is requisite for your personal maintenance, so as to employ the revenue of your capital in ameliorating the agents of labour, and perfecting its instruments."

"You promise to institute as soon as possible a suitable Sociocratic inheritor of the capital you are to administer in name of Humanity."

Having faithfully and solemnly promised adhesion to these fundamental points of every industrial function, "M. Hadery was consecrated agricultural chief in the fourth class of the Positive Patriciate." The same sacrament administered to M. Hadery was, on 6th September 1860, also administered to an English Positivist at Paris.

In England, Mr. Richard Congreve, "formerly a distinguished member of the Anglican clergy, now one of the most eminent and devoted apostles of the Positive Church," is the recognised head of Positivism, while in America, Mr. Henry Edger has founded a centre of Positive worship, and celebrates every year the commemorative festivals of Comte's birth and death. There are thus three centres of Positive worship established—one in Paris under the direction of M. Lafitte, another in England under Mr. Congreve, and a third in America under Mr. Edger. The first-named, though not permanent Pontiff and successor of Comte, is recognised by complete Positivists as the most competent exponent of his philosophical and religious principles. The issue of the annual circular was accordingly continued by M. Lafitte, and we have before us a series of twelve, the number printed since the death of Comte. The twentieth (and latest) is dated 8th February of the current year. In these circulars are to be observed whatever indications have been remarked by eager disciples of Comte of the progress of his opinions, and the influence these continue to exert in the several centres of Positivism. The list of subscribers to the Positivist subsidy is also given in each. The primary object of this fund, we have seen, was to compensate in some degree, to the founder of Positivism, for the loss of his various situations, but ultimately it became a subsidy to guarantee the maintenance of the Spiritual Power. Immediately after Comte's death his followers destined the fund, first of all, to carry out the objects mentioned in Comte's will. Only those who subscribe to this subsidy are regarded as complete Positivists; and therefore the number of subscribers is in no degree whatever indicative of the number who may have adopted Comte's scientific opinions. Indeed, some of the keenest opponents of the Spiritual Power are to be found among Comte's early scientific followers, as, for example, M. Littré in France, and Mr. Mill and Mr. Lewes in England. Complete Positivists regard, with Comte himself, the necessity for a Spiritual Power through which modern society may be regenerated from anarchy, as the most fundamental of all the practical aspects of Positivism. So important did Comte regard it, that, as we have seen, he invited the support of all who

felt anxious for the re-establishment of an effective spiritual discipline in Europe, even though they were not at one with him as to his philosophical basis. While in one way therefore the number of subscribers is no index of the number of Positivists, in the scientific sense of the term, seeing that those who are *only* its scientific disciples refuse to admit the propriety of the object for which the subsidy is maintained, yet in another, since even men may subscribe who do not accept the scientific and philosophical views of Positivism, there *may be* subscribers who can hardly, in the Comtean sense, be accounted complete Positivists. Now, the number of the subscribers, small at the beginning, has not yet become considerable. We have seen that the largest amount was raised during the year of Comte's death—an amount which has never been nearly equalled since. The following year it was reduced to little more than a third (or only 5486 francs), and after fluctuating for a few years it has latterly again declined, so that the total for 1867 was only 3713 francs, or lower in the twentieth than it was in the third year after its establishment. The number of subscribers, who gave this amount was only forty-six, while the year before Comte's death there were seventy-three, and the year of his death considerably more. There were fifty-two subscribers during 1865, fifty-four during 1863, and so on. Of the subscribers in 1867, twenty-five were French, sixteen Western (*Occidentales*), and five anonymous. If, therefore, we may judge of the number of complete Positivists from the number of subscribers they are very few; and seeing that the number appears to be decreasing instead of increasing, it must require great faith to believe that the "new Religion" can ever become the Religion of Humanity. We are bound, however, to explain, what we have been informed on good authority, that "a considerable number of complete Positivists (say two or three times the number of subscribers) neglect from one reason or another to subscribe; and that there is a still larger number of supporters of every stage of completeness, many of whom will support any special Positive effort, though they are not prepared to accept the existing nucleus at Paris as the germ of the permanent spiritual power of the Future. To some the idea of spiritual organization is instinctively repugnant—others accept the principle fully, but think the time for its realization is not fully come." Even admitting all these explanations, it must yet appear evident that the progress of the new Religion has been extremely slight, judged by the number of actual converts; indeed, so slight that it may well seem matter for surprise that its disciples exercise the influence they do upon contemporary thought. In England alone, for

example, the influence of Positive modes of thought and views (in the political and social spheres mainly) is at present considerable. This is due doubtless to the ability and zeal of such men as Mr. Congreve and Dr. Bridges. The former has succeeded, we believe, in attracting a small group of complete and incomplete adherents, who yield him hearty personal support in the application of his principles to social action. There is a meeting-place in London, at which, every Sunday, Mr. Congreve or some other Positivist discourses to a small gathering; and some time ago, it may be remembered, a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* communicated to that paper a description of the proceedings at a similar meeting-place in Paris.

We have seen the establishment, on M. Comte's death, of a provisional spiritual authority, designed to be a council on the questions of the day, and to direct education according to Positive theories; which is, therefore, the nucleus of the spiritual power that is ultimately to emerge to deliver society from its anarchic condition. For the present, the chief of the Positive Council is only empowered to teach and advise; but when the real successor of Comte, who, after him, shall be the Pontiff of Humanity, comes, it will be his duty also to "consecrate and to judge." In the meantime, the President is qualified to accept and attest "before the brethren assembled at the seat of the new Faith," the moral engagements which the principal acts of private life inspire, and by inscribing them in the Positive records thereby to lend to them the only consecration admissible in the "existing situation." The design of this is to maintain the current of Positive traditions until the arrival of the true High Priest of the Positive faith. Meanwhile the sacerdotal subsidy and the typographical fund (for the publication of works disseminating Positive principles) is kept up. It also became the duty of the Council to recover and retain all papers, relics, and memorials held precious by Comte, from his widow. Except the publication, at intervals, of various works elucidating or enforcing Positive doctrines, the circulars have little in the way of practical progress to narrate; and it may be noticed that not the least energetic among those who are recognised as in this way labouring for Positivism is Mr. Congreve. In the work of Mr. Congreve in England,—by assemblies for worship, by lectures, publications, etc.,—M. Lafitte, as the head of Positivism, sees "the establishment and foundation," in that country, "of the spiritual power, the organ of the doctrine that is to terminate peacefully the Western Revolution commenced five centuries ago." The same year M. Lafitte said this of Mr. Congreve's work in England (1860), he also estimated the progress of a similar work in America, by Mr.

Henry Edger, who, after the celebration of the commemoration of Comte's death in September 1859, thereby, to use his own words, "inaugurating the fuller worship of Humanity on the American soil," had, in accordance with his priestly office, also celebrated in 1859 two of the sacraments of the Religion of Humanity. In the circular of 1861, M. Lafitte was able to chronicle that the sacrament of *Destination* had been demanded in the year previous by a British lawyer, and had been conferred on him in Paris, September 1860. Amongst the works of Mr. Congreve mentioned in the circular of 1862, are the "Lectures on Queen Elizabeth," delivered by him before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. By the death of MM. de Constant and Winstanley in 1863, the Positive subsidy declined at once from 6883 francs to 3675, or about one-half; in consequence of which there was a deficit in the pension paid (in accordance with M. Comte's will) to M. Martin Thomas, the husband of Sophie, Comte's adopted daughter. In his circular of 1865, M. Lafitte draws attention to Dr. Bridges' translation into English of the first part of Comte's *Politique Positive*, under the title "A General View of Positivism," and states that on 5th September 1864 the *sacrement de la Destination* had been conferred at his own request upon that gentleman, as an *Aspirant* to the Priesthood of Humanity. There is little worthy of notice in the subsequent circulars. They contain generally congratulations upon the hopeful condition and prospects of Positivism (though the progress seems small enough), and amid references to current political events, criticise and estimate the books and pamphlets published, and the lectures delivered in promotion of Positive principles. In the circular of 10th July 1866 reference is made to the volume of essays on *International Policy*.

Referring to the seven essays which the volume contains, M. Lafitte says, "Besides the intrinsic value of these various works, we have here a spectacle honourable alike to the reality and fertility of Positivism, and which accords with its scientific or profoundly relative character. We thus see the possibility that distinguished and active minds may adopt certain important Positive principles relating to the highest social practice, while reserving, perhaps for ever, their ulterior decision on the other conceptions of Positivism. Such a spectacle is very reassuring, as offering the hope of an early effective action of Positivism on the troubled situation of the West. But besides doing honour to the moral elevation of those who take part in it, such an event shows how in worthy natures the social interest can overcome the spirit of conflict that results from differences more or less profound. This is consoling, when

we compare with it the cultivated indifference, and even the ignoble attacks of which M. Comte was the object, by pretended theorists, in consequence of differences often purely secondary. But with natures truly social the consideration of a great end counteracts the aberrations to which incomplete theorists succumb." In the circular of 1867 M. Lafitte announces the death of Martin Thomas, and after stating that a Commemorative Service had been held, he adds that he had announced, that seven years afterwards—viz., in 1874—he would confer on Martin Thomas the sacrament of *Incorporation*. By this, which is the last of the Positive sacraments, all who are accounted true servants of Humanity are incorporated with the *Grand Etre*, seven years after death. Meantime M. Thomas's image would be placed in the building consecrated to the religious meetings of Positivists. In the same circular he mentions with approval the petition in favour of the indulgent treatment of the Fenian prisoners, which was presented by Mr. Bright to the British House of Commons, and the signatures attached to which are recognised as those of either complete or incomplete Positivists. In the last circular issued, M. Lafitte makes loud complaint of the insufficiency of the amount subscribed for the subsidy; since for the year 1867 there was a deficit of 775 fr. 40 c., and he therefore makes a special appeal to Positivists for help this year. He recapitulates the objects of their efforts, which are to establish—*first*, a system of universal Positive education; *second*, a system of universal worship; and *lastly*, a political directorate, "armed with a doctrine at once systematic and real, which can alone guide the actual practice of political and social life." This threefold aim Comte's disciples have endeavoured to fulfil during the past ten years, and they have instituted the solution of all of them. Positive education is being carried on in France and England; the festival of Humanity celebrated annually in France, England, and America, "gathers together every year Positivists around that great ideal conception, at once mental and moral;" while various publications since 1857 have showed by degrees the possibility and utility of "our philosophical intervention in the midst of the fundamental questions that agitate the West." After urgently appealing for pecuniary help to carry out the great work, M. Lafitte proclaims "the time is ripe; there is full opportunity. Let us then redouble our personal efforts, and increase the intensity of our co-operation, in order to hold ourselves to the height of the mighty work which, preparing for the future, can so profoundly modify the present to the immense profit of existing societies."

Our exposition of the practical aspects and attitudes of

Positivism may to some appear too detailed ; but its modes of action are not generally known ; and the intellectual ability of some of its leading apostles, taken in connexion with the attempted Positive organization,—organized for the purpose of affecting and modifying, with a view ultimately to direct our social, political, and religious development,—makes it desirable, we think, that they should be known. The influence of Positive principles upon the political and social conceptions of many eminent writers in the present day is distinct and decided. We observe more and more the traces in our journalism of the effect of the ennobling, yet, at the same time, depressing and enfeebling, views of the Positive school. As counteractive to a mere shallow negativism, which would destroy without caring at all about providing any reconstruction in place of that which is taken away, the power of Positive conceptions will be felt beneficially. As antagonistic to mere abstract dogmas, such as “the rights of man,” and to a merely material political economy, it will prove serviceable by giving prominence to the moral elements that should enter into and overrule our social relations, counteracting the mischievous effect of a vulgar Communism, by exhibiting the lofty purpose subserved by the concentration of property held under the idea of subordinating it in obedience to the impulse of Duty to the service of Humanity. But while there are these and other noble elements and aims in Positivism, its essential limitations, its exclusion of everything that is not Relative, and its purely finite character, must prevent it from ever developing the noblest characteristics of human life. Nevertheless the intensity with which it applies its ethical law cannot fail of beneficent effects. This and other characteristics of Positivism, to many of which we have already referred, will probably tend to increase its influence with a class of minds naturally disinterested and unselfish, who are animated by strong philanthropic impulses ; but who, from whatever cause, have bound themselves within a rigid circle of “things seen and temporal.” It is not indeed probable that very many, either in this country or elsewhere, will ever adopt all the details of the Positive Religion with its burlesque Ritualism, and its caricature of the Christian sacraments. In Britain, at least, neither women nor proletaries—except in isolated and exceptional cases—are likely to practise the worship set forth in the *The Catechism of Positive Religion*. The practically ludicrous aspect of the Comtean forms and ceremonies will hardly allow the worship to live in the light of common day, however logically interconnected it may be with other elements of Positive doctrine. For our own part, we hold this connexion in the main to be evident, and that the Positive religion is the only religion faithful to Positive

principles. As such, it will, not altogether unjustly, appear to many the *reductio ad absurdum* of these principles. Positive Politics differ in their practical aspect from the Positive Religion in this, that there is not so much scope in the former as in the latter for an absurd travesty of existing institutions which will excite the feeling of the ludicrous. But the results in the political sphere are, sometimes sufficiently ridiculous. We have some of these exhibited in the *International Policy*, which we have seen recognised by the highest Positive authority.

The *International Policy* "based upon duties," explained in this volume, is an extension to national and international relations of the Positive motto, *Live for Others*. Nations, like individuals, are to be Altruistic. Great Empires, like men, are to love better other Empires than themselves; and instead of strenuously upholding their "rights" in the conflict for national rank and place, must subordinate all reference to these rights to the duties they owe to other countries. When such views are held, either implicitly or explicitly, it is not to be wondered at that the memories of Cressy and Agincourt are declared "the darkest page in the history of both countries,"—England and France; or that the naval history of England should be deemed a record that ought only to produce shame and confusion of face. Our naval history is "the history of our Commerce and of our Middle Classes," and a distinct connexion is discovered "between Protestantism and commercial immorality." All which opinions are consistent enough with the view of those who regard as "secondary and subordinate," "all questions concerning the interest, power, or prestige of every particular nation."

That Cosmopolitanism, or the Cosmopolitan way of looking at things, is natural to Positivism, we do not think requires to be proved. But if it be accepted thoroughly, it must lead very far—much farther than the *International Essayists* have gone. Ultimately, it will involve the dissolution of all existing states, and their re-constitution, according to the most acceptable Utilitarian theories founded on Positive principles. Comte was quite logical, therefore, in looking forward to the break-up of large States, and the reduction of the fragments to very small individual and independent communities. He believed that in former times the problem of the Constitution of the West had been tolerably solved under Feudal and Catholic influences and ideas—through the decomposition of the West into slightly-extended groups, submitted to various temporal governments, united by the same faith and cherishing the same spirit. Because, however, of the military character of practical activity at that time—not having reached the final or purely

industrial state—and because of the theological nature of faith—this solution was not and could not be permanent. Yet this Constitution of Christendom endured to the fourteenth century, since which time Europe has been in a state of transition. During this period there has been a tendency to form large nationalities; although, through the simultaneous development of the industry, science, and art of Western Europe, the elements of Positivism have been preparing for the final reconstitution of Western Europe, of the great Western Republic. In the French Revolution the new elements that were rising into power came into collision with the elements of the old state of things—there was conflict between the remnant of the Feudal ideas, and the growing conception of a rational and peaceful *régime*, common, first of all to the West, and finally to the whole world. After this great crisis, however, there was retrogression to military anarchy; and no way was visible out of the anarchy till Comte flashed the light of Positive principles in upon the thick darkness of the nations. The literary and metaphysical class, into whose hands naturally falls the power in times of transition, obtained the ascendancy, and general deterioration followed. The consequence was the combination of revolutionary anarchy with military retrogression. The theory of distinct nationalities, based upon race, natural limits, and the right of universal suffrage, to which modern metaphysicians have resorted, is denounced as anarchic by Positivism, which seeks to solve the problem how to restore the Unity of the West, while constituting a higher unity than ever before existed. But Positivists have come to the practical conclusion that in the meanwhile it is premature to discuss the due division of the West. For the present they must respect the political *status quo*, while constantly and energetically working towards the unity of civilisation, which is only possible through the thorough adhesion of public opinion, which can be but slowly convinced. We have indicated briefly here a few of Comte's political ideas. Others of not less interest and importance, such as his views on the relations of Capital and Labour, his antagonism to such metaphysical conceptions (as he called them) as "the rights of man," and "popular sovereignty," the refusal to adopt Equality as an end, though adopting "Liberty, and Fraternity" with zeal, his opinion as to the perpetual, binding nature of marriage, and as to the place of woman in the social sphere (which are healthy counteractives to the doctrines of the Woman's Rights' apostles of the present day), are all of great interest and value, and may be studied with advantage. How he applied his political principles in detail to the existing "situation," what he expected as the political future of the

human family, and many other questions and problems, must here be left even unREFERRED to. But Positivism claims that she offers solutions of all the problems that now occupy the attention of mankind, and that these solutions are the only coherent and homogeneous ones attainable.

Although a complete view of Positivism includes, as we have seen, the application of Positive principles to both society and the individual, and the development of the Religion of Humanity regulative of the individual from the point of view of morality, we must start in a philosophical investigation into Positive principles from the point from which Comte himself began. This was essentially mathematical. In its earliest shape, the Positive Philosophy is nothing but the Philosophy of Mathematics. For since the ultimate object of Philosophy—laying aside all search for Causes, and regarding God, Freedom, and Immortality as meaningless, or as pure chimeras—is merely to observe the order in which the various relations are that constitute the generalization of the individual sciences, everything is viewed from the mathematical (or merely quantitative) point of view. Varieties of simplicity and complexity are only shades or varieties of quantity. The properties which belong to the greatest number of objects are the most general, and therefore the most simple; but a decrease of generality is found, as, descending the scale, we discover greater complexity among the relations of phenomena. This law Comte thought he had been the first to demonstrate; but in reality, as stated by M. Ravaisson, it is only the logical law of the inverse relation of the extension of ideas to their comprehension; for it simply consists in this, that the fewer elements a property contains, the greater the number of species to which the property extends itself. Aristotle himself applied this law to nature; but he did not find in it the explanation of phenomena, for which purpose it was necessary for him to superadd special causes that are the manifestations of the First Cause. According to Comte, the differences of the Sciences are determined by the different arrangements of the elements composing them, and by different arrangements of these arrangements. Mathematics is the base of all Science; and phenomena are in reality only the transformation of primordial mathematical elements. The order in which the sciences are ranged, as an order of increasing complexity, is such that Mathematics explain Physics; for whatever has Physical properties has also mathematical. Physics explain chemistry; for objects possessing chemical properties have also physical; and Chemistry explains biology, or the science of life; for vital objects show also chemical properties. But in all such cases, though the more complex contains the more simple, the reverse is not also true;

because the more simple does *not* contain the more complex. Therefore, since mathematical elements—figure, extension, etc.—enter into and compose all other sciences, Mathematics is the first and most general; whereas Sociology, the elements peculiar to which only belong to itself, is the last and most complex, and contains in itself the elements of all the other Sciences. Of course all the Sciences have passed, or will yet pass, from the Theological to the Positive stage; although Mathematics has been so long a Positive Science that there is no record of its ever having been anything else. Chemistry and Physiology are still infested with metaphysical elements—vital properties, etc.—but the time must come when they too shall be simply Positive, even as Mathematics.

Although it is a principle essential to Positivism that all our knowledge is purely relative—that is, that we know anything at all only in relation to something else, and in relation also to our own powers of knowing—since, then, we can know nothing but relations, or the order of connexion of facts and the arrangement of these relations and orders,—yet there is some obscurity at this point. We doubt if Comte ever really analysed the idea of the relative, or of a relation. But according to the definition he sometimes gives, in which he professedly identifies his own theory with the Kantian, he is really left destitute of a basis, not only for a knowledge of causes, but of a foundation for any real objective knowledge whatever, or for affirming the existence of any objective laws. Even the most general of the laws of science—of Mathematics—must depend upon our intellectual constitution, so that we are landed in Scepticism at the outset. The “invariable order” of which Positivists speak cannot be declared to have a purely objective existence; for the law of which this term is the expression depends upon ourselves. The same holds good with regard even to observed facts, of none of which can we ever have a real objective knowledge. So that we are again thrown back upon the road which leads to absolute scepticism; and Comte has no right to reintroduce any ideas about constant or invariable order, or anything whatever implying certainty, since all that is objective depends on the subjective; and since, besides, we can never observe any certainty in nature or experience—all we observe being mere individual events. In France, the tendency of the Positive school has mainly been to Materialism; although both M. Comte and M. Littré declared Positivism perfectly indifferent to both; but the distinct endeavour to reduce the phenomena of life to Physics, and Physics to Geometry, and therefore all life to Mathematics, was surely Materialistic.

But in England Positivism has taken a different course. In

France it was the law of intellectual evolution that seems to have been most generally accepted and viewed with most favour, but with us perhaps the Positive classification of the sciences has been most valued, and has been adopted by many eminent thinkers, while others have gone so far in the Positive direction that we can hardly fail to regard them as, at least, intellectual Positivists. Mr. Lewes and Mr. Mill have therefore as companion English Positivists, such men as Mr. Alexander Bain, Mr. Samuel Bailey, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. In Mr. Buckle, too, we had a historian who sought to make history Positive. We here apply the term Positive in its general sense, as that which tends to break down all distinction between the physical and the moral sciences, between Physiology and Psychology. The distinction between soul and body, and the notions originating from either or both, is confounded by Positivism; and although Buckle was professedly a Theist, yet as his Theism excluded the idea of any actual Divine government, and maintained the unvarying regularity of social laws, he must certainly be viewed as a Positivist. He might not be a Comtist (as M. Louis Étienne observes), but he was in general terms a Positivist, intellectually speaking. Bentham and the Benthamite school too have all more or less walked in the Positive pathways, which Auguste Comte endeavoured to complete and make permanent. But Mr. J. S. Mill furnishes the best example of the logical consequences of Positivism carried consistently out. Mr. Mill declares war upon all Mysticism, meaning by the term, not only the ordinary mysticism of the Vedas and the Neo-Platonists, but of Hegel too, for he defines it as that which attributes objective existence to the pure ideas of the intellect, and recognises only what comes within the range of experience, that is, what is immediately tangible and observable. The conjunction of the school of Comte and Mill with that of Hume has been often indicated. Of course Mr. Mill holds strongly the relativity of knowledge, and, as was natural to so clear a head as his, he has drawn out the results of it more clearly than Comte ever did. Mr. Mill's psychology is simply that of Hume, or the examination of the laws of association and connexion of our ideas and sentiments, which results in annihilating everything but ideas and impressions, withdrawing the reality of both thinking subject and external object. Mr. Mill established a Positive Logic as well as a Positive Psychology. It is the principle of this logic that knowledge is not deduced from knowledge, so that without reference to experience we are able to evolve one from another; our knowledges being merely interconnected, and not interdependent, we can add to them only by experience, or by the inference of the like

from the like, which is the extension of experience, and which is called Induction. Mr. Mill therefore brings us back to the old theories of Hobbes and Hume. Definition is only the description of the concurrence of properties, and all that Reasoning does is to recall how near one thing has been found to another, or it reproduces in another form what has been the result of observation and induction. There is no real connexion observed between objects, since induction is only an instinctive operation by which we pass from one fact to another. As our knowledge is only derived from experience, and all that experience presents is the arrangement of facts and phenomena in a certain order, of course there can be no necessity; and, therefore, no necessary moral or intellectual truths. Mr. Mill does not appear to shrink from this ultimate consequence. Mathematical, geometrical, and all other kinds of demonstrations, are *found* to be true from experience here; but they might be false elsewhere. There may be a universe where two and two do *not* make four; why therefore may it not be the case in other worlds that lying is a virtue and veracity a vice? Mr. Mill, we daresay, would not say this; but his principles say it for him. Nor, upon these, can there be any reason why the Comtean classification, though true in this world, may not yet be false in another. In other worlds, or in parts of our own unknown to us, there may be another Physics, another Geometry, and another Logic. If we have no guarantee of the reality of anything except as it is in our own experience, and therefore may in different space find different arrangements, why may not difference in time have a similar effect? So that even in this world there is no reason why the sciences may not be different to-morrow from what they are to-day. Who knows, indeed, if there be even now any science anywhere, if there are any two things alike, if there be anything at all; if, that is, to return to Schelling's starting-point for Metaphysics, "there be not nothing?" Mr. Mill brings us back, therefore, to the point from which Philosophy starts, with, as the result of his denial of the possibility of metaphysical principles, the annihilation of all certainty or assurance of anything whatsoever—a state of absolute Scepticism, not merely as to God, Freedom, and Immortality, but also as to whether there be anything at all anywhere or anyhow. Thus the result of Positivism, which was Materialism in France, is absolute Scepticism in England. Nor is any other result possible to a Philosophy—if its principles are carried out to their logical consequences—which denies all knowledge of causes, which disowns all sources of knowledge but external experience, and which tells us, not only that all our knowledge is relative, but that we cannot know whether anything of which we have experience, be as it is represented

to us—since it is modified, and in part constituted, by our own nature.

Such barren results, however, could not satisfy Comte, whose final object was not to pull down but to build up, and who was negative and destructive only provisionally, in order to pave the way for a more stable structure than previously existed. It is probable enough that Comte himself never clearly saw the distinct sceptical consequences of his principles as they have since been exhibited by Mr. Mill, because with all his scientific ability Comte was destitute of the veriest germ of metaphysical faculty. He felt, however, no doubt instinctively, the wants of his system, which he often denounced as barren if a halt were called at its intellectual phase and no attempt were made to develop its social consequences; and he therefore, as we have seen, traced out a Positive Metaphysic and a Positive Religion to take the place of those he supposed he had for ever overturned.

It may well seem impossible for any sane man to go on believing, whatever he may assert, that all that can be known, or that all which exists, is only a collection of relations. Why, the very word Relative is without meaning unless we conceive something to which it is related, or at best conceive that it is related to something. We cannot go on for ever tracing back an endless series of relatives that are only that and nothing more—have nothing, that is, to which they are related. Emptied of the idea of Causality, as Dr. Stirling pithily puts it, the universe and all in it is only a bundle of "outsides," and we cannot continue believing only in "outsides." However much we may try, we cannot empty things of all significance, and so we find that Comte himself brought back the very idea he professed to exclude, when he talked of the *invariable* order of the succession of phenomena, the constant and unchangeable laws regulating all existence. This invariability, this unchangeableness, is only another name for the difficulty explained by Causality; and which it had been alleged had been spirited away by saying that a Causal connexion was nothing more than a certain specific way in which phenomena are arranged. Keep to that, and we can say nothing whatever about what the order must be, and when we assert that it *always* has been, and therefore always must be so and so, we merely express in a different manner the difficulty sought to be avoided without reference to the idea of Cause which leads us inevitably to the First Cause, and enables us also to judge of Final Causes. In reality, the assumption of the invariable and immutable is the result of the impulse that necessitates our demand for an order, and an order having a purpose in all things. We seek, and refuse to be

satisfied till we find an Ultimate or Absolute which gives the reason and explanation of all relatives. This law is operative in all spheres of our investigations. In all departments we seek an order summed in unity; therefore in moral relations we demand the law of Good, the highest moral unity—in Knowledge Truth, the highest intellectual unity—and in taste the Unity of Beauty. Everywhere then our search—a search we cannot avoid—is for Unity.

Now it is remarkable that from the first the impulse towards Unity, towards regarding all outward things as together constituting a Whole (the *Ensemble*), was powerful in the mind, and directed all the intellectual operations, of Comte. In thus adopting what is in reality a purely metaphysical principle, and which can only be accounted for on metaphysical grounds, Comte was doubtless faithless to his own more distinctive principles. Mr. Mill is therefore so far right when, criticising Comte from the Positive stand-point, he denounces his incessant search for system and unity. Mr. Mill professes to find an explanation of this characteristic in the nature of the French character, which is certainly highly complimentary to the French. But it has its roots in our common human nature, and is peculiar to no individual nation exclusively.

It may of course be said, and said with truth, that the Unity sought for by Comte was not an external and objective Unity, but was of a merely subjective and provisional character. Therefore he was not even impelled to go so far as Mr. Herbert Spencer goes in finding the Absolute, as, for the Reason, the necessary counterpart to and explanation of the Relative. Much less did he ever seek, and find in the unity of our inner consciousness, in thought itself, the type and the pledge, as well as the explanation, of all Unity. With Comte the search for unity was instinctive, and if none such is to be found externally, it would be necessary, he said, to create a hypothetical unity by our imaginations. Comte carried out the impulse by making humanity the centre of all, and subordinating all to the inner unity of Sentiment. Both Mr. Lewes and M. Littré accuse him of having in his later years abandoned the Objective Method by which, through observation, he completed the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, for the Subjective Method which made man and human ideas the measure of all things, and even attributed objective authority to mere subjective thoughts and fancies. To this Dr. Bridges has effectively replied, that Comte from the first contemplated the use of *both* methods, and that their combination and reconciliation was the final goal of all philosophy. "The study of Man and the study of the external World," says Comte himself, "form the two-fold and eternal subject of all our philosophical conceptions. Each

of these two orders of speculations may be applied to the other, and may form its point of departure. Hence spring two totally distinct, and, indeed, opposite methods of philosophizing; the method which proceeds from the consideration of Man to that of the World, and that which begins with the World and ends with Man. When arrived at full maturity, Philosophy must inevitably tend towards a general conciliation of these two antagonistic methods. But their contrast is the germ of the fundamental difference between the two great modes of speculation, theological and positive, which the mind of man has been forced successively to follow."

We confess, however, that we cannot see how, logically and really, Comte's Objective method can be regarded as an instrument for obtaining conceptions from the external point of view, any more than his Subjective method. On Comtean principles it is really impossible to draw any distinct line between them. For we have always understood that the Objective method must, through its purely relative character, and because it can only apprehend the relative, and can know nothing except what is constituted knowledge by the concurrence of the external and the internal, and their reciprocal mutual determinations, be itself Subjective. Even if we could attain external truth, we can never *know* we have done so, because we can never separate between the substance and form, the dualism which constitutes life, and the relations of which alone yield us any product. To attain this knowledge, we must have a criterion, and that can only be found in thought, and on the assumption of the truth of the necessary laws of thought. We can only therefore reconcile the Objective and Subjective, and learn their full truth and reality, by means of a Philosophical procedure which Positivism despises, but of which it tends more and more in its ultimate form to show us the indispensable necessity. But not only do we find that Comte confused his Objective method by introducing Subjective elements; we also find that his Subjective Method was partly Objective. According to the Objective Method, we have such certain knowledge of the inorganic sciences that we are able to foresee their working and effects. The phenomena and laws we cannot modify we may yet turn to use by forecasting their effects. "The final perfection of speculative effort is," says Dr. Bridges, "after having decomposed the properties of an object, and studied their laws separately, to recompose them, and predict, not empirically, but scientifically, the resultant action." But whence comes that conviction of the certainty and immutability of law which makes us confident that our prediction must be fulfilled? If our knowledge of phenomena is only that of

specific order or arrangement of facts—if we can only know, what external experience teaches us, that such and such elements have been so and so placed and arranged in the past; how are we enabled to conclude (which must be done for our prediction) that what has been will be, that the future order will be the same as the past? If observation and the accumulation of observed facts be all we can know, as Mr. Mill has pretty well demonstrated must be the case on Positive principles, then from whence comes the necessity on which we count so surely? We *must* fall back upon Thought and the Laws of Thought for a satisfactory answer. Confidence in the invariable and immutable order of nature's laws, is grounded, of course, on the belief that there is a connexion between certain classes of phenomena *which cannot but be as it is*; for which, that is, there is a reason or cause; so that we are at once in the very heart of the causal nexus, and discern that there is a reason for the order we foresee. It is in this respect, as Leibnitz has shown, that human intelligence differs from animal. The latter expects similar events to occur in similar circumstances, simply because it has been so before. There is no reason for it in its eyes. But men see "*les liaisons des vérités*," and are not merely influenced by the similarity of experienced feeling. This reason for the connexion of certain perceptions can never come to us from sensation, the effect of which only is to cause us to expect another time the *liaison* formerly observed, although perhaps the reasons for the connexion may be no longer the same. It is characteristic of reason to dispense often with experience, and to impart to us a conviction of the absolute necessity of a certain thing or law, in place of the feeling of more or less probability that experience alone can give. Mr. Mill himself is obliged to re-introduce this idea of necessity after he had driven it forth as an intruder. Not otherwise can he explain how, from the past, we with assurance conclude to the future. For what is the "unconditional antecedent" to an event which cannot but follow, and which may therefore be counted upon with certainty, but the old idea of Cause?

Positivism is not entitled ever to go beyond the multitude of separate and individual facts. Yet we have seen how Comte ultimately attained a theory of progressive order and universal harmony. Instead of viewing the mere details of phenomena, he felt impelled to regard the totality of things in space and time, and to seek the reason of the interconnexion and interdependence of all things, organic and inorganic, and of the developments of human life which constitute progress. "In the science of organized beings," he said, "it is from the Totality that, by induction, we obtain the true knowledge of