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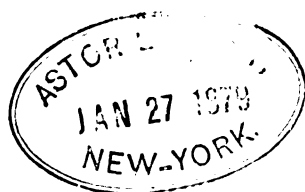
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THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXXI. NEW SERIES.—JULY 1, 1869.

RELATIONS OF THE CHRISTIAN THEORY OF DUTY
TO UNIVERSAL MORALITY.

WE Christians have for ourselves a certain theory of duty. We find the principles of it in our sacred writings. It is expounded and enforced in our churches. There are, we know, very considerable variations in the modes in which it is interpreted; and it very often happens that Christian teachers speaking to fellow-Christians give advice and use appeals which might be addressed by any man to any other men. But it is, nevertheless, obviously true that there is a Christian manner of life professedly grounded on Christian assumptions, having claims on those who acknowledge, and not having the same kind of claims on those who do not acknowledge, those assumptions. The ethics of the pulpit in their most characteristic form are intended for believers only. How then do we who accept the properly Christian ethics stand towards the morality of men in general? This is a question which forces itself upon any Christian who looks outside the present life of his own communion, and takes an interest in the affairs of the world. It is hardly necessary at this time to refer to the opinion—though it has been held by the most earnest Christians—according to which there is no such thing as morality at all, except in the sense of some indispensable worldly conventions, for the non-elect, or the unconverted; which has denounced the best acts of non-Christians as nothing better than splendid sins, and has refused to have any other conception of men in general than that of creatures walking blindly to their ruin. Practically, we may regard this way of thinking as now repudiated by responsible Christians. And therefore they are called upon to realise to themselves, and to explain to others, what are the relations between their morality and common morality. Does the word Duty express for them two different sets of ideas? Has the Christian, besides his own ethics, to adopt another system for more general uses? Is he compelled by his own doctrines to choose one rather than another of the systems of morality which

he finds competing in the world? It will be my endeavour in this paper to show that, with legitimate interpretations, the Christian theory of duty becomes available in a very adequate and complete degree as a universal system of morality.

I must briefly state what would be generally accepted as the Christian conception of duty. We believe that we are, by our higher nature, God's children. It is our duty to be true children of God. God has revealed himself in a Son, so that we know in an appreciable degree what God is, and what his children should be. We are to yield him filial affections, and to imitate his nature. The chief features of the Divine Nature are righteousness and love, and we, accordingly, ought to become righteous and loving. But the constitutional relation of man to God is such that dependence on God is a condition of moral life. The just man lives by faith. The will of God is what the Christian has to do, and it is by trust and self-surrender that he becomes able to do it. This statement would probably seem to all Christians too bald and incomplete to be taken as anything like an adequate account of the principles of their morality. Some would like to add to it one development or qualification, some another. But Christian morality must always, I apprehend, have for its cardinal assumption sonship toward God, and, for its sphere and code, the affections proper to that sonship, and to the mutual relations amongst human beings which it involves.

Outside of the Church we find systems of ethical science endeavouring to establish themselves, in which no account is taken of such a filial relation, or of such filial duties. The field of ethical controversy is in the main occupied by two rival schools, that of intuitive or spiritualist, and that of inductive or utilitarian morality. Just now, fresh life has been thrown into the conflict between the two schools. A gallant but evidently somewhat rash assault has been made upon the utilitarians by Mr. Lecky, and has been hotly repelled in their name by the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. The conflict is full of interest and instruction. It is easy to see that the intuitionist moralists are most in sympathy with theological views, and that the utilitarians—though Mr. Lecky may be unadvised in saying that their creed is practically incompatible with belief in a God—make it their business for the most part to explain human life to its roots without reference to God. But it is generally assumed that the ethical controversy should be carried on without the introduction of theological elements; and, for various reasons, intuitionist moralists who have been not only theists, like Mr. Lecky, but undoubted Christians, have thought it best to argue moral questions upon grounds which are presumably common to themselves and their opponents, and therefore to keep their theology in the background. Paley is an exception of some importance to these latter remarks. He was a utilitarian moralist, adopting what other utilitarians have thought a low standard, and at

the same time the will of God and a future life were necessary elements in his system. But, as a rule, Christians are expected to maintain the intuitive morality without making their Christianity a ground of it. On this point I may express the general feeling in the words of the late Professor Grote, a clergyman and sincere Christian. The position to be held, he says, is this:—

“That morality *suggests* religion, and that the *more right* morality is, the more it suggests, and must suggest the *true* religion: but that morality is in itself independent of anything which can, with significance, be called actual religion, and that all the great notions of morality are suggested independently of any distinctively religious considerations. This latter principle appears to me to be of prime importance, for two reasons: the one, that without it morality cannot furnish any independent support to definite religion—any argument, *e.g.*, in support of the truth of our Christian revelation—and to me it furnishes the greatest; the other, that we want morality to have its full force, as morality, under *false* religions as well as under the true, and not to be *only* valid for those who acknowledge this latter.”¹

I quote these words with great respect, but the considerations I have mentioned, as to the exhaustive pretensions of the properly Christian law of duty, make me unable to agree with them.

In observing the battle between the intuitive and the inductive moralists, it may be noticed that the antagonists do not both bring their strength to bear upon the same point. The most important division in moral science (as Mr. Morley has pointed out with perhaps excessive vehemence) is that between the moral *standard*, and the moral *sanction*. The former answers the question, How do we find out and know what is right? The latter answers the question, What constrains us to do it? We can all say, “I ought to do what is right.” But inquirers will ask, either—Why ought I? or, Why is this or that right? Now utilitarians urge, that the criterion of rightness in an action is its tendency to promote the general well-being or happiness; and the position is one which it is extremely difficult to assail. Intuitive moralists urge, that we have instinctive preferences and a consciousness of obligation, which incline us *a priori* to what is right; that Right asserts an authority over us, which we naturally acknowledge. In these contentions each party is strong, and it does not appear, so far, that there is any direct contradiction between them. But if utilitarians affirm that what we call the authority of conscience is nothing but impressions of pleasure collected by experience and brought to bear in the form of constraint upon individuals by law and social opinion, and that all thought and feeling and action are only modes of molecular activity; or if intuitionists deny that a tendency to promote well-being is a sound test of right action, then an undoubted antagonism arises. If, however, we are at liberty to take from each school what we choose and to leave the rest, we may find ourselves very much disposed to pay deference to the criterion by which the utilitarians would discover what is

(1) From an unpublished letter.

right, and at the same time to believe with the *a priori* moralists that human nature is so made as to recognise the inherent authority of what is right, whenever and however it has been discovered.

The moral standard for the Christian must be the will of God ; nor can his moral sanction be anything else than the same will of God. That which is right for us to do is what God wills. The reason why we ought to do it is because God wills it. There is nothing more ultimate or fundamental to the Christian than these two principles, which thus coalesce into one.

But when we have called the will of God our rule and standard, it becomes necessary to explain how we are to learn what the will of God is. The first impulse with a great number of Christians is to pronounce that we learn it from the Bible. An innocent dictum of this kind, prompted by the loyalty and reverence which Protestants have been taught to cherish towards the Bible, gives great advantages to hostile reasoners, and is summarily accepted by them as the Christian theory of the standard of morality. It is easy to show that the Bible cannot serve as such a standard ; and it is equally easy to show that in the New Testament, and in all the more authoritative utterances of Christian belief, we do not find such a character ascribed to the Bible. The authentic Christian theory may be stated as follows:—The great principles of the will of God, and those which should govern all human action, have been exhibited in the most perfect and impressive form in the life of the Son of man. These principles commend themselves so naturally to the human conscience that they will never be honestly denied by any one. They are such as justice, truth, self-control, love. In by far the greater part of human life these principles are of themselves sufficient to guide and determine conduct. But they do not settle beforehand what ought to be done in all circumstances. New circumstances raise new questions. One step towards greater perfection suggests another step. How, in such cases, are Christians to ascertain what is the will of God ? We might answer, speaking most broadly, that help of every kind is to be willingly accepted. Such a criterion as that of congruity with what is already known and thoroughly trusted will be of great use. But on the whole the new principle or mode of action will have to be *proved*. Experience is the great test of accordance with the will of God. How does it work ? is the question which the devout Christian is bound to ask concerning any innovation in life. The question is asked with confidence by Christians, because they believe that the conditions of human life do not come by chance, but are divinely ordered. The verdict of experience is necessarily the judgment of the Divine Ruler. This is the plain and reiterated teaching of St. Paul, and this was the rule on which the first Christians consciously and deliberately acted. The prepossessions of a devout mind will be rich in suggestions, but

they can never afford to be independent of facts. It will always be necessary to prove by trial, *δοκιμάζειν*, what the will of God is.

With regard to the great questions which mark the line of moral progress, this has always been the legitimate Christian policy. I do not for a moment mean to say that Christians in general have faithfully followed it. But they would have been better Christians, as well as more useful to the world, if they had. And, though not firmly observed, that policy may be distinctly traced in the history of Christendom. In regulating customs as to marriage, slavery, and other dominant institutions of life,—in deciding upon the comparative claims of religion, of country, and of family,—whilst hints and suggestions have generally come from the aspirations of Christian hearts, the testimony of experience has been confessed by the greater Christian teachers to be sacred, and has even been accepted as the final judgment.

And the question how a thing would work, whether experience was in favour of it or against it, could not substantially differ from the question whether its tendency was to promote the well-being of mankind, or not. In other words, Christian judgment has submitted to the utilitarian or experiential test. The will of God is the real good of mankind. We cannot for a moment allow that there can be any possible divergence between the two standards. It is true that utilitarians affirm that good is happiness, and happiness is pleasure, and I admit that there is something extremely distasteful to the Christian habit of mind in making pleasure the aim and end of existence. But then we find that this notion, *in the same sense*, is almost equally distasteful to the modern utilitarian. The selfish theory is utterly and conclusively abandoned by the highest utilitarian authorities.¹ They appear to call for the unreserved sacrifice and destruction of himself, if a man can thereby

(1) See for example Mill's "Utilitarianism," pp. 22—24. On the other hand, the self-regarding theory has been re-asserted in one of the most remarkable of recent ethical discussions ("The Morals of Expediency and Intuition," *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 5th and June 8th), by a writer who combines the principles of Bentham and Paley. This vigorous thinker says that the utilitarian answer to the question, Why ought I to do what is right? is, Because it will conduce to my greatest happiness: and he endeavours to prove that the very question, Why ought I, cannot be thoroughly understood except so as necessarily to imply such an answer. But he holds that the probability of rewards and punishments in a future state must affect the expectation of happiness in an important degree. The principle, affirmed by Mr. Mill, that a man is bound to give up his own happiness without reserve or hope, if he can thereby promote the greater happiness of others, will be felt by Christians to be a strained and unnatural one, binding a needless burden on men. According to Christian belief, he who casts himself away will find himself. We are encouraged not to care for ourselves, because God cares for us. In some respects those who start from the Christian relation between men and God, will rather agree with the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* than with Mr. Mill. But there is an important difference between his conception of God and theirs. Whilst he thinks of God chiefly as wielding the promises and threats—especially the threats—of the future world, they would take the most perfect ideal of parental guidance and filial trust as illustrating what God is to men and what men should be to God.

promote largely the general happiness of his fellow-men. And when we find that they also eagerly insist upon a difference of dignity in pleasures, setting the æsthetic above the sensual, and the moral above the æsthetic, I do not see that we need have any quarrel with them upon this point of the nature of well-being.

Mr. Lecky, speaking on the side of intuitional morality, is rash enough to allege that the higher kind of virtue is *not* of a nature to promote the well-being of mankind, or at least to promote such social happiness as he conceives to be the ideal of utilitarians. He takes the apparently high line of advocating, on the ground of our native instincts of preference and approbation, a virtue which not only does not make happiness its aim, but is actually likely to diminish the amount of human happiness. It is inconceivable that any one accustomed to believe in God as the Creator of human society, should think that there can be a virtue which would in the long run have such an effect. Christians have always assumed and taught that obedience to the will of God is the way to true happiness. They will agree with Mr. Mill when he says,—

“If men believe, as most profess to do, in the goodness of God, those who think that conduciveness to the general happiness is the essence, or even only the criterion of good, must necessarily believe that it is also that which God approves” (“Utilitarianism,” p. 41). “If it be a true belief that God desires, above all things, the happiness of his creatures, and that this was his purpose in their creation, utility is not only not a godless doctrine, but more profoundly religious than any other. . . . A utilitarian who believes in the perfect goodness and wisdom of God, necessarily believes that whatever God has thought fit to reveal on the subject of morals, must fulfil the requirements of utility in a supreme degree. . . . Whatever aid religion, either natural or revealed, can afford to ethical investigation, is as open to the utilitarian moralist as to any other.” (Ibid., pp. 31, 32.)

Let us take as an example some question within the domain of moral science, upon which there would now be a difference of opinion amongst well-informed persons. It is a remarkable fact that, whilst there is so much diversity as to the *grounds* of duty, there is so little as to the duties themselves. But such a subject as the relation of women to men may be considered as belonging to morals, and upon this it may be assumed that at the present moment people seriously differ. Some would advocate greatly increased facility of divorce, an absolutely equal contract in marriage, identical rights for each sex before the law, and other innovations affecting the position of women. To a certain extent Christians may be said to be prepossessed against such proposals. A theory of marriage is laid down in the New Testament, which is represented as having the sanction of God himself. To give up marriage altogether would make a great hole in the New Testament teaching. And certainly the general effect of that teaching is to persuade us to regard the marriage-tie as sacred, and not to be dissolved. A theory which treats marriage as a matter of convenience is repugnant to our Christian instincts. But we Christians are quite ready to justify the

most reverent view of marriage as conducive to the well-being of mankind. We have no fear of its being proved by any appeal to experience that the institution of marriage is an injurious one. If evidence unfavourable to any existing custom in the department of marriage-laws or the legal condition of women begins to accumulate, we shall probably be led by our Christian prejudices to scrutinise it with severity, and we shall feel an interest in meeting it with arguments from experience on the other side. But should the unfavourable evidence be manifestly the stronger, it is vain to suppose that we shall be unaffected by it. Gradually, perhaps slowly, but surely, we shall come to recognise the testimony of experience as bringing a Divine sanction with it. Good customs which seem to be endangered will find a firmer support than they had before. We shall once more perceive the will of God in what the facts of life bring home to us. The witness of facts, if only we can get it genuine, is as positive and authentic a revelation of the will of God as anything in the New Testament.

So far, then, as the determining of what we ought to do is concerned, we may be better satisfied that we are walking on Christian as well as solid ground, in going with Mr. Mill or any other of the moralists who make the promotion of human happiness the test of right action, than in depending, with Mr. Lecky, on the guidance of our innate moral consciousness. And, to turn the matter round, the Christian theory of accepting God's will as our law, and finding out by experience what God's will is, provides us with just those means of discovery which utilitarianism professes to supply.

It is not so easy to describe the *sanction* as the standard of utilitarian ethics. With the Christian the will of God is the sanction as well as the standard. We hold ourselves bound to do God's will *because* it is his will. Mr. Mill seems to allow that Christians, without giving up their theory of obligation, may be perfect utilitarians by simply accepting the utilitarian test. But he holds—in common with nearly all moralists, on his own side and on the opposite—that duty may be defined without reference to God; and he undertakes to show that utilitarians can account for and produce the phenomena of conscience and obligation as well as the *a priori* moralists.

In thoroughness and simplicity Christians may surely contend that their theory of obligation is beyond all rivalry. Only let their datum be granted—that there is a God who communicates his will, in whatever way, to men, his children—and no one can deny that we have in this fact a simple and final explanation of conscience and duty. All the language which seems most natural and inevitable about moral obligation fits in readily with this theory. We have but to name the will of God, to imply that it is absolutely binding upon us. When we further consider what we believe about the nature and acts of God, the law of complete self-surrender and dependence—the principle of righteousness by faith—commends itself to us as

necessarily involved in that belief. If all the world consisted of believers in the God of the Christians, it would be manifestly futile to attempt to construct any other theory of duty but that according to which men are responsible to their Maker, as to a perfectly wise and just and loving Father.

Both intuitionists and utilitarians, however, undertake to explain duty without assuming man's relation to God. And the former do it by affirming that there is something in the constitution of man's nature which gives to right action an *a priori* claim and authority over his mind. They make their appeal to the common consciousness. When the received morality says to us, You ought to do this and that, if we ask, Why ought we?—intuitionists answer by asking, Don't you know and feel that you ought? Utilitarians bring against this method the well-known objections, that this is simply turning the popular impressions of the moment into a law, and that these supposed constitutional assumptions cannot stand against analysis. They proceed to analyse. They say that all that they have to deal with is the internal persuasion or bias which we call the sense of duty. This is, in fact, a strong leaning to what is right, and a strong shrinking from what is wrong. They resolve this feeling into the result of many influences. They trace it to hereditary tendencies impressed on the bodily system, to early education, and, most generally, to the action of law and social opinion deterring from and punishing what is wrong, and encouraging with approbation and rewards what is right. When such influences have been brought steadily to bear upon a human organisation, there results the state of feeling called conscience, or a sense of duty. To nourish the conscientious feeling it is only necessary to strengthen and direct those influences.

The most determined spiritualist can hardly follow, unmoved, these operations of "victorious analysis" upon the moral sense. But however adequate the explanations, in the hands of an able reasoner, may for a moment appear to be, no one can acquiesce in them as satisfactory except those who have despaired of the spiritual world. The old terminology of morals is continually protesting and rebelling against this theory of the conscience. Explain it as you will, the word "I ought" is hardly the word to express a physiological inference. If we try to frame a language really suited to such conceptions of duty, the very life seems to have gone out of morality. We miss the most powerful spring of conduct, the most intelligible object of appeal, the strongest anchor in a storm of personal temptation. For the promotion of inward virtue, the morality of thoughts and aspirations, we lose the hold upon a higher power, and have to fall back upon self-culture only. The moral chemist may bring together materials from below which promise to make the living growth of goodness; but, after all, we continue to feel that we cannot dispense with the subtle influence from above, which animates, and inspires, and draws the soul upwards.

But we Christians do not now profess to deny all morality in those by whom the Christian sanction is not accepted. We recognise and admire virtue in men who do not practise it because it is the will of God. If we, then, whose explanation of morality is that God speaks to us, and we hear his voice, and confess his authority, are called upon to explain morality in those whose conception of it is a totally different one, we must either avail ourselves of some independent system of morality for them, or show that our system can adapt itself in some way to their case. The latter course seems to me in every way preferable. And in order to justify ourselves we need nothing but one principle of interpretation, a principle which is on all accounts a most important one. We need *to conceive of God in a truly spiritual manner*. That is, we must think of God as mysterious, never more than partially apprehended, speaking in nature, and in human society, as well as in Christ and in the sacred writers. We must think of trust in God and the service of God as not limited to those who accept the definitions of theology.

The narrowest and most formal notions of God and his action are too common amongst Christians; and these are naturally welcome to those who make it their business to account for all things without God. Non-Christians have great excuse for assuming that the will of God is but another name for infallible Scripture, or that God only acts in miracles, or that faith is a curious principle to be understood only by the initiated. But these notions never formed part of the higher Christian theology. It is impossible for a man to be an earnest and intelligent Christian without being raised by his Christianity above them. All the greater Christian theologians have been led inevitably to views which, by comparison, may be called mystical and pantheistic. They have been accustomed to see God in all things, and especially in all order and goodness. It would be impossible to find a more unmystical and common-sense divine than Paley; but even of him Professor Bain remarks, with significant wonder, "He cannot, it seems, trust human nature with a single charitable act apart from the intervention of the Deity." We should not use by preference the word "intervention;" but assuredly a spiritual theology, whilst ready to acknowledge the charitable acts of any man, would never admit that one of them was done without the Deity. We say then that everything to which the idea of duty attaches itself is some aspect or manifestation of God; that a moral law, whence soever derived, is, in fact, a law of God; that ideals cherished with reverence are shadows of the Divine perfection; that even devotion to human kind is devotion to the Father in whose image mankind is made. We do not invent these interpretations merely for the sake of contriving an ambitious, but unreal and delusive, comprehension; these and similar statements have been expressed from the first in the language of Christian doctrine, and with an eye

to Christians only. We preach upon them from texts of Scripture¹ in sermons intended for the edification of believers. So that this method is a perfectly real one to Christians, and we apply it to ourselves far more, and more naturally, than we think of applying it to unbelievers. But it is capable of application to their case as well as to ours. It will follow then that, according to the Christian view, he who regards Duty as having an indefeasible claim upon him is really acknowledging the absolute sovereignty of God's will ; he who forgets himself to live for his fellows is living for Christ and for God ; he who cherishes an ideal of honour and purity and kindness, is paying homage to the Son of man, and striving after the perfection of God. A conscience is a conscience, however it has been produced ; and the higher law to which it is in fact sensitive, however it may be named by the owner of the conscience, is necessarily by Christians named the law of God.

Professor Huxley, in the paper in this Review, in which he has declared so uncompromising a determination to know nothing but natural phenomena and their laws, seems to reduce the noblest acts of duty to the precise level of the contractile agitation of the protoplasm in the hairs of the stinging-nettle. "All thought," he says, "is but the expression of molecular changes in the physical matter of life. As surely as every future grows out of past and present, so will the physiology of the future gradually extend the realm of matter and law until it is co-extensive with knowledge, with feeling, and with action." Most of his readers cannot help feeling depressed by such a prospect, and would at any rate take it to be discouraging to moral appeals and exhortations ; but Mr. Huxley, with his unsparing severity, when he has excited their fears, proceeds to laugh at them as foolish ; and he himself seems to consider the identity in nature of action and contractility as positively suggesting with peculiar emphasis a moral conclusion. "Why trouble ourselves," he asks, "with anything beyond natural phenomena ? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it." The plain duty of each and all of us ! Where in the world, we are inclined to ask, does Mr. Huxley find a place for plain duty amongst his molecular changes ? Nevertheless, we see that he does acknowledge a plain duty for all and each ; and this plain duty he declares to be to strive against misery and ignorance. Well ; any man who does that, in the eye of the Christian, is doing God's will ; if he is responsible for doing it, he is really responsible to God. Mr. Huxley is a physiologist, and goes a little aside from his own professional

(1) For example : "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "Every one that loveth is born of God." "When saw we thee an hungred and fed thee ? Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

line in making this appeal to our consciences. But when we see the warmth with which such moralists as Mr. Mill, say, or M. Comte, at moral questions, the enthusiasm with which they desire the improvement of the human race, their indignation against wrong, their reverence for goodness, the profound sense of responsibility they would cultivate in themselves and others, we cannot but say, these men live by faith more than most Christians, and their faith is in—what? In what we, speaking for ourselves, should most certainly name God.

It may make philosophers smile, thus to pronounce them theists and even Christians, whether they will or no. But these considerations are not addressed expressly to them. The object of them is to justify the Christian theory of duty as capable of universal application. Mr. Bain says of Paley, "The ethical standard with him is the conjoined reference to the will of the Deity, and to utility or human happiness. He is unable to construct a scheme applicable to mankind generally, until they are first converted to a belief in revelation." From such an objection I desire to clear the doctrine of those who make the will of God the supreme law. I contend that Christians have no need to add an exoteric to their esoteric morality. The theory taught them by their Master and St. Paul and St. John serves for all the world. It accepts the utilitarian test of the rightness of actions without reserve. It more manifestly embraces, and gives much-needed support to, the whole intuitional morality. It is able and willing to recognise and affiliate the goodness of all good men, whatever they may profess to believe. In utilitarianism there is nothing which there is not in Christianity. What there is in the Christian ethical system beyond and in advance of utilitarianism—how it gives birth to a larger and finer code of duties, how it presents more powerful and inspiring motives, how by dealing at once with the heart, out of which are the issues of life, it escapes the embarrassment of a system which is primarily a morality of actions,¹ how it

(1) It is by no means an easy thing to define *an action*. There is on one side the Scylla of making it mechanical, by shutting out mind and feeling from it; and on the other side the Charybdis of putting too much mind and feeling into it, and so making it include what does not properly belong to it. The question of the relation of a motive to an action is so important that I may be permitted to refer to an incidental discussion of it in a note contained in the second edition of Mr. Mill's "Utilitarianism" (p. 26). Mr. Mill says in the text of his work (p. 26), "Utilitarian moralists have gone beyond almost all others in affirming that *the motive has nothing to do with the morality of the action, though much with the worth of the agent*. He who saves a fellow-creature from drowning does what is morally right, whether his motive be duty or the hope of being paid for his trouble; he who betrays the friend that trusts him, is guilty of a crime, even if his object be to serve another friend to whom he is under greater obligations." I had objected to this statement, in a criticism which Mr. Mill does me the honour to notice, that we cannot help taking the motive into account, in estimating the rightness or wrongness of an action; and I had suggested more extreme alternative cases than Mr. Mill's, as that the life of the drowning man was saved in order that he might be tortured alive, and that the friend was betrayed with an eye to his own greater good. Mr. Mill replies, that by a common and venial oversight, I have confounded the

invests the human ideal with heavenly radiance, touching the imagination as well as the heart,—on these topics it has been beyond my present purpose to dwell. My conclusion is, let not Christians be distrustful of their theology. Let them be glad to see it searched and proved by any trial. Marcus Aurelius has said (iii. 13)—a Christian ought to say it with tenfold meaning and confidence—"The bond which unites the divine and human to one another is such, that neither wilt thou do anything well which pertains to man without at the same time having a reference to things divine; nor the contrary."

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very different ideas of motive and intention, the distinction between which utilitarian moralists (and Bentham pre-eminently) have taken great pains to illustrate. In the case of rescue which I have supposed, not only the motive, Mr. Mill says, but the act itself is different. The rescue is only the necessary first step of an act far more atrocious than leaving the man to drown would have been. True: but the same criticism appears to me to apply to Mr. Mill's own illustrations. What Mr. Mill, in the passage quoted, calls motives, Bentham would rather have called intentions. Intention may regard, says Bentham, either the act or its consequences. The man who hoped to be paid for saving the other from drowning, *intended*, Bentham would have said, to make some money; his *motive* was desire of money, a thing neither good nor bad. The saving of life was right, because saving life is generally conducive to happiness. In the other case, what Mr. Mill calls the man's "object"—meaning his motive—would also be, more strictly, his "intention." To serve his friend is his *intention*, and the betrayal of the other friend's trust is "a necessary first step of this act;" his *motive* is that variety of benevolence which is called gratitude,—a motive which, according to Bentham, might just as easily prompt a wrong action as a right one. As regards this particular point, then, I venture to think that I have offended against accurate distinction neither more nor less than Mr. Mill himself. The question of importance is, how we are to give an action its full moral quality, when we separate it from the motives and disposition. Bentham is so extremely cool in his judgments, and refers so continually to pleasure and pain, that he seems to evacuate the actions he discusses of moral quality altogether. To him it is enough to call an action pernicious, without stamping it as wicked. He would have so far differed from Mr. Mill, I imagine, as to persist that in the case I suggested, the man in the mere saving of life was doing what ought to be called right, because generally beneficial, although in the particular case it was a step to a wrong action. Mr. Mill appears to be unwilling to call a bad man's act, done with a bad purpose, a good act. On the other hand, are we willing to say with him that a man who betrays a friend in order to serve another friend to whom he is under greater obligations, "is guilty of a crime," no less than if the act were a wholly selfish one? The act, in the legal or Benthamite view, is a wrong one; it is an act for law to punish. But in pronouncing on the guilt of the doer, in considering the reflex character of the act, we can hardly help taking motives into account. Mr. Mill allows us indeed to do this, if we are estimating the worth of the agent. We may infer, he says, disposition from acts, and shall think well or ill of a man according to his disposition. Well, what I contend is, that this principle of estimating according to motives, runs of necessity into our judgment of acts when we are determining their moral quality. Bentham himself says, "It is an acknowledged thing that every kind of act whatever is apt to assume a different character, and be attended with different effects, according to the nature of the *motives* which give birth to it." It is most natural, when we are thinking of moral responsibility, to regard an act as an expression of mind or feeling. And Christians will habitually and consistently so regard it. They will always look beyond the act to its motives. In their view, acts derive their morality from the actuating purpose or feeling. And they will judge of feeling as right and noble, or the opposite, not only by its tendency to produce beneficial results (although they will accept this as a safe criterion), but also as it is in harmony or not with what they have learnt to be the highest attributes of the Divine nature.

CLAUDE TILLIER: AN UNKNOWN SATIRIST.

It is probable that few readers, even amongst those best acquainted with French literature, will already know the name at the head of this article, and it is more than probable that it is here for the first time printed beyond the limits of Claude Tillier's native land. He is not much known in Paris even, and not generally known in France. Who and what was he, and why do we write about him here? He was a provincial humourist and satirist, born at Clamecy, a little place on the banks of the river Yonne, where it flows, still in its infancy, amongst the picturesque hills of the Morvan. He died at Nevers, in 1844, at the age of forty-three. He wrote a good many pamphlets and a few stories, and his life was that of a poor schoolmaster and provincial journalist. He wrote in a small paper published at Clamecy, and called the "Independent," and afterwards edited a newspaper at Nevers called *l'Association*. His pamphlets and stories were collected soon after his death, and an edition in four volumes was printed and published at Nevers, by one Sionest. This edition, which is dated 1846, has long been exhausted, and as it has not been succeeded by others, Tillier's works are exceedingly difficult to get. Copies still circulate like books from a lending library, and their owners cannot keep them on their shelves; they are all worn by much use, and it is probable that in many instances the four volumes have parted company. This is as much as to say that Tillier has many admirers. He has; and all who admire him at all admire him enthusiastically. He is also very much disliked by those who from conviction, or from the sympathy of situation and circumstances, naturally take part with the personages whom he attacked in his pamphlets. It is not easy for a good Catholic to like a man who did all he could to make a bishop ridiculous, and who spoke very disrespectfully of relics, suggesting that they might be profitably converted into bone-black. On the other hand, the sceptical part of the population, always very numerous in northern and central France, enjoy his satirical writings still, though the objects of his attacks are now for the most part dead, and would in some instances be forgotten, if Tillier had not given them a "cruel immortality." So far as I have been able to judge from the interest still taken in Tillier, a new edition of his works would be a very safe speculation; but as his fame is exclusively provincial—almost local—no Parisian publisher would be likely to undertake it; and provincial book-sellers, at least in such a small place as Nevers, are apt to consider a book in four volumes rather a heavy speculation. Indeed, it is

much to the credit of M. Sionest to have ventured upon this edition of 1846. The only hope that I have for a continuation of the literary vitality of Tillier's name is, that some house in Paris might be persuaded to issue a new edition of the fictions. It is always a great misfortune to an author when his reputation is too local; and it is, on the other hand, rather a good sign, when a writer who is known to all is not known in his own locality. There is a pettiness in provincial fame which seems to be a real hindrance to the extension of it across nations and continents. It is as if the winged messengers, who ought to carry the name wherever the winds blow, hovered perpetually round one village. The sound of their innumerable wings is all concentrated in one place.

Claude Tillier is very famous in the regions about Nevers, and yet there is nothing in the nature of his genius to confine his fame so narrowly as this. The novels are not too local; it is true that they belong to the soil, but not in any sense implying exclusion of readers bred elsewhere. They are written in admirable French, with a remarkable abstinence from *patois*, and might be as thoroughly enjoyed in Paris as in the Nivernais itself. No doubt many Englishmen would appreciate them; but without desiring to imply that there is any want of literary faculty in the English mind, it may be observed that the distinguishing quality of Tillier is not an English but a French quality, namely— *finesse* (using the word in its true French sense). Tillier is exquisitely *fin*; and his humour is so delicate, so careless about explaining itself, that much of it would be missed (and that often the very best of it) by a reader accustomed, as the English reader is accustomed, to have anything facetious set before him as plainly as possible, and repeated twenty-five times, that he may have every opportunity of seeing the significance of it. Some of our own writers and painters have been *fins* also,¹—Goldsmith and Leslie were; yet I should not say that it is a very common quality with English writers, because our public likes other qualities better, which are scarcely compatible with it; and writers do not write simply what they feel might be good in itself, but what is likely to be understood by the public they address. Englishmen are often very acute and very humorous; but they do not take delight in the delicacy of an idea for the sake of that delicacy. This is the point on which Tillier is essentially French. If a beautiful or lively idea comes to him he handles it as tenderly as he would handle a butterfly, gives you one clear glimpse of it in half a sentence or a

(1) There is no English word that will even approximately translate *fin* and *finesse*. The dictionaries give a column of instances, but never any equivalent word. *Finesse* is always taken in the bad sense when popularly used in England. The only possible translation of *fin* would be a whole sentence. It implies the union of intense keenness of perception with moderation. Quiet humour is very commonly associated with the quality, but not essential to it.

phrase, with no more apparent satisfaction with his *trouvaille* than a quiet smile may indicate. If you have seen it, very well; if not, he will not call your attention to it a second time.¹

Tillier was the son of a locksmith at Clamecy, and being an intelligent and studious boy, made such rapid progress with his learning, that his native town, which possessed a scholarship at the *lycée* of Bourges, sent him there to finish his education. In 1814, he set himself at the head of a party of youths in the college, tore the white cockade, and replied to the official cry of "Vive le Roi!" by the cry, "Vive l'Empereur!"

He left the picturesque town of Bourges in 1819, having passed through the curriculum of education there, and became *maître d'études* in the college of Soissons, after which he filled the same post in a private school in Paris. The reader will at once understand the position of a *maître d'études*, if he knows that in a French college the "studies," or rooms where lessons are prepared, are separated from the "classes," or rooms where lessons are heard. The *maître d'études* is a master whose business is to see that the boys learn their lessons, and his position is by no means an exalted one, being neither well paid nor much respected. Poor Tillier fell, however, into a still worse career than that, for, being a conscript in 1821, he was forced to go to the Spanish war as an artilleryman. When we reflect that this war was directly against Tillier's political principles, and that he had the most ardent convictions, we can only wonder how he bore the life at all. For six weary years did this intelligent and cultivated man labour as the servant of a cannon. It is conceivable enough that a man of genius would willingly turn soldier if the fighting were against some gigantic tyranny that he hated; but when he has to fight in favour of what he hates the lot is a very hard one. These six years of military service being at length ended, Tillier came back to Clamecy in 1828, set up as a schoolmaster, and got married. Soon afterwards he was appointed master of the *école communale*, a position about equal to that of a parish schoolmaster in an English village. His literary career began in 1831, and as French journalists sign their articles, his contributions to a local newspaper drew down upon him the vengeance of certain magnates of the place, who proposed to give him an usher, to divide his work and share his meagre income. Tillier made a humorous remonstrance, in which he set forth the absurdity of harnessing together a horse and a donkey, and said that if this were to be done the horse would tender his resignation. So he resigned, and set up a school of his own, but his enemies got him

(1) This is true of Tillier in his best vein, but he occasionally passes into caricature, and then is no longer *fin*. We shall come shortly to instances of both states. What I mean in the text is not that Tillier was always *fin*, but that his capacity for being so, when in his best mood, is his most eminent quality. It is less displayed in his pamphlets, which are polemical, than in his novels.

put in prison; and, no doubt, during his week of imprisonment many bitter thoughts occurred to him, which afterwards found expression in his terrible pamphlets.

His first pamphlet appeared in 1840, and his success encouraged him to rely entirely upon his pen for subsistence. His purely literary career lasted four years, and it included the drudgery of newspaper editing. Since he died of consumption, it is evident that during these years he must have had a painful struggle against declining health. His old deaf mother remained near him, and nursed him, and his perpetual effort was to cheat her into the belief that he was not *very* ill, after all. Here is a fragment written by Tillier himself in the last weeks or days of his life, one of the saddest pages in literature:—

Ma mère est à côté de mon fauteuil de malade; elle est sourde, la pauvre femme, et nous ne pouvons guère nous faire entendre; *mais elle est là qui m'enveloppe de tous ses regards, qui cherche à deviner dans mes yeux ce que je désire, et dans le moindre pli de mon front ce qui me déplaît*; elle a quitté l'autre moitié de sa famille, celle qui n'a pas besoin d'elle, pour prendre sa part de mon agonie. Les soins qu'elle avait donnés à mon enfance, elle les prodigue à ma précoce vieillesse. Elle a déjà vu mourir un fils, et elle vient encore me prêter l'appui de son bras pour me faire descendre plus doucement les pentes de la vie.

Pauvre mère! de quelle lourde main Dieu vous a-t-il donc mesuré les larmes qu'il a mises sous votre paupière! Dieu ne serait-il donc point juste envers les mères? Un fils ne peut enterrer qu'une fois sa mère; mais une mère, de combien de fils souvent ne porte-t-elle pas le deuil! Suis-je au moins le dernier enfant qu'elle enterrera? Lui en restera-t-il un dernier pour lui fermer les yeux et mêler à nos os ses chères dépouilles? est-elle destinée à emporter la clef de notre chétive maison?

Oh! combien je suis moins à plaindre qu'elle! Je meurs quelques jours avant ceux de ma génération; mais je meurs dans cet âge où finit la jeunesse, et après lequel la vie n'est plus qu'une longue décadence. Je rendrai à Dieu mes facultés telles qu'il me les a données: mon imagination vole toujours d'un vol libre dans l'espace et le temps n'a point blanchi les plumes de son aile. Je n'ai perdu que quelques uns de ceux que j'aimais, et quand je vais à la Tous-saint, visiter le cimetière où dorment nos pauvres ancêtres, à peine trouvé-je dans le gazon quelques débris de noms qui me sont chers. Je suis semblable à l'arbre qu'on coupe ayant encore des fruits entre le tronc dont il est poussé et les jeunes rejetons qui poussent. Belle et pale automne! tu ne m'as point vu cette année, dans tes chemins bordés d'herbes flétries; je n'ai vu ton doux soleil et je n'ai senti tes brises parfumées que de ma fenêtre; mais nous nous en irons ensemble! Je veux mourir avec la dernière feuille des peupliers, avec la dernière fleur de la prairie, avec le dernier chant des oiseaux, enfin avec tout ce qui est doux, avec tout ce qui est beau dans l'année. Il faut que ce soit la première bise qui me dise: *Il faut partir!* Ne vaut-il pas mieux mourir à temps que de vieillir?

The touch about his poor mother, "Is she destined to carry away the key of our poor little house?" is infinitely pathetic. But the whole picture is profoundly moving—the dying man sitting in his arm-chair, and his old deaf mother come to sit by him, and work for him, and minister to his comfort, watching for the indication of wants that cannot be communicated to her verbally. And the son, thinking hour by hour how sad and desolate she will be when he goes, and

hoping that she may not be left utterly alone. And then the biting satirist, the dreaded pamphleteer, looks out on the autumnal fields, and all his simple love of nature breaks forth in the tenderest regret.

M. Félix Pyat, in his preface to Tillier's works, observes with truth that the pamphleteer is now absorbed in the journalist, and that both have strictly the same office. The office is foreseen in the order of nature, and is in fact one of the functions of the great spiritual power. The priest and the pamphleteer do not like each other, and believe that their work is very different, but, in reality, they perform similar though not identical functions, and their jealousy is a *jalousie de métier*. Tillier did not simply hate priests, he loathed them, and the priests detested Tillier, yet both were exercising spiritual power, Tillier by his pamphlets, the priests by their discourses. Some discredit attaches itself to the militant pamphleteer, because he speaks on his own responsibility, and is not backed, as the priest is, by a vast and venerable organisation. But if the pamphleteer has talent and truth on his side, he is backed by the forces of nature, and, therefore, in his way, is a power having a place in the world. A pamphleteer is simply a journalist of the higher class—that is, a maker of articles on contemporary men and events, who does not publish his compositions in a newspaper, but issues them separately. He loses by doing so the support which the reputation of a journal might give him, but he gains in individual influence. During his brief career as a writer of pamphlets Tillier became powerful in his own neighbourhood, and the mere fact that spiritual influence is attainable by these means is enough to prove that they are in the order of nature, though not officially recognised by human hierarchies. If a man, who has anything to say, wait until some official hierarchy authorises him to say it, he may wait until he dies; and even if the hierarchy permitted him to speak, the mere fact of such a permission would trammel him. A bishop is officially allowed to speak; but what bishop is half so free to say what he thinks as Claude Tillier was? The unofficial character of the pamphleteer is, in fact, as much in favour of his practical efficiency as it is against his social consideration. Tillier was not in a bad position for the work he had to do. He was a poor man, acquainted with the hardships of life, and, at the same time, an educated man, able to say all that he had to say in the most forcible and masterly language. He had the two educations most needed for such work as his, the austere education of poverty, and the polish of intellectual training. The one tempered the steel of his rapier, the other brought it to a fine point.

I will speak of him first as a pamphleteer, and before doing so, make, with the reader's permission, an observation or two about good taste, in which, from the common point of view, Tillier was often deficient. No expression of condemnation is more dreaded in

England than the phrase, "it is in bad taste." When once uttered people scarcely dare question the justice of it, fearing even to appear to defend anything so abominable. In short, these two words, "bad taste," describe now in England the great social heresy, and sound in our ears with that peculiarly hateful sound which in the days of our fathers attached to such words as "Radical," "Free-trader," "Papist," "Socinian," and the like. The inference from an examination of the current criticism on conduct would appear to be that good and bad taste are terms, like orthodoxy and heterodoxy, relative to power. As orthodoxy is the dominant doxy, and heterodoxy any other doxy, so good taste is the strong man's way of behaving, and bad taste another man's way of behaving. Unless, indeed, the latter is simply submissive.

It is, therefore, inevitable that a pamphleteer like Tillier—a poor man, an insignificant man, attacking men of rank and position—should have been constantly guilty of bad taste. But it is like the "bad taste" of Mr. Bright—always on the side of humanity against privilege. He is not to be cowed by the appearances of State and power; his organ of veneration does not subjugate his reasoning faculty; and notwithstanding the high social position, or the numerical forces of his adversaries, he coolly estimates their real power, and feels that, though apparently weak and alone, he himself is sustained by the intelligent and manly part of the public. For instance, after laughing at his contemporaries for being so much afraid of the Jesuits, he says, "what if all the priests in France were Jesuits, what have you to fear from them?"

Vous vous imaginez que les prêtres ont beaucoup d'influence, parce que la foule, cette poussière que soulève tout ce qui agite l'atmosphère, tourbillonne volontiers autour d'eux, parce que vous voyez des bandes de femmes et d'enfants suivre leurs processions; parce que quelques vieux hommes qui ne savent plus que faire vont passer une heure ou deux à leur église. Mais sur la partie vivante de la Nation, celle qui a une tête d'homme et un cœur de citoyen, ils n'ont point de prise: elle glisse sous leur étreinte comme une outre imbibée d'huile; ils ont beau dorer leurs hameçons, ils n'y prennent que quelques ailettes étourdies et de vieilles carpes que leur grand âge a rendues aveugles.

With the same easy confidence in the good sense of the more intelligent section of his countrymen, Tillier rebukes the timidity of those who dreaded the predominance of the priesthood in education. "Don't exclude the priests," he said; "let education be free, and you have nothing to fear from them."

Pourquoi les prêtres s'empareraient-ils avec tant de facilité de l'instruction si elle était libre? Reconnaissez-vous en eux une capacité infuse qui n'existe point chez les laïques? Lorsqu'il seront dans leur classe, l'inspiration du Saint Esprit descendra-t-elle sur eux comme s'ils étaient dans un concile? *auront-ils des saints qui feront des miracles de syntaxe et de méthode, comme ils en ont qui font des guérisons miraculeuses? ou, s'ils n'en ont point, en feront-ils venir de Rome?*

Enfin, comme ce mendiant béni de Dieu, leur suffira-t-il de dire : "Que l'instruction publique entre dans mon sac," pour qu'elle s'empresse d'y entrer ?

And on the next page comes a splendid paragraph of the truest liberal sentiment. If they get public instruction into their hands, it must be because the majority of families are willing to have it so ; and to forbid them to instruct implies the fear that they would enjoy the support of this majority.

Quand bien même, du reste, le clergé devrait s'emparer infailliblement de l'instruction, serait-ce une raison pour lui en escarper les bords ? Pour que les prêtres s'emparassent de l'instruction que faudrait-il ? que la majorité des familles eût placé en eux sa confiance ; or, la majorité des familles, c'est la Nation. C'est donc parceque vous leur supposez la confiance de la Nation, que vous voulez les exclure de l'enseignement public ? Mais prenez garde à ce que vous allez faire ! agir ainsi envers eux c'est leur dire : "Nous ne voulons pas que vous enseigniez parceque vous enseigneriez trop bien si nous vous permettions d'avoir des chaires." Pour moi, je vous avoue que je me trouverais très honoré d'être exclu de cette manière. Si votre intention est de rehausser les prêtres, vous ne sauriez employer un meilleur moyen que celui-ci. Je serais fâché sans doute que vos collègues tombassent devant les maisons religieuses, mais j'aime encore mieux l'égalité devant la loi que vos collègues.

There is a superb loftiness in a subsequent passage, where he tells the French people that its fears are ridiculous, if it is master of its own house. This passage is so eloquent, so grand, and so scornful, that had it been pronounced orally in a national assembly it would have produced an effect never to be forgotten.

Je n'ai pas, moi, imposé ma volonté à des rois et à des empereurs ; je n'ai point commandé au Caire, ordonné en maître à Rome, régné à Madrid, signé des traités à Vienne, passé des revues à Berlin, je n'ai pas eu un mois sous ma domination les cendres de Moscow : *mais si j'avais une maison, fût-elle grande comme Paris, IL ME SEMBLE QUE J'Y SÉRAIS LE MAÎTRE* ; quand je voudrais mettre un habit, si mon valet de chambre m'apportait une redingote, le drôle goûterait de ma houssine ; *et il ne faudrait pas, s'il me plaisait de manger gras le vendredi, que mon cuisinier s'avisât de servir maigre !* Il aurait beau dire qu'il a peur de mon aumônier, je le jetterais à la porte et je mettrais un artiste luthérien à sa place. *Or, ignores-tu, peuple souverain, que la France est ta maison, que tu y es le maître, et que tes ministres ne sont que tes premiers domestiques ? . . .*

A la vérité, nos pères ont obéi à un empereur ; mais quel peuple eût jamais un plus grand et plus glorieux maître ? Et eux, encore, ils étaient bien moins les serviteurs de Napoléon que ses compagnons d'armes ; s'ils le suivaient, c'est qu'il les conduisait toujours l'à où ils voulaient aller : ils marchaient tant que l'aigle volait, et l'aigle ne s'arrêtait que sur le clocher d'une capitale. Mais toi, vois quels sont ceux qui te tordent, comme une rouette, entre leurs mains ; qui mettent leur volonté à la place de ta volonté abolie ! Va ! quand trente-deux millions d'hommes ne peuvent se faire obéir par six ministres ils sont dignes de ramper sous des prêtres. Toi, vieux grenadier d'Austerlitz et de Marengo, te voilà destiné à servir la messe !

Tillier had the bad taste, not only to speak lightly of the powers of the earth, but even to laugh at sacred things. Now if there is one thing which believers cannot tolerate, it is to have their beliefs laughed at. They laugh at the beliefs of others very readily ; but it

is in the worst possible taste to laugh at *their* beliefs. Tillier must therefore have made himself bitterly hated by the *comme il faut* and the Catholic population of Nevers for the persistent ridicule with which he pursued the little arts and doings of the priests. For example, some relics had been brought from Rome (a femur and part of a skull), which the clergy decided to have belonged to a martyr of imperial blood, Saint Flavia. A wax image of the saint was carried through Nevers with all the splendour of an episcopal procession, and Tillier wrote a pamphlet about these doings in his lightest and most amusing style, in which he demolished the very slender evidence for the authenticity of the relics, and narrated (or made the saint herself narrate) how a recent miracle had been performed. A conversation takes place between Tillier and the holy image, in the course of which Tillier contrives to scatter sarcasms at a newspaper and four notabilities :—

“ — Mais, franchement, est-ce que vous faites des miracles ? ”

“ Certainement, Monsieur, ” me répondit-elle.

“ Alors, donneriez-vous bien un peu d'esprit à l'Echo de la Nièvre ? ”

“ Pourquoi non, Monsieur ? est-ce que la puissance de Dieu n'est pas infinie ? ”

“ Inspireriez-vous bien un petit discours de dix minutes au député de l'arrondissement de Cosne ? ”

“ Cela ne me paraît pas impossible ; Dieu a bien tiré une source d'eau vive d'un rocher. ”

“ Et le roi de Clamecy, M. Dupin aîné, l'homme au boutoir, feriez vous bien en sorte qu'ayant parlé blanc il ne dit pas noir ? ”

“ La langue et la pensée des mortels sont entre les mains de Dieu, mon cher Monsieur Claude. ”

“ Enfin, Madame, pourriez-vous élever d'un cran plus haut M. Dufêtre dans sa propre estime ? ”

“ Oh ! pour cela, Monsieur, c'est impossible. ”

Then Tillier gets the image to talk with him very confidentially about a miracle that has lately been attributed to its supernatural power :

“ Voici le fait, ” says the image : “ ces jours passés, une femme m'amène une espèce de petit aveugle ; elle le plante à genoux devant ma chaise, lui pose un chapelet entre les mains, et lui ordonne de réciter. Or, cette vieille imbécile m'avait amené un aveugle de bon aloi, et il fallait que je lui rendisse la lumière ; vous concevez que j'aurais autant aimé qu'elle se fût adressée à un oculiste. Quand le gamin eut bien tourné et retourné son chapelet, on lui met un morceau d'étoffe sous les yeux, et on lui demande de quelle couleur elle est ; il répond sans hésiter qu'elle est rouge ; or, l'étoffe était noire. On lui en présente un second, un troisième, un quatrième—tous les chiffons, enfin, que les vieilles femmes ont dans leurs poches : toujours ce vilain petit éraillé devinait à l'envers ; et personne là, pas le moindre sacristain pour le souffler ! Vous concevez, Monsieur, quelle dût être ma confusion ! une proche parente de Domitien rester en figure d'âne devant tout le public de la neuvaine ! Je suis sous le velours de ma pourpre comme si j'eusse eu la fièvre cérébrale ; je me repensais presque de m'être laissée faire martyr par M. Gaume, et s'il se fut trouvé là, je lui aurais donné de ma palme d'or au visage. ”

“Quoi, Madame, vous vous seriez portée à cette extrémité ?”

“Sans doute, Monsieur ; une sainte n'aime pas plus qu'un autre qu'on la ballote. *Heureusement un bon jeune homme me vint en aide : il s'approche de mon aveugle, et passant une rose sous son nerf olfactif, 'Mon ami,' lui dit-il, 'qu'est-ce cela ?' Alors les yeux du malade, s'illuminant tout-à-coup, il répondit, 'Monsieur, c'est une rose.' C'est ainsi que je guéris ce petit malheureux de sa cécité.*”

Claude Tillier was a thorn in the side of Monseigneur Dufêtre, Bishop of Nevers. He let the bishop alone, once, for a short space of time, and excused himself afterwards for this abstinence on the plea that as the bishop had done nothing to deserve a pamphlet, a pamphlet could not be written about him :—

Maintenant que M. Dufêtre se fait modeste je le laisse jouir du bénéfice de sa modestie. Or, ces mêmes personnes me disent : “Mais M. Claude, vous ne nous parlez plus de M. Dufêtre ; l'auriez-vous amnistié, comme vous avez fait autrefois de M. Paillet, ou bien êtes-vous entré dans la congrégation des Jésuites ?” Je leur répondrai ce que précédemment je leur répondais : “Le pamphlétaire ne peut prendre de sujets là où il n'y en a point. Je suis comme le lièvre qui reste à la même place tant qu'il y a du serpolet à brouter, et qui émigre aussitôt qu'il n'y en a plus. M. Dufêtre ne fait plus de saints, il ne fabrique plus de miracles, il ne triomphe plus, que voulez-vous que j'en dise ? L'illustre prélat est-il un sujet de pamphlet même dans son sommeil ? Croyez-vous que j'ai pris à tâche d'être son persécuteur ? Pourquoi troublerai-je le silence de sa vie obscure et retirée, et irais-je, du bruit de mes critiques, interrompre ses prières ? Me prenez-vous pour une hyène qui va déterrants les cadavres ?

The preceding extract serves as a preface to a story about the bishop's visit to a small village in the course of an episcopal tour. He got there an hour too soon, and missed the ceremonial of his reception. This put him out of temper, and he declined to stay to *déjeuner* with the parish priest. But one of the bishop's clerical attendants had penetrated into the kitchen and seen a magnificent salmon, so as Monseigneur was departing, having actually one foot on the step of the episcopal carriage, this fact was whispered mysteriously in his ear, the love of salmon prevailed over his anger, and he relented and stayed. But see how well this story is told in Tillier's own words, how dramatic it is, how the satire keeps breaking out in little repeated stings !

M. Dufêtre était en tournée. Il était attendu pour bénir et pour déjeuner—deux choses qu'il fait volontiers—dans une paroisse dont je ne me rappelle plus le nom. Comme on sait qu'il aime à triompher, on lui avait préparé un petit triomphe proportionné aux faibles ressources du pays ; l'on m'a dit même qu'à cette occasion le maire s'était fait faire une redingote neuve. Mais, soit que le diable eût fait galoper l'aiguille de sa montre, soit que ses chevaux, saturés d'avoine au dernier presbytère, eussent couru avec une vitesse inaccoutumée, il arriva une heure plus tôt qu'il n'était attendu. Personne, donc, n'était à son poste. Les sonneurs, seuls orateurs qu'on ait au village, buvaient au cabaret pour se mettre en verve ; les femmes étaient devant leur miroir, ajustant leur cornette ; monsieur l'adjoint passait sa chemise blanche, et le curé lui-même dans sa vieille soutane, était au pied de ses fourneaux qui stimulait le zèle de sa cuisinière, lui rappelant les éloges que lui avait décernés M. Naudot. M. Dufêtre fut obligé de triompher tout seul. La principale et unique rue du

village n'était pas même balayée, et il ne rencontra pour tous diocésains que des molosses insolents qui aboyèrent comme des forcenés autour de sa calèche, ce qui le mit d'une humeur extrêmement acide, bien que M. Delacroix lui représentât que ces animaux, pleins d'enthousiasme, criaient dans leur idiome: "Vive sa Grandeur Monseigneur Dufêtre, l'envoyé de Dieu! etc." Pareil affront n'était pas encore arrivé à ce grand prélat, et un moment il crut que le curé du lieu était abonné à mes pamphlets. Au bruit de la calèche sur le pavé de sa cour, le curé arrive tout confus, et ne pouvant, d'émotion, desserrer les dents.

"Eh! monsieur," lui dit le prélat, "est-ce donc ainsi que vous glorifiez la religion? voilà donc comment vous recevez votre évêque? Est-il étonnant que les gens du monde ne nous honorent pas quand nous ne nous honorons pas nous-mêmes?"

Mais tandis que l'évêque gourmandait ainsi le pauvre curé, un prêtre de son état-major alla faire, comme nous disons vulgairement, un tour de cuisine; il remarqua un saumon magnifique qui nageait encore dans son court-bouillon, mais tout prêt à passer dans un élément plus confortable, et il ne le prit pas pour un brochet, je vous prie de le croire. Il crut que ce serait mal avisé de boudier contre une si belle pièce, et il jugea convenable d'en référer à M. Dufêtre. Celui-ci, à bout de son improvisation, avait donné l'ordre du départ, et il avait déjà une sandale sur le marche-pied de sa calèche. L'officier d'état-major qui était allé en éclaireur se pencha vers son oreille et prononça des mots mystérieux que personne n'entendit, mais on vit M. Dufêtre tressaillir dans sa soutane violette; le nuage qui couvrait son front auguste s'éclaircit tout à coup; il revint au curé, et le frappant d'une façon toute paternelle sur l'épaule:—

"Ce pauvre curé!" dit-il, "combien je suis fâché de lui avoir fait de la peine. Pardonnez, mon bon curé, l'accès de mauvaise humeur auquel je me suis laissé emporter contre vous, aux tracasseries qu'un écrivain infernal me fait éprouver dans la capitale même de mon diocèse. . . . Eh bien, oui, mon bon curé, je déjeunerai au presbytère, mais il ne faut que la religion souffre de nos erreurs, ses droits sacrés ne se périment pas. *Faites avertir vos gens qu'au lieu de triompher à mon entrée, je triompherai à ma sortie du village.*"

There was a lady at Nevers called Déal who, though herself poor, was known and loved for her constant kindness and charity. At length she became old and weak, and all her means were exhausted; so, as she could do no more good in the world, and did not wish to become a burden on others, she quietly lighted some charcoal and closed the apertures of her room, and lay down and met death. The priest refused religious interment, and the sorrowful crowd who followed Madame Déal to the grave, having wished at least to place the coffin for a short time in the church before carrying it to the cemetery, found the doors of the church locked, a very exceptional thing in France, where churches are always open. So the poor lady's coffin, after waiting for some time outside in the rain, was carried to the cemetery without having been prayed over. The mourners were naturally indignant, and Tillier gave expression to their feelings in a pamphlet of more than ordinary severity. I cannot, however, in this instance, entirely agree with Tillier, who attached, in my view, too much importance to the matter. The mourners ought not to have exposed the body to insult by taking it to the church at all, and the best vengeance they could have taken

would have been by signing and publishing a mutual agreement to be themselves interred without religious ceremony when their turn should come. The priestly power depends in a great measure for its existence upon the feeling, which long custom has rendered hereditary in all countries, that on all solemn occasions the presence and action of the priest are necessary—that you cannot be married without him, cannot die without him, cannot be buried without him; and the conduct both of Tillier and the mourners in this instance rather confirmed this belief than not. His line of argument was this: “Either the ceremonies of the Church are of use, as affecting the future of the dead, or they are not. If they are of use, it is cruel to refuse them even to the greatest of sinners, for these are precisely the persons who have most need of them; if, on the other hand, they are of no use, then the Church by receiving payment for them is guilty of procuring money by false pretences.” Tillier’s pamphlet was an eloquent development of this thesis. But we know that Tillier, in common with most Frenchmen of the middle class, was convinced for his own part that the ceremonies in question were of use only so far as they might afford some consolation to survivors, and it seems rather as if his real business would have been to show the folly of being dependent for such consolation upon men who withheld it when most needed. Similar observations might be made upon another pamphlet by Tillier, about a case of baptism, in which the priest, having at first been unwilling to baptise, resolved, when he yielded, to baptise as shabbily as possible, and would neither have bell rung nor taper lighted. What is the use of quarrelling with the clergy about their bells and tapers? What are their bells and tapers to us?

The most amusing of all the pamphlets is that entitled “*Les Canons de M. Miot*.” At the small town of Moulins-Engilbert the municipality possessed two old cannons which had been used in the wars of the Convention, but since then had rusted in repose. It being decided that these engines of destruction were of no use to the town, the mayor and his privy council resolved to sell them as old iron, but a certain Monsieur Miot, having a poetical sentiment of sympathy for them as relics, generously saved them. The cannons were knocked down to Monsieur Miot for the sum of thirty-two francs fifty centimes.

Now the said Monsieur Miot possessed a garden from which he looked down upon the town of Moulins-Engilbert, and by way of ornamenting his garden he mounted his newly-acquired artillery on the wall thereof, with inscriptions to commemorate their past history. At first nobody was alarmed, but some inhabitants of Château Chinon, a town situated on a magnificent elevation at some distance from Moulins-Engilbert, represented that their security was menaced

by Monsieur Miot and his cannons ; so that gentleman was brought before the court at Château Chinon, which confiscated his cannons and condemned him in costs.

This almost incredible story supplied a capital subject for Tillier. He wrote a pamphlet thereon in which, with admirable humour, he patiently examines the whole matter in the minutest detail :—

D'abord, personne n'eut peur des canons ; M. Miot, possesseur de deux pièces d'artillerie, n'en parut pas plus terrible qu'auparavant ; les habitants de Moulins-Engilbert passaient à portée et à demi-portée des pièces, sans la moindre inquiétude : l'on dit même que ces braves enfants osèrent plusieurs fois regarder dans la gueule. Il y a plus, aucuns riaient de cette fantasmagorique artillerie.

Mais des avis venus de Château Chinon troublèrent la sécurité publique. On représentait au conseil municipal que M. Miot, avec son parc d'artillerie, menaçait incessamment la ville ; qu'il la tenait comme assiégée ; qu'il était maître de lui imposer ses volontés les plus révolutionnaires ; que le jour de la Saint-Philippe, si les habitants criaient *vive le roi* avec trop d'enthousiasme, s'ils illuminaient leurs fenêtres, il pourrait tirer sur la ville et la réduire, avec tous ses monuments, en décombres. . . . Le danger était d'autant plus grand, que Moulins-Engilbert n'était point fortifié. Les habitants, sur ces avis presque officiels, se crurent obligés d'avoir peur. . . . Un ennemi puissant, décidé, capable de tout, était au cœur de l'arrondissement, et la capitale elle-même, malgré la hauteur escarpée de sa double cime et sa brigade de gendarmerie, n'était pas, dans son aire, à l'abri d'une attaque ! . . . M. Miot fut donc cité à la police correctionnelle, comme détenteur d'armes prohibées.

Ce formidable artilleur obéit à la cédule du parquet, ainsi que le ferait un homme faible ; il se rendit au tribunal, seul, sans canons . . . il ne daigna pas même tirer son avocat du fourreau, tant il se croyait sûr de la victoire, et il prit lui-même la défense de ses canons ; mais malgré sa résistance désespérée, il fut obligé de céder. Le tribunal ordonna une expertise. C'était envoyer un médecin constater l'état sanitaire d'un homme mort depuis vingt ans. Toujours est-il que l'opération eut lieu avec solennité, et les deux canons eurent l'honneur d'être visités par un ancien capitaine d'artillerie.

The artillery captain found the cannons *spiked*, in the first place ; and they were half full of old iron, which had rusted till it made one mass with the rusty cannons themselves. M. Miot's battery, furthermore, could not, in the opinion of the old artillery officer, be of much use for offensive purposes, because, as the cannons were simply placed on his garden wall, and had no platform behind them, their recoil, which was likely to be considerable, would throw them off the wall altogether. In short, the captain concluded that these pieces of artillery were "*peu susceptibles de nuire*."

Le tribunal de Château Chinon a pris ce petit adverbe de quantité—PEU—au sérieux ; il en a profité pour condamner M. Miot à la confiscation de ses canons et aux dépens. Mais il résulte évidemment de l'état des deux pièces qu'elles sont hors de service. Ici le mot *peu* employé par l'expert est une espèce de correctif : c'est comme une concession qu'il fait aux ennemis de M. Miot. Il dit, en parlant des deux canons mutilés, qu'ils sont peu susceptibles de nuire, comme un ami de M. Lepaulme dirait qu'il est peu spirituel, pour ne pas dire qu'il est sans esprit ; comme un maire dirait de l'Echo de la Nièvre qu'il est peu consciencieux, pour exprimer qu'il parle toujours contre sa conscience ; comme je dirais, moi, en parlant des vers de mon tailleur, qu'il

a peu d'imagination, pour faire entendre qu'il en est totalement dépourvu. Le tribunal de Château Chinon me paraît *peu* familier avec les tropes, et, en effet, ces enfantillages de style ne sont plus de son âge. Toutefois, il y a des inconvénients à ne pas connaître la valeur d'une litote. *Ainsi, si monsieur le président du tribunal de Château Chinon entendait dire à Arago qu'il n'est pas aisé de prendre la lune avec ses dents, il en conclurait que la chose est possible.*

Tillier gravely argues the question about these cannons through eighteen pages of close print, every line of which is brilliant with wit. "If everything is a prohibited arm," he says, "which by some modification might be turned into one, then a great many things ought to be prohibited." He then elaborately demonstrates how this thing and that may become an arm of offence, and even undertakes to show that the judge's wig may be included in the number, since one might ram it into a cannon as wadding.

The polemical spirit of the pamphleteer gives place, in the novels, to a spirit of quiet humour and observation. There is a good deal of satire here, too; but not being so personal, it is not so sharp and concentrated as in the pamphlet. The novels of Tillier are so purely and absolutely original, that it is impossible to give a just idea of them without very copious extracts. He writes like nobody else; he dwells upon little things that nobody else would consider available literary material; and he passes carelessly by other material that the ordinary writer would seize upon with avidity. A superficial reader might set down Tillier as a realist, because his characters are taken from the classes which he knew best, and because he does not hesitate to give locality to his events; but the truth is, that his novels, notwithstanding the air of reality which this gives to them at first, are purely ideal creations. For example: "Belle-Plante et Cornélius" is the contrast between two types of mind which usually stand in irreconcilable opposition—the mercenary mind and the mind devoted to ideas. Belle-Plante is the man of money, and Cornélius the man of ideas. Each is an extreme type, though perhaps most of us have had the opportunity of studying in real life types equally extreme. Belle-Plante and Cornélius are brothers, the sons of a well-to-do farmer at Clamecy; and from their earliest youth each follows his own instincts—Belle-Plante missing no opportunity of adding sou to sou, and Cornélius gradually wasting his fortune in the pursuit of scientific experiments. At last, Cornélius goes up in a balloon, and is never more heard of. He is devotedly loved by a pretty young woman in the neighbourhood, who faithfully believes that some day he will win fortune and fame. But there is no attempt at the accurate painting of reality in the relations between these personages: we are in a world related to the real world only so far as is necessary to give it a certain degree of solidity; on this the novelist builds a superstructure of exquisite fancy and thought. There are innumerable touches of delicate wit and genius, and quiet

effects wrought into the general tissue of the narrative. The style is always perfectly easy and unconstrained. For example : on the first page, to describe how near the village of Armes is to the little town of Clamecy, Tillier says, "If you light your cigar at the last houses of the Faubourg de Bethléem, it will not be extinguished before you get to Armes."

Nous voici arrivés à Armes. Vous êtes sur la grande place du village. Si vous voulez parler à M. le Maire, c'est ici qu'il demeure, ainsi que les gros personnages de l'endroit. Ces maisons affectent un air d'importance comme leurs maîtres ; car, tel maître telle maison, aussi bien que tel maître tel valet. Beaucoup ont des balcons et quelques-unes sont décorées de l'aristocratie persienne.

Avez-vous soif ? voilà une grosse source qui jaillit à l'extrémité de la place. Cette eau ne vaut pas du bourgogne assurément ; mais elle est renommée à plusieurs kilomètres à la ronde pour sa limpidité, et vous ne sauriez en boire de plus fraîche. Après s'être arrêtée dans un grand bassin couvert où barbotent les canards et les enfants du village, elle s'en va libre et bouillonnant sur le gravier du chemin ; mais quand elle est presque à la fin de sa course, elle tombe dans un guet-à-pens que lui a tendu le brasseur et se laisse mettre en bouteille. C'est ainsi que tous les élans de liberté auxquels on s'abandonne dans la jeunesse se changent souvent, quand le vieil âge est venu, en servilité.

L'œuvre source ! Tu t'es laissé affriander par de l'orge bouilli et du houblon d'agréable amertume ; mais, au lieu d'aller dans des cuves te faire maltraiter de cent façons par des cuistres, ne valait-il pas mieux te promener entre des branches vertes, accrocher tes flocons d'écume aux herbes qui pendent, faire de gracieux remous aux racines des saules, réfléchir le ciel et murmurer avec ces oiseaux qui gazouillent. Tu as cru à une destinée pleine de liesse, mais de tout cela qu'advient-il ? Quand ta mousse se sera épanouie quelques instants dans un beau flacon de cristal, quel sera ton domicile ?

A Armes, donc, en 1780, demeurait un certain Belle Plante, Monsieur Belle-Plante pour les uns, et Maître Belle-Plante pour les autres. Comme il était riche et marguillier, M. le Curé, M. le Maire, et beaucoup d'autres l'appelaient Monsieur Belle-Plante ; mais, comme il était fermier, les paysans disaient Maître Belle-Plante tout court, *à moins qu'ils n'eussent un service à lui demander.*

The novel opens with a story about a hare, which all who have read Tillier remember. The father has sent the two boys with a hare as a present to their schoolmaster. Belle-Plante determines to sell it at the fair, and explains to Cornélius that if he were to deliver it faithfully to M. Guillerand, their schoolmaster, the present would do him more harm than good :—

"Tu ne comprends donc pas, toi qui as tant d'esprit—selon M. Guillerand, que si nous lui donnons ce lièvre nous lui ferons plus de tort que de profit ; il invitera à déjeuner ce mauvais sujet de Benjamin Rathery, cet ivrogne de l'âge, ce gouffre d'Arthur qui lape une tête de veau comme un potage ; ils lui boiront trente bouteilles de son meilleur vin, ils lui videront toutes ses carafes ; ils l'emmèneront ensuite au café, ils le griseront, ils lui mettront sa perruque à l'envers, comme ils ont fait l'autre jour, de sorte qu'il ne savait plus de quel côté était sa face, et en rentrant il battra Madame Guillerand, cette excellente femme qui demande toujours grâce pour nous quand il nous rosse." Arrivés au pont de Chiches les deux frères se séparèrent. Bello-Plante prit le chemin du marché, et Cornélius alla l'attendre sur la promenade. Une heure après, Belle-Plante revint faisant sonner des pièces de billon entre ses mains. "Tiens," dit-il à Cornélius en lui remettant une poignée de gros sous, "voilà ta part."

"Il me semblait pourtant," dit Cornélius, "que les lièvres se vendaient plus cher."

The misfortune of having to quote in this way is that in order to bring the matter within the limits of an article of this kind one has to abridge as much as possible, and so lose that gradual development of effects in which an artistic writer proves his skill. The story of the hare is continued in another chapter, when the schoolmaster comes to *déjeuner* with the father of the lads :—

En ce moment, une servante apporta un rable de lièvre d'un fumet exquis ; à cette vue le front de M. Guillerand s'épanouit comme un champ de sainfoin après une averse, car il n'aimait rien tant que le rable si ce n'est le civet. Mais Cornélius et Belle-Plante, qui grignottaient leur pain au coin du feu, bien qu'ils aimassent aussi beaucoup le lièvre, ne partagèrent point sa joie.

"Voilà," dit Cornélius à Belle-Plante, "*un plat qui nous causera malheur.*"

The reader guesses the discovery which follows.

There is an admirable touch when the schoolmaster is trying to show off the acquisitions of his pupil :—

"Voyons, François," dit Maître Belle-Plante, "fais-moi ce petit calcul : un homme a deux yeux, on lui en crève un, combien lui en reste-t-il ?"

"Il est borgne," fit François.

"Bien ! très bien !" s'écria M. Guillerand, qui étouffait dans sa houppe ; "eh bien, êtes-vous content cette fois, M. Belle-Plante ? *Un total exprimé par un adjectif, comme cela est élégant ! comme c'est joli !*"

Cornélius is a great talker, and likes especially to discourse in a speculative manner upon the great insoluble problems of the universe ; this bores Belle-Plante, who refuses to listen to him *unless he is paid for it*. The idealist consents to pay Belle-Plante so many sous an hour to listen to him. This may seem exaggerated ; but how many men there are in the world who listen to tiresome speeches and sermons because, directly or indirectly, they are paid for it.

Amongst a thousand intentional exaggerations, and often under the mask of apparent carelessness and levity, Tillier scatters little pearls of genial wisdom through the pages of his novels, for example :—

"Pourquoi perdre à cajoler Louise un temps précieux à l'humanité, et que tu pourrais si bien employer en découvertes utiles comme celles que tu as déjà faites ?"

"Bah !" dit Cornélius, "il faut bien des distractions dans la vie, et mon avis à moi est que le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd."

The doctrine here enunciated could not be advocated in schools or workshops, and would appear highly objectionable to good people who take everything quite literally ; but how profoundly true it is. Without the time lost what should we all be ?

Tillier, as we have said, could not endure priests, and it was inevitable that a priest should play a disgraceful part in "Belle-Plante and Cornélius." He tries to seduce Louise, whom Cornélius

loves, and afterwards, in enmity to the latter, rouses the village against his balloon, making the people believe that Cornélius is a sorcerer, and that all manner of evil will befall the village so long as the balloon is suffered to exist. Here is an explosion between Cornélius and the curé :—

“ Monsieur,” lui dit le curé, “ vous faites là une œuvre impie.”

“ Comment cela, Monsieur le Curé ? ”

“ Parce qu’avec tous vos tours de force de mécanique, vous faites douter de l’existence de Dieu.”

“ Au contraire, Monsieur le Curé, plus l’intelligence est grande, plus on est forcé de lui supposer un auteur.”

“ Si Dieu eût voulu donner le domaine des airs à l’homme, il l’eût fait naître avec des ailes ! ”

“ Si Dieu eût voulu que les prêtres portassent un morceau de cuir ciré sur la tête, il les eût fait naître avec une calotte.”

“ Ceci est une plaisanterie, et non un argument, Monsieur ! ”

“ Eh bien ! je vais vous donner un argument. Si Dieu eût interdit les airs à l’homme, il eût fait l’atmosphère telle qu’elle n’eût pu soutenir un ballon.”

“ Les hommes peu éclairés diront que c’est dans un ballon qu’Elie est monté au ciel.”

“ Ma foi, je ne voudrais pas jurer que non.”

“ Alors vous êtes un impie ! ”

“ Je ne dis pas le contraire, Monsieur le Curé.”

“ Je vous fermerai les portes de l’église.”

“ Qu’est-ce que cela me fait ? Je n’y vais pas.”

“ Je vous refuserai les sacrements ! ”

“ Je n’en use pas.”

“ Je ne vous enterrerai pas dans ma paroisse.”

“ Ce sera douze francs d’épargnés pour mes héritiers,”

“ Je ferai brûler votre ballon sur la place publique ! ”

“ Et moi, Monsieur le Curé, si vous permettez le moindre attentat contre mon ballon, de quelque nature que ce soit, je mettrai le feu à votre presbytère.”

“ Vous aurez de mes nouvelles, monsieur ! ”

“ C’est très bien, mais si vous m’écrivez par la poste, affranchissez votre lettre.”

“ Le mécréant ! ” disait le curé en s’éloignant.

“ Le sycophante ! ” disait Cornélius en préparant ses roues.

A few days afterwards there was a thunder-storm, “ made of electricity like all the others,” and the day after, which was Sunday, whilst the people were still vexed at the partial destruction of their harvests and vines, the curé mounted his pulpit and told them that the anger of God had burst upon the village on account of Cornélius and his diabolical inventions. He quoted many texts of Scripture in proof of this, and excited the peasants so much that they attacked Cornélius and his balloon. Cornélius has no allies but a dog and an old woman ; the dog fights well, and the old woman heats oil to pour, if necessary, upon the assailants. Towards the close of the combat a sort of *Deus ex machinâ* appears in the shape of M. Benjamin Rathery, on a black horse, and carries the ringleader bodily away. The curé, however, has his revenge ; for when the balloon at length mounts in the atmosphere, and Cornélius directs it *against*

the wind (having solved the great problem), the curé fires a gun at it, and shatters one of the guiding wheels. The machine immediately becomes unmanageable, and drifts away in the high atmospheric currents, and is never heard of more. Poor Louise sends advertisements to all the papers about her Cornélius, but is obliged at last to give him up for lost.

The M. Benjamin Rathery above-mentioned is the hero of Tillier's other important novel, "Mon Oncle Benjamin." He is a doctor by profession, and much attached to the good things of this world in the way of eating and drinking, not an uncommon characteristic of the inhabitants of the region where Tillier lived. I have not space here for any analysis of "Mon Oncle Benjamin." It is full of the richest comedy; it is one of the most vivacious books ever written; and, although we too easily forget books that we have read for our amusement, I never met with anyone who, having read "Mon Oncle Benjamin," has forgotten it. The main characteristics of the book are that it is so merry and genial, and, under the appearance of folly, so wise. The hero is, in respect of pleasure, a disreputable personage. He is too fond of enjoyment, gets tipsy on every opportunity, is always in debt, and not so chaste as might be desirable; but he is kind to everybody, and loved by all honest and charitable men. But a novelist may obviously use great powers of intellect in describing lives which are not intellectual; and Tillier, in "Mon Oncle Benjamin," gave proof of much the same order of inventive genius that distinguished our own Fielding. The few who know Tillier are convinced that he was one of the most lively and original geniuses that France ever produced. It is astonishing that in the narrow circumstances of his life he should have been able to develop his abilities as he did. He was a masterly writer of French, and yet he lived (until his removal to Nevers towards the close of his life) in a region, and in a class of society where good French is scarcely ever heard. His wit had all the brilliancy and point of the best French wit; and yet he lived far from the capital, in the wild hills of the Morvan. In this respect Tillier is as astonishing as Charlotte Brontë. He can scarcely ever have enjoyed intercourse with intellectual equals; but a genius full of sympathy finds intercourse where the merely cultivated person (*minus* genius) would be isolated. To the writer of the present paper it is a matter of personal regret that Claude Tillier should have died so prematurely. Had he been alive now, a journey to Clamecy, which since his death is merely a pilgrimage, might have been rewarded by hours of happy *causerie* in the simple cottage where he lived.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

THE TRADES-UNION BILL.

It is the fate of those who offer a moderate solution of a vexed question to be attacked by the bigots of either side on the most contradictory grounds. A simple plan is foolishness to the over-ingenious; a broad plan makes the timid hesitate; common-sense is a stumbling-block to the theorist. In the meantime, whilst the various opponents are answering each other, it steadily makes its way in the public mind. It is at first a plan "which has certainly something in it;" it is soon that which every one sees must come; and at last it is that which no one ever doubted.

Such is the course which is being run by the Trades-Union Bill, prepared by Mr. Thomas Hughes and Mr. Mundella. The principle on which it proceeds is simply that which has won a hundred triumphs, and has scarcely another field but this to win—the principle of removing State interference with industry. Leave bargains of labour to settle themselves, like all other bargains—under the law. Those who believe that the Bill is to give "a free license to every crime short of murder," may be left to argue it out with those who think it "would rob the unions of all their independence, and of all they have claimed." "Outrage made easy," is the battle-cry of one set of critics; "Legalised outlawry for unionism" that of another. Some think that it does a great deal too much; others that it does a great deal too little. In the meantime no shadow of any other scheme appears on the field.

Some will ask, How can this or any Bill for legalising unions be the removal of State interference with industry? It is so, however, in the strictest sense. The Bill proposes to make very considerable alteration both in the statute law and in the common law; but those portions of both which it proposes to abolish are nothing but relics of a time when the State assumed the right of tutoring, nursing, and giving moral lectures to industry. The only part of the common law which the Bill proposes to change is that which makes it unlawful for workmen to engage with each other as to the terms of their work. The only part of the statute law which it is proposed to abolish is that which creates for them a special class of crime, and subjects them to a special kind of penalty. If the Bill becomes law bargains in labour will stand on the same footing as bargains in cotton; and workmen will be under the same criminal code as other citizens. The burden of proof is surely on those who insist on keeping them on any other.

The trades-union question is another and the latest example of

the truth, that the sphere of legislation is strictly and curiously limited. After legislating about labour for centuries, each change producing its own evils, we have slowly come to see the truth, that we must cease to legislate for it at all. The public mind has been of late conscious of serious embarrassment, and eagerly expecting some legislative solution, some heaven-born discoverer to arise, with a new parliamentary nostrum. As usual in such cases, it now turns out that there is no legislative solution at all; and that the true solution requires, as its condition, the removal of the mischievous meddling of the past.

The real gain from the recent discussions and inquiry consists in this, that for the first time the legal and the moral aspects of the question have been properly distinguished. When in this question men have recognised, as they have in most other questions, that economic truths and moral duties are not the end of Acts of Parliament, all is clear. Whether combinations can or cannot raise wages is a matter for the social philosopher, and is no ground for the statesman to suppress combination. The objection to work with any number of apprentices is one which calls for the schoolmaster, the preacher, or the lecturer, not for the constable and the magistrate. The simple way to deal with men who refuse to use machinery is to offer the work to those who will; and if you still fail to find men willing, your course is to appeal to their good sense, and not to apply at petty sessions. The attempt to enforce economic truth by law is as foolish as an attempt to enforce religious truth by law. There is but one way in which the law can raise the moral tone, and that is by purging itself of injustice. It is curious how much confusion has been caused in this question by mixing up legal and moral sanctions. Men have *no right* to object to apprentices it is argued, by which it is intended that it is not *morally* right, and then the argument is continued—the law should prevent men from doing it. It would be as wise to argue that, because men have no right to be unneighbourly, the law should visit unfriendly conduct as a crime. To make an objection to the use of machinery an offence at law, on the ground that it is an economical heresy, requires us in consistency to make idleness a crime, because idleness is even more plainly condemned by political economy.

It is this distinction into legal and moral right which makes the legislative solution of the trades-union question so near. It is happily not necessary to wait for sound law on the subject until the social problems it presents are set at rest. No one in his senses can think that questions going to the very root of man's duty towards society, and the whole functions of capital and of labour in the State, can be solved by any blue-book commission, debate, or Bill. True harmony between employer and employed must be the final triumph

of civilisation, of education, and even of religion, when these become equal to their task ; but a rational law is possible at once. It is, indeed, the first step towards an improved moral relation, and towards peace in place of war. There is nothing to prevent all parties in the economic or social question forming but one party in the legal. Men may cordially concur in passing a simple Bill like that of Mr. Hughes, whatever may be their views on the economic principle. Men who hold the restrictions that unionism imposes on its members to be rank economic sophistry, and men who think these restrictions wise and just, can equally vote against the punishment of economic sophistry as a crime. However much men may desire a higher tone of social morality amongst workmen, and because they do desire it, they may be clear against attempting to enforce a higher morality by three months of gaol. When the Bill passes, and workmen are placed on the footing of other citizens, the ground will be clear for the teaching of sounder opinions. To enact legal equality is not to decide any economic or any social problem ; on the contrary, till the law is equitable no enduring solution is possible.

These principles have been so little regarded by the legislation of the earlier ages that the law relating to this subject is a network of irrational and vexatious provisions. The history of the statute law, as well as the common law upon it, derives its spirit from times when the rates of wages were things which the State claimed a right to fix, and when combinations to affect them were a kind of treason. And of this feudal law enough remains to cast opprobrium on any civilised code. As the law now stands the following consequences result. At common law if the workmen of a factory agree that they will henceforth only work on such terms as their body determine they are doing what is unlawful. The agreement is not only void, but taints everything based on it. Consequently, if they subscribe their shillings and form a fund to support them in sickness, or to bury them when dead, and the fund may partly be destined to support each other whilst waiting for these terms, the whole fund and subscription is tainted, and the courts will not aid them in recovering it, nor, as a matter of course, punish the actual thief. If they form a society which has these payments as one of its possible objects, the society is illegal, and can in no way be recognised at law. But this is not nearly all. If the men who have agreed to work only on certain terms attempt to keep their fellow-workmen to their engagements, though committing no specific breach of law, they lay themselves open to a charge of conspiracy, and to punishment for a misdemeanor. The exact line which constitutes conspiracy is one of the darkest corners of the law. But some high authorities have held that the guilt is incurred by any agreement not to work resulting

in a strike, and certainly by any means—even legal means—of holding men to that agreement.

So far for the common law. The statute law now comes into play, which makes “intimidation,” “molestation,” or “obstruction,” punishable by three months’ imprisonment. Judicial authority has interpreted or extended these terms, and by it we learn that “intimidation” may mean notice to an employer that he will lose his present workmen, “molestation” may mean using a nickname, “obstruction” may be creating inconvenience to an employer.

Now, the Bill of Mr. Hughes is simply directed to the repeal of these extravagances. It asks us to do away with over-legislation, which has done nothing but embitter a difficult question. It does not take one step beyond. There is literally nothing which it seeks in the way of new law. It asks only the removal of bad old law. It has but three ends and three principles—

I. That all men may freely determine to work or not to work, to employ or not to employ, on such terms as they choose to agree on.

II. That where men associate themselves for this and other purposes (not being criminal), their joint property may be conveniently held and protected.

III. The abolition of special tribunals and special offences in matters arising out of trade disputes, and the punishment of acts so committed under the same process and the same law as the acts committed by other citizens, or arising out of ordinary causes.

Propositions like these are so plain and obvious, so appeal to the most ordinary sense of justice, that no one would care to discuss them; and few but lawyers could believe that a Bill should now be introduced in Parliament to establish them, much more that such a Bill should be fiercely contested. It is not the less true that this is the sole scope and end of the Bill in question, and that such a Bill is urgently needed. We will now proceed to show this in detail.

I. The Bill proposes to enact *that all men may lawfully agree to work or not to work, to employ or not to employ, on any terms that they think fit*. A proposition so obvious might raise a smile, and prompt the question if it need an Act of Parliament to tell us that. *Quis negavit?* men may say. On the contrary, the reverse has been the law from the Plantagenets, and the Bill to establish this proposition is bitterly opposed. The doctrine of restraint of trade has been pushed to such absurdities—as against those who are strong only by their union—that every combination to work or to employ only on the terms which the whole body shall agree on is illegal, and *ipso facto* void. Such is the common-law doctrine of restraint of trade. To this doctrine is united another. Not only is every such agreement void, but the mere agreement, and certainly any attempt by the parties to make it effectual, has been held by high authorities

to be a conspiracy and punishable as a crime. One of the first of our judges, Mr. Justice Crompton, held that it was "indictable at common law, as tending directly to impede and interfere with the free course of trade and manufacture."

The result of these two doctrines conjoined appears to be this. An agreement to work or to employ only on the terms which a majority may determine is null and void, and everything founded on such an agreement is bad, and the property which may be collected by such an association—as well as the association itself—is outside the pale of law and incapable of legal recognition. And every attempt to act on such an agreement by means neither criminal nor oppressive, is itself a crime, and may be punished with two years' imprisonment. What exactly constitutes the unlawful element is an inscrutable mystery which no judge has yet ventured to lay down.

It need scarcely be said that these barbarous and foolish rules are a mere bugbear and dead thing, and have no *direct* operation whatever. For any practical use they are as dead as the laws against excess in apparel. Masters and men go on combining and giving notice, striking and locking out, with the most perfect impunity. No union of employers or employed, no strike great or small, no combination whatever, was ever checked or frightened by either of these rules. No man and no body of men were ever put upon trial, or even so much as threatened with indictment under this doctrine. It is mere *brutum fulmen* which nobody attends to, which gives no one any protection, which few but lawyers ever heard of. The whole body of the law reports contains no case of any conviction under this law. It is a bit of mischievous nonsense interwoven into our law. Therefore, the Bill so far proposes to enact what is our daily and familiar practice, to make that law which men do, have done, will do, and cannot be hindered from doing; and proposes to abolish nothing but a monument of the foolish notions of the older lawyers.

It may be naturally asked, if this doctrine of law is so completely obsolete, what is the pressing need for its formal abolition? The answer is very simple. Though it has lost all direct operation, and can give no security to any one, or check any practice whatever, its indirect operation remains, and is continually turning up in unexpected ways. It must be obvious that where this doctrine of the absolute illegality of certain agreements runs through the whole course of things affected by them, or derived from them, no one can tell what mischief may ultimately arise from it, for it lies hid like the rotten timber in a ship. Combinations are formed and established and may often do things which the public condemn. If the doctrine in question could do anything to limit them, there might

be practical grounds for supporting it. It does, however, nothing of the kind; the combination goes on, and the society grows strong; and perhaps after years of usefulness, and with nothing left in its action but that which every one approves, just as its poor or disabled members most need it, a dishonest agent embezzles its funds, or it seeks for a cheap investment of its savings, and it is discovered to be outside the protection of the law, criminal as well as civil.

It is to remedy this latent, indirect, and vicious operation of the doctrine that an Act is needed. The only way in which such a doctrine could be of use, would be in repressing crime or molestation, and in that it totally fails. It only comes in as a side-wind to create a scandal in the law, by showing it incapable of protecting *bonâ fide* property in lawful hands.

The mode in which the Bill proposes to deal with this difficulty "of restraint of trade," in its double aspect, is this:—First, a clause (§ 2), which in effect declares that all agreements as to the terms of employment by masters or men are *per se* lawful; secondly, to meet the doctrine of conspiracy, a clause (§ 3) to the purport that no combination with the intent *merely* of giving effect to *such* an agreement, shall be *per se* criminal. Of course any combination having any *other* and unlawful object—*e.g.*, that of ruining a master or a man maliciously, or any combination having a criminal character—would still remain a conspiracy, and liable to punishment. There then follows, *ex abundanti cautela*, a saving clause (§ 4), which provides that, excepting in so far as that combinations "in restraint of trade" can no longer be indictable as conspiracy, the whole of the criminal law is to remain unaltered; and that every one is to remain civilly liable for damage or loss. With these clauses must be coupled another (§ 16), which provides that, although "restraint of trade" shall not constitute a shelter, either civilly or criminally, to any one who wrongfully possesses himself of property, the courts in enforcing all agreements shall act on the same principles as at present. The doctrine is touched, therefore, not in its rational form, but only in its extravagances.

The effect of these four clauses together is therefore this: all agreements as to the terms on which employment will be given or accepted become henceforth lawful, *primâ facie*, and will constitute neither civil disability nor criminal offence. But no agreement restraining the freedom of industry, which the judges regard as unreasonable, will be enforceable in any court. Anything arising out of an agreement which has no unlawful character will be entirely legal, and receive the complete recognition of the law. For the repression of crime there will remain—first, the indictment for conspiracy, should the combination maliciously seek to inflict injury, and not be confined to maintaining a *bonâ fide* trade agreement, and this the

judge and jury who try it must decide ; secondly, there will remain the whole of the rest of the criminal code. Can any alteration of the law be more natural, more guarded, more just ?

It will be borne in mind that this change in the law is virtually recommended by the unanimous voice of the recent commission. The only fundamental difference between the report of the majority and that of the minority relates to another point. On the question before us, at present, the difference is one of detail. The majority recommend, on this point, an amendment in the law identical with that of the Bill, excepting only that they would retain the old rule of the unlawfulness of combinations in two particular cases—first, that involving a breach of contract; secondly, that directed against any particular person. On these points, moreover, two of the majority dissent; so that virtually this qualification to the recommendation is supported by five only out of a commission of ten.

The points, however, though important in principle, in practice are of infinitesimal value. Since no one was ever convicted, or was ever restrained, by the *brutum fulmen* of the old rule in its entirety, much less will any such result follow from keeping alive a mere shred of it. Breaches of contract, as Lord Elcho points out, are amply protected by the law of Master and Servant (30 & 31 Vict. c. 141). As to refusing to work with a particular person, that may often be purely vexatious; but must it be always criminal, and may it not sometimes be reasonable? It is impossible to make that act broadly a crime, which may often be venial, and occasionally meritorious. That is to debauch and degrade law—to punish acts which may possibly be right. There is a case in the books where men were committed by magistrates (under the 6 Geo. IV.) for refusing to work with a man who had outraged the daughter of a fellow-workman. If you make it penal to refuse to work with a particular man, you compel magistrates to convict in such a case. Besides, how can you make it penal not to work on terms which a man will not have, unless on the assumption that you may force him to work, whether he will or not? If it is replied that the intention is only to punish malicious combinations to ruin and drive a man out of his livelihood, the answer is that the Bill abundantly provides for that case; for such a purpose would remain a conspiracy at common law, and is clearly not licensed by the clauses of this Bill.

The use of any qualifications in repealing this rule destroys the good of repealing it. Still more so, when the qualifications are of this trifling kind. The sole end of repealing it, since it has lost all practical efficacy, is that its remote consequences are an embarrassment, and its arbitrary character a scandal to justice. But by keeping it alive in these trivial and intricate provisoes, you are doubling the confusion and pointing out the inconsistency.

II. The second principle of the Bill is simply this:—*That trade associations are per se lawful, and their property should receive convenient protection under the condition of ample publicity.*

This principle is the mere corollary of the last. If that is admitted it is scarcely capable of discussion. It is a commonplace of the subject with both parties, and in substance is recommended by all the members of the Commission. The mode in which this is affected by the Bill is as follows:—After declaring (§ 5) that it shall be lawful for masters or men to form (voluntary) associations for mutual support in any trade, provided that they have nothing of a criminal character, the Bill extends (§ 6) the benefit of parts of the Friendly Societies' Acts to such *lawful* associations. These parts are the powers referred to in the 11th section of the Friendly Societies' Act, 18 & 19 Vict. c. 63. To state them briefly, they are these—(1) the power of vesting property in trustees, (2) the power of referring disputes to arbitrators, (3) the power of summarily punishing misapplication and fraud. By the first, the society will have a simple machinery for appointing trustees, who may hold all property, and buildings, and one acre of land, and who can sue in respect of it, with convenient provisos for their appointment, removal, and control. This is the bare requisite to enable associations of small means to hold their funds without cumbrous and costly processes. With less than this, the right of holding property becomes hardly tangible.

The second power provides for the summary settlement of disputes between the society and members, without the expense of a trial, by the means of an arbitrator, to be named in the rules.

The third power is the summary process of the Act, which enables two justices to try a case of alleged fraud or misapplication by an officer or trustee, to order restitution of all property of the society, with a further power to inflict fine and imprisonment.

Such are the bare facilities granted by the Bill, and which are all virtually essential to complete right of property. It will be remembered that two of these powers, the summary process against fraud, and the settlement of disputes, were originally intended to be conferred on trades-unions by the 44th section of the Friendly Societies' Act, and were long enjoyed, until the decision in *Hornby v. Close* transformed the position of the unions. The addition of the trustees' clauses is one which can raise no objection. It is needed on the ground that where small and complex accounts have to be adjusted, some concentration and simplification is actually essential to the enjoyment of property. The summary settlement of disputes is essential to avoid the cost of long and complicated suits, where the subject of dispute may amount only to a few shillings. The sum-

mary punishment of fraud is one which few on either side could with decency seek to withhold.

It is frequently asserted that the recent Act, known as Gurney's Act (31 & 32 Vict. c. 116), sufficiently protects the funds of the unions, and that nothing further is required. This is an error. The recent Act only enables the punishment of a partner who embezzles partnership property, as if he had not been a partner. Unless with consent of the party to be tried, this charge cannot be taken by magistrates, and the cost and delay of a regular committal, indictment, true bill, and trial by jury, must necessarily be encountered. The expense of all this may amount to a large sum, and the value of the property may be only a few shillings. It is rather a mockery to tell a society of bricklayers, who may trust sums of a few pounds to a lodge-treasurer, to be assured that they may get a conviction at the fountain-head of justice at considerable cost and long delay. Justice to the poor means quick, simple, cheap justice. Any other kind is injustice. Besides, the remedy given by the Friendly Societies' Act (§ 24) is very complete, and is exactly what such bodies require. "If any officer, &c.," it says, "by misrepresentation or imposition shall obtain possession of any monies, securities, books, papers, or other effects of such society, or having the same in his possession, shall withhold or misapply the same, or shall wilfully apply any part of the same to purposes other than those expressed or directed in the rules of such society"—then any two justices may order him to *deliver up the monies, &c., or repay the amount misapplied*, and pay a further sum, not exceeding twenty pounds, and twenty shillings costs; and, in default, may order him to be imprisoned for three months. It is obvious that powers so complete as these cover much more than the process of indictment for stealing and embezzling. This is the real and the only efficient protection of the property of the unions; for it is at once summary and adequate. The satisfaction of sending a treasurer who is an actual thief to prison at the cost of a year's income may be a luxury, but it is not protection. Besides, Gurney's Act wholly fails to give any mode by which property of a society can be recovered by civil process, or any civil right can be enforced. It is plain that whilst all trades-unions are illegal at common law, it is a farce to say they are protected.

It has been shown that the powers of the Friendly Societies' Act, which it is proposed to employ, are confined in the narrowest way to those without which property can hardly be secure. It may fairly be asked why does the Bill stop here? Why should not trades-unions receive the complete protection and all the facilities of the Friendly Societies' Act? They are virtually societies of that class conferring assurances and benefits, and existing for mutual support. The question is a powerful one, and indeed it is obvious that directly

combinations cease to be unlawful, all unions have a right to two of these powers, without any condition whatever, by a simple deposit of their rules (Friendly Societies' Act, §44). The answer to the question above is as follows:—However lawful trades-unions may be, they cannot in fairness claim the facilities of the Friendly Societies' Acts. They are not, strictly speaking, friendly societies within the meaning of the Acts, for the benefits they assure are not dependent on conditions calculable by tables of average. They assure not on death or sickness or old age alone, things over which the members have no control, and which are calculable by scientific rules; but they assure sums to be paid whenever the members choose to strike, and, therefore, at any moment they may defeat all calculations by the act of the majority, or of the managers. For this reason they must forego the protection accorded and the facilities granted to those benefit societies, the solvency and condition of which can be ascertained and guaranteed by the rules of an actuary. Every union is potentially insolvent, for its liabilities are never calculable; and also potentially is reducible to a strike fund. For these grounds it must forego the facilities and be free from the responsibilities of a friendly society in the strict sense.

The facilities to the unions which are provided by the Bill are of a different kind, and, with one trifling exception, are those which the unions practically enjoyed down to the decision in *Hornby v. Close*, without any other condition than that of depositing their rules. The Bill, for the first time, will require a real and thorough guarantee of publicity. This it effects by insisting on the annual submission to the registrar of all laws, rules, and bye-laws of the association, *or of any of its branches*, and a full statement of all expenditure, distinguishing the benefits from the trade purposes, the registrar having power to call for books, ledgers, and documents. This machinery, for the first time, introduces an effectual security that the union enrolled is free from questionable proceedings. Even if the registrar failed to trace out a discreditable payment, the sense that every rule and bye-law, and every item of expenditure, was open to inspection, would do more to secure an honest administration than any system of repression that has ever been proposed. This is the real security which the Bill offers to the public—the only one that could ever be enforced, or that would be of any use. To obtain it would be worth large concessions, even if the Bill proposed to require any.

It will be seen that no other condition except ample publicity is to be required. Of course it is needless to say that any rule or item involving a criminal intent would at once disentitle the society to enrolment. This is specially provided. An appeal from the registrar is to lie to the superior courts. The report of the recent commission recommends that in registering unions the registrar shall require

the exclusion of certain rules which are thought to violate principles of economic science. This is the second of the points of detail in which the dissenting commissioners differ from the rest. The matter is sufficiently discussed in the various reports, and has already been adequately treated in the foregoing pages. It now rests with the legislature to decide. For those who have not the Blue-book at hand, it may be sufficient to quote from the third dissent: "whether the rules of these voluntary associations be, on economic grounds, expedient or the contrary, we consider that it would be impolitic to exclude them from the pale of, and at the same time to free them from responsibility to, the law."

These are the sole facilities which the Bill proposes to give. In a series of clauses it provides that the unions are not to be capable of suing at law or in equity for any agreements with their members. They will remain voluntary clubs, enforcing contributions solely by means of exclusion. The claims which have been put forward on their behalf for legal powers of recovery are distinctly rejected; and by a special clause (§ 16) the courts are not to be compelled to enforce any agreement which they hold to be contrary to public policy as being in restraint of trade.

So far we have dealt with two of the three leading principles of the Bill—the legalisation of combination, and the protection of the property of unions. On these points, with two trifling differences in detail, the whole of the recent commission was agreed. They may be said to be settled in principle by public consent. We come now to the third and remaining point—the removal of special legislation. This is the only matter on which the three dissenting commissioners differed in principle from their colleagues. It is the key and substance of the Bill—the *sine quâ non* with the workmen—the consideration which urges them to ask so little and to concede so much.

III. The third and last object of the Bill is to provide that: *offences arising from trade disputes be tried on the same conditions and by the same process as ordinary crimes.* This is the necessary consequence of amending the rule as to restraint of trade. When trade combinations cease to be crimes, the acts of such combinations cannot be visited with extraordinary penalties. As the whole of the arguments in favour of this reform may be read at length in the Blue-book, it seems unnecessary to do more than shortly to notice them. Speaking generally, the law, for the wisest reasons, does not punish uncivil words, much less angry gestures; there is no law against indefinite molestation, much less against indirect obstruction. It is not penal to make a man *fear* that you will raise his rent, nor to call him by a rude name, nor to accost persons going to his house. It is not a crime to tell a man that if he refuses your price you will cease to deal with him, nor to tell the man who is underselling you that

you intend to "cut" him. It is not (now) an offence to buy up all the flour in a town, and to force the bakers to buy it at your price. But in matters of industry all this is different. By 6 Geo. IV. c. 129 any one is liable to three months' imprisonment, with hard labour, who endeavours to force any one (say, to alter his mode of business) by "threats," "intimidation," or by "molesting," or in any way "obstructing" another. Now, here we have a new crime, or rather a new criminal code, as vague as words can make it, utterly exceptional in substance and form. By a series of judicial decisions these terms have been amplified until they may now be said to comprehend anything which any one can *dislike*. A "threat" is explained to be any kind of harm—*e.g.*, that the price of labour will be raised; "intimidation" consists in conveying any kind of fear—*e.g.*, that a body of workmen will engage with another employer—and that either by deeds or words; "molestation" becomes any act that can annoy another—*e.g.*, a contemptuous look or gesture; "obstruction" is hindering another from getting the labour he is seeking—*e.g.*, persuading workmen to avoid his shop.

This is not mere abstract law, but is amply supported by actual decision. The following are amongst the acts which have been held to fall within the statute:—

1. To give an employer respectful notice that his workmen will leave him on the expiry of their contract, unless he dismisses a particular workman.
2. To tell a workman that he will be considered a "black."
3. To shout "ba-ba, black sheep," to workmen going to a shop.
4. To tell a workman that if he goes to work "there will be a row."
5. Coercion, not extending to abusive language or gestures.
6. A public notice to workmen not to engage with a particular master.

It is no argument for such a state of law as this to tell us that these acts are highly undesirable, and should be checked by the law. Acts of the same kind, and acts far more serious, under all other circumstances, and with all other citizens, are treated with impunity. It is against workmen alone that these special penalties exist. In their trade questions only does the law recognise these exceptional crimes. But the punishment of these offences—the vaguest and the most artificial of all crimes—is exceptionally placed in the hands, not of judges, but of justices, who are pledged as a class to sympathy with one side. Where is the ground for this anomalous penal code, directed against a particular class, creating special crimes, and administered by an order which consists of partisans? Why is not the general law which protects the public, sufficient to defend the mill-owner or the iron-master? Why is that to be a crime in a workman on strike which is no crime in a citizen in the pursuit of

his trade? Special laws for a class, special crimes in labour, are a relic of feudal oppression. We need the same code and the same tribunals for the crimes of all classes.

However much disposed we may be to view with disfavour any form of coercion, there is all the difference possible between that and endeavouring to suppress it by imprisonment. There is no character of English criminal law more marked than its extreme jealousy of vague words of offence which may include innocent or venial acts. In almost every sphere of crime, numberless acts (highly objectionable in themselves) are excluded from the definition of crime, rather than introduce words which may include things harmless. From time to time, classes of persons, under a just indignation with certain offences to which they are not themselves exposed, struggle to suppress them by wide general statutes. Drunkenness, offences against chastity, harbouring criminals, fraudulent speculation, and the like, are vicious or pernicious proceedings, which it is often proposed to deal with under wide general penalties. Practical legislators steadily resist these well-meant proposals. However desirous, for instance, they may be to put down the guilt of seduction by statute, in practice they find it impossible to define the crime so as not to include venial cases. In all cases of the kind, the great risk is remembered that the law may be made use of by private enmity, and be turned into a fresh source of oppression itself. That is pre-eminently the case here. For almost all the instances of prosecution are brought during a trade dispute, and are promoted, not by those who are *bonâ fide* aggrieved, but by employers, as a means of crippling the workmen in a struggle. In one sphere only the legislature is eager, not to limit, but to multiply offences. It is a striking commentary on this exceptional law, that at the very time we write, a Bill is pending to disable the Mayor of Cork for spoken words of an atrocious kind—a Bill most jealously criticised by her Majesty's Opposition. It requires an Act of Parliament to punish the public words of a minister of justice—words of the blackest wickedness, plainly inciting to rebellion and assassination—and great constitutional lawyers are jealous even then of punishing words; and yet if a bricklayer on strike were to call out "black sheep" to another, or tell him he was a "black," the nearest justices—his employer's neighbours—will send him to prison for three months, with hard labour.

For a sound criminal law it is essential that it should be precise and clear, and should rigidly exclude from its operation a plainly venial act. A statute is doomed so soon as it is shown that it may punish acts which society does not hold punishable. This was the case with the Usury Laws, with the old Game Laws, and a variety of now effete or abrogated criminal statutes. A law becomes an evil when it offends common sense, and it offends common sense so soon as it (even occasionally) operates to punish venial acts. But of all

kinds of laws, this is most true of those which may be thought to be directed against a particular class. The moment a case of what is thought injustice arises, the whole sentiment of the class raises the prisoner into a victim. Nothing can be more fatal to the good effect of a law than that any considerable part of the public should, with even a show of reason, regard it as a wrong to themselves. The only way of making such a law respected is to get for it the entire moral support of the honest part of the community. This the harsh and irregular operation of the present law will never obtain.

Since the Report of the Trades-Union Commission the whole aspect of this question is essentially modified. At the commencement of that inquiry the public mind was in a state of agitation, the gravest charges were urged against unionism, and the strongest precautions were demanded to check it. Every union in the kingdom, we were told, was a latent conspiracy, every secretary was a possible Broadhead. The industry of the country was being driven to other lands, the character of the workman was fatally destroyed. Nor were preventive suggestions wanting. To strike under specified conditions was to be made a new punishable offence; "picketing" was to be rigorously suppressed; the trade funds were to be separated from the benefit funds; the union was to be compelled to register; the making of certain rules was to be a specific crime; the rules were to be authoritatively revised, and recast by decision of a "censure." In a word, unionism was to be suppressed by Act of Parliament.

Never did any case more conspicuously break down. No endemic crime resembling that at Sheffield and Manchester was shown to exist elsewhere. No *prima-facie* case was presented to call for the extension of the powers of the Act. The report contains nothing specific on the subject of crime but reference to the disclosures of the two local inquiries. As to the destruction of the trade of the country, the report can trace no connection between unionism and occasional fluctuations in commerce. On the influence of unionism on the condition of the workman, it holds language scrupulously negative and judicially guarded. The various proposals above mentioned (as appears from the rejected draft) were all patiently considered, and, as appears from the report, have one and all been dismissed. If proposals so thoroughly matured, and so ably urged, were finally rejected as impracticable as the result of two years of inquiry and debate, they are never likely to be seriously proposed again.

The ground, therefore, is changed. Instead of the ingenious and vigorous system of repression which some persons have looked for, the proposed changes are to be all in the other direction. There is not a single provision suggested which is to limit or suppress unionism at all, but several to give it increased freedom. The sole question at issue is the degree to which what is oddly called "relaxa-

tion" of the law should be carried. It was just the same when it was proposed to "relax" the laws against religious dissent. The indictments, as a whole, have failed; and the accused are now asking, in their turn, for justice.

No one in his senses can doubt that they will have it. The objections to the Bill are not few; but they answer each other. As with free-trade of old, the Irish Church Bill, and any measure which excites the prejudices of a class, nothing that unscrupulous perversity can do to assail it will be spared. Misrepresentation, exaggeration, and ignorance, will all have their fling. The organs of the mere capitalist do not seem quite decided whether the Bill can be best discredited on the ground of its moderation, or by the charge of extravagance. Some of the more ardent obstructives have been betrayed into blunders which would be amusing if they were more unconscious. One of the most popular of these arguments is, that the Bill will open the door to impunity for any crime short of murder. It is hardly necessary to answer a charge so transparently untrue. In the first place, the Bill expressly provides against infringement on any part of the criminal law (§ 4). The ordinary law of assault remains intact. "Assault" in law means an offer or attempt to do any corporal hurt, even by gestures, when the means of hurting are present. Thus, to raise the hand to strike, so that a man could strike, is an "assault;" much more the slightest touch, threatening immediate violence. Now, the 41st section of the Criminal Law Consolidation Act provides that any assault in pursuance of an unlawful *trade combination* shall be punishable with *two years' imprisonment, with hard labour*.¹ This statute remains untouched by the Bill. Therefore, when it becomes law, any gesture threatening immediate violence, as part of a system of coercion, would make a man liable to two years' imprisonment. Is this Act not sufficiently sweeping? Is the penalty not sufficiently severe?

To the objection that the Bill is to give a license for oppression, it must be answered that a combination to ruin or harass any person will still be a conspiracy, to be punished by two years' imprisonment, though only on the terms and by the words of the general law. To the objection that to alter the common-law rule is to give free license to combine, it must be replied that the common-law rule does nothing whatever to repress or modify combination at present. Those who object to extending to unionism anything but the simple protection of their property, may be asked to show that their property could be

(1) This section is as follows:—24 & 25 Vict. c. 100, § 41: "Whosoever in pursuance of any unlawful combination or conspiracy to raise the rate of wages, or of any unlawful combination or conspiracy respecting any trade business or manufacture, or respecting any person concerned or employed therein, shall unlawfully assault any person, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; and being convicted thereof, shall be liable at the discretion of the court, to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding two years, with or without hard labour."

guaranteed by less than the provisions of the Bill. And to those who declare that unions will reject it, the obvious answer is at hand, that it has been frankly and completely accepted by the Trades' Councils in all parts of the kingdom. Some wiseacres have gone so far as to assert that the Bill savours of socialism. It is a pity they do not add that it will prove an encouragement to bigamy.

In conclusion, let us ask all thinking men in the capitalist class what is it they propose to gain by resisting a measure of justice and moderation? They must see that unionism is a fact far too deeply seated to be shaken by turning upon it the cold looks only of law. If they think that statutes can extirpate or remould it, let them try. If they see that this is folly, let them cease to irritate what they are powerless to crush. The first condition for spreading wiser economic views is to redress a condition of law which is felt by one side as a kind of persecution. Let them ask themselves if equality in the eye of the law is a right which can long be withheld, or one that they can gain in continuing to withhold. There has never been, and there never will be, a fairer chance of settling this question. The Bill is brought in, promoted, and framed by men whom calumny itself no longer pretends to be the mouthpieces of a class, but by men who have given the best labours of their lives to avert the ruinous war of classes. It is framed neither by nor for the unions—but in the interest of the public. To the unions it gives nothing but bare justice; to the public it offers new and substantial guarantees for good order. Let the capitalists, as a class, be wise in time, and not be incited by their own journals, or paid agents, into blind hostility to a measure from which they have nothing to fear. If they reject a compromise offered by men of public spirit and moderation, who possess the confidence of the workmen, what sort of measure will they have ultimately to yield when the conduct of this cause has passed (as it no doubt would) into the hands of mere partisans, and the watchword of their leaders is Aggression instead of Conciliation?

Finally, the public in general, and politicians on both sides, may well be asked what ultimate good can they hope from maintaining a law which they dare not openly defend, and from identifying the Government and the Legislature of the country with a spirit of injustice to a class. This is no party question; and the workmen are looking to politicians of all sides of a House, elected for the most part by themselves, to deal with this question apart from all bias of party or class. Time was when unionism was on its trial; was unsparingly criticised, and blindly denounced. That time has passed; the issue has been tried, and the virtual pledge which depended on that issue remains to be fulfilled. It is now not unionism which is on its trial, but the good faith of politicians, the fairness of the law, and the representative character of Parliament.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE ACADEMY OF 1869.

PART II.

I HAVE been asked by a friendly critic why I did not mention Mr. Laurence's portrait of the poet Browning? I answer—"Not for want of looking at it." To me it seemed, though in itself a fine and even masculine portrait, too much softened and smoothed for the subject. I admit the "shrewdness," but where does my critic see something so weatherbeaten about the face painted by Mr. Laurence?—or a look of "thinking in Greek"? What it suggests to me is a very shrewd, smart, slightly elated President of the Board of Works, "with an eye like a skipper's, cocked up" certainly, but at fishy contracts, not an "imaginative man-stalker" plunged in quaint and queer and rugged involutions of thought. The painter seems to have painted all the lines out of the poet's face, just as fashionable photographers have now taken to painting the natural lines out of their negatives. I should like to see Mr. Browning painted by Mr. Millais, with Mr. Millais' devil-may-careish nonchalance; or by Mr. Holman Hunt, with his passionate and laborious fidelity. Not that, for a moment, one would place the portrait as it stands on so degraded a level as Mr. Gathorne Hardy's. But if art may be defined to be nature *plus* human sentiment, then that sentiment, in portrait-painting, should tend to bring out, not to subdue, the characteristics and personality of the sitter. The moment the painter begins to entertain the thought whether he dare put in a line or a wrinkle, that moment his art is smitten with palsy. If a portrait-painter paints people not as they seem to him—that is to say, with that intensification of peculiarities which the imagination lends, and legitimately lends, to the eye—but as he calculates that they themselves wish themselves to look, that, of course, is a legitimate commercial transaction. I do not blame the painter for entering into such bargains. But I blame him for wishing to exhibit the results as works of art. A casuist might retort by asking me, why, if art is only nature *plus* sentiment, the painter may not elect to add the sitter's own sentiment about his own face rather than the painter's. To which I should answer, "for no reason whatever if the painter sits to himself." In any other case the answer would be, that "he cannot paint through other people's eyes." And if he tries to do so he forfeits the benefit of using his own; his portraits *realise* nothing, and they must have, besides, two, instead of one, set of defects—namely, those defects which are incident to the painter's conception of the sitter's ideas about himself, and those which are incident to every artist's practice of his

particular art. I dwell upon this, and come back to it because here, as it seems to me, lies the key to the fortress.

What is the usual process by which a portrait comes to the Academy? Is it not this, or something like it? Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so wants his or her picture taken for family purposes, and engages a painter to paint it for them as a commercial undertaking. The picture is then painted with all possible care to please the family circle, beginning with the sitter. As one order begets another, and is intended to beget another, it is almost impossible but that the painter should follow one of two methods. I have known both pursued, and a pretty problem it is to balance the merits and demerits of both in the end. In the one case, the painter knowingly alters the truth and forsakes his own realisation to humour his client. In the other, his own imagination moults, so to speak, and acquires a new plumage. What he loses is his own sense of truth. What he gains is an artificial and hollow sense of external requirement. The result in either case is inevitable—mediocrity. Yet the pictures, so commanded and so executed, are found to be so pleasing to those for whom they are painted, that a wish very naturally arises on their part to have them exhibited, and too often also on the part of the artist. An artist who wishes to exhibit a portrait in an art gallery ought to act upon a very different principle. He ought to say, "How do you want to be painted?—for exhibition or for family purposes? If the former, then, I cannot enter into any bargain about it. I must please myself, and run the chances of the market after execution. If the latter, I cannot exhibit it; it will not be a work of art." All this is very Utopian, is it not? Undoubtedly. And so is art very Utopian. You cannot whistle to it as to a tame bullfinch to perch upon your finger, nor call to it like my lady's lap-dog to come upon your lap.

And what does it all prove? Does it not prove that where the commercial pressure is so great as it is in this country, there are branches of art which are almost necessarily killed by that pressure? They cannot lift the incubus. At all events, it is almost impossible to expect the majority of artists to rise above the level of an average public; and therefore, if any one wants education, it is the public in the first place, and then the artist will be quick to follow, for it is neither industry nor mechanical facility he wants in our day—

"In cœlum jussus ibit."

But the command is wanting, and the Presidency of the Royal Academy is the reward not of art but of a sense of family prettiness.

If you wish to estimate the incubus of the social mediocrity upon English painting, study two things. Consider first the almost invariable dislike of people in general for photographic portraits. Consider next the vast preponderance of family subjects of the lollipop kind in the annual exhibitions. The dislike of photographs which we meet

with almost constantly is one of the most instructive symptoms of the day. Artists themselves are by no means affected in the same way. They cannot help feeling the vast qualities of photographs, and their amazing results in technical and moral truth—results which, with all the defects of photographs, they themselves humbly admit to be by them unattainable. But why do people generally dislike photographs? Because photographs intensify characteristics almost invariably in the direction of “interpretation,” that is to say, away from family (or marketable) prettiness. It may be said that an accusation brought against all is an accusation against none. True, but the accusation not only accuses, it explains the attitude of the social mind which controls the strings of the social purse and governs art by Lilliputian threads until some Gulliver arise. Let it not be supposed that I hold up photographs as perfect pictures. I only appeal to them as a test of the bias of the common run of spectators—a bias unfavourable to the growth of genuine art.

As corroborative evidence, however, consider also the annual ruck and crowd of family and lollipop pictures: little girls digging in (little) gardens; little boys saying grace, with very spruce legs; the admiration of a pair of new shoes; a couple of commonplace sisters, with heads at variously inclined angles, stepping sentimentally in a cemetery sentimentally called “God’s acre,” and melodramatically crowded with sentimental incidents in colours at sixes and sevens; or an unmeaning boy, in an unmeaning chair, reading an unmeaning Bible to an unmeaning mamma with unmeaning ringlets, in an unmeaning bed, and an unmeaning nurse holding a dingy, unmeaning brat at right angles in the background; or a rose-bush with an effulgence of pink light about it, and a self-conscious girl with very brown hair, in a very great glow, as a set off to a mouse-coloured girl in a mouse-coloured shadow; or a commonplace, genteel young man, in a black coat, asking a commonplace, genteel papa, in his dressing-gown and slippers, for the hand of Angelina (it must be Angelina), while in the next room Angelina is sitting in the arms of her commonplace mamma: these, and masses of other pictures are excellent material for illustrating children’s books, and, confined to that sphere, no fault could be found with them. But what hope is there of national art on a commensurate scale of national dignity, when crowds of pictures like these, eked out by lying portraits, painted to lie, form the staple of our yearly exhibitions, and the worst of all are those of the President of the Academy? I am not running a tilt against commonplace people. The world is made up of commonplace people. And the great man is his own valet’s best type of the commonplace. Nor do I say that the commonplace is not fit subject-matter for art. But art is not art which leaves that which in itself is commonplace, commonplace still. And the first

and greatest stumbling-block of all is that temper of the public mind which dislikes photography, not because it is deficient, but because it is disagreeably true, which makes one man bishop of the greatest capital in the world for writing a "little book on little sins," and another President of the Royal Academy that he may degrade a typical statesman to the level of a vacant nonentity.

Amid the dazing fatigue of all these delusive pictures, one comes with surprise and momentary bewilderment in out-of-the-way corners upon Mr. Leighton's "Helios and Rhodos," his "Dædalus and Icarus." So much beauty, so much harmony, so much thought not overwhelming his subjects, outlines so pure, such effulgence; and, in the "Helios and Rhodos," a love for his idea once conceived so great as almost to imitate inspiration and hide his art; all these qualities move me so deeply, that I may repeat what I said in a former article: If for myself I place Mr. Millais' "Nina Lehmann" above them, it is only with a qualm, and by an act of self-denial. I am told that I have greatly overpraised Mr. Millais' "Nina," but it seems to me that those who tell me so have not taken into consideration the point of view from which I praise it. I do not for a moment place it above Mr. Leighton's "Helios and Rhodos," or his "Dædalus and Icarus," in point of beauty as a picture¹ or as a composition, but for a variety of qualities which, I humbly but conscientiously believe, bring Mr. Millais in that picture nearer to the great original painters—slaves of their own pictorial power, and servants of no school—than can be said of any other picture in the Academy. I confessed quite candidly in my last article, that if I placed it above the "Helios and Rhodos" for such and such qualities, I did so with a qualm. "Helios and Rhodos" form, it is true, a most excellent picture; but it is a female picture, and I know no other way of expressing my meaning. All Mr. Leighton's pictures are female pictures, even his "St. Jerome," with that horrescent lion frightening the horizon. Exquisite, too, though the "Helios and Rhodos" be, it is, after all, an eclectic picture—a mixture of collated truths and studies, exquisite in the result, but only as some rare perfume compounded of other perfumes. As artificial perfumes, however costly, depend upon more natural products, so do eclectic results in every art owe their existence to conditions of art, which lie further from idealism and nearer to nature. In painting, these conditions lie nearer to the poetry of pure vision, and further away from the poetry of imagination, and the predominance of the former, I submit, marks the painter as distinguished from the poet.

In Mr. Millais the eye reigns supreme. Mr. Leighton's eye is

(1) One critic says, very bluntly; that Mr. Millais' "Nina" is not a picture at all. This criticism is to me unintelligible. Even a spider, I apprehend, would be a picture, if painted.

only the handmaid of his art, or rather of his unconquerable ambition—by hook or by crook, to-day or to-morrow, with praise or without praise, come weal come woe—to follow his ideals, and rise to art. And herein lies Mr. Leighton's characteristic distinction. To me, by no means a great admirer of the majority of his works, it seems that he has succeeded beyond cavil at last in two of the classical pictures he has exhibited this year. How painfully and laboriously he has progressed, how slowly risen beyond the effeminate conceits of modern society, with how much toil and how much tenacity of purpose, may be judged by those who look at these pictures, and then travel mentally back through the long list, with here and there an exception, of diaphanous females, affecting to be unaffected, in sundry postures of laborious ease, with peacocks, pigeons, fountains, or other paraphernalia of ostentatious purity. I know not how unjust my description may seem to his numerous partisans. I am simply rendering the impression left upon my mind, year after year, by so many of his pictures, and culminating in what appears to be so complete a failure as his "Electra," in the present exhibition. On standing and looking casually round the room, the following, as nearly as possible, were the thoughts that succeeded one another in my mind, when my eye happened to fall on the picture. Here is the series in slippers. *Valeat quantum*. First thought: "Heavens! what's that?" Second thought: "A young man." Third thought: "What's the matter with him?" "He's terribly bored." "Is he going to yawn?" "If he yawns, it will be a terrible yawn." "He's meant for a priest." "No; there are Greek accessories." "Why is he dressed in black?" "Look at the catalogue—'Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon.'" Verdict: A sempstress, victim of late hours, with a violent headache, and suffering from anæmia, doing the statuesque. A few minutes after, I heard a stranger say to a friend, "That can't be 'Electra,' that is a man." Whatever may be the date of this picture, it seems manifestly to belong to an older and less unaffected phase of conception. And to me, at least, it is a happy circumstance that it should be exhibited side by side with the pictures of "Helios and Rhodos," and "Dædalus and Icarus," as helping to realise how far a noble ambition, and a constant determination to rise higher and higher towards his own ideal, may lead an artist eventually. What seems to me so striking in Mr. Leighton's progress is that in spite of the incense lavished upon him by admiring coteries, he should remain true to his own yearning to get nearer and nearer to artistic beauty, and that his imagination should not have been perverted by the praise bestowed upon earlier pictures whose success would have been the ruin of many another man's career. Even as they are, the two pictures I have named, which the moment you

look on them enthral the eye and tell their own tale, have some flavour still of the effeminacy of the artist's earlier manner. Yet although they suggest the fine and finished work of some great student awaiting the crystallising touches of a still greater master, rather than the work of the master himself, how noble they are, and how buoyant in conception! Icarus is indeed aspiring to scale ether on winged pinions, and he does not seem ridiculous. How splendid and luminous are his wings! and with what fine suggestions of ethereal flight! How finely, too, Minerva, helmeted, in the distance, but standing firm upon the rock, her back turned to the adventurous couple, conveys the irony of fate! Then how finely Mr. Leighton has drawn his shore; and how forebodingly, too, the spectator is made to feel the depths of the sea below! Only such courage on the part of such a youth could affront so lovely but cruel a Thalatta. And yet you cannot fear. With such wings, such an artificer, you sympathise with the divine adventurer, and fall to envying his wings. Again, in "*Helios and Rhodos*," what a fine marriage of allegory, romance, and modern feeling! what a delicate, yet noble cumulation of effects! How well the chariot of the sun towers aloft above the rising steps carved in the tumbled beauty of the clouds, yet how little the chariot interferes with, while it glorifies, the central subject—the meeting of the descending Helios with the enraptured Rhodos! How completely the unrestrained tenderness of the sentiment on both sides overrides the voluptuousness of the picture! How completely (and this is to my mind a miracle in the present day) Mr. Leighton has been able, while giving the fullest rein to his sentiment, yet to avoid the faintest trace of sentimentalism—that curse of English art! I know and see that Mr. Leighton is an eclectic. I see that critics whose knowledge is above mine high as Helios' chariot wheels above Rhodos' roses compare his picture here to Tintoret, there to Titian—not for comparison's sake, but by way of classification in respect of manner. If so, if really, which I am not competent to decide, these pictures of Mr. Leighton are only imitations or adaptations of other men's styles, now dead, but which had their root and life in former times,—only this, and no more,—then, one thing I will affirm without fear of higher authority—they will die. To me, I confess they seem better than that; and if I consult my instinct only, regardless of other men's opinion, something tells me that they are the harbingers of better pictures still, and all his own.

Mr. Watts' "*Return of the Dove*" started from a very fine idea, but the result is painful, because, as it often happens to idealists, having conceived the ideal, Mr. Watts left out the probabilities. As he has painted the dove she cannot fly another yard (her very feathers are all tumbling to pieces), and the ark, if I interpret a faint blotch

right, is on the horizon—that is to say, taking roughly eight miles to every inch of the height of the dove above the water, a great many miles off, certainly more than sixteen, and apparently thirty or forty. If Mr. Watts asks me why I apply such rules to his picture and not to Mr. Leighton's, I answer, Because they are thrust upon me by the picture itself. If the tradition had been that the dove on her way home could not reach the ark, but fell into the water, the picture—as symbolising the last dreary efforts of the dove, and the hopelessness of her ever reaching the ark—would be perfect. Whether it is possible to carry out Mr. Watts' idea at all without falling into the same difficulty, I leave painters to decide. Be that as it may, in the Bible the dove got home, and in Mr. Watts' picture she never will, if the fate of the universe depended upon it. And surely, however idealistic, a painter is bound to be true to the conditions of his own subject. His "Orpheus and Eurydice" appears to me a fine study, but there is nothing whatever in it, as far as I am able to see with the best will in the world, to distinguish it from the ruck of classical imitations pure and simple. Who in music cares for imitations of Beethoven, imitations of Mozart, imitations of Mendelssohn? Will anybody tell me what he sees in the "Red Cross Knight and Una" that he should like to look at it again? It may be my stupidity, but the knight seems to me to want to look very knightish and patronising, and Una seems to be looking very mawkish and make-believe. I dare say the picture may be like some other picture, or have some curious technical qualities of moral affectations which please certain minds; but if it is like some other picture, then I had rather accept Mr. Watts' as a broad hint not to go and see the original, and if it is his own idea, then he has the best of me entirely, for I do not even understand it, and if I did, it would only be to dislike it. I should be very sorry to look like the "Red Cross Knight in Una" if it was vouchsafed me; and if I were riding by her, I should care very little for Una. Indeed, politeness permitting, I should ask her "to sit up," and look less of an idiot.

Then, again, Mr. Maclise's "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid." What is the frame of mind of the man, through what labyrinths and mazes, what inward involutions of sense and fancy must he travel; into what realms of thought arrive, what dreary underground twilights of leaden imagination descend into,—who can relish that picture, and cry, as the artistic heart always cries when touched, "Eureka!"—here the heart is blessed, fancy is touched, the mind contented!" You gaze and gaze, and ponder and ponder, and the end of your reverential study is wonder and sadness that so much science, so much industry, such skill, such patience, miles so many of weary ratiocination and technical discourse should be applied to give birth after all to still-born death. How gloriously painted and vigorously set are the leaves that overhang the tent! but they are

dead. How splendid are the ferns that lie at the feet of the king! but they are idle. What feats of position in the king, his courtiers, and his warriors! what science in grouping! how well the chess-board is occupied with its chessmen! how well the game fits in! but they all look as if they had been placed so to act a charade. Every single figure betrays a prolonged labour of thought to make it look natural, and to be waiting for the word of life; but the word has not gone forth, the light has not yet shone. Such might be the picture painted by a wizard, and lying idly in some dusky corner, waiting some mystic occasion to be touched and live. But there it hangs, beyond human power to kindle into life, dead, and not unlike a dusky corpse in the glare of the Academy painted to rebuke the levity and pertness of would-be life.

Sir Edwin Landseer's great "Battle of the Swans and Eagles" must surely have been dreamt by our great animalist in some romantic neighbourhood after too excellent a dinner of highly-seasoned game. Such an Armageddon of winged fowl was surely never seen. Vultures may hunt in packs; but eagles, I am told by my friend, the professor of natural history at Cambridge, never. Sometimes eagles do hunt in pairs, but then they both attack the same quarry. Again, birds of prey strike with the talon; they do not claw with their claws, and fight with their beaks, though after death they tear their prey open. If Sir Edwin Landseer had been gifted with powers of flight, and could have lived with eagles and swans as he has lived with dogs and horses, he would assuredly have painted something possibly less melodramatic, certainly more true to nature. For whatever may be Sir Edwin's exact place as a technical painter, as the poet of animal nature his merits can hardly be overrated. It is no small thing to have vindicated the claim even of dogs to hold a place in our family affections, and it is not too much to say that Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures, by their poetic truth, have won a conspicuous place in the history of the civilisation of English society. I cannot say that I am a fanatical admirer of his lions in Trafalgar Square. They seem, in the words of the old Frenchman in the play, "colossal, pyramidal, pretty well." But his sketches of two lions in the first room of the Academy are truly superb. Query, whether Sir Edwin painting the death-struggle of a lion and bull would not be more at home than among eagles and swans, and whether such a picture might not remain one of our great examples in that *genre*?

I had hoped to dwell at some length upon the richest and best, because the truest and sincerest, part of every English Academy—its landscapes—but time and space have alike failed me. I should like to dwell upon the resplendent sobriety and massive harmony of M. Daubigny's "Sunset on the River Oise;" on Mr. Linnell's very antagonistic, but truly magnificent, "Sunset in the Romagna." In the landscape department the Academy is crowded with pictures, each of

which would deserve minute attention, and repay it. Two small studies by Mr. Mason seem to me, small and modest as they are, to contain as fine artistic qualities, if not finer, than any landscape in the exhibition. But as, amid so much that is excellent, casual selection is invidious, and mere mention barren, I will only take leave further to say a few words, first, on the difficulties of criticism, and then on the system of classification.

The difficulties of criticism in so large an assemblage of pictures appear to be almost insuperable. In order that the critic may criticise a group or a landscape accurately he must be able to place himself in the same position and mood as the painter. A landscape which will do equally well for ten o'clock in the morning or five o'clock in the afternoon is a mere fancy composition. Before you can pronounce upon a picture you must realise what are the conditions which the artist himself selected, and how far he has been true to them. The first quality in a picture is the combination of unity and harmony, and among English pictures that is the rarest. The different parts of pictures seem often to have been painted without relation to one another, and on different days, suggesting so many changes of mood and atmosphere that the spectator is paralysed between the multiplicity of suggestions, and is apt to lose his way between them all. How rarely can we stand before a picture with the same undisturbed satisfaction that we look out of a window! Either the brilliant parts have broken away into separate existence from the painter's grasp, or, in order to control them, he has emasculated each without thereby always attaining to unity, although, doubtless, by that means he may acquire a kind of apparent sobriety. Nature is always *one* even in her violent contrasts—not by any means owing to any mystical quality in nature, but owing to the simple and intelligible fact that over every subject she pours one single light, and one single atmosphere at a time. Nature can paint one picture in a myriad slight modifications of light, all in one day, and they shall all be changed again the next. Yet each modification will be at each moment *one* and harmonious with itself. Where is the painter who can paint a myriad atmospheres, all different, all true? You sit at a window and watch the landscape. A cloud passes somewhere; you do not even see it. All the relations of colour are changed, and yet each object remains the same. Nor does nature take any pains to exclude brilliancy in order to secure unity. She revels in brilliancy; but by a turn of the screw she changes all, only substituting one set of brilliancies for another, and these belong as indissolubly to one another as the last. The utmost science can only bring the artist to the knowledge of comparatively few among the myriad combinations of nature, and some artists never get near truth at all, and hold their own without it at the point of the sword, and by the grace of their own fanciful theories.

With regard to the classification of pictures, I venture to submit,

with all deference, that the method now adopted of jumbling up all manner of pictures together is a mistake, most injurious to the public and most injurious to the artist. It is injurious to the public, for comparison is the root of thought, education, and sound criticism. You cannot compare chalk and cherries. To put Madame Jerichau's striking picture, "The Dying Pole," near "Little Boys going to School," "Cart-horses Watering," "A Dairymaid at her Churn," *et hoc genus omne*, seems, but that it is not intended so, almost an impertinence. There is no possible link of comparison between them. The imagination and the critical sense are both paralysed by their juxtaposition, the tendency of the proximity of such pictures to one another being to make both seem better and worse than they really are. The dignified pictures acquire a factitious importance by being seen in contact with more trifling subjects, the trifles are depressed by the severer pictures, and the spectator is not helped, as he should be in a national exhibition, to form a sound judgment by being enabled to compare side by side, or group by group, pictures of the same class. Can anything be more ridiculous than to mix up sombre and massive sunset effects with delicate pea-green pictures, and place opaline effects side by side with a burning and flaming sky? The sunsets at once become theatrical, while the other pictures are unduly impoverished, and sometimes utterly annihilated. There cannot be a doubt of the powerful effect which would be gained by massing those pictures together which belong to similar categories of style, subject, and colour. The arrangement I would roughly suggest would be: (1.) The Portraits. In this class I would include all paintings in modern costume bearing that character, whether with or without the names of the originals. Instead of aiming at contrast by putting a dark picture next to a light one, I would mass together all the pictures belonging to one tone: the dark pictures together, the middle tones together, the light pictures together. Thus, for instance, the comparison of Miss Hilda Bunsen with the Duchess of Athol, both in white, is highly suggestive and instructive. But you learn next to nothing by comparing either with the Duke of Edinburgh, in naval blue, whose picture, by some freak of fate, if fate has freaks, has been placed between them. Round these would very well be grouped Mrs. Henry Schlesinger, Miss Wells, Miss Nina Lehmann, the Miss Sandemanns, Mrs. Widrington, the Miss Dugdales, &c., &c. This would give a very fine accumulation of effects, all in the same or a similar groove, and afford the public, the general student, and the particular artists themselves, means of study and comparison which I defy them to get when they have to pass from one room to another, through a crowd of people, but, worst of all, through a labyrinth and Babel of other pictures and other colours. Not only so, but the imposing effect of the whole would lend a dignity to each picture in its proper place, which is frittered

away when all are out of place. Much of the outcry raised against the portraits of the Academy arises from their ludicrous appearance when surrounded by other pictures. Many a presentation picture, which makes one smile involuntarily where it hangs, would be interesting enough, if confined to the company of all the other presentation portraits. After all, "presentation portraits" form part of the annual history of the country, and if we only brought a little common sense to bear in the management of these things, they are as little open to ridicule in a national exhibition as any other pictures whatever.

(2.) I would group all the Subjects, properly so called, together, according to their natural divisions, schools, and styles. What can be more ludicrous than to put "Helios and Rhodos" with "Lord Strangford," on one side, and "Charles Santley" on the other, surrounded by a crowd of discordant, I should like to say squalling, pictures, which have no more to do with one another than roses with alligators, while the sister picture, "Dædalus and Icarus," hangs far away, amid no less excruciating surroundings? On the contrary, what a fine and instructive wall would be obtained if round these two pictures of Mr. Leighton were grouped all the other classical subjects, by Watts, Sandys, Poynter, Stanhope, Moore, Wallis, Prinsep, Richmond, Calthrop, Solomon, and whatever others! In the same way the assemblage of all the mediæval and romantic pictures together, taking care to let them run in their natural grooves of colour. Talking of grooves of colour, there is Mr. Faed's school, with all its imitators, and the numerous run of pictures in which red and green, generally dark red and dark green, but, on the whole, green and red, "*à toute sauce*," bedeck the social incident. These, if collected together, would have a very remarkable and by no means uninteresting effect. Then, again, the historical pictures and general subjects, with Mr. Marcus Stone's scholarly and most excellent picture of "Princess Elizabeth attending Mass" at their head—these, comprising such pictures as Mr. Pettie's "Cardinal Wolsey," and also his "Gambler's Victim," Mr. Frith's "Altisidora," Mr. Ward's "Grinling Gibbons," Mr. Elmore's "Taming of the Shrew," Mr. Roberts' "Fugitive Royalist" (I quote from memory, at random), and a crowd of similar pictures, would gain immensely, and illustrate one another's beauties and defects, by being collated. As it is, they are killed or turned into ridicule by huge portraits or trumpet-tongued landscapes filling the wall, which have the same effect upon them as the Brobdignags upon Gulliver. Gradations of size and homogeneity of subject are just as necessary to sound criticism as they are to sound painting. If the present mode of classification adopted is the right one, why are not the miniatures mixed up with the other pictures?

A third class would, of course, be the landscapes. Upon these I

have said enough not to enlarge further. And as these remarks are merely by way of general suggestion, I will add only that all the animals and birds, horses, dogs, sheep, cows, eagles, swans, would make a far better class apart than distributed as they are. No doubt it might be difficult to class some pictures, and there must remain a certain margin of miscellanies. But these might either be put into a separate class or employed for the purpose of passing from one group to another.

If on this part of the subject I appear to have written with too much presumption, I may say, in apology, that the conviction has been forced upon me by many years of observation. And if any doubt is entertained of the superiority of effect attainable by massing pictures together of the same class, I would point to the Turner Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and ask whether the result in that case is not in the highest degree noble and impressive, and whether it would not all be squandered if the pictures which compose it were distributed over the building? If I am told these are the pictures of one man, and not of several, I answer that they are also, as it happens, pictures of one class, and, as such, I plead their relevancy to my argument.

In conclusion, if I might venture a word of advice to the young artist, I would say, Beware of theories, or if you must use them, use as crutches, to throw them away. Beware of schools, for schools in art are but the lifeless relics of bygone giants. Great men leave schools behind them, as Homer and Æschylus and Plato left matter for Alexandrine grammars—mere bricks and mortar for future artists. The great artist is himself, and himself only, or nothing. In art there is but one theory, and that is truth; and though the roads to truth be infinite, the end is one—nature. Study nature, consult nature, trust nature, turn a deaf ear to all but nature. He who gets nearest to nature in the end is the greatest artist, be the road what it may. He who is within a school is no artist, but only a scholar, waiting to become an artist. While the scaffolding remains the temple is not free. What is school? Is it school for mechanism? But for artistic purposes, mechanical processes have no value except as they enable you to get nearer to truth, and in this matter every honest student, who studies for himself, can improve on what is known every day of his life. Is it school for conception? But conception which has not its root in your own life, and your own time, is dead! The moment you ask the painters of another age *how* they conceived, you surrender your right to paint at all. You may indeed compare your conceptions with theirs to prove yourself a dwarf, them giants; your age a bastard age, theirs divine. But if you wish to rival them, forget them, leave all behind you, and do as they did—take up your staff and follow nature. As well might you hope to be a Titian by copying Titian as to be another Newton by lying on his grave.

BERNARD CRACROFT.

PHYSICS AND POLITICS.

No. III.—NATION MAKING.

IN an essay published so long since¹ that I fear hardly a single reader of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* can remember it, I endeavoured to show that in the early age of man—the “fighting age” I called it—there was a considerable, though not certain, tendency towards progress. The best nations conquered the worst; by the possession of one advantage or another the best competitor overcame the inferior competitor. So long as there was continual fighting there was a likelihood of improvement in martial virtues, and in early times many virtues are really “martial”—that is, tend to success in war—which in later times we do not think of so calling, because the original usefulness is hid by their later usefulness. We judge of them by the present effects, not by their first. The love of law, for example, is a virtue which no one now would call martial, yet in early times it disciplined nations, and the disciplined nations won. The gift of “conservative innovation”—the gift of *matching* new institutions to old—is not nowadays a warlike virtue, yet the Romans owed much of their success to it. Alone among ancient nations they had the deference to usage which combines nations, and the partial permission of selected change which improves nations; and therefore they succeeded. Just so in most cases, all through the earliest times, martial merit is a token of real merit: the nation that wins is the nation that ought to win. The simple virtues of such ages mostly make a man a soldier if they make him anything. No doubt the brute force of number may be too potent even then (as so often it is afterwards): civilisation may be thrown back by the conquest of many very rude men over a few less rude men. But the first elements of civilisation are great military advantages, and, roughly, it is a rule of the first times that you can infer merit from conquest, and that progress is promoted by the competitive examination of constant war.

This principle explains at once why the “protected” regions of the world—the interior of continents like Africa, outlying islands like Australia or New Zealand—are of necessity backward. They are still in the preparatory school; they have not been taken on class by class, as No. II., being a little better, routed and effaced No. I.; and as No. III., being a little better still, routed and effaced No. II. And it explains why Western Europe was early in advance of other countries, because there the contest of races was exceedingly severe.

(1) *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for April, 1868.

Unlike most regions, it was a tempting part of the world, and yet not a corrupting part; those who did not possess it wanted it, and those who had it, not being enervated, could struggle hard to keep it. The conflict of nations is at first a main force in the improvement of nations.

But what *are* nations? What are these groups which are so familiar to us, and yet, if we stop to think, so strange; which are as old as history; which Herodotus found in almost as great numbers and with quite as marked distinctions as we see them now? What breaks the human race up into fragments so unlike one another, and yet each in its interior so monotonous? The question is most puzzling, though the fact is so familiar, and I would not venture to say that I can answer it completely, though I can advance some considerations which, as it seems to me, go a certain way towards answering it. Perhaps these same considerations throw some light, too, on the further and still more interesting question why some few nations progress, and why the greater part do not.

Of course at first all such distinctions of nation and nation were explained by original diversity of race. They *are* dissimilar, it was said, because they were created dissimilar. But in most cases this easy supposition will not do its work. You cannot (consistently with plain facts) imagine enough original races to make it tenable. Some half-dozen or more great families of men may or may not have been descended from separate first stocks, but sub-varieties have certainly not so descended. You may argue, rightly or wrongly, that all Arian nations are of a single or peculiar origin, just as it was long believed that all Greek-speaking nations were of one such stock. But you will not be listened to if you say that there were one Adam and Eve for Sparta, and another Adam and Eve for Athens. All Greeks are evidently of one origin, but within the limits of the Greek family, as of all other families, there is some contrast-making force which causes city to be unlike city, and tribe unlike tribe.

Certainly, too, nations did not originate by simple natural selection, as wild varieties of animals (I do not speak now of species) no doubt arise in nature. Natural selection means the preservation of those individuals which struggle best with the forces that oppose their race. But you could not show that the natural obstacles opposing human life much differed between Sparta and Athens, or indeed between Rome and Athens; and yet Spartans, Athenians, and Romans differ essentially. Old writers fancied (and it was a very natural idea) that the direct effect of climate, or rather of land, sea, and air, and the sum total of physical conditions varied man from man, and changed race to race. But experience refutes this. The English immigrant lives in the same climate as the Australian or Tasmanian, but he has not become like those races; nor will a

thousand years, in most respects, make him like them. The Papuan and the Malay, as Mr. Wallace finds, live now, and have lived for ages, side by side in the same tropical regions, with every sort of diversity. Even in animals his researches show, as by an object-lesson, that the direct efficacy of physical conditions is overrated. "Borneo," he says, "closely resembles New Guinea, not only in its vast size and freedom from volcanoes, but in its variety of geological structure, its uniformity of climate, and the general aspect of the forest vegetation that clothes its surface. The Moluccas are the counterpart of the Philippines in their volcanic structure, their extreme fertility, their luxuriant forests, and their frequent earthquakes; and Bali, with the east end of Java, has a climate almost as arid as that of Timor. Yet between these corresponding groups of islands, constructed, as it were, after the same pattern, subjected to the same climate, and bathed by the same oceans, there exists the greatest possible contrast, when we compare their animal productions. Nowhere does the ancient doctrine—that differences or similarities in the various forms of life that inhabit different countries are due to corresponding physical differences or similarities in the countries themselves—meet with so direct and palpable a contradiction. Borneo and New Guinea, as alike physically as two distinct countries can be, are zoologically as wide as the poles asunder; while Australia, with its dry winds, its open plains, its stony deserts, and its temperate climate, yet produces birds and quadrupeds which are closely related to those inhabiting the hot, damp, luxuriant forests which everywhere clothe the plains and mountains of New Guinea." That is, we have like living things in the most dissimilar situations, and unlike living things in the most similar ones. And though some of Mr. Wallace's speculations on ethnology may be doubtful, no one doubts that in the archipelago he has studied so well, as often elsewhere in the world, though rarely with such marked emphasis, we find like men in contrasted places, and unlike men in resembling places. Climate is clearly not *the* force which makes nations, for it does not always make them, and they are often made without it.

The problem of "nation-making"—that is, the explanation of the origin of nations such as we now see them, and such as in historical times they have always been—cannot, as it seems to me, be solved without separating it into two: one, the making of broadly-marked races, such as the negro, or the red man, or the European; and second, that of making the minor distinctions, such as the distinction between Spartan and Athenian, or between Scotchman and Englishman. Nations, as we see them, are (if my arguments prove true) the produce of two great forces: one the race-making force which, whatever it was, acted in antiquity, and has now wholly, or almost, given over acting; and the other the nation-making force, properly so called,

which is acting now as much as it ever acted, and creating as much as it ever created.

The strongest light on the great causes which have formed and are forming nations is thrown by the smaller causes which are altering nations. The way in which nations change, generation after generation, is exceedingly curious, and the change occasionally happens when it is very hard to account for. Something seems to steal over society, say of the Regency time as compared with that of the present Queen. If we read of life at Windsor (at the cottage now pulled down), or of Bond Street as it was in the days of the Loungers (an extinct race), or of St. James's Street as it was when Mr. Fox and his party tried to make "political capital" out of the dissipation of an heir apparent, we seem to be reading not of the places we know so well, but of very distant and unlike localities. Or let any one think how little is the external change in England between the age of Elizabeth and the age of Anne compared with the national change. How few were the alterations in physical condition, how few (if any) the scientific inventions affecting human life which the later period possessed, but the earlier did not! How hard it is to say what has caused the change in the people! And yet how total is the contrast, at least at first sight! In passing from Bacon to Addison, from Shakespeare to Pope, we seem to pass into a new world.

In the first of these essays I spoke of the mode in which the literary change happens, and I recur to it because, literature being narrower and more definite than life, a change in the less serves as a model and illustration of the change in the greater. Some writer, as was explained, not necessarily a very excellent writer or a remembered one, hit on something which suited the public taste: he went on writing, and others imitated him, and they so accustomed their readers to that style that they would bear nothing else. Those readers who did not like it were driven to the works of other ages and other countries,—had to despise the "trash of the day," as they would call it. The age of Anne patronised Steele, the beginner of the *Essay*, and Addison, its perfecter, and its neglected writings in a wholly discordant key. I have heard that the founder of the *Times* was asked how all the articles in the *Times* came to seem to be written by one man, and that he replied—"Oh, there is always some one best contributor, and all the others copy." And this is doubtless the true account of the manner in which a certain trade mark, a curious and indefinable unity, settles on every newspaper. Perhaps it would be possible to name the men who a few years since created the *Saturday Review* style, now imitated by another and a younger race. But when the style of a periodical is once formed, the continuance of it is preserved by a much more despotic impulse than the tendency to imitation,—by the self-interest of the editor, who acts as *trustee*, if I

may say so, for the subscribers. The regular buyers of a periodical want to read what they have been used to read—the same sort of thought, the same sort of words. The editor sees that they get that sort. He selects the suitable, the conforming articles, and he rejects the non-conforming. What the editor does in the case of a periodical, the readers do in the case of literature in general. They patronise one thing and reject the rest.

Of course there was always some reason (if we only could find it) which gave the prominence in each age to some particular winning literature. There always is some reason why the fashion of female dress is what it is. But just as in the case of dress we know that nowadays the determining cause is very much of an accident, so in the case of literary fashion the origin is a good deal of an accident. What the milliners of Paris, or the *demi-monde* of Paris, enjoin our English ladies, is (I suppose) a good deal chance; but as soon as it is decreed, those whom it suits and those whom it does not all wear it. The imitative propensity at once insures uniformity; and “that horrid thing we wore last year” (as the phrase may go) is soon nowhere to be seen. Just so a literary fashion spreads, though I am far from saying with equal primitive unreasonableness; a literary taste always begins on some decent reason, but once started, it is propagated as a fashion in dress is propagated; even those who do not like it read it because it is there, and because nothing else is easily to be found.

The same patronage of favoured forms, and persecution of disliked forms, are the main causes too, I believe, which change national character. Some one attractive type catches the eye, so to speak, of the nation, or a part of the nation, as servants catch the gait of their masters, or as mobile girls come home speaking the special words and acting the little gestures of each family whom they may have been visiting. I do not know if many of my readers happen to have read Father Newman’s celebrated sermon, “Personal Influence the Means of Propagating the Truth;” if not, I strongly recommend them to do so. They will there see the opinion of a great practical leader of men, of one who has led very many where they little thought of going, as to the mode in which they are to be led; and what he says, put shortly and simply, and taken out of his delicate language, is but this—that men are guided by *type*, not by argument; that some winning instance must be set up before them, or the sermon will be vain, and the doctrine will not spread. I do not want to illustrate this matter from religious history, for I should be led far from my purpose, and after all I can but teach the commonplace that it is the life of teachers which is *catching*, not their tenets. And again, in political matters, how quickly a leading statesman can change the tone of the community! We are most of us earnest with Mr. Gladstone; we were most of us *not* so earnest in the time of Lord Palmerston. The

change is what every one feels, though no one can define it. Each predominant mind calls out a corresponding sentiment in the country: most feel it a little. Those who feel it much express it much; those who feel it excessively express it excessively; those who dissent are silent, or unheard.

After such great matters as religion and politics, it may seem trifling to illustrate the subject from little boys. But it is not trifling. The bane of philosophy is pomposity: people will not see that small things are the miniatures of greater, and it seems a loss of abstract dignity to freshen their minds by object-lessons from what they know. But every boarding-school changes as a nation changes. Most of us may remember thinking, "How odd it is that this 'half' should be so unlike last 'half:' now we never go out of bounds, last half we were always going: now we play rounders, then we played prisoner's base;" and so through all the easy life of that time. In fact, some ruling spirits, some one or two ascendant boys, had left, one or two others had come; and so all was changed. The models were changed, and the copies changed; a different thing was praised, and a different thing bullied. A curious case of the same tendency was noticed to me only lately. A friend of mine—a Liberal Conservative—addressed a meeting of working men at Leeds, and was much pleased at finding his characteristic, and perhaps refined points, both apprehended and applauded. "But then," as he narrated, "up rose a blatant Radical who said the very opposite things, and the working men cheered him too, and quite equally." He was puzzled to account for so rapid a change. But the mass of the meeting was no doubt nearly neutral, and, if set going, quite ready to applaud any good words without much thinking. The ringleaders changed. The radical tailor started the radical cheer; the more moderate shoemaker started the moderate cheer; and the great bulk followed suit. Only a few in each case were silent, and an absolute contrast was in ten minutes presented by the same elements.

The truth is that the propensity of man to imitate what is before him is one of the strongest parts of his nature. And one sign of it is the great pain which we feel when our imitation has been unsuccessful. There is a cynical doctrine that most men would rather be accused of wickedness than of *gaucherie*. And this is but another way of saying that the bad copying of predominant manners is felt to be more of a disgrace than common consideration would account for its being, since *gaucherie* in all but extravagant cases is not an offence against religion or morals, but is simply bad imitation.

We must not think that this imitation is voluntary, or even conscious. On the contrary, it has its seat mainly in very obscure parts of the mind, whose notions, so far from having been consciously produced, are hardly felt to exist; so far from being conceived beforehand,

are not even felt at the time. The main seat of the imitative part of our nature is our belief, and the causes predisposing us to believe this, or disinclining us to believe that, are among the obscurest parts of our nature. But as to the imitative nature of credulity there can be no doubt. In "Eothen" there is a capital description of how every sort of European resident in the East, even the shrewd merchant and "the post-captain," with his bright, wakeful eyes of commerce, comes soon to believe in witchcraft, and to assure you, in confidence, that there "really is something in it." He has never seen anything convincing himself, but he has seen those who have seen those who have seen those who have seen. In fact, he has lived in an atmosphere of infectious belief, and he has inhaled it. Scarcely any one can help yielding to the current infatuations of his sect or party. For a short time—say some fortnight—he is resolute; he argues and objects; but, day by day, the poison thrives, and reason wanes. What he hears from his friends, what he reads in the party organ, produces its effect. The plain, palpable conclusion which every one around him believes, has an influence yet greater and more subtle; that conclusion seems so solid and unmistakable; his own good arguments get daily more and more like a dream. Soon the gravest sage shares the folly of the party with which he acts, and the sect with which he worships.

In true metaphysics I believe that, contrary to common opinion, unbelief far oftener needs a reason and requires an effort than belief. Naturally, and if man were made according to the pattern of the logicians, he would say, "When I see a valid argument I will believe, and till I see such argument I will not believe." But, in fact, every idea vividly before us soon appears to us to be true, unless we keep up our perceptions of the arguments which prove it untrue, and voluntarily coerce our minds to remember its falsehood. "All clear ideas are true," was for ages a philosophical maxim, and though no maxim can be more unsound, none can be more exactly conformable to ordinary human nature. The child resolutely accepts every idea which passes through its brain as true; it has no distinct conception of an idea which is strong, bright, and permanent, but which is false too. The mere presentation of an idea, unless we are careful about it, or unless there is within some unusual resistance, makes us believe it; and this is why the belief of others adds to our belief so quickly, for no ideas seem so very clear as those inculcated on us from every side.

The grave part of mankind are quite as liable to these imitated beliefs as the frivolous part. The belief of the money-market, which is mainly composed of grave people, is as imitative as any belief. You will find one day every one enterprising, enthusiastic, vigorous, eager to buy, and eager to order: in a week or so you will

find almost the whole society depressed, anxious, and wanting to sell. If you examine the reasons for the activity, or for the inactivity, or for the change, you will hardly be able to trace them at all, and as far as you can trace them, they are of little force. In fact, these opinions were not formed by reason, but by mimicry. Something happened that looked a little good, on which eager sanguine men talked loudly, and common people caught their tone. A little while afterwards, and when people were tired of talking this, something also happened looking a little bad, on which the dismal, anxious people began, and all the rest followed their words. And in both cases an avowed dissentient is set down as "crotchety." "If you want," said Swift, "to gain the reputation of a sensible man, you should be of the opinion of the person with whom for the time being you are conversing." There is much quiet intellectual persecution among "reasonable" men; a cautious person hesitates before he tells them anything new, for if he gets a name for such things he will be called "flighty," and in times of decision he will not be attended to.

In this way the infection of imitation catches men in their most inward and intellectual part—their creed. But it also invades men, by the most bodily part of the mind—so to speak—the link between soul and body—the manner. No one needs to have this explained; we all know how a kind of subtle influence makes us imitate or try to imitate the manner of those around us. To conform to the fashion of Rome—whatever the fashion may be, and whatever Rome we may for the time be at—is among the most obvious needs of human nature. But what is not so obvious, though as certain, is that the influence of the imitation goes deep as well as extends wide. "The matter," as Wordsworth says, "of style very much comes out of the manner." If you will endeavour to write an imitation of the thoughts of Swift in a copy of the style of Addison, you will find that not only is it hard to write Addison's style, from its intrinsic excellence, but also that the more you approach to it the more you lose the thought of Swift. The eager passion of the meaning beats upon the mild drapery of the words. So you could not express the plain thoughts of an Englishman in the grand manner of a Spaniard. Insensibly, and as by a sort of magic, the kind of manner which a man catches eats into him, and makes him in the end what at first he only seems.

This is the principal mode in which the greatest minds of an age produce their effect. They set the tone which others take, and the fashion which others use. There is an odd idea that those who take what is called a "scientific view" of history need rate lightly the influence of individual character. It would be as reasonable to say that those who take a scientific view of nature need think little of the influence of the sun. On the scientific view a great man is a great new cause (compounded or not out of other causes, for I do not

here, or elsewhere in these papers, raise the question of free-will), but, anyhow, new in all its effects, and all its results. Great models for good and evil sometimes appear among men, who follow them either to improvement or degradation.

I am, I know, very long and tedious in setting out this; but I want to bring home to others what every new observation of society brings more and more freshly to myself—that this unconscious imitation and encouragement of appreciated character, and this equally unconscious shrinking from and persecution of disliked character, is the main force which moulds and fashions men in society as we now see it. Soon I shall try to show that the more acknowledged causes, such as change of climate, alteration of political institutions, progress of science, act principally through this cause; that they change the object of imitation and the object of avoidance, and so work their effect. But first I must speak of the origin of nations—of nation-making as one may call it—the proper subject of this paper.

The process of nation-making is one of which we have obvious examples in the most recent times, and which is going on now. The most simple example is the foundation of the first State of America, say New England, which has such a marked and such a deep national character. A great number of persons agreeing in fundamental disposition, agreeing in religion, agreeing in politics, form a separate settlement; they exaggerate their own disposition, teach their own creed, set up their favourite government; they discourage all other dispositions, persecute other beliefs, forbid other forms or habits of government. Of course a nation so made will have a separate stamp and mark. The original settlers began of one type; they sedulously imitated it; and (though other causes have intervened and disturbed it) the necessary operation of the principles of inheritance has transmitted many original traits still unaltered, and has left an entire New England character—in no respect unaffected by its first character.

This case is well-known, but it is not so that the same process, in a weaker shape, is going on in America now. Congeniality of sentiment is a reason of selection, and a bond of cohesion in the "West" at present. Competent observers say that townships grow up there by each place taking its own religion, its own manners, and its own ways. Those who have these morals and that religion go to that place, and stay there; and those who do not either settle elsewhere at first, or soon pass on. The days of colonisation by sudden "swarms" of like creed is almost over, but a less visible process of attraction by similar faith over similar is still in vigour, and very likely to continue.

And in cases where this principle does not operate, all new settlements, being formed of "emigrants," are sure to be composed of rather restless people, mainly. The stay-at-home people are not to be

found there, and these are the quiet, easy people. A new settlement voluntarily formed (for of old times, when people were expelled by terror, I am not speaking) is sure to have in it much more than the ordinary proportion of active men, and much less than the ordinary proportion of inactive; and this accounts for a large part, though not perhaps all, of the difference between the English in England, and the English in Australia.

The causes which formed New England in recent times cannot be conceived as acting much upon mankind in their infancy. Society is not then formed upon a "voluntary system" but upon an involuntary. A man in early ages is born to a certain obedience, and cannot extricate himself from an inherited government. Society then is made up, not of individuals, but of families; creeds then descend by inheritance in those families. Lord Melbourne once incurred the ridicule of philosophers by saying he should adhere to the English Church *because* it was the religion of his fathers. The philosophers, of course, said that a man's fathers' believing anything was no reason for his believing it unless it was true. But Lord Melbourne was only uttering out of season, and in a modern time, one of the most firm and accepted maxims of old times. A religious secession of isolated Romans to sail beyond sea would have seemed to the ancient Romans an impossibility. In still ruder ages the religion of savages is a thing too feeble to create a schism or to found a community. We are dealing with people capable of history when we speak of great ideas, not with pre-historic flint-men or the present savages. But though under very different forms, the same essential causes—the imitation of profound characters and the elimination of detested characters—were at work in the oldest times, and are at work among rude men now. Strong as the propensity to imitation is among civilised men, we must conceive it as an impulse of which their minds have been partially denuded. Like the far-seeing sight, infallible hearing, the magical scent of the savage, it is a half-lost power. It was strongest in ancient times, and is strongest in uncivilised regions.

This extreme propensity to imitation is one great reason of the amazing sameness which every observer notices in savage nations. When you have seen one Fuegian, you have seen all Fuegians—one Tasmanian, all Tasmanians. The higher savages, as the New Zealanders, are less uniform; they have more of the varied and compact structure of civilised nations, because in other respects they are more civilised. They have greater mental capacity—larger stores of inward thought. But much of the same monotonous nature clings to them too. A savage tribe resembles a herd of gregarious beasts; where the leader goes they go too; they copy blindly his habits, and thus soon become that which he already is. For not only the

tendency, but also the power to imitate, is stronger in savages than civilised men. Savages copy quicker, and they copy better. Children, in the same way, are born mimics; they cannot help imitating what comes before them. There is nothing in their minds to resist the propensity to copy. Every educated man has a large inward supply of ideas to which he can retire, and in which he can escape from or alleviate unpleasant outward objects. But a savage or a child has no resource. The external movements before it are its very life; it lives by what it sees and hears. Uneducated people in civilised nations have vestiges of the same condition. If you send a housemaid and a philosopher to a foreign country of which neither knows the language, the chances are that the housemaid will catch it before the philosopher. He has something else to do; he can live in his own thoughts. But unless she can imitate the utterances, she is lost; she has no life till she can join in the chatter of the kitchen. The propensity to mimicry, and the power of mimicry, are mostly strongest in those who have least abstract minds. The most wonderful examples of imitation in the world are perhaps the imitations of civilised men by savages in the use of martial weapons. They learn the *knack*, as sportsmen call it, with inconceivable rapidity. A North American Indian—an Australian even—can shoot as well as any white man. Here the motive is at its maximum, as well as the innate power. Every savage cares more for the power of killing than for any other power.

The persecuting tendency of all savages, and, indeed, of all ignorant people, is even more striking than their imitative tendency. No barbarian can bear to see one of his nation deviate from the old barbarous customs and usages of their tribe. Very commonly all the tribe would expect a punishment from the gods if any one of them refrained from what was old, or began what was new. In modern times and in cultivated countries we regard each person as responsible only for his own actions, and do not believe, or think of believing, that the misconduct of others can bring guilt on them. Guilt to us is an individual taint consequent on choice and cleaving to the chooser. But in early ages the act of one member of the tribe is conceived to make all the tribe impious, to offend its peculiar god, to expose all the tribe to penalties from heaven. There is no "limited liability" in the political notions of that time. The early tribe or nation is a religious partnership, on which a rash member by a sudden impiety may bring utter ruin. If the state is conceived thus, toleration becomes wicked. A permitted deviation from the transmitted ordinances becomes simple folly. It is a sacrifice of the happiness of the greatest number. It is allowing one individual, for a moment's pleasure or a stupid whim, to bring terrible and irretrievable calamity upon all. No one will ever understand even Athenian history, who forgets this idea of the old world, though

Athens was, in comparison with others, a rational and sceptical place, ready for new views, and free from old prejudices. When the street statues of Hermes were mutilated, all the Athenians were frightened and furious; they thought that they should *all* be ruined because some *one* had mutilated a god's image, and so offended him. Almost every detail of life in the classical times—the times when real history opens—was invested with a religious sanction; a sacred ritual regulated human action; whether it was called “law” or not, much of it was older than the word “law;” it was part of an ancient usage conceived as emanating from a superhuman authority, and not to be transgressed without risk of punishment by more than mortal power. There was such a *solidarité* then between citizens, that each might be led to persecute the other for fear of harm to himself.

It may be said that these two tendencies of the early world—that to persecution and that to imitation—must conflict; that the imitative impulse would lead men to copy what is new, and that persecution by traditional habit would prevent their copying it. But in practice the two tendencies co-operate. There is a strong tendency to copy the most common thing, and that common thing is the old habit. Daily imitation is far oftener a conservative force, for the most frequent models are ancient. Of course, however, something new is necessary for every man and for every nation. We may wish, if we please, that to-morrow shall be like to-day, but it will not be like it. New forces will impinge upon us; new wind, new rain, and the light of another sun; and we must alter to meet them. But the persecuting habit and the imitative combine to insure that the new thing shall be in the old fashion; it must be an alteration, but it shall contain as little of variety as possible. The imitative impulse tends to this, because men most easily imitate what their minds are best prepared for,—what is like the old, yet with the inevitable minimum of alteration; what throws them least out of the old path, and puzzles least their minds. The doctrine of development means this,—that in unavoidable changes men like the new doctrine which is most of a “preservative addition” to their old doctrines. The imitative and the persecuting tendencies make all change in early nations a kind of selective conservatism, for the most part keeping what is old, but annexing some new but like practice—an additional turret in the old style.

It is this process of adding suitable things and rejecting discordant things which has raised those scenes of strange manners which in every part of the world puzzle the civilised men who come upon them first. Like the old head-dress of mountain villages, they make the traveller think not so much whether they are good or whether they are bad, as wonder how any one could have come to think of them; to regard them as “monstrosities,” which only some wild abnormal intellect could have hit upon. And wild and abnormal

indeed would be that intellect if it were a single one at all. But in fact such manners are the growth of ages, like Roman law or the British constitution. No one man—no one generation—could have thought of them,—only a series of generations trained in the habits of the last and wanting something akin to such habits, could have devised them. Savages *pet* their favourite habits, so to say, and preserve them as they do their favourite animals; ages are required, but at last a national character is formed by the confluence of congenial attractions and accordant detestations.

Another cause helps. In early states of civilisation there is a great mortality of infant life, and this is a kind of selection in itself—the child most fit to be a good Spartan is most likely to survive a Spartan childhood. The habits of the tribe are enforced on the child; if he is able to catch and copy them he lives; if he cannot he dies. The imitation which assimilates early nations continues through life, but it begins with suitable forms and acts on picked specimens. I suppose, too, that there is a kind of parental selection operating in the same way and probably tending to keep alive the same individuals. Those children which gratified their fathers and mothers most would be most tenderly treated by them, and have the best chance to live, and as a rough rule their favourites would be the children of most “promise,” that is to say, those who seemed most likely to be a credit to the tribe according to the leading tribal manners and the existing tribal tastes. The most gratifying child would be the best looked after, and the most gratifying would be the best specimen of the standard then and there raised up.

Even so, I think there will be a disinclination to attribute so marked, fixed, almost physical a thing as national character to causes so evanescent as the imitation of appreciated habit and the persecution of detested habit. But, after all, national character is but a name for a collection of habits more or less universal. And this imitation and this persecution in long generations have vast physical effects. The mind of the parent (as we speak) passes somehow to the body of the child. The transmitted “something” is more affected by habits than it is by anything else. In time an ingrained type is sure to be formed, and sure to be passed on if only the causes I have specified be fully in action and without impediment.

As I have said, I am not explaining the origin of races, but of nations, or, if you like, of tribes. I fully admit that no imitation of predominant manner, or prohibitions of detested manners, will of themselves account for the broadest contrasts of human nature. Such means would no more make a Negro out of a Brahmin, or a Red-man out of an Englishman, than washing would change the spots of a leopard or the colour of an Ethiopian. Some more potent causes must co-operate, or we should not have these enormous diversities. The minor causes I deal with made Greek to differ from Greek, but

they did not make the Greek race. We cannot precisely mark the limit, but a limit there clearly is.

If we look at the earliest monuments of the human race, we find these race-characters as decided as the race-characters now. The earliest paintings or sculptures we anywhere have, give us the present contrasts of dissimilar types as strongly as present observation. Within historical memory no such differences have been created as those between Negro and Greek, between Papuan and Red Indian, between Esquimaux and Goth. We start with cardinal diversities; we trace only minor modifications, and we only see minor modifications. And it is very hard to see how any number of such modifications could change man as he is in one race-type to man as he is in some other. Of this there are but two explanations; *one*, that these great types were originally separate creations, as they stand—that the Negro was made so, and the Greek made so. But this easy hypothesis of special creation has been tried so often, and has broken down so very often, that in no case, probably, do any great number of careful inquirers very firmly believe it. They may accept it provisionally, as the best hypothesis at present, but they feel about it as they cannot help feeling as to an army which has always been beaten; however strong it seems, they think it will be beaten again. What the other explanation is exactly I cannot pretend to say. Possibly as yet the data for a confident opinion are not before us. But by far the most plausible suggestion is that of Mr. Wallace, that these race-marks are living records of a time when the intellect of man was not as able as it is now to adapt his life and habits to change of region; that consequently early mortality in the first wanderers was beyond conception great; that only those (so to say) haphazard individuals thrived who were born with a protected nature—that is, a nature suited to the climate and the country, fitted to use its advantages, shielded from its natural diseases. According to Mr. Wallace, the Negro is the remnant of the one variety of man who without more adaptiveness than then existed could live in Interior Africa. Immigrants died off till they produced him or something like him, and so of the Esquimaux or the American.

Any protective habit also struck out in such a time would have a far greater effect than it could afterwards. A gregarious tribe, whose leader was in some imitable respects adapted to the struggle for life, and which copied its leader, would have an enormous advantage in the struggle for life. It would be sure to win and live, for it would be coherent and adapted, whereas, in comparison, competing tribes would be incoherent and unadapted. And I suppose that in early times, when those bodies did not already contain the records and the traces of endless generations, any new habit would more easily fix its mark on the heritable element, and would be transmitted more easily and more certainly. In such an age, man being softer

and more pliable, deeper race-marks would be more easily inscribed and would be more likely to continue legible.

But I have no pretence to speak on such matters; this paper, as I have so often explained, deals with nation-making and not with race-making. I assume a world of marked varieties of man, and only want to show how less marked contrasts would probably and naturally arise in each. Given large homogeneous populations, some Negro, some Mongolian, some Arian, I have tried to prove how small contrasting groups would certainly spring up within each—some to last and some to perish. These are the eddies in each race-stream which vary its surface, and are sure to last till some new force changes the current. These minor varieties, too, would be infinitely compounded, not only with those of the same race, but with those of others. Since the beginning of man, stream has been a thousand times poured into stream—quick into sluggish, dark into pale—and eddies and waters have taken new shapes and new colours, affected by what went before, but not resembling it. And then on the fresh mass, the old forces of composition and elimination again begin to act, and create over the new surface another world. “Motley was the wear” of the world when Herodotus first looked on it and described it to us, and thus, as it seems to me, were its varying colours produced.

If it be thought that I have made out that these forces of imitation and elimination be the main ones, or even at all powerful ones, in the formation of national character, it will follow that the effect of ordinary agencies upon that character will be more easy to understand than it often seems and is put down in books. We get a notion that a change of government or a change of climate acts equally on the mass of a nation, and so we are puzzled,—at least, I have been puzzled,—to conceive how it acts. But such changes do not at first act equally on all people in the nation. On many, for a very long time, they do not act at all. But they bring out new qualities, and advertise the effects of new habits. A change of climate, say from a depressing to an invigorating one, so acts. Everybody feels it a little, but the most active feel it exceedingly. They labour and prosper, and their prosperity invites imitation. Just so with the contrary change, from an animating to a relaxing place,—the naturally lazy look so happy as they do nothing, that the naturally active are corrupted. The effect of any considerable change on a nation is thus an intensifying and accumulating effect. With its maximum power it acts on some prepared and congenial individuals: in them it is seen to produce attractive results, and then the habits creating those results are copied far and wide. The process of progress and that of degradation may, I hereafter hope to prove, be illustrated by watching them in this simple but not quite obvious way.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

VICTOR HUGO: "L'HOMME QUI RIT."

ONCE only in my life I have seen the likeness of Victor Hugo's genius. Crossing over when a boy from Ostend, I had the fortune to be caught in midchannel by a thunderstorm strong enough to delay the packet some three good hours over the due time. About midnight the thundercloud was right overhead, full of incessant sound and fire, lightening and darkening so rapidly that it seemed to have life, and a delight in its life. At the same hour the sky was clear to the west, and all along the sea-line there sprang and sank as to music a restless dance or chase of summer lightnings across the lower sky: a race and riot of lights, beautiful and rapid as a course of shining Oceanides along the tremulous floor of the sea. Eastward, at the same moment, the space of clear sky was higher and wider, a splendid semicircle of too intense purity to be called blue; it was of no colour nameable by man; and midway in it, between the storm and the sea, hung the motionless full moon; Artemis watching with a serene splendour of scorn the battle of Titans and the revel of nymphs, from her stainless and Olympian summit of divine indifferent light. Underneath and about us the sea was paved with flame; the whole water trembled and hissed with phosphoric fire; even through the wind and thunder I could hear the crackling and sputtering of the water-sparks. In the same heaven and in the same hour there shone at once the three contrasted glories, golden and fiery and white, of moonlight and of the double lightnings, forked and sheet; and under all this miraculous heaven lay a flaming floor of water.

That, in a most close and exact symbol, is the best possible definition I can give of Victor Hugo's genius. And the impression of that hour was upon me the impression of his mind; physical, as it touched the nerves with a more vivid passion of pleasure than music or wine; spiritual, as it exalted the spirit with the senses, and above them, to the very summit of vision and delight. It is no fantastic similitude, but an accurate likeness of two causes working to the same effect. There is nothing but that delight like the delight given by some of his works. And it is because his recent book has not seldom given it me again, that I have anything here to say of it.

It is a book to be rightly read, not by the lamplight of realism, but by the sunlight of his imagination reflected upon ours. Only so shall we see it as it is, much less understand it. The beauty it has, and the meaning, are ideal; and therefore cannot be impaired by any want of realism. Error and violation of likelihood or fact,

which would damn a work of Balzac's or of Thackeray's, cannot even lower or lessen the rank and value of a work like this. To put it away because it has not the great and precious qualities of their school, but those of a school quite different, is just as wise as it would be, on the other hand, to assault the fame of Bacon on the ground that he has not written in the manner of Shakespeare; or Newton's, because he has not written like Milton. This premised, I shall leave the dissection of names and the anatomy of probabilities to the things of chatter and chuckle, so well and scientifically defined long since by Mr. Charles Reade as "anonymuncules who go scribbling about;" there is never any lack of them; and it will not greatly hurt the master poet of an age that they should shriek and titter, cackle and hoot inaudibly behind his heel. It is not every demigod who is vulnerable there.

This book has in it, so to say, a certain elemental quality. It is great because it deals greatly with great emotion. It is a play played out not by human characters only; wind and sea, thunder and moonlight; have their parts too to fill. Nor is this all; for it is itself a thing like these things, living as it were an elemental life. It pierces and shakes the very roots of passion. It catches and bends the spirit as Pallas caught Achilles and bent him by the hair. Were it not so, this would be no child of the master's; but so, as always, it is. Here too the birth-mark of the great race is visible.

It is not, whatever it may seem, a novel or a study, historical or social. What touches on life or manners, we see to be accidental byplay as soon as we see what the book is indeed; the story of the battle of a human spirit, first with Fate, then with the old three subordinate enemies: the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. And here I will say where the flaw, as I think, lies; for, like other great things, a great book must have a flaw. The Flesh and the Devil, Josiane and Barkilphedro, are perfect; the World is drawn wrong. And the reason is not far to seek. We all brush daily against the Flesh and the Devil, we must all rub shoulders and shake hands with them, and they are always much the same at root, only stronger and weaker with this man than with that; therefore it needs only the hand of a great poet to paint them greatly, after their true and very likeness. But the World is multiform. To paint one aright of its many faces, you must have come close enough on that side to breathe the breath of its mouth and see by the light of its eyes. No accumulation of fact upon fact gleaned and laid up never so carefully will avail you instead. Titian himself cannot paint without colours. Here we have canvas and easel duly made ready, but the colours are not to be had. In other words, here are many curious and accurate details painfully studied and stored up for use, but, alas! it is not seldom for misuse. Here are many social facts rightly retailed

and duly laid out side by side, but no likeness of social life. Here are the Mohocks of the day, for example, much as we find them in Swift; here is often visible even a vexatious excess of labour in the research of small things; useless, because the collector of them has never applied his spirit to the spirit of the time in which these small things played in passing their small parts. He cannot, because that time has no attraction for him on any one side to temper the repulsion he feels from another side of it. Pure hate and scorn of an age or a people destroy the faculty of observation, much more of description, even in the historic mind; what then will they do in the poetic? Doubtless there has been, as doubtless there is now, much that is hateful and contemptible in social matters, English or other; much also, as certainly, that is admirable and thankworthy. Doubtless, too, at one time and another there has been more visible of evil and shameful than of noble and good. But there can never have been a time of unmixed good or evil; and he only who has felt the pulse of an age can tell us how fast or slow its heart really beat towards evil or towards good. A man who writes of a nation or a time, however bad and base in the main, without any love for it, cannot write of it well. A great English poetess has admirably said that a poet's heart may be large enough to hold two nations.¹ Victor Hugo's, apart from its heroic love of man, a love matchless except by Shelley's, holds two nations especially close, two of the greatest. It has often been said he is French and Spanish; that is, he loves France and Spain, the spirit of them attracts his spirit; but he does not love England. There are great Englishmen whom no man has praised more nobly than he; but the spirit of historic England has no attraction for his. Hence, far more important than any passing errors of grotesque nomenclature or misplaced detail, the spiritual and ingrained error of the book, seen only from its social or historic side. We catch nowhere for a moment the note of English life in the reign of Anne.² Those for whom I write will know, and will see, that I do not write as a special pleader for a country or a class, as one who will see no spot in England or nobility. But indeed it is

(1) I know not if it has been remarked how decisive a note of the English spirit there is in Molière, a Frenchman of the French: an English current, as recognisable as indefinable, passing under and through the tide-stream of his genius. There is a more northern flavour mixed into his mind, a more northern tone interfused, than into any other of the great French writers, Rabelais excepted. Villon, for instance, in so many ways so like them both, is nothing if not Parisian. And, if I am not wrong, no third great Frenchman has ever found such acceptance and sympathy among Englishmen unimbued with the French spirit as Rabelais and Molière. For them instinct breaks down the bar of ignorance.

(2) For one instance, if a court lady had indeed insulted Swift, she would certainly have had, by way of answer, something (in De Quincey's phrase) "too monstrously Swiftian for quotation;" something so monstrous, that the Dean might thenceforth have held the next place to Gwynplaine in her heart.

an abuse of words to say that England is governed or misgoverned by her aristocracy. A republican, studying where to strike, should read better the blazon on his enemy's shield. "England," I have heard it said, "is not 'a despotism tempered by epigrams,' but a plutocracy modified by accidents."

Enough now of the flaws and failures in this work; "enough, with over-measure." We have yet before us the splendour of its depths and heights. Entering the depths first, we come upon the evil spirit of the place. Barkilphedro, who plays here the part of devil, is a bastard begotten by Iago upon his sister, Madame de Merteuil: having something of both, but diminished and degraded; wanting, for instance, the deep dæmonic calm of their lifelong patience. He has too much inward heat of discontent, too much fever and fire, to know their perfect peace of spirit, the equable element of their souls, the quiet of mind in which they live and work out their work at leisure. He does not sin at rest: there is somewhat of fume and fret in his wickedness. Theirs is the peace of the devil, which passeth all understanding. He, though like them sinning for sin's sake, and hating for the love of hate, has yet a too distinct and positive quality of definable evil. He is actually ungrateful, envious, false. Of them we cannot say that they are thus or thus; in them there is a purity and simplicity of sin, which has no sensible components; which cannot be resolved by analysis into this evil quality and that. Barkilphedro, as his maker says with profound humour, "has his faults." We fear that a sufficient bribe might even tempt him into virtue for a moment, seduce him to soil by a passing slip the virginity of vice. Nevertheless, as the evil spirit of envy rather than the devil absolute, he is a strong spirit and worth study. The few chapters, full of fiery eloquence and a passion bitter as blood, in which his evil soul is stripped and submitted to vivisection, contain, if read aright, the best commentary ever written on Iago. We see now at last, what no scholiast on Shakespeare could show us, how the seed may be sown and watered which in season shall bring forth so black a blossom, a poison so acrid and so sure.

In this poem, as in the old pictures, we see the serpent writhing, not fangless, under the foot of an angel, and in act to bruise as of old the heel that bruises his head. Only this time it is hardly an angel of light. Unconscious of her office as another St. Michael, the Angel of the Flesh treads under the unconquerable Devil. Seen but once in full, the naked glory of the Titaness irradiates all one side of the poem with excess and superflux of splendour.

Among the fields and gardens, the mountain heights and hollows, of Victor Hugo's vast poetic kingdom, there are strange superb inmates, bird and beast of various fur and feather; but as yet there was nothing like this. Balzac, working with other means, might have given us

by dint of anxious anatomy, some picture of the virgin harlot. A marvellous study we should have had, one to burn into the brain and brand the memory for ever; but rather a thing to admire than desire. The magnetism of beauty, the effluence of attraction, he would not have given us. But now we have her from the hands of a poet as well as student, new-blown and actual as a gathered flower, in warm bloom of blood and breath, clothed with live colour, fair with significant flesh, passionately palpable. This we see first and feel, and after this the spirit. It is a strange beast that hides in this den of roses. Such have been however, and must be. "We are all a little mad, beginning with Venus." Her maker's definition is complete; "a possible Astarte latent in an actual Diana." She is not merely spotless in body; she is perverse, not unclean. There is nothing of foulness in the mystic rage of her desire. She is indeed "stainless and shameless;" to be unclean is common, and her "divine depravity" will touch nothing common or unclean. She has seven devils in her, and upon her not a fleck of filth. She has no more in common with the lewd low hirelings of the baser school of realism, than a creature of the brothel and the street has in common with the Mænads who rent in sunder the living limbs of Orpheus. We seem to hear about her the beat and clash of the terrible timbrels, the music that Æschylus set to verse, the music that made mad, the upper notes of the psalm, shrill and strong as a sea-wind, the "bull-voiced" bellowing under-song of these dread choristers from somewhere out of sight, the tempest of tambourines giving back thunder to the thunder,¹ the fury of divine lust that thickened with human blood the hill-streams of Cithæron.

It is no vain vaunt of the modern master's that he has given us in another guise one of those Æschylean women, a monstrous goddess, whose tone of voice "gave a sort of Promethean grandeur to her furious and amorous words," who had in her the tragic and Titanic passion of the women of the Eleusinian feasts "seeking the satyrs under the stars." And with all this fierce excess of imaginative colour and tragic intonation, the woman is modern and possible; she might be now alive, and may be. Some of her words have the light of an apocalypse, the tone of a truth indubitable henceforth and sensible to all. "You were not born with that horrible laugh on your face, were you? No? It must be a penal mutilation. I do hope you have committed some crime.—No one has touched me, I give myself up to you as pure as burning fire, I see you do not believe me, but if you only knew how little I care!—Despise me, you that people despise. Degradation below degradation, what a pleasure! the double flower of ignominy! I am gathering it. Trample me underfoot. You will like me all the better. I know that.—Oh!

(1) Æsch. Fr. 54 (Ἠδωνοί).

I should like to be with you in the evening, while they were playing music, each of us leaning back against the same cushion, under the purple awning of a golden galley, in the midst of the infinite sweetnesses of the sea. Insult me. Beat me. Pay me. Treat me like a street-walker. I adore you."

The naturalism of all that is absolute ; you hear the words pant and ring. Some might doubt whether her wild citations of old stories that matched her case, her sudden fantastic allusions to these at the very height of her frenzy, were as natural : I think they are. The great poet had a right if it pleased him to give his modern Mænad the thought and the tongue of a Sappho, with the place and the caprice of a Cleopatra. Such a pantheress might be such a poetess ; then between fancy and fury we should have our Bassarid complete, only with silk for fox-skin. And this might be ; for the type of spirit can hardly be rare in any luxurious age. Perversity is the fruit of weariness as weariness is the fruit of pleasure. Charles Baudelaire has often set that theme to mystic music, but in a minor key : his sweet and subtle lyrics were the prelude to this grand chorus of the master's.

We have seen the soft fierce play of the incessant summer lightnings, between the deep sky full of passing lights and dreams, and the deep sea full of the salt seed of life ; and between them Venus arising, the final and fatal flower of the mystic heaven and of the ravenous sea. Looking now from west to east, we may see the moon-rise, a tender tear-blinded moon, worn thin and pure, ardent and transparent.

A great poet can perfect his picture with strangely few touches. We see Virgilia as clearly as Imogen ; we see Dea as clearly as Esmeralda. Yet Imogen pervades the action of *Cymbeline*, Virgilia hardly speaks in crossing the stage of *Coriolanus*. It is not easy to write at all about the last chapters of the book ; something divine is there, impalpable and indefinable. I must steal the word I want ; they are "written as if in star-fire and immortal tears." Or, to take Shakespeare's words after Carlyle's, they are "most dearly sweet and bitter." The pathos of Æschylus is no more like Dante's, Dante's no more like Shakespeare's, than any of these is like Hugo's. Every master of pathos has a key of his own to unlock the source of tears, or of that passionate and piteous pleasure which lies above and under the region of tears. Some, like Dante, condense the whole agony of a life into one exquisite and bitter drop of distilled pain. Others, like Shakespeare, translate it pang by pang into a complete cadence and symphony of suffering. Between Lear and Ugolino the balance can never be struck. Charles Lamb, we may remember, spent hours on the debate with a friend who upheld Dante's way of work against Shakespeare's. On which side we are to range the greatest poet of our own age,

there can be no moment of question. I am not sure that he has ever touched the keys of sorrow with surer hand to deeper music than here. There is nothing in his work of a more heavenly kind; yet, or it may be because, every word has in it the vibration of earthly emotion; but through it rather than above, there grows and pierces a note of divine tenderness, the very passion of pity that before this has made wise men mad. Even more than the pathos of this close, its purity and exaltation are to be noted; nothing of common is there, nothing of theatrical. And indeed it needed the supreme sweetness of Dea's reappearance, a figure translucent with divine death, a form of flesh that the light of heaven shines through more and more as the bodily veil wears thinner and consumes, to close with music and the luminous vision of a last comfort a book so full of the sound and shine of storm. With the clamour and horror yet in our ears of that raging eloquence in which the sufferer flings into the faces of prosperous men the very flame and hell-fire of his suffering, it needed no less than this to leave the mind exalted and reconciled. But this dew of heaven is enough to quench or allay the flames of any hell. There are words of a sweetness unsurpassable, as these: "Tout cela s'en va, et il n'y aura plus de chansons." And upon all these dwells the measureless and nameless peace of night upon a still sea. To this quiet we have been led through all the thunder and tumult of things fatal, from the tempestuous overture of storm and whirlwind; from sea again to sea. There is a divine and terrible harmony in this chorus of the play, secretly and strangely sustained, yet so that on a full reading we feel it, though at first sight or hearing it must be missed.

Of the master's unequalled power upon natural things, upon the elements we call inanimate, knowing even less the laws of their life than of ours, there is happily no need, as surely there are no words, to speak. Part of this power we may recognise as due to the subtle and deep admixture of moral emotion and of human sentiment with the mysterious motion and passion of nature. Thus, in "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*," the wind and the sea gain strength and depth from the human figure set to fight them; from the depth and strength of the incarnate spirit so doing and suffering. Thus in this book there is a new sense and a new sublimity added to the tempest by the remorse of men sinking at once under sin and storm, drowned under a double weight of deeds and waves.

Not even in that other book is the supreme mastery of nature, the lordship of the forces of things, more admirable and wonderful than throughout the first part of this. He who could think to describe might think to rival it. But of one point I cannot but take note; there is nothing, even at the height of tragic horror, repellent, ugly, hateful. It has been said there is, and will be said again; for how

should there not be distorted eyes and envious tongues in the world? Indeed a pieuvre is no pleasant playfellow; the "tree of man's making" bears a fearful fruit; the monstrous maidenhood of Josiane is no sister to the starry virginity of Dea; but how has the great poet handled these things? The mutilation of a child's face is a thing unbearable for thought to rest on; but have we not seen first the face of a heroic soul? Far elsewhere than in the work of our sovereign poet must we look for the horror which art will have none of, which nature flings back with loathing in the bringer's face. If not, we of this time who love and serve his art should indeed be in a bad case. But upon this matter we cannot permit the blind and nameless leaders of the nameless blind to decide for us. Let the serious and candid student look again for himself and see. That "fight of the dead with the dark," that swinging of carrion-birds with the swing of the gibbeted carrion, might have been so done into words as to beget in us mere loathing; but how is it done here? The mighty manner of Victor Hugo has given to this ghastly matter something even of a horrible charm, a shocking splendour of effect. The rhythmic horror of the thing penetrates us not with loathing, but with a tragic awe and terror as at a real piece of the wind's work, an actual caprice of the night's, a portion of the tempest of things. So it is always; handle what he may, the touch of a great poet will leave upon it a spell to consume and transmute whatever a weaker touch would leave in it of repulsion.

Whether or not we are now speaking of a great poet, of a name imperishable, is not a question which can be gravely deliberated. I have only to record my own poor conviction, based on some study and comparison of the men, that precisely as we now think of those judges who put Fletcher above Shakespeare, Cowley above Milton, the paid poets of Richelieu beside Corneille, and I know not whom beside Molière, will the future think of those judges who would place any poet of his age by the side of Victor Hugo. Nor has his age proved poor—it has rather been singularly rich—in men and in poets really and greatly admirable. But even had another done as well once and again as the master himself, who has done so well as much? Had he done but half, had he done but a tenth of his actual work, his supremacy, being less incontestable, would no doubt have been less contested. A parsimonious poet calculates well for his own time. Had Victor Hugo granted us but one great play—say "Marion de Lorme," but one great lyric work,—say "Les Contemplations," but one great tragic story,—say any one you please, the temptation to decry and denounce him by comparison would have been less; for with the tribe of Barkilphedro the strength of this temptation grows with the growth of the benefit conferred. And very potent is that tribe in the world of men and of letters.

As for me, I am not careful to praise or dispraise by comparison at all. I am not curious to inquire what of apparent or of actual truth there may be in any charge brought against the doer of the greatest things done, the giver of the greatest gifts given among men in our time. Goethe found his way of work mechanical and theatrical; Milton also lived to make oblique recantation of his early praise of Shakespeare; we may, and should, wish this otherwise: yet none the less are they all great men. It may be there is perceptible in Victor Hugo something too much of positive intention, of prepenne application, of composition and forethought: what if there were? One question stands forth first and last; is the work done good work and great, or not? A lesser question is this; these that we find to be faults, are they qualities separable from the man's nature? could we have his work without them? If not, and if his work be great, what will it profit us to blame them or to regret? First, at all events, let us have the sense to enjoy it and the grace to give thanks. What, for example, if there be in this book we have spoken of errors of language, errors historical or social? Has it not throughout a mighty hold upon men and things, the godlike strength of grasp which only a great man can have of them? And for quiet power of hand, for scornful sureness of satiric truth, what can exceed his study of the queen of England (Anne)? Has it not been steeped in the tears and the fire of live emotion? If the style be overcharged and overshining with bright sharp strokes and points, these are no fireworks of any mechanic's fashion: these are the phosphoric flashes of the sea-fire moving on the depth of the limitless and living sea. Enough, that the book is great and heroic, tender and strong; full from end to end of divine and passionate love, of holy and ardent pity for men that suffer wrong at the hands of men; full, not less, of lyric loveliness and lyric force; and I for one am content to be simply glad and grateful: content in that simplicity of spirit to accept it as one more benefit at the hands of the supreme singer now living among us the beautiful and lofty life of one loving the race of men he serves, and of them in all time to be beloved.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH MR. COSIE HAS AN ALTERCATION WITH THE CURATE ; MR. MARJORAM IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

THERE was just the same throng in front of the cottage at the departure of the Rowleys as on their arrival ; but how altered were the faces of the assemblage—how different their several emotions ! All this, however, is for the reader to imagine, as well as the bouquets with which the parting guests were presented, and the capacious basket of sandwiches and other good things which Mrs. Cosie had provided for the journey. Mr. Blackadder having been unable to dine at the Meadows, had told Mr. Cosie that he would breakfast with him that final morning to say adieu to Mrs. Rowley, to whom he had only paid a formal visit once during her stay ; but he did not appear, of which Mrs. Cosie took no notice, but Mr. Cosie was not kept long in ignorance of his reason for keeping aloof. The curate met the farmer in the course of the morning, and the following dialogue took place :—

Mr. Cosie having inquired why he did not come to breakfast, Mr. Blackadder, looking like a man who is asked a question not pleasant to answer, hesitated for a moment, and at last said—

“The fact is, Mr. Cosie, though I don’t believe a word of the stupid story that has been going about the service in your barn, there are parts of Mrs. Rowley’s conduct which I disapprove of highly.”

“I am sorry she incurs your displeasure,” said Mr. Cosie drily.

“My displeasure,” said the curate, “is probably of no consequence to her ; but I am to consider only my duty as a clergyman, and a letter received the other day has informed me of certain things which are not all to her credit.”

“Your informant is easy to guess,” said the farmer.

“That may be,” said Mr. Blackadder ; “but it is the information that is important, not the quarter from which it comes.”

“You mean, I hope, to let me know what your information is,” said Cosie.

“Certainly,” said the curate ; “but I must tell you in the first place that I think my friends the Upjohns have not been well used either by Mr. Rowley or his wife in all this business. I think they have just reason to complain of the hasty way in which things have been

done, and especially of Mrs. Rowley's abrupt descent on our coasts, as if her object was to carry everything before her by a *coup-de-main*."

"She descended on no coasts but her own, sir," said Mr. Cosie; "and you talk as if you were talking of a pirate. Besides, if Mr. Upjohn makes no complaint, who else has a right to make them?"

"Mr. Upjohn is a very simple man," said the curate, "and of too easy and guileless a nature to see a wrong to himself in anything, especially done by people whom he is attached to."

"Simplicity of character is a strange fault for a clergyman to find in anybody," said the farmer.

"I do not say it is a fault," returned Mr. Blackadder; "though it is written, 'be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves:' the fault is with those who take advantage of his simplicity."

"But you knew all this a fortnight ago."

"I did, and had there been nothing more I should not have thought it my duty to say a word about it, or allow it to influence my conduct towards Mrs. Rowley; until I had the letter I mentioned I had no notion of the motives by which she has been actuated."

"Her motives!" interrupted Mr. Cosie; "what motives? Who has a right to discuss her motives?"

"Those who know them, and have suffered by her behaviour."

"What is imputed to her? I demand to know as her friend, as her only friend here."

"Do you know who Mr. Alexander is?"

"Perfectly."

"Do you know he is one of the gayest and handsomest men in England?"

"What of that?"

"Are you aware that he is an old flame of your Mrs. Rowley?"

"I neither know it, sir, nor believe it."

"Do you know that it was to renew her relations with him that she prevailed on her husband to cashier his brother?"

"False!" cried Mr. Cosie, burning with indignation.

"Your zeal is natural," said Mr. Blackadder, commanding himself better than Mr. Cosie, "but my information is precise; if he is neither an old friend, nor an old admirer, it is odd she should have presented him with her portrait."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Cosie—"her portrait!—ho, ho, ho!"

"I see no laughing matter in it, sir, and I am sorry to see that you do."

"Why, the picture you allude to is probably on its way down to Oakham at this moment; it was painted in Paris expressly for the

little music hall which Mr. Rowley, as you know, is erecting for his tenantry."

"Do you really tell me so?" said the curate, much surprised and not a little abashed.

"I only tell you what I know, Mr. Blackadder. Now I hope you see what faith is to be placed in your informants; but I can't help saying to your face that to repeat such stories is almost as bad as to invent them."

"There you go too far," said the curate.

"What!" rejoined the honest farmer, "is it not scandalous to propagate a report like this, and more scandalous, let me tell you, in a clergyman than in any other man."

"To let the friends of Mrs. Rowley know that such statements are made, is not to propagate them," said the curate, "but to afford them an opportunity for contradicting or disproving them."

"Oh, Mr. Blackadder, although you are only a young man and a country curate, you must know enough of the world to know what incurable mischief slander does, let contradiction follow it ever so fast. Has it once occurred to you or your informant what a delicate thing female reputation is? No doubt by this time Mrs. Rowley's character has been blackened all over the parish. You see what liberties evil tongues have been taking already at her expense."

"You insinuate," said Mr. Blackadder, more warmly than he had yet spoken, "that I have mentioned to others what I have said to you, but there you wrong me; to nobody but yourself have I spoken on the subject—to nobody else shall I ever speak of it."

"I have been unjust," said Mr. Cosie, "and I crave your pardon. You have done your duty in speaking to me, and I trust the contradiction I give the calumny will induce you to suspend your judgment."

"It shall have all the weight it ought to have, and I shall make the best use of it in my power."

"I can tell you two more facts, enough of themselves to disprove the statements that have been made to you," said the old farmer less vehemently. "One is, that Mrs. Rowley has been nearly three weeks in England without once seeing the gentleman in question; and the other is, that it was Lord St. Michael's who advised Mr. Rowley in the choice of his new solicitors; his wife, I verily believe, had nothing in the world to do with it."

"Those are important facts, if they are facts," said the curate; "I shall take care to remember them. If you take me to be a foe to Mrs. Rowley, you do me wrong. I am so friendly to her that I would silence this ugly report if I could; and I think you ought to let her know of it, even if it should be necessary for you to follow her to town."

"Too late for that," said Mr. Cosie. "She will have left London before even a letter from this could reach her."

"That is unlucky," said the curate; "all I can do is to write to my correspondent, and I shall do so without a moment's delay."

The meeting that began so unpleasantly ended in kindness. Mr. Cosie shook hands with Mr. Blackadder, and they separated; neither with an easy mind—Mr. Cosie alarmed at hearing the lengths to which malice and vindictiveness were driving the Upjohns; Mr. Blackadder, a conscientious and well-disposed young man, grieved to discover that so much heart-burning and bad feeling existed in a family with which he was about to connect himself. But neither one nor the other knew half the mischief that was brewing or had been already brewed.

As to Mrs. Rowley the worst she apprehended was a bagatelle to the evils impending over her. Could she have divined what poisoned arrows were flying in darkness, she would certainly not have done what she did the day after her arrival in London. It was very late when she arrived, too late to send Carry to her uncle's, so she kept her for the night at her hotel in Jermyn Street, and the next day took her with her to several places where she had business to do: her banker's, a shop or two, and lastly to Spring Gardens. She alighted and went in. Mr. Alexander was out, but his partner was in his office, and Mrs. Rowley went in to make his acquaintance, which she was the more anxious to do from all she had heard of him and his sisters when she was in the country. What took place on the occasion was not of the slightest importance, except that it made a lasting impression on Mr. Marjoram, who was caught at a most unlucky moment by the woman of business; for instead of working at her affairs, or affairs of any kind, he was expecting his sisters with old Mrs. Alexander at his chambers, and had cake and wine on a little table for their entertainment, with ices from Farrance's at Charing Cross. A new clerk, taking Mrs. Rowley for one of the ladies expected, showed her in without hesitation; and, as she entered, Mr. Marjoram was busy arranging his flowers, particularly some new auriculas, to see which, indeed, he had invited the company. His back was turned towards the door, but, hearing it open, and petticoats rustling, he turned quickly round, and was petrified with astonishment to see the original of the well-remembered face and stately figure in the picture, confronting him bodily.

At another time, with less care on her mind, Mrs. Rowley might have looked more alarming, and might have been even provoked to find one of her men of business absent, and the other giving a garden party in his chambers. But she was in no such mood at present; her vexations never made Mrs. Rowley unamiable; with a single gracious smile, as she introduced herself, she put the detected

attorney entirely at his ease. The interview was very brief, but sufficient to show that Mr. Marjoram did not neglect his business for his flowers. Proud he would have been could Mrs. Rowley have remained for his collation, and he told her whom he was expecting, but time pressed her too hard, and she went away, hoping to have another opportunity of seeing more of him and knowing his sisters, of whom she had heard so much good.

Mrs. Rowley now returned to her hotel, and parting with her niece in the carriage, sent her home in the care of Williams, her maid. The tears were starting afresh into Carry's eyes, but her aunt arrested the torrent with an affectionate word as she gave her the last kiss.

"Carry, dear, no more crying; you must not go back to your aunt with red eyes. God bless you, my dear child!"

The carriage drove off, and the Rowleys went in to make their arrangements for leaving town the next morning. On her table Mrs. Rowley found another letter from her daughter, the most painful she had yet received. Could she have taken the wings of a dove, they would not have been swift enough for her eagerness to get back to Paris, and silence by her presence, if not too late, the venomous insinuations which had already reached their mark. That was the first letter the contents of which she did not communicate to Susan.

But though Mrs. Rowley could control her emotions, she could not control events. She caught cold by some unlucky accident or another in the course of the day, and the following morning was so feverish that her daughter would not hear of her travelling. This untoward occurrence detained her several days in town, and not only exposed her to fresh misconstruction, but enabled her enemies to go further lengths.

Of their operations we must now give some account. When we last saw Mrs. Upjohn we left her agreeing with Miss Cateran that for the sake of the credit of the family, the less that was said of Mrs. Rowley's shameless conduct the better; and we intimated that never was an agreement so badly observed. Miss Letitia Cateran was the Rumour of her quarter. It was marvellous how, with only one tongue and one pair of ears, she performed the function of the goddess furnished by the poet with a hundred of the same organs. But Letitia really had several pair of tongues almost as much at her service as if they had been her own, for she was a member—and a leading member—of a club, or coterie, of widows and spinsters like herself, who held their weekly meetings at each other's lodgings in rotation, and supped together on oysters, stewed kidneys, lobsters, chicken-salads, or ducks and green peas, according to the time of the year. It was called among themselves.

the Lobster Club, because when formed originally a lobster, in one form or another, constituted the modest staple of their midnight feasts; but when Miss Cateran joined it, her more aspiring mind and superior gastronomic tastes introduced a more varied and luxurious style. It was she also who proposed and carried the stimulating regulation that the lady who contributed the finest and freshest *morceau* of gossip or scandal to the intellectual part of the Tyburnian night's entertainment should always be first helped at supper; an honour which was unanimously conferred on herself at the first meeting of the club that took place after Mrs. Upjohn's return to town. Miss Cateran was more indefensible than her friend, for she had not the excuse of any affront or injury, either real or imaginary. How differently maiden ladies employ their time and their talents! Compare Miss Cateran, for instance, with Mary Marjoram. Letitia would have thought the comparison an insult. Miss Marjoram, too, went from house to house, but it was with alms, not spicy anecdotes; with charity in her hand, not with slanders on her tongue. It was only poor people who were regaled by Mary; she was always prowling about their paths and their beds, doing them little furtive services, and blushing to be found out, as Letitia, probably, never did when she published a report that wounded or perhaps killed a reputation. But, on the other hand, Mary Marjoram was not in the least amusing, or amused her own fireside only, while the other lady entertained and diverted half Tyburnia.

However, no amount of currency given to calumnies in London would have answered the purposes of Mrs. Upjohn, far as they yet were from their full development. They must be wafted to Mr. Rowley's ear, or it would have been so much precious mischief wasted. And here one of Mr. Rowley's domestic habits did good service. It was his practice to read his daughter's letters, the consequence of which was that a few words adroitly introduced into a letter to his daughter Fanny were as sure to take effect as if they had been addressed directly to himself, with the great advantage of appearing to have no very particular design. Mrs. Upjohn's original intention had been (as has been mentioned) to write herself directly to Mr. Rowley, but on reflection she came to the conclusion that an oblique stroke would be more telling. Her daughter had been in the habit of corresponding at intervals with Fanny Rowley, but latterly the intervals had been growing longer. One morning at breakfast (the second or third after their arrival in town) Mrs. Upjohn reminded Harriet that she had not written to her cousin lately. Miss Upjohn made the remark which she had often made before, that she never cared much to write what her uncle was as certain to read as her cousin.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Upjohn, "we have nothing, my dear, to

conceal from anybody. Say anything that comes into your head, and only take care to say nothing that might vex your poor uncle to hear. He has enough to bear without our adding a thorn to his pillow,—and leave me room to add a few lines.”

Miss Upjohn wrote in the course of the day, leaving a page for her mother, in which she administered her first little dose as neatly as a Smethurst or a Pritchard.

Mrs. Upjohn had the vulgar trick of underlining every second word she wrote, but her underlinings on this occasion were not the mere trick of an ill-educated under-bred woman.

“I add a word, Fanny dear, to what Harriet has written, just to say how *grieved* we all were not to have had the pleasure of receiving Mrs. Rowley. But she took us all by surprise, and Harriet and I had just gone up to town. And only think of her being *obliged* to go to Mr. Cosie’s, but indeed your uncle would have done his best to make her comfortable in my absence. He was *greatly disappointed*, but don’t suppose that he has taken offence at that or anything else that has occurred, though he does feel a *little* certainly. He knows too well that *your dear papa* is *incapable* of doing anything *intentionally* to give him pain. As to myself, I never meddle with business, and never did. I am only worried when I see *your poor uncle worried*, but please God he will *soon be himself again*. I trust we shall see your mother when she passes through town again. A thousand loves to your dear father and yourself.”

A second attempt to make a catspaw of Miss Cateran failed, though it was backed with the bribe of a Perigord pie. Letitia accepted the pie, but she was not to be prevailed on to commit herself in black and white, even in the form of an entertaining letter, which might by possibility be seen, or at least heard of, by Mrs. Rowley. Though Mrs. Upjohn was chagrined at the sacrifice of the Perigord, she was too magnanimous to quarrel with Miss Cateran for so small a matter, particularly as that lady had already done such good service, and might be relied on to do more in her own fashion.

Baffled in this, and having as yet made no allusion to Mr. Alexander, a happy thought occurred to Mrs. Upjohn. She broke into her husband’s study in her sudden bustling way, though not with the rush of a former invasion which has been described, or with the same ugly expression in her eye. On the contrary, its expression was considerate now and almost benign.

“Now, John, my dear,” she said, “I warrant you have never written to your brother to thank him for pressing Foxden on us. Though our pride forbids us to accept it, we ought still to acknowledge his kindness. Towards him, you know, my feelings can never be altered.”

"But, Bab, he will be more vexed by our refusal than gratified by our thanks."

"Perhaps so, but still it is our duty, and I won't leave this room until you do it. You know I couldn't depend on you, if I did; you would instantly forget all about it and return to your beloved papers, whatever they are. I suppose you are squaring the circle."

"Would you like to know what I'm writing," said her simple spouse, thinking this a fair opening, and pleased to find his wife so placid and amiable.

"You can tell me at dinner," she replied; "now you must write your letter—don't fuss yourself—here's the paper for you—here's everything—a few lines will do, but I don't stir until they are written."

"I suppose I must," said poor John, with smiling resignation.

"Must's the word," said his wife, with a no less pleasant peremptoriness.

Under this gentle pressure he covered half a sheet of paper in his rambling hand, and paused, looking up to the ceiling for inspiration, like a bad whist-player, sure to play the wrong card at the end of his deliberations.

"I dare say you have written quite enough," said his wife; "conclude, and give the letter to me; I'll stamp and direct it for you, and save you all further trouble."

"Thank you, Bab, for I am really very busy this morning."

Mrs. Upjohn carried the epistle off to her boudoir, and stamped and directed it as she had promised; but she went a little beyond her promise, for, before she put it in the envelope, she added a postscript, in which she administered a second dose of moral arsenic considerably stronger than the first.

Such were the successive blows struck in Paris which recoiled, as we have seen, on Mrs. Rowley in Cornwall, and with the help of adroit cuttings from newspapers, brought her career in England to an abrupt close.

When Mrs. Rowley arrived in town nothing particular was doing. Her enemy was in an attitude of observation.

When Carry came home that evening and had been well examined and cross-examined (though with a caution that would have done credit to a lawyer at *nisi prius*), and it turned out from her unsuspecting evidence that Mrs. Rowley had found time to go to Spring Gardens, though she had not had the decency to visit her relations, Mrs. Upjohn saw a third opportunity for mischief, and poor Carry's wasted fingers would perhaps have been thrust into the scorching embers like her uncle's, had not two events occurred, one of which inflamed Mrs. Upjohn's wrath to the boiling point, and the other suggested a definite plan of vengeance.

CHAPTER XXI.

AGGRAVATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

WE have seen nothing of Mr. Alexander since we left him seeing Mr. Marjoram safe home, and disposed to criticise with severity the proceedings of Mrs. Rowley, on very slight grounds no doubt, for as yet he knew scarcely anything about his new clients beyond the circumstances which he had learned from Mr. Cosie, so much was he absorbed in his other affairs at this particular juncture. He considered her a pushing energetic woman who carried out her plans without sufficient regard to the feelings of other people; and though he knew too well how calumnious paragraphs are fabricated for provincial journals to believe the story of the candles and the procession, which he read in the papers like everybody else, he was disposed to think she was served right for making herself so prominent and coveting notoriety more than became her sex. However, as we have said, he was too much preoccupied to think much about her, and he soon had business still more engrossing on his hands.

On the day after Mrs. Rowley's visit to Spring Gardens, he was in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, where he had business, and a friend called him aside and said—

"Alexander, I know you are looking for a seat; what do you think of Penrose? Mr. Tressilian, who represented it, died suddenly last night, and the new writ will be probably moved for to-morrow. Lose no time; not three people in London know it; your clients in that part of the country, Lord St. Michael's and the Rowleys, can almost secure your return."

"Thank you very much," said Alexander, who had for some time been waiting for such an opportunity; and, with his usual celerity, he returned to his chambers and dashed off his address to the electors. Mr. Marjoram thought he ought also to write to Mr. Rowley, or try to catch Mrs. Rowley before she left England, for he remembered having once heard Mr. Cosie say that Mr. Upjohn had his eye on Penrose; and if he was also to stand, the Rowleys would be embarrassed between the rival candidates.

"No, no," said Alexander, "if Mrs. Rowley had an object to carry, do you suppose she would allow my interests to stand in her way? Not she, indeed. She is not that sort of woman. I shall consult with Lord St. Michael's, but the Rowleys and Upjohns may do what they please."

In the *Times* of the next morning appeared the announcement of the vacancy in the borough. Mrs. Upjohn, looking over the paper just as the family were sitting down to breakfast, was the first to see it.

"At last," she exclaimed, in the greatest delight. "Penrose is vacant at last! Not a moment, John, is to be lost; write your address; go down to Cornwall to-night; you will be the first in the field; nothing can prevent your return."

Mr. Upjohn was excited even more by his wife's excitement than by the news itself. He shuffled on his chair, got up and stumped about the room, and ended by saying, half to himself—

"How unlucky Fatima should have left England before this happened."

"No," said his wife with decision. "On the contrary, it is much better as it is. Who knows what such a woman might do? The coast is clear; it is much better as it is."

"Perhaps you are right, Bab," said her husband, sitting down.

"I know I am right. Your return is certain; and when you are M.P. for Penrose, we'll forget all about Foxden and the rest of it."

Meantime Miss Upjohn had taken up the paper, and was looking over the advertisement columns. Suddenly she cried out—

"First in the field, indeed! This is too, too, too bad."

Her mother snatched the paper out of her hands, saw Alexander's name to his address, flung the paper from her in a paroxysm of vexation, and pale with anger, exclaimed—

"Now we know what she was about at Spring Gardens. But if it costs ten thousand pounds, she shall not bring in that man."

"Of course," said poor Mr. Upjohn nervously, for his wife's violence always put him terribly out; "there is no reason why I should not stand against Mr. Alexander, or anybody else; and if I do, I don't believe either my brother or his wife will countenance any other candidate."

"Oh, John, you are too great a simpleton; you are too provoking," said his wife; and she rose abruptly and flounced out of the room.

Miss Upjohn, who had more command of herself than her mother, now recollected having heard her cousin say that her aunt Rowley was threatened with a cold, so that there was a possibility that she might still be in town.

"I think, papa," she said, "you had better go to the Cavendish at once; possibly she may not have left yet."

For once in his life John Upjohn was prompt; or perhaps he was not sorry to escape from his wife in her present humour; at all events, he took his hat and stick, called a passing Hansom, and in ten minutes was at his sister-in-law's bedside at her hotel.

Here a very pretty picture might be drawn, for if Mrs. Rowley did not look sublime in dimity, like Don Juan's mother, she probably looked very well in it, even with the drawback of a sore throat,—but we have no time for picture-drawing. Mrs. Rowley knew in a

moment what brought the worthy man, for the *Times* was actually lying on her bed, and she had just had a short dialogue with her daughter on the very subject of his visit.

Susan Rowley thought it was bad behaviour on Mr. Alexander's part to stand for Penrose in that uncerecermonious way.

"He has a perfect right," said Mrs. Rowley, "to stand for Penrose, or any place in the kingdom, without asking the consent of any man or woman living. At the same time, if your uncle stands too, I hope he will come in; the House of Commons would often save him from his own house,—a great point for him, poor man!"

"And if Aunt Bab," added Susan, "is invited to a Court ball, perhaps it will put her in better humour with us all."

"Now leave me quiet, my dear," said her mother; but the words were scarcely uttered when Williams came in, to say that Mr. Upjohn was in the drawing-room.

Poor Upjohn, always thinking more of others than himself, was greatly distressed when Susan brought him up, to find his sister indisposed, and vexed at having to trouble her about business, important as it was.

"Tressilian, you see, is dead, Fatima," he said, taking her hand and kissing it,—which was quite fair, as he was electioneering.

"Would he had died hereafter!" said Mrs. Rowley. "There are troubles enough, John, in this world, without politics."

"And you have your full share of them, Fatima, I know you have."

"Let us not talk of that now," said Mrs. Rowley.

"To come to the point at once, then," said her brother, "they have settled it at home that I must stand, and they naturally expect——"

"That you will have the Rowley interest; but you know, John, it has always been our rule never to exercise any influence over our tenants beyond letting them know how we are inclined ourselves."

"All I ask," he replied, "or have a right to expect, is that your interest shall go with nobody else."

"*Cela va sans dire*," said Mrs. Rowley. "I am sure you will believe me when I tell you that I knew no more than the man in the moon of Mr. Alexander's intentions, or even of the vacancy, until I saw both in that paper, not five minutes ago. He has taken this step without making any communication to me."

"Which was very wrong of him," murmured Susan, from the other side of the bed, half hidden behind the curtains.

"Be quiet, Susan, my dear, you don't understand these matters; it was not wrong of him, though perhaps it was hardly very courteous."

"I am perfectly satisfied, Fatima," said Mr. Upjohn, getting up.

"Then you are too easily satisfied, uncle, in my opinion," murmured Susan, a little more timidly, since the rebuff she had got.

But instead of chiding her again, Mrs. Rowley made a semi-revolution of her head on the pillow towards her daughter, and asked her what she would do herself.

"Well, mamma," said Susan, coming out of her seclusion, "considering the relation Mr. Alexander stands in towards the property, I think my uncle is entitled to have a distinct declaration from you, conveyed to the tenants, that you have nothing to do with Mr. Alexander's canvass, and that you neither support him, nor wish anyone to support him against my uncle."

Mrs. Rowley reflected a moment, revolved her head back towards her brother, and said—

"Susan is right, John; and what she suggests shall be done. Only do you lose no time; your opponent is not the man to let the grass grow under his feet."

"Thank you, Fatima," said Upjohn.

"Thank Susan," said Mrs. Rowley.

"Come round till I kiss you," said her uncle, who was the only kissingish member of his family.

As he was going away, Mrs. Rowley asked him to tell her something about Mr. Alexander, for she had met a gentleman of that name ever so many years ago, when her father was living; but he could hardly be the same man, as he was intended for the Bar.

"What kind of man was your acquaintance?" said Mr. Upjohn.

"Handsome, tall, and clever; my father thought he was sure to make a figure in the world."

"Then my opponent is probably the very man, for I now remember to have heard that he gave up the Bar for family reasons. I forget how it was, but it was highly to his credit, I remember that."

"Now go, John, I am wrong to detain you a moment," said Mrs. Rowley; "my best wishes go with you."

He kissed her hand again, and hobbled away on his fruitless expedition; for Upjohn after Alexander was a tortoise in chase of a greyhound.

"How odd," said Mrs. Rowley, when her brother was gone, "that my old friend Alexander, of whom you often heard me speak, should turn up in this way. You recollect, Susan, my asking Mr. Woodville repeatedly about him, and he never could tell me anything."

"Yes, mamma; he said they never corresponded, and blamed himself for it more than Mr. Alexander,—he is such a strange indolent creature, that dear old Mr. Woodville. But now, mamma, you must talk no more; I'll go away, and you must try to sleep." On going to the sitting-room, Miss Rowley found a few urgent lines from her sister, which had just come. How wretched it was to have to tell poor Fanny in reply that their return would probably be still delayed for several days. Susan very properly concealed that

letter from her mother until she was able to travel, which was not for nearly a week.

Not long after Mr. Upjohn left his house that morning, Miss Upjohn went out with some of her friends, and her mother was left alone with her passions and her wrongs (for poor Carry in her attic never counted for anybody). The first thing Mrs. Upjohn did was to cut Alexander's address out of the *Times*, put it into an envelope, and direct it to the sick gentleman in Paris whom she was always so anxious to amuse. This done, she sat for some time gloomily running her eye over the endless advertisements in the same page, either for want of something better to do, or in hopes of some more exciting matter turning up; but nothing very particular attracted her attention, with the exception of a notice headed "Delicate Investigation Office," in which the advertisers, persons of great experience in their line of business, offered confidential assistance in family matters requiring the utmost delicacy and secrecy. This advertisement wonderfully interested Mrs. Upjohn, and while she pored over it cases occurred to her where such clandestine services might be of the greatest value—where, indeed, in the cause of justice or morality it might be a duty to make use of them. While she was considering the subject, or, if you please, moralising on it, the door opened and Miss Cateran rustled in, impatient to hear all about the election, as she too had seen the *Times*. Letitia had hardly sat down when a servant entered. Mr. Upjohn had just come in, and wanted to see Mrs. Upjohn for a moment in his study. She left Letitia without apology, and ran down-stairs, panting with curiosity to know the result of the drive to Jermyn Street.

"In town still!" she exclaimed. "I thought so."

"She is ill, my dear; she has a cold."

"That's a good one," said the lady.

"It's a very bad one," he replied, trying as he often did to shirk a painful discussion with a joke.

"Well," she said, after hearing all he thought it necessary to tell her of his interview with Mrs. Rowley; "if she is too ill to go down to Dover she is too ill to go down to Penrose, so much the better for you. You will be there early to-morrow if you lose no time."

"I start immediately, my dear; but I must just give Carry a kiss before I go."

"I'll kiss her for you," said his wife with an impatient gesture; "kiss the electors' wives as much as you like, but no kissing here until you are returned."

She left him getting his few necessities together for his journey, and returned grimly thoughtful to the drawing-room, devising how to unmask her dear sister's sham influenza. For this purpose she had only to let Miss Cateran know that Mrs. Rowley was in town.

Of her illness, real or pretended, she thought it safer to say nothing, lest it might abate Letitia's impatience to visit her; in which, truly, Mrs. Upjohn did her friend injustice, for with all her faults, that lady has still a little fund of good feeling left, though perhaps not quite enough to redeem them.

However, Mrs. Upjohn was right in her calculation that Letitia would hurry to the Cavendish to see Mrs. Rowley, whom she had not seen for ages, according to ladies' chronology.

"You will come back like a dear, and dine with us," said Mrs. Upjohn; a proposition to which the fair Tyburnian willingly agreed, though, as will be seen hereafter, she failed to keep her engagement.

Mrs. Upjohn burned with impatience to be alone. Deep philosophers and holy hermits are not the only people in the world who court solitudes. If Mrs. Upjohn had not found useful employment for Miss Ceteran, she would have invented some pretext or other for sending her away, so strongly had the spirit of private meditation come upon her between the events of the morning and that suggestive advertisement in the columns of the *Times*. What steps her meditations led her to take will shortly be seen; but before we relate them, we must take the reader to Paris, and give some account of what is doing there while Mrs. Rowley is detained in England.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. ROWLEY AND HIS DAUGHTER FANNY. MR. WOODVILLE AGAIN.

THE Rowleys had apartments in the Faubourg St. Honoré, not far from the residence of our old friend Woodville, who still inhabited the same attic, and trod the same flowery and fruitless path which he trod when we first made his acquaintance. Fanny Rowley, a quiet, sweet, home-keeping girl, a pale and fragile likeness of her sister (having been herself in delicate health for some years), hardly ever left her father's side, on which account, perhaps, she understood and managed him better than anyone when his state of mind did not pass all understanding and defy every affectionate influence. When Mrs. Rowley left Fanny behind her, on going to England, she very little dreamed of the trials the poor girl had before her; for, as has been said, Mr. Rowley had not for several years enjoyed such good health, or been so composed and rational. As long as this lasted the life of father and daughter, though other people would have thought it monotonous, was just the sort of quiet existence which suited them best. Living close to the Champs Elysées, they were constantly to be seen sitting together in the shadow of the trees, enjoying the spectacle of

the great drive and ride of the French capital. There sometimes Fanny would take her work, or a book, and Mr. Rowley would read his newspapers and letters, as well as his daughter's also, unfortunately for him. Sometimes a friend would join them, often Mr. Woodville, who knew Paris very well, and could point out to Fanny all the notabilities who went by, and amuse her with the anecdotes of the day. Mr. Rowley was habitually taciturn when he was not actually morose, and on such occasions he rarely joined the conversation, and often seemed even unconscious that it was going on. He would give the artist a slight nod or touch his hat formally; but for two years, since they first knew each other, they had not exchanged a dozen sentences; not even when Mrs. Rowley was sitting for her portrait, for he was the painter of the picture which the reader has seen in London. It was perhaps the only work he ever finished, and it was certainly the only portrait he ever painted; for he rather looked down on portrait painting as beneath an artist of genius. When the change came over Mr. Rowley, after his wife had been in England for some time, Woodville was the first who noticed it, observing an altered expression in the eye which, as he said, never deceived him. The history of the change was very simple. Fanny Rowley received her cousin Harriet Upjohn's letter, mentioned in a previous chapter, one morning just as she and her father were setting out, as usual, to pass an hour *al fresco*, and she put it into her work-basket to read it under the limes. Could she have anticipated the effect it produced, she would probably have manœuvred to keep this particular letter from him; but she was so unsuspecting of danger, and so little dreamed of anything going wrong in England, that she ran her eye over it from beginning to end without seeing more mischief than in a nursery tale, and handed it to her father without a misgiving. Nor even after he had read it did she perceive how it affected him. Sitting beside him, she was not in a situation to observe the play of his features, even if she had been watching them, which she never thought of doing. The only thing she did notice was that after reading the letter he took out of his pocket one he had received the day before from her mother, and seemed to peruse it attentively, as if he were comparing one with the other. He then sat perfectly still, apparently observing the scene passing before him, without making any articulate reply to the little remarks his daughter made occasionally; but this was too much his way to excite a remark. Mr. Rowley was a tall, slender man, about fifty, and had been handsome before his health failed, or the weak parts of his constitution declared themselves. His face was a long oval, the lips thin, the nose long and aquiline, his eyes black and singularly devoid of lustre, except when he was excited, or when one of his fits was coming on him; then they glittered in that painful way which

always made his friends uneasy. His ordinary complexion was dry and sallow; he had passed many years of his early life in India, and looked as if under the burning sun of the East he had fallen into the yellow leaf prematurely. To the same cause was probably due the general inertia of his vital functions. His doctors knew best the state of his liver; but everybody could see his ashy paleness, sometimes shifting to an almost olive-green, and everybody could perceive the feeble and hollow tones of his voice when he exerted it, which he often scarcely did at all for days together, even when he was at his best.

The effect produced by Mrs. Upjohn's first blow, was first noticed, as we have said, by Mr. Woodville, whose medical education made him observant of the altered expression of a face. He happened to pass not long after the reading of the letter, and perceived at a glance that the phenomena of Mr. Rowley's countenance, of the eye especially, were changed since he saw him last. When Woodville came up, the eye rested vacantly upon him, with no recognition in it, and only saluting Miss Rowley, the artist passed on. As this was unusual, Fanny noticed it, and rapidly connecting it with her father, thought at once of the letter, which he had thrown on a vacant chair behind him, and she was on the point of taking it up again, and reading it a second time, when he rose abruptly, snatched up the letter, beckoned to his brougham, which was moving up and down waiting for him, and said he would go home. He was silent in the carriage, silent all the evening—so ominously silent and moody that Fanny did, what her mother was in the habit of doing in such cases, she sent a note privately to the physician who occasionally attended him, requesting him to call the next day, as if by accident, and see her father. Meantime she did not dare to ask by so much as a look what it was that disturbed him, and she had only her recollection of the letter, which she had but hurriedly read, to help her to a conjecture. Doubtless, however, it was her Aunt Upjohn's supplement, which she now remembered had been so tremendously underlined. The worst thing about Mr. Rowley when he fell into one of those states, was that there was no possibility or opportunity of reasoning him out of any wrong notion he formed. He placed himself at once behind a rampart of moodiness, out of the reach of explanation or discussion. He was only approachable by the wrong side. The devil that possessed him had every advantage. The doctor came (he was the same physician whom we have formerly seen at Orta, having long since removed to Paris), but Fanny knew nothing of what passed between him and his patient; she saw him for a moment before he left the house, but he merely said that he had ordered no medicine; all he could say was that it would be advisable to keep everything from him that might worry

or excite him. Ah, that was poor Fanny's difficulty! How could she keep from him the letters addressed to himself, when she could not keep her own? Besides, the letters and papers were always brought directly to himself, and he then handed to the members of the family those that were directed to them. Such was the system, and system is another name for fate; Fanny, at least, was powerless to change it. Mr. Rowley sat the following day again in the Champs Elysées, and it was the last sitting. There came no letters from England by that day's post. Father and daughter dined together in the evening; it was for the last time. The doctor dropped in again the next morning, and again Fanny saw him stealthily and only for a moment. The post had brought letters the evening before.

"I am afraid," she said, "papa is uneasy about something; I dare not ask him. Have you any idea what it is?"

"No, my dear," said the doctor, who was on intimate terms with the family, "only that he says he ought to have gone to England himself."

"Oh, did he say that?" said Fanny, with a keen perception of all the evil implied in these few words.

"Perhaps I ought not to have told you," said the doctor, "but frankness is my rule, when I have people of sense to deal with; it is a great pity your father gets any letters at all. The best advice I can give you is to write to Mrs. Rowley, and tell her from me that I think the sooner she returns the better."

The letter Fanny wrote in pursuance of this advice was the first alarming one that Mrs. Rowley received at Mr. Cosie's. It was soon followed by another from her wretched husband himself. As he now shut himself up in his room, and saw his daughter less and less daily, it was never known exactly when the most shameful of Mrs. Upjohn's insinuations began to tell upon him. All that Fanny knew was that on one particular day he looked paler and wilder than he had yet looked, and to her great astonishment said he must see Mr. Woodville.

"I'll write him a line," he added, but when he attempted to write, his fingers quivered, so that he was obliged to give it up, and get his daughter to write for him. He dictated the few words which the request required. Fanny wrote them with a hand almost as tremulous, the unnatural light in her father's eye and the pallor of his cheeks frightened her so.

Woodville, who was not a bit more self-possessed than he was when we first met him, was thrown into utter confusion when Honorine, his cuisinière, femme-de-chambre, and everything, handed him Miss Rowley's note. And, indeed, such a message from Mr. Rowley, who only the other day had looked at him without recognising him, was not a little surprising. The artist was in his old

dressing-gown as usual—it looked old enough to have been the very same that he wore at Orta—and only for Honarine he might have rushed into the street without doffing it, he was in such a flutter. However, she took care of all that, and saw that he was fit to be seen before she let him out of her sight.

A few minutes later he was ushered into Mr. Rowley's own room, from which the sun was so carefully excluded that for a moment or two it was not easy to distinguish objects in it. The unfortunate gentleman received him collectedly and politely—more collectedly than his feverish excited eye would have led one to expect, could its expression have been more distinctly seen. The long white robe-de-chambre which he wore, his white untrimmed whiskers, with the stubble of a grizzled beard of two days' growth, was altogether so ghastly when they were distinguished, that his visitor might well have fancied himself betrayed into an interview with a spectre; and the tone of his feeble voice, which seemed to come out of a sarcophagus at the bottom of a cavern, was well calculated to encourage such an impression.

"Mr. Woodville," he said, across a large table which stood between them^astrewed with papers, "I have only a question or two to ask you, which you will answer or not, just as you please."

"My dear sir," replied Woodville, "you can have no question to ask me on any subject that I can have the slightest objection to answer."

"You painted a picture of Mrs. Rowley?"

"Surely, Mr. Rowley, you know I painted your wife's picture, as well as I do."

"Mrs. Rowley, if you please; I said Mrs. Rowley—do you know for whom you painted it?"

"For whom? Why for you, of course."

"No, no; not for me. It was not painted for me. You were deceived—remember, I only say deceived."

"Deceived," said Woodville, growing very uncomfortable; "in God's name, by whom?"

"In God's name!" repeated Mr. Rowley, with a solemnity almost as grotesque as it was melancholy. "Since you speak in that name, tell me, in God's name, in whose house, in whose possession that picture is at this moment?"

"How can I possibly answer that?" replied Woodville, in agitation. "All I know about it is that it was to have been sent to England, and, I think, down to your estate in Cornwall."

"If that is all you know, Mr. Woodville, you know nothing—don't be offended—you are a bachelor—bachelors know nothing. If ever you marry, you will know something—particularly if your attorney is a handsome man—a handsome man, Mr. Woodville, and

a lady's man. That's the road to knowledge, Mr. Woodville. Thank you for your kind visit."

Woodville could only draw one inference from this incoherent and utterly unintelligible speech, and it made him glad that there was a large table between him and his companion, and a free communication with the door; but except a little gesticulation with his hand, and the rising of his voice to a painful treble, there was nothing alarming about the unfortunate gentleman. Otherwise he remained as still as a statue while he talked. The artist, however, thought it full time to terminate his unpleasant visit. As he went out the hollow voice pursued him—

"Go on painting, Mr. Woodville; paint only gay ladies. I'll recommend you to all the gay ladies of my acquaintance."

Miss Rowley knew that the artist was with her father, and fully expected that he would ask to see her, before he went away; but, agitated and bewildered as he was, he was too judicious to present himself to Fanny at such a moment, when he could not possibly have concealed from her the state of alarm he was in. He had heard something of Mr. Rowley's antecedent maladies, but it was very little; and he had never heard at all of his being subject to fits of jealousy. That he was suffering under one of these attacks now was manifest, when Woodville put together all the wild things he had said about the picture, the gay lady, and the handsome attorney. Woodville was well acquainted with Doctor Lawrence, and went to look for him to tell him the scene he had just had with his patient. He did not find Lawrence at home, but he met him in the course of the evening, and told him everything.

"Curious," said the doctor, "for I saw him myself to-day; and as to his mind, as far as he can be said to have one, I thought him better than when I had seen him last; but it often happens in these disorders the patient is more rational with his physician than anybody else. This is another fit of jealousy. I think he had one before, some years ago."

"His wife is only too faithful to such a wretched imbecile," said Woodville.

"True," said Lawrence; "many a woman would give his pet monster with the green eyes something substantial to feed on."

"Yes," said Woodville, "women with less prudence or less virtue than Mrs. Rowley. But tell me, Lawrence, who is this Adonis of an attorney he is raving about?"

"Oh, you don't know!" said Lawrence.

"I have been away on a sketching tour for the last month, and I suppose he has got a new man of business in my absence."

"Just so," said the doctor. "His name is Alexander; he was recommended to the Rowleys by another Cornish proprietor; and

from all I hear of him, he is just the man to make husbands uncomfortable."

Woodville smote his thigh, and exclaimed—

"Then, as sure as a gun, he must be an old friend of mine, and of Mrs. Rowley's, too. I am happy to hear it is not to her he owes his appointment. That might have been a little awkward."

Several days elapsed; no improvement in Mr. Rowley—no mitigation of poor Fanny's agony about him; and her distress was increased by her mother's illness and necessary delay in England.

One morning Lawrence called on Woodville. He had just found his patient more excited than ever, but had utterly failed to discover what the fresh cause of irritation was. Newspapers lay on his table, but no letters. His pulse was higher than it had yet been.

"Did he say nothing?" said Woodville.

"Very little; only, as I was going away, he said he was expecting the arrival of a friend from England, and asked me to inquire for an apartment that would suit him in the neighbourhood."

"As to that," said Woodville, "there are two vacant in this house—a *premier* and a *quatrième* opposite to me."

"I'll let him know," said the doctor.

The next evening, towards nine o'clock, Woodville was sitting alone in his room, when the door-bell rang, and Honorine brought him a scrap of paper with a few words on it from Miss Rowley, evidently written in the greatest hurry, imploring him to come to her. He lost no time in attending to the summons, and found the poor girl in a frenzy of grief, just returned from Versailles, where her father had sent her with her maid on a feigned errand, as she now believed.

"Oh, Mr. Woodville, my father has left the house with Thompson, and all his things; and nobody can tell me where he went, or where he is."

"My God!" cried Woodville, "can nobody give any intelligence; the *concierge*, or none of the servants?"

"Nobody seems to know anything. The *concierge* was not in his lodge at the time. Is it possible, do you think, my father can have set out for England?"

"Possible, certainly, but not probable, as Mrs. Rowley must be on her way home."

"Oh, Mr. Woodville, she is still in London, still unable to travel. I found a letter from Susan on coming home. But I agree with you; he is not gone to England; he was not strong enough to think of it."

Woodville now recollected what Lawrence had told him, that Mr. Rowley had desired him to look out for an apartment for a friend.

"Oh!" cried Fanny, "it was for himself he wanted it."

"In that case, Miss Rowley, I think I shall be able to set your mind at rest in five minutes—at least, as to where your father is. Only sit down and try to compose yourself. I have but to return to my own house, and I shall be back in a moment."

Woodville had only to ask his *concierge* to satisfy himself that Mr. Rowley was installed in his new quarters. He had removed while his daughter was at Versailles. The artist then went up to the *premier*, and rang the bell. It was answered by Mr. Rowley's man with a lamp in his hand.

"What brings you here, Thompson?"

"I know no more than you do, sir."

"And Miss Rowley—is there not a room for her here?"

Thompson shook his head mysteriously.

"No, sir—nor for Mrs. Rowley either; that is to say, sir, the apartment is large enough, but nobody is to be admitted without my master's express orders."

"I see," said Woodville. "Good night."

The only satisfaction Fanny Rowley had that night was to know that her father was not far away, and under the same roof with a friend. It will be seen at the close of the next chapter what it was that goaded the unfortunate man to take so extraordinary a step.

MARMION SAVAGE.

ON THE NATURE OF EMOTION.

THE object of this paper is to examine the physical accompaniments of mental action, and, chiefly, to discuss the nature of the feelings or emotions which accompany the various conditions of body and mind; in fact, to lay down the theory that feeling (or emotion, which is another name for high and complex feeling) is the state which accompanies the excitation of a nerve-centre or centres, being pleasant or painful according to the condition of the centre, or the intensity of the excitation.

Supposing this view to be correct, there is no need to allot one place in the brain to the intellectual and another to the emotional portion of the mind, neither can we discuss them apart. The intellectual or idea function, the thinking and working function of the mind, may be supposed to depend on the intercommunication of the nerve-cells or centres of the entire hemispheres, carried on by means of the nerve-fibres, this interaction being accompanied by a feeling or emotion peculiar to the centres acting, but which varies according to their physical state at the moment of excitation, or that produced by the excitation itself.

That the cells, which in their aggregation make up what we call nerve-centres, vary immensely in their endowments and qualities, is a fact which probably few will dispute. We have centres of vision, centres of hearing, centres of taste and smell: the nerve-cells which form the intellectual centres of one who comes of a long line of educated and cultivated forefathers, will differ from those of a descendant of Bushmen, even before they have been submitted to the influence of education. But besides the special quality or endowment which each cell possesses, that quality which constitutes one a cell and centre of vision as distinguished from another which is a centre of hearing, there is in each a varying state or condition on which depends its efficiency, its power of perceiving more or less accurately that which is presented to it, or of communicating with other centres of idea or motion. This condition will be influenced by a number of circumstances, by due nutrition, by heat or cold, rest or fatigue, but according to it will be the efficiency or non-efficiency of the cell function: by it, moreover, will be regulated, as I conceive, the pleasure or pain experienced when the cells are called into action. When the condition is sound and healthy, the function of the cells will be duly performed, and in the due performance pleasure, not pain, will be experienced. In other words, the supply of nerve-force being ample, the cells will energise pleasantly: when the nerve-force

is insufficiently produced, or by action is exhausted, the energising will be attended with proportionate pain.

It may be a question whether "nerve-force" is the best term to apply to the condition I have spoken of. It is one which opens up the many controversies which exist and have existed as to the nature of force, the relations of the various physical forces, and of these to the forces which we see at work in living animals. While on the one hand some shrink away from the very name of force, and will none of it, as a metaphysical entity to be relegated to the schoolmen along with that other metaphysical entity the "mind" itself, on the other, it is to be feared that men have imagined that the study of mental phenomena has at length attained to the rank of the exact sciences, because they have placed nerve-force in the same category and correlated group as light, heat, gravity, and electricity. "Animal combustion," says Mr. Bain, "maintains nervous power, or a certain flow of the influence circulating through the nerves, which circulation of influence, besides re-acting on the other animal processes, muscular, glandular, &c., has for its distinguishing concomitant the mind. The extension of the correlation of force to mind, if at all competent, must be made through the nerve-force, a genuine member of the correlated group." It may be interesting to see in what way another distinguished philosopher connects the forces of purely physical phenomena with those of life and animal movement. In his work on Heat (p. 499), Professor Tyndall writes, "The grand point permanent throughout all these considerations, is that *nothing is created*. We can make no movement which is not accounted for by the contemporaneous extinction of some other movement. And how complicated soever the motions of animals may be, whatever may be the change which the molecules of our food undergo within our bodies, the whole energy of animal life consists in the falling of the atoms of carbon and hydrogen and nitrogen from the high level which they occupy in the food to the low level which they occupy when they quit the body. But what has enabled the carbon and the hydrogen to fall? What first raised them to the level which rendered the fall possible? We have already learned that it is the sun. It is at his cost that animal heat is produced and animal motion accomplished."

When I speak of there being in each nerve-cell or centre a condition, varying within certain limits, according to which it is capable of energising more or less readily and pleasantly, I am far from intending to convey a notion of any metaphysical entity, even if I use the term "nerve-force." It is not possible to separate this force in kind from that which is the special property of the cell. Each cell, as it lives its life in our bodily organisation, as it grows to maturity, and fades in its decay, separates and selects from the blood

by a molecular metamorphosis that which it requires for its function as an idea-cell, a hearing, or a sight-cell, but it separates it in varying quantity and quality, and having separated it, parts with it again according to the demands made upon it. So this force, specialised by the various portions of the human brain, exists in every cell and centre in greater or less degree, and upon the condition of its existence depends, it would seem, the pleasure or pain experienced when the part is called upon to act.

A cell, when it sets in action other cells, or other organs of the body, appears to deprive itself of this force, and in time to become exhausted, so that rest and repose are necessary for its renewal. If it be too metaphysical to talk of the conversion of bodily heat into force and of force into muscular motion, it is, nevertheless, a fact of observation that a nerve-centre becomes exhausted by over excitation and over action, and being exhausted becomes incapable of energising till its power or force is renewed by rest or food. In the following observations I shall try to illustrate the theory that a nerve-cell is called into action by stimulation applied to it from without, and that according to its special quality it will then energise and act upon other cells or structures. The *amount* of action, and the feeling attending it, depends on the condition in which it is at the time. And this condition will vary in proportion to its rest, nutrition, and heat, and also in proportion to the strength of the stimulation and the length of time during which it is carried on.

The first question is, by what method are we to gain any information upon these points. Absolute proof of what I have asserted is not to be expected. Were it forthcoming, we should have learned it long ago. We shall have to apply the methods of observation and experiment, and of these observation will aid us most. We can observe the phenomena of Feeling in infants from the commencement of life, in children, in adults, in the aged. From mere sensations we can trace the dawn of what are called Emotions, or, to use an older terminology, Passions. We can observe them also in the lower animals and in the varieties, so to speak, of man, in the savage, the insane, the idiot. And in observing the feelings we are compelled also to observe the outcome of them in the shape of bodily and facial motion, which is often the only evidence of their existence. Also we shall observe the same individual under the various conditions of hunger and repletion, of sleep or want of sleep, of cold or heat, of health or disease. And we shall see how all the phenomena, which our inductive observation can collect, agree or disagree with the laws laid down by those who have by experiment investigated the physiology of the nervous system. From one method—dissection of the actual brain—we shall not learn much. When the action is over and the force departed, the actual structure teaches us little

about the working. The greatest discoveries have been made by experimenting on living animals.

If we observe the life of an infant, we find it spent chiefly in sleeping, its short waking time being principally occupied in feeding, in accumulating the material for its structural and functional growth. Its acts consist of sucking, crying, and kicking, and of using to some extent its eyes and ears. It does not at first see anything as an object; it merely undergoes the subjective sensation of light, its retina and sensory ganglia are stimulated by light: and if the light be too bright and the stimulation too strong, it testifies the pain experienced by contracting the eyelids and crying; on the other hand, it is pleased by being brought before a lighted candle or other gently stimulating light. The acts very soon indicate pleasure or the reverse, and we know whether the child is pleased or not long before it can tell us. It is pained by cold or hunger or bodily suffering, by a too vivid light, by a loud or harsh sound, as it shows by crying, by movement of its body and facial muscles. Its pleasure is denoted by laughing, kicking, and corresponding movement and expression of face. It derives pleasure also from excitation of its centres of motion, from being tossed, dandled, and rocked, while rough and violent movements cause no less pain and discomfort. We see, then, in such a child manifestations of a very considerable amount of feeling, feeling which is at this stage entirely bodily, or at the most sensory, arising from the exercise of the senses.

A little later and we find that the child can discriminate between the voice and face of its mother or nurse and those of a stranger, deriving pleasure from the one and pain from the other, and evincing memory. It remembers what it sees and hears, and what it experiences: and as the original events were pleasant or painful, so are the recollections of them, as we learn from the manifestations it exhibits. We know nothing of a child's inner life except from these manifestations, for it tells us nothing. All we learn is from its *facta*, its acts; it does not yet talk, and when it commences, its talk is only of concrete objects. It has no abstract terms or generalisations in its vocabulary.

If we trace the development of this child, we see how its pleasures and pains, which at first are entirely corporeal, merge by barely perceptible degrees into mental feelings, and how these expand from mere feelings into the emotions of adult life. Its feeling is being perpetually evoked by everything that it sees and hears. By turns it displays anger, fear, pain, or delight, and the feeling called up by one object is only to be allayed by the substitution of another, which, stimulating another centre, will by such stimulation rouse another feeling. If we look at a boy of three years, healthy and strong, whose sleep and appetite are good, and whose nerve centres are full

of force, we see that his whole waking time is employed in the keen enjoyment of spending his nerve-force in incessant motion and play. There is no work in him: his life is all active amusement, emotive movement. He exhibits rage, terror, jealousy, wonder, vanity, love, the desire for action, and these emotions are fully developed and unmistakably exhibited. Here, then, we have the emotional part of our nature apparently full grown while the intellectual is yet in its early infancy. We know that it is in vain to reason with such a child: we control and manage him. These feelings are all expansions of the self-feeling which is plainly seen to be the feeling of the entire bodily organisation. The child at first derives pleasure or pain from that which affects its bodily sensations, from the light or the colour which pleases its sense of sight, from the song which gratifies its ear, from the warmth which is grateful to its skin, from the food which satisfies its stomach; and it extends its likings to those persons or things which minister to its comfort, its dislike to such as cause it discomfort, and so it displays its love, its hate and fear. These feelings are all reflected upon and through the medium of the body in facial and other movements. As the nerve centres in which this self-feeling resides are roused and excited, so, according to the centre stimulated and according to the degree of stimulation, we have a corresponding series of movements as the result. There is a direct outcome of action, a direct conversion of force into motion, so to speak; without this we should not know that such stimulation had taken place. How motion immediately follows the application of a stimulus to the centres is especially shown at this time of life. There is no deliberation, no delay; the action, the demonstration of joy, or sorrow, or resentment, or approval, is instantaneous. The motor centres respond to the stimulus as immediately as the pupil responds to the light, and the reflex action of the one is as purely physical as that of the other. A child at this age possesses ideas formed from the memories of sensations and their associations, but its ideas are few, and it does not link them into chains of reasoning. Its intellectual processes are scanty, and so it comes to pass that the excitants of its nerve centres are for the most part external events and sights, which at once result in bodily or facial demonstration rather than in internal mental action.

If mankind had stopped at the level of a child, if the higher and more complex emotions did not exist, it is not likely that various seats of emotion would have been mapped out in the brain. Emotion in children and animals is manifestly so much more a bodily excitation, the bodily movement follows so immediately as the result, that we do not confine it to a mental phenomenon as we do the higher emotions of man. But physiologically there seems to be no line of demarcation between simple feelings and the highest emotions.

Before we examine the adult as we see him in the educated and refined inhabitant of the cities of Europe, we may pause and consider the various intermediate stages which carry on the succession from the child upwards. There is the savage of all grades of savagery, from the Earthman to the stoical brave of North America who scorns to exhibit emotion of any kind. Many travellers have told us how like the tribes of Africa are to children, how they display emotion in a similar manner, how they instantaneously respond to a stimulus, whether it call forth joy, anger, or grief. Then there is the uneducated and unenlightened pauper of many an agricultural district of our own land, and there is the idiot, and the insane, whose self-feeling is predominant, whose whole life is centred in self, as much as is the child's. If after these we consider adult and educated man, we shall see that his sensations, feelings, and emotions, each mental state, in fact, which is called up in his brain, may be, and for the most part are, attended with muscular movement, voluntary or involuntary, indicating the pleasure or pain which accompanies the mental stimulation. The amount of movement will often be the measure of the amount of force extricated and emitted from the centre on the application of a stimulus.

The first thing we notice is that most of the emotions of man are the same in kind as those of children, or even the inferior animals; the same in kind, though varying in complexity and speciality, according to the infinite variety of the acquirements of the human brain. The emotion of admiration, awe, and wonder, which fills our breast on seeing some marvellous spectacle or hearing some great news, what is it but the wonder which we see depicted in the animal when it sees for the first time something entirely novel and strange? I once saw a leveret meet face to face a young dog in a covert. Probably neither had previously encountered such an object. They stood for a moment transfixed with surprise; this changing in the hare to fear, caused it to turn and fly; the dog, not quite so timorous, pursued, his wonder being converted by the leveret's flight into the emotion of pursuit. The animal's emotions we recognise by its motions; we could not otherwise assert that it experienced emotions at all. Its brain, when stimulated, at once converts its force into motion. And if we strictly analyse the feelings and emotions of man, we shall find that here also action or motion of some kind is almost invariably the concomitant of emotion—at any rate, when this is at all intense, or, as we rightly say, *powerful*. With regard to many of our feelings and emotions this is at once apparent. If some sudden disaster occurs to a man, his countenance, probably his limbs, will denote his terror, grief, or anger. He is said to be devoid of feeling, if this be not the case. His mode of speech, his tone of voice, is affected by it, and he may be led into

immediate and violent action, so involuntary that it may almost be called automatic. On the other hand, pleasant sights and news will produce corresponding traits in countenance and movements of limbs. The latter will be less marked than those set in motion by pain or grief, inasmuch as a pleasant stimulus will set up less violent action than one that is painful.

When we look at the simple emotions and feelings of man, we find him exactly on a par with the child or the animal. A violent stimulus produces at once violent, or at any rate manifest, action, facial or other. There is a conversion of nerve force into muscular movement, directly following a stimulus, whether this be one exciting bodily pain, as a blow, or mental, as a shocking sight or piece of news. But, when we examine the mind of man in its highest development, we find in the highly intellectual individual certain emotions, which are clearly the feelings corresponding to the very complex ideas acquired and organised by years of culture and training. We read of the Ethical Emotion, or moral sense; of the *Æsthetic* Emotion; of other emotions arising out of the Intellect. But all these appear to illustrate and to be illustrated by what I have said concerning the simple emotions. Here, instead of a single and simple idea-centre which, when excited, at once responds in outward bodily movement, we have an extremely complex chain of ideas. The training and preparation of years, as well as previous organisation, are required to bring about in the brain that complex series of ideas which represents a knowledge of the fine arts, and which is pre-supposed when we speak of experiencing æsthetic emotion. Instead of a single and lowly-endowed centre, such as we may find in children or animals, we have a co-ordinated and complex chain of high centres, which, when excited, respond not in immediate bodily movement accompanied by bodily feeling, but in deliberate action, the result of reflection; in intellectual, rather than bodily movement. For the activity of thought must be due to a stimulus applied to the intellectual centres, no less than the activity of body: and not only the activity of thought, but action in thought, the desire for action of body which would become action, did not some other reflection intervene, must also be set down as an outcome of nerve force emitted by some centre or centres, which have been set in motion by a stimulus. Repressed action, whether in thought alone, or in the clenched hands and quivering lips of suppressed passion, must be taken as an emission of force. The complex co-ordination of ideas arrived at after years of study and experience, which causes the connoisseur the keen delight experienced when he gazes at a rare Rembrandt etching or a matchless coin, must include within itself the feelings belonging to it. The uninitiated cannot feel the delight, because he possesses not the ideas. We cannot suppose that the

feeling resides in one part of the brain, and the ideas in another; rather would it appear that the stimulation of the ideas by the sight of the object causes the feeling. The ideas exist in the brain as knowledge, but when called into action we have the feeling of pleasure or pain which is special and appropriate to such a group of ideas, in addition to the knowledge and the ideas themselves. It may be said that emotions are so varied that they must require a special organization; that the emotion of delight just named is something totally different from such a feeling as self-denial. But we must remember that ideas are formed in the educated mind into large and complex groups—associated ideas, as they are called—and that these act as units, just as groups of muscles always act together; and the association of the one, when established, cannot be disjoined, any more than that of the other. Consequently, stimulation of such a group of ideas calls it into action, and then arises its special feeling, depending in degree upon the amount of the stimulation and the nerve-force extricated in the process. And these very complex emotions may be reduced by analysis to much simpler feelings—to feelings of self-advantage or self-detriment, the pleasure or pain which is at the bottom of all feeling, of all stimulation of the nervous system strong enough to cause feeling to come into consciousness. Looking upon the whole conscious brain as self, its feeling varies from self-good to self-ill; its various and special portions, groups of nerve-cells and nerve-centres, being stimulated into special feelings which are yet all of them resolvable into the simple elements. If we look at the phenomena of insanity we shall see this illustrated by the fact that the feelings and delusions of the insane always have reference to self.

I have traced the higher emotions up from the mere bodily feelings, nay, even from the sensations of the special senses, and have affirmed that they all vary according to the amount of stimulation which each centre receives, while their quality depends on the special properties of the centre or centres. The phenomena of two of the senses at any rate, confirm this view. One person hears a sound which another cannot. This is because the centre of hearing in the deaf person is not sufficiently stimulated by a sound, the vibrations of which are too slow for him, though not too slow for the other to perceive. Similarly, some people cannot recognise redness as a colour. On analysing the colour red, we find it to be the colour at one end of the spectrum, an inch of which gives the smallest number of waves of light, and to this amount of stimulation some eyes are insensible, just as the eyes of all men are insensible to the rays beyond red, which we discover by the galvanometer, though they do not excite our optic centres as light. As no two persons feel alike, so no two see or hear alike. The centres of sight and hearing of one man are stimulated by vibrations which fail to excite those of

another. There may be colours and there may be harmonies all around us in the universe of which we know nothing, but of which the more sensitive organs of what are called the lower animals may be keenly conscious. It may be that these animals are only by us called dumb because we ourselves are deaf.

The stimuli, then, which excite the nerve-centres of man, produce various feelings and emotions according to the quality and properties of the centre excited. But, as I have said, the feeling will vary according not only to the quality of the centre, but also according to the condition it may happen to be in at the time, or that to which it may be brought by the stimulation it experiences. To elucidate this we must consider what we know of the physiology of nerve-structures and their functions.

When studying the physiology of nerve-action as we see it in animals, children, and men, and the pathology as we see it in various nervous disorders, as acute insanity, *delirium tremens*, and the like, we soon become aware of the fact that the well-being of the entire nervous system depends mainly on its renovation during a state of repose; and that for the higher portion of the brain, at any rate, this state of repose and rest is synonymous with healthy sleep. Round the phenomena of sleep, and its causes and conditions, are grouped many of the problems which have to be solved by the physiologist who has to investigate the action of the nerve-centres, and the physician who has to cure their disorders. The state or condition of a nerve-centre, which I have called the force, will be dependent upon the amount of rest and sleep which it enjoys, supplemented by two other restorers of force, food and warmth, which must also be taken into consideration.

Observation teaches us that all animals sleep after a certain period of bodily fatigue, which varies according to the individual, the young requiring sleep more quickly than the old, and a larger amount. If the fatigue be great, nothing can keep a child or even a man awake. When refreshed by sleep, when the force is again accumulated in the brain, we wake spontaneously, or are awakened by trifling stimuli, as sounds or light. This alternation of sleep and waking is the normal state of health, and absence of sleep is something abnormal: it is a disorder, and must lead to further disorder if prolonged. Sleep is not necessary for the renewal of force in every centre. In very severe muscular exercise mere cessation for a time recruits our force, and enables us to begin again; but for the higher work of the brain sleep is indispensable, and all brain-work, and indeed life itself, must cease, unless by this the force is renewed.

So much does observation teach us of the reparation of the force of the brain during sleep. Experiment, however, enables us to state the physiological condition of the brain in sleep, and so to analyse

further the production and expenditure of this nerve-force. In sleep, as we have seen, it is produced and accumulated; in active waking hours it is expended. In sleep, the arterial circulation of the brain falls to a certain point, and metamorphosis consequently is reduced to a minimum. When the brain is acting, even in dreams, the blood-flow increases both in arteries and veins. To promote sleep, we seek to diminish this arterial current; until this is done, sleep comes not. The two things which chiefly produce sleep in a healthy man or animal are fatigue and food. After a hearty meal, or after great fatigue endured for many waking hours, it will be difficult to rouse him from sleep, and when roused he will be torpid and inactive, and will fall back into sleep easily. His brain will be emptied of blood, and ordinary stimuli, as light, sound, and movement of others, will not bring back the blood to his brain: moreover his blood will contain less oxygen. When sufficient hours have been passed in sleep, slight stimuli are enough to wake him, such as a trifling noise or a light, nay, he may wake or seem to wake "of his own accord." The blood returns to the brain highly oxygenised, and the brain is alive and energetic, ready to expend in action the force it has accumulated in the period of its rest.

Now be it observed, this force is accumulated by the brain in sleep, when the blood supply is at its minimum and contains the least oxygen. Oxidation of brain then implies expenditure, not accumulation of force. Stimulation of brain increases the blood flow and activity, *ubi stimulus ibi fluxus*. But this activity cannot go on long, and material for new work cannot be provided, unless the blood flow be reduced to sleeping point, and the oxygen in the blood cease to be consumed.

In the creation and restoration of nerve-force food and heat are to sleep both the supplement and the complement, without all these the full energy of brain life cannot manifest itself, except for a very limited time, and each will vary in amount according as the other two are supplied in greater or less quantities. To resist the cold of a northern climate the Esquimaux consumes at a meal that which would feed a Hindoo for a month. If he did not, the bitter winter would bring to him, no less than to the animals hibernating around him, sleep from which he would not wake again. The intense desire for sleep felt by persons exposed to great cold is closely akin to that produced by overwhelming fatigue: the whole nerve-force is consumed in either case and cannot be replaced. In those suffering from cold the loss may be met by warmth or by food; in those worn-out by fatigue sleep alone is the restorer. How completely the brain is upset by cold we may learn from the striking narrative of the Arctic voyager Dr. Kane,¹ who tells us, after a journey of eighty or ninety miles over the ice at a mean temperature of minus 41°·2—"We were

(1) "Arctic Explorations," i. 198.

quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about us." "Our strength failed us, and we began to lose our self-control. . . . We fell half-sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out."

The fact that pleasure and pain depend on fatigue and the consumption of this nerve-force is closely connected with two other phenomena—one, that the stimulation of any nerve-centre, if repeated, loses somewhat of its effect; the other, that the same stimulus, if prolonged or intensified, may cause every variety of feeling from pleasure to extreme pain. The first phenomenon is expressed in the language of every-day life when we say there is nothing that we may not "get used to." We get used to sights, to sounds, to tastes, to smells, to the endurance of bodily pain. It may be stated as an almost constant fact that the same thing repeated, the centre again stimulated with the same stimulus, always loses somewhat of its effect, and consequently less force is expended. We endure the excitation better and feel less fatigued, whatever it be. If by any chance, however, through illness or other cause, our stock of force becomes lessened, we find that we cannot so well endure our habitual stimuli, and they become painful instead of pleasant. Our feelings then are regulated partly by the amount of stimulation, partly by the condition in which our centres are when stimulated; and that which applies to pain applies also to pleasure. Pleasurable excitations when repeated lose their charm, or they fail to please us when a disordered liver or a headache makes us dismal.

The second phenomenon is different. Although an excitation repeated loses its effect, yet an excitation prolonged without cessation passes from pleasure to pain without this process ever being reversed.

There is no voluntary action, whether mental or bodily, which does not in time cause fatigue; but it will be found that actions accompanied with direct emotion fatigue the soonest. Almost all bodily or mental processes are accompanied by some amount of feeling or emotion. They are pleasant to us or distasteful; we may be wearied of doing them, or wearied by doing them, according as the mind or the body is fatigued. In either case the process is the same, though the centre which experiences the discomfort is different. The pleasantest occupations or amusements may cause such sheer bodily fatigue that we can do them no longer, and to attempt it causes pain. It would appear that everything carried to this point—to the extent of exhausting the nerve force of the centre stimulated—causes dis-

comfort or pain, which is only to be removed by cessation of the particular stimulus, and the substitution of another, stimulating other centres, or by the rest of the whole nervous system. This brings me to the consideration of another point, namely, that violent stimulation of a centre exhausts the nerve force, not of that centre only, but of the whole nervous system. A terrible shock may so use up the nerve force that the individual falls senseless, or, short of this, he may yet be so paralysed with fear or grief that he loses all muscular power, or he may be so violently moved that the great exertions which he makes only last for a short time. We all know that for a long-sustained muscular effort the mind must be tranquil, and free from emotion, and the muscular movements must be regular and even, and free from spasmodic and violent action. How it is that the nerve force of the whole system is poured out in this or that form of emotion, or idea, we see, but cannot trace the process. Nevertheless, it is a fact that two great displays of force cannot co-exist; violent muscular exertion and intense thought cannot go on together; the thinker sits or stands, abstracted, motionless. The man who is rowing or running a race cannot command his thoughts; ideas come and go through his mind, but he cannot keep up a continuous current of mental work. His force is being expended on bodily movement.

What is the answer to those who say they believe that emotions reside in this or that part of the brain? We may object, first, that every attempt to locate emotions has signally failed, from the days of Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe to those of Schroeder van der Kolk. Some have separated the seat of emotion from the seat of the consciousness thereof, and have placed the latter in the sensory ganglia. Others have placed emotions in the hemispheres alone, and so would deny everything of the kind to those beings which have no cerebral hemispheres; yet we see considerable emotional feeling manifested by such creatures as the ant and the bee.

Secondly, by an analysis of emotions we may perceive that there is no real line of demarcation between them and mere feelings of a much lower order, and that one and the other belong to the *action* of the moment, and not to any past or future time. If we are watching, say, a splendid sunset, we experience a feeling of intense delight as the heavens are lit in gorgeous colour. The following day we may recall the scene, but we do not feel the pleasure. We remember the pleasure, but it remains, like the scene, only as an idea, it is not now a feeling. Now few, I presume, would assert that the perception of this sight resides in one part of the brain, and the feeling attending it in another. If this were so, we ought to be able to excite the feeling by means of the idea preserved in the memory; but this we cannot do. The original stimulation causes the pleasure, and this vanishes, never again to return. It is only in complexity

that the highest emotions differ from this simple feeling; they involve more ideas, more acquisitions, previously laid up, but the effect of the immediate stimulation is the same; this it is which, according to its intensity, causes the pleasure or pain. The same may be said of pain experienced; we may recall the memory of it, but this is not the same thing; even the memory may be distressing and saddening, but this is different from the acute pang which we suffer at the first shock.

The brain is a sealed book far more than some of the other organs of the body, as the lungs and heart; but if we could inspect it at work, it is not probable that we should be able to note those molecular changes, which, nevertheless, we believe to take place when mental action is going on. What we should see, however, would be alterations in the circulation of the blood. We should see that the whole circulation, or portions of it, would be affected by mental excitation, by the stimulation of the various cells or groups of cells, which we call nerve-centres. We should see that a piece of news, a disaster, an impending trouble or difficulty, causes a man to lie awake at night, and we should know that he lies awake because his brain circulation, either throughout the whole or in parts of his cerebral hemispheres, is higher than admits of sleep. There is an extrication of force going on in the shape of thought, there is a flow of blood going to the excited part. We cannot see all this, however, but we can and do see how emotion causes the face to flush and the pulse to quicken, how those who lie awake suffer from heat of head and suffusion of eyes, how emotion increases the lachrymal secretion, the lacteal, and others. And when we say that emotion does these things, we merely mean that something or other has stimulated the brain into producing these phenomena, and that along with the stimulus the feeling of grief or shame or anger co-exists.

If all this be true, it may perchance throw some light upon many of the phenomena of disordered mind and brain: it may help us to understand why, with almost the same delusion, *e.g.* that the newspapers are writing about him, one man will be exultant, another angry, another depressed; it may explain why the same man is at one time maniacal, at another melancholic. Lack of force may account for the wretched feeling of the hypochondriac and the hysterical, for the mental pain which many feel when they are below par: and a proneness to part with force, to convert it into action, may be the condition of the centres of those who are excitable and impulsive, a condition analogous to that brought about in certain centres by such drugs as strychnia, by such diseases as epilepsy and convulsions, or evidenced by such an affection as stammering.

G. FIELDING BLANDFORD.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

RELIGIOUS REPUBLICS. Six Essays on Congregationalism. London :
Longmans, Green, & Co. 1869. 8s. 6d.

It is one among the many results of the establishment of one form of religion, that other forms are sooner or later treated with contempt, as not worthy even of careful examination. Sometimes indeed they are studied as curious examples of the foolish and mischievous eccentricities of mankind, as Mr. Hepworth Dixon might study the crazy extravagances of religion in the New World. But it scarcely occurs to one out of ten thousand of the members of an Established Church, that it is at least barely possible that some form of religion may exist which is superior to their own ; and that the human imagination is capable of conceiving circumstances in which so ill-bred an oddity as dissent may become a duty and a necessity. There are very few Church people in this country who know anything whatever about Congregationalism and Religious Republics, excepting what they may have learned from such stories as "Salem Chapel." These stories are often exceedingly true—in fact, too true ; but for the most part they are true accounts of numerous and disagreeable exceptions to the working of congregational principles, while they neither are nor pretend to be accurate descriptions of their average working.

The Six Essays on Congregationalism which make up this volume on Religious Republics may at least do good service by giving accurate information to anybody who wants to know what religious republics are ; and they will have a better chance, perhaps, of being read because four of them are by laymen. It is scarcely indeed to be expected that anything but sheer necessity will force upon the members of the Established Church the study of Nonconformity ; but this necessity has come already to many, and is coming to all. When half the English people are Dissenters, when there is scarcely a Dissenter in England who is not also an earnest politician, and when an ever-increasing proportion of the members of the House of Commons are themselves Nonconformists, the unestablished forms of religion may be hated and feared, but they can no longer be ignored. Even for the sake of destroying them, they must at least be understood. When, therefore, any sober-minded Churchman wants really to know what Congregationalism is, he may safely consult this volume of essays. They are all written with extreme moderation. They contain scarcely a single sentence which even the highest of High Churchmen could consider offensive. They are for the most part simply expository ; not scolding nor resenting false charges and ungenerous suspicions, but simply explaining wherein they are false and ungenerous. Nay, very often the explanation itself in a manner condones the offence ; and at least renders a good understanding for the future possible and easy.

Those essays which are the *most* purely expository in this volume are the best. The first, by Mr. Fawcett, on the "Congregational Polity," is an exceedingly fair and complete account of the form and general working of that sort of church government which it professes to describe. The first few pages, moreover, of the essay represent, by their own confusion, the radical incon-

sistency, or at any rate uncertainty, of Congregationalism itself. Congregationalism tries to have, believes that it has, but really has not, a foundation of doctrine. It is a form of government determining who, in the final appeal, shall decide both the doctrine and the ecclesiastical practice of a given society. But it by no means determines what their decision, either theoretical or practical, shall be. As a matter of fact, there is far more agreement, and a far more rigid "orthodoxy," among Congregational churches than in the Established Church itself. But this is a mere accident. Mr. Fawcett says: "On matters not only of doctrine but of church government, the leading consideration with the Congregationalist is not what is expedient, but what saith the Scripture." But he is obliged to add: "If the primitive practice is adapted to the circumstances of our times, and seems fitted to contribute to the welfare of the church, it is forthwith adopted; if it is incongruous with our habits, and would be inconvenient or ridiculous, it is rejected on the ground that it can never have been intended as a permanent observance." That is to say, the New Testament is not the ultimate authority with Congregationalists, but each separate society decides for itself how much of the New Testament (to say nothing of the Old) is fit for present use, and rejects the rest.

In so short a notice as this there is nothing left me, beyond a strong general recommendation, but the invidious task of minute fault-finding. Thus, for instance, in the very excellent "Essay on Congregationalism and *Æsthetics*," Mr. Pattison, in the matter of architecture, seems to give up far too much. Truly enough Congregationalism has no precedents, no sacred and infallible traditions, and it is not therefore *necessary* that the very building in which a congregational society assembles for worship should contain the symbols of Catholic dogma. But on the other hand, as a matter of fact, Congregationalists do believe by far the larger part of the creed of Christendom. The great majority of them believe, for instance, that very doctrine of the Trinity and of the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ which is preached not to the ear only by sermons, but to the eye itself, in the very wood and stone and painted windows of old Catholic cathedrals. It will be most unfortunate if the churches of the Nonconformists should seem to teach that the right of free inquiry and ever-renewed examination is identical with the absolute denial or repudiation of everything which has been heretofore believed.

Perhaps the least satisfactory of these six essays is the one on "Congregationalism and Science," by Dr. Philip Henry Pye Smith. By far the larger part of it is entirely irrelevant, and the remainder—the assertion, namely, that Congregationalism being founded on the right of individual reason, must ultimately be favourable to science—is almost contradictory of what had gone before. Moreover, the essay contains assertions which, though not without a certain odour of sanctity, seem to me in the end extremely dangerous, and I had almost said demoralising. Dr. Smith, for instance, says that Christianity "can never be enforced as demonstrable by such arguments as compel assent;" which is only another way of saying what has been asserted over and over again by the very worst enemies of Christianity. He says again: "No one ever pretended that the truth of Christianity was demonstrable. If it were so, faith would no longer exist." Both the assertion, and the inference here, are wholly unjustifiable. Multitudes of people, including all the best theologians, have asserted that Christianity *is* demonstrable—not indeed to the nose or the tips

of the fingers, but to the highest reason of man. And at any rate, if Christianity were demonstrable, faith—which means belief, trust, confidence—would be easier than ever.

But without further fault-finding, for which in truth there is very little room, it is enough to commend this book as a very accurate description of the nature and tendencies of religious republics.

WILLIAM KIRKUS.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Roma Sotterranea. Compiled from the works of COMMENDATORE DE ROSSI. By Rev. J. S. NORTHCOTE, D.D., and Rev. W. R. BROWNLOW, M.A. London: Longmans. 31s. 6d.

COUNT DE ROSSI's elaborate work on the Catacombs of Rome is the unrivalled authority on its subject. The present volume is a condensed reproduction of the "*Roma Sotterranea*," containing, in addition, the substance of various articles and papers by the same author in other places. In the chapters on Christian Art and elsewhere, the compilers have consulted other writers, besides Count de Rossi, who have thrown new light on special parts of the subject. The book is plentifully illustrated with wood-cuts, with an atlas of the catacombs, and with a series of sumptuously executed fac-similes of monuments and inscriptions.

Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister-at-Law, F.S.A. Selected and edited by THOMAS SADLER, Ph. D. Three Volumes. Macmillan & Co. 36s.

A WORK teeming with anecdote about the sayings and doings of the literary world for something like three-quarters of a century. Mr. Robinson was born in 1775, and lived to within nearly two years of the present date. He commenced his journal in 1810, his diary in the following year, and this, which consisted of thirty-five closely-written volumes, he continued almost up to the day of his death. In addition to this he left behind him reminiscences, miscellaneous papers, and a mass of correspondence. That he was not only a voracious but a diligent reader is proved by the abstracts of books, plots of stories, and critical remarks that he left behind him. These materials the editor, Dr. Thomas Sadler, appears to have used in a highly judicious manner. For nearly three-quarters of a century Robinson mixed with many of the notabilities of Europe—with Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, Madame de Stael, La Fayette, Abbé Grégoire, Benjamin Constant—while Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Talfourd, Rogers, Hazlitt, Mrs. Barbauld, Clarkson, meet us at every turn. The reader may judge of the varied contents of the book when we say that Mr. Robinson gives in his own gossiping fashion an account of his connections with the *Times* newspaper, of his first railway journey in the year 1833, when railways were as yet in their infancy, and adds to such narratives good stories of men of science, lawyers, politicians, authors, and actors, among whom he lived.

The Subjection of Women. By JOHN STUART MILL. Longmans. 5s.

IT is not too much to say that this, rather than another, is *the* book of the past month. Its author and subject alike command the public attention in a peculiar degree. The volume will be discussed in a subsequent number of the Review, and all that need be said of it now is, that probably no other contribution of Mr. Mill's to social speculation is marked by so far-reaching, exalted, and courageous a kind of wisdom. A reader's appreciation of this little work, and its design, will be a very ample test both of his social foresight and of his elevation of character.

Travels in the Central Caucasus and Bashan, including Visits to Ararat and Tabreez, and Ascents of Kazbek and Elbruz. By DOUGLAS W. F. FRESH-FIELD. London: Longman, Green, and Co. 18s.

THE author of this book has given a useful account of the natural features of the Caucasian region, its glaciers and forests, its ice-falls, swamps, and jungles. Accompanied by two friends, he ascended the two most famous summits of the Caucasus, and regarding himself, in his very modest preface, as a pioneer to future travellers, he congratulates himself upon having at least attempted to attract the attention of others to a range of mountains which surpasses the Alps by two thousand feet in the average height of its peaks, which abounds in grand and picturesque scenery, and is now within the reach of even long vacation tourists. The work, which is written in an unaffected style, is embellished by illustrations, some engraved from the paintings of a Russian artist at Tiflis, and others from photographs and pencil sketches. There is also a map of the Central Caucasus, reduced from the Five Verst Map, executed by the Russian Topographical Department at Tiflis, and corrected by the experience of the author and his fellow-travellers.

An Historical Sketch of the French Bar, from its Origin to the Present Day; with Biographical Notices of some of the Principal Advocates of the Nineteenth Century. By ARCHIBALD YOUNG, Advocate. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1869. 7s. 6d.

A REPRINT from the pages of the *Journal of Jurisprudence*; but the author justly thinking that the subject was too important to be confined to a periodical chiefly devoted to matters of a strictly technical and local nature, has republished his papers in an extended form. He begins with the beginning, and gives an account of the judicial combat and the difficult and dangerous duties of advocates in connection with it; but the greater portion of the work is devoted to a description of the French Bar in the nineteenth century. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that both in the political as well as in the judicial arena the Bar of France has taken a more prominent position now than in any former period. The French have been always famous for their rhetoric, for Juvenal in his fifteenth Satire wrote "*Gallia cauidicos docuit facunda Britannos*;" and St. Jerome, in one of his epistles, speaks of the "*ubertatem Gallici nitoremque sermonis*." The latter portion of Mr. Young's volume is the most attractive to the general reader; but those who practise or study the law will read the whole of it with interest.

The Globe Edition of the Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. Edited, with Notes and Introductory Memoir, by ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and Professor of History in Owen's College, Manchester. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869. 3s. 6d.

A PORTABLE and well-printed edition of Pope's poetical works on toned paper supplies a want. In the *text*, Warburton's arrangement, with one exception, has been maintained, and some pieces added from subsequent editions, and sometimes from earlier sources. The editor has supplied an Introductory Memoir. It contains a careful estimate of the characteristics of the age in which Pope lived and wrote, and the life of the poet is narrated with clearness and method. To have said anything original about the great satirist, after the hundreds of critiques that have been penned, would have been difficult; but all that is said here is put with great fairness and judgment.

Grettir Saga: the Story of Grettir the Strong. Translated from the Icelandic by EIRIKR MAGNUSSON, Translator of "Legends of Iceland;" and WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of "The Earthly Paradise." London: F. S. Ellis, Covent Garden. 1869.

THE two writers of the present volume translated a Saga in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*. The present story is founded on facts full of dramatic interest, and gives a vivid picture of the life and manners of a race nearly akin to ourselves. The translator tells us in his preface that it holds a high place in the literature of Iceland, according to the estimate of the most diligent students of that literature.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXXII. NEW SERIES.—AUGUST 1, 1869.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.¹

THERE are two kinds of written lives of men which deserve to remain amongst us as enduring and faithful monuments. There is the rare and fortunate work of genius; this in its origin is related to imagination and creative power as closely as to judgment and observation; we can hardly pronounce whether it be the child of Memory, or of her daughters, the Muses, for it is at once a perfect work of art and an infallible piece of history. It portrays the man in few lines or many, but in lines each one indispensable and each characteristic; it may seem to tell little, yet in fact it tells all; from such a biographer no secrets are withholden, nor does he need many diaries, letters, and reminiscences of friends; he knows as much about the man he undertakes to speak of as Shakspeare knew about Hamlet, or Titian about his magnificoes—that is, everything. - Mr. Carlyle's life of Sterling was perhaps the last volume placed on the narrow shelf containing the biographies in all languages which belong to this class.

But there is also what we could ill lose, the work of knowledge, and labour, and patience, and zeal, and studious discrimination, and enforced impartiality. In such a portrait the lines *must* be many, and the more numerous they are (provided that they are not entirely insignificant), the better the portrait grows: but some characteristic lines may come in by chance, and even in the end we can scarcely be quite sure that some are not forgotten. As we read the book we gradually form such an acquaintance with the man as we should were we introduced to his familiar circle in real life, seeing him in various circumstances, in various attitudes, in various moods of mind; distracted and perhaps misled by some things that are accidental

(1) "Walter Savage Landor, a Biography," by John Forster, 2 vols. London: 1869. 28s.

and superficial, and little related to character, but discovering much that is permanent and structural, until at last we speak of the man as an old acquaintance, and declare that we know him well. It is true it may happen that we never know him perfectly.

To this second class of biographies belongs Mr. Forster's *Life of Landor*. No one living can speak of Landor with authority equal to that of Mr. Forster, and from his judgment on most points there is no appeal. This task was clearly laid upon him to accomplish, and we think he has accomplished it well. The information his book supplies is full, precise, and trustworthy; great pains have been taken to make the presentation of character complete; there is no approach to tampering with facts through an unwise zeal of friendship; the biographer, allowance being made for some necessary reserves, before all else has striven to be truthful, and because entirely just, he has felt that in treating of such a man as Landor generosity is a part of justice. Mr. Forster is of course thoroughly well acquainted with Landor's writings, and his critical observations on these are distinguished by their freedom from hasty half-views, and generally by their soundness of judgment. Lovers of Landor must further be informed that these volumes contain five unpublished scenes in verse, being the last of his "*Imaginary Conversations*," and, in whole or in part, about four hundred of his letters.

The character of Landor is one which, in consequence of the prominent and disproportioned development of some of its elements, appears from a distance and at first sight simple and easy to comprehend, but which as we approach it and contemplate it for a longer time grows in complexity, growing, also, not a little in interest. The first thing we are tempted to say of him (and with some explanatory clauses added, we say it to the last) is, that he was emphatically an *uncivilised* man. If, as Hobbes believed, the state of nature is a state of warfare, then Landor all his life through was not far from the perfect state of nature. Certainly, whether we agree with or dissent from Hobbes, we cannot doubt that it is the work of every part of our organised social and political life to give lessons—lessons often enforced with a bitter rod—to the passions and will of the individual, and to reclaim them from disorders into which they may happen to run. The child quickly discovers that cries, kicks, and plunges (at least under certain circumstances) are opposed by laws which declare them treasonable to society—laws enforced by formidable sanctions—and in due time he ceases to plunge, and kick, and cry. A similar training goes on through later years until from the brute will a beautiful and intelligent force is fashioned. But Landor's will, impelled as it often was by generous instincts and high passions, was yet uncultivated, unreclaimed, and, indeed, irreclaimable. Any one who upon the model of Burton's book on *Melan-*

choly should undertake to write the *Anatomy of Irascibility*, would find illustrations of quarrels in almost every relation of human life in this biography. It is surely a paradox deserving to be signalised that a supreme artist—one, therefore, bound to the habitual service of Joy—should at the same time be an insensate waster and destroyer of the happiness of men—his own happiness and that of others. But the cruel lot of such a man as Landor in our modern time is that society proves too strong for him, contracts within narrow bounds the sphere of his turbulent impetuosity, and commonly introduces some formal or vulgar elements into his action—attorneys' letters, legal delays, considerations of shillings and pence, and such like, which spoil its splendour even for his own imagination. If Hyperion, or any most beautiful Titan, were to pick a quarrel with some of the petty human race in Fleet Street or Cheapside, the metropolitan police would in the end get him on the ground, and he would present a sorry appearance on his way to Bridewell, with grim disfigured feature, between Policeman A and Policeman X. And such is the appearance which Landor too often presents. In every instance where the effects of his violent temper extended beyond the domestic circle, the world proved too strong for him—the crowd of little people closed around the one Titanic man, and threw him; rage and mortification followed, and lesson after lesson of experience was wasted upon his intractable will. These contests, which embittered so many days of youth, manhood, and old age, were for the most part quite unheroic, and borrow any interest they possess from the disproportioned amount of passion and energy which Landor threw into them; they resulted in suffering to himself which was sheer torture, incapable of transmutation into virtue or into song. When De Quincey, moving in his dim, rich border-land between rhetoric and poetry, speaks with reference to Landor of “the fiery radiations of a human spirit, built by nature to animate a leader in storms, a martyr, a national reformer, an arch-rebel, as circumstances might dictate,” he seizes finely on the possibilities of greatness which lay in nearly all Landor's outbreaks of temper both in his books and in his life; but too often the “fiery radiations” in his life had much of their brightness, and all their beauty, blurred by their transit through a gross medium of circumstances.

An acute observer, Miss Martineau, has expressed her opinion that the contempt and bitterness of spirit by which Landor was best known to the multitude, were qualities of *style* rather than of soul—meaning by this, not literary style only, but style of expression by life and act as well as by the pen. But in life as in art, is not style the true rendering of soul into form, and related to the mind of the man, as it is to that of the artist, in other and far closer ways than

is the brute matter which he fashions with his hands? Style is definable as the outcome of the habitual formative tendencies, and these in a great creative nature are always very numerous. The truth which underlies Miss Martineau's remark seems to be that contempt and bitterness, as far as they are the characteristics of Landor's deeds and words, are the products of many causes, and that, as primitive or isolated characteristics of soul, they had no place in him. There was nothing malignant—no sharp metallic corrosiveness, no flavour of acrid weeds, and no heavy, poisonous sweetness in the fountains of Landor's thought and passions; but the waters were impetuous, and when they seemed to sleep in happiest quiet, ran swiftly, ready to fling themselves over rock or precipice, should such be near; they never could follow the channels prepared for less wilful streams to irrigate the pasture-lands and turn the mill-wheels of complacent men, and their wayward bounty was sudden, splendid, and profuse.

The strifes in which so much of Landor's life took form, were then the result of no definite pernicious tendencies of his nature, but of many qualities of soul, of which none were malignant, and some were altogether noble. Altogether noble was the constitutional sensitiveness of his passions, though it would have been a gain if he could have learnt to protect himself at times against the consequences of this sensitiveness. Noble too in its capacity for high uses, if inevitably subject to frequent abuse, was the amplifying power by which a hint of love or of insult assumed gigantic proportions in his imagination—

“Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive,”

and often this amplifying power fulfils the function of that wiser insight which discovers below the poor appearances of things their hidden greatness, beauty, and terror. There was something excellent also in the susceptibility of Landor's nature for being absolutely possessed for a time by a single idea or emotion. We read in a letter written to his sister when he was over fifty years of age, “Arnold [Landor's son] had had a fever a few days before [I left Florence], and I would not go until his physician told me he was convalescent. Not receiving any letter at Naples, I was almost mad, for I fancied his illness had returned. I hesitated between drowning myself and going post back.” No one whose smile is not a wrinkle of the face, signifying emptiness of soul, will smile at this, for he will know that susceptibility to such frenzy of love and anxiety, co-existing with high intellectual powers, belongs only to natures greatly endowed with rich and dangerous faculties. These various attributes of mind, it will be perceived, left Landor a prey to circumstances. If the occasion of his burst of passion was something luckily seen in

a glance of second thoughts to be trivial or unrelated to his pride, his affections, or his strenuous sense of justice, he would lead the merriment against himself by that long loud laugh which his friends so well remember, "hardly less," says Mr. Forster, "than leonine; higher and higher would peal go after peal, in continuous and increasing volleys, until regions of sound were reached very far beyond ordinary human lungs." But often his pride came to give permanence to the results of his sensitiveness. Then a warfare was entered upon, in which Landor lavished a stately scorn upon his opponent, and underwent his predestined defeat. Add to these sources of trouble the absolute submergence of his judgment when his passions were in storm. He had then abundant justice of the heart, and in fact very often had the balance of right upon his side, but of justice of the intellect he had none. With a feminine eagerness for extremes he arrayed angels of light upon one side of the cause in which he was engaged—his own or his friends' side—against fiends of darkness on the other, and masculine pride fortified his understanding against any chance incursion of common sense.

The truth is, Landor was born three centuries too late. He ought to have been a man of the Italian Renaissance—a contemporary of Cellini, whom in some points he strikingly resembles. Landor, indeed, in other particulars was notably and nobly unlike Cellini. He had no jealousy of rival artists; there was nothing savage in his temperament; antiquity was nursing mother of his intellect as well as of his imagination, and therefore his intellect was free from the taint of superstition which Catholicism carried into Cellini's blood, and his imagination itself was controlled to truer grace and beauty. On the other hand, Cellini's nature, reared in a ruder moral climate, was more robust in action and in suffering than Landor's; he had the privilege of possessing a mode for the relief of overcharged feelings—easy, sudden, and faultless—in the dagger and the sword; and his life was rich in varied and splendid circumstance both of pleasure and of pain. But Landor and Cellini resembled one another in the sensitiveness of their emotions; in the sudden possession of their whole being by a predominant feeling or thought; in their boundless self-confidence, and readiness to give that self-confidence expression; in the energy, passion, and extreme desire with which they worked as artists; and while accomplishing small works of art perfectly, both had daring to achieve things great and faulty. A medal or vase of Cellini's is not more fairly designed and more truly wrought than a "Hellenic" by Landor, and over against the "Perseus" we set "Count Julian."

But Landor is distinguished from Cellini, and such men as surrounded Cellini, especially by the gracious sweetness of his disposition and manners when causes of irritation, real and imaginary,

were absent. Mr. Forster has noticed, as a marked particularity of his genius, the union with its strength of a most uncommon gentleness, and adds, that in the personal ways of the man this was equally manifest. Leigh Hunt, after having seen Landor in Italy, "endeavoured to convey the impression produced by so much vehemence of nature, joined to such extraordinary delicacy of imagination, by likening him to a stormy mountain pine that should produce lilies." "I never saw anything but the greatest gentleness and courtesy in him," records Mr. Kirkup, "especially to women. He was chivalresque of the old school." Emerson had inferred from Landor's books, or magnified from some anecdotes, an impression of Achillean wrath—an untamable petulance. He found him "noble and courteous," "the most patient and gentle of hosts." In extreme old age, and with much in the recent past to make his temper bitter or morose, he visited at Siena the American sculptor, Mr. Story. "Landor," wrote Mr. Browning, who, by the generous and prompt service rendered about this time to the distressed old man, has added much to the debt all Englishmen owe him, "Landor has to-day completed a three weeks' stay with the Storys. They declare most emphatically that a more considerate, gentle, easily-satisfied guest never entered their house. They declare his visit has been an unalloyed delight to them."

It has seemed worth while to adduce testimony, proving (what those who knew him personally require no proof of) that, ordinarily, Landor was other than he seemed when an access of indignation or scorn possessed his heart and brain. This gentler side of his character shows itself in many little things which signify much—his love of flowers, and birds, and dumb creatures of every kind, and of children, who all loved him. "My heart is tender. I am fond of children, and of talking childishly. I hate to travel even two stages. Never without a pang do I leave the house where I was born. Even a short stay attaches me to any place." And in reply to "Arnold's first letter," found treasured amongst the old man's papers after his death, a letter hoping after the manner of little boys in round hand, that his dearest papa is quite well, sending ten thousand kisses, and wishing him to come back again with all his heart, the father's letter closes with the following: "Tell my sweet Julia that, if I see twenty little girls, I will not romp with any of them before I romp with her; and kiss your two dear brothers for me. You must always love them as much as I love you, and you must teach them how to be good boys, which I cannot do as well as you can. Go preserve and bless you, my own Arnold. My heart beats as if it would fly to you, my own fierce creature. We shall very soon meet." Birds and flowers were a dear delight to him; but at first (for afterwards, in his Italian garden, it was otherwise) he seems to have loved them,

not with that individualising affection to which each flower and haunt of flowers is known and cherished, and with which there are preferences, peculiar regards, and chosen types, as it were, of floral character; rather, he surveyed as an aristocrat in the world of ideas and of beauty this humble democracy of the fields in the mass and multitude—loving them as a prince might love his people, yet recognising in them what is recognisable also in the people, something of divine. The following, written from his recently-purchased property in Wales to Southey, will not consent to remain unquoted, and its close is surely worthy of a place in that beautiful Imaginary Conversation (Landor's favourite of all the conversations) between Epicurus and his fair disciples: "I have made a discovery, which is that there are both nightingales and glow-worms in my valley. I would give two or three thousand pounds less for a place that was without them. I hardly know one flower from another, but it appears to me that here is an infinite variety. The ground is of so various a nature and of such different elevations that this might be expected. I love these beautiful and peaceful tribes, and wish I was better acquainted with them. They always meet one in the same place, at the same season; and years have no more effect on their placid countenances than on so many of the most favoured gods." This advocate of tyrannicide, this fire-eater who could hardly be restrained from sending a challenge to Lord John Russell on the occasion of some fancied slight to a *possible* kinsman of three centuries since, this exile of Rugby, and Oxford, and England, records at the age of fifty-five that he had never in his life taken a bird's nest, though he had found many, and trembles lest any gluttonous Italian should deprive him of his cuckoo. He had more sympathy with St. Francis, who called birds and quadrupeds his brothers and sisters, than with lovers of field sports. "It is hard to take away what we cannot give; and life is a pleasant thing, at least to birds. No doubt the young ones say tender things one to another, and even the old ones do not dream of death."

This union of gentleness with impetuosity, vehemence, and explosive wrath, was only one of the many paradoxes of the character of Landor. Some of these indeed are very superficial paradoxes. Thus when Landor again and again, with laboured variety of image and epithet, expressed his contempt of the public distributors of literary praise and his indifference to their awards, we are well aware that real indifference and contempt do not so earnestly concern themselves to prove their own existence. We know that the opinions of his critics *did* interest his feelings, if not his intellect, and that no more than truth was acknowledged when he wrote to Southey, "I confess to you if even foolish men had read 'Gebir' I should have continued to write poetry. There is something of summer in the hum of in-

sects." Less on the surface, but still easy to understand, was the co-existence in Landor of unbounded self-confidence, announced to his critics in absurd challenges to write anything as good as his *worst* dialogues or poems, and a kind of bashful self-distrust. It was not distrust of his merits, but of his power of making men perceive and acknowledge them. At Rugby and Oxford, where, if wilful, he was studious and an excellent Latin scholar, he entered into no competition with his fellows. When he had completed some important work, for which he felt assured of immortality, he would transfer it with a nervous bashfulness to a friend to bring before the public. "No author living or dead," he said, "kept himself so deeply in the shade through every season of life;" and in a certain sense there was truth in this. Paradoxical, too, was the union of extreme sensibility and a faculty for ingenious self-torment with the power of resolutely turning away from pain, or eluding it when it was in pursuit of him. After periods of distressing excitement in real life he filled up the tempestuous vacancy of the soul with occupations of the life of thought, and duties to the children of his imagination; from harsh experience he turned to Art, and found her "a solitude, a refuge, a delight." Times when other men would be incapacitated by tremulous hand or throbbing brow for pure and free imagining and delicate manipulation, were precisely the productive periods of Landor. Not that he transmuted his dross of life into gold of art, or taught in song what he had learnt in suffering; rather, he would listen to no lessons of suffering, but escaped from them into the arms of joy. Among these apparent inconsistencies of Landor's character that one is especially noteworthy which is indicated by the presence of so much disorder and disproportion in his conduct of life (if conduct it can be called), and in the opinions and sentiments expressed in not a little of what he wrote, and the presence of so much order, proportion, and harmony in the form of his artistic products—so much austere strength in some, so much beauty in others, which would be recognised as severe if it were not so absolutely beautiful. And to add one other paradox—notwithstanding all the unhappy contests in which he was engaged, and his confession (far from the truth of the case) that his temper was the worst beyond comparison that ever man was cursed with, there can be little doubt he believed himself a man of peace, considered that warfare had always been forced upon him by outrages to himself or to others, which he was bound to repel, and applied with sincerity to himself his noble quatrain which serves as motto to "Last Fruits off an Old Tree:"—

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
 Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
 I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Landor's periods of productive energy being identical with periods of painful pressure of events in actual life from which he sought relief, it was natural that he should surrender himself unconditionally to the pleasurable excitement of his imagination. This, however, was but the least cause of the complete possession in which the creatures of his brain held him, while they were yet unabandoned to the world, and had no other lover than himself on whom to bestow their sweetness and their strength. In his passionate power of imaginative vision, which at once embraced the whole and its details, in the unrestrained sensibility excited by these children of his dreams, and his pride—a disinterested pride—in their beauty and grace and vigour, Landor strikingly resembled some of the great men of the Renaissance. The ardour with which he worked carried him rapidly over difficulties. His earliest poems reiterate the music of Pope; the couplets are upborne on wings which move in regular and even libration, as if by clockwork. But in a surprisingly short time he had delivered himself from the influence of Pope, received the teaching of the Greek tragic poets, discovered and admired in Pindar his "proud complacency and scornful strength," studied profoundly under Milton the secrets of poetical counterpoint, and formed a style of his own, thoroughly original, and distinguished by its restrained power and vigorous purity. Thus in his twentieth year "Gebir" was written. It is only ardour that achieves such rapid conquests. Once engaged by a subject, he wrote with speed. In forty hours a thousand lines of "Count Julian" were produced, and Southey observed truly that Landor's manner involved so much thought (excess of meaning being its fault), that the same number of lines must have cost thrice as much expense of passion and of the reasoning faculty to him as they would to Southey himself. "Andrea of Hungary" was conceived, planned, and executed in thirteen days; it was followed in a fortnight by "Giovanna of Naples," and this was the work of a man of over sixty years of age. "The worst of it is," he writes, "in anything dramatic, such is the rapidity of passion, the words escape before they can be taken down. If you lose one, you lose the tone of the person, and never can recover it. Desperation! And the action is gone too." After long walks, during which he brought before himself the various characters of his greatest drama, the very tones of their voices, their forms and complexions and step, he would write for four or five hours. "In the daytime I laboured, and at night unburdened my soul, shedding many tears." "I shed a great many tears as often as I attempted the 'Tiberius'" (one of the "Imaginary Conversations"); and of the same Dialogue he writes:—"It is here, among the rocks of the torrent Emo, that I found my Vipsania on the 5th of October. The hand that conducted her to Tiberius felt itself as strong almost as that

which led Alcestis to her husband. It has, however, so shaken me at last that the least thing affects me violently, my ear particularly."

How his friend Southey could write two poems at a time was inconceivable to Landor; he himself was unable to divide his passions and affections. "When I write a poem, my heart and all my feelings are upon it. I never commit adultery with another, and high poems will not admit flirtation." With some of his characters he had lived for two or three years before he published the poem which contained them. "Count Julian" was left off twice because the Count and his daughter each had said things which other personages might say. The visible result in the case of Landor's work, moreover, represents very inadequately the cost of production. Of what was actually written in many cases, the published poem is hardly more than half. "What loads I carted off from 'Gebir,'" he exclaimed, "in order to give it proportion, yet nearly all would have liked it better with incorrectness;" and of "Andrea of Hungary" he wrote, "I have weeded out and weeded out, and have rejected as much as would furnish any friend for another piece—as good as this." Having brought his work to its close with unusual rapidity, which alone with Landor ensured excellence, he was then fated to undergo in its keenest form the happy persecution of words and phrases, paragraphs and lines which demanded correction. A few lines apparently unimportant in "Count Julian" it cost him, Mr. Forster records, a day each on an average to alter. "All bad poets," Landor has said, "admire all that they write. A true one never suspects a passage of his own to be imperfect without cause. His suspicions are of the nature of conscience." A few touches, suggested by some casual observations in a letter from Southey, were introduced as an after-thought into the noble dialogue between the Ciceros: "I should have passed many sleepless nights," wrote Landor, "at the faultiness of my work if I had omitted them." Sleepless nights, when engaged late in life with the republication of a volume of Latin poems and inscriptions, he did actually pass, tortured by a Satanic suggestion (unquestionably it came from the father of lies) that he had been guilty of a false quantity in treating as short the first vowel of the word *flagrans*; one night had gone by in the exciting hopes and disappointments of various emendations; on the second night he lay again with open eyes until as the clock struck four he sprang out of bed repeating a line of Virgil's first "Georgic," which, with its final "ille flāgranti," brought the much-desired relief: there and then in the winter morning (Landor at this time was upwards of seventy) he hurried to write a communication of his satisfactory solution of the difficulty to Mr. Forster, who was seeing the volume through the press. "He might as well have waited till daybreak," continues the biographer, "for he gained nothing by so sacrificing

rest ; but it was his old impetuous way." It remains to be added, with respect to the manner in which Landor's works were produced, that, like Wordsworth's, much of his poetry came into being in the open air, though, unlike Wordsworth, Landor could not remember his own verses, and found it necessary to transcribe them from his brain at once. So also he was accustomed to assemble and arrange the thoughts and sentences of his prose Dialogues, uttering them aloud, while wandering amongst the hills at Fiesole. There is reason to believe that this method of open-air creation is favourable to the soundness and ripeness of form in the structure alike of prose and verse. Sentences which, threatening to come to the birth, are delivered with the easy maieutic aids of pen and paper, are too often seven-months' children which no after nursing or doctoring can make other than puny and frail. A thought or period of verse or prose which as yet has not acquired the self-resumed sharpness of individuality given by external existence, is subject to the brooding power of mind, and secretly grows and is enriched in ways we know not of. What has gone before, held by strong retention in the plastic imagination, draws towards it what comes after, and a true community of sentences or verses (far removed from the formal pen-and-ink junctions and transitions which affect chiefly the eye or the surface of the tympanum) is naturally brought about.

Of Landor's works there is an obvious first thing to say, and Mr. Forster has naturally said it in his introductory pages,—namely, that they belong to that class of writings which are not popular, and hardly can become so, while at the same time they captivate or compel to admiration many of the highest minds : the people reject them, but an aristocracy of genius and of intelligence record suffrages in their favour. Landor certainly, in the world of letters as in the world of politics, was with deliberate purpose no democrat. He detested the most democratical nation of Europe—the French. He detested the democracy of America. His ideal of government closely resembled that of the man, whom perhaps of all others he revered most profoundly—Milton ; it was a republic, but a republic ruled by an oligarchy comprising the highest wisdom, virtue, and genius of the nation. Passionately Landor desired liberty for the peoples ; sacred wrath seized him at the sight of their oppressors and betrayers ; in religion all his sympathies went with the movements which were essentially popular ; the gentle and virtuous Wesley, and the temperance preacher, Father Mathew, seemed to him like the earlier apostles re-arisen, working marvels in the hearts of multitudes. But the liberty he desired was a strenuous enforcement of the highest powers and means of society to the highest ends, no indulged wallowing-in-the-mire of a loose, unwieldy, and bewildered democracy. He loved the people and sympathised with

every bright enthusiastic aspiration towards freedom. Garibaldi, Mazzini, Kossuth were amongst his heroes; but it can hardly be doubted that, dominated over by his antique political ideal, he really failed to comprehend or live in harmony with the tendencies of the modern world. Landor loved the people, but for the most part he loved them as he did the peaceful tribes of flowers, as one inevitably above them, who yet found something infinitely attaching and pathetic in the simplicity of their wiser joys, and in the sacredness of their human sorrows. Opas, Metropolitan of Seville, pleads with Count Julian against his resolution to bring the miseries of war upon his country :—

“ If only warlike spirits were evoked
By the war-demon, I would not complain,
Or dissolute and discontented men ;
But wherefore hurry down into the square
The neighbourly, saluting, warm-clad race,
Who would not injure us, and cannot serve ;
Who, from their short and measured slumber risen,
In the faint sunshine of their balconies,
With a half-legend of a martyrdom
And some weak wine and withered grapes before them,
Note by their foot the wheel of melody
That catches and rolls on the Sabbath dance.
To drag the steady prop from failing age,
Break the young stem that fondness twines around,
Widen the solitude of lonely sighs,
And scatter to the broad bleak wastes of day
The ruins and the phantoms that replied,
Ne'er be it thine.”

From this digression it is time to return and say again that Landor, if he belonged to the republic of letters, never wished that republic to become a democracy. If the number of those who know his works as they ought to be known might easily be counted, and if, as Mr. Forster asserts, few know anything of his noble dramatic trilogy, still Landor cannot be accounted unfortunate in his readers. Shelley, from his college days to the close of his life, was a passionate admirer of “ Gebir,” and at times was possessed by it in a way from which there was no rescue or escape. Wordsworth confessed that Landor was the poet who had written verses “ of which he would rather have been the author, than of any produced in our time.” Lamb (Crabb Robinson relates) was always turning to “ Gebir ” for things that haunted him, and declared that only two men could have been author of the “ Examination of Shakspeare,”—he who wrote it, and the man it was written on. Julius Hare stated of the Collected Works that they seemed to him to contain more and more various beauty than any collection of the writings of any English author since Shakspeare. Of the “ Pentameron ” Mrs. Browning said that,

if it were not for the necessity of getting through a book, some of the pages are too delicious to turn over; and of "Pericles and Aspasia," that, if he had written only this, it would have shown him to be "of all living writers the most unconventional in thought and word, the most classical because the freest from mere classicism, the most Greek because preeminently and purely English." Mr. Carlyle, speaking of a Dialogue which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in Landor's eighty-first year, asks characteristically, "Do you think the grand old Pagan wrote that piece just now? The sound of it is like the ring of Roman swords on the helmets of barbarians. An unsubduable old Roman!" The "Imaginary Conversations" were for twenty years the companion of Emerson, and when he visited Europe, hoping to see the faces of three or four writers, one of the three or four was its author. It will not perhaps seem much to men of this generation, though Landor highly esteemed the honour, that to him Southey dedicated his "Kehama," and James his "Attila:" two other dedications will now be supposed to have conferred a higher distinction, — that in which the author of "Luria" inscribed to him his noblest drama, and that which Mr. Swinburne prefixed to "Atalanta in Calydon;" nor may we forget the homage this youngest singer of England paid to the venerable man not long before his death:—

"I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before;
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find
'Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend."

With such readers Landor might well be content, and he did not expect to be read by a multitude. "I have no reason to complain, and never did. I found my company in a hot-house warmed with steam, and conducted them to my dining-room through a cold corridor, with nothing but a few old statues in it from one end to the other, and they could not read the Greek names on the plinth, which made them hate the features above it." This is admirable, but it only approaches, and does not accurately put the finger on the causes of Landor's want of popularity. It was not merely or chiefly because the substance or subject of so much of what he wrote was classical that the people would not read his writings; it was rather because he was essentially classical in his feeling with respect to form, and also because he was essentially classical in the sphere through which his thoughts and feelings expatiated, and in the limitations of his mind.

Landor himself might have objected to being styled *classical*; he disliked these divisions of poets into schools, and held that there is only one school, the universe, and one only school-mistress, Nature. And truly, after fifty years' ringing of changes on the words "classical" and "romantic," criticism begins to find their reiterated tinkle somewhat of a sleep-compelling sound. Yet the distinction is an obviously just and important one. Nature is indeed the teacher of all true poets, but, like a wise teacher, she does not put all scholars through the same course of study, and her instruction accordingly in different scholars bears different, yet in each case appropriate fruits; in some, exuberance, variety, splendour, self-surrender to powerful but confused masses of thought and feeling, with small care to define or comprehend them; in others, order, proportion, correct perception, resulting from careful practice, regular and logical progression of ideas and feelings, that succeed one another in a clearly intelligible train. The strength of our great English authors has seldom resided in order, proportion, correct perception, according to which all the parts of a complex whole are seen in due subordination one to the other. The House of Fame to which the eagle bore our English Geffray, was characteristically a piece of poetical architecture thoroughly Gothic in design. The Fairyland in which our Spenser lived was an universe where everything incongruous in the actual world resided side by side, in perfect romantic, not classical, harmony—knights and satyrs, nymphs and nuns, Renaissance sensuousness and Christian saintliness, Aristotelian virtues and evangelical graces, Dame Cœlia and Dame Venus, and its ever-expanding, luminous, and sweet horizons are far removed from the clearly-defined and shapely outlines of an Attic landscape. Our Elizabethan dramatists, thoroughly English as they are, in a pre-eminent degree are unclassical, and even anti-classical; and the attempts made at various times to bend our literature to classicism were not of native origin, and may certainly be pronounced failures. But Landor, with respect to artistic form, was essentially Greek. The feeling for order, proportion, harmony, simplicity, was with him supreme. He never *phrygianized* (to borrow his own word) an obvious and natural thought with "such biting and hot curling-irons that it rolls itself up impenetrably." He never allowed a great idea or beautiful image, or felicitous expression to appear in his writings until he had found a place for it; hence his good things when presented in the way of extracts, seem wronged and insulted, as if the old statues one meets in wandering about some nobly-ordered garden were all brought together and stationed in rank and file upon the terrace. When Landor wanted to say a clever thing, he knew what to do with it, and wrote an epigram; in his more serious writings he never does say clever things; he felt that it is "as intolerable to keep

reading over perpetual sharpnesses as to keep walking over them." And when he is elevated he is not so in a way to take away one's breath; he conducts one to his altitude of passion, or mount of speculation along much lower ground, and by a gradual ascent; otherwise for him no height is attainable. He is never blown away with ruffled wings in a wind of desire; his alacrity is a calm alacrity, like the descending or ascending movement of Mercury on a divine errand. Moderation and composure (of course form alone is here spoken of) are never lost. "Whoever has the power of creating," says Boccaccio, in the "Pentameron," "has likewise the inferior power of keeping his creation in order. The best poets are the most impressive, because their steps are regular, for without regularity there is neither strength nor state." In humour there seems to be naturally and almost necessarily some disturbance of balance and some shifting refraction of objects in the rippled waters of laughter. But Landor's humour at its best, when truest to his genius, appears a gayer part of the perfect order of things; he shows himself at times as great a master as Addison of concinnity in the playful. It would not be easy to find anything in the "Sir Roger de Coverley" papers more gracefully humorous than the narrative of Messer Francesco Petrarca's ride to hear mass on the Lord's day in the parish church at Certaldo. It is so graceful, because it is severe with no appearance of severity.

This passion for order, proportion, beauty of form, naturally influenced deeply Landor's critical judgments. Spenser never was a favourite with him ("me he mostly sent to bed"), but in the case of Spenser, his classical spirit was offended less by the poet's indifference to unity and shapeliness, than by the allegory, a species of art in which the idea and the form, the soul and the body stand over one against the other, and do not exist in vital union and interpenetration, a species of art fostered from the earliest times by Christianity, and which had few attractions for Landor. In Greece form and idea existed in absolute and inseparable identity. So fared it with Spenser. But the Elizabethan dramatists were placed absolutely without the range of Landor's enjoying faculty by their disregard of proportion and order, by their "vast exaggeration and insane display." Webster, Ford, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Chapman, and the rest, are "the mushrooms that sprang up in a ring under the great oak of Arden"—certainly good-sized mushrooms, of the height of ordinary oaks, or thereabouts.¹ And the

(1) There is so much of Landor, and so much that is just in his criticism of the Elizabethan drama, put into the mouth of Southey addressing Porson, that it may stand here in a note:—"I find the over-crammed curiosity shop, with its incommensurable appendages, some grotesquely rich, all disorderly and disconnected. Rather would I find, as you would, the well-proportioned hall, with its pillars of right dimensions, at right distances; with its figures some in high relief and some in lower; with its statues

head of Wordsworth's artistic offending lay for Landor in his supposed want of vigilant superintendence of form, in the unsuccinct zone of his Muse, in the "determination to hold you in one spot until you have heard him through, the reluctance that anything should be lost." This vice lay in the constitution of Wordsworth, according to his critic, and was unalterable. What Landor has thus charged against Wordsworth is indeed partially true, and it is also true that the vice lay in his constitution; but, in as far as it did, it lies—or at least the tendency towards it—in the constitution of every poet who is also and primarily a prophet, every poet who has to deliver a message to his age. Milton himself in his earnest zeal to justify the ways of God to man, has not left his work in this respect absolutely without reproach.

And here we come upon what must for ever fix the place of Landor, on the whole (in some particular qualities of workmanship he is unsurpassed and unsurpassable), far below that of his contemporaries, Wordsworth and Shelley, and very far below that of Goethe, whom on a quite inadequate acquaintance Landor and Wordsworth alike rejected. Apart from his political creed, which was that of Plutarch's men, as remote from that of the democratic nations of the present century as Athens is from New York, or Walt Whitman's Chants from the tragedies of Sophokles, yet which contained truths of much importance for his own day—apart from this Landor had no great authentic word of the Lord to utter. He did not understand the most striking characteristics of his age; he did not comprehend its hopes, nor carry its sorrows; he could, therefore, bring no healing promise or threatening—no "Comfort ye," and no "Woe unto you." He had many great thoughts, and many ardent passions, but the thoughts were not of first-rate importance with reference to his time, the passions were sometimes out of place, and often, instead of clearing and strengthening his intellectual eyes (as passion clears and strengthens the eyes of the prophetic spirits) they drew a film across them which dimmed and distorted. He neither, like Homer, and Dante, and Shakspeare, resumed in himself a whole civilization, a whole epoch in the history of the human mind and human life; nor did he, as pre-eminently Goethe did, and, with less accuracy and fulness, Wordsworth and Shelley did each in his own way, receive divine oracles to deliver to the men of his time.

The French nation, with a true instinct, has dated the birth of our new world from the year 1789. Then the critical and constructive

and its busts of glorious men and women, whom I recognise at first sight; and its tables of the rarest marbles, and richest gems, inlaid in glowing porphyry, and supported by imperishable bronze. Without a pure simplicity of design, without a just subordination of characters, without a select choice of such personages as either have interested us or must by the power of association, without appropriate ornaments laid on solid materials, no admirable poetry of the first order can exist."

philosophy of the eighteenth century (for it was both critical and constructive¹) had overshadowed society and begotten the genius of revolution, and the political ardours and aspirations had gathered force to declare themselves. In the critical philosophy upon its positive and negative sides, often disguised in the form of reactions, and operating in the creation of systems antagonistic to itself, yet still the critical philosophy—in this existing in living union with the passions, hopes, fears and immense fatigues, produced by the French Revolution, lies the history of literature for the first thirty years of the nineteenth century. Goethe, notwithstanding the Olympian calmness with which he viewed political and military movements apart from the culture they might create or destroy, was a child of the critical and constructive philosophy of the eighteenth century and of the French Revolution. "Faust" (not what English readers call "Faust," that is, its first and unintelligible half, but the whole poem) is more nearly than anything else of the time the deliverance in words of

"The soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come."

And it is very singular how closely the concluding scenes of the poem resemble in their ethical significance what Comte was labouring to express in another way. Faust engaged in his draining operations, which led to such splendid results, and, having wholly forsaken metaphysics, is a Comtist of the master's first period. His philanthropy and utilitarianism are, however, still of a somewhat hard type; he grasps the good of the majority with too slight a concern for the individual—witness the burning of the obnoxious cottage; he is not quite delivered from Mephistopheles; he is deficient in love. Faust ascending to the celestials, subject to ever more and more sacred influences of love, finding in his pardoned and accepted Margaret a humaner and more divine Beatrice, and aspiring eternally to the heart of the *Ewigweibliche*, is a Comtist of the master's second period, and, of course, an excellent Catholic. We commend him to the notice of Mr. Congreve. Wordsworth and Shelley, as well as Goethe, have intimate relations in one way or another with both the preceding philosophical movement and the French Revolution. They also understood and were possessed by the tendencies of their time, however to a shallow observer the reverse may appear true of Wordsworth; they had something of the first, or, at least, of the second importance to tell their age about itself. But Landor never partially understood either the critical philosophy or the French Revolution. His supreme Hellenism rendered that impossible. Goethe has, how often! been styled the

(1) And eminently spiritual in its faith that ideas and moral feelings were stronger than material forces, and that thought, justice, and charity would revolutionise the world.

great Pagan. He never was Pagan, any more than Faust was when wedded to Helena, and hence his most classical production, "Iphigeneia," is by no means so much in the antique spirit as some people suppose; and, indeed, as Schiller proved, and Goethe himself acknowledged, is romantic through the predominance of sentiment. But Landor, with a true perception and sound judgment, finding late in life in one of his "Hellenics" a trace of romantic sentiment, struck out the lines. He, indeed, was what Mr. Carlyle named him, "a grand old Pagan," though he was, as every one must be with eighteen centuries of Christian life behind him, much more than a Pagan. But Pagan enough he was to find the atmosphere of Faust's study not capable of being breathed, and no one who cannot remain awhile in that study is a man of the present century. The following sentences, from Landor's letter to Emerson, are decisive on this point: "Neither in my youthful days, nor in any other, have I thrown upon the world such trash as 'Werter' and 'Wilhelm Meister,' nor flavoured my poetry with the corrugated spicery of metaphysics. . . . Fifty pages of Shelley contain more of pure poetry than a hundred of Goethe, *who spent the better part of his time in contriving a puzzle, and in spinning out a yarn for a labyrinth.*" For one and the same reason Landor was incapable of doing justice to Plato, Goethe, Wordsworth, and, in part, Dante. These men could move in a world of ideas and feelings to which he could find no entrance, and he even declared with assurance that no entrance existed.

It remains to observe, in connection with this subject, that Landor, when he wrote dramatic poetry, in some remarkable particulars ceased to be classical. Form, order, proportion are of course inevitably observed. But in his dramas it is not the treatment of an action which he undertakes, but the display and development of a character. And his female characters are as originally conceived and as exquisitely delineated as his men. Here indeed is one of Landor's strongest claims upon our admiration, and one which could hardly fail to obtain general recognition if other causes, sufficiently dwelt upon already, did not deter readers from entering upon his works. How few hands since Shakspeare could have drawn so difficult and delicate a portrait as that of Giovanna! And a whole choir of gracious forms haunts our imaginations after we have closed the "Imaginary Conversations." Certainly—Electra, Antigone, and Alcestis notwithstanding—the delineation of female character of all types, and under every circumstance, has been one of the high peculiar glories of the Christian drama.

More has here been said of Landor's poetical than of his prose works, because inadequate as is the general appreciation of both, the disproportion between their merits and the favour they commonly

receive is greater in the case of those than of these. A reader entirely unacquainted with Landor's writings, and prepared by appropriate culture for enjoying pure classical workmanship, might well begin with the "Hellenics." The dramas may at any time be read. "Gebir" should be reserved till late; it keeps the inner eyes too intensely and too constantly on the strain; its severity is not concealed, but over-apparent; its constricted style produces occasional obscurity; poets suffering from hæmorrhage of the imagination or heart would find it an excellent styptic. Nothing quite comparable to the "Hellenics" has been produced in recent times, unless they be some poems of André Chénier. Chénier is the more lyrical, and although he imitated directly from classical authors (being yet thoroughly original), and Landor did not, is in some respects the more modern of the two; and accordingly the French singer is a near kinsman of the romantic poets of 1830, and dowered them with a rich legacy. Chénier is thoroughly French as well as thoroughly Greek. There is more of radiancy, more of the sense of pleasure, more of youth and freshness in him than in Landor; the spring is in his verses, and their sadness is the tender sadness of an April evening. The form is perfect with both. There is more self-restraint with Landor; more seeming happy facility with Chénier. The "Hellenics" are like the designs upon Greek urns; the "Poésies Antiques" like paintings upon Pompeian walls, but nobler. But as Chénier's sweet, sad, diminished life is seen like a narrow ripple beside the resounding and strong wave of Landor's life, so its accomplishment seems little beside the great verse and prose of Landor. Only what Chénier did was all faultless—Landor's works have abundant faults in the matter of them, which, however, we shall not care to remember against a writer who, more than any Englishman, "wrote, as others wrote, on Sunium's height."

EDWARD DOWDEN.

INFLUENCE OF CIVILISATION ON HEALTH.¹

TOWARDS the middle of the last century a strange question was raised by a strange man. It was a question so vast, so astounding, so chimerical, so destructive, that in any other time but ours and his, men would not have listened to it, would assuredly not have cared to answer it. For the question which Jean Jacques Rousseau put to civilised Europe was nothing less than this: Is not the whole fabric of human society, from beginning to end, a continuous and systematic blunder? The manners and the modes of men, their decalogues, their worships, their laws, their pleasures, their sciences, their arts, —the rich many-coloured tissue of man's life woven in the loom of Time,—seemed to the eloquent self-tortured sophist, but as the rags of the charnel-house. Civilised man was a monstrous and abortive growth; a distortion of the healthy vital process. Yet the disease, though terrible, was not beyond the hope of care. There was a road to recovery, though a difficult one. "Revert," said Rousseau, "to the state of nature. In the American forests, in the islands of the South Sea, you may still behold the true type of man. Undo the hateful work of time. Strip your civilisation off. Erase the past. Begin history again."

There is no need for us seriously to examine the paradox of Rousseau. But the paradoxes of sophists and of charlatans, especially when the marsh fires of false sentiment and vanity are annihilated now and then by the lightning of true genius and passion, have sometimes a prophetic force, and start problems which a later age shapes into definite form, and subjects to scientific method. Sociology, like chemistry, has its alchemistic period. And the abstract entity of "Nature" played the same part in the sociological speculations of Rousseau as the "vital spirits" in the biological speculations of Boerhaave, or as the "eternal fitness of things" in the moral speculations of Fielding's pedagogue. For it needs hardly to be stated that the philosophical savage of Rousseau, combining in himself the qualities of a Greek sage, a Roman hero, and a Christian saint, bore as close a relation to the Choctaws and Iroquois whom he professed to admire, as the gods of Olympus to the bandits who may inhabit the neighbourhood of that mountain in the present day.

The world is now beginning to see that we have no more reason to regard social phenomena than we have chemical phenomena as being under the dominion of arbitrary agencies, either without or within, either personified or abstract, either supernatural or

(1) Delivered before the Royal Institution, February 27, 1869.

metaphysical. Without either denying or affirming such agencies, we regard them as, in the strict sense of the word, transcendental, transcending the powers of man to investigate. We limit ourselves to the study of the laws, that is, of the constant relations which exist in social phenomena, as well as in electrical or chemical phenomena. And in this study we are guided, first, by the various methods, instruments, and results, of which students of mathematics, physics, and biology, respectively avail themselves; and, secondly, and more especially, by a method peculiar to the subject matter; a method which will, so far as we can see, remain for ever as distinct from discussions on the Protoplasm, as it will from discussions on the binomial theorem; the method of Historical Filiation, or the study of the laws according to which the acts of each generation affect the acts of its successors.

The application of these remarks to the subject before us will be, I trust, obvious. We may take up the problem which Rousseau mooted, and to which he gave so confused and chimerical a solution. We may deal with the same series of phenomena, but treat these phenomena in a Positive, not in a Metaphysical spirit. We may, like Rousseau, propose to examine into that complex order of facts called Human Civilisation, and form an opinion as to its effect upon the physical organism. But unlike him we start with the conviction that these facts are subject to natural laws; that civilisation cannot be created or destroyed by a few eloquent words, a few magical abstractions, such as a State of Nature, a Social Contract, Rights of Man; that the phenomena of which it consists, and that portion of them which relates to the physical structure of man, as well as others, are subject to natural spontaneous processes, lying to a large extent beyond human interference. We have then to settle what the limits of such interference are, and how and in what direction it is to be exercised. To find the law, to find the limits within which its operation can be artificially modified by human action,—this is the twofold problem.

To come at once to the point. In what way is the civilisation of Western Europe affecting the health of European populations? that is the first question: and the second question is, having found the spontaneous law of the influence of civilisation upon health, how far can the operation of that law be modified by artificial human action? I need, I hope, hardly say that I do not pretend, in the limits of this lecture, limited still more narrowly by the measure of my intellectual power, to give a satisfactory answer to either of these questions. I wish only to put before this audience in a definite and precise form a problem which is unquestionably the greatest, or all but the greatest, that can possibly be presented for human thought; and for the solution of which all that portion of the intellectual energies of man-

kind which is not absorbed in the immediate requirements of every-day life will not be found too great.

On ne doit penser, said Leibnitz, essentiellement qu'à deux choses ; d'abord la vertu, et puis la santé. These are the words of no pedagogue, no droner of dull saws, but of the most encyclopædic thinker, if we except Des Cartes, for Bacon we need not except, whom the world had seen since Aristotle. Virtue and Health : that is to say, whatever tends to ennoble human life, whatever tends to strengthen it, this forms the twofold object of human thought. It will be one purpose of this lecture to show these two objects are in reality far less separable than they seem ; that they are the gold and silver sides of the same shield. And if my subject leads me to dwell with apparent exclusiveness upon the less precious metal, let me not be thought for a moment to ignore the transcendent superiority of the other.

It is essential, then, to form some clear and comprehensive conception of what is meant by Health. Many definitions have been suggested of it. I have elsewhere defined it as the *greatest energy of each part, compatible with the energy of the whole*. A simpler definition of it, given in a short Sanitary Catechism intended for primary schools, is, *Being able to do a good day's work easily*. The simpler definition coincides in meaning with the more complex. Energy is measurable by the amount of work done. When there is perfect health, *there* will be the greatest economy of the vital energies ; *there* will be the most complete *synergy* of all the functions ; *there* will be the minimum of loss, resulting from antagonism of functions, and from degradation of the higher into the lower forms of force. Let me escape for a moment from the abstract into the concrete. The digestive process requires for its due performance a certain amount of nervous energy. In a healthy man, the function is perfectly performed, with a minimum of nervous force ; as little as possible is subtracted from what is needed for the higher purposes of life. There is a certain lowering, even in this case, of the moral and intellectual functions : Thought is less vigorous, Emotion less delicate, sensitive, and aspiring ; but the direct strain on the superior portions of the nervous system is slight, there is no pain, no consciousness. In the diseased condition of the organ the case is precisely opposite. Then, owing to whatever physical, chemical, or organic obstructions, the call made on the nervous energy is great—a long and complex series of extraneous, and for the end in view, useless, actions and reactions is started ; the secreting tissue calls for more blood ; the influx of blood in turn morbidly affects the secreting tissue ; unwonted stimuli are sent through the terminal nerve fibres to the spinal cord and brain ; pain is felt ; a disturbance more or less profound of the emotional nature arises ; morbid reactions radiate in

every direction to the part primarily affected, to the whole muscular system, to the organs of intellectual action, and to every other part of the fabric. The oscillation in time ceases; the function is at last performed; but energy has been wasted, has been degraded from the higher forms of thought, feeling, and action, to some lower and, for human purposes, useless phase of force.

Take another instance, illustrating healthy or morbid performance of muscular function. Two boys of equal muscular development, but of different skill, are throwing stones—the practised thrower with slight effort, sends his stone eighty yards; the tyro exerts twice the amount of muscular force, and produces half the result. Muscular energy that should have been consumed in hurling the stone, reveals itself in the useless form of increased evolution of heat. For the purpose in view, it has been wholly lost. I might take as a third instance of a function healthily and unhealthily performed, the contrast between two fighting men of equal courage, the one a drilled soldier, the other a wild savage. The same destructive passions are ablaze in both; a tremendous force available for the end aimed at. But the savage expends a large portion of that force in aimless actions, in wild cries, and frantic gestures. The drilled, self-controlling soldier allows none of the explosive force to be wasted thus; he reserves and stores up his passion till it can be concentrated on the predetermined action.

“ With noise and clamour, as a flight of birds,
The men of Troy advanced : as when the cranes,
Flying the wintry storms, send forth on high
Their dissonant clamours, while on the ocean stream
They steer their course, and on their pinions bear
Battle and death to the Pygmean race.

On the other side the Greeks in silence moved,
Breathing firm courage, bent on mutual aid.”

The greatest energy of each part compatible with the greatest energy of the whole—such is, then, our definition of Health; implying, as we have seen, the harmonious action of each organ, the absence of antagonism, the combination of strong individuality with orderly co-operation. Health, in fact, in biological science, is analogous to the great conception which dominates the kindred science of Sociology; the combination of Order with Progress.

Slightly varying our point of view, we may again define Health as *The most perfect form of Life*. Now Life consists, as Auguste Comte long pointed out, in the continuous adjustment of an organism to its environment. Health, therefore, is the state in which that adjustment or adaptation is most complete. I will again endeavour to render my meaning tangible by illustrations drawn from the three modes of life which in man are found united: vegetable life, animal life, and social life.

The function called Respiration is an interchange or reciprocal action carried on between the atmosphere and the liquefied substance of the organism; the surface at which these two agents come into contact being the respiratory mucous membrane. The right performance of this function depends, then, essentially upon two conditions. The air must be pure, the blood and the lung-tissue must be sound. The first condition is physical; the second may be called at present, for want of a better name, vital. It depends upon the constitutional stamina—that is, upon the inherited vigour of the organism. It is a question of breed.

Turn now for a moment to the twofold tissues of Animal Life, the nervo-muscular tissues, which bring the organism into relation with other species, friendly or hostile, enabling it thus to select its rare and complex nutriment. There, too, the health, the work done by nerve or muscle, depends on proper adaptation of the environment and the organ; on the inherited vigour of the muscular substance and on the weight that it is called upon to lift; on the inherited delicacy of the ear or eye, or touch, and on the quality of the luminous, auditory, or tactile phenomena presented to it. The ear of the Red Indian, the eye of the eagle, the touch of the Hindoo weaver, the muscle of the navvy, possess inherited adaptation to photic, acoustic, cohesive, and gravitating phenomena to which the eye, ear, touch, or muscles of an ordinary man would be as insensitive and dead as a stick or a stone.

Finally, consider the third mode of vitality, found to an appreciable degree in man alone—Social Life. For I assume it as an axiom for my present purpose, doubtful though the doctrine may be to many, that man is distinguished from the other animal races, not by the possession of any organs which they have not, but by his existence, for a period of time so vast that geologists alone can estimate it, in the Social State. The brain of every infant born into the world is the receptacle of an enormous mass of inherited tendencies, traceable in great part to primeval ages, when it may have been doubtful which of the higher species of animals it should be that should gain the victory over the rest, and attain supremacy over the planet. These tendencies are, like the visual capacity, the auditory capacity, the tactile capacity, called into action by appropriate stimuli from the environment. And what in this case is the environment? The environment for this phase of vitality is Humanity; by which I mean not merely so many millions of individual men who may happen then to be living in the world, but the resultant sum of all human effort throughout the immeasurable past, embodied in that portion of the existing generation which has received and is fertilising the inheritance of the past, and which has not become a diseased and abortive misgrowth. Humanity in this sense of the word is to the

individual what the organism of the mother is to the organism of the child before birth; and the organ of intercommunication between these two finds its analogue (most profound is the analogy to those who search it) in the human brain. The environment, or stimulus to moral action, in the individual, consists in the passions of other men finding vent in their appropriate actions; the play of those passions being regulated by the past history, the institutions, the government, the religion, the art, the science, the traditional teaching, that may at that time prevail.

Let me take as before one illustration from a thousand that would serve my purpose. There is an instinct in man, whether located in this convolution of the brain or in that matters little,—the instinct, whether simple or complex, exists, and is assuredly connected with some portion or portions of the cerebral substance—the instinct which prompts man to secure the approbation of his fellow-men. Every nursemaid knows that some children are born with this instinct strong, others have it weak. Given this instinct of a certain strength, the mode in which it shall perform its function depends now upon the environment. Let us see to what differences variation in this respect may conduct us.

There have been societies where personal courage was the one thing valued above all others. And in such communities a man in whom the instinct we are speaking of was predominant would concentrate his energies, and sacrifice life itself, in the performance of deeds of valour. There have been other periods and places, as in the best times of the Roman Republic, and of the French, English, and Dutch Revolutions, in which the sense of civic duty was marvellously strong. There have been yet other times in which saintliness of life was the object of the strongest popular reverence. It is clear that the tendency to secure the praise of men, supposing it for a moment unresisted and unmodified by other instincts, would, so far as it went, stimulate a member of such communities to imitate respectively the actions of the Homeric warrior, the Roman citizen, or of the Mediæval saint.

Take yet another case. Suppose a community and an epoch, in which from various causes the military instinct was no longer called universally into play; suppose its population to have outgrown the limits within which the civic or patriotic spirit exercises an active controlling force, so that large masses may grow up, ignoring and ignored of one another; suppose, further, that owing to a vast revolution in opinion, Religion had almost ceased for a time to count as an influence in practical life; suppose, also, that as part of that same revolution in the intellectual world, man's power over natural forces had stupendously increased; what would be the reaction upon the instinct that we are considering of a social environment like this,

in which the centripetal forces had been so suddenly diminished, the centrifugal as rapidly increased? What but this; that in so shifting a social state, the ties that bind man to his fellow citizens, those still more essential ties that bind him to the past or future, being weakened or shattered, the highest honours would be paid, not to the warrior, the patriotic citizen, or the saint, but to the man who had realised the means of power and of personal enjoyment; and that wealth, not military force, being the instrument of power, the acquisition of wealth would become the direct road to the satisfaction of the desire for praise.

I have been considering, you observe, in order to render my meaning more precise, one instinct alone. I have left untouched other equally strong or stronger instincts—the love of command, the animal instinct of hoarding, or the elementary cravings for physical pleasure. But the final result will, when the effect of these, under such conditions, has been analysed, be still more obvious and certain—the pursuit of wealth for purely personal objects will concentrate every effort of that community, to the exclusion or postponement of every other object; so that at last it will become almost incredible to practical men not looking very far behind them or before, that any other object should be even appreciable as a permanent stimulus to human action, and a system of doctrine will arise to which will be given the large name of Political Economy, etymologically meaning the mode of administering states, but in reality (I speak of the greater part of the writings that go by that name, not of the writing of such men as Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill) based on the implicit assumption that the acquisition of wealth is the sole source from which human societies have arisen, the sole bond that secures their cohesion, the sole motive for prolonged human effort. And wealth being the one object of desire, we may be sure that it will be created, accumulated, and destroyed, with a velocity unparalleled in other times; created, because I have supposed an enormous extension in man's grasp over the power of nature; accumulated, because I have supposed the moral checks that have hitherto stood in the way of rapid accumulation to be weakened; and destroyed for the same reason,—the man of wealth feeling himself at liberty to appropriate very large proportions of it to personal enjoyment, and not feeling any strong public obligation to preserve it for any civic purpose, or for the advantage of posterity.

And such being the moral condition, such the social environment, what will be the visible result, what will be the effect upon the physical structure, upon the breed of men and women? You will have, in the first place, a large and wide diffusion of material well-being. The intensified desire to accumulate will imply an immensely increased demand for labour; for the capitalist does not *make* his

fortune, as is commonly and most falsely said, he only accumulates it; the fortune is made for him by the labourers; the capitalist contributing simply the directing skill, the plant, and the food necessary to support the labourers during their work. There will be an immense demand, therefore, for labour, and among many classes of labourers there will be a large increase of wages. And as a sufficient supply of wholesome food and of warm clothing is one essential constituent of public health, this result will be beneficial. But having put this result in one scale, and given to it its due weight—and the weight is very considerable—nearly every other result must be placed in the opposite scale. There are other conditions of health besides good food and warm clothing—conditions still more important than they. Pure air, pure water, sufficient sunlight, moderation in the hours of work, regularity of work, absence of excessive sexual or alcoholic stimuli, preservation of women, and above all, of wives and mothers, from all work outside the home—these are some of the remaining conditions of health, recognised by all.

And there is yet another condition less universally recognised, so little understood, in fact, that I find it hard to choose words which shall convey a prompt and clear conception of my meaning. I will call it Harmony of the Moral Nature; and, strange as at the first glance it may seem to introduce such a subject into a sanitary lecture, I think it may be shown, without any abstruse reasoning, that it lies at the very root of the matter. If we believe what modern science teaches, that no thought, no passion, no volition takes place without some motion or molecular change in the substance of some portion of the brain; if we reflect, also, that every portion of the body, not merely the skin, the organs of sense, and the muscles, but the heart, the blood vessels, the lungs, and every other organ of vegetal and reproductive life, maintains through its nerve fibres an immediate and unbroken connection with the brain; if we bear in mind, also, how promptly nerve-vibrations or disturbances are propagated in every direction where they find an outlet, it will be all but impossible to conceive that a disturbance begun at either termination of the nervous fibril should leave the other termination untouched.

Test this anatomical reasoning by the common sense and observation of man. The relation of Emotion to the muscular system is obvious to all. Every one, consciously or otherwise, is a physiognomist, and physiognomy is based on this relation. Gesture springs from it; artificial gesticulation, from the simple mimic of the infant or savage, to those finer laryngeal contractions that we call language, presupposes it. And what is true of the muscular system holds good of every other part of the body. In exceptional cases we all recognise this. That violent shocks of fear, suspense, grief, joy, shame, anger, stimulate or paralyse in various degrees the secreting capacity of the

mucous membranes, or the pulsations of the heart, needs no physiologist to discover. But the mistake is, that though we recognise the rare and more striking cases, we are blind to the more insensible and continuous action; just as the older geologists paid no heed to any changes on the earth's surface but such as were violent or convulsive; whereas it is the slow, unceasing, unseen process that produces the really great results. It is not the great shock, but the unintermitting succession of minor shocks that is really formidable. In some men, and in some periods of history, the conflicting emotions of our nature have been knit together by a strong religious faith, by an overwhelming social purpose. In other men and other times there has been no belief, no guiding principle, and the passions have wasted their force in fierce mutual struggle alternating with nerveless apathy. In the one case you will have men like the soldiers of the Roman republic, the God-fearing Ironsides of Cromwell, or the volunteers of the French Revolution. In the other case you will have Fausts and Hamlets in the higher classes, and in the lower you will have huge ungoverned masses of hopeless drudges. Do you suppose that the vital stamina would be the same in either case? Do you suppose there would be the same average resistance to an atmospheric contagion? Do you imagine that man does not live by hope, as well as by bread? And do you think, for instance, that if it be true, as our agricultural commissioners stated a month or two ago, that hope has been taken away from the field labourer by the wholesale Enclosure Acts and territorial aggregations of the last seventy years, you have not gone some way to weaken the vigour of his pulse and the vitality of his breed? Health depends on complex conditions, without and within; and where the physical conditions are fatal, the moral will not avail: but, other things apart, when the emotions are coherent and strong, health will be strong and coherent also. Discord in the one tends, whether the tendency be concealed or visible, to breed discord in the other.

Into the mode by which this coherence is attained, this is not the time or place to enter fully. It implies the subjection of all faculties and emotions to the sway of a master passion; and were the individual man alone concerned, that passion might with indifference, so far as health was regarded, be either egoist or altruist. The perfectly selfish and the perfectly unselfish man, fulfil the moral conditions of health better than he in whose nature there is a constant warfare between the better and the worse. And the self-regarding passions being in all untrained animals, man not excepted, stronger and more massive than the sympathetic, it may seem at first sight that the former afford a far easier mode of attaining the sanitary equilibrium than the latter. So it might be, if the problem dealt with an isolated man; but it deals not with man, but with men. The gratification

of any selfish passion in one involves almost always its being either thwarted, or its rousing antagonistic instincts, in others. It is only the sympathetic instincts, which admit of being gratified simultaneously in all. Consequently, it is only through their supremacy, imperfect as this must, in the best state of society, ever be, that moral harmony, with its consequent results upon public health, is attainable.

But let us revert now to the physical conditions of health, and see how far these are likely to be affected by such a condition of the social environment as I have been describing—namely, decadence of the military spirit; weakening of the old moral, religious, and traditional obligations; increased desire for wealth, and, owing to the growth of science, increased power of obtaining it. Obviously results would follow of a kind never witnessed in history but once, and let us hope never again to be repeated—results, some two or three of which you see faintly shadowed in the diagrams before you, representing certain aspects of the industrial life of England in the nineteenth century. You will have an enormous growth of great towns—growth maintained partly by a rapid influx from rural districts, partly by a large increase of a feeble population in the towns themselves. You will have large masses of population devoted to sedentary occupations carried on in a way inconsistent with vigorous life. You will have manufactures carried on with next to no regard for the health of the labourers employed, and no regard whatever for the health of the inhabitants surrounding them. You will have huge encampments of badly-built houses, worse than tents, in that they keep out the oxygen of the atmosphere, and keep in the carbonic acid of their occupants—houses built for the lowest price round closed courts or in narrow lanes. You will have the two main constituents of life—air and water—poisoned. You will have children and children's mothers set to work of a kind which ensures that the next generation shall be feeble. The labour required being for the most part light, the lightly paid labour of children will be in large demand, and thus an additional stimulus will be given to early marriages. The tropical temperature and vitiated air of the work-room, and the reaction from the dull, colourless, unlovely, monotonous life, will produce a temperament morbidly craving for physical pleasure, a craving which imperatively demands gratification; and as no healthy means for gratifying it will be at hand, it will be sought in the excitement of alcoholic drink, or in another form of intemperance still more fatal, because it poisons the blood of the innocent and the unborn. These are some of the social phenomena that follow with the certainty and precision of all natural laws from the moral, political, and physical conditions which I presupposed. It is a picture realised, I will not say in the England of the present day—for exception would justly be taken to such a picture—but realised in the England of

twenty years ago, before the Factory Act was passed; before Mr. Chadwick and Dr. Southwood Smith had written their valuable reports; before that long series of sanitary Acts had been passed—a vast, incoherent, but not wholly ineffectual, mass of legislation—which a Royal Commission is now proposing to examine.

Since that time it is impossible to say that things have been allowed to take their course without attempt to modify it. But it remains open to us to ask, whether these attempts are not still immeasurably inadequate, whether they betray anything more than the most glimmering consciousness of the evil to be remedied, whether, in short, the People and the Government of England have as yet seriously set themselves to consider the question of maintaining the standard of English health and English breed. That many thousands of lives during the last twenty years, or even tens of thousands of lives have been saved, by sanitary measures, is very certain. Meantime the terrible question recurs, are the lives saved vigorous lives or feeble? For remember that the rate of mortality in any town or nation, the number of people, that is to say, who die yearly out of every hundred, or hundred-thousand, though a most essential fact in the case, and most useful as opening out the first rough view of the sanitary condition of that population, is a most imperfect and incomplete measure of its health. Had it been possible for Captain Cook, when he visited Otaheite or New Zealand, before they were contaminated by European disease, to have collected the annual rate of mortality, it is very possible he might have found it as high as that of Liverpool; for the inhabitants were engaged in perpetual warfare, and the number of males who perished in battle in the prime of life must have been very great. Yet the standard of health, as evidenced by the rapidity of their recovery from the most frightful wounds—and probably no surer or more delicate criterion of health could be found—was such as to mislead Cook's fellow-voyagers into the belief that the islanders must be acquainted with herbs of marvellous efficiency in the cure of wounds; had not that great navigator, not less far in advance of his time as a sanitarian than as a navigator, explained to them that magic herbs were not needed; that "the blood itself was the best vulnerary balsam." It is probable that the deaths in the last years of the Trojan war were numerous; yet Homer would certainly have assured us that the health, in spite of an occasional pestilence, was vigorous enough. At all events, the warriors who fought and died there, whose existence I feel under no particular obligation to doubt, left sons behind them from whom sprang the race that fought at Thermopylæ and Salamis. No, it is not the three sore scourges that King David feared—war, famine, or even pestilence—which sap the energies of a nation and wither its blood. The strongest survive these fierce

onslaughts, and fill the places of those that are gone with a breed yet stronger. The sources of national decay lie deeper, and act more slowly.

Or, to come to modern England, a most inadequate conception of the health of fishermen, miners, or sailors, would be formed by mere study of the bills of their mortality, until we knew how many of their deaths came by violence, how many by disease. Again, to take a converse case, the rate of mortality in London tells us almost nothing of its real sanitary state. For, in the first place, London is an aggregate of a dozen or more vast communities, varying in wealth, intelligence, and every other sanitary condition; some of them healthy as Westmoreland, others as diseased as Manchester; in the second place, London enjoys a reputation for health very far greater than it deserves, owing to so large a proportion of its inhabitants being immigrants from country villages.

Guarding ourselves with these precautions, we may now proceed to interpret the facts stated on these diagrams, and also some others equally essential.

The principal facts to be considered are these:—

- (1.) The growth of great towns in the last half century.
- (2.) The influx into these towns from the country.
- (3.) The mortality of infants.
- (4.) The mortality of adult men and of women at the respective ages when their health is most important to the succeeding generation.
- (5.) The condition of the agricultural population, which may be regarded as the reserve stock of national vitality on which rapidly-increasing demands are being made.

A sufficiently precise notion of the first of these facts may be gathered from the subjoined table:—

In 1811 there were 51 towns containing above 10,000 inhabitants, and these towns contained 24 per cent. of the English population. In 1861 there were 165 of these towns, containing 44 per cent. of the population. In 1811 there were 16 towns over 20,000; in 1861 there were 72; containing 19 per cent. of the population in the first case, 38 in the second. In 1811 there was no town in England, except London, with a population over 100,000; in 1861 there were 12 such towns, and they contained one quarter of the people.

The second fact, the immigration into towns from the country, may be stated with equal conciseness. Those who may wish to see it treated more fully, I would refer to the admirable pamphlet published two years ago by Dr. Morgan of Manchester, on "The Danger of Deterioration of Race from the Growth of Great Cities" (Longmans). The facts are simply these:—taking the four great cities of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, and dividing their inha-

bitants into those above and those below the age of 20, we find that of the adult population of these four towns rather more than one half is immigrant; that is to say, was born outside the town, and for the most part in some healthy rural district. Out of an adult population of 2,200,000, 1,000,000 alone is native. In other words, of every 11 grown-up men and women in these towns there are only 5 who were born there. Furthermore, it will be found in the case of London more especially, and also in that of Birmingham, that the drain into London is from the agricultural rather than from the industrial group of counties; about 90 per cent. from the first, 10 per cent. from the second. The favourable death-rate of London, 23 or 24 in the 1,000—favourable that is when compared with the 28 per 1,000 of Sheffield, the 31 per 1,000 of Manchester, and the 33 per 1,000 of Liverpool—now ceases to be a mystery. Its health is maintained by an influx of picked lives from “a vast country nursery peopled by nearly 2,000,000.”

A few words on the third order of facts—infant mortality. A glance at the table and the chart hanging over you will show you the startling differences between one place and another.¹ You see at once the startling difference between manufacturing and agricultural districts. In Liverpool one out of every four children that are born dies before it is a year old. In the Cotton towns it is one out of every five; in England at large it is one out of every six; in the south-west counties, one out of every seven; in Sedburgh, Farnborough, and other healthy districts, it is one out of every ten. But a thought will at once occur to many of those who listen to me—a thought which most of them will shrink from expressing, but which I for one think it best to face boldly. Is it not best, some will ask, that these children should die? Given the circumstances of their parentage and birth, given the atmosphere, moral and physical, which surrounds their childhood, is it well that unhealthy lives should be saved to propagate a yet healthier offspring? The splendid breed of the Greco-Roman populations was maintained partly by its unrivalled military training. But does it count for nothing that the lives of adult Greeks and Romans were picked lives—that the sicklier infants were not allowed to live? And infanticide being a crime from which Christian or Mussulman benevolence shrinks in horror, is not the tremendous mortality of infants in overcrowded towns Nature's process for ridding us of the sickly lives, and sparing those only that are strong?

I wish this question to be asked boldly; I wish the thoughts of all to be concentrated upon the answer. For it will lead us far. With animals, and also with savages, the spontaneous play of physical and of vital forces leads to an enormous waste of life in its primal germs, or in its half-developed phases. Of the ova of the

(1) The reader will find the tables and diagrams at the end of the lecture.

fish, one perhaps in a million is born ; and of those that are born, one perhaps in ten thousand reaches maturity. But those that do reach maturity are, in the long run, and on the average, the strongest ; and these live to propagate a breed stronger than their fathers. This is what happens when things are left to take their natural course ; and there were nations in antiquity, as there are tribes at the present day, who did not hesitate to assist that natural course by deliberate infanticide. How stands it then with nations whose religious faith, whose trained instincts of humanity lead them to the opposite course of revering and preserving the sickliest and weakest human life ? Was not Plato right in his antipathy to physicians ? Do we run no danger in our excessive medical and sanitary care of unhealthy lives of deteriorating the offspring, of sacrificing the future to the present ?

I believe the answer to this question to be very clear and simple. I believe there can be no doubt whatever that the danger is very real and very great. And I believe the course of action to which the avoidance of this danger points us to be very clear and definite also. The lesson is this. There are two roads to follow. One lies straight before you, the other straight behind. Stagnation is the one fatal course. Your sanitary legislation must go far in advance of its present standard, or else it had better cease altogether. I would be the last to disparage the noble efforts of its past and present initiators. They have taken the first step ; and even had they done nothing else but keep alive in us the continuous tradition of humane effort, this work was well worth the while. But that sanitary legislation, *in its initial stage*, is open to the objection that it saves unhealthy lives, and yet does not make them healthy, and thereby compares unfavourably in some respects with the system of leaving things to take their course, and leaving the strong lives to sift themselves out by the murderous process of the "struggle for existence," and the "survival of the fittest," is, I fear, only too probable. But to Nature's savage, cruel methods of course we cannot recur. The moral tradition of our race forbids it. We cannot, even if we would, eradicate the instincts of pity, the passion of benevolence. We cannot go back ; therefore, if we would avoid death, we must go forward.

But I pass from the subject of the mortality of infants to the far more important subject of the mortality of adults, and of adults at that period of life which is of most importance to the reproduction of the race. Those who may think that infant mortality *does* its work effectively, that the unhealthy lives are swept away as surely as if the infanticide were deliberate and systematic, if there are any who think this, the diagram and table to which I now point is enough to undeceive them.

And, finally, what is the condition of that part of the population which remains to us as a reserve stock of health—the agricultural labourer? It is a subject too vast for me to enter upon. But I will now quote two or three words from the report published a few months ago from Messrs. Tremenheere and Tufnell, the Commissioners for investigating the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture. They remark, first, that of the twenty-five millions of acres of cultivated land in this country, nearly eight millions have been enclosed in the last seventy years. That is one fact pointing obviously to an immense increase in the productive powers of the soil. And their second statement is this: that the year 1775, the period at which this great improvement in agriculture began—the period at which our great manufacturing system was bursting into life, “is noticed,” I quote their words, “as the period from which a *marked change for the worse in the condition of the agricultural labourer* began to be visible.” And this change for the worse they attribute in great measure to the loss of privileges to the labourer which this enclosure of common land has entailed. I leave you to draw your own inferences from this.

Let us now resume for a moment our consideration of general principles. I have pointed out some of the multitudinous conditions on which Health depends; I have shown that those conditions are themselves dependent on the social environment. I now advance the further position that this social environment cannot be itself comprehended without an analysis of its historical filiation. The present can only be understood by the light of the past; and until we understand the present, and to what future it is tending, we cannot hope to modify it. *Savoir pour prévoir, afin de pouvoir.*

I have spoken of Health as the harmonious functioning of organs placed in a suitable environment. It will be obvious at once that the more complex the organism, and the more varied the character of the environment, the more difficult is the harmony. Health in a plant is simple and easy, because the tissues and the organs are few and simple, and because the changes in the environment are unimportant. I would observe, however, in passing, that the limits within which the environment may change compatibly with life and health are often narrower in the simpler than in the more complex organisms. Man can live through a more varied range of temperature than the oak-tree. So can the dog.

Rising from the plant to the animal, we find a more complicated structure, and an environment more varied. To vegetative organs, not, it is true, homologous with those of plants, yet performing analogous functions, is added a series of nervo-muscular organs, correlated to the increased complexity of the environment, which now comprises not merely the air, water, and salts of the inorganic world, but organised substance difficult to procure, and involving a competitive struggle with animals of a kindred or hostile species. Con-

sequently the health of the animal is more easily disturbed than that of the plant; but, on the other hand, there is greater capacity of self-adaptation to changes in the environment. The dog can seek shelter from the storm or frost; the plant cannot. And what is true as between the plant and the animal, is also true as between the lower animals and the higher. Cattle are more prone to disease than fish; fish than earth-worms.

And still more evidently is this the case with man. One of the most striking characters that distinguish man from the other vertebrates is his liability to disease. The maladies of the higher domesticated animals have been studied with great, though assuredly not with sufficient care; but our veterinary surgeons would be puzzled to enumerate a list of diseases one tenth or perhaps one hundredth the length of that recognised by the College of Physicians or the Registrar-General. Those whose duty or whose pleasure it has been to perform useful or useless operations upon living animals know well the extraordinary rapidity and certainty of recovery from wounds which in the case of man would inevitably be mortal. I need not spend more time in pointing out the superior complexity of man's nature and of his environment as summed up in the word *Civilisation*—implying, as this word does, a Brain receptive of continuous tradition, and a Social environment in which such tradition stands embodied. I will merely remark that here, too, the rule holds good that with greater complexity in the environment there is also greater power of adaptation to changes that take place in it. Man can adapt himself to variations of temperature that would be fatal to the horse, camel, or elephant. And the power of adjustment to the Social environment is increased by the fact that he can not merely adapt himself to it, but can, within certain limits, modify it.

Nor will it require much reflection to see that as with the plant compared to the animal, as with the lower animal compared to the higher, and with all animals compared to man; so with the lower stages of civilisation compared to the higher, the rule is constant that Health becomes more difficult in proportion as we rise. Of the first steps in what may be truly called civilisation, the exact transition from Animality to Sociality, our knowledge is indeed exceedingly small. The period that has elapsed since the use of fire, the invention of tools, and the first rude attempts at pictorial art, is to be measured not by chronologic but by geologic time. But taking man in that comparatively primitive condition in which Cook found him in the South Sea Islands, or Livingstone and Burton in Central Africa, we find the most striking testimony borne by these competent and unprejudiced observers to the strength and stamina of the adult population, to the rapidity of their recovery from severe injuries, to their vigorous longevity.

I will quote Captain Cook's words. He is speaking of the New Zealanders:—

"These people enjoy perfect and uninterrupted health. In all our visits to their towns, where young and old men and women crowded about us, prompted by the same curiosity that prompted us to look at them, we never saw a single person who appeared to have any bodily complaint; nor among the numbers that we have seen naked, did we once perceive the slightest eruption upon the skin, or any marks that an eruption had left behind. Another proof of health which we have mentioned before, is the facility with which the wounds healed that had left scars behind them, and that we saw in a recent state. When we saw the man who had been shot with a musket-ball through the fleshy part of his arm, his wound seemed to be so well digested, and in so fair a way of being perfectly healed, that if I had not known no application had been made to it, I should certainly have enquired with a very interested curiosity, after the vulnerary herbs and surgical art of the country.

"A farther proof that human nature is here untainted with disease, is the great number of old men that we saw, many of whom, by the loss of their hair and teeth, appeared to be very ancient, yet none of them were decrepit, and though not equal to the young in muscular strength, were not a whit behind them in cheerfulness and vivacity."—("Cook's First Voyage," Ed. 1796, p. 396.)

I need not quote Burton or Livingstone, for their testimony as to health in Central Africa is exactly similar; and Dr. Livingstone speaks with the additional authority of one who had himself frequently performed surgical operations upon the natives, and watched the process of repair.

That the conditions of respiratory and muscular health are well fulfilled by savages is obvious. They live in the open air, their muscles are constantly in action, and their breed, constantly subject to the harsh influences of nature—famine, cold, storm, heat, warfare with other animal species, and the still fiercer warfare with their own,—has for ages been undergoing that process, entitled by Mr. Herbert Spencer "The Survival of the Fittest." But I will add, what perhaps may seem less obvious, that the conditions of moral health, which we have seen to be so essential to the physical, are observed no less. The wild passions of the savages, uncontrollable and wayward as they may seem, are not without government. He has a theory of the world, and of the powers outside him, and this theory explicit in the few, implicit in the mass, exercises a modifying restraining influence over his action. The external world, or certain portions of it, were endowed with the vitality and the passions that he felt within himself, and thus the shifting impulses of his own little life were anchored to a larger life without him. That the theory was groundless or absurd is not the question. The essential point for our present purpose is that it has, in those accepting it, a distinctly controlling influence over everyday life. Now this is a point on which the testimony of unprejudiced travellers, who do not regard these phenomena either from a purely commercial or a purely monotheistic stand-point, are

unanimous. The institution of Taboo, as described by all the earlier voyagers in the South Seas, was as potent and as prohibitive as the institution of the Sabbath in Scotland.

I have already spoken of the necessity of some kind of discipline, some supreme controlling influence, as a direct condition of individual health ; I have spoken also of its indirect effects upon the character of the social environment. In such primitive communities, as well as in later times, there were men who surpassed their fellow-men in wisdom and beneficence. These men, no wise exempt from the prevailing tendency to animate the outer world with Vitality and Love, unconsciously and instinctively moulded the rude Fetichism of their fellow-men into shapes more consistent with the orderly development of society. Thus the rude irregular religious faith of Africa, primeval Asia, or Central America, passed into the elaborate theocracies of Egypt, India, Judea, Mexico, and Peru, or into the patriarchal astrolatry of China. Coinciding with the development of social life, with the growth of arts and commerce, with the differentiation into classes and professions, we have thus a more distinct definition of Government, in both its forms ; the government of belief and persuasion, and the compulsory government of actions.

On the directly hygienic institutions of the old theocracies it would be interesting, were there time for it, to dwell ; but it is more important for my present purpose to note the fixity and the disciplined order introduced into individual and into social life. Some kind of self-control was established within. Some check upon unlimited massing of population, and upon the arbitrary use of wealth was maintained without. The system of caste, that is to say, the transmission of trades from father to son, had, like every other human institution, many disadvantages. But at least the reckless nomadism which is now beginning to break out in our modern industrial life, was held in check by it. At least it was not maintained that, labour being nothing but a marketable commodity, the workman was bound to break up his home whenever and wherever there might be a demand for his labour.

That the theocratic system became too oppressive finally, too stifling to individual energy, there can be no doubt. The Greeks and Romans, when we come to know them, had begun to break through this system. But, as the poetry of Æschylus, and as the whole system of Roman life shows, they were still strongly swayed by the tradition of its moral restraint. And as their priests gave way to their warriors, these two great nations began to found the most efficient organisation of practical life which the world has seen, and which still stands out as a type of the organisation to be realised under totally new forms in the future, their military system. The influence of the Greek and Roman soldier-training

upon health is obvious enough. It kept up the standard of moral vigour, *virtue* bring their word at once for courage and for manhood; it was a system under which the strongest survived, and which in every way tended to strengthen the strong.

Side by side with the great religious revolution which has been going on for the last five centuries, there is a correlated change of equal magnitude in practical life: the change from the military to the industrial system. How to reconcile the latter with national health is the greatest, or all but the greatest, problem, of the nineteenth century; our national existence depends upon its swift solution; and as yet the solution is not half accomplished.

The vast social change that passed over Europe in the first thousand years of the present era kept up, though for defensive not aggressive purposes, the physical discipline of warfare, and maintained also, and indeed gave new life to, the tradition of moral discipline. But the doctrine on which Catholicism was founded, gave way two centuries before the Reformation, from its intrinsic weakness, as well as from the encroachments of science. And every century the restraint has been growing weaker, while the forces to restrain have been growing more complex and more strong. England, sharing to the full the general European movement, has been blessed or cursed, in her coal and iron, with exceptional conditions of industrial development. And in England it is not too much to say that upon its governing classes at least there has been no effective religious or moral restraint since the days of Cromwell, and the exile of her noblest blood beyond the Atlantic.

During the eighteenth century, in France energy took the form traced for it by Voltaire, Diderot, and the Encyclopædists: in England it was directed by Wyatt, Arkwright, Crompton, and Watt, into the results of their magnificent inventions. The close of that century saw the Revolution in France, and the rise of the great manufacturing system in England.

And thus this long and perhaps tedious historical review brings me back to the facts traced on these diagrams. And I shall be asked, and rightly asked,—Granted the evil, where or in what direction lies the remedy?

In an advanced stage of civilisation like our own, there are two forces available for the renovation of society. The first is Capital, and the second scientifically-trained Intellect. If asked, therefore, Where lies the efficient and radical remedy for the evils you deplore? I reply, Nowhere but in a moral and religious change as profound as that of the first centuries of our era in Western Europe, or that of the seventeenth century in the East, the principal result of which will be to concentrate these two forces—that is to say, that portion of human energy which is not absorbed in the mere labour of main-

taining existence, upon such problems as we have been handling to-night. Which of these two forces will be the least difficult to bring to bear it is hard to say. The ignoble attitude of so many of our scientific specialists does not at present seem to justify very sanguine hopes. When they are urged to postpone their special pursuits for a while, and to concentrate their powers on objects more directly and immediately connected with man; when it is explained to them that the sphere of thought marked out by Leibnitz—virtue and health—that is, all that tends to ennoble human life and to strengthen it—is a sphere as rich in undiscovered truth as any of the outlying fields of their random and arbitrary choice; when it is represented that even such inventions—and I take now the very strongest instances, as the electric telegraph or the steam-engine, precious as these will prove ultimately to be—might, without fatal results to the human race, have been postponed a little while, but that this of social renovation cannot be postponed; they resent such doctrine as an unjustifiable restraint upon their free action, upon their right to do as they please with their own faculties. And there can be no doubt that Duty is restraint. *Noblesse oblige*.

A changed state of opinion, then, brought about partly by the nobler instincts of women, partly by the demands of the working-class, partly by the efforts of those capitalists, *savans*, and others who rise above their class, in which it shall be impossible, or very difficult, for men to maintain a right to do what they please with their own, be it their own intellect or their own wealth; in which it will be universally felt that neither intellect nor wealth being the creation of its possessor, but both being the creation of many men and of many generations, both should be consciously directed to a social purpose; this, and this alone, is the effectual and radical remedy for the sanitary, no less than for the political, evils of modern society. But remedial action is of two kinds. There are remedies which are deep, but not immediate: there are others which are immediate, but not deep. Both are needed. And if in this lecture I have chiefly restricted myself to the first; if my remarks on the latter are brief and cursory, it is not that my interest in these latter is small, for it is great; but that the time allotted me is ended. None in my opinion are so fitted to suggest practical expedients and temporary palliatives, as those who are but aware that they are expedients and palliatives only. The Benedictine monks of the seventh century helped to reclaim waste lands, as well as to convert heathen. Cromwell's Puritans were not the least efficient of his law-reformers.

I would say, then, briefly, that there lies before a truly popular Government a sphere of action in the direction of sanitary reform, of the magnitude of which few have any conception, but which once fairly and boldly occupied would give to it a noble and enduring

place in the memories of Englishmen. At the close of a long lecture, to attempt even to sketch out so vast a subject would be impertinent. I will remark merely, that Parliament, emancipated as it now is from the thrall of a middle-class constituency, may take to itself powers that before the last Reform Bill it would have been unwise or impossible to arrogate. A consolidation and revision of our whole sanitary legislation is one of the first things needed; and this is now about to be done. A national system of Health Inspection should then follow. The few medical officers of health whom we at present possess, are elected by local authorities, not the likeliest of electing bodies to choose men resolute to put the laws against nuisances in force. Moreover, by the present system, the outlying rural or semi-manufacturing districts are utterly neglected. Two hundred medical inspectors, sufficiently, not extravagantly, paid, devoted exclusively to public work, trained not merely in the ordinary curriculum, but also in a special course of hygiene, would cost the country from £60,000 to £80,000 a year, half the cost of the Leeds Infirmary, one-third the cost of an iron-clad ship. On the lives saved, on the working energy saved to the country by such a system, it is needless to dwell.

Again. One obstacle to efficient enforcement of sanitary laws lies in the selfishness of cottage proprietors, and in the narrow jealousies of vestrymen and common councillors. But there is another obstacle, more important and happily more removable—the ignorance of the rate-payers themselves. There are certain very simple and elementary principles of health which may be made perfectly intelligible to children of ten to thirteen years old; especially to the precocious intelligence, in domestic matters, of the children of the poor. A very short and very simple catechism of health might be drawn up and incorporated in the system of primary education which we are soon about to inaugurate. I have myself made an attempt in this direction which, in the opinion of some competent judges, is not unsuccessful. Others will succeed more perfectly.

Thirdly. The public parks which have been opened in London and some of our large towns are but a sample of what might and should be done in this direction. Opportunities for gymnastic exercises should also be given very largely, both in the open air and under cover. For there is, I think, no danger that the hard-worked operatives of our great towns should imitate the degrading and enervating athleticism which is permitted and encouraged in our aristocratic schools. If what concerns the physical vigour of a nation lies within the sphere of Government, I see no reason whatever why large grants of money should not be made for this purpose.

And, finally, special attention should be paid to the condition of the agricultural labourer. The rural population form, as I have said, our reserve stock of health, until our towns are rendered

compatible with healthy life. The English peasant is, in most countries, badly housed. He is not badly clothed. I do not think that in the majority of cases he is underfed ; but the investigations of Dr. Edward Smith, spreading as they do over every part of England, make it perfectly clear (what, indeed, every country clergyman knows) that his wife and children are underfed. Milk, the natural food of infancy and childhood, is far scarcer than in Ireland, is in many counties unattainable—a new source of deterioration of breed, which did not exist thirty years ago. And, lastly, what from the point of view I have been taking is perhaps more important than all—his life is *a life devoid of hope*. That hope, so dear to the tiller of the soil, that if one only out of twenty could realise it it would redouble the mental and muscular vigour of the rest ; the hope, that by long continued toil and saving a few roods of earth may one day become his own,—that hope was possible a hundred years ago ; it is not possible now. The vision before him at the close of life is not the French peasant's homestead, but the workhouse. Is it too bold a thing to say, in the present state of opinion as to the incompetence of legislation to deal with such matters, that the whole condition of the agricultural labourer, his food, and that of his family, his lodging, and, lastly, his relation to the soil, should form, after sufficient inquiry, the object of bold and vigorous political action ?

These are some of the directions in which a wise and popular Government may, and, I doubt not, will, work. I will not waste time in asking whether funds are available for the purpose. The two millions spent in charity every year in London would amply rebuild the east end of it in fifteen years. And what of the eleven millions voted for fortifications ?

When a country is threatened with invasion its resources are called rapidly enough into action. Our industrial system threatens us with something worse. A nation may shake off a successful invader, but there is a stage of physical degradation from which it is far less easy to escape. Of the ultimate future I have indeed no doubts. That Humanity will rise from the present struggle to a type of harmony and health as superior to the past as the harmony of a trained orchestra is superior to that of a village choir, is to me as certain as to-morrow's sun-rise. But whether this nation or that shall be sacrificed in the struggle, this is less within the range of foresight.

The close of this century will have settled this question with regard to England. For there are two modes in which evils like those I have been speaking of to-night are cured. The one is the spontaneous play of physical and animal forces, the fierce competitive struggle for existence, which sweeps the weak and the diseased away ; the other is the conscious direction and modification of those forces by the wisdom and the foresight of Humanity.

JOHN HENRY BRIDGES.

(1) INFANT MORTALITY.				(2) ADULT MORTALITY.			
	0—1	0—5			Males.	Females.	
<i>Liverpool</i>	27,703	13,201			25—55	15—45	
<i>Manchester</i>	26,125	11,724	<i>England</i>	1,236	..	920	
<i>Stockport</i>	25,353	9,376	<i>Liverpool</i>	2,253	..	1,212	
<i>Nottingham</i>	25,293	10,226	<i>Manchester</i>	1,966	..	1,157	
<i>Bradford</i>	25,034	9,788	<i>Birmingham</i>	1,569	..	918	
<i>Wolverhampton</i>	24,950	10,480	<i>Sheffield</i>	1,464	..	988	
<i>Ashton</i>	24,713	9,839	<i>Cotton Towns</i>	1,358	..	1,247	
<i>Preston</i>	24,440	9,753	<i>Iron Towns</i>	1,280	..	895	
<i>Leeds</i>	23,932	10,271	<i>Rural Districts</i>	1,056	..	942	
<i>Sheffield</i>	22,600	10,025					
<i>England</i>	17,731	6,760					
<i>South West</i>	14,507	5,253					
<i>Sedbergh</i>	9,636	3,261	(3) GROWTH OF TOWNS.				
<i>Ely</i> :—							
<i>Witchford</i>	22,601	6,958	Above.	1811.	P.C.	1861.	P.C.
<i>Whittlesey</i>	23,772	7,272	10,000	.. 51	.. 24	165	.. 44
<i>Wisbeach</i>	26,001	7,605	20,000	.. 16	.. 19	72	.. 38
<i>Spalding</i>	21,845	6,268	100,000	.. 1	.. 10	12	.. 25
<i>Holbeach</i>	23,495	6,894					

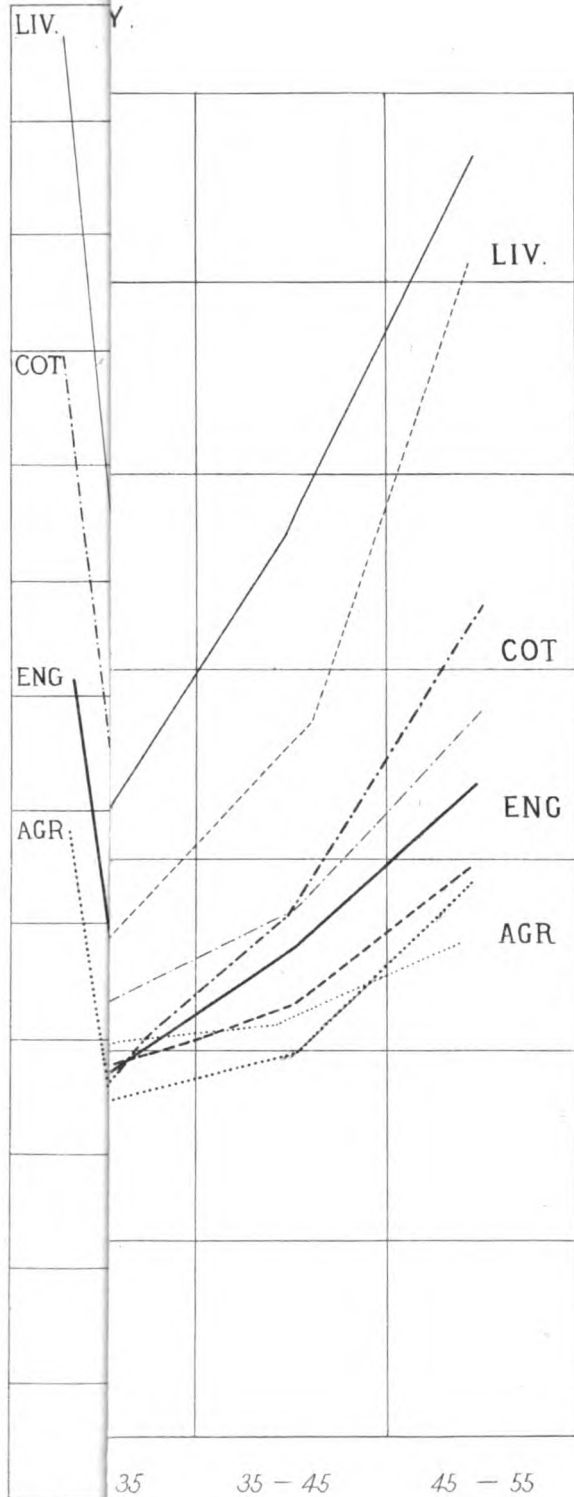
EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAMS.

—————	Male population of Liverpool.
-----	Female ditto.
-----	Male population of Cotton Districts.
-----	Female ditto.
=====	Male population of England.
-----	Female ditto.
.....	Male population of Agricultural Districts.
.....	Female ditto.

By *Liverpool* is meant the registration district of Liverpool. By *Cotton Districts* are meant the registration districts of Ashton, Blackburn, Bolton, Burnley, Bury, Macclesfield, Oldham, Preston, Rochdale, and Stockport. By *Agricultural Districts* are meant the populations of Cumberland, Dorsetshire, Herefordshire, North Riding, Shropshire, Westmoreland. The population taken is that of the census year 1861. The mortality that of the average of five years, 1859-63.

The figures at the bottom of the page express periods of life. The figures at the side indicate the numbers dying annually per 100,000. For instance, in Liverpool, for children under five years (0—5), the rate of mortality per 100,000 is nearly 13,000. At 10—15 it has sunk to about 500. From that time it rapidly rises till at 45—55 the rate for males is about 3,300, for females about 3,000. It will be noticed that at the age 10—15 the death rates for healthy and for unhealthy populations are nearly identical. They diverge in infancy, and they diverge during the reproductive period. It will be remarked also that, whereas in England, taken as a whole, the mortality of females during the reproductive period is somewhat less than that of males, in the cotton districts and also in the agricultural districts it is notably greater—a result due, in the one case, to the employment of women in factories, and in the other to insufficient food. In the iron districts of Wales and Staffordshire, where women are well fed and not over-worked, their mortality is very low.

The mortality in the Children's Diagram is that of males only.



ON THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF POETRY.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE SOUTH LONDON WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE,
JANUARY, 1869.

I HAVE had some hesitation in choosing the subject of the lecture which I am to-night permitted to address to you. The choice, in such cases, lies always between amusement simple, or that (as I believe) higher and more powerful amusement which is not reached without some little pains and closeness of attention. In preferring the latter I have thought I should best conform to the genius of this college. From those who are satisfied with the choice, I would ask a patient hearing. From all, I would ask your good-natured indulgence towards an attempt of some novelty and difficulty.

Poetry is often looked at as a mere pastime or play of fancy, a kind of pretty toy, which we may take up at our liking and lay down when we are tired of it; but which is too slight and unreal a thing to have any place among the practical affairs or the serious studies of life. This feeling naturally grows upon us as we ourselves grow up and begin to discover how much there is to be done in order to make our way in the world, or to keep abreast of any branch of knowledge. The mind hardens; the pores of the soul are filled up with the dust of life; poetry seems to belong to some other world, suitable, no doubt, for children or young people, but which touches us no longer. Perhaps we do not quite like to acknowledge this; we still profess to admire Shakespeare, or Byron, or Burns, as a battered old statesman in the House keeps up a few lines of Horace or Virgil as a kind of tradition of office; but I fear I may safely put it to most men after forty whether they ever think of turning to a volume of verse for simple enjoyment, when free to do exactly what they like; or whether the invitation to read some new poet, and judge if he be a man of genius, does not appear like an invitation to play football, go out on a jumping-party, or perform any other juvenile feat of forgotten and unremunerative energy.

Nature and the inevitable circumstances of life are active causes in the growth of apathy, and it would lead me into a very wide discussion if I attempted to show both how far men must be expected to yield to it, and how far it ought to be striven against and conquered by those who wish to retain their souls in a state of full vitality. But there is one group of reasons for this indifference to poetry which appears to me to lie in the matter itself, and which may therefore form a proper subject of examination in this place. This regards the manner in which we read poetry; whether we treat it as a pastime or as a study.

Some one may here observe, "Is it, however, a subject for study, in the strict sense, at all?" Poetry is one of the Fine Arts, and the essential element common to all the Fine Arts is that their object is to give pleasure; not to supply knowledge, like some of the sciences; nor to confer gifts of direct utility on man, like others among them; but pleasure. Poetry may teach or profit us, also; but this is not its primary aim or final cause; nor is it allowed to do that unless it gives us pleasure at the same time. Perhaps some of you, who have not yet reached that dry and dusty period which I have described, when the wings of the soul, as Plato said, fall off, and the pores by which it communicates with the higher world close up—perhaps some of you may consider my definition of poetry as an art destined to give pleasure, a lowering one. It may seem to put the creations of Shakespeare, and Milton, and so many other immortal minds, on a level with a ball or a dinner-party, or a day at the Crystal Palace—not to mention the really lower ideas which the pursuit of pleasure is apt to call up. Such apprehensions, however, do not seem to me at all well founded. Is pleasure a thing of so mean an order? Look closely and honestly into what we do when we are trying to do rightly, and how rarely shall we find that we do anything of the kind without the conviction, unavowed perhaps, yet not less lurking there in our hearts, that our action will give us an ultimate overplus of pleasure! It may be pleasure far off, pleasure purchased through pain, the crown after the battle, the repose after the toil; yet we are so made that the thought of this is seldom absent from anything we willingly set ourselves to. Even when we sacrifice ourselves to please others, is it not that we are most pleased when our pain supplies their pleasure?

Thus much in defence of the general definition of the object of poetry. That is, indeed, to give pleasure. This it has in common with all the Fine Arts. But it must at once, and not less decidedly, be added—pleasure of a high, enduring, and, as it were, ethereal kind. This it is which confers their peculiar character on the Fine Arts; as people say, it forms their speciality. This gives the answer to the inquiry with which I started; this makes them fit objects for strict or scientific study; this raises them, and has raised them from the beginning, by the common consent of mankind, above the lower orders of enjoyment—above the easier levels of gratification. But the quality demanded—that the pleasure be high, enduring, and ethereal—carries with it also this: that it will not always, or often, be a pleasure which can be tasted without some exertion on our own part. Here, of course, we are only acknowledging a common law of our nature, as of the markets, that everything has its price; that we have to pay most for what is most precious to us. And this consideration leads us back to the point which we had reached in regard

to the study of poetry, and that indifference to it which is so common a result of life, and its cares, and labours. I did not speak of that indifference at first as a misfortune, lest I should appear to assume that, because you and I, and others whom we may know, love poetry still, all the world is bound to conform to our likings. But you will see that I may now speak of it as a misfortune, and that I also may (I hope) not unreasonably think that to point out some means of guarding against it is an attempt worth making. For if poetry be what I have said, indifference to poetry is also indifference to a source of high, enduring, and spiritual pleasure;—nay, to one of the few, the very few, sources of such delight which life affords us, and of which, the more dusty, dry, and commonplace life tends to become, the more we have need. In truth, so far from the idea of poetry, which I have here held out, being a depreciatory one, or derogatory from its real value, it is difficult to exaggerate the importance which is conferred upon poetry by it. For if pleasure, in some form, be so much the mainspring of our voluntary actions, and of all we do when we wish to act like men, of what necessity is it that the tone of that mainspring should be kept pure, and high, and in a state of enduring tension! Poetry holds before us a lofty standard of pleasure, takes us out of our ordinary selves into our better selves, makes us feel that we can do more than we thought, and thus performs its part towards that which is the ultimate practical result of all forms of intellectual energy—the giving us readiness and strength to quit ourselves like men in the field of life.

X But this pleasure is only to be reached by a certain exertion, about which, however,—lest the word should frighten any one, or should seem opposed to the free spirit of poetry,—I should at once add a general proviso:—that it is an exertion which, when once we feel the advantage of it, the mind makes of itself as we read: a study which begins with our youth, when we first turn to poetry with an intelligent passion, and continues enlarging and enriching itself as we grow older. Those who look upon poetry as a kind of play of the fancy, as something fit for girls or young men in love, or as a mere matter of “taste” in the common sense of the word, never thoroughly enjoy it, or reach that high and lasting reward which it is meant to give. Here, again, some one may be supposed to observe, “Granted that poetry requires to be studied before it can be fully enjoyed, what has the taste by which we judge it to do with study? Taste is taste; it is something which does not admit of discussion; it is a law to itself.” I am sorry to appear so constantly as the advocate of labour; but this common idea of taste seems to me so shallow and injurious to our pleasure, that a few words must be given to the examination of it, especially as the same reasoning applies to all the Fine Arts, which fail to produce half the effect they might, or to give half the enjoyment they could, owing to the

notion that they do their work by raising our interest for the moment, and that this uninformed and unreasoned taste is the only rule by which they are to be judged. One hears people say, "I have a taste for poetry" or "for music," just as they would say they have a taste for cheese or for peaches; and if any one tries to show them that the poem or song they are admiring is not really a fine thing, that it cannot give them much or the best kind of pleasure, but will lead them to neglect the things which would, they immediately reply, "Oh, but that is my taste"—as if that were really the law of it and the end of it. It is no wonder if a taste of this childish sort soon wears itself out, is found to give but a brief and imperfect enjoyment, cannot stand against the prose and fatigue of life, and is finally abandoned, as I have said, as a thing in which a grown man has no concern any longer.

But taste, in any sense worth having, means really a natural turn or instinct towards any subject (which almost every one has something of), trained and exercised by information and experience, which is unfortunately by no means so common a thing. Such taste, as I have tried to show elsewhere,¹ might really be spoken of as knowledge; knowledge of the details of the subject, as in painting, of the natural objects, and the painter's methods of representing them; knowledge of the great moral and physical principles upon which all art rests, and of the more particular aims or principles which have influenced artists at any given period; knowledge, lastly, of the human heart, and of the different emotions which can be rendered by the artist. And those who study any art thus will soon find their arbitrary first impressions and casual tastes disappear, to make room for that reasoned judgment which enables them to obtain a pleasure from the art, not only much higher and purer than any they gained before, but also one which, so far from diminishing as they grow older, increases in its depth and delightfulness from the fact that everything which adds to their knowledge, adds at the same time to their taste, and enlarges their power of enjoyment.

To apply this to the immediate subject before us. Let me now attempt to define and explain the study which is here intended. There are two methods of reading poetry, as there are of looking at pictures or listening to music. The one method is that which treats these great arts as mere ministers to our leisure, as things which will, as it were, teach themselves, and do all that they can for us without any trouble on our part—nay, as things which we are entitled to throw aside the moment they assume to be anything more than matters of pastime. The other method is that which I wish to describe as the scientific method of studying them. Here we do as travellers do when they wish to get the most present delight and

(1) "How to form a good Taste in Art:" *Cornhill Magazine* for August, 1868.

the richest store of happy recollections from any scene of natural beauty, or from any city famous for its ancient buildings. They do not satisfy themselves with a child's glance at the landscape, or the superficial sentiment of the scene. Let us suppose it some valley in the Alps, or in our own western counties, or in Scotland, deep between high mountains,—

There, where the peal of swelling torrents fills
The sky-roof'd temple of the eternal hills :

—there, or in some less romantic but richer landscape, the traveller who comes with the mind's eye enlarged and purified—how, after the first simple sense of wonder or delight has satisfied itself, will he study all the main lines of the view, trying to follow the curve of each valley and the position of each mountain! then dwelling on the light and shade as it changes the scene from twilight to midday, making it new and beautiful at every change; then, perhaps, examining the objects more nearly, searching for the flowers, noting the trees, marking the effects of the torrent on its banks, tracing the strange fractures and upheavals of the rocks, or the scattered boulders which have been carried from them over the levels below. And then all that such a man may have learned of natural science comes to his aid, and the more he has made himself alive to the general laws which govern the flowers, and the water, and the rocks, the more intimately does he understand the landscape, and the more intensely does he enjoy it. Or when the traveller is among the works of man,—if I may, without wearying you, pursue my illustration into a field more closely analogous in some ways to our subject,—though he may be struck, as all men are, however ignorant or careless, with the beauty of the cathedral or the grandeur of the castle—yet how small and transient will be his enjoyment and his reward compared to what the traveller gains, who brings adequate knowledge with him, and takes the pains to apply it! Such a one will be aware of the history of the work before him; he will repeople it with the human creatures who once lived and moved there, will see the great man, forgotten perhaps by his descendants, who planned and raised the walls; he will hear the strange, melancholy music of the long vanished days;—in a word, what to the careless eye is a bare skeleton of the present to him will be the living past. Nor does this exhaust his pleasures. Beside the history of the particular monument, the man who travels in this spirit—let me say at once, the man who travels in the spirit without which travelling is only another name for a “parcels’ delivery”—will read a hundred other memorials of human progress in a single building. He will understand why the pillars were disposed in their order, what purpose each buttress has in maintaining the fabric, at what date and under the influence of what feelings the capitals were

decorated and the windows filled. Every wall to him will have its handwriting, telling him stories of the thoughts and aims of his fellow-creatures ; there will not be so much as the curve of an arch or the cutting of a foundation-stone, that is without that human interest which, of all interests, is the most deep and the most permanent. And, beyond that, he will also know the place which this monument has in the long story of human necessities and human improvement. He will be aware how the style adopted was evolved from those which preceded it by laws as singular and precise as those which we trace in the realm to which the name of Nature is unphilosophically confined ; and how, in turn, that style has given way to some other which more accurately corresponded to men's wishes and wants at a later period. That building which, to the uneducated eye, represented perhaps an unintelligible and hence unimpressive mass, or, at best, a simple effect of grandeur or of beauty, to the informed taste will be a fragment of embodied history ; a chronicle of human progress. And it would be idle to say that the pleasure which he will thence receive will be twenty times deeper, higher, and more permanent than that of the passer-by : it will be something out of all comparison with it.

Let me endeavour to vivify this argument by an example. I will not go far for it ; I will take one which we are not, perhaps, sufficiently in the habit of thinking of in the light of study and of pleasure. The Tower of London we all know of as a place the very name of which is alive with recollections of a chequered, though a glorious, national history. But what images of the past, images of the profoundest interest, are called up, if we are masters of the right magic, by the great church of this city ? Such, and so many, in truth, that not one but many lectures would be required even to give them in tolerable completeness. First, are the general effects of the outline ; the grace and aspiring character of the dome, which in the hands of most architects is apt to depress a building ; the grand disposition of the windows and doorways ; the beauty of the great western colonnades, with their artfully coupled columns ; then, within, the magnificent plan of the centre, not restricted, as in a Gothic cathedral, by the columns of the central spire, but spread forth in sublime spaciousness—with all the other points of comparison, whether for advantage or the reverse, which St. Paul's offers when we contrast it, in the mind's eye, with similar edifices in the Gothic or the Grecian styles of architecture. Next, to the instructed eye, might be the structural interests of the building ; how the large side chapels were provided, it is said, at the wish of James, soon after king, in order to make room for the conversion of the cathedral to Roman Catholic use, the curious contrivances of the crypt, the ingenuity with which Sir Christopher Wren half solved,

half evaded the constructive difficulties of the central dome, with a hundred more curious points on which I cannot here dwell. Then come what may be called the human interests of the cathedral, of which the very eminent and high-minded man who till the other day presided over it has left an admirable summary, as his last legacy to English literature; the foundation of it in Saxon times, the legends of its even earlier existence, the distinguished bishops and others who have been connected with it, the historical events of which it has been the theatre; the strange use of the interior for purposes the most remote from those of a church, flourishing during the very period to which theorists of all kinds look back as special "ages of faith;" the gradual decay of the great Norman and Gothic pile; the fire; and the construction of the church with which we are familiar.

Are we, indeed, so familiar? Then St. Paul's will give us still further sources of pleasure. We shall read another chronicle of the world's progress in its style; how the existing structure exhibits that peculiar form of architecture which was brought into use throughout western Europe under the revival of interest in the old civilised world of Greece and Rome which was contemporary with the Reformation of the sixteenth century; yet how that form was modified here by our distance from ancient models and by the peculiar affection with which Wren regarded the Gothic buildings of the country, and which even led him to some of the earliest attempts to revive that style, in others of the city churches. Then, comparing this St. Paul's in our memories with that which preceded it, we may in fancy see two of the great streams of architectural style,—the Gothic and the Roman,—meeting through that intermediate style which is called Norman here, Romanesque and Lombard elsewhere, and which, in fact, was developed from Italian and Byzantine models by the German races as they settled down in Europe and became civilised after the great conquest of the empire. This, in turn, will carry us to the architecture of that small race who inhabited Greece and her islands, who, gifted far beyond any race of man hitherto known, made the first indispensable and most difficult steps in almost every branch of human art or science, and on whose conceptions of architecture those of later Europe have been unconsciously founded. These associations and memories have already taken us far, though they grow at once out of our subject; yet the natural laws of architecture do not stop even with the Greeks to the scientific observer; original as the Greeks were, they at first learned from their predecessors; and that chronicle in stone which began with the England of Charles II. is only arrested, like the geological investigation of successive orders of organic life, by the failure of our existing evidence, at the empires of Assyria and Egypt. It is

no figure of speech, but a strictly demonstrable fact, that in this cathedral, as in most other structures of similar quality in art, we may trace forms which were originally invented to express the ideas and emotions of the primæval dwellers by the Nile and the Euphrates. So far back, even to the cradle of civilised man, are we carried by this one line of thought ! To what immense interests, to what deep and elevated pleasure, does it conduct us ! How large a difference does it display between what the scientific student of this one art gains from his experience, and what the careless passer-by can gain ! So true is the remark of some one, that from any single worthy object of human study or thought—whether in the works of man or those of nature—avenues go forth which conduct us to the Infinite. I dislike from my heart, and desire to resist, that natural impulse which leads a man to think any science for which he may specially care, the most important of the sciences ; or I might say that he who studies one genuine piece of architecture in this spirit may learn more of the history of the human mind, more which is of value to him as a thinking creature, than from all the treatises on physical knowledge which exist, or the professed histories which have been written. If I said so, desirous to impress more vividly on you the real value of this subject, should I not be properly rebuked by those who might point to one planet, or one plant, or one fragment of rock ; one volume of Plato, or Newton, or Shakespeare ? For from each of these, similar avenues go forth towards the Infinite, to the instructed eye and the scientific judgment. In place of setting against each other these vast spheres of interest and of pleasure, let us in a larger spirit be thankful for the much which even the limited range of human life and faculty permits us to know, and take away the one lesson, that the value and pleasure of them are the fruits of knowledge, and to be gained through knowledge only.

But you may complain that I am trying to lecture to you upon the landscape, or upon architecture, or upon “all things and a few others beside,” as the proverb says, in place of poetry and the scientific study of it. I hope, however, that by these illustrations I shall have prepared the way to a clearer understanding of my main subject, or may, at any rate, have carried your convictions along with mine in feeling how high and powerful is that pleasure which is the object of the Fine Arts, and how closely our enjoyment of it depends upon our own intellectual efforts. Substitute the words appropriate to poetry for those which I have used in analysing the pleasure given by the landscape, or by the cathedral, and I think you will find that the argument still holds good. He who reads poetry as a pastime, a mere means of making an idle hour idler, or is content with simply asking whether it suits the taste of the moment, without caring to see whether that taste has any rational foundation, will soon see the end

of his enjoyment in it. But he who studies it scientifically,—referring all the elements in a poem to the general laws of the human mind by which it is governed, seeking the cause of every quality and every detail which it presents, and not satisfied till he has put himself in the writer's own place, and, as it were, felt the inspiration of the moment with him; he who does this, and not satisfied yet, but desirous to gain the most he possibly can from his study,—trying the particular work before him by the great laws which mark out and limit human faculty, and then comparing it with other works in the same style,—finally is able to weigh truly the value of it; to take the height, and measure the luminous power of the star upon which he is gazing; such a reader will have enjoyed and will continue to enjoy a depth and elevation and purity of pleasure which no one who has enjoyed it will accuse me of exaggerating. And this is the result to which I desire to lead you.

What, then, will be the series of laws, and of facts from which these laws have been deduced, which we require for the scientific study of poetry?

Beginning, as we did in our former examples, with the first or most formal elements, with those which are most closely connected with a poem as a piece of metrical composition, we shall have the general scheme, the general effect; how far the poet has impressed a tone of unity upon his work; how far, without becoming tame or monotonous, he has kept his details subordinate to the whole; how far he has left the impression of grandeur or of beauty predominant when we close the book, and the strain vibrates in our minds like the last chords of the symphony. You see the points which I insist on here,—unity, variety, grandeur, grace; they are those that are essential to a poem as a work of art, and as a work whose object is to give us pleasure. For though it has always been debated how far art is to imitate nature, and probably will be so debated to the end of time, yet there is no question but that it is to be in some way a representation of nature on a smaller scale; that it must show itself bounded by law, that it must satisfy the human sense of completeness—nay, that it must compensate by a greater completeness, a more perfect rounding-off and symmetry, for the limitations under which all human art works, when compared with nature;—in a word, that it must have unity. The charm of variety we all understand; it is, indeed, one of those charms to which, we might be inclined to say, the human mind has an almost undue leaning, were it not so closely connected with the existence of life itself. From unity and variety we pass to beauty, putting it last, and in a certain sense as the most important element in a poem, viewed, as we are now viewing it, as a work of art. For beauty, whether combined with humour or with sublimity, or displayed in

its own simple form, is, truly, of the very essence of art. Unless beauty be our final impression, our "last word," we cannot have that high, durable, and ethereal pleasure which it is the purpose of art to give. I know of no exception to this law; it seems to be one of those instincts or potentialities which are born in us. When we have read a poem, let us try to see whether it fulfils this law of beauty; if it does not, it will be no "joy for ever."

A second class of interests in our scientific study will be the structural form in which poetry presents itself. Here we observe how far the poet's effect and his hold over us have been attained by his metre, in all its different varieties from grave to gay, with the variety and arrangement of the rhymes, or the management of the pauses, if blank verse have been employed. The changes through which poetry has gone in this matter, like the changes in architectural style, or in forms of animal life, are very curious, and connect themselves closely with the genius of each nation, as well as of their different languages. Thus the greater perfection of the dialects spoken by the Greeks, together with their more refined and vivid sense of the poetical, compared with later races, allowed them not only to dispense with the cramping, though brilliant artifice of rhyme—so often cheating us with sound in place of sense—but also to use a variety and freedom of metres such as our greatest masters of song strive in vain to emulate. Hence, in the Greek poetry, the words come nearer to the thought than in any other; the dress or expression is a more simple and a more faithful rendering of the soul; the form and the matter are in a closer and more vital union. You will recognise at once that these conditions create a more perfect work of art. Hence, irrespective of its singular charm and power, the Greek poetry, not in its externals nor as a model for copyists, but in its fulfilment of the immutable laws of art, is invaluable as a study for those who would use a modern language to its fullest extent. And, as a natural consequence, it is worth remarking that, with hardly one clear exception, no English writer, but those who have been acquainted with Greek literature, out of the hundreds who have attempted poetry, have succeeded in it.¹

These are some among the formal or material sides of the study. Those who are masters of them will certainly gain more pleasure from poetry than the ignorant; yet, from the very nature of this art, "simple, sensuous, and passionate," as Milton defined it, much may be enjoyed, as in the natural landscape, without any fatiguing array of technical knowledge. Indeed, it is very likely that some one may

(1) The varying relations in which parental pursuits or temperaments, and early education, stand towards artists, poets included, might form the subject of a very curious essay. A few of these relations have been imperfectly traced by the writer in some papers on "Women and the Fine Arts," in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

here be ready to say, "Why all this study and learning? You are turning a pleasure into a pain! Poetry is a simple thing, what a child can understand and enjoy." *Enjoy*,—yes, I would answer; *understand*,—no, except in its slightest aspects. If we could be children for ever—"boy eternal," as Shakespeare said—that simple enjoyment might be enough; we might rest content with the spirit of youth, and the pleasure with which some of us may have first tasted from the greater poets, when we came of age, as it were, to our property in Milton or Wordsworth. That would, no doubt, be the highest state; to enjoy without thinking about it; to be wise without study; to be good without effort. And when this is a true picture of life, we may ask no more than what comes to us without work, in the way of enjoying poetry as well as other things. These horizons are, however, as far distant from the man of wealthy leisure—nay, further, perhaps, because he is under less external stimulus to improve himself—as from the members of this College.

Advancing now from the technical laws which govern poetry to those of more general application, the two other great branches of poetical study upon which I have to say a few words are of greater importance for the lasting enjoyment of it, and may be indeed said to be indispensable in any case except verse of the simplest order, and by our own contemporaries. These are knowledge of the great master-works of all time, and knowledge of the history of the age at which the poem we are studying was written.

The first of these—knowledge of the great master-works of all time—is required by any one who would read with judgment. Judgment is comparison. We must know, more or less, what the standards of the human faculties are; we must be able to compare the poem before us with others in the same style, if we would avoid being carried away with a false enthusiasm for it, or, perhaps, if we would do justice to its merits. It is for the first of these purposes that, you will see, a comparative knowledge is most obviously required. Here, of course, comes in the importance of knowing other languages than our own. Translations are almost useless. As Shelley said, one might as well expect the form and colour of a flower to come back to us from the chemist's crucible, according to the science of two centuries back, as the soul of poetry when it has passed through the fires of translation. Hence every language we know—enough to read with tolerable ease—is a new and direct shaft sunk into the mines which conceal the treasures of ancient or foreign literature. Every great poem, read thus, is an addition to the value of life—a pleasure which money cannot give, nor poverty take from us. This pleasure is the highest and the most elevating when the poetry, like that of the Greeks which I have already alluded to, is

not only more exquisite in form and language, more bold and varied in its contents, than that of any modern nation, but also reveals to us, with a vividness like life itself, the mind of the most gifted of our race; men who felt our feelings, doubted our doubts, fought our battles, and thought our thoughts, under entirely different conditions of life, different morality, religion, manners, civilization, from ourselves. The contrast thus brought before us is, in my judgment, not exceeded, perhaps not equalled, by any that life and the world afford, in its operation upon the mind of man—the most entrancing, the most penetrating, above all, the most moderating. Here we are face to face with our fellow-creatures long departed; here it is heart that speaks to heart. Here, therefore, is the highest value of studies, which only the ignorant or the fanatic will depreciate. They are, however, unfortunately, not studies which have hitherto been accessible to the poorer classes; nor, from the length of time which they appear inevitably to require, can they perhaps ever be. It is one special merit, therefore, of that study of English poetry to which I would invite you, that it will serve, in some degree, to perform the same functions for the mind. That poetry is the richest—it is by many degrees the richest body of poetry which any European race, after the Greeks, has hitherto possessed. He who has mastered it, from Chaucer to Tennyson, will have a large section of what the human race has traversed in its gradual development before him—not only presented with a vividness otherwise unattainable, but accompanied at every stage by a pleasure of the highest kind.

Such is one result of the comparative knowledge of poetry. Another, to which I now return, is the power of judging as we read. How often are we led to overrate some new thing, either because it is new, or because it is by one of our friends, or because it is a popular favourite! No great harm, the world often argues, is done here; let people have their tastes. What is the use of trying to please them except as they choose to be pleased? *Laissez faire!* Let us each enjoy in his own fashion. But I do not think you will acquiesce in the world's way so readily. My object, at least, in standing here, is expressly to point out a better and a higher way. That way, I contend, leads to a far greater and more lasting pleasure than this facile acquiescence, this indolent cry of *laissez faire*. Suppose there is any poet whom we have allowed ourselves thus to overrate under pressure of these immediate influences I have just sketched. I will not name any one; we can each, probably, recall some instance for ourselves. What is the harm of this over-estimate, of this taking the thing without comparison, without judgment, without asking the reasons for our enjoyment? First, in the most favourable case, after a time we discover that we have been misled; we look back at what we worshipped, and find it an idol; the charm

has gone; we wonder what we found to admire; we feel that we have acted like children, wasting on a trifle our capacity for pleasure;—wasting our time, that treasure of which even the longest-lived and the most at leisure among us has, oh how little! But, perhaps—and this is more frequent—we never awake to this train of unpleasant consequences; our sense of enjoyment, our power to apprehend the beautiful, is permanently weakened by the love we have spent on what was unworthy of it. After a time we drop our favourite writer, we hardly know or care why; we take up another favourite, on similar grounds; and so a man may easily go through life, never really tasting the best pleasures, never raising or refining his own mind, never outgrowing a kind of intellectual babyhood—if babyhood be not too good a word to use for the stunted soul of the grown-up man who has never cared to develop himself. Yet it is in this stage that more people than one likes to think of are content to linger, nay, resent any effort to lift them above it as a sort of affront to their individual liberty, or to the habits of good society. Or, lastly, a worse state follows—that on the existence of which I have as it were founded my whole address to you—the state in which poetry becomes a thing dead and gone, a mere pastime too slight for practical beings, as they then call themselves, to care for; when the dust and dreariness of life have closed the pores of the mind, and cut off her wings; when all these sources of pure and noble pleasure are blocked up through our own misuse of them, and we laugh at last at the enthusiasts who still find something in poetry. But it is not one of those laughs which have much pleasure in them.¹

Such are the natural results when we treat in a careless, ignorant way any source of pleasure or knowledge. We gain little, or perhaps we lose all; Nature in a certain way revenges herself at last upon indolence and caprice and vanity. You will, perhaps, think I treat with exaggerated solemnity what many people might consider a trifling matter—a mere “matter of taste,” as the phrase goes. I have not, however, spoken at random. There is a famous proverb in natural science, *Natura tota in minimis*: “Nature in her wholeness is contained in an atom.” It is somewhat thus also with human nature. The mind which is willing to play like a baby with the highest sources of intellectual pleasure, to enjoy them like a baby, and like a baby throw them away, is rarely or never a mind worthy of climbing to the loftier regions of the soul, or capable of that noble and strenuous labour without which excellence cannot be reached, nor manhood in its true sense developed.

(1) A writer of our time, discontented with himself and with everything about him, has reached perhaps the highest flight of this querulous apathy, when he asks how David profited by his Psalms, and informs us that Shakespeare had best have confined himself to prose-writing.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May ;
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of Light !
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures Life may perfect be.

One last section of my work remains. Let me sum up in a few words the ground hitherto traversed. We have, first, examined why the love of poetry is popularly referred to youth, and why it is, in fact, apt to fade away as men grow up. We tested the object of poetry, and of the other Fine Arts, and argued that it is pleasure; but pleasure of a lofty, lasting, and ethereal kind. Such pleasure, we next noticed, cannot be won easily; we found that, like taste in the true sense, it was really the product and reward of the natural instinct of the mind, when enlarged and enlightened by full knowledge of the principles, antecedents and processes, under which the Fine Arts are carried on, and which they manifest in their results. This led us to see that poetry, in a word, could only be truly enjoyed, or truly accomplish its purpose, if studied on a method analogous to the sciences. As knowledge is their final cause, and the physical advantage of man their secondary result, so in the Fine Arts the final cause is pleasure, the accompanying result the elevation and purification of the soul. We briefly compared the different modes in which landscape or architecture affect the scientific or the non-scientific observer, as analogies to render more clear to the mind, by examples taken from visible and material objects, the similar conditions under which poetry may be regarded. Applying these considerations in detail, we saw that, in poetry,—granting a certain natural and happily common bias towards it,—the main lines of our scientific study would be, first, those more formal or technical laws which govern a poem or a work of art, its unity, its metrical structure, and the like. We then showed that knowledge of the field of poetry in general was needful, in order that we might judge what we read; noticing how those who read without judgment are led aside by false lights, are unbalanced and immoderate in their pleasure, and finally blunt the mind's edge to the sense of it. We have, in conclusion, to point out those larger laws upon which the whole existence of poetry depends, and thus to bring it (as we did with architecture) into connection with the history and development of the human race.

This last is, indeed, as its very announcement may show, a subject not only interesting in the highest degree to us as human creatures, but a subject worthy in itself to fill not one, but many lectures. It would

have been much easier for me, and much easier,—shall I add, much pleasanter for you?—had I said at once, “Poetry is the reflection of man’s mind in every age; it revives the past, it anticipates the future, but, most of all, it gives back the image of the present to itself, glorified and intensified,”—and had then taken some one period, from our own poetry, for examination accordingly. Such was my first intention. But the name of this College stood up against me. It was as men willing to work that I have preferred to address you;—I should not indeed have cared to address you had you been otherwise. I have, therefore, chosen the more difficult task, endeavouring not to take for granted, or to lay down, by an appeal to sentiment, reasonings capable, as I hope, of more exact and serious proof: wishing, so far as I can, to ground you in the science of the thing; and trusting, perhaps, to the future, for some chance of drawing out into detail what I can now only barely indicate.

For this last line of study is, truly, not only one of the most curious and interesting, but perhaps the most valuable, in pursuing to the furthest and highest the pleasure which poetry can give us. Poetry, under her own laws as a fine art, is, more perhaps than any other pursuit of man, from the peculiar sensitiveness of the mind necessary to produce it, the direct reflection of the spirit of every age as it passes. The mirror, in Shakespeare’s phrase, which she holds up, is not so much to nature at large, as to human nature. The poet is indeed the “child of his century,” even when, in the fine figure of Schiller, “he returns from his education under a Grecian sky” (on which I have already touched), “to teach and to purify it.” His art not only gives back the “form and pressure” to the body of the time, but is itself the impersonation of its most advanced thought, the bloom and efflorescence of its finest spirit. The poet, as Shelley said, interprets the world to itself.

Unless we are qualified to observe this correspondence, we shall as little be able to know poetry as a child can follow the order of nature when he looks at the lion or the eagle in a collection, and knows nothing of the laws which bind in one the whole realm of living organisms. We shall not tell what the poet was aiming at; we shall be blind to the influences which animated him; we shall be ignorant of the limitations which confined him. A poem, read without knowledge of its age, is like a single shell found by the seaside, or a pebble picked from the quarry, in the hands of a plough-boy: he thinks it pretty, perhaps; perhaps he fancies it a gem, perhaps a bit of rubbish. But, in any case, he sees it only on the outside; he cannot *place* it. Some of you may have heard, or read, what such a pebble may become in the hands of the man of genius, who knows under what laws it was formed and deposited; what a

story, and of what vivid interest, it may then tell; to what far-reaching trains of thought it may lead us. Such, and not less, it seems to me, in interest and in value, is a single piece of verse to the man who can study it in a similar spirit. Were I gifted with the ability of your distinguished President, I too might endeavour to follow his method; I might take my fragment from the rock of old Parnassus, or gem somewhere from Avon-side, and show how *Hamlet* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* reflect, the one the critical spirit awakening throughout Europe in Shakespeare's time, the other the romantic legends then fading away from the mind of man; how these plays, in their metrical form and structure, carry one back on one side to the "mysteries" of the middle ages, on the other to the theatre of Athens; how the thoughts and sentiments they convey take us, some to Christian sources, some to heathen, here to Greece, there to Syria, there to Scandinavia; how, more than all, they reflect the vigour and the life of England in the first strength of the reformation in religion and in intellect; how they are the natural results of the age which saw Bacon in philosophy, and Raleigh in discovery, and Sidney in chivalry, and Burleigh in policy: names

that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

I might go on to show why this golden age of our poetry could not be for ever; how political and religious troubles under the first Stuarts gave verse, on the one hand, a more serious and manly note, on the other, the peculiar lightness of the Cavalier literature; how the solemn strength of Cromwell and the great men around him find their fit expression in the sublime melodies of Milton; how, as politics became less moving and impersonal, the interests of intellect and of commerce, of advancing science and of critical thought, become predominant in the little understood poetry of the eighteenth century; how, finally, the larger and deeper emotions which everywhere stirred mankind sixty years since, mirror and identify themselves in that noble galaxy of poets who, during this century, form in Macaulay's phrase "the most enduring of the many glories of England." And then I might go up the stream of time; how Chaucer first showed the possibility of rivalling, in our native English, the poets of Greece or Rome, till then thought of as the gods were thought of by men of old, dim and inaccessible splendours; how Chaucer himself—but it is enough—to your patience I am indebted, if you do not think it more than enough! Yet, even if so, I shall be well satisfied if I have made good by these bare and scanty outlines the meaning and the value of the scientific study of poetry; if I have roused in any one of you the noble enthusiasm to venture upon new lines of thought, or opened to your minds fresh avenues to pure and lasting pleasure.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

PERHAPS I should be ashamed to confess it, but I own I opened the three large volumes of Mr. Robinson's memoirs with much anxiety. Their bulk, in the first place, appalled me; but that was by no means my greatest apprehension. I knew I had a hundred times heard Mr. Robinson say that he hoped something he would leave behind him would "be published and be worth publishing." I was aware too—for it was no deep secret—that for half a century or more he had kept a diary, and that he had been preserving correspondence besides; and I was dubious what sort of things these would be, and what—to use Carlyle's words—any human editor could make of them. Even when Mr. Robinson used to talk so I used to shudder; for the men who have tried to be memoir-writers and failed are as numerous, or nearly so, as those who have tried to be poets and failed. A specific talent is as necessary for the one as for the other. But as soon as I had read a little of the volumes, all these doubts passed away. I saw at once that Mr. Robinson had an excellent power of narrative-writing, and that the editor of his remains had made a most judicious use of excellent materials.

Perhaps more than anything it was the modesty of my old friend (I think I may call Mr. Robinson my old friend, for though he *thought* me a modern youth, I *did* know him twenty years)—perhaps, I say, it was his modesty which made me nervous about his memoirs more than anything else. I have so often heard him say (and say it with a vigour of emphasis which is rarer in our generation even than in his),—"Sir, I have no literary talent. I cannot write. I never *could* write anything, and I never *would* write anything,"—that being so taught, and so vehemently, I came to believe. And there was this to justify my creed. The notes Mr. Robinson used to scatter about him—and he was fond of writing rather elaborate ones—were not always very good. At least they were too long for the busy race of the present generation, and introduced Schiller and Goethe where they need not have come. But in these memoirs (especially in the *Reminiscences* and the *Diary*—for the moment he gets to a letter the style is worse) the words flow with such an effectual simplicity, that even Southey, the great master of such prose, could hardly have written better. Possibly it was his real interest in his old stories which preserved Mr. Robinson; in his letters he was not so interested and he fell into words and amplifica-

(1) *DIARY, REMINISCENCES, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, F.S.A.* Selected and Edited by Thos. Sadler, Ph.D. In Three Volumes. London, 1869. 36s.

tions ; but in those ancient anecdotes, which for years were his life and being, the style, as it seems to me, could scarcely be mended even in a word. And though, undoubtedly, the book is much too long in the latter half, I do not blame Dr. Sadler, the editor and biographer, for it, or indeed blame anyone. Mr. Robinson had led a very long and very varied life, and some of his old friends had an interest in one part of his reminiscences and some in another. An unhappy editor intrusted with "a deceased's papers," cannot really and in practice omit much that any surviving friends much want put in. One man calls with a letter "in which my dear and honoured friend gave me advice that was of such inestimable value, I hope, I cannot but think you will find room for it." And another calls with memoranda of a dinner—a most "superior occasion," as they say in the north—at which, he says, "There was conversation to which I never, or scarcely ever, heard anything equal. There were A. B. and C. D. and E. F., all masters, as you remember, of the purest conversational eloquence ; surely I need not hesitate to believe that you will say something of that dinner." And so an oppressed biographer has to serve up the crumbs of ancient feasts, though well knowing in his heart that they are crumbs, and though he feels, too, that the critics will attack him, and cruelly say it is his fault. But remembering this, and considering that Mr. Robinson wrote a diary beginning in 1811, going down to 1867, and occupying thirty-five closely-written volumes, and that there were "Reminiscences" and vast unsorted papers, I think Dr. Sadler has managed admirably well. His book is brief to what it might have been, and all his own part is written with delicacy, feeling, and knowledge. He quotes, too, from Wordsworth by way of motto—

" A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows ; with a face
Not worldly minded, for it bears too much
A nation's impress,—gaiety and health,
Freedom and hope ;—but keen withal and shrewd :
His gestures note,—and hark his tones of voice
Are all vivacious as his mien and looks."

It was a happy feeling of Mr. Robinson's character that selected these lines to stand at the beginning of his memoirs.

And yet in one material respect—in this case perhaps the most material respect—Dr. Sadler has failed, and not in the least from any fault of his. Sidney Smith used to complain that "no one had ever made him his trustee or executor ;" being really a very sound and sensible man of business, he felt that it was a kind of imputation on him, and that he was not appreciated. But some one more justly replied, "But how could *you*, Sidney Smith, expect to be made an executor ? Is there any one who wants their 'remains' to be made fun of ?" Now every trustee of biographical papers is exactly in this difficulty, that

he cannot make fun. The melancholy friends who left the papers would not at all like it. And, besides, there grows upon every such biographer an "official" feeling—a confused sense of vague responsibilities—a wish not to impair the gravity of the occasion, or to offend any one by levity. But there are some men who cannot be justly described quite gravely; and Crabb Robinson is one of them. A certain grotesqueness was a part of him, and unless you liked it you lost the very best of him. He is called, and properly called, in these memoirs Mr. Robinson; but no well-judging person ever called him so in life. He was always called "old Crabb," and that is the only name which will ever bring up his curious image to me. He was, in the true old English sense of the word, a "character;" one whom a very peculiar life, certainly, and perhaps also a rather peculiar nature to begin with, had formed and moulded into something so exceptional and singular that it did not seem to belong to ordinary life, and almost moved a smile when you saw it moving there. "Aberrant forms," I believe naturalists call seals and such things in natural history; odd shapes that can only be explained by a long past, and which swim with a certain incongruity in their present *milieu*. Now "old Crabb" was (to me at least) just like that. You watched with interest and pleasure his singular gestures, and his odd way of saying things, and muttered, as if to keep up the recollection, "And *this* is the man who was the friend of Goethe, and is the friend of Wordsworth!" There was a certain animal oddity about "old Crabb" which made it a kind of mental joke to couple him with such great names, and yet he was to his heart's core thoroughly coupled with them. If you leave out all his strange ways (I do not say Dr. Sadler has quite left them out), but to some extent he has been obliged, by place and decorum, to omit them, you lose the life of the man. You cut from the negro his skin, and from the leopard his spots. I well remember how poor Clough, who was then fresh from Oxford, and was much puzzled by the corner of London to which he had drifted, looking at "old Crabb" in a kind of terror for a whole breakfast time, and muttering in mute wonder, and almost to himself, as he came away, "Not at all the regular patriarch." And certainly no one could accuse Mr. Robinson of an insipid regularity either in face or nature.

Mr. Robinson was one of the original founders of University College, and was for many years both on its senate and council; and as he lived near the college he was fond of collecting at breakfast all the elder students—especially those who had any sort of interest in literature. Probably he never appeared to so much advantage, or showed all the best of his nature, so well as in those parties. Like most very cheerful old people, he at heart preferred the company of the very young; and a set of young students, even after he was seventy, suited him better as society than a set of grave old men. Sometimes,

indeed, he would have—I do not say some of his contemporaries, few of them even in 1847 were up to breakfast parties, but persons of fifty and sixty—those whom young students call old gentlemen. And it was amusing to watch the consternation of some of them at the surprising youth and levity of their host. They shuddered at the freedom with which we treated him. Middle-aged men, of feeble heads and half-made reputations, have a nice dislike to the sharp arguments and the unsparing jests of “boys at college;” they cannot bear the rough society of those who, never having tried their own strength, have not yet acquired a fellow-feeling for weakness. Many such persons, I am sure, were half hurt with Mr. Robinson for not keeping those “impertinent boys” more at a just distance; but Mr. Robinson liked fun and movement, and disliked the sort of dignity which shelters stupidity. There was little to gratify the unintellectual part of man at these breakfasts, and what there was was not easy to be got at. Your host, just as you were sitting down to breakfast, found he had forgotten to make the tea, then he could not find his keys, then he rang the bell to have them searched for; but long before the servant came he had gone off into “Schiller-Goethe,” and could not the least remember what he had wanted. The more astute of his guests used to breakfast before they came, and then there was much interest in seeing a steady literary man, who did not understand the region, in agonies at having to hear three stories before he got his tea, one again between his milk and his sugar, another between his butter and his toast, and additional zest in making a stealthy inquiry that was sure to intercept the coming delicacies by bringing on Schiller and Goethe.

It is said in these memoirs that Mr. Robinson’s parents were very good-looking, and that when married they were called the handsome couple. But in his old age very little regular beauty adhered to him, if he ever had any. His face was pleasing from its animation, its kindness, and its shrewdness, but the nose was one of the most slovenly which nature had ever turned out, and the chin of excessive length, with portentous power of extension. But, perhaps, for the purpose of a social narrator (and in later years this was Mr. Robinson’s position) this oddity of feature was a gift. It was said, and justly said, that Lord Brougham used to punctuate his sentences with his nose; just at the end of a long parenthesis he *could*, and did, turn up his nose, which served to note the change of subject as well, or better, than a printed mark. Mr. Robinson was not so skilful as this, but he had a very able use of the chin at a conversational crisis, and just at the point of a story pushed it out, and then very slowly drew it in again, so that you always knew when to laugh, and the oddity of the gesture helped you in laughing.

Mr. Robinson had known nearly every literary man worth knowing in England and Germany for fifty years and more. He had

studied at Jena in the "great time," when Goethe, and Schiller, and Wieland were all at their zenith; he had lived with Charles Lamb and his set, and Rogers and his set, besides an infinite lot of little London people; he had taught Madame de Staël German philosophy in Germany, and helped her in business afterwards in England; he was the real friend of Wordsworth, and had known Coleridge and Southey almost from their "coming out" to their death. And he was not a mere literary man. He had been a *Times* correspondent in the days of Napoleon's early German battles, now more than "seventy years since;" he had been off Corunna in Sir John Moore's time; and last, but almost first it should have been, he was an English barrister, who had for years a considerable business, and who was full of picturesque stories about old judges. Such a varied life and experience belong to very few men, and his social nature—at once accessible and assailable—was just the one to take advantage of it. He seemed to be lucky all through; in childhood he remembered when John Gilpin came out; then he had seen—he could not hear—John Wesley preach; then he had heard Erskine, and criticised him intelligently, in some of the finest of the well-known "State trials;" and so on during all his vigorous period.

I do not know that it would be possible to give a better idea of Mr. Robinson's best conversations than by quoting almost at random from the earlier part of these memoirs:—

"At the Spring assizes of 1791, when I had nearly attained my sixteenth year, I had the delight of hearing Erskine. It was a high enjoyment, and I was able to profit by it. The subject of the trial was the validity of a will—*Braham v. Rivett*. Erskine came down specially retained for the plaintiff, and Mingay for the defendant. The trial lasted two days. The title of the heir being admitted, the proof of the will was gone into at once. I have a recollection of many of the circumstances after more than fifty-four years; but of nothing do I retain so perfect a recollection as of the figure and voice of Erskine. There was a charm in his voice, a fascination in his eye, and so completely had he won my affection that I am sure had the verdict been given against him I should have burst out crying. Of the facts and of the evidence I do not pretend to recollect anything beyond my impressions and sensations. My pocket-book records that Erskine was engaged two and a half hours in opening the case, and Mingay two hours and twenty minutes in his speech in defence. E.'s reply occupied three hours. The testatrix was an old lady in a state of imbecility. The evil spirit of the case was an attorney. Mingay was loud and violent, and gave Erskine an opportunity of turning into ridicule his imagery and illustrations. For instance, M. having compared R. to the Devil going into the Garden of Eden, E. drew a closer parallel than M. intended. Satan's first sight of Eve was related in Milton's words—

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love;"

and then a picture of idiocy from Swift was contrasted. But the sentence that weighed on my spirits was a pathetic exclamation—'If, gentlemen, you should by your verdict annihilate an instrument so solemnly framed, *I should retire a troubled man from this court.*' And as he uttered the word *court*, he beat his breast and I had a difficulty in not crying out. When in bed the following

night I awoke several times in a state of excitement approaching fever—the words ‘*troubled man from this court*’ rang in my ears.

“A new trial was granted, and ultimately the will was set aside. I have said I profited by Erskine. I remarked his great artifice, if I may call it so; and in a small way I afterwards practised it. It lay in his frequent repetitions. He had one or two leading arguments and main facts on which he was constantly dwelling. But then he had marvellous skill in varying his phraseology, so that no one was sensible of tautology in the expressions. Like the doubling of a hare, he was perpetually coming to his old place. Other great advocates I have remarked were ambitious of a great variety of arguments.

“About the same time that I thus first heard the most perfect of forensic orators I was also present at an exhibition equally admirable, and which had a powerful effect upon my mind. It was, I believe, in October, 1790, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley in the great round Meeting House at Colchester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was for the most part pantomime, but the pantomime went to the heart. Of the kind I never saw anything comparable to it in after life.”

And again—

“It was at the Summer Circuit that Rolfe made his first appearance. He had been at the preceding Sessions. I have a pleasure in recollecting that I at once foresaw that he would become a distinguished man. In my Diary I wrote, ‘Our new junior, Mr. Rolfe, made his appearance. His manners are genteel; his conversation easy and sensible. He is a very acceptable companion, but I fear a dangerous rival.’ And my brother asking me who the new man was, I said, ‘I will venture to predict that you will live to see that young man attain a higher rank than any one you ever saw upon the circuit.’ It is true he is not higher than Leblanc, who was also a puiſne judge, but Leblanc was never Solicitor-General; nor, probably, is Rolfe yet at the end of his career. One day, when some one remarked, ‘Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land,’ Rolfe said to me, ‘Were you ever employed to draw an indictment against a man for not loving his neighbour as himself?’

“Rolfe is, by universal repute, if not the very best, at least one of the best judges on the Bench. He is one of the few with whom I have kept up an acquaintance.”¹

Of course, these stories came over and over again. It is the excellence of a reminiscence to have a few good stories, and his misfortune that people will remember what he says. In Mr. Robinson’s case an unskilled person could often see the anecdote somewhere impending, and there was often much interest in trying whether you could ward it off or not. There was one great misfortune which had happened to his guests, though he used to tell it as one of the best things that had ever happened to himself. He had picked up a certain bust of Wieland by Schadow, which it appears had been lost,

(1) “Since writing the above, Baron Rolfe has verified my prediction more strikingly by being created a peer, by the title of Lord Cranworth, and appointed a Vice-Chancellor. Soon after his appointment, he called on me, and I dined with him. I related to Lady Cranworth the anecdote given above, of my conversation with my brother, with which she was evidently pleased. Lady Cranworth was the daughter of Mr. Carr, Solicitor to the Excise, whom I formerly used to visit, and ought soon to find some mention of in my journals. Lord Cranworth continues to enjoy universal respect.—H.C.R. 1851.”

and in the finding of which Goethe, even Goethe, rejoiced. After a very long interval I still shudder to think how often I have heard that story; it was one which no skill or care could long avert, for the thing stood opposite our host's chair, and the sight of it was sure to recall him. Among the ungrateful students to whom he was so kind, the first question always asked of anyone who had breakfasted at his house was "Did you undergo the *bust*?"

A reader of these memoirs would naturally and justly think that the great interest of Mr. Robinson's conversation was the strength of the past memory; but quite as amusing or more was the present weakness. He never could remember names, and was very ingenious in his devices to elude the defect. There is a story in these memoirs:—

"I was engaged to dine with Mr. Wansey at Walthamstow. When I arrived there I was in the greatest distress, through having forgotten his name. And it was not till after half an hour's worry that I recollected he was a Unitarian, which would answer as well; for I instantly proceeded to Mr. Cogan's. Having been shown into a room, young Mr. Cogan came—'Your commands, sir?'—'Mr. Cogan, I have taken the liberty to call on you in order to know where I 'am to dine to-day.' He smiled. I went on: 'The truth is, I have accepted an invitation to dine with a gentleman, a recent acquaintance, whose name I have forgotten; but I am sure you can tell me, for he is a Unitarian, and the Unitarians are very few here.'"

And at his breakfasts it was always the same; he was always in difficulty as to some person's name or other, and he had regular descriptions which recurred, like Homeric epithets, and which he expected you to apply to the individual. Thus poor Clough always appeared—"That admirable and accomplished man. You know whom I mean. The one who never says anything." And of another living poet he used to say: "Probably the most able, and certainly the most consequential, of all the young persons I know. You know which it is. The one with whom I could never *presume* to be intimate. The one whose father I knew so many years." And another particular friend of my own always occurred as—"That great friend of yours that has been in Germany—that most accomplished and interesting person—that most able and excellent young man. Sometimes I like him, and sometimes I *hate* him. You," turning to me, "know whom I mean, you villain!" And certainly I did know; for I had heard the same adjectives, and been referred to in the same manner, very many times.

Of course a main part of Mr. Robinson's conversation was on literary subjects; but of this, except when it related to persons whom he had known, or sonnets to "the conception of which he was privy," I do not think it would be just to speak very highly. He spoke sensibly and clearly—he could not on any subject speak otherwise; but the critical faculty is as special and as peculiar almost as the poetical; and Mr. Robinson in serious moments was quite

aware of it, and he used to deny that he had one faculty more than the other. He used to read much of Wordsworth to me; but I doubt—though many of his friends will think I am a great heretic—I doubt if he read the best poems; and even those he did read (and he read very well) rather suffered from coming in the middle of a meal, and at a time when you wanted to laugh, and not to meditate. Wordsworth was a solitary man, and it is only in solitude that his best poems, or indeed any of his characteristic poems, can be truly felt or really apprehended. There are some at which I never look, even now, without thinking of the wonderful and dreary faces which Clough used to make while Mr. Robinson was reading them. To Clough certain of Wordsworth's poems were part of his inner being, and he suffered at hearing them obtruded at meal times, just as a High Churchman would suffer at hearing the collects of the Church. Indeed, these poems were among the collects of Clough's Church.

Still less do I believe that there is any special value in the expositions of German philosophy in these volumes, or that there was any in those which Mr. Robinson used to give on such matters in conversation. They are clear, no doubt, and accurate, but they are not the expositions of a born metaphysician. He speaks in these memoirs of his having a difficulty in concentrating his "attention on works of speculation." And such books as Kant can only be really mastered, can perhaps only be usefully studied, by those who have an unusual facility in concentrating their mind on impalpable abstractions, and an uncommon inclination to do so. Mr. Robinson had neither; and I think the critical philosophy had really very little effect on him, and had, during the busy years which had elapsed since he studied it, very nearly run off him. There was something very curious in the sudden way that anything mystical would stop in him. At the end of a Sunday breakfast, after inflicting on you much which was transcendental in Wordsworth or Goethe, he would say, as we left him, with an air of relish, "Now I am going to run down to Exeter Street to hear Madge. I shall not be in time for the prayers; but I do not so much care about that; what I do like is the sermon; it is so clear." Mr. Madge was a Unitarian of the old school, with as little mystical and transcendental in his nature as any one who ever lived. There was a living piquancy in the friend of Goethe—the man who *would* explain to you his writings—being also the admirer of "Madge;" it was like a proser, lengthily eulogising Kant to you, and then saying, "Ah! but I do love Condillac; he is so clear."

But, on the other hand, I used to hold—I was reading law at the time, and so had some interest in the matter—that Mr. Robinson much underrated his legal knowledge, and his practical power as a lawyer. What he used to say was, "I never knew any law, sir, but I knew the practice. . . . I left the bar, sir, because I feared my incom-

petence might be discovered. I was a tolerable junior, but I was rising to be a leader, which I was unfit to be, and so I retired, not to disgrace myself by some fearful mistake." In these memoirs he says that he retired when he had made the sum of money which he thought enough for a bachelor with few wants and not a single expensive taste. The simplicity of his tastes is certain; very few Englishmen indeed could live with so little show or pretence. But the idea of the gross incompetence is absurd. No one who was so ever said so. There are, I am confident, plenty of substantial and well-satisfied men at the English bar who do not know nearly as much law as Mr. Robinson knew, and who have not a tithe of his natural sagacity, but who believe in themselves and in whom their clients believe. On the other hand, Mr. Robinson had many great qualifications for success at the bar. He was a really good speaker: when over seventy I have heard him make a speech that good speakers in their full vigour would be glad to make. He had a good deal of the actor in his nature, which is thought, and I fancy justly thought, to be necessary to the success of all great advocates, and perhaps of all great orators. He was well acquainted with the petty technicalities which intellectual men in middle life in general cannot learn, for he had passed some years in an attorney's office. Above all, he was a very thinking man, and had an "idea of business"—that inscrutable something which at once and altogether distinguishes the man who is safe in the affairs of life from those who are unsafe. I do not suppose he knew much black-letter law; but there are plenty of judges on the bench who, unless they are much belied, know very little either—perhaps none. And a man who can intelligently read Kant, like Mr. Robinson, need not fear the book-work of English law. A very little serious study would have taught him law enough to lead the Norfolk circuit. He really had a sound, moderate, money-making business, and only a little pains was wanted to give him more.

The real reason why he did not take the trouble I fancy was that, being a bachelor, he was a kind of amateur in life, and did not really care. He could not spend what he had on himself, and used to give away largely, though in private. And even more, as with most men who have not thoroughly worked when young, daily, regular industry was exceedingly trying to him. No man could be less idle; far from it, he was always doing something; but then he was doing what he chose. Sir Walter Scott, one of the best workers of his time, used always to say that "he had no temptation to be idle, but the greatest temptation, when one thing was wanted of him, to go and do something else." Perhaps the only persons who, not being forced by mere necessity, really conquer this temptation, are those who were early broken to the yoke, and are fixed to the furrow by habit. Mr. Robinson loitered in Germany, so he was not one of these.

I am not regretting this. It would be a base idolatry of practical life to require every man to succeed in it as far as he could, and to devote to it all his mind. The world certainly does not need it; it pays well, and it will never lack good servants. There will always be enough of sound, strong men to be working barristers and judges, let who will object to become so. But I own I think a man ought to be able to be a "Philistine" if he chose; there is a sickly incompleteness about people too fine for the world, and too nice to work their way in it. And when a man like Mr. Robinson had a real sagacity for affairs, it is for those who respect his memory to see that his reputation does not suffer from his modesty, and that his habitual self-depreciations—which, indeed, extended not only to his powers of writing as well as to those of acting—are not taken to be exactly true.

In fact, Mr. Robinson was usefully occupied in University College business and University Hall business, and other such things. But there is no special need to write on them in connection with his name, and it would need a good deal of writing to make them intelligible to those who do not know them now. And the greater part of his life was spent in society where his influence was always manly and vigorous. I do not mean that he was universally popular, it would be defacing his likeness to say so. "I am a man," he once told me, "to whom a great number of persons entertain the very strongest objection." Indeed he had some subjects on which he could hardly bear opposition. Twice he nearly quarrelled with me: once for writing in favour of Louis Napoleon, which, as he had caught in Germany a thorough antipathy to the first Napoleon, seemed to him quite wicked; and next for my urging that Hazlitt was a much greater writer than Charles Lamb—a harmless opinion which I still hold, but which Mr. Robinson met with this outburst: "You, sir, you prefer the works of that scoundrel, that odious, that malignant writer, to the exquisite essays of that angelic creature!" I protested that there was no evidence that angels could write particularly well, but it was in vain, and it was some time before he forgave me. Some persons who casually encountered peculiarities like these, did not always understand them. In his last years, too, augmenting infirmities almost disqualified Mr. Robinson for general society, and quite disabled him from showing his old abilities in it. Indeed, I think that these memoirs will give almost a new idea of his power to many young men who had only seen him casually, and at times of feebleness. After ninety it is not easy to make new friends. And, in any case, this book will always have a great charm to those who knew Mr. Robinson well when they were themselves young, because it will keep alive to them the image of his buoyant sagacity, and his wise and careless kindness.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

ON EMIGRATION.

Few public questions are of more importance to England and America than that of Emigration. The progressive increase in the number of those who, under the existing arrangements of society, cannot obtain by their labour a proper livelihood, makes Emigration, as a means of relief for its superfluous and unemployed population, a matter of almost necessity for England. At the same time the vast unpeopled territory of America affords the largest field for immigrants, and the United States holds out such a welcome as no other country can offer to the settlers who by their labour may assist in developing its untold resources, and thus earn a share in its unexampled prosperity.

In the recent discussions of the subject in England much stress has been laid on the effect which emigration might have in diminishing the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, and in checking the growth of the pauperism and misery which are not less calamitous and perilous than dangerous to the State. But emigration, even on a large scale and continuing over a considerable period, is no remedy for pauperism. It can, at the best, be but a mere palliative for an evil which is the inevitable result of long established social conditions and relations, and that can be eradicated only by a gradual, comprehensive reform of the whole social order, proceeding from an improvement in the moral sense of the community. Unless accompanied by vigorous measures of internal social reform, emigration can afford only momentary relief. The void created by it in the domestic population would be rapidly filled, without any general improvement in the condition of the people.

But whether a social reform such as is required to make emigration a measure of permanent benefit to the State, be in progress at present or not, there is no doubt that emigration, properly conducted, offers to many individuals of the poorer classes the surest hope of bettering their condition, and of raising themselves from dependence and want. The mass of the English poor, however, and especially the enormous class of partial or complete paupers of whom it would be for the immediate, selfish interest of the country to rid itself, are both unable and unfit to emigrate.¹

(1) In an interview with a deputation of the National Emigration Aid Society, on the 21st of June of this year, Mr. Goschen stated that "he thought the country ought to know that in the workhouses of London there were scarcely any persons who were fit for emigration. Out of the 36,000 in the workhouses, there were only 3,000 able-bodied of both sexes; and the number of able-bodied amongst the outside poor also bore but a small proportion to the total number."

No civilised nation would willingly receive the off-scourings of another people. The worst result of pauperism is that it creates a condition of soul as well as of body that unfits men to be useful members of any society. The character produced by hereditary pauperism, like that which exists in England, is of a lower, and more hopelessly degraded type, than that of the savage. Self-respect, the desire for independence, regard for the rights of others, become extinct in the hereditary pauper,—and difficult as it is to stifle these qualities, they are, when once extinguished, still more difficult to restore. Without them man is no longer properly a social being.

Favourable circumstances may unquestionably have the effect of gradually elevating the pauper, as they may improve the criminal. But it is not to be asked or expected of any foreign nation, or of any colony, that it should undertake the task of lifting out of degradation the wretched creatures whom the evil constitution of the society of which they are originally members has permitted or compelled to become its pest and its peril.

The sense of common interest among nations, as well as the sense of mutual responsibility among the individuals who compose a nation, is so weak as yet, even among the most civilised peoples, and both are so far beneath, indeed, the conception which may be formed by an imagination neither exalted nor enthusiastic, of the possible relations between men, that it may perhaps seem, to those who have not had their thoughts directed to the subject, extravagant to suggest that no nation has a right to transfer the persons who are by character and disposition a burden to itself to the charge of another people, but that it should regard the departure of a useless or criminal individual from its own borders to the territory of another nation as a calamity as well as a disgrace. The time is not, however, in a long view, far distant, when it will be understood, that the interests of nations are in this respect identical; and further, that in a properly regulated society, that is, in a society in which true civilisation exists, as the result of a proper distribution of wealth, and of due provision for general education, a superfluous population ought not and is not likely to exist. To a remote posterity it will seem one of the most eminent proofs of the comparative barbarism, and of the low moral standard of the present times, that the condition of society, in some of the most advanced nations of the earth, tended to stimulate excessive population, and to perpetuate for generations a standard of living for the mass of the people which, in many respects, both physical and moral, was below that of purely savage tribes.

America, from the beginning of its political existence, has suffered greatly from being made the receptacle of the worst outcasts of European society. Its fortunate natural conditions have prevented some of the evil effects that might otherwise have proceeded from the unrestrained

immigration of poor, depraved, and ignorant foreigners. But even more important in securing immunity from the perils attendant on such an immigration have been those political principles upon which the Republic of the United States was founded, and which in the course of the century have not only been accepted as the formal creed of the people, but have become the very vital spirit of American society, fashioning its institutions, and moulding its ideas.

A citizen of the old world looking at the new from a distance, and judging it by an old-world standard, seeing only the public manifestations of its life, in its internal political contests, in its international relations, and in its press, can hardly properly understand the real spirit of America, or estimate truly the fact that that spirit does not find complete expression in politics or in the press, but is chiefly manifested in the social relations in which men are bound together by ties of mutual sympathy, helpfulness, and goodwill, far closer and more comprehensive than those which unite any other existing society. Imperfect and broken as they often are, they yet indicate an advance toward the realization of a true moral community, —of a community resting on the basis of individual freedom and responsibility.

Probably nothing has interfered more seriously with the normal development of the American commonwealth, and with the fulfilment of the ideas which it embodies, during the last thirty years, than the constant enormous influx of emigrants, the majority of whom were of the lowest classes of the old world. And certainly nothing has afforded a more striking proof of the native vigour and essential virtue of the American system, reinforced as they are by the material conditions of the country, than the fact that such an influx of poor and ignorant emigrants (reaching in some years an average of a thousand a day) has not more seriously disturbed its workings or modified its character. The cities of the Atlantic seaboard, and especially New York—the point to which the stream of emigration mainly tends—have indeed suffered greatly from it, in the lowering of their political and moral tone, partly as a direct result of the actual character of the immigrants, partly through the gradual destruction of that sense of common traditional interests and of common historic associations among the inhabitants, which are chief supports as well of public spirit as of public morality. The least enterprising and vigorous, the most ignorant and corrupt among the immigrants, sink at once on landing, like dregs, to the place they have been accustomed to occupy at the bottom of society, and find their homes at once in the low houses and cellars of the city that first receives them. Neither their habits nor their thoughts are changed by crossing the ocean. They come from the slums of Irish or German cities to crowd the slums of Boston and New York—im-

porting with themselves the foulness and corruption of the old world. The number of its inhabitants of German birth or parentage makes New York, it is said, the third largest German city in the world; and it holds a still higher rank among Irish cities. When the political and judicial corruption of New York is spoken of, when it is held up as an awful warning of the results of democratic institutions and principles, these facts should be remembered. New York is not a native-American city; it is not so much a product of America as of Europe; it is not a great united community with a sense of common life thrilling every nerve, but a mere conglomeration of foreign particles without other natural or historic connection than belongs to them as being all alike members of the human race.

If America had during the last thirty years received no emigrants but such as their native country might have regretted to lose—none but such as could become worthy citizens of a free commonwealth, and contribute to its moral as well as to its material progress—its relations to Great Britain and the other nations of Europe would be far different from what they are now. Great Britain has only herself to blame for American Fenianism, and for the bluster of demagogues pandering to the prejudice and passion which foreign-born citizens have brought from their native land.

It is of the highest importance to England at this time, in view of the probable increase of a purely English emigration, that the emigrants who leave her shores should belong to the respectable labouring class, with some notion of the duty of good citizens, and that they should carry with them a sense of attachment to their native land, and to its institutions, which hitherto has been shared by only a small portion of the emigrants from British ports. That emigration may be serviceable to the parent state in the long run, it must not be a mere getting rid of its refuse population, but it must be the sending forth an instructed and orderly portion of the people, possessing such characters, and imbued with such sentiments, as shall promote peace and mutual regard between the New World and the Old. It must be the departure of good citizens of one country to become good citizens of another.

II.

Education is required to make the mass of the English poor fit for emigration. And, however rapid may be the progress of the education of the lower orders of the people under the pressure of existing political conditions, a considerable time must elapse before it can develop within them a just conception of their rights and duties as citizens of a free State. Meanwhile emigration can be but an unsatisfactory means of disposing of the surplus population. It

is, however, in a large number of cases, the best that offers, and as such, few objects have a higher claim to the intervention of Government, and of society at large. In this, as in most other matters relating to the dependent classes, there is pressing need of organisation and combination of effort on the part of those interested to promote the independence of the poor. The English nation is so divided; the various classes of which it is composed are so separated; society—using the term in its largest sense—is so disintegrated, that it seems to possess in very low degree the sense of the immense force latent in itself for the accomplishment of objects of general utility—a force only to be developed by the united intelligent effort and action of different ranks of men, and requiring for its direction and control only judicious and simple organisation.¹ But whatever function the Government might properly exercise in the protection and regulation of emigration, in the advance of required funds, and in a general oversight of its course, it could not undertake the vicarious performance of the whole duty of society in the matter. This duty could be best discharged by a wide-spread organisation throughout England for the promotion of emigration, independent of Government, but acting concurrently with it. Already existing societies, especially the National Emigration Aid Society, afford the first elements of such an organisation as seems to be needed.

The individuals for whom emigration offers the best, if not the only means of raising themselves from dependence, and of bettering their condition, are scattered over the country. Many who would gladly emigrate do not possess the necessary means; many are too ignorant to take the requisite steps even if supplied with means. The majority of them are incompetent to ascertain the best modes of emigration, as well as to discriminate properly among the advantages and prospects offered by the different countries to which emigration is directed. It should be among the objects of such an organisation as is proposed to prepare and diffuse as widely as possible correct information respecting the modes of emigration, the most advantageous fields open to it, the inducements offered by different countries to different classes of labourers, together with some simple instructions to the emigrant in regard to health, climate, and other important matters.

These objects might be effected through numerous local agencies established in various parts of the country, with local officers, whose acquaintance with the character and wants of the people would fit

(1) The work of the Sanitary Commission during the late civil war in America was a splendid example of what the voluntary efforts of a people may effect when duly organised and concentrated. The organisation was itself wholly popular, and outside of government. Its history is full of instruction and encouragement for those who would accomplish any work dependent for its success on the combined efforts of all classes in a nation.

them to select the persons to whom an advance of means to enable them to emigrate might be judiciously afforded, as well as to assist them in all the difficult preliminary steps attendant on a change of home.

The local agencies should be subordinated to, and in constant communication with, central offices in London, Liverpool, and perhaps one or two other ports, and to one or the other of these offices all intending emigrants should be directed. It should be the duty of the officers of these central stations to look after the embarkation of the emigrant, to protect him from the first perils of inexperience, and to exercise a supervision over emigrant vessels.

An organised and responsible society of this sort would put itself into relation with the authorities of emigrant-receiving countries, not only to obtain correct information concerning the regulations respecting immigration, the openings for labour, the rate of wages, and other such matters, but also for the purpose of concerting with them such measures as might most securely provide for the promotion of the welfare of the immigrant in his new home, and for the protection of the interests of the nation of which he is to become a member.

At present, the emigrant, relying for the most part on his own unassisted and unbefriended efforts, and his imperfect knowledge, is exposed to needless difficulties, and often experiences needless hardship, suffering, and loss. His departure, his voyage, his arrival, are alike cheerless and depressing. He starts on his new life with a diminished stock of energy and hope, and with his hard-earned savings sadly lessened by knavery. Such an organisation as is here proposed might avert many of the most serious evils now attendant on emigration.

But it may not unreasonably be objected that the effect of a vigorous and active association for the promotion and oversight of emigration would be mainly to assist the departure from England of the best and most intelligent class of labourers—a class which she can ill afford to lose. Undoubtedly this would be the case. But if, as appears, her paupers are not fit to emigrate, and her most impoverished and dependent labourers are scarcely more so, emigration must in large measure consist of numbers of the better class of her labouring population. Their departure may, at least, afford opportunity for those below them to rise into the places they leave—and it may be hoped that the extension and improvement of education will by degrees largely develop the intelligence, the capacity, and the independence of the labouring poor who remain at home.

III.

At the beginning of this paper I stated that the United States offers to emigrants such a welcome as no other country can afford.

From the beginning of its existence as an independent power, the question of obtaining the supply of labour requisite to develop its unparalleled natural resources, as well as that of the method of settlement of its enormous territory, have been among the most important with which its Government have had to deal.

The proper disposal of its public lands early engaged the attention of the Government; and in 1785, before the adoption of the Constitution, Congress passed the first of a series, which has continued almost to the present day, of far-sighted and liberal laws providing for the prosperous and rapid settlement of the country. Recognising the importance, in the transfer of landed property, of certainty and brevity of description, Congress adopted a system of survey, record, and division of the public lands, which, modified by subsequent laws, has proved of eminent utility. Under this system base lines are first established corresponding with parallels of latitude. These are then intersected at right angles by principal meridians, corresponding with longitude. Starting from the bases, townships of six miles square are measured off and laid out on north and south in a regularly numbered series, while each range of townships east and west of the meridian is numbered in a like series. These townships are divided into sections of one mile square, or 640 acres, these again into half and quarter sections, half-quarters, and quarter-quarters. From the beginning of the system down to the present time, an area of nearly 500 millions of acres has been surveyed and laid out, and in considerable part settled, while a territory at least three times greater in extent remains unsurveyed and in process of surveyal.¹

All surveyed land was offered for sale at very low rates, and measures were from time to time adopted to promote the proper settlement, and to prevent unauthorised occupation of the public domain. For many years legal settlement could only be made upon lands "offered" by the Government; but as the population of the country increased, this limitation was found inadvisable, and a new policy was adopted, which still continues in force, under what are known as the Pre-emption Laws of 4th September, 1841, and 3rd March, 1843. By the provisions of these laws every citizen of the United States, including aliens who have filed a declaration of intention to become a citizen, being the head of a family, or widow, or single man over the age of twenty-one years, who has made, or shall hereafter make, a settlement in person on the public lands, surveyed or unsurveyed, and not specially reserved by law, and who shall inhabit and improve the same, and who has erected, or shall erect, a dwelling thereon, is authorised to enter with the registrar of the Land Office of the district in which the land may lie, any number of acres not exceeding one hundred and sixty, or a quarter-section of

(1) Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office. Washington, 1868.

land, upon paying to the United States the minimum price of such land.¹ By these Acts the whole public domain of the United States was, with inconsiderable exceptions, offered for settlement, and a secure title guaranteed to purchasers. The price at which it was offered was so low as to bring the possession of a hundred and sixty acres of land within the means of every capable and industrious man—all public lands being divided into two classes, of which one is held for sale at 1 dol. 25 cents per acre, a price designated as *minimum*, and the other at 2 dols. 50 cents, or *double minimum*.

By the pre-emption policy the rapid and healthy settlement of the country was greatly encouraged, and the national strength and prosperity promoted. The good results proceeding from the liberal disposal of the public lands were so apparent, that by degrees the temper of the nation was prepared for a policy of still more enlarged liberality, and in 1862 an Act known as the Homestead Act was passed, which may be regarded as the completion of the land-disposal system of the United States.² This statesmanlike and fore-reaching measure, adopted in the midst of the convulsions of civil war, and in its very nature an indication of the strong consciousness of the nation of its own permanent life and prosperity, *gives* to every citizen, and to all who have declared their intentions to become such, the *right* to a homestead on *surveyed* land, to the extent of one quarter section (160 acres) of land held at 1 dol. 25 cents the acre, or of eighty acres held at 2 dols. 50 cents. To obtain a homestead application must be made at the Land Office of the district for a definite plot of ground, and the applicant is required to make an affidavit that he or she is over the age of twenty-one, or the head of a family; that he has never borne arms against the Government; that the entry is made for his exclusive use and benefit, and for actual settlement and cultivation. A small fee and commission is payable when the entry is made, amounting at most to 16 dols. An inceptive right is vested in the settler by these proceedings, but the patent conveying ownership is not issued until the expiration of five years from the date of entry, and then only upon evidence that the law has been duly observed in regard to settlement and continuous cultivation for this term. Then upon payment of another small fee, not exceeding 6 dols. in any case, the settler receives his complete title to the homestead. If a settler should die before the completion of his claim, his heirs may continue the settlement and cultivation, and obtain title upon requisite proof at the proper time.

All the provisions of this great measure, and of the Acts subsequently passed amendatory of it, are conceived in a spirit of perfect

(1) U. S. Statutes, v., 455, 619.

(2) U. S. Statutes, xii., 400.

liberality and of careful regard of the interests of the settler. The benefits flowing from it become every year more and more obvious. The principle involved in it, and the results proceeding from it, are in a purely politico-economical view of special interest, and deserve far more attention than they have yet received. I regret that I cannot enlarge upon them here.

From the Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, October, 1867, it appears that during the preceding fiscal year the entries under the Homestead Law covered nearly two millions of acres, and that "the total area of the public domain embraced by such entries to the 30th June, 1867, exceeds seven millions of acres, represented by over fifty-nine thousand farms." "The wealth of the nation has been materially increased by the redemption of these seven millions of acres from the wilderness of nature, their conversion into cultivated farms, and the consequent augmentation of the agricultural products of the country."

But there is another feature of the system of disposal of the public land which indicates the foresight of the Government, and which has been, and still is, of the highest importance as regards the development of the nation, and the security of its democratic institutions. From the earliest period of the national existence it was resolved that settlement and education should proceed hand in hand. Before the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the Continental Congress in 1785 passed an ordinance, famous in American history, respecting the territory north-west of the Ohio River. Among the provisions of this ordinance was one establishing a school system, and allotting for the support of education a fund, to be derived from the grant of a section of six hundred and forty acres in each township of six miles square, so that at this early period one thirty-sixth portion of the public lands was set apart in the interest of public education.

A similar, but even more extensive provision, has been made for the support of education in the new States and territories included within the limits of the United States since that period. In localities distant from large towns or political centres, the grant for schools has been extended to twelve hundred and eighty acres in each township. And besides the allotments for schools, liberal provision has been made, in the same manner, for the support of higher seminaries of learning and colleges; the latest land grant for this purpose being that of July, 1862, for the establishment and support in each State of the Union of a college or colleges for education in agriculture, mechanics, and mining.

"If," says Mr. Wilson, the Commissioner of the General Land Office, "there be added to the quantity already conceded to the public land States for school purposes, the area that will pass, according to

the principles of existing legislation, to the organised territories when they shall become States, it will be found that the aggregate will reach seventy million five hundred and fifty-nine thousand one hundred and twelve acres. Besides, there have been granted for seminaries of learning one million two hundred and four thousand one hundred and sixty acres ; making an aggregate thus conceded in the cause of learning of seventy-one million eight hundred and three thousand two hundred and seventy-two acres, much of it of great value, and from which ample funds may be derived for the continual support of the great object contemplated by the munificent grant."

In every State laws exist, reflecting and embodying the popular sentiment, by which effect is given to the wise provisions of the Government for the promotion of popular education. Thus the United States makes a freewill offering to every adult emigrant not only of a home for himself and his family, but of gratuitous instruction for his children. It would be difficult to conceive of a more liberal and judicious mode of disposal of the public property of a nation, or one more beneficial alike to itself and to mankind at large.

I pass over other details of the land system of the United States, my object in this summary being simply to give an account of those portions of it which have a direct interest for immigrants.

As aliens cannot acquire valid title to real estate under the pre-emption and homestead laws, the privileges of which are restricted to citizens or those who have declared their intention to become such, it may be worth while to give a brief statement, from the Land Commissioner's Report, of the legal steps necessary on the part of an alien to acquire citizenship in the United States :—

"An alien, over the age of twenty-one years, may at any time after arrival declare before any court of record having common-law jurisdiction (with a clerk or prothonotary and seal) his intention to become a citizen, and to renounce for ever all foreign allegiance. The declaration must be made at least two years before application for citizenship.¹

"At the expiration of two years after the declaration, and at any time after five years' residence, the party desiring naturalisation, if *then* not a citizen, denizen, or subject of any country at war with the United States, should appear in a court of record, and there be sworn to support the Constitution of the United States and renounce foreign allegiance. If he possessed any hereditary title or order of nobility, such also must be renounced, and satisfactory proof produced to the court by the testimony of witnesses, citizens of the United States, of the five-year residence in the country, one year of which must be within the State or territory where the court is held, and that during the five-year period he was a man of good moral character and attached to the principles of the Constitution ; whereupon he will be admitted to citizenship, and thereby his children under twenty-one years of age, if dwelling in the United States, will also be regarded as citizens.²

"Where the alien has made his declaration and dies before being actually

(1) U. S. Statutes, vol. iii., page 153, and vol. iv., page 69.

(2) U. S. Statutes, vol. ii., page 155.

naturalised, the widow and children become citizens of the United States and entitled to all rights and privileges as such, upon taking the prescribed oaths.¹

"An alien, being a minor, and under the age of twenty-one years at the time of arrival, who has resided in the country three years next preceding his majority of twenty-one years, may, after reaching such period and on five years' residence, including the three years of his minority, be admitted to citizenship without a preliminary declaration of intentions, provided he *then* makes the same, averring also on oath and proving to the court that for the past three years it had been his intention to become a citizen; also showing the fact of his residence and good character."²

"Children of citizens of the United States born out of the country are deemed citizens, the right not descending, however, to persons whose fathers never resided in the country; and any woman who might legally be naturalised, married, or who shall be married to a citizen of the United States, is held to possess citizenship."³

"An alien twenty-one years of age and over, who has enlisted, or shall enlist, in the regular or volunteer armies of the United States, and be honourably discharged, may be admitted to citizenship upon his simple petition and satisfactory proof of one year's residence prior to his application, accompanying the same with proof of good moral character and honourable discharge."⁴

Such then is the welcome offered by America to the homeless and the poor of other lands.

If England had not allowed the mass of her poor to sink into a condition of ignorance and helplessness which greatly reduces their capacity to derive advantage even from emigration, there could be no better outlook for her superabundant population than removal to America. The transference of large numbers of independent and intelligent English men and women from the mother country to the United States would be a movement of population wholly in the interests of civilisation. The element which a large English emigration of the better sort would add to the general current of emigration from Europe to America would be of especial value to the new world. The fundamental qualities of English and American character in most important respects, in spite of growing external differences, remain essentially alike. The political and social institutions of England seem to be modifying themselves, through slow and difficult processes, into nearer affinity to American institutions. The deepest principles of national life in the two countries are the same. In a broad view, in their relation to mankind at large, their historic, secular interests are identical. The English race, in England and America, have a joint part to play in the drama of human progress. Everything would seem to concur in making the emigration of Englishmen to America the most natural, the most serviceable measure for the good of both countries.

But that this may be the case the education of the common people of England must be brought more nearly to a level with that of the people of America.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

(1) U. S. Statutes, vol. ii., page 292.

(2) U. S. Statutes, vol. iv., page 69.

(3) *Ibid.*, vol. x., page 604.

(4) *Ibid.*, vol. xii., page 597.

ON TEACHING ENGLISH.

THREE subjects comprehend everything that can be brought into a course of instruction in English—(1) Grammar, (2) Composition and Rhetoric, and (3) English Literature. We have, therefore, to consider the respective claims of these three branches, and what parts of each should receive especial prominence. Much depends upon the parts selected; it is quite possible for a teacher, without travelling out of the field thus defined, to be entirely useless.

Before entering on the subjects in detail, let us inquire whether there be any governing principle, any chief or crowning end, paramount in settling the work of the English class-room. In proposing any one object as a crowning end, we are likely to find ourselves at once embarked in controversy. The sooner, then, we begin, the better.

The end here maintained as predominant under all circumstances, is *training in prose composition*; in other words, to improve the pupils to the utmost in expressing themselves well, whether in writing or in speech. If there be any ends besides, either they should be ministerial to the crowning end, or, supposing them to have an independent value, they are to stand on one side when that end is concerned. The cultivation of Taste is partly ministerial to composition, and partly a source of enjoyment; but composition first, pleasure afterwards. Intellectual discipline is supposed to be an end; still it should be, above all other things, a discipline in the art of expression in languages.

A wide scope is to be allowed to the meaning of Composition. It is not confined to mere business composition, nor even to that coupled with the expository art for the purposes of science; it takes in the graces and amenities of style as an art for refining social intercourse, and for aiding in oratory. But I do not intend it to include the express culture of poetical composition; that being the speciality of a few, not the habitual diction of life. I would not make this exclusion absolute under all circumstances, any more than I would exclude the secondary ends; I mean only that these things *are* secondary, and must wait till full justice is done to what is primary.

It is proverbially difficult to argue an end. Indeed, a final end cannot be argued at all; for argument consists in quoting something more fundamental than the point argued, which the hearers are supposed to admit. If you deliberately and consistently hold that the art of composing well is not the highest end of instruction in English—that, if not subordinate, it is at least only co-ordinate with other

ends, such as Taste and Intellectual Discipline—I can have nothing to say. I might adduce instances of the mention of this as a great and crowning end; and of its being frequently accepted in that character. But to the consistent and conscientious dissenter, there is no basis for reply.

Nevertheless, it will be conceded, that this is *one* end of a leading kind; and, consequently, a course of instruction that does not point to it in a very considerable degree is insufficient as a system of English teaching. Even on this qualified assumption, the following remarks will perhaps not be devoid of force.

I. First, then, as to ENGLISH GRAMMAR. All will admit that one use of English grammar is correct composition. To say the least, grammar is the means of making us more steady and consistent in our adherence to the conventions and idioms of the language, than the generality of us would be, if we had no grammatical training. It goes a little farther, and considers the quality of clearness or perspicuity; but the full attention to that and to other merits comes under the higher department called Composition, Rhetoric, or the Laws of Style.

Now, as regards Grammar, there are two questions open to debate. The one relates to grammar considered as an Intellectual discipline in a wider sense than the discipline in composition—a scientific or logical discipline. The second is, how early should grammar begin to be taught.

The first is the greater question. The assertion is constantly repeated that grammar is a discipline in accurate reasoning, having a distinct value on that score. Indeed, more stress is frequently laid upon this function than upon the subservience to correctness in the conventions of the language. The supposed intellectual training of grammar is tendered as the most powerful reason for studying Latin, in which hardly any one has ever any occasion to compose, and few even to read. Yet, whether as regards English, or as regards Latin, Greek, or any other language, I hold that the allegation as to mental discipline is subject to very great qualifications.

I can see two ways in which the discipline of grammar may be supposed to operate. For one thing, there is, in all composition, a necessity for fulfilling a certain number of conditions, indicated to some extent by general rules, which rules must be understood and correctly applied. You cannot write a good sentence, conveying a meaning, without attending to a variety of considerations; and, therefore, you must exert a certain amount of intelligent effort. In learning a foreign language, by grammar and dictionary, one is still more completely thrown upon the understanding and the applying of rules.

Now this may be fairly called an intellectual exercise. But is it

an exercise in any way peculiar to grammar, or to language, to English, to Latin, or to Greek? Is it not rather the very thing demanded in every art and profession above the commonest manual labour. A clerk in a counting-house has a great many conditions to observe—rules to interpret and comply with. A lawyer, writing a business letter, or drawing up a deed, has a still larger number of considerations to bring together with understanding. There is no profession that one can be engaged in without undergoing such a discipline; and, in most, it is far more stringent than in grammar. This, therefore, is a discipline that will never be wanting to any one educated for a business of the smallest importance. The mistress of a household has abundant scope for the intelligent combining of means to ends, and for the application of rules to cases.

The point to be insisted on, then, is that no study is justified merely by the circumstance that it contains a field for understanding and applying rules. We can cultivate this avocation in so many ways that we are never driven to seek it on grounds in other respects barren. It adds nothing to the recommendation of grammatical studies; if these have no specific utility in regard to composition by pen or by mouth they have no utility at all. As to the habit of overcoming difficulties, we need never make difficulties on purpose; we can always find some work fruitful in itself, as well as calculated to inure us to patient and intelligent combinations.

Besides, it does not follow that because we have gone through a certain training in one thing we shall transfer that training to other and different things. We may or we may not. The only sure discipline is a discipline on the very subject on which we are to be occupied. A clerk is trained, not by grammar, but by accounts. A medical man is trained, not by the Greek verb, but at the hospital.

The other way that grammatical study may be supposed to operate as a mental discipline, apart from its immediate purpose, is in exemplifying the processes of scientific reasoning—such as classifying, defining, generalising, induction, deduction, and so on. Now, this granted, the foregoing remarks are still to the point; there are so many fruitful studies, so many useful branches of knowledge, more or less perfectly cast in the scientific mould, that we can always couple utility and discipline in the same exercise. We need never seek for examples of scientific method in an intrinsically unprofitable region; the valuable forms of science may be found in conjunction with valuable matter. There exist fruitful studies of every grade of difficulty for exemplifying all the reasoning processes; it is enough to instance Mathematics, the wide compass of Natural History, and the subjects comprised under Natural Philosophy.

But I do not concur in the assertion that grammar is a good model of scientific method. I find that its definitions have long been bad,

and are only now in the course of being slowly amended; its inductions are still defective; the rules are often wanting both in accuracy and in perspicuity, while the qualifications and exceptions are insufficiently worked out. Even in that future day when the subject shall attain its perfection, as to scientific form, it will be very unsuitable for initiating beginners in scientific method. Any science that thoroughly encompasses the vast structure of a cultivated language, accommodating itself to all the caprices of usage, as well as bodying forth the deep and subtle relationships, will not be an elementary science. If grammar is easy and elementary now, the result is gained by superficiality, by evading all serious difficulties, by leaving unexplained the very things most in want of explanation.

The truth is that a certain amount of this ground is covered by the rules of grammar, and all the rest is left to be gathered in the detail, like our English spelling. Between the two methods a pupil may be tolerably educated in the language; but he will not have seen anything that can be called good science. Nor could the very best teacher accommodate the subject to scientific or logical discipline for beginners. The utmost that can be gained by grammatical training is grammatical training; the *forms* of classifying, defining, induction, and deduction, will not start forth from the *matter* of language in that clearness of manifestation that would make them easy to apply to other matter—to law, to medicine, or to theology.¹

(1) Extraordinary eulogiums are occasionally passed on the power of grammar rules to impress scientific or logical method. The pupil, it is said, has a rule set before him, with a certain number of examples, and has to stretch the application to new cases; which is the substance of all scientific deduction. Thus, take the rule, or rules, for the formation of the plural. There is (1) the general rule (adding “s” to the singular), then (2) certain exceptional rules; and finally (3) a number of irregularities to be learnt piecemeal. This instance typifies a large part of grammar. But how many pupils, we may ask, conceive this process in its scientific character or method? Most teachers would probably answer none at all. The comprehending of such a scheme belongs essentially to the post-grammatical age, and is not aided by the examples furnished in grammar. The ordinary pupil does not even remember the rules themselves in after life; our knowledge of the greater part of the grammatical proprieties is gained on the individual instances. We write “babies,” not so much from the instigation of the rule learnt at school, as from having repeatedly seen the form in the word itself, and the close analogies, “ladies,” &c.

A logical discipline, to be successful, must be worked like every other discipline; it must begin with simple forms, and proceed by degrees to the complex. Easy classifications and definitions in the first instance, succeeded by more and more difficult; and inductions on the same plan; deductions, first for perfect rules, and next for rules liable to qualifying rules and exceptions,—would be a scheme of logical discipline such as a young pupil might follow. But now in teaching a subject having other ends in view, we cannot obtain the indispensable gradation from the simple to the complex; we are just as likely to have, at the very outset, the most complicated instances of logical method. Thus, the grammarian, in first starting, has to settle the *Parts of Speech*: of them he must commence with the definition and classification of Nouns, whereby he is already plunged into complex defining and cross classifications, which are by far too subtle and difficult to be presented as the first introduction to logic. They may be intelligible as grammar, but certainly not beyond.

The conclusion, therefore, on the whole, is that grammar has no secondary end that needs to be taken into account in estimating its educational value. In so far as it does not serve the primary end of aiding us in the use of our own language, it has no reason of existence.

There is a second question connected with grammar, viz., at what age should it be entered upon? The answer is, as soon as a pupil can be made to comprehend the structure and parts of a Sentence. When you can explain with effect that every communication by speech takes the form of a sentence, that a sentence is made up of a subject and a predicate, that the predicate may be completed by an object, and that both subject and object may be qualified by secondary words—when all this can be understood, grammar can be understood. You have then, and not till then, a basis for the Parts of Speech; and all the rest will easily follow. But to define a Noun without reference to the Sentence is futile and misleading: and, if grammar had any efficacy in suggesting scientific method, such a definition would only pervert and corrupt the reasoning faculties. To call a Noun “the name of a person, place, or thing,”—John, London, book,—is not even a decent approximation; it is not a respectable compromise. If all nouns were names of objects in the concrete,—as man, skylark, town, table,—the definition, although still taking the wrong aspect, would not be so far from including the things. But as, in addition to these concretes of the outer world, we have the whole vocabulary of *mind*—love, passion, conscience, thought, &c.—which no pupil could recognise as persons, or as places, or as things; also the vocabulary of *actions* as expressed by nouns—work, cry, flow, drive, and so on; and farther the *abstractions*, as time, space, goodness, beauty:—you must pass in silence probably the largest half of the noun vocabulary, or else drop the definition, or, finally, slip into the real definition, that is, the position of the noun as subject or as object of the sentence.

A final word as to grammar. If the sole end of the grammatical system is correctness in composition, there is yet much to be done in accommodating our grammars to the end. An extensive technical machinery has been contrived, and we are still adding to it; but there is no corresponding zeal in directing it to guide composition. Of recent additions, I may instance the Analysis of the Sentence, which is the indispensable complement of the whole grammatical structure system, as giving the only basis of the parts of speech. It has a farther utility in calling attention to the structure of sentences. But why should attention be called to this matter? Mainly, as I conceive, to help us to see the difference between a good sentence and a bad one. It may serve the additional end of enlarging our stock of sentence forms, so as to increase our compass of effective expres-

sion. Yet, to neither purpose has Analysis been as yet studiously directed. Very admirable manuals of Analysis are now to be had; indeed, the formulæ are brought almost to an ideal perfection. Yet we seldom employ the new nomenclature to say—"this form of sentence is good," "that is bad;" "this is adapted for our use, that for another;" "this is a form that might be beneficially extended," and so on. Now, until we proceed to this farther stage, the machinery is otiose (excepting always the bearing on the Parts of Speech). It has capabilities not turned to account. Mr. Dalgleish has contrived a valuable supplement to Analysis, in the form of Synthesis; which still farther seems to impress the mind with the parts and organisation of sentences. Yet even this does not bring us up to the main chance—the discrimination of good and evil in sentence structure.

Another recent addition to grammar is the subject of Derivation, in its two branches—the Sources of the Vocabulary, and the Composition of Words. The Sources of the Vocabulary must be considered as curious rather than as practically useful; for, although susceptible of being rendered useful as well as curious, much of that remains to be done. Generally speaking, the history of a word does not add to our knowledge of its meaning; our only safe guide is present use. Much information as to national history and manners may be gained from noting the changes in the meaning of words; still, the English master has a more urgent vocation than being the historian of national customs. Moreover, that subject does not seem to need a special tutor, or the intervention of the living voice. Any branch of knowledge that happens to be perfectly easy to an ordinary mind, and at the same time possesses a self-sustaining interest or charm, may very well dispense with the schoolmaster. This remark will be again called for, ere we are done; and we might extend it beyond our present object. It applies most emphatically, for example, to the whole department of History; which might be learned, one would suppose, from such writers as Arnold, Macaulay, Milman, Grote, Carlyle, and Kinglake, by every person of fair attainments and mature age, without either professor or coach.

In attending to the Sources of the Vocabulary, there is one incidental advantage,—to impress the memory with the vocables themselves, which is a very large part of our cultivation in language. The effect, however, that any teaching can have upon this immense acquisition is surprisingly small. Our command of vocables is an attainment spreading itself over the whole life; the English teacher has but a moderate share in it, as could be proved by an arithmetical computation. We imbibe vocables most readily when we are intensely interested with anything that we hear or read, and the teacher has occasional opportunities of operating in this way, as well as by mere dunning and repetition. Yet, unless the course of English were

extended much beyond its present limits, the whole efficacy of teaching in this matter is too confined to be taken into account in the education of a cultivated person.

A farther subject of no small interest, connected with the sources of words is General Philology. In learning a foreign language, this may be an aid to the memory of vocables; in learning our own language, the utility in this way is but slender. I do not think that the English teacher has time to spare for this department: its bearing on his chief end is too remote. What has been above remarked as to the immediate sources of words, and the small connection between these and present use, applies with far greater force to the first origin of speech. That subject is eminently calculated to stimulate the curiosity of the mature man, and a teacher may occasionally advert to it, just as a lecturer in Physiology may make a passing allusion to the Darwinian doctrine of development.

The other part of Derivation, now worked up in our grammars to a high pitch of completeness, is the Composition of Words—the addition of endings and of prefixes to the primary roots, whereby there are formed new vocables with various shades of meaning. In favour of this study, can be pleaded a high practical utility—the avoiding of a class of serious errors. No fault is commoner than the misuse of suffixes. If consistency in this point had been studied, we should not have the word “sensible” employed to signify “possessing good sense;” the termination has a passive force, and the word should mean only what can be felt, as, a sensible taste, an insensible pressure. Now by arraying under each suffix, and each prefix, a series of characteristic examples, we enable the pupils to make their induction as to the prevailing signification, and so to check themselves in deviating from the consistency of the language in a matter of some importance.

There is also, in this exercise, a certain small contribution to the storing up of the vocables.

II. Leaving grammar, strictly so called, we have next to consider the higher COMPOSITION, RHETORIC, or STYLE, comprehending all the rules, maxims and suggestions for rendering language more effective. To be grammatical is one thing; to be perspicuous, terse, or unctuous, is another thing. Not that there is any hard line between the two departments; references to perspicuity occur under the grammar rules, as in the Order of Words under Syntax, while grammarians often introduce ultra-grammatical precepts concerning style. Nevertheless the subject is so large, and so ramified, that, under whatever name, it should take an independent start, leaving grammar decisively behind it.

Now of all the subjects proposed to the attention of the English master or professor, this is, to my mind, the chief. At the stage we

are supposing, the pupil should be done with grammar; and there remain therefore only the two departments—Composition and Literature. Of these, Composition is out of sight the superior. It expresses emphatically the very thing that we all want to do,—to compose well, whatever may be our end in composing. Few persons tolerably educated commit errors in grammar; every one is open to be indefinitely improved in style.

This is the subject of the science named RHETORIC, of which Aristotle presented the first methodical handling. Not much was added to what he laid down till the treatises of Campbell and Blair in the last century; from whom, together with Aristotle, Whately derived the chief part of his Rhetoric. Under the less sounding title, “English Composition,” we have had a great many manuals of the same tenor; professing to lay down rules, over and above those of grammar, for effective composition in the different departments of style.

Now I hold that the foremost task of the English master is to apply, and to extend, the code of instructions in this very wide region. Should he find that there is nothing of any great consequence to be said on it, he has, as I conceive, no vocation at all. In proportion as he is equipped here, he is an English teacher.

The work of discriminating excellence from defect in all kinds of composition is a great professional accomplishment, just like the law; the reducing of the modes of excellence, and the corresponding defects, to general heads, with appropriate examples, is the English master's outfit in his art. He must know the whole compass of assignable rules, and the limits where each rule ceases to operate. He must have a mind practised, up to the rapidity of an instinct, in discriminating good and evil in composition, in showing how the good may become better, and the better, best. As teachers we are nothing, if not critical. It passes our means to impart to our pupils the affluence of the language; but we can, even within our brief curriculum, do much to exercise them in the sense of good and evil; we can leave an abiding impression of what to avoid, such as will be afterwards present in their own attempts at composition, and the observance of which will finally engender a habit of excellence in style.

The teaching of the classics is illustrative here. The reading of the Latin authors at school is accompanied with a series of instructions as to the minute structure of the language, which have been gathered up and recorded by grammarians, critics, and teachers, since the revival of letters. We have a great many manuals of Latin prose, containing these critical minutiae, intended to indoctrinate the pupil into the force and the elegance of Latin expression. I doubt whether there has yet been produced with reference to our own tongue so

extensive a series of observations for guiding a pupil to a high order of English composition as those existing for Latin composition. What is more curious still, there are certain points attended to in a marked manner in Latin and Greek, having a counterpart in English, and not at all attended to there. The best example of this is the participial construction. In Latin, and still more in Greek, the pupil is carefully taught the conversion of clauses with a finite verb, into participial phrases, either in the absolute case, or as is so easy in Greek, in apposition with the main clause. Now if there be one thing more than another where our composition is universally defective, it is in the excessive use of relatives, and in the neglect to get rid of them by a participial construction. I speak from deliberate and long-continued observation when I say that probably every writer uses more relatives than is necessary, and under circumstances where their accumulation must be a felt incumbrance. The heavy relatives "who" and "which" are the incubus of English composition. They give an Act-of-Parliament heaviness to what the writer earnestly desires to be light and easy. Yet how seldom does it occur to anybody to imitate the classical modes of reducing their number. Instead of "the man *who* wants to buy salt," how many unemployed substitutes are there? "the man wanting to buy salt," "the man in want of salt," "the purchaser of salt," and so on. When "that" can be employed, the effect is not so heavy; yet even then, we can often do better. Says Addison, "A man of polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures *that* the vulgar are not capable of receiving." Express it thus, "a great many pleasures not open to the vulgar," and you substitute terseness for a drawl.

I have chosen one illustration out of scores to show that we are not as yet half alive to the minutiae of English construction. I might advert in much greater detail to points connected with the sentence, capable of being ascertained and formulated with great precision, but hitherto almost wholly neglected. The unavoidable looseness of our sentences, as compared with Latin and Greek, is habitually allowed to be worse than it need be. Qualifying clauses, which should come first, are left to dangle at the end. The fatal word "which" is a lure to add on to a sentence what does not belong to it, violating unity as well as the periodic structure. Scarcely any attention is paid to the effective disposition of the essential and emphatic clauses of a period. The formulæ for analysing sentences, I repeat, have never been used to teach how to make a good sentence.

It is not to be expected that, with so many omissions in regard to the sentence, we should be in a high state of advancement in the rhetoric of the Paragraph. Many good paragraphs have been written, especially in recent times; but the bad far outnumber the good. Yet there are obvious laws that, if attended to, would diminish the

number of defective paragraphs. These laws should be sought out, exemplified, and enforced by the English teacher.

There is also much to be done in pointing out the special merits and defects of the different kinds of composition, as Description, Narration, Exposition, Persuasion. Every one of these branches has laws of its own, which do not come by instinct; they have never yet been fully complied with by any one. Exposition, for example, has made great advances since the Elizabethan times; many works have been produced realising a high pitch of excellence in this line. Yet the general standard is very low, and one consequence is to retard the dissemination of knowledge and science in the community. The very best expounders will be found stumbling the moment they are scrutinised by the light of principles that, when stated, are almost self-evident.

Such are a few indications of the subject-matter of English teaching in its highest aim of making people better composers by pen, or by mouth. Some remarks may next be offered on the best kind of exercises in composition. There is much to be said on this point, and nobody should insist upon a very narrow method, because different teachers may bring about the end in different ways. The one principle that I would chiefly urge is to make exercises as far as possible exercises of language, and not exercises either of information or of invention. In short, the pupil should not have to go far in search of his matter. Indeed, I am convinced that, as a rule, the matter should be supplied in some one shape, and the requirement should be to transform it into some other shape. The English master, as such, has to do with the thought to be expressed, only as affording opportunities for expression. Given a certain meaning, it is his business to compare the different ways of rendering that meaning, and to point out the merits and demerits of each. He should not confine himself to feeble, inaccurate, or obsolete matter, because such matter would not serve his main purpose of aiding in the worthy expression of important meanings.

Holding these views, then, I cannot but entertain great doubts as to the value of essay writing or theme writing, considered as a discipline in style. The finding of the material absorbs half or more than half of the pupil's attention, so that the consideration of the style is quite secondary and subsidiary: in fact, such essays belong to scientific rather than to literary classes. Besides, the writer necessarily travels over a wide compass of expression, and commits more faults and inadvertences than it is possible for the teacher to take notice of; so that the great mass must go uncorrected. Of course this evil is at its maximum with the junior pupil, and might be very much reduced at the end of a long training: at which point the essay system might cease to be objectionable.

Assuming, then, that except for the higher pupils, the matter should be as far as possible provided and the task consist in expressing it, we have still a choice of various kinds of exercises. We may give a poetical passage to be rendered into prose. We may give a condensed statement to be expanded, or a diffuse statement to be condensed. We may prescribe a subject, and give the heads and illustrations; this is a good form of exercise for public examinations in English. We may choose a theme familiar to the pupils, asking them to give an account of something that they know, some book they have read, some incidents of their own, or to describe a place that they are acquainted with. These modes are free from some of the objections of essay writing; but, as regards the junior pupils, they all labour more or less under the difficulty of being adequately criticised or corrected; they are sure to manifest a number of faults that cannot be fully taken notice of. I greatly prefer, for the earlier stages, some form of exercise containing but few requirements, or aiming at some definite merit of composition; in which case a thorough corrective criticism is possible.

While wishing to leave great latitude to the teacher, subject to a few main considerations, I will point out the kind of exercise that seems to me to combine the greatest number of advantages to pupils generally. It is to give out passages of good authors for criticism and correction, each passage being chosen with a view to raising questions suitable to the progress of the pupils. A sentence or a paragraph is prescribed for examination and amendment; the pupil is required to show its merits and its defects, sentence by sentence, and to re-cast all the defective parts. The points involved are thus so far circumscribed that every one of them can be adverted to by the teacher; all the merits of the passage can be brought to light, and all the defects remedied. Not only is this a good testing exercise, but it is one of the very best means of imparting instruction in the first instance. An exegesis of a well-composed passage from a good modern author is as good an opportunity as can be afforded of awakening the pupils to the excellences and the deficiencies of style.

And here let me remark that I intend no disrespect to our most distinguished writers when I say that, in their very best passages, along with much to be stamped with approbation, the critical English teacher will discover something to be improved. In point of fact, no man is as yet possessed of all the laws of good writing; even if a man knew them all he could seldom find time to embody them in a work of any length; and, finally, most of our great writers have some peculiar bias or idiosyncrasy, which has to be pointed out in setting them up as models. Macaulay is too antithetical; De Quincey is excessive in the classical part of the vocabulary; Carlyle, while

exhibiting the copiousness of the language in a marvellous degree, indulges in peculiarities that are not for others to imitate.

The reasons why these critical exercises should be chiefly derived from good modern authors will be given under the remarks to be made on the third division of the course of English—namely, ENGLISH LITERATURE.

In this wide field we have first the claim of the early English authors—those before Chaucer. If the criterion of utility is allowed, they may be soon disposed of. It is scarcely supposable that a student of this day should get one useful hint from the whole mass of these authors put together. They belong partly to the history of the language, and partly to the history of the country. They are proper to be published, edited, and commented on; they enter into the department of curious reading for the grown man; they do not belong, farther than by cursory allusion, to the schoolmaster, hemmed in as he is at the present moment within such narrow limits of time. Either they do not require, or they are not susceptible of, the master's aid. They will be read, without any teaching, by those whose taste lies that way; and scarce any teaching could give them interest where it is not native to the student.

In Chaucer, we have the real beginning of the literary eminence of our country. No reading man would dispense with Chaucer. But is an English master justified in taking up much time with him? True, he is so far charged with obsolete phraseology and forms, that he cannot be read without the assistance of a commentary. But is it not sufficient that his text should be edited and explained, and his beauties indicated in printed annotations? When you are sufficiently matured for the enjoyment of poetry of any kind, you will take delight in reading Chaucer for yourself, with no other aid but the notes of the "able editor." You will also find abundance of reviews and criticisms of Chaucer, written in a perfectly intelligible, and even attractive style, which you need no one by your elbow to expound. Doubtless the discussions on Chaucer's metre are a little dry, and might be the better for a coach; but I should say to the person that could not master the point without such help, that neither he nor mankind at large would be much worse if he left the matter alone.

It will be obvious that this line of remark upon Chaucer has an application far wider; that at least it extends to all the great poets. I mean it to be so extended. I hold that an English poet that has not of himself sufficient attractions to be read, understood, and relished, without the prelections of a University professor, is by that very fact a failure. He undertakes to charm the sense and fill the imagination of the ordinary reader, without more effort of study than is repaid on the spot at the moment; his return for any labour

expended on him is immediate or nothing. Any special difficulties ensuing from remoteness of age, from the wide scope of his imagery, or from any accidental defects of his composition, may be removed by his elegant and admiring commentator, or be redeemed by his irresistible charms in other respects. If we are to allow a coach in addition to the editor and the review critic, the popular evening lecturer is quite enough. The youthful pupil's forenoon hours are too precious for this kind of work.

Let us come now to modern English, dating from Elizabeth. Here we have our greatest poet, and some of our greatest names in prose. Let us first dispose of the poet. I speak with the common sentiment of profound homage to the genius of Shakespeare. Every one that has been in any way alive to his greater flights, will admit, I think, that they raise and distend the intellect beyond any existing compositions. In this respect their power is little dependent on the commentator. If there be any one qualified to add much to the force of the Shakespearian passages, it is the great actor and elocutionist; and even without these, he will continue to exercise his potency. I could not vote to tax the nation for coaching *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*.

Of the prose writers of Elizabeth, I listen with amazement to any one recommending Hooker. Why, the men that superseded Hooker, in every conceivable merit of thought and of style, are themselves superseded. In John Austin we are, at least, three removes from the "fustian" of Hooker. So long as the union of Church and State is a living question, Hooker will deserve to be looked back to, and perhaps admired, for his "judiciousness" in suggesting the needful compromises in that knotty relationship; but for every other purpose he is left far behind.

Bacon still contains a certain amount of unexhausted interest, yet his style has more to avoid than to imitate. He has given birth to expressions that will be immortal in our language; and there are perhaps occasional felicities that have not become hackneyed. But the modern student may be satisfied with a few specimens of his peculiar genius.

I will not go on farther in allusions to particular authors, because the drift of the remarks will now be apparent. I cannot admit the necessity of going back to Elizabeth for studying style; and the objections would apply, although with decreasing force, to the ages succeeding. Even the great prose authors of the seventeenth century before Cowley and Dryden are wholly unsuited as guides to composition. Milton's prose contains stupendous bursts, worthy of his genius, but the structural part is in no respect to be commended. I should not be hard upon any one that found Barrow unreadable, and Tillotson the same. Cowley, Temple, and Dryden, succeeded by the

men of Queen Anne, greatly alter the state of the case. Still these are not the best masters of prose; the language did not culminate with them. Allowing for temporary mannerisms, English prose has improved steadily to the present hour. What then is the obvious course of the student? Is it not to devote himself to the men that realise the highest excellences before looking at inferior men? And the course of the student is also the course of the teacher. The great contemporary writers are to be first sought out. They are not perfect, anyone of them; but the knowing teacher can turn their imperfections to good account. He has, as I conceive, no better line of instruction, no better exercise, than to discriminate the good from the less good in the most advanced of our literary composers. With them he should commence, and be principally conversant. He may go back and use, in decreasing percentage, the previous writers for a century and half, or two centuries; but he will find an increasing difficulty in remodelling, to ideal excellence, their sentences and paragraphs. Such, at least, has been my experience.

As regards then a course of English Literature, I hold that, in so far as it is an elegant critical excursus, wherein the historian vies with his subject authors in elegance and sparkle, being himself a literary artist—there is no need of enouncing all that from the professor's chair. The pupil should have it in print, and appropriate it in his own chair. The English teacher's concern with the literature of the past is to extract from it everything that is of value for improving the diction of the pupils, and in that view the present, and not the past, is his mainstay. The situation is illustrated in the quaint innuendo of the old historian, Fuller, on Selden, the antiquarian, who was not a despiser of this world's goods. "Selden," says Fuller, "possessed a number of coins of the Roman emperors, and a good many more of our recent *English kings*." The wealth, and purity, and correctness of our diction may be found, in connection with our most improved thinking, and our living sources of interest, in the great writers of our own generation. From them in point of fact, and in spite of all declamation about the old wells of pure English, we each derive our chief education in style; and the teacher, lending himself to the actual fact, can very much aid our progress in appropriating the best, and avoiding the inferior, forms of these exemplary writers. *He* certainly should know a good deal of the past; he should be ready with allusions to the forms and diction of all periods of modern English. He could, in his own way, and having the main chance always before him, review the history of literature in a manner most instructive. But when a man gets into literary criticism at large, the temptation to deviate into matters that have no value for the predominating end of a teacher of English, is far beyond the lure of alcohol, tobacco, or any sensual stimulation. He

runs into digressions on the life, the character, the likings and dislikings, the quarrels and the friendships of his authors; and even gets involved in their doctrines and controversies. Now the critic of Milton's prose, if he is set up to teach English composition, ought to have nothing to say to the question of divorce, or to the merits and demerits of the Cromwellian supremacy. He should view Milton as a sentence-maker, a paragraph composer, a rhetorician, a master of the English vocabulary; all the rest can be gained from other sources, and out of school hours.

Throughout the foregoing remarks I have been obliged to keep strictly in view our peculiar situation, as having so very little time to impart what is really a vast acquisition. The dead languages have as yet such a hold of the ground that only a mere corner can be got for our living tongue. Doubtless, if we had a share of the many hours devoted in the schools to Greek and Latin, we should not have to pronounce so severe an exclusion of Anglo-Saxon, of Elizabethan and seventeenth-century men, and of all the elegant literature of criticism, and in general of whatever is immediately pleasing in our subject. We might allow now and then a short digression, a momentary indulgence, in what we have so sternly reserved for the evening fireside, or the popular lecture. But such enlargement of our time and our opportunities as may one day arise from the collapse of the ancient languages, will be of small consequence, in my judgment, if it is not accompanied with the clear and firm conviction that the one thing needful, the ruling motive of an English master, is to discipline his pupils in the best modern English prose.

ALEXANDER BAIN.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WE left the burly Mrs. Upjohn in the solitude of her boudoir, hatching her schemes of vengeance, and weaving the first meshes of a net to entrap the unsuspecting enemy. That seductive advertisement lay before her, promising the services of a private detective, and other useful offices of the same ambiguous character, on the nature of which she mused and mused until she saw no end of satisfactions and advantages to which they might possibly be turned. Perhaps, had her husband been at home, she might have hesitated about the decisive step she now took; but in truth he never stood much in her way in any of her proceedings, for no man in London ever knew less of what went on in his own house than Mr. Upjohn. As to her daughter, Mr. Blackadder had, much to his credit, written seriously to her in consequence of what he had heard from Mr. Cosie, and she had kept a little better watch and ward on her tongue ever since, while still sharing, as she had done for years, her mother's grudges against her aunt. The consequence was that Mrs. Upjohn had latterly been rather isolated in her own family on the Rowley question, and began to feel the want of a new ally on whom she could reckon more confidently than on Miss Cateran, who always preserved more or less of an independent attitude.

In short, the step must be taken. She sat down and answered the advertisement, requesting the gentleman who followed the profession of private investigation to call upon her at eleven o'clock the next day, an hour when she knew her daughter would not be at home. The letter written; she went out and committed it with her own hand to the nearest receiver. The remainder of the day she passed in a state of palpitating anxiety, the chief employment of her thoughts being, in what shape to put the communications she must make to her agent, and what precise services to require from him. She expected Miss Cateran to dinner, but she never came. Her daughter returned late in the day, and went soon out again with some of her friends, so that Mrs. Upjohn had plenty of leisure and quiet to arrange her ideas.

The next day came, the appointed hour came; and it had hardly struck, when the visitor's bell rang. Had any one been in the street, observing the person who rang it, he might have noticed that, although dressed like a gentleman, he seemed to deliberate for

an instant whether to pull the visitors' bell or the servants'. He might, perhaps, have noticed also that while he waited for the door to open he stood close to it and with his back to the street, as if he was not particularly desirous that any one passing by should recognise him.

Mrs. Upjohn had told her footman that she expected a person that morning on some business of her husband's, and that he was to be shown into her boudoir. This was a pretty little room opening on a return upon the first landing-place, and had a communication also by a private stair with the back drawing-room, through a door which, to the eye, was only one of the ornamented panels into which the wall was divided. Naturally expecting to have to deal with a person of a low description, Mrs. Upjohn was agreeably surprised when a grave, middle-aged, middle-sized man was shown in, of respectable and almost gentleman-like appearance; his features shrewd and highly intelligent, as might have been expected from his calling, and both his manners and language indicating a considerable amount of education. His hair was black, and, being rather too glossy for his years, suggested the possibility of a dye, or a wig; he had no whiskers; his lips were too large for the mouth to be handsome, but they were redeemed by something humorous that hovered about them; and his piercing grey eyes, which had a trick, or infirmity of winking, seemed capable of pleasantry while expressing the penetration and vigilance of his profession.

Mr. Leonard (for that was the name he bore) saluted the lady with a profound obeisance as he entered her cosy crypt, and, at the same time, with a comprehensive survey, which no doubt took in the full-blown roses on her cheeks, the amplitude of her person, her sparkling eyes, her hair, as black as his own, the rich green silk she rustled in, the white lace shawl that toned down the green, and, perhaps, even the rings that glowed on her rather short and stumpy fingers, as completely as the *reconnaissance* with which she simultaneously honoured him.

"Be so good, sir, as to take a seat," said Mrs. Upjohn, with a half-assumed air of dignified distress.

Instead of obeying, Mr. Leonard looked warily round the boudoir.

"As our business, madam," he said, in a low tone, "is of course secret, you will excuse me if I bolt the door, and ask you if there is any other access to this apartment."

Mrs. Upjohn immediately rose, and, without saying a word, secured the other communication already described.

"I am the only member of my family in the house at this moment," she said, as she resumed her seat.

"Mr. Upjohn is down in Cornwall, I presume," said Mr. Leonard.

"You surprise me very much," said the lady, with a little start; "how did you find out that?"

Mr. Leonard smiled, winked, and answered—"Very simply, madam; the 'London Directory' informed me that this house belonged to Mr. John Upjohn, and the newspapers this morning stated that he was about to stand for the borough of Penrose. If your business, madam, is electioneering, I may as well tell you at once that it is not in our line."

"Oh, no, sir, my business is very different," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Then, madam, you will be so good as to tell your tale,"—and as he spoke he produced a note-book from a pocket in the breast of his coat, opened a virgin page, and leaning forwards with his pencil in his hand in attitude of marked attention, prepared to minute the particulars of the lady's statement.

She faltered and hesitated, applied her handkerchief to her dry eyes, but felt at the same time most unaffectedly embarrassed. What with Mr. Leonard's formal preparations and the difficulties which she had never experienced before, even in her communings with Miss Cateran, of unfolding all the little spites and jealousies over which she had so long brooded, Mrs. Upjohn felt at this moment as if she was about to expose herself instead of exposing Mrs. Rowley,—as if she stood in the presence of an austere confessor, not of a mercenary confidant, and was compelled to make a shameful avowal, instead of bringing accusations and complaining of her wrongs. For a single instant her rancour forsook her precisely when she wanted such a stimulant most. Just when she had prepared herself for the part of injured innocence, she felt for the first time a hazy consciousness of the true character of the proceedings she was taking. But it was only a passing weakness; she rallied immediately, and so completely as even to turn her momentary embarrassment to account.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "excuse my emotion, but it is so hard to bring one's-self to relate things affecting the reputation of members of one's own family."

"There is a cupboard in most houses, ma'am, with a skeleton in it; I know as much of such houses and such cupboards as any man. I feel for your distress, ma'am; but, as I often say to ladies in your painful situation, there is always the consolation of doing your duty."

Mr. Leonard was evidently a master of pathos, and he delivered this little speech with admirable unction.

"Only for that, Mr. Leonard, only for that,"—she raised her handkerchief again to her eyes instead of finishing the sentence, and Mr. Leonard took the opportunity of winking, though there was nobody to wink at.

"Now, madam," he said, when she was again composed, "a ques-

tion or two, suggested by my long official experience, will perhaps save you a great deal of trouble. This skeleton of yours, is it in your own house?"

"No, sir."

"In whose?"

"In the family of my brother-in-law who lives in Paris."

"In Paris—all right—we have a branch of our business there, which I manage myself; it is only a fortunate accident I am in London. Your brother-in-law's name, if you please."

"Mr. Thomas Rowley."

As answer followed answer Mr. Leonard took them down in a kind of short-hand with the rapidity of an expert.

"Is Mr. Rowley the wronged, or the wrong-doer?"

"Oh, the wronged, the wronged,—deceived, betrayed, surrounded by enemies."

"His wife is not one of them, by any chance?"

A slow and sorrowful movement of the lady's head sufficiently answered the question.

"I see, I see," said Mr. Leonard; "and perhaps now I shall not be far wrong in conjecturing that where there is a guilty lady there is a gay gentleman in the case—may I ask the party's name?"

"Alexander, an attorney."

"You are acquainted with him?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Leonard, I have no acquaintances in that line."

"You are quite right, Mrs. Upjohn; they are a bad lot in general: a French wit says the attorneys have a devil all to themselves. What Alexander is he?"

"Son of Alexander and Moffat—Moffat who ruined so many people: old Alexander committed suicide."

"No, madam, allow me to set you right; Moffat ruined nobody, and old Alexander died of remorse, not by his own hand—remorse for having ruined¹ Moffat, whom I knew as well as I know myself. Moffat absconded, and took all his partner's knaveries on himself to save his family from ruin. Show me another instance of such noble self-devotion. 'Do that,' as the poet says, 'and tread on Greek and Roman greatness.' It was grand, ma'am, wasn't it?"

"Oh, very grand indeed," replied Mrs. Upjohn, caring very little how it was, but astonished at this unexpected specimen of theatrical talent in a private detective.

"But to return to business, madam,—where is Mrs. Rowley at present?"

"Shamming ill, sir, at this moment at the Cavendish, in Jermyn Street, while her husband is at death's door in the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris."

"Are his eyes open or shut, ma'am?"

"Not quite shut, sir, but I fear only half open."

"And you want them opened wide, ma'am—wide as a church door?"

"Oh, Mr. Leonard, you anticipate everything; your sagacity helps me wonderfully."

"We always wish to save ladies in your painful position as much trouble as possible; but now I must ask you to tell me more particularly what it is you want us to do."

"Oh, Mr. Leonard, Mr. Leonard, I only want to save my family from disgrace; I only want to have guilt exposed and punished."

"Yes, of course, ma'am; we take all that for granted. Come, I know what you want. In the first place, to have the movements of the guilty parties watched."

"Yes, yes; that's it."

"Evidence of *crim. con.*, in short, madam. You have collected some facts already, perhaps."

"Oh, yes, yes; most important ones," replied Mrs. Upjohn; and now, having regained her self-possession, she gave Mr. Leonard a copious but confused account of all the little incidents with which the reader is already acquainted, some of which he made a note of, others he treated rather contemptuously, either that he perceived their intrinsic insignificance, or that it was not his cue to seem to attach much weight to facts not discovered by his own investigation.

"I trust you will understand and believe, sir," she said, as he was putting up his note-book, "that I am acting purely in the interests of decency, and for the credit of the family."

"I honour your spirit, madam, and I admire your conduct. I only regret that there should be no recompense for a lady of your high principles but the approval of your conscience." He paused a moment, and then added deliberately, with a new meaning in his eye, and the most piercing look he had yet given his client. "I don't perceive, from all you have told me, that you have the slightest pecuniary interest in exposing and punishing this profligate woman. As you say Mr. Rowley is at death's door, allow me to ask how his property is to go upon his demise."

"He has made a will, I understand, bequeathing the bulk of his property to his wife, with large legacies to his daughters."

"To his wife!" exclaimed Mr. Leonard, with another theatrical burst; "to that monster!—that Lucretia!"

"Her christian name is Fatima, sir, not Lucretia."

Mrs. Upjohn's reading was not extensive enough to know anything of any Lucretias, ancient or modern. Mr. Leonard smiled and winked while he inserted the name of Fatima in his tablets.

"All I can say, madam," he added, "is that it will be a deplorable

thing if Mr. Rowley's property goes to his profligate and faithless wife."

"So it is arranged, I understand," faltered Mrs. Upjohn, trembling all over with the new set of emotions excited by the sudden touch on the string of another passion which had hitherto been lying almost in a dormant state under her thirst for revenge.

"Well, madam, I say no more; it is for you to fix your objects, for us to confine ourselves to them, and execute them to the best of our ability. So we shall humbly limit our attention at present to the seventh commandment."

"For the present, if you please," said Mrs. Upjohn, too agitated to be able to follow, on the moment, the new range of ideas opened to her by her privy counsellor.

Mr. Leonard now rose, and so much had he imposed on his employer by the rapidity with which he had grasped her case, looking almost like a power of divination, as well as by his happy command of language and illustration, that she contemplated him (notwithstanding his winks and nods, and other peculiarities of the same stamp) with a feeling between admiration and awe.

A serious point still remained to be discussed, though one which Mr. Leonard was more concerned in than Mrs. Upjohn. Services like his were not to be expected for nothing. She felt that Mr. Leonard was approaching the subject delicately when he inquired whether he was to understand that he was dealing with herself or with Mr. Upjohn.

"With myself, with no one but myself," she replied quickly and anxiously.

"And to you, madam," he continued, "we are of course to look for the sinews of war."

"To me, sir, certainly," answered the lady; "to me, and to me alone. Ultimately your reward will be ample, must be ample; but for the present, dear Mr. Leonard——"

"I understand you, madam," he said, with an air of magnanimity; "for the present I say nothing on the subject of our *honorarium*. Hereafter I may be obliged to draw on you for expenses, but I honestly tell you I am deeply interested by your story, and I feel for your position. On me, ma'am, familiarity with domestic sorrows has not had the hardening effect you might suppose. I never see innocence deceived without a pang. I have wept, ma'am, upon my sacred honour I have, for the misfortunes of clients. What are tears for, Mrs. Upjohn, if an honest man is not to shed them when he sees the peace of families destroyed, and the sanctity of the Lares polluted by domestic treason and conjugal infidelity. Forgive my warmth, madam, but it is my way to enter with enthusiasm into the interests of my clients."

"Indeed, Mr. Leonard, I feel it, and am very grateful."

And justly content with the eloquence of his last speech, Mr. Leonard bowed to the very ground and withdrew. But in a moment he returned; it was only to request that before he visited her again, which would be in three days, at the same hour, when he felt sure he would have a report to make, she would have both the doors of her boudoir well curtained. It was a necessary precaution, and one on which, in affairs of delicacy, he always insisted.

Mrs. Upjohn was in ecstasies with her new ally, as well she might—so clever and so expert, so agreeable, so disinterested. She expected to find a coarse, common fellow, little above the mark of a common detective, and Providence had sent her an accomplished gentleman, who knew everybody and everything, could quote plays and French novels, and who knew Roman history better than herself; for she knew as little what he meant by the Lares as by Lucretia.

When Miss Upjohn came in she found her mother at her piano singing. Her spirits rose with the prospect of the discoveries she hoped to make, as well as the anticipation of her husband's return to parliament, which promised to bring such an accession of importance with it.

"I am so happy to hear your voice again," said her daughter; "it is so long since you have sung a note."

"I have had so many things to worry me, my dear," she replied, still touching the instrument, "but I don't intend to let them worry me any longer."

"Indeed it's no use," said Miss Upjohn.

"Your father will come in for that borough,—I am sure he will,—and I don't intend to let anything vex me any more."

"And what have you been doing all day?"

"Reading, my dear, in my boudoir, and working until I really felt quite cold."

"Cold, mamma, such a day as this!"

"Yes, indeed; my boudoir is so draughty, I shall really get curtains put to the doors."

"Why, you will be stifled."

"No, indeed, I shall not; I shall be only twice as cosy."

"Very well, mamma, so be it. Malcolm (Mr. Blackadder) is in town, and coming to dinner. Do you expect Miss Cateran?"

"She is the strangest girl in the world. She said she would come to dinner yesterday, and she neither came nor sent a line. I suppose she thought she would get a better dinner at the Cavendish."

"That would be very like her," said Harriet; "but if Aunt Rowley was seriously ill, Letitia would certainly have let us know."

"Of course, my dear, she would. Oh, there is nothing serious the matter, I am very certain."

Dinner hour came, and with it Mr. Blackadder, but no Miss Cateran. Not a word was said of Mrs. Rowley. As soon as dinner was over, Mrs. Upjohn suddenly recollected that she had a note to write, and retiring to her boudoir, she wrote to Mr. Leonard requesting him to extend his watchful eye over the Cavendish to all Mrs. Rowley's visitors of both sexes. "Now," she said to herself, "I shall catch you, Miss Letitia, if you are deserting to the enemy." While the mother was thus engaged, Mr. Blackadder and her daughter were rather more amiably employed in paying Carry a visit in her bedroom. The curate never came to the house without performing that kindly action; and since he became Miss Upjohn's accepted, she, too, had been a little more attentive to her cousin, at least never letting a day pass without sitting a few minutes with her. Talking with Carry, Mr. Blackadder heard that Mrs. Rowley was still in town, and very unwell. He made no remark at the moment, but as he went down with Harriet he asked her whether she or her mother had been to see her aunt.

"Is that right?" he said, when Miss Upjohn replied in the negative.

"Perhaps not, Malcolm," she said.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Blackadder.

"Well, now, Malcolm, say nothing about it. Let us not talk of my aunt Rowley at all, particularly as mamma is getting quiet; indeed, I think if papa is returned, she will be so pleased that the past will be quite forgotten."

"We must only hope he will, then," said Mr. Blackadder with vexation; "but are we only to command ourselves when everything goes on to our satisfaction? What is religion for, or even reason, if not for the very purpose of keeping our tongues and tempers in control under provocations and disappointments?"

"Oh, that's all very true, of course," said Miss Upjohn, in a tone of levity that jarred on the feelings of the amiable and upright clergyman. However, instead of pursuing the subject, he proposed to Miss Upjohn to walk down with him to the Cavendish to inquire for Mrs. Rowley.

"Well, indeed, I would rather not," she replied; "you can go without me, if you think it right—I'm disposed to agree with mamma, that there's nothing serious the matter with my aunt."

"Very well," said Mr. Blackadder, with decision and evident displeasure, particularly at Miss Upjohn's last remark, "then I will go alone."

He walked down to the Cavendish. At the door of the hotel he found a cab standing, and a smartly dressed lady was just coming out to get into it, with a little basket in her hand covered with leaves, as if it contained fruit, or something else that was nice. A

fellow, something like a policeman out of uniform, was lounging at the door, of whom the curate at first took no notice. In a moment he recognised Miss Cateran, whom he had often met, and she deposited the basket in the cab in order to shake hands with him.

She was a good deal excited, and told him, with more than her usual volubility, that she had been staying with poor Mrs. Rowley, who had really been seriously unwell; she would not be able to travel for several days yet, and she had requested Miss Cateran to go at once to Paris, and assist poor Miss Rowley to take care of her father, who was in a very alarming way.

"You know," said Miss Cateran, "Mr. Rowley has always been very fond of me, so I must go—how could I refuse under such circumstances? Only think of my having such a journey to take alone, and almost at an hour's notice—for, only think, I must actually go to-morrow morning. But how could I refuse? Now, could I, Mr. Blackadder?"

"I don't see how you well could," he answered; "but it will console you a little," he slyly added, "to see such a charming place in the height of the season."

"Oh dear, Mr. Blackadder, don't talk to me of seasons or charming places, I shall pass all my time nursing poor dear Mr. Rowley; you know I am only going for that—but I must hurry home. Good-bye, dear Mr. Blackadder, and oh, do excuse me to dear Mrs. Upjohn when you see her. I promised to go to dinner yesterday and forgot all about it in my trouble; pray explain it all to her,—won't you?—like a dear man. Good-bye."

As the dear man advanced to open the door of the cab for his fair and disinterested friend, the man who had been lounging about seemed to be in the act of scrutinising the contents of the little basket so closely as to justify a suspicion that he was disposed to appropriate its contents; but he excused himself by saying he had only been replacing some of the leaves which had dropped on the pavement. The curate desired him to go about his business, and entered the hotel.

There he saw Miss Rowley, and had reason to be glad that his intended had not accompanied him, for the news of the evening was, that Mr. Upjohn had retired from a hopeless contest, and that Alexander had been returned.

"I am very sorry, indeed, Mr. Blackadder," said Susan, "to have such bad news for you. Mrs. Rowley is greatly vexed at it, but she is not in the least answerable for the result, I assure you. She did everything in her power for my uncle, short of influencing the electors improperly."

"Nobody had a right to ask her to do that," said Mr. Blackadder.

"No, but people often expect a great deal that they can't ask for with propriety."

The curate returned to Cumberland Gate much cast down by what he had heard, and anticipating a scene of the most unpleasant kind in the event of the news having already reached Mrs. Upjohn. In case it had not, he determined that she should not learn it from him. But the news had arrived in his absence, and to his relief, the first explosion was already over. The mother had gone to her room, and he had only the pain of witnessing, and of vainly endeavouring to curb, the daughter's exhibition of temper.

The next day, at an early hour, he left town, with considerable alteration in his feelings towards Miss Upjohn.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH TWO FRIENDS MEET AT BRISTOL AFTER A LONG SEPARATION.

OF the election of Penrose it is unnecessary to give an account, as we are only concerned with its result, but some of the incidents of Alexander's journey to Cornwall were of too much importance to be passed over in silence.

Mr. Cosie's house being within ten miles of the borough, Alexander dined and slept there on the night of his return; and now, for the first time since he was engaged in her service, he had an opportunity of hearing Mrs. Rowley spoken of by people who knew her well and had been eye-witnesses of almost all her doings since she came over to England. Their evidence was tainted a little with partisanship, no doubt; but no man could make the fair deduction for personal bias with more accuracy than Alexander, and after making it in the present instance, there remained amply enough to convince him that he had judged Mrs. Rowley harshly. It was impossible to observe how enthusiastically she was loved by such a simple, worthy family as the Cosies without feeling that she was not the hard, overbearing woman he had suspected her to be; and he now entirely acquitted her of having behaved with unkindness to Mr. Upjohn, from whose own lips he had heard her praises sounded almost louder than by the household at the Meadows. With these altered sentiments, he now reproached himself for some points of his conduct towards the lady he had misjudged, and particularly for the dash he had made at the borough with which she was connected, without even the courtesy of informing her of his intentions. It was rather he than she who marched straight to his objects without consideration for

the feelings of other people, and he was gratified to hear from Mr. Upjohn that there was still a chance of his making her acquaintance on his return to town.

At the Meadows it was as impossible to forget Mrs. Rowley as to forget yourself. Her name and praises turned up *apropos* of everything and nothing. Mrs. Rowley thought this bread so good; Mrs. Rowley found such a chair so comfortable; Mrs. Rowley considered the view from this particular window the finest from the cottage.

"And to think," said the gude-wife a dozen times over, "that you have never once seen her, Mr. Alexander, ever since she came to England. I'm quite ashamed of you, so I am, and you don't deserve to be called the lady's attorney any more."

"And you don't deserve, sir, to be member for Penrose," said Dorothy.

"Yes, but he does," said Margery.

"No, indeed, he doesn't," returned Dorothy, with her little push.

What could Alexander do but promise to behave better, and not to be an hour in town without making amends. But before he took his leave, Mr. Cosie deemed it right to let him know what evil tongues had been whispering about touching his fair client and himself, as he had learned from Mr. Blackadder. The utter absurdity of such reports made Alexander laugh, but he was at the same time exceedingly angry on Mrs. Rowley's account, and from that moment he took his measure of Mrs. Upjohn's character, though he had but a faint idea of the lengths to which she was capable of going. Mr. Cosie's information made him also relinquish his intention of visiting Mrs. Rowley, and as glad now, as he had before been sorry, that he had not seen her at all.

From the Meadows he went to Bristol, where he had business which detained him for a day. One of his faculties was a power of retaining in his memory, after any lapse of years, the features of anyone with whom he had once been ever so little acquainted.

Walking the High Street, he observed a young man approaching him in a sort of rough clerical attire, the absence of the white neck-cloth being the most striking difference.

He was above six feet in height, some inches taller than Alexander himself, and his figure was active and muscular, though his shoulders and chest had not perhaps yet attained their full breadth. His hair was black and curly, but looked as if he was his own hair-dresser, and had trimmed it with blunt scissors, or rather, a pair of shears. His face was long, thoughtful, and distinguished, but expressed mental power more than mental refinement. His cheeks were bronzed, as if by a fiercer sun than shines in England; his eyes were large, grey, and, though soft, full of youthful fire. His person on the whole was finer than would probably have struck most

observers at the first view, so entirely careless or ignorant was its possessor of the art of setting it off to advantage.

"Excuse me, sir," said Alexander, advancing to him, "but if I am not mistaken, you and I are acquaintances of a good many years' standing."

The young man looked intently into the speaker's face, but he had evidently either never seen it before, or had lost all recollection of it.

"We met at a wedding," said Alexander; "and to recall the circumstances better to your mind, you crept behind me and filled my pockets with bon-bons, and, what was worse, with ripe peaches. I have had many pranks played with my pockets in my time, but you were the only rogue that ever stole anything *into* them."

"Mr. Alexander!" cried the stranger with a voice, of unusual volume, at the same time grasping his hand and shaking it with the most strenuous cordiality.

"Arnaud," returned the solicitor, "many a time have I thought of you since—many a time have I longed to hear something of you; but you went quite out of sight. You have taken orders?"

"Not exactly," was the young man's answer.

"How are your friends, the Waldenses? Where have you been all these years?"

"I am just returned from the White Nile," replied Arnaud, with the loud, deep tones of a man more used to speak in the open air than in drawing-rooms. The passers-by turned round to gaze at him, as if he had two heads on his shoulders.

"Ah!" cried Alexander, "I now recall everything; I remember the enthusiasm of the boy, and I rejoice to see it unextinguished in the man. We have more to say to one another than can be said here. Can you dine with me? You are not engaged?"

"Where should I be engaged? I am just landed, and I never dined out in my life except with a Hottentot chief, on roast monkey."

They separated, to meet again in a few hours at Alexander's hotel. Arnaud behaved at dinner as Milton describes the angel Raphael, "the sociable spirit," to have behaved when he was the guest of our first parents in their bower; he ate "with the keen despatch of real hunger," and took his wine in the same hearty way.

"You see," he said, as he filled his glass with claret, "I recollect the festive lessons of my youth as well as the solemn ones."

"I am a bad judge on such points," said Alexander, "but it seems to me that a convivial apostle would not be the most unsuccessful labourer in the vineyard."

"One who was above the apostles set no example of unconvivality," said the hardy young missionary. "It is not from him that the water-drinkers have derived their washy heresy, any

more than the sabbatarians can plead his authority for their bitter observances."

"But now tell me," said Alexander, "something about your old friends, and first about your uncle. I suppose he did not long survive that dreadful night when you and I saved his life."

"Yes, but he did; he was living when I left England, not two years ago. I can answer for nothing that has happened since."

"And the Evelyns?"

"Is it possible you have lost sight of them too?"

"Yes, indeed, I have, and I can easily account for it; but we can talk of that hereafter."

"Well, my kind old benefactor died not long after I became acquainted with you, and he took care I should never forget him, for he left me an annuity of a hundred a year."

"And his daughter?"

"My old school-mistress, who taught me English and arithmetic and twenty other things under the mulberries, married soon after she lost her father," said Arnaud.

"She taught you nothing improper, I hope," said Alexander, laughing.

"Yes, but indeed she did; she taught me improper fractions."

"But the notion of calling her your old mistress!—why she is not very many years older than yourself,—but whom did she marry?"

"A widower, a man of the name of Thomas Rowley."

"I was beginning to suspect it," said Alexander, putting several things together which he had not before connected. "You will think it odd," he continued, "but the Rowleys have been clients of mine for some weeks, and I had no certainty who Mrs. Rowley was until you came back from the equator to inform me. In return for your welcome intelligence you will be glad to hear that she is now in London."

"Very good news indeed," said Arnaud; "I have only seen her once or twice since I left the Valleys; I don't know her husband or her daughters at all. Indeed they went out to India soon after their marriage."

"How did she happen to marry Mr. Rowley? I am afraid it has not been a happy union."

On that subject Alexander, from what the Cosies had told him, knew more than Arnaud, whose intimacy with Mrs. Rowley had been kept up mostly by letters.

"I am very sorry to hear it," he said, "but it promised to be happy. Mr. Rowley was a friend of her father's, and had his confidence so much that by his will he was left her guardian. Then he was handsome (as I remember she told me herself), and what is

called a man of fortune, both poor securities for happiness certainly."

"Poor indeed," said Alexander.

"And now," said Arnaud, rising like a tower from the table, "you won't object to my lighting my pipe?"

"Your pipe! A missionary! a divine!"

"Why, how do you think I get at the savages, except by smoking with them, and doing everything they do, except eating my fellow-creatures."

They adjourned to the smoking-room: Alexander lighted a cigar; the missionary, his pipe. They smoked, and talked, between the puffs, of their first meeting, of the scenes in the Valleys, and again and again of the Evelyns, of the lady particularly, some traits of whose character Alexander now saw so palpably in Mrs. Rowley that he almost accused himself of stupidity for not having from the first suspected their identity.

"I ought to have recognised the woman of business," he said, "even from the little that I knew about her. She pays your rent-charge punctually, I have no doubt."

"As regular as the clock at Greenwich."

"And she never requires a receipt, eh?"

Arnaud laughed heartily, as he replied—"Inexorably. I never could understand why, for she can't think me capable of demanding payment twice over."

"No; but your executors might, if you were to be eaten up by an alligator, for instance."

"My executors! Who are they? I never had such fellows about me; and if I had, I should like to catch them playing such a roguish trick."

Alexander laughed, and told him he had still a great deal to learn that Mrs. Rowley could teach him.

Before they parted they agreed to go up to town together the next day.

Alexander, though he had no great opinion of missionary enterprises in general, and thought, like most sensible men, that their results were very slight in comparison with their risks and cost, was never less disposed to ridicule them than when he saw their spirit reflected in so fine a fellow as his Waldensian friend. He was particularly struck by the freedom of Arnaud's ways of speaking from the cant of Exeter Hall. While not a word fell from him that misbeseemed his chivalrous calling, he talked with his friend and laughed with his friend, as any honest man who feared God might talk and laugh with another; nor was it that he laid the unctuous phraseology and fanatical jargon aside over his wine, it was evidently not a language he had ever learned or condescended to speak.

They parted on arriving in London. Arnaud was not long in finding out Mrs. Rowley. She had just left her bed-room for the first time, and was preparing to travel the next day, though it was hardly prudent. When the Colossus entered, who had been only a slender stripling when she saw him last, she could scarcely believe her eyes.

"*Lux in tenebris*," she exclaimed, as his mighty hand grasped hers, which was far from being as plump as it had been a fortnight since, or equal to such strenuous pressure. It was the well-known motto of the Waldensian chiefs.

"I heard from Mr. Alexander, whom I met at Bristol, that you had been unwell," he said, "but I see you have been worse than he knew of. If you would like to have an escort to Paris, I am at your service."

She thanked him warmly, accepted his offer with more than willingness, and presented him to her daughter, on whom his stature, wild locks, and powerful voice, produced a startling effect—something between admiration, curiosity, and awe. In a moment Susan's little hand was in the giant's as if he had known her all his life.

"When we get to Paris, you will see her sister Fanny," said Mrs. Rowley, "and whether they are good girls or not, I will leave you to find out for yourself."

"If Susan is good as she looks, and if Fanny is at all like Susan, you are very well off for daughters, Fatima," replied Arnaud.

Love hates surnames, as Beranger says, and so it would seem do missionaries, to judge by Mr. Arnaud, for he made not the least apology for using the girls' Christian names after a five minutes' long acquaintance. In him, indeed, it appeared quite in character; his vocation, in separating him from the world, had either left him ignorant or made him careless of the conventionalities of society. As to Mrs. Rowley, she had been Fatima to him from his childhood.

The following day was fixed for their departure. Susan thought her mother still too weak for travelling; but, now that she had Arnaud's escort, Mrs. Rowley would hear of no delay.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DELICATE INVESTIGATION OFFICE.

THE office of Messrs. Leonard Brothers, to which we must now introduce the reader, was in a gloomy little court, near Doctors' Commons, a most suitable place for the transaction of any business

of a nature to shun the light; for, except in the dog-days, the sun shunned it himself, as if averse, as he might well be, to sully his beams with the murky atmosphere of such an unsavoury retreat. Like Mr. Rowley's bed-room, it was so dim, except at mid-day, that it was only after the eye had grown used to the obscurity, that the names of the people who had their resorts of business there could be distinguished on the door-posts, or over the windows of their offices. One of the last that became legible was the name of Leonard, and when you deciphered it, you were further informed that the chambers of the gentlemen who bore it were to be found on the second floor. When you mounted there, with much straining of your sight you detected a bell, which, when you rang, its cracked voice gained you admittance into a small frowsy uncarpeted room, with hardly any furniture but a table and a stool; or hangings of any kind, except some dreary old maps on the walls, which either the smoke or the thumbing of years, had reduced to a uniform yellowish brown, with black specks here and there, which might be presumed to be cities, and lines that might be rivers, or roads, or railways, or even mountains, for anything that remained to distinguish them by. There was, indeed, another hanging, which you did not notice at first, it was so like one of the maps; it was a curtain of some coarse stuff, like those which one has sometimes to push aside with reluctant fingers to enter churches on the Continent, and it masked a door, which led into an interior apartment. In this arrangement you saw the same professional circumspection which had suggested the new draperies for Mrs. Upjohn's crypt, and it prepared you for admission into the presence of her respectable agents.

As Mr. Leonard informed Mrs. Upjohn, his business had two branches, one in London, which his brother conducted, the other in Paris, which he managed himself; one having his private reasons for preferring the Continent, the other finding himself more comfortable or secure in old England. They had not been long in the private inquiry line, either of the brothers, but had lately entered it together, after various other speculations had, for one reason or another, proved unsuccessful.

Let us drop in on these gentlemen out of office hours, late in the evening of the day of Mr. Leonard's first visit to Cumberland Gate. The inner apartment, entered by the door behind the curtain, was more like a smoking-room than an office. It was comfortable enough, if you can separate comfort from cleanliness or nicety. There was an old sofa covered with leather, which had once been red; several chairs, two or three of them with arms, covered in the same way; and an oblong table, with drawers, on which there lay an old ink-stand, furnished with a few stumps of pens, and two or three memorandum books, one of them probably that which we have

already seen. But the table was evidently more in use for drinking than writing at, for it was not only stained all over with the circular marks of bottles and glasses, such as you see on the tables of low taverns and coffee-houses, but there were the bottles and glasses themselves, to remove all doubt on the subject. The table was now drawn near the fire-place, and so was one of the easy-chairs—so near that Mr. Leonard himself, who now occupied it, with a pipe in his mouth, was able with perfect convenience to enjoy it with his heels on the mantle-piece. He was alone for the moment, but he probably expected his partner or a friend, for there were more glasses than one, and another arm-chair stood on the opposite side, ready to receive him. Your first observation decided the question that it was a black wig Mr. Leonard wore when he called on Mrs. Upjohn. Not only was his natural hair, as he now wore it, sandy, grizzled, and cropped close, but the peruke itself was to be seen hanging from a peg in a press, which stood open, and another dangled beside it of a different colour, while there hung from a third peg what looked very like a false beard, with whiskers to match, and beside it a three-cocked hat, like that of a Greenwich pensioner. The light in the room, for there was a fire, as well as a lamp on the table, made all these objects perfectly distinct. Indeed, it showed many other odd details. There was a crutch, for instance, in one corner, keeping company with an umbrella; and on a table near a window there was a looking-glass and a wonderful array of labelled phials and boxes, which, perhaps, you might have suspected to be hair dyes, or cosmetics of some kind or other, but whose precise contents were only discoverable on closer inspection. If you had thus examined them, you would have found most of the famous fluids and lotions which you see blazoned in the advertisements for their magical hair-producing or hair-destroying virtues, infallible and incomparable, every one of them; or for colouring it to your fancy, and your complexion with it, if you preferred brown to fair, or fair to brown, or thought an olive tint would better become, or better disguise you. Had you a chin as bare as Apollo's, here was a wash to beard you like Jupiter. If you were bald as Elisha, the fault was your own if you had not in a week the boisterous locks of Samson. Here was a liquid to make you blush for ever if you never blushed before. Or if you were pitted with the small-pox, or your brows were puckered with wrinkles, like a lady's frill, here was the miraculous enamel that you laid on at night, and rose in the morning with a face and forehead as polished as ivory. In short, the cosmetic art had completely triumphed over nature and time, age and ugliness, and furnished the toilette with every conceivable device, either for embellishment or transformation.

The gentleman who had collected this museum of cosmetics, more

probably for the latter use than the former, was smoking, as we have said, and if his posture was not the ordinary one in which philosophers sit thinking, he looked as grave and contemplative as any philosopher could look. He filled his glass occasionally, and except for the movement which that operation required, was perfectly at repose. Presently the outer door opened and shut, steps were audible in the ante-room, you heard the rustle of the unpleasant curtain drawn aside, and the next moment the gentleman who was expected entered.

"You are late, Archie," said he with his heels on the chimney-piece.

Master Archie's first thought was the bottle, which he took and held up to the lamp, to see whether his brother had left him his share.

"Never fear," said brother Nick, "there's another in the cupboard when this is cracked, and it's good old port; I seldom get the like in Paris."

Archie now relieved himself of his hat and paletot, and flung them on the sofa. The moment he did so you could not for your life have decided which of the two brothers you had seen in the morning. They were as like as two peas, or two eggs, or the two halves of an orange; they had the same bullet heads, the same short noses, the same thick, sensual lips, the same small, wary eyes, and the same hair, except that Nick's was closer cropped. It was only when they talked, or when Master Nicholas gave a wink, that you found out which was your first acquaintance. As soon as the last comer had pulled off his boots and got into a pair of well-worn leather slippers, which he took out of the bottom of the press, he seated himself in the vacant chair, with his feet on the fender to warm them; for though the spring was advanced, the nights were still cool enough.

"What have you been about?" said the other, lowering his legs, and filling his brother's glass. "Have you made a good day of it?"

"A deuced bad day—a confounded tiresome one—watching the doings of a gay lady, whose husband is with his regiment in Canada, through a gimlet-hole, and seeing nothing, of course."

"Bad enough, if you saw nothing for your trouble."

"I must get a bigger gimlet, Nick; this is too small," pulling one out of his coat-pocket as he spoke, and tossing it on the chimney-piece.

"It's big enough, Archie; I never use a bigger, when I use one at all."

"I don't believe anything important is to be seen through gimlet-holes, or key-holes either."

"I don't agree with you," said the other; "there's a great deal of