

information to be got through any hole, if a man has ears as well as eyes, and some imagination or fancy into the bargain."

"But that's not seeing," said the duller partner. "Oh, with imagination, of course, you can see anything."

"Anything, Archie, you want to see; and what do you want to see but what you are paid for seeing, or, at least, for swearing to?"

"The swearing's easy enough, when it comes to that," said the other.

"It's not the size of the hole that signifies, I tell you; it's the eye that takes the observation. I'd as soon have the eye of a boiled whiting in my head as an eye like a ghost's with no speculation in it—an eye that can see only stupid matter-of-fact."

"But it's just matter-of-fact we want."

"No, it isn't, when presumption answers quite as well; at least, if enough for Mr. Ford or Mr. Kitley, it ought to be enough for us."

"Who the deuce are they? We never had gents of either name on our books."

"As immortal Billy says"—pursued Nicholas, without condescending to notice his brother's ignorant interruption—"trifles light as air——"

"Confound immortal Billy that you are always bothering with!"

"Archie, you have no more literature in you than a dustman."

"I prefer brandy-and-water—that's the truth, Nick. If you can see through a deal board, or in the dark like a cat, I haven't the knack, and there's no more about it."

"It won't do in our line not to see a little even in the dark sometimes; it's just in the dark that most things are done that are not agreeable to the ten commandments, and one of them in particular."

This sort of talk, half nonsense, was more to amuse himself than to sharpen his brother's wits, which Nicholas had probably long since given up as a no very hopeful undertaking; for nobody knew better than he did that Archie would remain a dull, prosaic rogue to the end of the chapter; but he knew also that, for many purposes, he was, like a paper-cutter, the more valuable instrument for being a blunt one.

After an interval, during which nothing was done on either side, beyond tipping and smoking, Mr. Archibald Leonard recommenced the dialogue by asking what his brother had been doing.

"Time for you to ask," said Nicholas. "Well, I never had better luck. I found a milch-cow, and a famous one, at Cumberland Gate, just opposite to the Marble Arch—a regular prize, my boy!"

"And are you going to turn cowkeeper?" said his incurably heavy partner.

"Oh, I'll keep the cow I've got as long as I can, and we'll milk her well, as sure as God's in Gloucester!"

"I see," said Archie; "the cow's a lady of fortune. That sounds well."

"The job's in Paris; but I dare say there will be work for you, too, in London."

"Jealousy over again?"

"Only spite and rancour at present. Two sisters-in-law at daggers-drawn. One of them is our prize—a regular bad one; in fact, a d——l, only that she's not clever enough for that. She hardly know's what she wants yet. A fine woman enough, by G——, but I have no doubt the other's a finer, and that's perhaps where the shoe pinches."

"And how does the jealousy come in?"

"Oh, we have to make the monster with the green eyes, the first thing we do."

"Make what?" said Archie.

"Oh, it's only immortal Billy again," said Nicholas, laughing and winking. "We have first to make a jealous husband, as I understand the matter, and then turn his jealousy to account. Our cow is an ass, but I'll educate her while I milk her. To-morrow I am to see her again, and won't I blow the coals? I'm afraid, Archie, she won't be a more angelic creature when her business with me is concluded."

"That's highly probable, Nick."

"When I have such an Eve as this on my hands, I'm always strongly tempted to play the old serpent with her, and try if I can't make her eat a bit of a pippin, too, as well as my namesake."

"You were well called Nick, I always told you."

"I was and I was not," said his brother; "for I have read somewhere or other that the gentleman in question owes the name to a Scandinavian water-imp. Now, I never was an imp of that element. There is more of that in you than in me; for you water your brandy, and I take mine neat. Push the bottle to me; I'll take a go, while you finish the port."

As Archie finished the port, he inquired the names of the parties, and his brother referred him to his note-book, which contained all the information he had to give.

Mr. Archibald Leonard turned over the leaves, and exclaimed, when he came to the name of Alexander—

"Eh! what's this?—Alexander! and the son of your old partner too!"

"Ay," said Nicholas, "the very lad; but this business won't do him much harm, even if it does end in Doctors' Commons."

"Well, it won't do him any good," said the other.

"No, no good; that's something."

Archie went on reading the notes.

"Rowley—Christian name, Fatima—Fatima! why, that was the

name of old Evelyn's daughter. Evelyn Effendi, you remember, Nick, who was my milch-cow in former days."

"Read on," said his brother; "her maiden name was Evelyn."

"Then, by George," cried Archie, striking the table vehemently, "she's the very girl I owe this broken arm to, that has given me the torture of the damned from that day to this. It has been worse than ever lately. You remember, Nick?"

"Perfectly well," said his brother; "you jumped out of a window to get out of a scrape the minx got you into; but no matter how it happened, now you will have your revenge; your broken arm will make you work; it will give you brighter ideas than ever you had in your life."

"By George, that it will!" said Archie the obtuse, brightening up wonderfully.

"There's nothing like having a little quarrel of one's own," said the other.

"Nothing," said Archie; "and you have yours too; at least, you'll work with better heart for having no particular good-will to that coxcomb in Spring Gardens. We ought to strike a good blow between us. Have you a plan?"

"I have an idea or two; but what I want most now is a good supper. Put on your boots, Archie, and we'll go down to the Dragon, in Cheapside, and have a lobster, and a drop of something hot."

While Archibald was drawing on his boots, his brother went over to the press, and taking out the beard and whiskers already mentioned, in a moment his face was as hirsute as a Skye terrier's, or a pioneer's in the Guards. His own mother could not possibly have recognised him if that fortunate lady had been in existence.

As Mr. Archibald Leonard, *alias* Hardy, *alias* Moffat, took no more notice of the addition to his brother's face than he did of his putting on his wrap-rascal, it may fairly be presumed that the former was as familiar a proceeding as the other.

As the brothers went out to finish the evening in what was probably the usual way with those gentlemen, a third person connected with the establishment in a subordinate position entered.

Mr. Nicholas only stopped to ask him a few questions, to see how the commissions of the day had been executed. Among other reports, the subordinate had one to give of his observations at the Cavendish, where he had overheard Miss Cateran's conversation with Mr. Blackadder, and had picked up more minute details than his chief had patience to listen to. When he came to the basket and the strawberries, Nick cut him short, saying—

"Never mind the basket, you blockhead, I'll furnish it myself," and descending the dark and decayed staircase, the brothers disappeared in the gloom of the court.

MARMION SAVAGE.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A MEMOIR OF JOHN CONOLLY, M.D., D.C.L. Comprising a Sketch of the Treatment of the Insane in Europe and America. By Sir JAMES CLARK, Bart., K.C.B., M.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. Murray, 1869. 10s. 6d.

DR. CONOLLY'S name will be remembered as, if not absolutely the introducer, still undoubtedly the great promoter and supporter of the non-restraint system in the treatment of the insane. To the illustrious French physician, Pinel, belongs indeed the merit of having, in 1792, when in charge of the Bicêtre Lunatic Hospital in Paris, been the first to abolish chains and shackles and introduce a more humane treatment at a time when, in Sir J. Clark's words, "lunatics throughout Europe were treated more like wild beasts than human beings." But it was to Dr. Conolly's unremitting labours in Hanwell Asylum, and to his constant and powerful advocacy of the cause, that we owe the placing of the system of non-restraint on the firm and enduring basis which it now occupies.

Dr. Conolly was born in 1794. Having decided on adopting the medical profession, he commenced the study of it at the University of Edinburgh in 1817. "Even before his residence at the University," says Sir J. Clark, "he had evinced a strong predilection for the study of psychology, and he chose *Insanity* as the subject of his inaugural thesis." After practising privately as a physician for some years at Chichester and Stratford-on-Avon, he was, in 1827, appointed Professor of the Practice of Medicine in University College, London, he being then only in his thirty-third year. He held this office for four years, but then disliking the life of a London physician resigned, and went to Warwick, being made at the same time Visiting Physician of the Lunatic Asylums in the county. It was at this date that he published his celebrated work on the "Indications of Insanity." In 1839 Dr. Conolly at length found himself in the position he felt his own, being appointed Resident Physician to the Middlesex County Asylum at Hanwell, then the largest in England. He lost no time in making that total abolition of mechanical restraint in the treatment of the insane, which he had long advocated, a practical fact, thus introducing the most important change that had ever been attempted in dealing with diseases of the mind.

Dr. Conolly held this office at Hanwell for upwards of ten years, during which period he sent in eleven annual reports to the quarter sessions, describing the methods and results of his treatment. Sir James Clark makes large use of these valuable documents; but we can do no more than cite a few of the more salient passages. He entered on his duties on the 1st of June, 1839, at which time the asylum contained 800 patients, of whom he found over 40 under mechanical restraint of some kind. In his first report, dated 31st October of that year, he states that since the 21st September not one patient has been under restraint of any kind:

"No form of strait-waistcoat, no handcuffs, no leg-locks, nor any contrivance confining the trunk, or limbs, or any of the muscles, is now in use. The coercion chairs, about forty in number, have been altogether removed from the wards."

In his third report for 1841 he writes,—

“The physician speaks from repeated observation when he says that no favourable impression could be made upon these patients, as long as restraints were either resorted to or threatened. Yet in these patients the mere mention of restraint was often observed to cause the patient's face to become deadly pale, an evidence of its efficacy as a punishment; standing quite apart from any proof of its efficacy as a means of moral control. The spectacle, in these cases, when the strait-waistcoat was determined upon, was most distressing. There was a violent struggle, the patient was overcome by main force, the limbs were secured by the attendants with a tightness proportioned to the difficulty they had encountered, and the patient was left heated, irritated, mortified, and probably bruised and hurt, without one consoling word; left to scream, to shout, to execrate, and apparently to exhaust the whole soul in bitter and hateful expressions, and in curses too horrible for human ears.” (Pp. 25, 26.)

Of course it has often been objected to the system of non-restraint that it is impossible to accept it as an absolute and inflexible law, always suitable for all cases. The answer is that no one ever said it should be so accepted. In Sir James Clark's words,—

“When properly stated, the principle is this, that mechanical restraint should never be resorted to unless there be a clear necessity, and that the existence of the clear necessity should not be too readily accepted. With many physicians this ends in finding the cases in which restraint is deemed necessary to be so rare as practically not to exist; they do not positively abolish restraint, they simply never use it, because they never deem it necessary. They regard it as in the highest degree desirable to avoid it, from considerations both of humanity and science; and having adopted this view, they find that it is not needed in cases in which it would probably be employed by physicians less strongly impressed with the desirability of avoiding it, and therefore less anxious to discover a substitute in methods of treatment which are more humane and in better accord with the teachings of physiology and psychology.”

For the last twenty or five-and-twenty years the system of non-restraint established by Dr. Conolly has been practised in every public asylum in this kingdom. But, unfortunately, in this respect at any rate, we seem ahead of the rest of the world. In spite of all that has been said and written as to the advantages of the system by foreign physicians who have visited our asylums, the majority of them still hesitate to adopt it. “It may even be doubted,” says Sir James Clark, “if in the whole of Europe six asylums could at this time be found beyond Great Britain where non-restraint is *fully* received and acted on.”

Ten years' anxious work at Hanwell proved too much for a constitution never very robust, and in 1849 Dr. Conolly had to resign the office of Resident Physician. No successor was appointed, and he continued to act as Visiting Physician, and to take the greatest interest in the institution and in all subjects connected with his special work. But his health failed him more and more, until in March, 1867, he had an attack of paralysis which carried him off in a few hours.

Sir James Clark gives some interesting extracts from Dr. Conolly's writings, showing the high estimation in which he held phrenology, as likely to give valuable aid in the diagnosis and treatment of lunacy, and the advancement of mental science generally. But for these we must refer the reader to the book itself, as also for a sketch of Dr. Conolly's literary labours, the best known of which, “A Study of Hamlet,” was published only a few years before his death.

GEORGE STOTT.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A Physician's Problems. By CHARLES ELAM, M.D., M.R.C.P. London: Macmillan. 9s.

THE problems which trouble Dr. Elam are those which trouble most of us. How to work mind and body to the best advantage; how to distinguish exactly between mental health and disease; how to interpret epidemics of crime and immorality; how the degeneracy of the human kind proceeds; and how far the responsibility of each generation is affected by the natural heritage of congenital or acquired defects—these are the subjects of the physician's essays. That on natural heritage is the most interesting, and the most nearly approaches scientific method. The structure of the Essays is rather composite. Dr. Elam is not a practised writer, and he indulges in extracts almost as largely as a parliamentary speaker of the old school. There is, however, a vein of strong individuality in the book, and its leading idea is faithfully expressed in a quaint citation from the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. "Each of us," says Dr. Holmes, "is only the footing up of a double column of figures that goes back to the first pair. Every unit tells; and some of them are plus, some minus. If the columns don't add up right, it is commonly because we can't make out all the figures. There are people who think that everything may be done, if the doer, be he educator or physician, be only called 'in season.' No doubt; but 'in season' would often be a hundred or two years before the child was born; and people never send so early as that."

Historical Gleanings: a Series of Sketches. Montagu, Walpole, Adam Smith, Cobbett. By JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS. London: Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

FOUR Essays in the form of lectures delivered at several places to popular audiences. The subjects, ranging over the eighteenth century and jutting into the nineteenth, require and receive such a discussion as brings into focus nearly all the questions of our day. Several of the characters, Harley and Bolingbroke especially, are described in a manner which, like that often resorted to by ingenious Opposition journalists in France, plainly demands a double interpretation. To the Earl of Halifax Mr. Rogers concedes a high place as the father of English finance, and the founder of the national debt. Walpole's Peace policy is explained and defended, and the exaggerations as to his use of venal means of government discredited. The Essay on Adam Smith realises to the reader the juncture of economical discovery at which the "Wealth of Nations" appeared, the reception it received, the slow infiltration of our legislation with the new truths it contained, and the extent to which they are still applicable to difficult national questions. William Cobbett appears as a stout defender of his class against all persons and influences that could oppress or depress it.

A Cruise in the "Gorgon;" or, Eighteen Months on H. M. S. "Gorgon," engaged in the Suppression of the Slave Trade on the East Coast of Africa, including a Trip up the Zambesi with Dr. Livingstone. By D. COPE DEVEREUX, Assistant Paymaster, R.N. London: Bell and Daldy. 10s. 6d.

A GENUINE account, by a genuine sailor, of eighteen months at sea on anti-slave-trade duty. The course of the *Gorgon* becomes in the hands of this easy-

going writer a rough panorama of Madeira, St. Vincent, Rio, Cape Town, Mozambique, Natal, Zanzibar, the Zambesi, and the East Coast of the African Continent. Paymaster Devereux seems to have seen everything, and to have seen it with sailor's eyes. The picture he draws of Dr. Livingstone's experiences up the Zambesi is a very pleasant one. Mr. Devereux comments with droll surprise on the very moderate degree of Sabbatarian strictness which prevailed on board the *Pioneer*, Dr. Livingstone's vessel. "Whether I am considered uncharitable or not," he writes, "I think Dr. Livingstone's feelings have undergone a change, and his fame as a traveller has eclipsed that as a missionary." With equal freedom he pronounces Livingstone a practical, hard-working pioneer, not edifying or amusing on any subject but Africa. The speciality of the book is the breezy life and frankness with which it unpretentionally recalls scenes that have necessarily to home-keeping readers considerable novelty.

Memoir of John Grey of Dilston. By his Daughter, JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglass. 7s. 6d.

MRS. BUTLER makes no apology for this book, and when the reader has progressed a little way in reading it, he finds that it needs none. John Grey was a member of the great governing family, and though out of Northumberland he did not occupy a very prominent public position, his correspondence and intercourse with Lord Grey and Lord Durham brought him very near the heart of politics during the exciting and changeful times before and after the Reform Bill. Mr. Grey appears to have been a man of pure heart, and unfettered, though not venturesome, intelligence. He discussed and formed opinions upon Reform, the Corn Laws, Agricultural Customs, Canadian troubles, and all the other subjects of the day in which a Grey, if worthy of the name, was sure to be interested; and his opportunities enabled him to appreciate, and to help others to appreciate, more eminent men. Full of pleasant personal and family traits, the book is chiefly valuable for the placid side-lights which it throws on some of the most interesting political events of this century.

Dottings on the Roadside in Panama, Nicaragua, and Mosquito. By BEDFORD PIM, Captain R.N., and BERTHOLD SEEMAN, Ph.D., &c. London: Chapman and Hall. 18s.

ANYONE who is interested in the authors of these "dottings" will be somewhat puzzled by the irregularity of person and number with which it is written; but it may be generally assumed that Captain Pim's personality is revealed when negroes are abused, and the United States, "that gigantic Trades-Union," spoken of in terms of opprobrium. Captain Pim takes a deep interest in the Mosquito question, and is anxious to see Central America opened up for English emigration. The object to which he is now immediately devoted is to remove the difficulty of access to the Nicaragua gold-fields. Both the gold-fields and these difficulties of access are explained in this book; the most valuable portion of which is a record of Dr. Seeman's experience in 1866, when pursuing his investigations of the mineral features of New Segovia and Matagalpa. This account has already appeared in instalments in the *Athenæum*, and is of permanent utility. Captain Pim's part of the book deals with the livelier aspects of the subject, and is rendered doubly lively by the vigour of his antipathies, and his genuine knowledge of the country.

The Trades-Unions of England. By M. LE COMTE DE PARIS. Translated under the Author's direction by NASSAU J. SENIOR, M.A. Edited by THOMAS HUGHES, M.P. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 7s. 6d.

THE Comte de Paris has studied with great minuteness the trade organisations of this country. To a large extent he has been indebted to the evidence before the Commission; but he has also made supplementary personal inquiries. His conclusions are generally in favour of the Unions, and always in favour of the utmost liberty being extended towards them. The essay gives a very neat and sufficient digest of the evidence before the Commission, and formulates the conclusions at which pretty nearly all candid Englishmen, many of them to their own considerable surprise, have arrived upon that evidence. The Count goes beyond average opinion in expecting the Trades-Unions to eventually solve the labour question, not by the successful enforcement of their views, or the establishment and maintenance of satisfactory tribunals, but by becoming "a new element of productive power, and an earnest pledge of peace," as the centre of co-operative associations.

Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers, embracing a Narrative of Events from the Death of James V. in 1542, until the Death of the Regent Murray in 1570. By JOHN HOSACK, Barrister-at-law. Edinburgh and London: Blackwoods. 15s.

MR. HOSACK's book, which is not a small one, is a contribution to what may be called the forensic department of history. It probably includes all that ever was said of the fair queen, for or against whom almost every Englishman and Scotchman is somewhat of a partisan. The new interest of the book arises from its containing some hitherto unpublished documents. One is the "Book of Articles" produced by the accusers of Mary on her trial before the Commissioners in 1568. This is found amongst the Hopetown manuscripts, and is now in the custody of Sir William Gibson Craig. Mr. Hosack argues its genuineness at some length in his preface. The form of the present work is that of argumentative narrative. Mr. Hosack admits very little that makes against the queen, and turns to prettiness almost all the doubtful incidents of his client's life, while he finds the key to her worst troubles in the persistent designs of Elizabeth to interfere in Scotch politics. The volume is illustrated with several very interesting *fac similes*.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXXIII. NEW SERIES.—SEPTEMBER 1, 1869.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE HISTORICAL CREDIBILITY
OF THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Gladstone's work on "Homer and the Homeric Age," much has been said on the historical character of our Iliad and Odyssey, as well by conservative critics as by their opponents. But instead of noting the purpose of these writers, and measuring their failure or success, Mr. Gladstone has chosen the simpler, and perhaps easier, task of bringing before us again his own conclusions as drawn from the poems to which we are accustomed to give the name of Homer, and of asserting that to himself these conclusions are thoroughly satisfactory. His conjectures and his convictions, which are substantially what they were ten years ago, fit in with one another, and on all important points he believes himself to be in possession of evidence overwhelming in its amount and its cogency. Homer is with him undoubtedly a historical person, and the Iliad and Odyssey are emphatically historical poems. This assertion is not to be regarded as a mere statement that the poems had some author or authors, and that the local colouring of the myths related was more or less true to scenes and events which passed before the eyes of the poet or poets. Mr. Gladstone lays much stress on the scrupulous accuracy of Homeric portraiture in all that relates to the persons of his heroes and the features of the society in which they moved; but the authority of the poet is not to be repressed within these limits. He conjectures, "without pretending to do more, that Homer may well have been born before or during the [Trojan] war; and that he probably was familiar, during the years of his maturity, with those who had fought in it" (p. 6). Hence, "there are very strong presumptions that Homer is also historical with respect to his chief events and persons" (p. 7). These conjectures or convictions are supported by a series of propositions, which certainly prove his point if they are suffered to pass unchallenged,

but of most of which it may be fairly said that they are mere assertion or hypothesis, for which no evidence whatever is adduced.

The ambiguity of much of Mr. Gladstone's language introduces a further element of difficulty into the discussion. When, for instance, he says that "a cardinal argument for placing the date of the poet near that of his subject is, that he describes manners from first to last with the easy, natural, and intimate knowledge of a contemporary observer," there is a sense in which the most sceptical critics may agree with him. No one doubts that the Homeric poet (or poets) throw over his (or their) narrative a colour borrowed from the society in which he (or they) lived. Here there was every motive for the poet to be truthful, none to depart from the truth; and the exactness with which all customs of peace and war, of arts and games, of public and private life, of debate and action, were reproduced in the poem, would inevitably impart an air of reality to the events related, whatever these might be. This is probably true of the genuine epic poetry of all nations; but for the historical character of the incidents which they record, it obviously proves nothing. The society of the age in which the poet lives may be described with indefinite accuracy, though the house which he builds may be raised on sand. In this sense, we need not hesitate to say with Mr. Gladstone, "It cannot be too strongly affirmed that the song of Homer is historic song. Indeed, he has probably told us more about the world and its inhabitants at his own epoch than any historian that ever lived" (p. 7). But unless, with Mr. Gladstone, we are prepared to infer facts from the "tone and feeling" of a poet, or from his knowledge of human nature generally, and of his own countrymen in particular, we are bound to say plainly that we speak only of his pictures of life and manners. We may allow that the rules and practice of debate are given with scrupulous precision, without attributing on this account a historical character to the particular Agamemnon, Menelaos, and Odysseus whose exploits are related in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

But this interpretation will not satisfy Mr. Gladstone. With him the "subject" of Homer is not so much the picture of society existing in his own time, as the war of which he relates some of the most important incidents. Here, then, we are brought face to face with the question of facts, in which no amount of conjecture or presumption can be allowed to stand in the place of evidence; and we feel that we have a legitimate ground of complaint against Mr. Gladstone for not telling us what the "chief events and persons" are with regard to which we are to look upon "Homer" as "historical." He is doubtless aware that critics as conservative as himself have, since the publication of his "*Homeric Studies*," attempted to answer this question, and that the controversy now turns chiefly on the sufficiency or inadequacy of their answers. It is impossible that the discussion

can ever be brought to an end, or the truth ascertained, by asserting the general historical accuracy of any given narrative. If it contains any genuine history, we must be able to lay our hands upon it: if we cannot do this, then for us it has practically no existence. But Mr. Gladstone, ignoring all that has been recently said, contents himself with reiterating the general statement, and then modifying it in a way which leaves the extent of his own faith in the narrative a matter of mere conjecture. The discussion has, in fact, advanced beyond the point at which Mr. Gladstone takes it up; and hence it becomes necessary to repeat objections to arguments which might have been left to themselves but for the weight which they receive from his name and authority.

The first reason urged by Mr. Gladstone for believing the "chief events" of our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (for he is careful to say, p. 12, that by "Homer" he means these poems and none others) is that "it is the chief business of the poet or bard, as such, in early times to record facts, while he records them in the forms of beauty supplied by his art." If we write with the sole aim and hope of discovering the truth—if truth, and truth alone, is our single object—we are bound to refuse any leap which must be taken in the dark. Mr. Gladstone's reason is a mere assumption, and to grant it is to place in his hands a weapon as forcible as that which Dr. Newman professes to wield against those who grant to him his "great aboriginal catastrophe." Why are we to believe that the recording of facts (if by this we mean a veracious chronicle of real events) was the business of the poet or bard in early times, until we know what their ideas of a fact were, and, indeed, until we have proved what is here merely asserted? Is it so clear that genuine and truthful history excited in them the interest of which Thucydides deplores the absence amongst the vast mass of his own contemporaries? Is it not at the least as reasonable to assert, with Mr. Grote, that the early poets and bards dealt with "the entire intellectual stock of the age to which they belonged," and that the value of this stock was measured by its power of satisfying that "craving for adventure and appetite for the marvellous, which has in modern times become the province of fiction proper"?¹ Whatever, again, be the historical value of our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, it must be allowed that the so-called Homeric Hymns were composed by some one or more; and these poets relate their story with a conviction as undoubting as any that was ever felt by Mr. Gladstone's Homer. If, then, the chief business of these poets was to record facts, how comes it to pass that the history of every tribe and country reproduced itself in an almost infinite series? How came it about that the Athenians were accepting the story of Theseus as real history, and the Argives regarding those of Herakles and of Perseus in the

(1) History of Greece, Part I. ch. xvi.

same light, while all the three stories were in substance identical? How comes it, further, to pass that the "chief events" in a large majority, if not in all, the Aryan epic poems are the same? How is it that in all we have a woman or a treasure, sometimes both, stolen away, and a struggle for its recovery? ¹ How is it that the names, as well as the actions, of some of the most important persons in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* are found in the earliest literature of the Hindoos?

When Mr. Gladstone gives as his second reason that the truthful recording of events is especially the business "of the bard who lives near the events of which he professes to sing," we can but reply that two points must here be determined: (1) what were the particular events in his own conception of them, and in that of Mr. Gladstone; and (2) whether he lived near to them or not. Mr. Gladstone asserts, without much proof, that he did. Thucydides is equally positive that he did not. Why should the deliberate judgment of the Athenian historian, a judgment which may have reflected the general opinion of thinking men at the time, be of less weight?

Mr. Gladstone's fourth reason (the third is a mere inference from the first and second) is that "the poems were always viewed as historical by the Greeks" (p. 8). It must be remembered that by "the poems" Mr. Gladstone means exclusively our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and the question thus raised is certainly of supreme importance, for this proposition not only attributes a certain opinion to the Greeks, but also affirms that the Greeks of the times of Perikles were familiar with the poems to which we give the name of Homer. Mr. Gladstone elsewhere urges this reason in other words, when he says that "at the dawn of trustworthy tradition we find them holding a position of honour and authority among the Greeks, for which, with respect to works professedly secular, history affords no parallel" (p. 12). This, it is manifest, is precisely the same as Colonel Mure's opinion, that "the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were the acknowledged standard or digest, as it were, of early national history, geography, and mythology;" an opinion shared by Bunsen, who holds that "the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, especially the former, are the canon regulating the Hellenic mental development in all things spiritual, in faith and custom, worship and religion, civil and domestic life, poetry, art, science," and adds that "the *Iliad* is the sacred groundwork of lyrical poetry no less than of the drama." On this point I must maintain with all earnestness that it was the duty of every Homeric critic who deals with this portion of the subject to examine and accept or refute the evidence of alleged facts, of which I gave a

(1) This resemblance, or rather, identity of framework, will scarcely be disputed. In any case, the point must be settled before the counter-proposition can be asserted. But it is unnecessary to repeat here what I have already urged in the number of this Review for April 1, 1868, p. 427, &c.

summary in a previous number of this Review.¹ The mere statement of an opinion ought to carry no more weight on one side than on another; but Mr. Paley took his stand wholly on facts, which proved, or seemed to prove, that the Greek lyric, tragic, and comic poets either knew nothing or next to nothing of our Iliad or Odyssey, or if they did, deliberately preferred to them certain other poems to which they resorted for their materials. He further stated that Greek art down to a time later than that of Perikles exhibits precisely the same phenomena. In either case the assertions of Mr. Gladstone, Colonel Mure, and Baron Bunsen fall to the ground; and for such assertions a hearing cannot reasonably be expected, until this evidence has been met and refuted.

Mr. Gladstone not only takes no notice of it, but apparently even contradicts himself, for, having stated that from the earliest times we find these poems holding continuously (the word is necessary, if the opinion is to have any force) a position of honour and authority among the Greeks paralleled in no other literature, he asserts that "the antiquity of the present text is not overthrown by the fact that the later poets in many instances have followed other forms of legend in regard to the Troica, for they would necessarily consult the state of popular feeling from time to time; and tradition, which, as to religion, altered so greatly after the time of Homer, would, as to facts and persons, it is evident, vary materially according to the sympathies of blood, and otherwise at different periods of Greek history" (p. 19). Even if we concede (and it is not necessary that we should concede) that this may possibly account for the choice of the later poets in a very few instances, perhaps five or six, Mr. Gladstone's admission is in complete conflict with the position of unparalleled honour and authority which he attributes to our Iliad and Odyssey throughout the historical ages. But no political sympathies or antipathies could render necessary that systematic degradation of characters like Odysseus, Aias, Hektor, to say nothing of Helen, to account for which Mr. Gladstone felt himself driven to devise a theory in his "Homeric Studies." Nor can they explain the fact that two Greek plays only are taken directly from (in other words, are in accordance with) our Iliad and Odyssey, or that Pindar speaks of the madness of Aias and his attack on the herds as incidents related in Homer, or that he and the tragic poets should always choose the less beautiful of two traditions, with both of which, on Mr. Gladstone's hypothesis, they were perfectly familiar. The fact is, indeed, patent that Pindar speaks of a multitude of subjects as Homeric which are not to be found in our poems at all, and Herodotus rejects as non-Homeric a certain poem, because it does not narrate events which his Iliad gave in detail, but of

(1) April 1, 1868, p. 433, &c.

which in our Iliad we can find no trace. Mr. Gladstone feels himself compelled to admit that Thucydides speaks of the Hymn to Apollon as Homeric, and that "doubtless he represents a tradition of his day." But these hymns are, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, very inferior to Homer, and, therefore, Thucydides and his contemporaries were mistaken; and thus the unparalleled honour and authority of our Iliad and Odyssey are modified into the statement that no other poems were regarded as Homeric "by the general and unhesitating opinion of the Greeks." We do not know enough of this general opinion to warrant any very positive statements with regard to it; but until it can be proved that the lyric and tragic poets were acquainted with our Iliad and Odyssey, it can scarcely be affirmed that the general opinion of the Greeks regarded those poems as Homeric at all. When Mr. Gladstone says that "the lyric poems, which aimed at completing the circle of events with which they deal, never attained to an equal or competing fame, and have long ago perished" (p. 11), he makes assertions for which there is the same lack of evidence as for the rest, or which, at the least, cannot fairly be made without a previous examination of the arguments or alleged facts by which Mr. Paley seeks to prove that some of these poems were the more popular, while others, less popular, contained all, or almost all, the materials of which our Iliad and Odyssey are composed.

But further, what is the actual evidence that the poems to which alone Mr. Gladstone will give the name of Homer were "always viewed as historical by the Greeks?" Were they so regarded by Herodotus or Thucydides (supposing for a moment that they were speaking of our Iliad and Odyssey)? All that they leave of the story is the mere fact of a war which lasted ten years; but if they reject its motives and its incidents, the hinges on which the whole action turns, in what sense can it be said that they believed the Homeric Tale of Troy? If the special business of Homer was to record facts, then Herodotus and Thucydides were most unreasonable sceptics, and treated a veracious historian as one deserving of little honour or ceremony and possessed of very scanty authority. I do not hesitate to say that the incidents which I enumerated in a former paper¹ will be regarded by all fair-judging men as of the very essence of the narrative, and all these incidents, with scarcely a single exception, are either ignored or rejected by the two Greek historians. Thucydides gets rid of Helen altogether, attributes the war to the political views and ambition of the Argive king, and will have it that it was extended through ten years not from the will of Zeus or in accordance with any sign of the snake and the sparrows, but solely from lack of troops, which made it needful for

(1) FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, May, 1867, p. 569.

one half of the forces to take to farming while the other half carried on the siege. Herodotus cannot for a moment believe that Helen was ever at Troy; she is therefore detained in the court of the King of Egypt, in order to acquit the Trojans of an infatuation which to him is altogether incredible. The fact is, that neither of these great historians could receive that tangled skein of marvels, miracles, and prodigies which are inextricably intertwined in the supernatural machinery of those mythical tales. Hence they summarily rejected the whole, having thus "judged on its own grounds" Homer's "intermixture of supernatural agency with human events," although Mr. Gladstone insists that this intermixture "cannot by the laws of historical criticism be held of itself to overthrow his general credit" (p. 9). Mr. Gladstone does not tell us what are the laws of historical criticism; but his conception of them appears to differ widely from that of Bishop Thirlwall, on whose judgment I must lay the greatest stress, as depriving, or at the least tending to deprive, Mr. Gladstone's conjectures and presumptions of all weight. Such presumptions, indeed, can have weight only so long as they are allowed to pass unchallenged, and the dictum that Homer's special business was to record the truth of facts ceases of itself to have any authority when it is confronted with Bishop Thirlwall's deliberate statement that "the kind of history for which Homer invoked the aid of the Muses to strengthen his memory was not chiefly valued as a recital of real events," and that "if in detached passages the poet sometimes appears to be relating with the naked simplicity of truth, we cannot ascribe any higher authority to these episodes than to the rest of the poem."¹ In other words, the narratives given in full detail are distinctly deprived of all credibility on account of their supernatural colouring and machinery, while those which are merely sketched appear more credible only because they are not narrated at length, and, as Bishop Thirlwall adds, "were transferred to it (the *Iliad*) from other legends, in which, occupying a different place, they were exhibited in a more marvellous and poetical shape." Hence, according to Dr. Thirlwall, whether there was a Trojan war or not, the whole Homeric narrative of that war is untrustworthy from beginning to end.

But when we ask what amount of credence Mr. Gladstone himself gives to that narrative, we get no more definite answer than that "we must not attempt to define with rigour the limits within which these poems are to be considered historical" (p. 9). It must be admitted that the condition is highly favourable, if not to scientific precision, yet to the mingled faith or credulity and scepticism which is pleased to accept a statement or to reject it just as may, for the

(1) For some further remarks on these most important sentences, I may refer to my former article, April 1, 1868, pp. 422—4.

time being, be most convenient. From Mr. Gladstone, then, we cannot hope to learn the precise amount of history contained in the *Iliad*. Mr. Blackie was less reticent or less cautious; but we have seen already¹ how the confidence with which he first enunciates the result of his analysis is modified, until the supposed substance vanishes into thin air; how in one place he asserted that "there was a real Achilles, chief of a warlike clan in the Thessalian Phthiotis, and a real quarrel between him and the general-in-chief of the Hellenic armament," and admits in another not only that there may have been no Paris and no Helen, but that it makes no difference to the history "whether we suppose Agamemnon and Achilles the representatives of Southern and Northern Greece, to have set out together on the same expedition, or to be the distinct captains of two separate armaments confounded in the popular imagination." On what principle can we be said either to believe or to disbelieve, or to apply our minds in any way to a narrative which, like a piece of gutta serena, may be twisted into a thousand forms? How is it possible for any one who professes to have truth, the truth of facts, for his only object, to acquiesce in a process which, if applied to judicial matters, would destroy at once all security for life and property? What should we think of an English history which should tell us that it made no difference to the essential character of the narrative, whether we suppose that Laud and Strafford were joint conspirators against the common liberties of England, or the leaders in two several attempts made in successive centuries? We must be pardoned if we refuse altogether to admit the historical character of narratives to which the champions of their veracity obviously give no real credit.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that all the reasons adduced by Mr. Gladstone for regarding the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as a narrative of real events are of the same shadowy and intangible kind. We are told that the singular correspondence of the genealogies in these poems strongly attests the trustworthiness of Homer; but although the lowest links may possibly, in any given case, represent real persons, these lists all run up to some god or deified hero; and Mr. Grote has long since asked by what method we are to determine the point at which history ends and fable begins in the links between the real Hekataios and his divine progenitor. In the same spirit the prophecy of Poseidon (p. 4) is taken as proving, not that a family calling themselves Aineiadae were reigning in Troas at the time when this portion of the *Iliad* was composed or recited, but that the ruling chief was the actual grandson of the child of Anchises and Aphrodite, who visibly interferes to rescue her son on the field of battle. The gravity with which Mr. Gladstone assures us

(1) *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, May 1, 1867, pp. 568—574.

that "Homer often introduces curious legends of genealogy, and in a manner which is palpably inopportune for the purposes of poetry, and which is, on the other hand, fully accounted for by the historic aim," may almost raise a smile. It is enough to say that these episodes and digressions may be as legitimately used to prove the composite character of the poems as to uphold their historical authority.

Into the questions relating to the personality of Homer, and the purity or preservation of our Homeric text, I do not enter. On the former Mr. Gladstone admits that "nothing is known of his person" (p. 2), nothing of the time of his birth, or his place of abode, or of any event in his life (p. 6, &c.). The most determined of the separatists could scarcely desire a thicker darkness; but to the historical critic the point, as I have said before, is one of supreme indifference. Of the text, Mr. Gladstone still thinks that "we may, as a general rule, proceed to handle it with a reasonable confidence that the ground is firm under our feet," in spite of the facts adduced by Mr. Paley for questioning that it was known to the great lyric and tragic poets of Hellas. Its integrity was guaranteed by "the intense love of the song of Homer felt by every Greek" (p. 23), although the evidence is unfortunately scanty on which to rest the conclusion, that their Homer was our Homer, neither less nor more.

In short, after an interval of more than ten years, during which the phase of the controversy has been wholly changed, Mr. Gladstone has thought fit to repeat the confession of his Homeric faith. Of the earnestness, and ingenuity, and learning with which he has set it forth, I need say nothing; but, doubtless, his appeal is not to the credulity, but to the judgment of his countrymen, and if I say that his criticism is as fatal to the historical character of our Homeric poems as that of Mr. Blackie, I do so because the evidence of facts seems to me to prevent any other conclusion.

GEORGE W. COX.

ANCIENT AND MODERN RUSSIA.

"TARTAR ROME!" was the astonished outcry of Madame de Staël on first beholding Moscow. The witty word brings strikingly before the mind's eye the strange, half-Asiatic build of Russia's old capital; its Kreml; its glittering cupolas; its "Chinese town;" its Eastern traits of mixed glare and shabbiness; before all, the yearnings after world-wide rule that are embodied in the statecraft of the Pope-Czars.

"Tartar Rome!" Even as in a good picture, there is greater depth of meaning in that than the writer consciously threw into it. The same applies to the well-known "Scratch the Russian, and you will find the Tartar!"—a jest attributed to Napoleon I., who, moreover, showed his deep understanding of St. Petersburg court cunningness by likening Alexander I. to "a Greek of the Lower Empire." Perhaps the Corsican conqueror's wit was quickened because he himself had so much of the Gengis Khan as well as of the Byzantine in him. Proof of it that remarkable *corpus delicti* of a despotism at once brutal and artful, which might be designated "*Napoléon peint par lui-même*"—I mean his private and confidential correspondence, which the present ruler of the name of Bonaparte has, in rather a mischievous vein, published as a sort of lateral self-defence.

Virtually, the epigrams quoted are at present the cue of many a one who fights with literary weapon against the spirit of encroachment which threatens Europe from the Muscovite quarter. Those especially who go to the root in matters of race, dwell almost with fierce delight upon the original Mongol character of the Russians. Napoleon I. had surely no closer knowledge of Muscovite history and national descent. His general education was too neglected for that,—a neglect which becomes painfully apparent from his famous autographs, some of which, ill-shapen in contents, make by their style and spelling a true Frenchman's hair stand on end. Yet, what he jokingly said about "scratching the Russian and finding a Tartar," a laborious research, historical and linguistic, has latterly put into a system. The part of a champion of the "Pan-Sclavonian Idea," which the Northern colossus arrogates to himself, is denied to him on the ground of his non-Sclavonian, non-European, Asiatic, "Turanian" nature. Sclavonism is declared to be his lacquer, Mongolism his body. He is said to be a Turk—or rather worse than a Turk: only bound in Russian leather.

The real Sclavonians, together with the great Latin, Germanic,

and Celtic races, are claimed by common consent for the Aryan stock. But Russia—European Russia—in its immense majority, is assigned to the Tshudish, Finnish, “Uralian,” Mongol—nay, to make matters worse, the “Finno-Turkish” stem! It looks like a squib. But as truth is often stranger than fiction, so fact, in this instance, is more pointed than the sharpest satire. The painstaking student of history, at least—he who by dint of difficult labour has unlearned almost everything once taught by standard writers on Russia,—cannot but confess that, in the case before us, the seeming caricature is a tolerably correct draft.

And let it not be thought that it is exclusively the foes of an overgrown Russian Empire who lay stress on the non-Sclavonian, non-European, Tartar, Turanian origin of the vast bulk of its people on this side of the Ural. A host of unexpected witnesses hold up their hands in favour of the same view. German, Polish, Czechian, even Russian writers; opponents as well as favourers of the Pan-Sclavonian movement; men of impartial investigation, who would not dream of bending a fact for a theory, have contributed to the clearing up of that ethnological point. There have been Pan-Sclavist poets who in their semi-barbarian, and by no means fine, frenzy, would fain see the Cossack steed once more watering in the Seine. These were the worthy brethren of men who traced the wanderings of their race as far as the western shores of France, even into the English county of Wiltshire, whose name they derived from the Sclavonian Wiltzes! But having thus enough Sclavonians, and to spare, some of these enthusiasts readily acknowledged that, what to-day appears to be the bulk of the Sclavonian race, is only a varnished Tartar wedge reaching into our part of the world.

“Reaching into it improperly!” add others who go to the extreme length in the Aryan theory—that is to say, those who believe with a recent French writer, that “our forefathers, in emigrating from their primitive home, took with them our titles of nobility, which they have left to us as a legacy.” Strange language indeed! What a sad result of modern discoveries in matters of race and speech, if they were to land us again in the doctrine of noble castes and predestined pariahs!

Perhaps truth would, however, be served better if that scientific war were carried on with a little less bitterness. Human progress (and after all we believe in the perfectibility of mankind) can only suffer if the natural history of the “featherless biped” is too much dogmatised upon. There are gifted races, no doubt, leaders in the intellectual strife. There are others less endowed, or differently minded. All history proves it; there is no gainsaying. Still, why overlook facts which give a tremendous shock to the best-regulated theory? We have in the midst of our European community, irre-

spectively of large parts of Russia, three clearly-traceable branches of the Finnish, Ugrian, Tartar stock; and a good word may be said of each of them. For, have not the "little folk" of Finland, the border-people of the mythic Hrimthursi, powerfully impressed the sagas of our Northern kin? and does not their Kalewala point to an ancient poetic genius of their own? Did not the slashing Magyars, those twin-brothers of the Turks, after having spurred their way into Europe, establish parliamentary government on the banks of the Danube, as if they were to the British manner born? Ay, the Turks themselves, who are said to be merely "encamped" in Europe, —need Byron's testimony be quoted to make their character stand out favourably among Easterners?

"They are of Asia!" the cry is with some; "to Asia back they must go!" As if we, too, were not of Asia!—older comers only; and as if Herodotus, and Plinius, and Strabo did not speak already of the "Iurkai" (Ἰურκαί),¹ and the "Turcae," dwelling in Europe, somewhere in the present neighbourhood of the city of Kieff, where in clear historical times the Khazars were found. The Khazars themselves—were they not in all probability a Tartar or Turkish steppe tribe by origin? and had they not turned their attention to Greek culture and refinement, acting as pioneers of progress in what at present is Southern Russia? In the very tracts of land where the Cossack, Kalmuk, and Khirgiz pulks now swarm, the Khazars had created wealthy towns and fruitful fields. The highway from Derbent to Suir was adorned by them with parks and gardens. The country between the Wolga and the Don was covered, under their rule, with flourishing cities, the plans of most of which had been traced out, and the chief buildings executed, by Byzantine architects. Khazar fleets traded up the Don, along the Black Sea, and in the Mediterranean, as far as France and Spain. Strange to say, this wonderful people, of probably non-Aryan stock, combined Hellenic aspirations with a preference for a Semitic creed, having made the Mosaic religion their own. Unfortunately, the progress they had achieved in ameliorating the savage habits of the Sclavonians of the Dniepr was soon stopped by Russo-Waragian invasion, and afterwards the Khazar nation was wholly overpowered by nomadic inroads. Thus those Eastern countries were pushed back into darkness and barbarism.

When the Turk—also a Turanian—broke into Europe, he could not be reckoned a "barbarian," being in State-forming power, as well as in various arts, at that time the superior of some races in the East. He has, however, remained stationary since. In point of descent, the Turkish invasion was but as a second or third wave of a national tide that had previously flown from similar sources into Eastern

(1) *Yürük* the Turks are called even now in Asia Minor.

Europe. Again, if we turn back our glance to the earliest ages of which we have at least a dim perception, is there not good ground to believe that in parts of Southern and Western Europe there were, in pre-historic times, some populations of the Mongol, Turanian stock, whose cast of mind may yet be studied in the fragments of Etrurian civilisation?

If that be so, let us not set up, by the words "Aryan" and "Turanian," a new shibboleth, which is to be the war-cry of deadly feud. We may be, as Aryans, the "excellent," the "rising ones," the "sirs," or, as others more modestly explain it, the tillers of the soil, the steady settlers, in distinction from the wandering Turans, the homeless rovers. But is it to be conceded, in the face of that culture which has made China proper a garden, that the Turanian bears with him, in all eternity, the badge—some might say the curse—of his alleged original frame and impulse? Are our learned inquiries to lead us back to mere Calvinism?

I only state this in the desire not to be supposed to fall in with what Heine untranslatably calls "*die Racen-Mäkelei*." If there are, without question, strong marks of race, there are points also of striking identity among the apparently most divergent, and this in matters in which resemblance would be least expected. The characteristics will be brought most into relief where for a long lapse of time a people has had little contact with others, running exclusively in its own groove. But to any one who does not date the rise of mankind from the Jewish reckoning, it must seem idle to speak of race characteristics immutably ingrained in this and that set of men. What wanderings hither and thither—not only from east to west, which is sometimes erroneously said to be the natural inclination of men, but in all possible directions—may not have taken place in ages lying beyond our present ken! What intermixtures may not have resulted therefrom! What transformations in physical structure, in the intellectual drift; hence in the nature of speech, and in the ideas that are so strangely interwoven with the utterances in which they must needs be embodied!

There are moments, I know, when a strange tug is felt—a tendency of reversion to "original types;" perhaps in spirit and speech as well as in the building of the body. But through ages a certain constancy within the gradually-acquired type is observable—among some nations more, among others less. The whole history of the component parts of mankind thus presents a series of images: some fleeting, confused, or merging into each other; others standing stock-still—stony, one would almost say; staring at us, from antiquity down to our days, with a strange fixity of gaze. I say this as a "foreword" to what follows, so that my remarks may not be misunderstood as implying an assent to theories

founded on the notion of everlasting political and intellectual damnation, or of pre-ordained leadership.

"Tartar," then, Russia is said to be—not Slavonian at all. And historically speaking, there can certainly, after recent investigations, be no doubt that the main seat of the Slave tribes, when they first emerged into notoriety, was by no means in what now is the bulk of European Russia proper, but rather more westwards, on the Vistula, and partly on the upper Dniepr and Dniestr; some Slavonian colonies being scattered also along the Danube. The vast territory between the Finnish Gulf, the rise of the Don, and the Ural range, was occupied by Ugrian, Finnish, Mongol races. The impression hitherto prevailing was, that when the Germanic Warangians came in the ninth century as conquerors from the North, they found mainly a Slavonian people in the great "Scytho-Sarmatian" plain. That opinion is no longer tenable. Some Slave tribes they found, and subjected. But so little was the present European Russia filled with populations of that kind, either in the south, or in the east, or in the north, or even in the centre, nay, even in parts of the west, that it is, on the contrary, established now beyond cavil that the Slavonian language only obtained the upper hand in the provinces of Kurak, Orel, Kaluga, Moscow, Vladimir, Yaroslavl, Kostroma, Tver, and the northern parts of Novgorod, so late as the thirteenth century!

Let the reader look at the map. These are the central parts of European Russia, even if Poland be reckoned Russian, which would certainly be a bold grouping of facts under a common head.

As to that part of what is now European Russia, which had not yet been annexed to the Rurik realm at the moment of the invasion of the hordes of Gengis Khan and Batu, it became, as it were, double Tartar through the rule of the Golden Horde. That rule lasted for nearly two centuries and a half: from the thirteenth to the sixteenth. It had, therefore, time to stamp its features upon the subject people. The Slavonisation of this latter portion of the "Muscovites" (so we must call them in default of a better name) began, therefore, only in the sixteenth century, when they were united to Russia through the overthrow of the Kaptchak. Even now, the process of Slavonisation is far from complete in that European zone of the Empire. It is necessary to mention this in presence of the fictitious ethnographical maps that are published in the interest of St. Petersburg policy. A far greater number of European subjects of the Czar than is generally assumed are yet totally foreign to an even superficial Slavonic gloss, and live still a life as of Asia.¹ Their looks are turned China-wards—towards those barbarous tribes which surround the Flowery Empire on the north-west.

(1) A map and statistical survey, appended to the work of Mr. F. H. Duchinski, and which is founded on the labours of Slavonian writers, gives the following distribution of races in European Russia:—

"A kind of Chinese we, then, are? It is pretended that we have a Finnish origin, with a later Mongolisation?" the champions of Russian Pan-Sclavonism wrathfully exclaim.

And Poles, in despair of being able to hit the Muscovite ogre by harder blows, answer: "Ay, so it is; and we will convince you out of your own mouth! Was not, in a work¹ dedicated by learned men of Kieff to Peter I., the very province of Tula, which touches that of Moscow, described, so late as last century, as 'the country where Asia begins'? And is there not a history of the Russian Empire, published under Catherine II., in which the Finnish, or Tshudish, *i.e.* Mongol, character of the Muscovites is acknowledged? Had not that Czarina, when a German writer (Stritter) maintained the Finnish origin of the Muscovites, to issue a decree in order to vindicate the European character of the Muscovites; and does not that very decree contain the fatal admission that, 'though the *Muscovites are of different origin from the Sclavonians*, there is yet no repulsion between them'? Nay, do not Russian monarchs to this day, when

I. Sclavonians	21,296,900
II. Uralians:	35,642,700
namely, (a) Fins	14,662,800
" (b) Finno-Turks	20,979,900
III. Various nationalities, such as Germans, Swedes, Moldo-Wallachians, and Jews	3,182,400
	<hr/>
	60,122,000

In the "Sclavonians" the Lithuanians are included, originally a different stock. Of Sclavonians proper there are reckoned to be 19,481,000; of Lithuanians, 1,815,000; together, 21,296,900. Even more important is the special mapping-out as regards the several parts of the Empire. In "Great Russia," containing nineteen provinces, there are about 20,000,000; of whom, according to Mr. Duchinski's table, there are 11,162,800 Fins, and 7,750,000 Finno-Tartars; the small remainder only Sclavonians. In "Little Russia," containing four provinces, there are 6,046,000; of whom the vast majority, 5,302,000, are Sclavonians. In "Southern Russia," containing six provinces, there are 4,234,000; of whom but 1,910,000 are Sclavonians; 1,642,000 Fins and Finno-Turks. In "Western Russia," containing eight provinces, there are 8,022,000; of whom 6,212,800 are Sclavonians. In the "Baltic Provinces," containing four provinces, there are 2,217,000; of whom but 239,900 Sclavonians; the remainder Fins, Letts, and Germans. In the "Grand Duchy of Finland," containing eight provinces, there are 1,661,000; almost the totality, 1,400,000, being Fins. In the "Czarate of Astrakhan," containing five provinces, there are 5,400,000; of whom but 150,000 Sclavonians; the bulk being Finno-Tartars. In the "Czarate of Kasan," containing five provinces, there are 6,990,000; of whom but 100,000 Sclavonians. In the "Kingdom of Poland," containing five provinces, there are 4,852,000; of whom 3,791,000 are Sclavonians; the remainder Fins, Lithuanians, and Germans.

This is certainly different from the ethnographical statements of Russian Government writers. Now, as Western Russia, Little Russia, and the Kingdom of Poland, in which the Sclavonian race of the present empire appears mainly congregated, formerly constituted the bulk of the Polish Commonwealth, it will be easily seen, assuming the correctness of the above statistics, that the bulk of Muscovy proper, with its Finnish and Tartar appendages in the North, East, and South, does not present a Sclavonian character, though the official "Russian" ticket is stamped upon the several provinces.

(1) "Life of the Saints."

speaking more familiarly to their own people, generally drop the designation of 'Russian,' and only use the 'Muscovite' name?"

"To the very name of 'Russian' we are, then, not entitled?" ejaculate the irate Pan-Slavists of Moscow.

"No," reply their Polish antagonists; "no, certainly not! The word 'Russian' signifies neither a nation nor a race. It is merely an empire name, imported by a foreign conquering clan. Slavonians we know in the empire of the Czar; they are of the Polish and the Ruthenian branch. Muscovites we also know; they are of the Tartar stem, and are only covered with a Slavonian mask. Russo-Warangians we lastly know, when we look back into history—Russo-Warangians who only fused themselves in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries with the Slaves of Novgorod and the Uralian Muscovites. But a Russian nationality is non-existent. A Russian history, in the sense of the continuous record of the doings of a particular race, is equally impossible. The real Russians are the now-despised Ruthenes. The so-called Russians are Tartars in disguise. If the history of the Czarate is to be written honestly, it is to be split up into a history of the four nations—the Poles, the Muscovites, the Lithuanians, and the Ruthenes."

It seems a quarrel of words. It is not. I would not, however, for my part, accept without qualification some of the statements which the most ardent upholders of the new view have put forward. M. Henri Martin, the French historian, who propounds the "Federation of the Aryan Races of Europe," is one of the most thorough-going. He places in opposition the principles of despotic unity, such as represented by the Turanian (Tartar, Chinese) bend of mind; and of federative latitude, as contained in the American Republic. The Muscovites he throws into the former category, and—for he is an out-and-out Federalist—thus places them for ever into the political nether regions. In a letter to Mr. F. H. Duchinski¹ he writes:—

"It is very necessary to define at last clearly the present European society and the future European Federation, in an ethnographical and geographical sense. The real Europe does by no means reach so far as the Ural Mountains; it stops at the basin of the Dniepr. The Muscovites (for, let us drop at last that name of Russian which is only a double-meaning, and neither designates a nation nor a race)—the Muscovites, Turanians by descent and genius, are not of the European society; they disturb and disorganise it; they will never be a harmonious element of it. They must remain in certain relations with it; but it ought to be only from the outside (*'ils doivent traiter avec elle, mais du dehors'*). Their legitimate part is in Asia, and there it may attain to some greatness. But until they are forced to resign themselves to that rôle—until that Testament of Peter I., which is so fatal to humanity, be for ever torn to shreds, there will be no peace, no security, no order in Europe."

(1) Printed in Mr. Duchinski's "*Nécessité des Réformes dans l'Exposition des Peuples Aryas, Européens, et Tourans, particulièrement des Slaves et des Muscovites.*" Paris. 1864.

Now, the so-called Testament of Peter I., I may remark in passing, is simply a forgery. One may wonder that it is still treated as genuine in the above letter of an erudite historian; so true is it, that "a lie once born lives for ever." The precepts of Peter's alleged last will have, however, been followed out as if that fabrication had been the text-book of governmental statecraft.

That Europe would do well, if it established a Federation, to shut out Russia from it for the nonce, I fully admit under present circumstances. At the same time, there are perhaps more urgent things to be done than to create "United States of Europe" only in name and outward form, whilst in internal development some of them are yet at opposite poles. The scheme might prove more dangerous than fruitful to the progress of democracy. Switzerland would not benefit by it. Advanced countries would only have a drag-chain put on their wheels by such an interlacing of political concerns. With regard to the "federative" principle, an understanding as to the meaning to be attributed to that word is, moreover, necessary in almost every particular case. Different nations have different wants. It will not do to "shear them all over the same comb." Peculiar circumstances, sometimes arising from the physical configuration of a country, must be taken into consideration; upon them it will depend whether a larger or a smaller amount of provincial autonomy is possible and desirable. There are nations so given to individualism that wise political counsellors will rather suggest a somewhat stricter form of union, lest the commonwealth should fall into atoms. There are other nations furiously given to centralisation, to whom it would do a world of good if, against their present grain, they could be induced to relax the tight grip in which the community is held. By some, the federative principle is understood as meaning State sovereignties within the State—a doctrine often apt to endanger the cohesion of the commonwealth and to provoke internecine feuds. Switzerland, in 1847, and the United States of America during the late war, have seen it to their cost. They are now both rid of that sort of federalism.

To others, however, the federative principle means simply communal self-government—at most also a subdued kind of provincial autonomy, within an indivisible national union; and this system would most probably tally with the requirements of the majority of European nations. An absolute theory, one way or the other, will, however, fail; and to me it seems preferable not to quarrel over words, but simply to concert wise measures according to the peculiarity of circumstances.

"Despotic unity," to the destruction of all local self-government, could scarcely be carried further than it has been in France. It is an "Aryan" country! Its noblest intellects have seen the error of that

mechanical, bureaucratic centralisation, and are eager for a healthy change. On the other hand, the "Turanian" mind is not absolutely rebellious to the federative principle, such as I suppose it to be understood by M. Henri Martin. Witness Magyar Hungary, with its *comitats* and its largely-developed structure of local autonomy rising from the groundwork of the realm. With these qualifications, much of what the French historian says merits great attention.

Among recent writers on Russian affairs, some pamphlets by M. Casimir Delamarre¹ have created rather a stir. In two ways he has attacked the Pan-Sclavonian Idea: first, by denying that very unity of race, speech, and literature which seemed to be implied by the existence, in France, of a university chair for the "Sclavonian Language and Literature." Through his exertions that chair was rebaptised into one for "Sclavonian Languages and Literatures." For the moment, this demonstration fits into the foreign policy of the French Government. But, in point of fact, M. Delamarre is right. One might with greater propriety speak of a chair for the "Germanic Language and Literature," throwing into it the idioms and writings of Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Holland, the Flemish provinces of Belgium and France, England, America, and so forth, than of a chair for the Sclavonian Language and Literature, which, as such, is non-existent.

Another pamphlet by M. Delamarre, composed of but a few pages, has also been much talked of. It is, like the other I have quoted, somewhat ponderously entitled—"Un Peuple Européen de Quinze Millions, Oublié par l'Histoire." That forgotten people of 15,000,000 are the Ruthenes. In these he finds the real Russian stock. It is the contrary of what the Russians themselves pretend. The Muscovites, to him also, are a Finno-Tartar people, Sclavonised at the outside. In the manner above described, he, too, wishes ancient Russian history to be divided into the history of the Muscovites, the Ruthenes, the Lithuanians, and the Poles; and he sketches a corresponding plan of study. As his pamphlet is addressed to the Senate of France, the suggestion may, as in a former case, prove successful. Were it adopted, it might have its effect in shaping the political views of the French nation in regard to Russian affairs. Hence these feathered arrows that are aimed at the Muscovite Empire have greater importance than would at first sight appear. Their stinging force comes out even now in the daily press of France.

For my part, I believe M. Delamarre's new plan of studies has some defects. No mention is made in it, as far as I can see from his sketch, of the important fact of the early attacks of the Russo-Warangians against Constantinople—attacks which lasted through

(1) "Un Pluriel pour un Singulier, et le Panlavisme est détruit dans son principe." Paris. 1868.

centuries. Nor does the author seem to connect the aggressive tendencies, such as they have appeared—I should say re-appeared—since Peter I., with the similar attempts that can be traced back, in spite of occasional interruptions, through a space of nearly ten centuries. He fails to read the thought that runs through the history of the Russian empire—if “thought” is at all the word applicable to that “hell of angry dreams” which flashes up ever and anon, from the ninth to the nineteenth century, in the policy of northern autocrats. M. Delamarre’s main aim is to make out the Muscovites a baser breed, strangers to Europe. In that endeavour he, here and there, falls short of historical accuracy, or gives doubtful guesses without a word of caution. As it is desirable to remove all untrustworthy elements from the ethnological controversy, I think it but right to point to these specks. Their removal will help to get a sounder judgment on the real question narrowed to its proper limits.

Thus, in tracing the origin of the word “Czar,” which after all is uncertain, M. Delamarre calls it, as some others have done, unhesitatingly “a Tartaric, Turanian, consequently Asiatic title, signifying Lord of the Steppes;” and he says that “that title finally remained to the rulers of Muscovy after Ivan the Terrible had conquered the three czarates of Siberia, Kazan, and Astrakhan.” Now, the title of Czar is traceable beyond the time mentioned by M. Delamarre. The “czarates” alluded to were, properly speaking, khanates. The first title of the Russian monarchs was *Weliki Knjäs*, Grand Princes. After the overthrow of the dominion of the Golden Horde, and the marriage of Ivan I., Wassiljewitch, with a niece of the last Byzantine emperor, the designation of “Czar” begins to be used. At that time also, so it is stated, the Byzantine double-eagle was placed in the Russian escutcheon. It was soon after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. From the torpor in which Russia had lain during her subjection to the Mongols, she once more faintly awoke at that epoch, and a gleam of the traditional ambition of her rulers again flashed up over the East.

Indeed, however debateable the derivation of the word “Czar” may be—whether it be a Tartaric, or a Slavonic word, or neither of them—there can be no question that the idea of playing the *Cæsar Imperator* in the East revived at that period among Russian princes. This much can also be proved, that the imperialist tendency not only, but even the imperial name, is to be found in Russia at least a hundred years before Peter I.

I know I assert here that which clashes with the universal statement of historians. They all say that Peter, called the Great, was the first who received the imperial title. Delamarre, too, writes, “As the Ruthenian countries (*les Ruthénies*), which formerly alone bore the name of Russia (*les Russies*), were Slavonian, the title of

'Emperor of Russia' is absolutely European. It was for the first time adopted by Peter I., in 1721."

Yet, a clear proof to the contrary is before me in a curious book, interesting for the clearing up of various points of the more ancient history of Russia, and which has narrowly escaped being lost. It is of the year 1607, printed at Paris, at the desire of Henry IV. of France. Its full title is, "State of the Empire of Russia and Grand Duchy of Muscovy; with all the most memorable and tragic events, during the reign of four emperors—viz., from the year 1590 to September, 1606. By Captain Margeret."¹

The memorable and tragic events alluded to are the Muscovite wars of succession, known as the seditions of the pseudo-Demetrii. The writer of the "State of Russia" had personally played a conspicuous part in them. His was a chequered life, of fantastic diversity. A descendant of an old family of Auxonne, adventurous Captain Margeret at first sided, in the wars of the League, with the cause of the King of Navarre. But after the triumph of Henry IV. had become a matter of certainty, the unruly lansquenet found the then-probable piping times of peace but little to his taste; so he departed for other lands, offering a better prospect of employment for his sword. The chance of adventure successively led him into the services of the Prince of Transylvania, and of the German Empire. Under the German banner the valiant captain fought against the crescent, then the terror of central Europe. Shortly afterwards we find him in the army of the Polish Republic. He left in 1600, passing over to Moscow at the request of the Russian ambassador, Vlasieff, who offered him, in the name of Czar Boris Godunow, a command in the Muscovite cavalry. From this time the restless soldier was mixed up with all the important events of the Muscovite empire; but even then a consistent adherence to one cause seems not to have been his *forte*. At the death of Czar Boris and the advent to the throne of the first pseudo-Demetrius, Margeret was appointed commander in the Imperial Russian Life Guard; but when, some years after, Sigismund III., of Poland, supported with armed force the pretensions of his own son Wladislas to the crown of the Czars, we find Margeret again serving with the Polish army, in which he distinguished himself at the capture of Moscow. After the withdrawal of the Poles from the soil of Muscovy, Margeret was created, for his great services, counsellor of the Polish king. But unable long to continue a mere hanger-on at court, he left Poland in 1612 for Hamburg, whence he addressed a letter to the Muscovite boyards, at that time assembled for the election of a new dynasty, and begged

(1) "Etat de l'Empire de Russie, et Grande-Duché de Moscovie, avec ce qui s'y est passé de plus mémorable et tragique, pendant le règne de quatre Empereurs: à sçavoir depuis l'an 1590, iusques en l'an 1606, en Septembre. Par le Capitaine Margeret."

permission to return to his Russian comrades. This request of the erratic spadassin was, however, not complied with; and henceforward all traces of his career disappear.

It was during a short stay in France, at the end of 1607, that Margeret wrote his remarkable book. Sixty years later, when an embassy of Czar Alexis came to the court of Versailles to intrigue there in favour of the election of a Russian prince to the throne of Poland, Louis XIV. ordered a reprint of Margeret's memoir. Subsequently the work became a rarity; and had it not been for the German Orientalist, Mr. Klaproth, who, in 1821, caused a few copies to be struck off for a select circle of *savans*, it might have disappeared in the limbo of forgotten things. An impression on a larger scale was brought out in France a few years ago.

The very title of Margeret's book—"State of the Empire of Russia and Grand Duchy of Muscovy"—seems to bear out the difference between the "Russians" and the "Muscovites," on which so much stress is laid now. The double title is at any rate a proof of a difference and distinction even then strongly felt. In fairness I must say, however, that in the preface ("To the King") Margeret only uses the terms "Russia" and "the Russians" in order to designate the whole country and population; and the work itself begins thus:—"Russia is a country of great extent," tolerably well populated from Narva (*Varue*) to Archangel, and from Smolensk (*Schmolensqui*) to Kasan; but extending even as far as the Caspian Sea and into Siberia. "It borders upon Lithuania, Podolia, Turkey, Tartary, the River Obo, the Caspian Sea, Livonia, Sweden, Norway, Novaja Semlja (*Terre Neufve*), and the Polar Sea."

The Finnic tribes, such as the Tcheremisses, Margeret clearly distinguished from the Russians. He also knows well where the unmistakable Tartar element borders upon the Russian stock. Of the struggles with the Cossacks, the Krim Tartars, and the Tcherkesses, he often speaks. The latter, whom he places between the Caspian and the Black Sea, were in his time called by the Russians "Tcherkassi Petigorski," Tcherkesses of the Five Mountains; and of them he says that they are "an extremely martial people; very agile, very bold; capable of doing great harm to Russia, *if only they were in greater number.*"

To the keen, observing mind of the French warrior the vulnerable heel of the Muscovite Empire was plainly visible. Europe at large has looked stolidly for centuries at the struggles carried on in that Caucasian quarter, until the adamant chain of mountains fell into the hands of the northern conqueror. Yet, were it possible to write the records of those sanguinary contests in all their heroic details; could the pen retrace all the deeds of manly courage which in those dark rifts of rock, on those lonely barren heights, formed, each of

them, unseen and unheeded by Fame, an epic by itself—truly, we would have a “Book of Heroes” before the splendour of which many a well-sung glory would pale.

But I must come to Margeret’s statements as to the “imperial” title. The name which he gives to the Russian sovereigns and their wives is almost always that of *empereurs* and *impératrices*. One might suppose this to be a mere translation of the word “Czar.” It is not so. Margeret makes a distinction between the two titles, and specially mentions which foreign Courts recognise the Czar as an Emperor, and which do not.

“It is believed,” he writes, “that the origin of the Grand-Princes is to be traced to three brethren that came from Denmark, who, according to the Russian annals, conquered Prussia, Lithuania, and Podolia, about 800 years ago; and that Rurik, the eldest of these brothers, had himself called Grand-Prince of Volodimer (Wladimir), of whom all Grand-Princes in the male line descend—down to Johannes Basilius (Ivan Wasseljewitch), who first received the title of ‘Emperor’ from Maximilian, the Roman (German) Emperor, after the conquest of Kasan, Astrakhan, and Siberia.”

Here the assertion is plainly made. What follows will show that no mistake is possible.

“As to the title they bear,” Margeret continues, “they believe there is not a higher one than that which they have, in making themselves called *Zar*. They call the Roman (German) Emperor *Tsisar*—which they derive from Cæsar; all kings they name *Kroll*, after the manner of the Poles. They call the King of Persia *Kisel Basha*. And the Turk *Veliqui Ospodartursk*, which means Grand-Signior of Turkey, in imitation of the title of Grand-Signior that is given him; but this word *Zur*, they say, is to be found in the Holy Scriptures. For, wherever David, or Solomon, or other kings are there spoken of, they are called *Zar David*, *Zar Solomon*, which in our interpretation means King David, King Solomon, &c. And thus they preserve the name of *Zar* as the more authoritative one; with which name, they say, it once pleased God to honour David, Solomon, and the other rulers of the houses of Juda and Israel: whilst the names of *Tsisar* and *Kroll*, they say, are only a human invention, and a title obtained by excellent feats of arms.”

This quaint prattle of the worthy lansquenet, who was not strong in etymology, may make us smile. But the following facts related by him remove all doubt on the question at issue. He continues:—

“Thus, when Theodor Johannes (Fedor Ivanowitch), Zar of Russia, had raised the siege of Narwa, before which he had lain, and when the ambassadors and deputies of both parties were assembled in order to conclude peace between Russia and Sweden, *they wrangled for more than two days about that title of EMPEROR, which Theodore claimed*, whilst the Swedes would not acknowledge him as such. The Russians say that the word ‘Zar’ is even greater than the word ‘Emperor;’ and so an agreement was made that they would always call him *Zar* and Grand-Prince of Muscovy; each party thinking that it had deceived the other. The King of Poland writes to them (the Russian monarchs) under this designation. *The Roman (German) Emperor gives him the title of EMPEROR; and the late QUEEN ELIZABETH DID THE SAME, as does also the King of Great Britain, the King of Denmark, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the King of Persia; and all those of Asia give him the titles he chooses to assume.* As to

the Turk, seeing that there was between them, at my time, neither correspondence, nor any intercourse by envoys, I do not know what title he gives them."

In the course of his book Margeret, always speaks of the "imperial throne," the "Empire," the "Emperor," and the "Empress." Lest it should be imagined that the author wishes to represent Russia under unduly splendid colours, I will mention that he scourges unmercifully its barbaric condition, and places in favourable contrast Poland, "which is a free country," of "noble and complaisant manners," and where people at least "know what manners are" (*que c'est que du monde*). Of the Russians he says that "they are without industry and extremely lazy; for they do not employ themselves in labour, but are devoted to drunkenness more than to anything else; they are rude and clumsy, without any civility; it is a false nation, without faith or law, or conscience; . . . and stained with an endless number of other vices and bestialities."

Here, then, we have "youthful" Russia of the sixteenth century delineated in a manner not over flattering; certainly not as a companion-picture of Tacitus' "Germania." I would not dwell on the dark tale these early records unfold, were it not for the sickening prophecy that has been dinned into our ears of an impending rejuvenation of the "effete, bloodless, Germano-Romanic world" by the strong-limbed young giant of the North.

Russia is an old empire, and the practices of its rulers have for ages been those of a despotism grown hoary-headed in wickedness. The system of an all-pervading police is often considered the characteristic of the doting despotisms of Europe. But Russia, the alleged "young and vigorous barbarian," had been infested with this cancer of a public and secret police *régime* much earlier and to a much greater extent than the majority of Western States. As early, at least, as the fourteenth century, she was enveloped in so complete a network of frontier guards, police officials, and regular spies, that the very breath of the people seemed to be under the control of the sovereign. The Tartar khans, those hard taskmasters, may have first introduced the loathsome institution. The Muscovite princes afterwards eagerly accepted it. Under Czar Boris Godunow, in Margeret's time, police influence was so universal, that the greater part of the servants in the houses of noblemen were in the secret pay of Government! Fouché and Vidocq, after all, were but copies. Their originals are to be sought for in Russia. So profligate was the Muscovite secret police system that, to quote but one instance from Margeret's book, Boris Godunow, in order to divert public attention from some contemplated political move, caused his agents to set fire secretly to the houses of certain rich merchants and others, "*pour leur tailler de la besogne*;" and when the political acts which had been in contemplation were, during the alarm created, quietly

performed, the Czar, feigning great sorrow, paid the sufferers from the State exchequer, and thus caused himself to be considered the benefactor of the people !

"All the roads," says Margeret, "which lead out of the country are so closed, that it is impossible to leave it without the special permission of the Emperor." When there was any fear of a war with Poland, all strangers were sent to the frontier of Tartary, lest they might enter into an understanding with the enemy; for "this nation is the most suspicious and most mistrusting people in the world."

Upon the subject of military organisation there are many interesting pages in Margeret. In the struggles against the Osmanlee the French warrior had become accustomed to the sight of an imposing war-power. Yet the strength of the armies guarding the territory of the Czar struck him as extraordinary. He enters into minute details, narrating the number of fortresses, castles, governmental and town troops, especially of that part of Russia which then formed a kind of permanently-watched "*Militär-Gränze*" towards the still independent khanates of the Krim and Nogaïan Tartars. Besides the native soldiers, there were then already corps of foreigners—Germans, French, and other lansquenets. It is an error to think that Peter the Great for the first time introduced such European elements into his more than half-Asiatic realm. In this case, also, the shipwright of Saardam was somewhat of a plagiarist. Once for all, the notion must be given up that Russian existence took its rise with a certain Peter, even as mankind was said to have begun with a certain Adam.

In mentioning the irregular horsemen from the Cossack and Caspian districts, Margeret says that the Cossacks "have not much attachment to the Emperor except he allow them to do their worst." Still, the statecraft of the Czars succeeded in later times in using the Cossack race as the means wherewith to fix the sceptred curse of autocracy even more strongly on the North Russian populations. To the wild son of the steppe some freedom was left, so that he might knout the Muscovite into slavery with a savage gusto. But after having helped in "moulding the wretched lot" of the Muscovite mujik, the Cossacks themselves were gradually broken in to the level system of despotic uniformity. They were placed under the same armed heel of tyranny. Afterwards the Cossack and the Baskir together were employed to encroach upon the independence of the Kirgiz; a policy carried out amidst tremendous difficulties with an artfulness and a relentless cruelty often out-Mongolising the Mongol.

The incessant extension of Russia towards Central and Northern Asia has undoubtedly contributed to "Tartarise" her ever afresh.

One feels a strange sensation when reading already in Margeret, who wrote at a time when parts of Siberia had only just fallen into the hands of the Czars, that "it is the chief place to which they exile those who are fallen into disgrace with the prince." The more ancient history of Siberia was evidently unknown to Margeret; otherwise he could not have failed to contrast the despotic policy pursued by the Czars towards that province, with the more enlightened policy of the commercial republic of Novgorod, which had sent out to Western Siberia the first expeditions, as it were, of discovery. The free Russian city of Novgorod, a member of the powerful German Hansa, during several centuries not only swayed large tracts of land in its own immediate vicinity, but also was in intimate connection, political and commercial, with Wiatka, Perm, and other rude commonwealths of hunters and herdsmen near the Ural. The connection thus established naturally led to the opening-up of Siberia, which allured the Novgorodian merchants by the reports of its riches in skins and metals. This peaceful intercourse would have been attended with the greatest benefit for the civilisation of these arctic regions, had the republic of Novgorod succeeded in resisting the hideous tyrants Ivan III. and Ivan IV., who, with the aid of Mongol hordes, and with a perfidy and remorseless cruelty unknown even in the worst periods of Asiatic history, unfortunately laid low the power of the great trading commonwealth. The fall of Novgorod proved a misfortune also for Siberia. Instead of colonisation being established there on a sound basis, the Muscovite autocrats forthwith converted the country into an abode of horror for political "offenders," a place of torment, from the very name of which men turned away in mortal fear.

Upon the subject of absolute monarchy, Margeret has many remarks tending to show that this form of government was rooted in the abject spirit of the Muscovite race. According to him, even the so-called Secret Council, composed of the nearest relatives of imperial blood, was a mere sham:—

"Properly speaking, there is no law or council, and the sole will of the Emperor, be it good or bad, is omnipotent to waste everything with fire and sword, and to strike alike the innocent and the guilty. . . . I think him to be one of the most absolute princes in the world; for all the inhabitants of the country, whether nobles or commoners, and even the own brothers of the Emperor, call themselves '*clops Hospodaro*,' that is, slaves of the sovereign."

What shall we think, after such early testimony, of the new-fangled theories of those pan-Sclavistic writers who would fain have made us believe that autocracy in Russia is of recent date, that it represents a "revolutionary dictatorship in the monarchical form," and that the Czars are "northern Robespierres on horseback!"

The free city of Novgorod is the only bright star that gladdens the

eye in the midst of the endless hyperborean night of Russian slavery. Kieff also had some transient flash of a civic liberty that seemed on the point of breaking through the surrounding darkness. But on no point of the Russian territory were the germs of freedom able to preserve their vitality. The Warangians had brought over with them from their Scandinavian forests the elements of a rude Germanic feudalism, which, with all its faults, was at least opposed to the recognition of an unrestricted sovereignty of the prince. But although the Russo-Warangian military clan or autocracy preserved, up to the eleventh century, a few privileges of its own—holding at the same time, it is true, the subject people in strict bondage—monarchical power soon grew so strong, and assumed such thoroughly Asiatic features in the worst sense, that some centuries after the Ruriks had come over to Russia, they resembled rather Mandchoo chieftains than Germanic “kunings.” Even Gengis Khan was kept more within limits by the assembly of his military head men, and by the restrictions laid down in his famous code, than was the case with the Russian rulers of Norman descent!

The last vestiges of aristocratic privilege were destroyed during the Mongol dominion. Before the Khan there was an equality of slavery. While the common peasant bowed humbly to the oppression of the Tartar bailiff and plough-tax gatherer, the boyard, in order to save his own wealth from the cupidity of the Mongol rulers, intermarried with families of the nomadic horde and aped the Asiatic in custom and manner. The Russian princes crouched in the dust before their Tartar masters. When the Khan, or even the Khan's representative, appeared, the descendants of Rurik offered on their knees the cup with mare's milk, and when a drop fell upon the Tartar horse's mane, they showed their reverence by licking the moisture off with their princely tongue. When the image of the Great Mogul was borne abroad, the Russian princes knelt and adored it. At the command of some chieftain of the nomadic horde they wandered from Russia to the sources of the Amoor, deep into Asia, to exhibit themselves as the humble servants of the Khan.

“Robespierres on horseback,” indeed!

No wonder that when the rule of the Kaptchak broke down, the population of Russia, mujiks, citizens, boyards, and all, were in such a state of degradation that they submitted easily to another institution of similar spirit—to Czarism. Czarism only continued the procedures of the khanate. Herberstein, who saw Russia soon after the withdrawal of the Mongols, with astonishment exclaims, “The Grand-Prince speaks, and everything is done; the life, the fortunes of the laymen and the clergy, of the grand-seigneurs and citizens, all depend upon the supreme will. He knows no contradiction, and everything appears in him just as in God; for the Russians are con-

vinced that the Grand-Prince is the fulfiller of the heavenly decisions. 'God and the Prince have willed it,' are the ordinary expressions among them." . . . "I do not know," continues Herberstein, "whether it is the character of the Russian nation which has formed such autocrats, or whether the autocrats have stamped this character upon the nation."¹

It was this slavishness which had already enabled the early Ruriks to attempt vast schemes of dominion. By nature, the inhabitant of the great Russian plain is by no means inclined to adventurous expeditions of conquest. It is a cruel joke to make him out a roving berserker. He hates war. He thirsts not for glory. His thoughts are entwined with the poor hut he was born in. His songs, full of melancholy sound, have nothing of the heroic; but are a strange mixture of child-like simplicity and of a sentimentalism moving in the narrowest circle of a rural *Still-leben*. Unlike the Servian or the Montenegrin, the Russian Slave has rather any other faults than that of an excessive combativeness. The sagas of his heathen forefathers know of no Walhalla, of no Walkyrian Virgins of Battle, of no Hereafter in which the blessed heroes while away the time with bloody fights; nor has he any national epics in which each rhyme gives forth a clangour as of thrust and counter-thrust. Had he the choice, he would prefer to live and die in his homely sheepskin, cultivating the cabbage, sawing the fir-tree, forgetting all little cares in dance and *wodki*.

Yet his rulers, presuming on this very submissiveness—seized, at the sight of so much patience, by a vertigo of ambition—have never ceased to work out plans of universal dominion. In the earliest centuries, as mere barbarian chieftains and worshippers of pagan idols, we find them stretching out their hands towards the sceptre of Byzantium. In the people over which they ruled—whether of Slavonian or Finnic descent—there was no wandering impulse; no

(1) "Rerum Moscovitarum Commentarii." Vienna. 1549. By Sigismund von Herberstein, a Secret Councillor and President of the Board of Revenues of the German Empire, who in 1516 went as envoy extraordinary to Moscow. There exists a whole series of what may be called "voyage literature" about Russia, consisting of travel memoirs, ambassadorial reports, and so forth, out of which much valuable material might yet be extracted. Taking only the two centuries before Peter I., we come to the surprising fact that nearly four hundred years ago Germany had sent her scientific commissions to Moscow with a view of studying the situation of Russia. The reports of these commissions are unfortunately yet hidden in the dust of archives. Of ambassadorial reports, besides the work of Herberstein, the accounts given by George Thun may be mentioned, who had a mission to Russia in 1492, from the German Emperor Maximilian. In the sixteenth century, Russia was travelled through by men of various nations, trades, and stations of life. Some of those who wrote reports may be singled out:—Thomas Aldcocke, factor of an English commercial company, who made the journey from Jaroslavl to Astrakhan, 1565; Thomas Southam, in the service of the Anglo-Russian Company in London, 1566; Thomas Randolfe, ambassador of Queen Elizabeth at the Court of Moscow, 1568; Giles Fletcher, also ambassador at Moscow, 1588, &c.

mystic desire for the Holy Graal of Eastern Rome. The enslaved mass simply served as a drilled army which did the behests of Normannic leadership. In the war council, in the peace negotiations, it had no voice. It was but the dark foil and background on which the figures of its foreign masters stood out in marked relief. The old Byzantine annals which record those early "Russian" attempts at the conquest of Constantinople, have only Germanic names as those of the commanders, clan-leaders, envoys, and treaty-witnesses of the Russians.

The long continuation of these struggles for the possession of Constantinople must be ascribed to the influx of successive Warangian arrivals in Russia during two centuries. For two hundred years, indeed, the Russo-Norman Grand-Princes waged war, in order to unite the golden tiara of Byzantium with their own crown. The annexation of the Balkan peninsula, the dominion over the Black Sea, the subjugation of the Crimea and the Caucasus, were striven for at that period by the Russian despots. It affords a singular sight to behold in the mirror of those ancient events the prototype of modern autocratic yearnings. For it was all a dynastic policy: the mighty plans of a vast monarchy, embracing large parts of Europe and Asia, were but fostered in the mind of the Warangian monarchs.

This long-suffering apathy of the people will explain also why, after overstrained efforts, the empire repeatedly broke down in terrible catastrophes; and this with a suddenness almost unexampled. But from its ruins the same misshapen genius of senseless ambition always rose anew—an ambition which had not its source in any irrepressible sap and vigour of the nation, but in the maddened brains of an unbridled autocracy.

Thus Russia, after having been weakened by feuds among the Rurik family, suddenly collapsed in a few years at the approach of the nomadic hordes. The Tartar flood broke forth from the depths of Asia, sweeping in its stormy course towards the West; and being stayed by the rock of German and Polish valour, settled down over the great Scythian expanse from the Wolga to the Waldai Hills. For two hundred and fifty years there was now a total Russian eclipse. Our Nibelungen-Lied yet speaks of the "Riuzen," and the men from the Kiew country, and of the wild "Petschenäer," that are strong with the bow. But soon afterwards the very name of Russia grows a myth. A line of Kalmuk frontier-wardens drew, so to speak, a Chinese wall round her boundaries, effectually cutting her off from Europe.

Yet, when Mongol sovereignty, on its part, collapsed through quarrels among the wandering tribes, the Muscovite Grand-Princes, taking the titles of Czar and Emperor, again ran riot in greedy ambition. The chief field of their activity this time lay not to the

south, but to the north and the west. Their sword was not pointed to Constantinople, but to Sweden, Poland, and the German provinces of the Baltic. They anticipated, one might say, in thought, the foundation of the modern Russian capital at the Neva. Nor did they wholly lay aside the Byzantine policy of their predecessors, even though the Moslem then stood at the zenith of his power.

This era of renewed ascendancy was, however, of short duration. It ended suddenly with the extinction of the Rurik dynasty. Scarcely had the last powerful tyrant of that race expired when another catastrophe hurled down the Muscovite Empire into the depths of prostration. Poles, Germans of the Baltic countries, Swedes, Tartars of Astrakhan, and other nations who resented the former encroachments of Russia, make a simultaneous attack upon her. The situation is complicated, too, by internal disorders. Pretenders arise on all sides. Wars of succession completely break the strength of Russia. The capital falls into the hands of the Poles, who dispose of the throne of Moscow. Conspiracies are rife all over the country, in the sacristies of the clergy and in the castles of the nobles, until the tumult at last subsides into the election of a new reigning house, that of the Romanoffs. During this state of confusion Russia again became to the West a hyperborean *Ultima Thule*.

Some time afterwards Czar Peter steps on the scene. He combines the schemes of the Russo-Norman Grand Princes Oleg, Igor, Swiatoslaw, Wladimir, and Jaroslaw, with those of the semi-Mongolised Czars, Ivan III. and Ivan IV. His ambition embraces the north and the south, the Black Sea and the Baltic, Asia and Europe. From his time the march of Russian aggression has once more been onward, with the short interruption of the Crimean war, which was followed in its turn by unexpected successes of the Czar in Central Asia, involving great interests of empire and of trade.

But the bold sweep which Russia has made within the last few years into what hitherto was "Independent Tartary," is again suddenly marred by risings on the Khirgiz steppe. In launching forward so audaciously, she "caught a Tartar" in the rear. From the silent dungeon-depths of the great prison-house in which she keeps manacled so many discordant nationalities, a vague cry of rebellion now issues forth, reminding us of races that are yet restive against her armed heel. Herself, in a great measure, Tartar by origin, we see her path crossed by Tartar tribes, few in number, but of a spirit not so easily tamed; tribes whose rude notions of self-government find an echo, however faint, among kindred populations on the Wolga, the Don, and the Dnieper. It is a spectacle full of instruction to a watchful statesmanship—to such a statesmanship, at least, as it might be conceived were Europe, instead of being Cæsar-ridden, mapped out into free commonwealths, with a far-seeing Eastern policy of their own.

KARL BLIND.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

DURING the session which has just closed, the House of Lords has in two different ways entertained the idea of alteration in its own constitution. It has, in fact, actually passed a Bill, originating in the other House, by which an important section of its body has been deprived of seats. Further, it read a second time, with a general assent, though on the third reading it rejected, a Bill, emanating from one of its own members, by which the hereditary principle was to a certain extent surrendered. A year ago the members of the House renounced their privilege of voting by proxy. These facts show that the peers themselves recognise that their House, like the other, must be modified to adapt it to the changes that pass over the nation. Those who are outside the peerage, it need not be said, have long perceived the necessity. When all parties have thus joined in making one change already, and all agree that other changes must follow, it is not too soon to begin to inquire of what nature they should be, and how far they should go.

The first step in the inquiry is to understand the nature of the circumstances which have brought about this concurrence of opinion. These lie on the surface of our current history. The House of Lords has at present no definite place, no actual power in the Constitution. Its theory of existence is in conflict with the facts of its work, and these facts are irreconcilable with each other. The Constitution has created three bodies of nearly equal authority ; they are commonly called balances, or checks on each other, and much ingenuity has been shown by commentators in pointing out how they reciprocally operate. But the truth is that they were not purposely thus framed, but that they grew out of the progress of the nation, and the same influence has almost destroyed their separate action. The Sovereign—with the right of deciding on war or peace ; with the whole power of the executive ; with the means, through the ministers, of initiating legislation ; with the privilege of vetoing ; and with all the indirect authority derived from being the fountain of honour among a people which has a great reverence for bestowed honour—fills the first place. But the irresistible growth of free institutions, while leaving all these powers resident nominally in the Sovereign, has committed their exercise to the ministers, and by establishing in the House of Commons the right of selecting the ministers, has virtually transferred the whole of these functions to the representatives of the people. Thus, between the Crown and the House of Commons there can, according to our practice, be no dispute, for they are both one.

The House of Lords has nominally co-equal authority with the House of Commons. In everything but money bills, it may initiate, amend, adopt, or reject any measure. Even money bills it may, without amending, adopt or reject. It may censure ministers, or apply to the Sovereign to remove them. But in the practical exercise of its powers there comes in a fatal flaw. The Sovereign need not regard its demands, and the Commons are able to overrule its dissent. Supported by a majority in the Lower House, a minister may defy the Upper. Moreover, the minister who has the favour of the people can insist on the Sovereign giving him the means of overruling the opposition of the Peers. When Lord Grey refused to hold office unless the king consented to create as many peers as might be necessary to secure a vote in his favour—when William IV., however reluctantly, was compelled to consent, and when the Peers, knowing that this concession was made, passed a Bill which they had before thrown out, the principle was irrevocably established that what the people positively demand must be carried into effect by the ministers of the Sovereign, and cannot be resisted by the House of Lords. Since that occasion the threat has never needed to be again made, because it has been always understood. That House has, therefore, no longer any real power in the Constitution, in opposition to the national will; and this has been admitted by all the ablest among the peers themselves, notably by Lord Salisbury, both last year and this.

Yet, as I have said, while the theory of the House of Lords is at variance with the facts, the facts are not reconcilable with each other. Instead of the power of the House—which can no longer be exercised on any great subject of legislation—being, like that of the Sovereign, handed over to some other body, to exercise in conformity with the spirit of the time, it is still occasionally exerted, but in a manner capricious, irregular, and unmeaning. What the House of Commons is determined shall become law, does become law in spite of any objections the Peers may make. But what the House of Commons is of opinion should become law, without expressing a positive determination that it shall, is as often as not rejected by the Peers. All the great measures of the century have been carried either in spite of the hostile vote of the Peers, or at least overruling their known sentiments. The equality of rights given to Catholics, to Dissenters, and to Jews; the repeal of the taxes on food and on knowledge; the extension of political power to the mass of the people; and the disestablishment of the Irish Church, have all been sanctioned by the Lords against their avowed opinions. But some of these great measures were granted at once, others were delayed, and some of no less moment are still retarded by their objections. Their resistance, which in the end they know must be futile, is at the moment measured only by their guess as to the probability of its

being allowed. Their decisions are consequently based on no principle, and cannot be foreseen. It was quite uncertain, till the division took place, whether they would reject or accept the principle of the Irish Church Bill. They first struck out, and then of themselves they restored, the clause disqualifying Irish bishops to sit in their House. They first voted against, and then voted for, concurrent endowment of Catholics with manses and glebes. When their amendments were rejected, they first resolved to insist on them all, and then gave them all up for a compromise which they declared was no equivalent. They threw out the Universities Bill and the Scottish Education Bill, with an equal disregard of the present wishes of the nation, and of the certainty of being obliged very soon to accept much more positive Bills on both subjects. It is needless to go through the examples of their similar action in regard to other questions in former years. No one reviewing recent events can help acknowledging that the rule of the Lords is to act on their own ideas, no matter how much opposed to the ideas of the bulk of the nation, as expressed by the House of Commons; but to act thus so long only as they can do so without arousing indignation against themselves, and to abandon all pretence of resistance the instant that, if continued, it would imperil their own position. Hence it may be said with truth that our present Government is government by an impracticable constitution, made practicable by a perpetual threat of revolution.

It cannot be pretended that such a situation is useful or wholesome for the State. Every argument for the maintenance of a second chamber fails in presence of such action. The Lords cannot be said to ensure deliberation, when they give way precisely on those occasions when the nation, being angry and excited, might be thought most to need time for reflection. They are not a moderating power, when they withdraw from the scene just when moderation is especially needed. What they do achieve is only to compel that every question shall pass through a prolonged period of agitation, and be finally settled by considerations which have nothing to do with its merits. The House of Lords does nothing more, on any great question, than force the country to pass the bill several times in the same shape, with ever-increasing bitterness and exasperation, until at last the debate is turned away from the subject itself, to the entirely different inquiry, whether the House of Lords should be longer suffered to stand in the way of the popular will. Now no one deprecates the careful and mature consideration of principles before legislation takes place; but it is a worse than fruitless waste of time when, after the nation has positively accepted the principles, its legislative machinery is kept at work for a succession of years in doing in vain what it might do effectually at once. Meantime not only is the time of the legislature lost, but the business of the

country is interrupted. It becomes necessary to agitate, to hold great public meetings, to set up societies and other organisations, with the view, not of enlightening the public mind, but of showing to the Lords the strength of its will. How much time and energy, sorely needed for the prosecution of other vital reforms, has been thus wasted, it is impossible to calculate. But certainly it is not good to be always teaching the country that the principles on which it has made up its mind can only be brought into operation by means of a violence imposed on a branch of the legislature which we are still formally told is entitled to respect.

If, indeed, the pleasure of the Peers could be really of any permanent force in our Government, it would be necessary to say much harder things of the constitution of their body than is called for when their actual impotence is considered. The pretension of a number of men, distinguished from their fellow-citizens only by the fact that it was not themselves, but some of their ancestors, that were ennobled, to exercise sway over the nation, would be unendurable if it were effectual. The monstrous absurdity could scarcely be heightened by the additional reflection that in very many cases the cause of original ennobling of the family was some circumstance which truly was its disgrace, or was the mere possession of wealth, no matter how got. The assertion of a right to legislate for the community on the part of a single class was defensible while that class stood above the rest in culture, capacity for organisation, and independence. But it is wholly without apology when other classes become equal in these respects. The privilege, then, rests only on tradition without reason, or at most only on the circumstance that the majority of its members are wealthy men and landowners; though by no means either including, or even entitled to represent, the bulk of these classes. Yet even were the claim to represent wealth or land well founded, it is not now recognised as by itself a qualification for making laws for the whole people. And the plea which has been sometimes urged, that the House of Lords is needed to protect the working classes from the tyranny of employers of labour, or other interests (such as the railway) which are potent in the Lower House, becomes untenable now that these classes have a direct representation in that House which enables them, if they choose, to protect themselves.

The theory of the constitutional equality and independence of the Peers thus wholly breaking down in practice, and their surviving powers being attended with such manifest mischiefs when exercised, the supporters of the institution fall back on two arguments for its defence. Both have been forcibly stated by Lord Salisbury, the ablest and most clear-headed advocate of his order. One is, that the

true function of the Peers is to delay legislation by the House of Commons until it is ascertained that that body correctly expresses the national will. This was Lord Salisbury's excuse for rejecting the Irish Church Suspensory Bill of last year. The other is, that the nation only decides on principles, and does not consider details or methods, in regard to which the judgment of the Lords is entitled to equal weight with that of the members of the House of Commons. This was Lord Salisbury's reason for introducing this session the amendments into the Irish Church Bill, which so vitally changed its character, and which at last were so summarily rejected.

Both arguments rest, in truth, on the assumption that there are in the nation two classes—one the naturally born to govern, some of whom are in the Lords and some in the Commons, and the other the naturally born to be governed, who may have general opinions in favour of Whigs or Tories, but have no capacity and no ideas in reference to practical details of government. In the former character it is permissible to ascertain whether they approve the policy traced out by Whigs or Tories; in the second it is not worth while to ask their opinions, for it is not their part to have any. Both suggestions display a total misappreciation of the nature of free government. It is the essence of freedom that every one thinks for himself, and does not delegate that duty to any representative, and that he sends his representative to shape the expression, but not to alter the substance of his opinions. Now if at any time the representatives of a nation of freemen were to mis-state their wishes, it would certainly not need the intervention of a House of Lords to discover the fact. By meetings, petitions, and letters, the constituencies have ample means of showing whether or not their representatives are fulfilling their desires. If any manifestation of that sort were made, Government would feel compelled to put the inquiry in the only formal and legitimate method—by a dissolution. The idea that, in the absence of any such indications, it is the part of the House of Lords to step in and to protect the constituencies from a misrepresentation of which they seem to be unconscious, is absurd. It is no less absurd to pretend that the members of the two Houses stand in the position of a supreme council, charged with the settling of the details of the policy the nation has dictated. If the details are important, the members of the House of Commons receive instructions on them, as well as on the principles of the measure, directly from those who elect them; and to abandon these in deference to the opinion of a few peers would be treachery to popular government. If the details are unimportant, it is not very likely that the common sense of six hundred selected gentlemen sitting in one room will be of inferior worth to the common sense of four hundred unselected gentlemen (of whom, usually, barely a tenth attend) sitting in another room.

The practical value of the action of the House of Lords in delaying legislation till the opinion of the country, as distinguished from the opinion of the House of Commons, is manifested, may be traced in the history of the last half century. I am not aware of any important question carried through all its stages in the Commons which has not, in longer or shorter time, become law. Thus the delay enforced by the House of Lords has been actually of no effect on legislation whatever. In not one instance has it appeared that the nation has been over hasty, or that its representatives have been mistaken in its opinions. The one instance, cited by Lord Salisbury last year, in which rejection by the Lords led to withdrawal of a proposal for a time—the case of the Appropriation Clause—has ceased this year to be an exception. But while it lasted it was an exception that proved the evils of the delay caused by the peers. The country approved of a modification of the Irish Church, which would have abated, in some slight degree, a great Irish grievance. In the time for reconsideration procured it by the Lords it repented of its generous thoughts, and resolved to allow the grievance to live. It has now come back to its wiser mind, and has extirpated the evil more thoroughly than was then proposed. But is the fact, that the House of Lords procured a quarter of a century of longer life to a flagrant iniquity, a thing upon which its defenders should plume themselves? On the other hand, when the nation, in a moment of mere excitement, rushes into hasty legislation, we do not find the Peers exercise any calming influence. They passed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill without any demur, though it was eminently a case in which a year or two given to reflection would have shown the nation that the offence was not worth the retort.

It must be added to the serious inconveniences of the present arrangements, that they provoke a frequent breach of the law by individual peers themselves. The theory which gives to their House an equal power, which they dare not use, excludes them from any right to interfere with the election of members of the other House. Thus they are forbidden to take a part in the construction of the assembly which represents the nation. But, perfectly conscious that the real power resides in that assembly, individual peers are under constant temptation to interfere with its election. And they do interfere. More or less openly many peers exert their private influence, in all cases of great, in some, of overpowering weight, in favour of a particular candidate. This systematic breach of the letter of the law is of evil example. It tends to bring our constitution into discredit, and exasperates hostility against a class which, endowed with so large privileges, seems to grasp at more, to which the constitution declares it not entitled.

Again, through the operation of the same anomaly, the country

loses the benefit of the service of such peers as could really render it good service. Compelled to sit in a chamber where nothing is done but what is obstructive, their talent for constructive legislation is merely lost. If they attempt anything they are voted down by the inert mass of prejudice around them. Their lives are spent in the Sisyphean labour of trying to persuade men who have no capacity of being persuaded, and whose minds yield only to the influence of self-alarm. Nor is it only that we lose in this way the advantages that we might gain from such intellect as is born into a hereditary House. We lose, also, all that which is elevated to the House as a reward. Every great lawyer, general, diplomatist, historian, or philosopher, who is honoured with a peerage, is removed from the sphere in which his knowledge and ability would have full and direct influence to one in which he acts only as an essay-writer. Genius cannot indeed be thus extinguished, but it is deprived of its practical power. So thoroughly is this recognised by all statesmen that they accept a peerage only when about to retire from active life ; and such of them as are elevated by succession, leave the House of Commons with a reluctance which they are at no pains to disguise. A sufficiently plain comment on our policy in maintaining an institution which the best of our politicians shun as political extinction.

Summing up the results of this examination of the function of the House of Lords at the present day, we may describe it as at the best harmless ; at the worst, provocative of revolution. Between these two extremes there springs from its action every variety of futile irritation, of useless delay, of interruption to legislation, of distraction of the public mind, of unconstitutional interference with elections, of loss of public ability ; while these evils are not redeemed by any real services in checking violence or unreasonable excitement. In dealing with an institution thus condemned by its own conduct and its own members, two courses are possible: the one is, to correct, amend, and strengthen it ; the other is, to remove it. Let us examine both.

The former course is that which this year has been recommended by Earl Russell, acceded to by the Duke of Argyll, and not opposed by Lord Derby. The idea on which it is founded, is that the House of Lords lacks weight because it is not representative. This means that its ideas are not in accord with those of any considerable section of the nation. The remedy proposed was to create life peers, limited more or less in number. Thus, it was argued, it would be reinforced with men brought fresh from the outer world, men of ability, who would know what the world wants, and who would not be excluded by the fact that they were too poor to support a hereditary dignity. The obvious remark on this proposal is that it is an absolute condemnation of the principle of a hereditary peerage at all. It confesses that hereditary peers by themselves are, as a body, so stupid that the

ordinary means of enlightenment—books, newspapers, oral discussions, and reflections—fail to affect their minds; and that clever men, who are not born peers, must be brought in to teach them by special demonstration, or, if that fails, to outvote them. But when this was done the question would be immediately suggested, why an element should be retained in the composition of the House which is shown to need such a corrective, by the fact of the corrective being applied? It is clear that as soon as the respective reasons for the existence of the two classes of peers became understood, the country would never endure that a measure, supported by a majority of the life peers, should be rejected by a majority of the hereditary peers; and then the arrangement would be overturned, and in some way or other the life peers would be endowed with the supreme authority. The case of the law lords, who have gradually ousted the other lords of any jurisdiction in legal questions, shows how superior knowledge and ability would force its way to sole predominance, in despite of any constitutional theory of equality. And a further objection to the arrangement would be that it would draw an exceedingly sharp, and to both sides a painful line, between wealth and intellect. The hereditary peers would sit by virtue of honours conferred on an ancestor and transmitted to them because they were rich. The life peers would sit by virtue of honours conferred on themselves, but which they are too poor to transmit. Few self-raised men like to admit that their poverty must still confine them to a lower grade, and few rich men like to admit that they owe their position especially to their riches. Jealousies would be inevitable, and class distinctions, the worst of all distinctions, would become rooted in the constitution of the legislature.

To counterbalance these inherent evils of the plan, what would be gained? If the House of Lords were to be thus made stronger, how is its strength to be exercised? If in concurrence with the opinions of the House of Commons, it would be merely superfluous. If in opposition to the House of Commons, the present perils of the constitution would be aggravated. Supposing the two Houses to come into conflict, a greater degree of strength in that one which, from the nature of the case, must certainly at last give way, would be unmitigatedly mischievous. It would prolong and exacerbate the conflict, it would rouse a fiercer agitation in the country, it would strain more severely all our institutions; yet, in the end, it would be ineffectual. It would not even procure for the judgment of the life peers a shade more of authority than they would otherwise have had. On the contrary, removing them from the House of Commons, it would deprive them of the influence which, as members of that assembly, they would have had in its practical deliberations. So far, indeed, the House of Commons would be weakened by the loss of intellect which it would otherwise comprehend. But it would not

the less remain the supreme power of the nation, whose decisions no intellect outside its limits could practically overturn, except by that process to which the House of Lords could, from its position, never contribute—the slow ripening of public opinion in the nation.

These considerations, brought out more clearly by the discussions on Earl Russell's Bill, must incline us to reject the idea, which at first has much plausibility, of a mixed House of hereditary and life peers. There remains to be considered the question of a House composed solely of members specially appointed for their own merits, whether it be by nomination or by election, and whether for life or for a limited term. This raises the question of the advantage or disadvantage of a second Chamber as a branch of a popular constitution.

In considering this question, it may be interesting to compare the ideas and forms which have been adopted by other countries, and by our own colonies, in framing their constitutions. I have therefore attempted to bring together an outline of the nature of the Upper Houses in the leading States of the world, and thus to show at a glance the ideas which prevail respecting the principles on which such Chambers should be established. It is proper, however, to add that in a few cases the works of reference I have had access to only bring the information down to the last two or three years, and therefore I cannot vouch that changes may not have occurred within that time.

INDEPENDENT STATES.

UPPER HOUSES.

FRANCE—*Senate*. Composed of cardinals, marshals, and admirals of the empire, as *ex-officio* members, and of 150 other members nominated for life by the Emperor, but with power of resigning.

ITALY—*Senate*. Composed solely of members nominated by the King for life, subject to a report by a Committee of the Senate on each nomination, stating the public services or other reason justifying it.

PORTUGAL—*Chamber of Peers*. Composed solely of members nominated by the King for life. Hereditary peerage, which was formerly partly in existence, abolished in 1864.

BELGIUM—*Senate*. Elected directly by the people for eight years, if no dissolution takes place sooner.

HOLLAND—*First Chamber*. Elected by the provincial Diets for nine years, if no dissolution takes place sooner.

DENMARK—*Landsting*. Composed of 66 members, 12 nominated for life by the King, the remainder elected by indirect universal suffrage for eight years.

NORTH GERMAN UNION—No Upper House proper, a Federal Council composed of 43 representatives nominated by the several

States, is in some respects its equivalent. The members of the Council have the privilege of being present in the Parliament, which is elected by universal suffrage.

PRUSSIA—*House of Lords*. Composed of hereditary members, certain *ex-officio* members, representatives of universities, chapters, towns, and of the provincial landowners, and members nominated (unlimited in number) by the King for life, or for a shorter time.

AUSTRIA—*Upper House*. Composed of hereditary princes, a limited number of nobles, and other members nominated for life by the Emperor for distinguished services.

HUNGARY—*House of Magnates*. Composed of prelates, hereditary peers, and lord-lieutenants of counties, nominated by the Crown.

GREECE—No Upper House.

SWITZERLAND—*State Council*. Composed of representatives of the Cantonal Governments, appointed for three years.

UNITED STATES—*Senate*. Composed of members elected by the State legislatures, for six years.

BRITISH COLONIES.

UPPER HOUSES.

CANADA—*Senate*. Composed of 78 members; one-half nominated by Governor-General for life, the other half to be elected.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—*Legislative Council*. Elected directly by people for ten years. Qualification of members—possession of £2,000 real, or £4,000 personal estate.

NEW ZEALAND—*Legislative Council*. Nominated by Crown for life.

NEW SOUTH WALES—*Legislative Assembly*. Nominated by Crown for twenty-one years.

QUEENSLAND—*Legislative Council*. Nominated by Crown; 13 members for five years, and 10 for life.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA—*Legislative Council*. Composed of 18 members, elected for twelve years, 6 retiring every four years, and not subject to dissolution. No property qualification of members. Qualification of electors—£50 freehold, or £25 rental occupation.

VICTORIA—*Legislative Assembly*. Composed of 30 members, elected for ten years, 6 retiring every two years. Qualification of members—£500 a year; of electors—£100 a year, or membership of a profession.

TASMANIA—*Legislative Council*. Composed of 15 members, elected by owners of £50 freeholds, or members of a profession, or graduates of a university.

There are two points which stand out clearly on reviewing the foregoing abstract. The first is, that though the systems of foreign constitutional monarchies and of our own colonial possessions have

been confessedly moulded in great degree in imitation of our own, there is nowhere in the world to be found the absolute respect which we pay to the pure aristocratic element. In Europe it survives only in some of the German constitutions which are still in the stage of transition, but even there it is greatly less preponderant than with us. In America it does not exist, for our descendants in the New World early saw and recoiled from the danger of bestowing hereditary honours and power as a reward on individuals. In our colonies it is conspicuously absent. The second point is, that the system of nomination of members of an Upper Chamber by the sovereign, whether for life or for a shorter period, exists only in a few countries, and to a limited extent. In our own colonies this characteristic is quite as marked as in foreign States. And the objection to personal nomination is evidently growing in strength. In Italy it is restricted; and in France, where the new constitution proposes to put the authority of the Senate more nearly on a par with that of the Chamber of Deputies than it has been since 1852, there is arising a demand that the senators shall be elected by the provincial councils.

But when we ask whether the existence of a second chamber, with co-equal authority, is a good device for the purposes of legislation, we must admit that the mere prestige of custom which it anywhere enjoys is not sufficient to support it in the present day. It was not originally established from experience of the defects of a single Chamber, nor from a reasoned-out preference of the double form in principle. It grew up in Europe as a necessary consequence of the feudal system, which drew a sharp line between the lords of the land and the burgesses of the towns, and which, when the latter could not be deprived of some rights of freedom, at least maintained the separation of them as an inferior class. To such a class were naturally added the representatives of the poorer inhabitants of the rural districts, when they, too, attained recognition. Pride and privilege were thus embodied in the Upper House; the strength of union found its defence in the Lower. But these circumstances are no longer such as form our open motives for any political arrangement, and it must therefore be on other grounds than those which led to its establishment, that the maintenance of an Upper Chamber can be now supported.

The chief reason is, the belief that a stability, a freedom from rashness and from violence, are thus imparted to the Government. It is thought that a second chamber, composed of perfectly independent persons, may take a calmer, or at least a different view of circumstances that freshly arise, and may thus delay a decision till reconsideration suggests a different course of action. Certainly, it must be admitted that if there be two bodies with equal powers, and one of them dissents from the opinion of the other, delay must

ensue. But it does not follow that delay is necessarily wisdom, or that deliberation cannot be secured in any other way. It has been already pointed out that the delay caused by the objections of the House of Lords has been always, of recent years, purely hurtful, and ultimately vain. The like delay, caused by any other form of the machinery, would have been no less injurious. And when we seek for the reason why this is the case, we find it in the fact that the forms of our Constitution are such as to ensure the most ample deliberation in the Lower House. On every measure of vital importance a direct appeal is, in the first instance, made to the nation by a dissolution. Before a Bill is brought in, the leave of the House must be obtained; it must then be read a first time; afterwards a second time; then committed, and considered clause by clause; then ordered to be reported; then the report must be received; then the bill must be read a third time; and finally it must be directed to pass. On every one of these stages there may be debate and division, besides many other opportunities, such as motions for reporting progress, &c., on which fresh discussions of principle and detail may be raised, and by which a minority may secure even more than enough of delay. After such ample deliberation by the representatives of the nation, who themselves are every day coming more and more under the direct influence of the suggestions of their constituents, it is scarcely reasonable to urge that an entirely extraneous engine must be introduced to interpose a delay which is not needed for consideration, and which can produce no effect in altering the national decision.

On the other side, there must be set down several grave disadvantages arising from the institution of a double chamber. In the first place there is the possibility of a dead-lock occurring from the positive discord of the two Chambers, of which we have seen a recent example in Victoria; while, on a different question, something of the same sort has been displayed in Prussia. It is obvious that, in such a case, the victory must always ultimately be with the representatives of the people; but it may be attained only after extreme inconvenience and perilous convulsions. In the second place, the establishment of an Upper House, by creating a position of higher dignity, deprives the Lower and really powerful House of the services of some of the ablest and probably most moderate men,—and this all the more in proportion as the Upper House is able to exercise a sufficient show of authority to attract them, although in it they may really have far less influence than they would have had in the other Chamber. In the third place, there is the division of responsibility, which is a dangerous principle to introduce. In America the evil of this has been shown in contributing to the growth of demagogism; for every member of the Lower House who desires,

for private ends, to propose an extravagant measure, may do it without risk, and all the members who are disposed to cultivate the favour of a section of the community may support it without alarm, in the confidence that, even if passed, the Senate, on which the responsibility of final decision rests, will reject it. Many instances could be cited from recent American history, showing how this system tends to render the Lower House much more reckless and violent than it would be were no such resource in reserve to prevent its action from taking effect.

Very great weight must, I think, be attributed by unprejudiced minds to each of these considerations. The first shows that one of the leading inconveniences attaching to the House of Lords as at present constituted, would attach in an increased degree to any more powerful Upper Chamber. The second shows that one of the main evils which we have seen to belong to the system of life peerages must arise out of any system which creates a Chamber of eminent men distinct from the Chamber of Representatives. But the third will, it seems to me, be found on examination to be the gravest of all objections to the dual form of government. One of the principles which is becoming most fully recognised as a fundamental condition of good government is, that responsibility shall be clearly defined and precisely fixed. Wherever there is confusion or ambiguity in this respect, we know we have to expect inattention, recklessness, and self-seeking. The axiom is admitted in regard to executive functions, and any popular government must largely exercise and direct such functions. But it is equally true of general legislation. Whoever does not feel that on his shoulders will rest a certain and distinct measure of responsibility for every law for which he votes, is deprived of one of the strongest motives that can act on the mind to fix it to upright and honourable pursuit of the public good. In every case in which legislation is needed, there are always abundance of private motives suggesting a wrong course. Against their influence there are but two principles that can be relied on—intrinsic honesty, and the knowledge that what is done will be by the public and by posterity attributed to the persons who have the power of doing it. It is dangerous in the extreme to depend on the former principle unsustained by the latter. But the latter is fatally impaired when a distinct body is created which may divide the blame or stop the progress of an error. When the concurrence of two Chambers, one of which decides after the decision of the other is pronounced, and each of which is at perfect liberty to act on its own ideas, is made necessary to the enactment of a measure, it is inevitable that the Chamber which decides first—generally the Lower—must feel its responsibility less than that of the Chamber which decides last. The members of the Lower will always feel that they are to a great extent absolved from blame when they are able

to say, "We, indeed, thought honestly that the measure was good, but the Upper Chamber had the benefit of fuller and riper and later consideration, and it is to blame for passing a bad measure." On the other hand the Upper Chamber will be able to say, "We thought the measure open to serious objection, but we could not set aside the opinion of the direct representatives of the people." It is obvious how materially the sense of personal responsibility must be thus divided, and by division weakened. That such a feeling is not shown at present in the House of Commons arises from the fact that the other House is recognised to be really powerless; but it would rapidly arise if, by any change in the constitution of the Upper House, it should come to be a body exercising the actual as well as nominal right of independent decision.

As therefore a people makes progress in enlightenment and self-respect, it is probable that the idea of any advantage accruing from a division of the legislative assembly will disappear. The several classes of the nation will then decide, outside the walls of Parliament, on what they deem best for the commonwealth; arguments, to be effectual, must be addressed to them; and the leaders of the nation will be the men whom they select as the most faithful exponents of the general opinion. When this is the case, it is plain that Parliament will really occupy only the position of giving expression to public opinion already formed, while no doubt itself also contributing to the formation of that opinion by which it is ultimately swayed. But then its division into two Houses will be evidently a clumsy and useless expedient. There can be no benefit from the nation speaking with a double tongue, and none from the nation being addressed by the persons whom it respects from one Chamber rather than from another. When such a time comes, a single Chamber that shall gather into itself the representation of every class, that shall thus ascertain and exhibit the strength of opinion so far as matured in the nation, that shall include the whole ability which the nation is able to obtain for the practical development of its will, will be seen to be at once the simplest, the safest, and the wisest form in which its government can be carried on.

The important question for our consideration at present is whether Great Britain has reached that stage. Most of the evidences of it are apparent to those who can see the facts under the names. It is the nation which decides on our policy in every question of moment. It is public opinion, not parliamentary opinion, which is appealed to by statesmen. It is popular approval rather than parliamentary applause that makes statesmen powerful. We all know that of late years even the House of Commons, being composed to a large extent of persons belonging to a limited class, has held private opinions at variance with those of the nation, but has been obliged,

in deference to the nation, to refrain from acting on them. Had that House been able to vote by ballot, it would have declared for the recognition of the Southern States of America, but it was withheld by the knowledge that the bulk of the nation felt differently. Had it in like manner been tested on the question of Reform—nay, even on that of the Irish Church, still more on that of the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, it would have returned a different response from that which, forced by the pressure of opinion among its constituents, it has declared by its open votes. When the country, in the reaction following on the Free Trade agitation, was indisposed to exertion, the House of Commons indulged itself in doing nothing, and in admiring a leader who taught it how least could be done. When the country decided on action the House had to act, and to accept a leader whom it did not love, but whom the country trusted. When the House of Representatives has thus to follow the country, it is inconceivable that any other House should be able to resist.

Again, in addressing the country, and thus aiding in the formation of the opinion which governs, it is unquestionable that the position of a member of Parliament gives considerable accession of power. But this is chiefly derived from the circumstance that the position shows that the speaker has been already chosen as a leader by a considerable section of the public. Thus let the newspaper reports of speeches at public meetings be observed, and it will be noticed that, as between men of equal personal ability, far the largest space is given to the representatives of the larger constituencies. So we are all conscious that the line taken on any public question by the members for the great towns exercises an appreciable influence in the country, while even great cleverness, not so backed, has often no general influence at all. Mr. Lowe's denunciations of Reform, applauded to the echo in Parliament, had no power to prevent Parliament from voting for Reform the next year; but had Mr. Lowe represented Manchester instead of Calne, the country would have seen that the question must at least be put off. As to the House of Lords we have had very recent occasion to observe that the eloquence of the peers had not the least practical effect on the public. Nor, probably, can any leading question be named in which a speech in the Peers' House has in the remotest degree influenced the mind of the nation. It follows that the national will is determined by the enlightenment of its own reason—a process in which every mind produces an effect proportioned to the weight that is attributed to it, either because of inherent ability, or because of representing the conclusions of many other minds, but in which mere rank or position, if not due to such causes, has hardly any influence. Indeed, the antagonism which is excited by undeserved dignity of position will even operate to a considerable extent in forming a public opinion adverse to conclusions so recommended.

If then this country were to be governed expressly by only one Chamber, the change in its essential procedure would hardly be perceptible. All measures would still, as now, be settled by the general voice. There would be as much deliberation, as much caution, and no greater number of blunders. The country would still choose its own leaders, as it does now, to express its will in action, and would be affected by the same influences as now in forming its decision. The practical difference would only be that needful reforms would be passed as soon as the mind of the country was made up, instead of being kept back for two or three years after that period has arrived.

But it is most important to keep in view that the position of the peers themselves would be very much changed for the better. Under the old Florentine Republic the nobles as a class were, by the wise jealousy of freemen, excluded expressly from participation in politics. But when a noble had deserved peculiarly well of the State, the reward which he coveted, and which was bestowed upon him, was to be degraded from his order that he might be enrolled in the higher class of simple citizens. Such is the boon which abolition of the second Chamber would confer upon the worthier of the peers. It would be, in truth, their enfranchisement. It would relieve them from the dull task of striving to persuade the heavy minds around them that what the nation wills must be done. It would open to them the doors of the House in which their intellect could freely play. It would emancipate them from the rule which forbids them to descend to the electoral arena, and would permit them to appeal to the sympathies, and to obtain the support, of their fellow-countrymen. In so doing their rank would still give them an advantage which need not be grudged. Other things being equal, an English constituency will always return a lord. But a lord who is equal to a commoner has often the peculiar advantage of having more time for study, and of the ennobling traditions of family honour, and generosity. When in spite of these advantages a lord is not equal to a commoner, we may trust to most constituencies to prefer the commoner. Nor need the excessive influence of great families in elections be feared. It must be remembered that simultaneously with this change there would progress that quite independent movement which is tending to the equalisation of constituencies, and their liberation from corrupting influences. As it is, a neighbouring peer exercises an overpowering authority in a small constituency in favour of his nominee. It would hardly be enhanced were he the candidate in person. But amendments in our constitution may speedily be hoped for which will in both cases deprive him of more influence than is due to his personal merit.

Such is the answer which may be made to those who praise the

ability of the peerage as a reason for preservation of its House. There is no reason either to magnify or depreciate it. The peers are a class of men containing just the average amount of mental power of any other class. Sometimes by accident it may be more conspicuous, sometimes it may be more deficient, but, on the whole, it is just the average. If they have advantages from education and tradition, they have the disadvantages of prejudice and idleness. But whatever be their ability the country deserves to have the good of it. Just now that good is practically lost, because the ability is confined to a sphere where it can do no good except argue against obstructiveness. To open to it a sphere of equal influence with the rest of the nation is not degradation, still less revolution, but is enfranchisement and constitutional progress. Those who most frankly admire the ability and courage of individual peers, and who are most desirous of seeing the nation respect and follow its worthiest leaders, ought to be most eager to relieve the peers from a false position, and to abolish a fiction which condemns them to inactivity, and places them, if as a body they act at all, in an untenable position against the body of their fellow-countrymen.

It is plain that public opinion is rapidly ripening in this direction. Before many years are past the constitution of the House of Lords must inevitably be altered in some way. It is out of the question that we can have the time devoted to public business absorbed to so great an extent as it has lately been in repeated conflicts with a House which we all know must yield at last. But it would not be very wise that we should seek to amend the evil by strengthening that House and weakening the other. The easiest way will be the simplest, that we should cease to try by nice mechanical devices to perturb or arrest the steady action of the great motive force of our constitution. The sooner we recognise that an educated people is the sole governing power in the State, the sooner we shall bring the constitution to a permanent adjustment. When we see that truth we shall, instead of our annual disputes with the House of Lords, in which we virtually abolish it many times over, settle once for all that no class shall have predominance, but that all shall have liberty. And when we have thus finally arranged our machinery of legislation, we shall not need to waste more time in pulling it to pieces for rearrangement, but shall be able to devote all our thoughts to the work, still heavy and long enough, which it has to do.

J. BOYD KINNEAR.

HEINRICH HEINE.

THIRTEEN years have now elapsed since the death of Henrich Heine, and it is scarcely yet decided what position he is entitled to occupy in the history of European literature. Those who assign him the rank of a great humorist are unwilling to number him amongst the first poets of Germany, in close proximity to the cycle of Lessing, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe; while those who claim for him the throne vacated by Goethe are apt to overlook the humoristic and political side of his character. Outside Germany he is best known as a critic, a satirist, and a humorous writer. The French admired him as an Apollo, who flayed Marsyas with a grace and dexterity that rendered the operation, if not painless to the sufferer, at least pleasant to the spectator. The Germans, who were best able to appreciate the music and beauty of his singing, are only too willing to forget the bitter things he said of them beyond the Rhine. This is easily intelligible. As a poet he was German; as a humorist he was European. The many visitors who crowded to the sick-chamber at Paris, where he lay shrunk to a skeleton, with a beard that grew long as a woman's hair over the coverlet, carried away stories of satire that conquered pain, and wit whose brightness approaching death could not tarnish. But the songs of the poet spread from the woods and valleys of Germany, where they were first sung, and became intelligible only through translation to those who stood around his bed. An unfortunate misunderstanding between Heine's family and his publisher has hitherto prevented the excellent editor of his works from obtaining access to all the materials for a full biography. In the meanwhile his brother has published a few reminiscences of Heinrich's youth.¹ Such a work could not fail to have a certain interest; in most respects it is a jejune and meagre chronicle of events scarcely worth recording. Until the fuller and promised work appears, the best magazine for the biographer will be the works and letters of Heine published by Messrs. Hoffmann and Campe, and edited by Dr. Strodtsmann.²

Heine was born at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, December 13th, 1799. ✓ He himself dated his birth from the 1st January, 1800, in order that, as he laughingly said, he might be spoken of as one of the first men of the century. His father, Sigismund Heine, belonged, as did his ancestors, to the mercantile class. He was a Jew, but, unlike his

(1) "Erinnerungen an Heinrich Heine und Seine Familie, von seinem Bruder Maximilian Heine." Berlin: Ferd. Dümmler's Verlagsbuchhandlung. 1868.

(2) "Heine's Sammtliche Werke." Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe. 1865.

brother, Solomon Heine, the Hamburg banker, never attained to considerable wealth. He married Elizabeth von Geldern, the daughter of a medical man of some local celebrity. We do not know much of the mother of Heinrich Heine, but we do know that she always retained the affection of her son, for in some of his latest letters to his publisher he is careful that she should be provided with early copies of his works, and that parts, which he believed could not be pleasing to her, should be removed from the copies which she received.

Heinrich had two brothers and a sister, who are still alive. It is to this sister that the well-known poem, "*Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder*," is addressed. Heinrich was entered as pupil in the Düsseldorf Gymnasium. He has given an account of the advantages he derived from that institution:—

"Everything was to be learnt by rote: Greek, History, Geography, Chronology. And yet many benefits have come to me from such study. For if I had not known the Roman kings in order it would have been afterwards perfectly indifferent to me whether Niebuhr had proved or had not proved that they never existed at all. And if I had not known those dates how could I afterwards have found my way about big Berlin, where one house is as like another as two rain-drops, and where you cannot find your friends unless you keep the number of their houses in your head? I used to allot my friends some historical event, whose date coincided with the numbers of their houses, so that I could easily know the number by thinking of the date; and thus it happened that I never saw a friend without his suggesting some historical event. For instance, if I met my tailor, I immediately thought of the battle of Marathon; when I saw the well-dressed banker, Gumpel, the destruction of Jerusalem occurred to me. When I met a certain insolvent Portuguese friend, I thought of the flight of Mahomed; when I saw the University chancellor, a man whose severe integrity is well known, I remembered the death of Haman.

"But as regards Latin, you have no idea how involved it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been first obliged to learn Latin. This happy people knew in their very cradles what nouns have an accusative in *im*. I, on the contrary, must learn them by rote in the sweat of my brow. Still, it is a grand thing that I know them. For instance, if on the 20th July, 1825, when I had to dispute publicly in the hall at Göttingen, I had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, the undergraduates present might have detected it, and that would have been for me an eternal disgrace. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis*, these words, which have made such a noise in the world, have done so by pretending to belong to a certain class, and yet remaining exceptions. For this reason I esteem them highly; and that I always have them at command, should any unforeseen need come upon me to use them, gives me in many a gloomy hour of life much inward comfort and delight."

From this Gymnasium Heine proceeded to study law at Bonn, which he seems soon to have left, and at Göttingen. Here he began his tragedies, "*Almansor*" and "*Ratcliffe*;" but having violated the university duelling-regulations, he was compelled to leave by a *consilium abeundi*.

He had already won something of the reputation of a poet. He had published, in 1821, a small volume of poems, and these were so successful that Rassmann included him among the celebrities whom

he noticed in his year-book for 1822. The work, small as it was, attracted the attention of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, who wrote a poem and an affectionate letter to Heine.

In 1822 he continued his studies at Berlin. He attended the lectures of Hegel, whose influence upon him was never obliterated; and he further had the good fortune to be admitted to the best literary circles. The friendships formed at this time were the warmest that he made, and doubtless gave the direction to his after-career. These naturally began with the mercantile class, to whom his uncle Solomon could give him an introduction, and especially with a friend of the family, Moses Moser. He was one of those men, not uncommon in Germany, who, though engaged in active business, are enthusiastic students. He was a warm admirer of Hegel, and his friendship with Heine lasted until his own death in 1838.

"I do not like you," said Heine, in a letter to him at this time, "because you are a magazine of virtue, and know Spanish, and Syriac, and Hegelian, English, Arabic, and Hindostani, and have lent me your overcoat, and money, and have worried yourself about me, and so forth. I like you, perhaps, only for a silly trick of manner I have noticed in you, and a few absurd expressions that escape you, and stick in my memory, and haunt me pleasantly when I am in a good temper, or have money, and am sentimental.

"I had a Pole for a friend, for whom I would have drunk myself to death; or rather for whom I would have stood, and would still stand to be shot, and the fellow was not worth a single penny, and was dirty, and had the most abominable principles—but he had a guttural sound, with which he could say the word 'What?' in so astounding a manner that at this very moment I can't think of it without weeping and laughing."

It was perhaps to Moser that Heine owed his introduction to Varnhagen von Ense and his wife—"the mother of young Germany," as she was called. In her drawing-room Heine, whom she had named "the untutored darling of the graces," met the best intellectual society of the capital. All sciences and arts were represented at her reunions. Hegel, the two Humboldts, Rauch, Schleiermacher, Hitzig, and Chamisso met each other there, and contact with such men must have left a certain mark upon the quick and sensitive nature of Heine.

But while admission to this society developed the Hellenistic side of his character, the Hebraism in him was deepened by his close and constant familiarity with another circle which included his intimate friends. Most of the members of this society were Jews, and if their names are not so well known as those that clustered around Hegel and Von Ense, they had certainly no less influence upon the young poet. They met every Thursday evening in the house of Philipp Veit, and it was to this society that some of Heine's early pieces, such as the "North Sea Poems," were first submitted. Among them were, Moser; Professor Gans, the Jurist, author of a work on the "Development of Hereditary Right;" Lessman Lehrman; better known under

the name of *Anselmi*, a critic and life-long friend of Heine; Dr. Zung, the Orientalist; and Mendelssohn, the father of Felix, the musician, who was then a boy "with large dreamy poetical eyes."

The two years Heine spent at Berlin seem to have been his happiest. Reckless, joyous, keen in the pursuit of pleasure, he yet found time to write letters which reflect the careless happiness of his nature to the Rhenish journals, reviews of Rossmann's, Rousseau's, Smets', Beer's, and Henzel's works, and to bring out his own tragedies. But as yet he was untouched by the terrible nervous disease, to the inheritance of which he so soon succeeded.

After leaving Berlin, he resided for some time with his family at Lüneburg and Hamburg. Owing to the illness of his father they seem to have been in a measure dependent upon the generosity of the rich Solomon Heine; and the proud nature of Heinrich, who hated the bounty that his position compelled him to take, embittered the relationship between himself and his uncle's family. His letters to Moser show how eagerly he looked forward to a position of independence, which, alas! he never entirely reached. It was, perhaps, the feeling of unwilling dependence that gave rise to much of the cynicism which marked and marred his best works. On leaving the society of Moser, too, a strong reaction in his mind set in against the Jews, and he was already beginning to reap the consequences of his free and out-spoken criticisms. "How I despise this pack of men," he writes, "the uncircumcised with the circumcised!" Perhaps at this time he despised the circumcised most. While at Berlin he had joined the Jewish Union for Culture and Science, and had promised to write for a magazine which had been planned. But the early numbers offended his delicate literary taste. "I have read it," he wrote to the editor, Dr. Zung, "but I must candidly confess that the greatest part, yes, three parts of the third number, is unpleasant on account of the negligent style. I don't want Goethe's style, but an intelligible one. I have studied all forms of German—Saxon German, Swabian German, and Franconian German—but our Magazine German gives me more difficulty than any. Impress, I implore you, upon your colleagues in the magazine the importance of culture in style, without which the other culture cannot be advanced."

This advice may not have been without effect. The fourth number never appeared.

An arrangement with his uncle was shortly made by which he was enabled to proceed again to Göttingen to read finally for his degree. It was also deemed advisable for his subsequent employment under the Prussian Government that he should be baptized. In this matter he was opposed to the wishes of his family. Not that his objections were upon religious grounds. "You can easily infer," he says, "that baptism has no meaning for me, and that even as a symbol I

esteem it of little importance, and that under the circumstances and in the manner in which it would be performed in my case, it would have for others but little significance. Me, indeed, it might influence to devote myself still more to battle for the rights of my unhappy race, but I think it beneath my dignity, and a blot upon my honour, that I should be baptized in order to gain a civil appointment in Prussia."

He yielded, however, to the solicitations of his family, and was baptized before setting out for Göttingen. His uncle allowed him a year for study, and during this period he worked hard; so hard that the nervous headaches to which he was now subject seriously affected his health. Meanwhile his uncle appears to have pursued an illiberal policy towards him. Perhaps we can hardly judge the circumstances fairly. Ordinarily Solomon Heine was a man of strict justice, occasionally of great generosity, and several charitable institutions at Hamburg still testify at once to his commercial success and his munificence. But Heine always complained bitterly that his cousins poisoned the mind of his uncle towards him. This is quite possible; but the pride and impetuosity of the poet may have tended more to breed misunderstandings between them than Heine himself would have admitted. For long periods of time he did not write to his uncle lest he should be supposed by the family at Hamburg to be attacking him with *captationes benevolentie*. But his health failed him so much that he was compelled to ask for another half-year to complete his studies, which he had been obliged to suspend for some time during the first year. In this interval of rest he undertook a walking tour over the Harz district. It is this journey which he describes in the now celebrated "Harzreise." Upon his return he wrote to Moser about it thus:—

"It did me a great deal of good, and I feel myself much stronger through the journey. I went on foot, and mostly alone, wandered over the whole Harz, passed by fair hills and valleys, and breathed fresh air once more. I saw much that was beautiful and lovely, and if jurisprudence had not followed me spectre-like, I should have found the world very beautiful. I could tell you much about this Harz journey, but I have already begun to write it down, and shall have it quite ready this winter. There will also appear verses in it, which will please you—fair and noble feelings, and such-like sentimental rubbish. What can one do? Of a truth the opposition to effete conventionalism is a thankless business."

But the "Harzreise," originally intended for a magazine, and written for pecuniary reasons, did not appear until after Heine had taken his degree, in July, 1825. Later some of his literary opponents averred that he had purchased his diploma, and he used to say that he could bear any attack except that upon his academical honours. It is curious to read the name of that "most high and puissant monarch George IV., King of Great Britain and Hanover," upon Heine's diploma.

Of Hugo, Prorector of the University, Heine spoke warmly, and the recognition of his talent, which he obtained from him, was of a nature to fill the poet with gratitude. For some time after this he lived at Hamburg. As might have been expected from the nature of the man, he was now bitter against the Christians. "I assure you," he says to Moser, "had the laws allowed me to steal silver spoons, I would never have been baptized."

In 1826 appeared the "*Buch le Grand*," and the second volume of the "*Reisebilder*," and in the following year Heine visited England. Much has been said of his dislike to this country, a dislike which culminated with his personal experience of us. He disliked the people, he disliked their mode of life, he disliked most of all the climate, "nothing but fog, coal-smoke, porter, and Canning."

It is perhaps well we should learn what a man like Heine thought of our country forty-two years ago, especially as we may hope that our faults are not the same now as they were then. It is, at least, not true of us now that our most frequented amusements are boxing, cock-fighting, and public executions, though, alas! we still bring our "simple vegetables to table, boiled in water, exactly as God made them." But it was especially the hard mechanical nature of the English mind that Heine could not tolerate; our lack of mental flexibility seemed to him a melancholy born of unwholesome air and unjustifiable pride. Not only the iron, but the cold, unvarying regularity of our machinery, had entered into our souls and chilled and imprisoned all intellectual life. We sometimes ask with no little self-satisfaction, What would be the feelings of a Greek, could he be transported from ancient Athens to one of our commercial centres? Perhaps we may have a sufficiently correct answer in the words of Heine:—

"The perfection of the machinery which is everywhere employed, and which has superseded so much of human effort, seemed to me something wrong; this artificial motion of wheels, bars, cylinders, the myriad little hooks, pegs, and teeth which circle in almost passionate revolution, filled me with horror. The accuracy, correctness, rigour, and punctuality in the life of the English troubled me in an equal degree. For as in England the machines seem human, so too the men appear machines. Wood, and iron, and brass seem there to have arrogated to themselves the intellect, and to have gone mad through excess of it, whilst the demented man, like a hollow spectre, performs mechanically his customary business, and at the fixed minute devours beef-steaks, speaks in Parliament, brushes his nails, mounts the stage-coach, or hangs himself."

Again:—

"It is when we meet them in foreign countries," he says of the English, "that their defects are so unpleasantly prominent. They are the divinities of dulness, who hurry at full speed through all lands in brightly-lacquered chariots, and leave behind them everywhere a grey dust-cloud of gloom. To this may be added their curiosity without interest, their elaborate awkwardness, their insolent stiffness, their narrow selfishness, and their dreary delight in all melancholy circumstances."

Heine's journey to England was under unfavourable circumstances. At that time, at least, he could not speak English, and, though here, he viewed things from the outside. His opinion of English society was in some measure derived from his unfavourable notions of the young Hanoverian nobles whom he met at Göttingen and Nordeney. These outdid the English aristocracy in their exclusiveness and pride of pedigree, and we may reasonably hope that it was some mistaken memory that prompted him to tell the verger of Westminster Abbey, as he handed him his fee, that he would willingly have given him more if the collection had been complete.

At the close of this year appeared the first edition of the "Buch der Lieder." All the poems had appeared before; some, to which reference has already been made, when he was very young. He did not anticipate a long life for the book. "It will sail away," he said, "like a harmless merchant-ship under the protection of the second volume of the 'Reisebilder' quietly into the sea of oblivion." But the war-spirit was on him, and he was now ready to do battle with the whole world. "The third volume shall be a man-of-war, far more fearfully equipped; the cannons shall be of greater calibre, and I have discovered quite a new powder for them. Neither shall it carry so much ballast as the second volume."

To fit out this vessel with its cannon and ammunition, Heine travelled through Italy, where he spent a great part of the following year. The volume proved to be all that he had promised, and exhibited the characteristics of its author in a remarkable degree. He had now taken up the line of opposition to all restraint. The new wine was beginning to crack the old bottles. Heine declared his mission to be the liberation of humanity. He meant to fight for uncompromising freedom in religion and politics. He resigned the poet's laurels for the warrior's sword, which he prayed might be laid upon his coffin. That sword he wielded fearlessly, indeed recklessly, in this volume. And yet the movement of later and present thought has demonstrated how much farther than his contemporaries he saw. The following passage shows, too, how tenderly, and yet how boldly, he could speak upon religious subjects:—

"Only so long as religions have to compete with one another, and are far more persecuted than persecuting, are they noble and honourable; for then alone are inspiration, sacrifice, martyrs, and palms possible. 'How beautiful, how serenely fair, how unutterably sweet was the Christianity of the early centuries, whilst it still resembled its divine founder in the heroism of suffering! There lingered yet the beautiful story of an undeclared divinity, who wandered in the fair form of youth under the palms of Palestine, who preached love, and revealed the doctrines of freedom and equality, which the reason of the greatest thinkers has since recognised as true. Compare with that religion of Christ the several Christianities that have been established in the several countries as state-religions—the Roman Catholic Church, or that Catholicism without poetry which we see prevailing in England as High Church—that decaying skeleton of belief, from which all bloom and life have passed away.'"

The great blot which disfigures this work is the attack made upon Count von Platen. Nowhere is Heine's style so masterly in invective, so glittering and incisive, as in this unjust and unwarrantable criticism. The Count von Platen is an admirable writer. He was a profound scholar in Greek, Oriental and modern literature, and a true poet. By his studies and tastes he belonged to the Classical School, and his poems take their colour, and often their form, from the antique models. Heine at this time chose to consider himself as belonging to the Romantic School, and had, it may be, a right, on this ground, to deem Von Platen his opponent. That he had any other cause is now difficult to discover; but he attacks the poetry, the poverty, the person of his rival, with a virulence which no dissimilarity of tastes, no opposition of artistic creed could palliate. He gave his enemies—and they were many—just reason of complaint; he alienated some of his warmest and oldest friends; he displeased all. This defection of friends, and general rising of foes, rather than any imminent political danger, determined Heine to take up his residence in Paris, amongst the joyous, light-hearted people who contrasted so favourably with the "Philistine faces" of his own land.

From 1831, then, Heine seldom left Paris, except to make short visits to the French watering-places. He began at once a series of political letters to the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, some of which he collected and published with his name in the following year. To these he prefixed a bold preface, which could not fail to displease the Prussian Government. The German edition was much mutilated by the censor, and henceforth Heine fought for the liberty of the press in Germany with zeal, and not without success. His letters to his publisher for many years are a history of the long war between himself as the head of the "Young Germany" party on the one hand, and the literary censorship of the authorities on the other. "If I wish to insert," he says, "in the Hamburg journal a notice under the births: my wife 'has been safely delivered of a daughter, beautiful as liberty,' there comes the censor with his red-pencil, and *beautiful as liberty* is crossed out. How long is this to be possible? I know not."

Of his political letters little need now be said. The significance of a newspaper correspondence written in the heat of events is necessarily transient. In 1833, however, appeared the most important of the prose works he had yet published: it was a critical history of modern German literature, and appeared pretty nearly at the same time in France and Germany. In both countries it attracted immense attention. Nor was it unnoticed in England. The *Quarterly Review* criticised it, and spoke of the new luminary that had risen upon its horizon as "a star malign in its influence, wavering in

its orbit, and unsteady in its light.”¹ The first volume contains a history of religion and philosophy from Luther, through Kant, to Hegel. The design of the work is to show how the idea of Christianity and the idea of Protestantism had to free themselves from the encumbrances that grew around them, and must eventually result in Pantheism. The idea itself suffers no loss, cannot be injured:—

“Voltaire could injure only the body of Christianity. All his jests drawn from ecclesiastical history; all his pleasantries directed against dogma and cult; against the Bible, the most sacred book of humanity; against the Virgin Mary, the fairest flower of poesy; the entire lexicon of philosophical arrows which he discharged against the priestcraft of the clergy, touched only the perishable body of Christianity, not its inner reality, nor its deeper spirit—not its unassailable soul. For Christianity is an idea, and, as such, inviolable and immortal.”

It was Luther who first broke open the prison-house of thought, and set Protestantism free. But Protestantism had already begun to act upon Europe. Even Leo X. was a Protestant, in virtue of his sunny artistic nature against the cold melancholy spiritual doctrines of Catholicism.

“As they protested at Wittenburg in Latin prose, so they protested at Rome in colour, in stone, and *ottave rime*. Or do not the powerful marble figures of Michael Angelo, the laughing faces of Giulio Romano’s nymphs, and the intoxicated delight in life of Ludovico’s verses, make a Protestant antithesis to the languishing melancholy of Catholicism? The painters of Italy engaged in far more effective polemics than did the Saxon theologians. The blooming flesh-tints upon the paintings of Titian are all Protestantism. The graces of his Venus are more real theses than those which the German monk fixed on the church door of Wittenburg.”

Yet Heine is far from underrating the genius and influence of Luther.

“Renown,” he says, “eternal renown to the dear man to whom we owe the preservation of our noblest goods, and by whose merits we live to-day. It becomes us little to complain of the narrowness of his views. The dwarf who stands upon the shoulders of a giant can indeed see farther than the giant himself, especially if he puts on spectacles; but to the higher position are lacking the lofty feeling and the giant heart, which we cannot make our own. It becomes us still less to pass a harsh judgment upon his failings. These failings have benefited us more than the virtues of a thousand others. The subtlety of Erasmus, the gentleness of Melancthon, would never have carried us so far as did often the divine brutality of Brother Martin.”

He traces the rough revolutionary character of the Protestant outburst still farther:—

“A battle-song was that defiant hymn with which he and his companions entered Worms. The old cathedral shook with these new echoes, and the ravens were terrified in their dark nests in the towers. That song, the *Marseillaise* of the Reformation, has kept its power of inspiration to the present day, and it may be we shall use yet again for similar contests the old martial strain:—

“‘Ein’ feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein’ gute Wehr und Waffen.’”

(1) *Quarterly Review*, No. cv., 1835.

Heine maintained that the only faith that allowed the complete emancipation of man was Pantheism, and the remainder of the first volume is occupied in marking the growth of this under the philosophers who have been named. Deity was in everything—in the unconscious life of plants, and in the dream-like semi-conscious existence of animals. In man alone the Deity rose to self-consciousness. And this Pantheism beautified matter, whilst it elevated spirit. In a complete manhood, for instance, as in Luther's, both spirit and matter, spiritualism and sensualism, held their proper positions. Deism, as exemplified in Judaism on the one hand, and on the other in certain forms of Christianity, as Catholicism, wronged matter; whilst materialism, as it became (for example) a crowned incarnation in Frederick the Great, annulled spirit.

"You know this royal materialist," he said in the French edition; "you know that he wrote French verses, played the flute well, that he won the battle of Rossbach, took vast quantities of snuff, and believed only in artillery. Some of you have surely visited Sansouci, and the old pensioner who is in charge of the castle has shown you in the library the French novels which Frederick, when Prince Royal, read in church, and which he got bound in black morocco, that his father might believe he was perusing the Lutheran hymn-book. You know this royal man of the world, whom you call the Solomon of the North. France was the Ophir of this Northern Solomon, and it was hence that he imported his poets and philosophers. For these he cherished a great partiality, like the Solomon of the South, who (as you may read in the Book of Kings, chap. x.) shipped from Ophir, with the assistance of his friend Hiram, whole cargoes of gold, and silver, and ivory, *poets and philosophers*."

The Pantheism in which Heine finds religion is the Pantheism of Spinoza.

"The mathematical form," he says, "gives Spinoza a harsh expression. But this is like the bitter shell of the almond, the kernel is the sweeter. In reading Spinoza there seizes us a feeling as when we behold nature in vital repose. A forest of towering thoughts, whose green summits are in wavelike motion whilst the immovable trunks are rooted in the everlasting earth. There comes a certain breeze from his writings which is inexplicable. We feel, as it were, the light breath of the future. The spirit of the Hebrew prophets rested perhaps upon the last of their descendants."

But Kant, and Fichte, and Schelling were not true, Heine thinks, to the principles they initiated and advanced, and shrank away from the cause of Pantheism. How complete Heine's own apostasy was we shall see later. Goethe, too, the great Pantheistic poet, never took a decided part with regard to that philosophy. Wrapped in the serene indifference of art, he let the stormy enthusiasm of philosophy blow past him, and looked but coldly upon the ardour of Christianity. By thus remaining apart in the tranquillity of conscious power, he became the greatest artist of his time, and the least valuable partisan.

Yet Heine never doubted that the time would come for a great revolution, and that the stage would be Germany.

"The old stone gods will arise from their forgotten tombs and rub the secular

dust from their eyes, and Thor with gigantic hammer shall smite to pieces the cathedral domes of the Goths. The thought precedes the deed, as the lightning the thunder. Our thunder is German, too, is not very lithe, and comes but slowly rolling on; but come it will, and when you hear it peal as it has never pealed in the world's history before, then know that the German thunder has at length rolled home."

The second volume dealt more especially with the Romantic School of poets. Lessing, Herder, and Goethe are the objects of criticism. But the chiefs of this school at this time were the two Schlegels, and Jena was their head-quarters. As Jena was close to Weimar, and Goethe was prime-minister of the duchy, there came about a half-alliance between him and the Romantic School. Schelling was their philosopher, and though he never actually belonged to the party, his personal influence was great. But Schelling became a convert to Catholicism, and therefore lost favour with Heine, and Goethe was too great to be a party-man.

The most remarkable part of the volume is Heine's attack upon the two Schlegels. In abuse, as we have had occasion to see before, he was not moderate. He spared no personality, and his language almost recalls the venomous eloquence which Æschines and Demosthenes poured upon each other. Both Schlegels, with whom he was apparently once on good terms, are abused and inveighed against in all the relations of life. Frederick, the Austrian diplomatist, author of the "Philosophy of History," seemed to him to be more important than his brother. "But he died," says Heine, with no apparent ground for his assertion, "in consequence of gastronomic excesses, after having carried off the wife of his host, and living upon the alms of the insulted husband." For A. W. Schlegel he reserves his choicest abuse. This was the great critic, rival, and literary opponent of Niebuhr. Besides his historical criticisms, A. W. Schlegel had translated Shakespeare, and with his brother was the initiator of Sanscrit research. In metric power Heine allows him to be second to Von Platen alone, after which covert sneer, he denies all his farther pretensions as critic or linguist.

"It is difficult to determine," he says, "what may be his rank as a poet. The violinist, Solomons, who gave lessons to the King of England, George III., said once to his illustrious pupil: 'Violinists are divided into three classes. The first class comprises those who play very badly; the second, those who cannot play at all; to the third belong those who play well. Your most gracious Majesty has already advanced to the second class.' Now does Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel belong to the first or second class? Some say he is no poet, others say he is a very bad one, I am quite certain he is no Paganini."

In 1834 appeared the third and last volume on Germany. In the previous volumes Heine had endeavoured to show that Pantheism was the true religion of Germany. It was a return, he urged, to the old mythology, which peopled the woods and "piny mountains" with gods, and made the elements their dwelling-places.

The stories of fairies, pixies, demons, and devils which Luther believed in, though he denied the spiritual power of the Pope, were traces of the former religion: they were the crumbling fragments of the northern Pantheon. The love of the Romanticists for the middle ages, and their preference of mediæval subjects, were in reality the result of a secret, half-conscious love of primeval Pantheism, whose relics were much more abundant in mediæval times. They were preserved in the stories of magic and witchcraft, and in many of the otherwise inexplicable customs and sayings of the people. The spell of the buried gods, dead, despised, but not altogether forgotten by the true children of the soil, and some day to come back and reign again, was strong upon the poetic imagination of Heine:—

“There is surely something more than a mere fable in the belief that Kaiser Friederich, the old Barbarossa, is not dead, but that he fled, when the hosts of priests pressed him, to a mountain called Kyffhäuser. They say he lies concealed there with his whole court, until the day shall come when he will once more appear in the world to make the German people happy. This mountain is in Thuringia, not far from Nordhausen. I have often passed it, and one fair winter night I remained there for more than an hour, and cried again and again, ‘Come, Barbarossa, come,’ and my heart burned like fire in my breast, and tears rolled down my cheeks. But he came not, the beloved Kaiser Friederich, and I could only embrace the rock in which he dwells.”

This third volume is occupied with the history of popular belief connected with these superstitions. Kobolds, dwarfs, elves, trolls, pixies, and fairies meet with a loving historian. And it is extraordinary that these airy creatures still retain such vitality in Germany. With us the migration of the fairies took place long ago, and it was not the main body that Shakespeare saw on midsummer-nights by Warwick, but loiterers who hung behind. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that since we are Romance as well as Teutonic, these sensitive folk did not find our composite nature genial. But in some respects the German mythology agrees with ours, and Barbarossa may correspond to our King Arthur, who is to come again from the island of Avillion. We have happily nothing to represent the story of Tannhäuser and the Venusberg, but that belongs to a different cycle of legends, and may be traced rather to classical than old German Paganism. At the close of the volume there is an original poetical version of the story.

Although Heine renounced Pantheism in the last years of his life, the work on Germany must ever remain a remarkable book. Open it where we will, we feel that we are breathing the air of freedom and listening to the words of genius. The air hurtles with the arrows of unsparing satire, but it is for the most part against prejudice and bigotry that they are directed, and everywhere there are the two great blessings of literature—light and air.

In 1841 appeared the book upon Ludwig Börne. It was an unfortunate production. Börne was an able critic, an older man than Heine, and had at one time shown him much kindness. The two men had at first the same political views, and Börne, like Heine, was compelled to quit Germany. The revolution attracted him to Paris, where he welcomed his friend upon his arrival. But they drifted farther and farther apart, and their intimacy was broken off. The fault lay with Heine. He had assumed the position of a democrat and a partisan, a most difficult one for an artist to keep. Already he saw, or thought he saw, that in the democracy of the future beauty must yield to expediency, poetry to commonplace commerce. Consistent communism, the equality and fraternity for which he was fighting, would certainly dispense with the nightingale song of the lyricist and the flower-like beauty of art. And so a reaction in his own mind set in against his party, and their resentment was as natural as it was bitter. After Börne's death Heine published this account of their relationship, in which, of course, Börne is made to figure ridiculously. The book aroused many slumbering hatreds in Germany against the author, and involved him in a duel. Some passages he afterwards voluntarily suppressed. The really valuable part of the volume is a kind of intermezzo written at the time of the revolution in the island of Heligoland, and contains a description of the effect the French news produced even at that distance from the centre of the great struggle.

Before the duel Heine celebrated his marriage with a Parisian lady, Mathilde Crescentia Mirat. She had already lived some years with him as his wife, and remained his greatest consolation in the terrible misfortune of his later years. Their union was childless. Late in the same year was printed the poem of "Atta Troll," and in 1844, "Germany—a Winter Story."

But the fatal disease which during Heine's whole life had been impending was now imminent; and in 1848, in the very crisis of the last revolution, he was laid upon the sick couch, never again to rise whole. His disease was a softening of the spinal marrow. The pain caused him perpetual sleeplessness, and his nerves were so paralysed that he had to raise his eyelid with his hand. For eight years he lay almost without power of motion, and had to be fed like a bird. But the finger of paralysis which rendered his body powerless failed to touch his mind or daunt his spirit. When no longer able to write, he dictated letters and poems which had lost nothing of the old daring. In the course of these eight years he published his "Romancero," "Hebrew Melodies," and "Last Poems," and overlooked the issuing of a complete edition of his works. However ill he was, and however much he had suffered during the night, each morning at a fixed time he dictated to his secretary. Afterwards

came some one to read to him, and then he was ready to receive visitors; and these were many. It was in these last helpless years that he enjoyed the reputation he had made. The distinguished men of France and of Germany grudged him his glory no longer, and people from many nations paid their homage in his sick-chamber to a dying poet. After the 17th of February, 1856, they came no more.

Just thirty years before, in Germany, he had drawn a picture of what his old age should be, and how he would sing his dying song:—

“At last the day will come when the fervour in my veins is extinguished, when Winter reigns in my heart, and his white flakes fall but sparingly upon my heart, and his mist is as a veil before my eyes. My friends have long lain in their weather-beaten tombs; I alone am left behind like a lonely halm which the reaper forgets. A new race has sprung up, with new wishes and new thoughts; with wonder I hear new names and new songs. The old names have died away, and I myself am heard no more; honoured still perhaps by few, by many despised, and loved by none. And boys with rosy cheeks come to me, and put the old harp in my trembling hand, and laughingly say, ‘Thou hast long been silent, thou lazy greybeard, sing us again songs of the dreams of thy youth.’

“Then I take the harp, and the old joys and sorrows awake, the mists dissolve, tears bloom again from my dead eyes, there is spring again in my heart, tears of sweet regret tremble in the strings of my harp; I see once more the blue river, and the marble palaces, and the fair faces of women and maidens, and I sing a song of the flowers of Brenta.

“It will be my last lay. The stars will gaze upon me as in the nights of my youth, the enamoured moonlight kisses once more my cheeks, the spirit choirs of dead nightingales are heard in the distance, my eyes close themselves in the intoxication of sleep, my soul dies away like the music of my harp—there is a perfume of the flowers of Brenta.

“A tree shall hang over my tombstone. I should prefer a palm; but this thrives not in the North. It shall be a linden, and lovers shall sit there of a summer evening and caress. The greenfinch who listens and rocks himself in the branches is silent, and my linden sighs sadly above the heads of the happy ones, who are so happy that they find not time to read what is written upon the white headstone. But, afterwards, when the lover has lost his beloved, he will come again to the well-remembered linden and sigh, and weep, and look long and often at the headstone, where he will read the inscription: ‘He loved the flowers of Brenta.’ ”

But it was not to be. The eight years of agony which he suffered, though they did not quench the fire of his spirit, brought many things before his mind in a different light from that in which he had seen them in happier days. The change which came over his political views some years before has already been referred to. But besides this, there came another, a change in his religious opinions. In the preface to his last volume of poems he makes his recantation. The whole passage is touching; it is Heine’s *apologia pro vitâ suâ*:—

“When we lie on our deathbed we become very gentle and tender-hearted, and would willingly make peace with God and man. I confess I have scratched many, and bitten many, and been no lamb. But since I have stood in need of

God's mercy I have made a truce with all my foes ; many beautiful poems, which were directed against very high and very low persons, are for that reason excluded from the present collection. Poems which contained in any degree personalities against Almighty God I have committed to the flames with the zeal of fear. It is better that the verses should burn than the versifier. Yes, I have made peace with the Creator as well as with the creature, to the great displeasure of my enlightened friends, who reproach me for my relapse into the old superstition, as they are pleased to call my return to God. Others express themselves with still bitterer intolerance. Atheism's convocation has pronounced its anathema over me, and there are certain fanatical priests of unbelief who would willingly place me on the rack to make me renounce my heterodoxy. Happily they have no instruments of torture at command except their writings. But I will confess everything without torture. I have really returned to God like the prodigal son, after feeding swine with the Hegelians for many years. The divine home-sickness came upon me, and drove me forth, through woods and vales, over the dizziest mountain pathways of dialectic. On my way I found the god of the Pantheists, but I could make nothing of him. This poor visionary creature is interwoven with and grown into the world. Indeed, he is almost imprisoned in it, and yawns at you, without voice, without power. To have will one must have personality, and to manifest oneself one must have elbow room.

"In religion I admit my backsliding, but I must expressly contradict the report that it has brought me to the bosom or the threshold of any church whatever. No, my religious convictions and belief have remained free from all ecclesiastical prejudice. No music of church bells has seduced me, no splendour of altar candles has dazzled me. I have toyed with no symbolism, nor have I altogether renounced my reason. I have abjured nothing, not even my Pagan gods, from whom it is true I have parted, but only in friendship and love."

Whatever fame Heine has won, or is still to win, as a prose writer, it is by his poetry that he has gained the heart and the love of Germany. Few German poets, except perhaps Uhland, have won so wide and popular a renown. The boatmen as they pass down the Rhine sing his Loreley song, and every boy in Germany is acquainted with some or other song of his. These poems it is difficult to characterise, not more on account of their wide range of subject than because of the sparkle and evanescence of the sentiment. Being in the true sense lyrical, they have little or no connection with each other. "*L'auteur a retiré le fil du collier, mais aucune perle ne lui manque.*" But they have two characteristics which are sometimes thought incompatible—pathos and humour; and these so blended together that it is almost impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends. Ordinary minds separate the two, and fail to appreciate them in combination. Rain is frequent, sunshine is not rare, but a rainbow is always unusual. Heine's poetry is never without something of this double nature. It is the tear and the smile together, and the reader scarcely knows whether laughter or tears will prevail. In his gayest and most careless verses there is an undertone of sorrow and regret, whilst with the saddest songs is mingled something of humour and subtle delight. "*Ce n'est pas un vain cliquetis d'antithèses de dire cérairement d'Henri Heine qu'il est cruel et*

tendre, naïf et perfide, sceptique et crédule, lyrique et prosaïque, sentimental et railleur, passionné et glacial, spirituel et pittoresque, antique et moderne, *moyen-âge* et révolutionnaire.”¹ And it is so with his songs.

Yet, properly speaking, he never wrote a volume of lyrical poetry. His mind caught some sudden flash of light, and a poem sprang into existence. Thus they came, and were mostly printed, one by one. It was only later that he collected these fugitive leaves into a book. The first was the “*Buch der Lieder*.” Its success was immediate. All classes accepted it, with its Hebrew mystery, its Greek beauty, its German tenderness and simplicity. The contradiction and inexplicable inconsistency of its music found nothing like itself except human passion and human nature. It is almost impossible to convey into another language the grace and beauty of the original rhythm—it has not been done yet—but the poems have a farther beauty which may perhaps be retained.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

The mother stood at her lattice, the son lay upon his couch. “Wilt thou not arise, Wilhelm, to see the holy procession?”

“I am so ill, my mother, that I cannot see nor hear; I think of my dead Margaret, and my heart is heavy.”

“Arise, we will go to Kevlaar, take book and rose-wreath; the Mother of God will heal thy broken heart.”

The church banners wave. There is chanting of church music. It is at Köln upon the Rhine. The procession is passing.

The mother follows the crowd, she leads her son. They both join in the chanting. Blessed be thou, Maria!

II.

The Mother of God at Kevlaar wears to-day her best robe. To-day she has much to do, there come many sick folk.

The sick people bring her as offerings limbs fashioned out of wax, many waxen feet and hands.

And whoso offers her a waxen hand, his hand is straight healed of its wound, and whoso offers her a waxen foot, his foot becomes whole.

To Kevlaar has gone many an one on crutches, who now dances in the dance, and many an one plays the viol now who took thither a withered hand.

The mother took a wax-light, and fashioned a heart thereof. “Take thou that to the Mother of God, and she will heal thy pain.”

The son sighed and took the waxen heart; he sighed and went to the holy image. The tears broke from his eyes, the prayer broke from his heart.

“O thou blessed one, O thou holy one, O thou Virgin Queen of heaven, let my sorrow be known unto thee.

“I dwelt with my mother at Köln in the city, the city that has many hundred churches and chapels.

(1) *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July, 1848.

“ And near us dwelt Margaret, but now she is dead. Maria, I bring thee a waxen heart, heal thou my wounded heart.

“ Heal thou my broken heart. Late and early I will pray and sing fervently: Blessed be thou, Maria ! ”

III.

The sick son and his mother slumber in the little chamber, Then stepped in lightly the Mother of God.

She bent over the sick man, and laid her hand lightly upon his heart, and smiled and vanished.

The mother saw it all in a dream ; she saw more ; she awoke from her slumber ; the dogs in the court were barking.

There lay her son stretched out, and he was dead ; the light of morning fell upon his pale cheeks.

The mother folded her hands ; she knew not how she felt. She whispered low, devoutly : “ Blessed be thou, Maria ! ”

Heine preserves the characteristics to which we have referred in all his poems, even in the satiric stanzas of “Atta Troll” and the “Winter Story.” As in reading Aristophanes we come upon passages where we are surprised by a beauty alien to comedy, so in these satires we find a wealth of poetry lavished upon an epigram and adorning a jest.

But the poems which show the most sustained power are those which were written during his last illness—those which are found in the “Romancero.” The story of the discovery of the body of King Harold by Edith of the Swan-neck is an illustration of this. The “Hebrew Melodies” are equally powerful.

The “Lazarus” poems are the last of the series. Even yet the smile has not vanished from the face of the poet, but the tears are the tears of pain and of unrest to which death alone can bring relief. We will give no specimen of these. The rest has been found now. Heine lies in the cemetery of Montmartre.

To much of the apparent inconsistency in Heine’s opinions the key is to be sought in his peculiar position. At the time he was born his father had already renounced Judaism, without having adopted Christianity ; and although he himself was educated at a Roman Catholic seminary, and was formally baptized, yet the mythology of Greece and Rome exercised a stronger influence upon him than any Christian teaching. His mind was the perpetual battle-field of opposing forms of thought. He was swayed alternately by Judaism and Hellenism ; he wavered between the Romantic and the Classical schools ; he could not decide for the democracy of science or the aristocracy of art. That from these conflicting principles he failed to evolve a clear and consistent system, should be no matter of wonder, far less of reprobation. His efforts have made ours easier.

J. D. LESTER.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH MR. LEONARD REPORTS PROGRESS, AND FURTHER
MEASURES ARE CONCERTED.

BOILING with impatience, maddened by her husband's defeat, Mrs. Upjohn sat in her bower, expecting Mr. Leonard's second visit. The doors had been carefully hung with a thick crimson cloth, and the little octagon was now a retreat as convenient as could be desired for any clandestine use, whether conspiracy, intrigue, or secret negotiation. Mr. Upjohn had not yet returned to town—very probably in no hurry to confront his wife without giving her time to digest his discomfiture.

Mr. Leonard was punctual, and came in nodding approbation at the crimson curtains and the perfection of all the arrangements. Knowing what had happened as well as Mrs. Upjohn herself, for the newspapers had informed him of the result of the election, he was prepared to find her in a more determined mood than on the former day, and more ready for strong measures; but he was not the less resolved to apply the goad, if it was only for his own amusement.

"Nothing else was to be expected, madam," he said, as he took his seat, "when two such planets meet as an unscrupulous woman and an unprincipled attorney."

"Isn't she a monster, Mr. Leonard?"

"It's a bad business, ma'am—that's all that's to be said."

"Now, sir, what is to be done?"

"We must talk of that," he replied coolly; "but first, madam, it is my duty to report what we have done in obedience to your instructions, including your letter, which I duly received. In the first place, as Mr. Alexander has been down at Penrose, I have no guilty meetings at the Cavendish to report, on the principle that a man cannot be in two places at once, like the celebrated Irish bird you may perhaps have heard of."

"No, really, I never did," said Mrs. Upjohn, a little impatiently. "Is her illness real or pretended? That's what I want to know in the first place."

"On that point, madam, I am in a position to report that a doctor's carriage has been twice seen at the door; and as on the last occasion the doctor came out laughing, I think, madam, there can be no doubt as to the inference to be drawn."

"Not much, Mr. Leonard—I thought so."

"But the game, madam, is very well played, I must say. The apothecary's boy came regularly with the medicines, as if it was the most serious case. There have been pills twice, saline draughts three times, and two—I think three—sleeping draughts. I mention these particulars to show you how carefully our officers do their duty."

"Very well indeed," said Mrs. Upjohn; "and now as to the lady I wished you to have your eye on."

"I was coming to her. We have seen her, madam, and come to the conclusion that she is a very dangerous sort of person."

"She is a base wretch, Mr. Leonard."

"I can assure you, madam, that she is as corrupt a creature as any elector of Penrose; she is capable of receiving the paltriest bribes."

"Oh, I know it—I have long known it, Mr. Leonard; she is just as corrupt as she can be."

"You only do your fair friend justice, madam. I have a list here of the bribes she has actually pocketed—or, I should rather say, put in a neat little basket—in the course of two days at the Cavendish."

"Oh, do tell me!" cried Mrs. Upjohn eagerly. "I know that little basket of hers so well."

"In the first place," he replied, giving full reins to his fancy, "a gooseberry tart, with only a small bit carved out of it, which I suppose Mrs. Rowley had; next, a lobster, all but one claw, with a bag of Naples biscuits; thirdly, some as fine strawberries as ever you saw. And what do you think was under the strawberries?" he added, with a wink and a chuckle at his own invention—"one of the boxes of pills, ma'am, as sure as God's in Gloucester."

"And what inference do you draw from that?" said Mrs. Upjohn.

"That the lobster had disagreed with her the night before," replied the ready Mr. Leonard, "and that the pills were not taken by Mrs. Rowley, because she is as well as you are."

"Really, you do your business wonderfully," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Oh, ma'am! the lobster and the pills are nothing to what I have now to tell you. The serious matter is, that Miss Cateran has been despatched to Paris."

"To Paris! You amaze me."

"She left town this morning, ma'am, by the early train, to catch the first packet to Dover."

Mrs. Upjohn trembled with rage, her lips were white, and her fingers quivered with agitation.

"You have active foes to deal with, madam," said Mr. Leonard, with his customary professional gravity, from which he seldom deviated for any long time.

"And what do you suppose she has been sent to Paris for?" said Mrs. Upjohn.

"We don't pretend to omniscience," said Mr. Leonard, "but it occurs to me that she is not sent to do you any service; and I think, madam, you would do well to follow her by the next boat."

"Oh, that's quite out of the question, Mr. Leonard. You can hardly be serious."

"Perfectly serious, madam, I assure you; but as you say it is impossible, I say no more. Only I thought, after your husband's defeat—excuse the liberty I take—but I fancied you were a lady who would not tamely put up with humiliation."

"In heaven's name, sir, tell me what's to be done; but be practical, I implore you."

"Nothing, madam, as far as I can see," he replied, falling back in his chair with the air of a man who has got no more to add to what he has already said.

"Nothing, sir?"

"At least, I don't see what better you can do than make it up with Mrs. Rowley, instead of quarrelling with her."

"Mr. Leonard!"

"She is a very important personage—in fact, a great lady, ma'am; and suppose the worst, that Mr. Rowley should die, and she should marry Mr. Alexander, she would probably keep a fine house, give grand entertainments, no end of dinners and balls, to bring out her daughters; in short, live in a splendid style; and the splendour would all be reflected on yourself, my dear madam, and your family."

"Mr. Leonard, you are too insolent; you want to offend me."

"Besides, who knows but she might be induced to reinstate your husband in the management of her property? which would be a very nice thing for him."

"I can't stand this, sir; you forget yourself. I have not employed you that you should come here and insult me," gasped Mrs. Upjohn, almost inarticulate with anger.

"And, moreover," continued Mr. Leonard, with the same unrelenting coolness, "Mrs. Rowley, her husband being in Parliament, would naturally go to Court, where, from all I hear, she is so well calculated to shine; and you would naturally have the advantage of being presented yourself, should you desire it."

Mrs. Upjohn could stand no more. For a moment she was speechless with wrath; then started up, and waving her hand with tremendous action, she commanded Mr. Leonard to begone.

He sat perfectly unmoved both by her passion and her orders; and merely said in the quietest way—

"I have offered you terms of peace, my dear madam;—if you prefer war, say so."

"Have I not said so? Have I spoken of anything else? You misunderstand me wilfully; for what purpose I don't know. I only want you to advise me what to do."

"Do!—since you ask me the question point-blank, and I see that you are really in earnest, I'll answer you in a very few words. Make use of the facts you already possess, instead of losing time in collecting more, which you can do very well without."

"I don't take you."

"Surely, madam, we possess sufficient information to open Mr. Rowley's eyes, as you call it, wide enough for all practical purposes."

"What purposes do you mean?"

"The punishment of his wife?"

"And how?"

"Madam, I am astonished at a lady of your rare abilities asking such a question. Why do you think that clever friend of yours has been sent to Paris?"

"With some bad design, certainly; but I really have no distinct idea what it can be."

"Then, madam, I see it as clearly as I see you. Mrs. Rowley fears that, as her husband is displeased with her, and is in a very bad way, he may possibly make some change in his will, to her disadvantage. Miss Cateran's mission is to prevent that. Now, ought this move to be met on your part or not? If Mr. Rowley is in a frame of mind to change his will, it is for you to consider whether he ought not to be encouraged to do so; and change it to some purpose, which he would infallibly do if the facts of his wife's conduct were fully and clearly presented to his mind by a competent person."

"That would involve your going over to Paris."

"Why, ma'am, did I not tell you that Paris was my head-quarters? There you must play the game, or throw up the cards."

"I *will* play the game, Mr. Leonard," cried Mrs. Upjohn, with desperate energy, rising and stamping the floor. "Consider that settled. Are you in a position to leave London?"

"To-day, or, at furthest, to-morrow."

"I place myself, Mr. Leonard, entirely in your hands."

"Just so, madam, you have only to give me *carte blanche*, and if I don't redress every wrong and insult you ever received from that vile woman, your sister-in-law, my name is not Nicholas Leonard. But I must draw on you before I leave England."

"How much shall you want?"

"Two hundred, madam, for the present."

"Oh dear, Mr. Leonard, how shall I ever raise two hundred pounds?—hereafter, of course."

"You have a husband, ma'am, and your husband, I have no doubt, has always a handsome balance at his banker's."

"But my husband must know nothing of all this. Besides, he is not come to town. I think I could let you have twenty at once."

"Two hundred, madam, not a penny less—it is only my retaining fee. You might as well offer an eminent barrister half a guinea. I must have two hundred before I stir a foot; and as to raising it, I must only leave that to your financial genius, which will rise, I have no doubt, to the level of the situation."

When it came to the money question, no man could be more sternly serious than Mr. Leonard. There was no help for it. She sighed deeply, but undertook to have the money ready for a messenger to be sent for it in the course of the evening. Mr. Leonard now rose, but as he was not to see her again before starting for the Continent, he said he had some advice to give her, which he prefaced by inquiring what kind of man her consort was.

"A simple, good-natured, easy man," was Mrs. Upjohn's rapid sketch of her husband. "For example, all the world wouldn't persuade him that Mrs. Rowley is not an angel of purity."

"He never opens your letters by any chance?"

"Open my letters! I should like to see him."

"Do you ever open his by any chance?"

"Often, and read them too, when I choose to take the trouble."

"You had better see any letters he may receive from his brother just now. 'By your leave, gentle wax,' as immortal Billy has it. It is just possible Mr. Rowley might wish to see him. That would never do. You must not allow that."

"He shall stay at home, Mr. Leonard, you may depend on it."

"All right, madam. I shall always instruct you where to write, and what precautions to take in writing to me. Sometimes I may have occasion to employ a cipher, of which I shall provide you with a key. Occasionally my brother will call on you. Confide in him as you do in me. And now, my dear madam, only one word more in parting. Talk of every subject in the world just now but what is uppermost in your mind. Remember what the great Frenchman called the true use of language—use it only to conceal your thoughts; and if you can find a good word now and then for people who least deserve it from you, it would be the wisest tone to take. As I have more than once said to my lady clients, 'Be you the innocent flower,' leave me to perform 'the serpent under it.'"

"Two hundred pounds!" thought Mrs. Upjohn, when Leonard had disappeared, like a meteor leaving a flashy train behind it, represented by his usual scrap of declamation—"two hundred pounds! How am I to get it? And before six o'clock this very evening! My husband absent too! It is a great deal of money certainly, but that's not the question. It must be had, that's the long and the short of it. After all, I know no law against a wife

writing her husband's name on a slip of paper, and I suppose what's not illegal can't be very wrong."

That she actually soliloquised in these exact words, it would be rash to assert, but they probably represent pretty nearly what passed through her mind, both premises and conclusion. She went straight down to her husband's study, first rummaged his desks and drawers in hopes of finding his cheque-book, which she had often seen even lying about on his table, as if it was of no more consequence than a Bradshaw; then, not finding it, she took half a sheet of note-paper, scratched a cheque for the sum she wanted as like her husband's rambling hand as she could scrawl, and taking it to Messrs. Gold-hammers', his bankers, where she was well known, received a Bank-of-England note in exchange, without a remark made, except a useful one which she made herself on the facility with which, after all, a hundred pounds or so may be raised when one has the wit to go the right way about it.

How wonderfully calming are great undertakings! How the mind grows tranquil under the influence of deep and large projects such as now occupied the faculties of Mrs. Upjohn! No doubt the parting advice of her new ally helped; but whether the very magnitude and seriousness of her designs had stilled the passions which inspired them, or Mr. Leonard's prudent counsels had produced the desired effect, never was man so agreeably surprised as her husband was at the amiable reception he got on returning home, as he did that same evening. To himself personally his defeat was a very slight disappointment; so when he found that his wife was able to bear it with resignation, and that the storm was so unexpectedly gone down, when he expected to find it raging worse than ever, he felt more comfortable than he had done for many a long day; and even ventured to compliment Mr. Alexander upon his handsome conduct in the business, and congratulate himself on having made his acquaintance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. ROWLEY ARRIVES IN PARIS—A REMARKABLE EVENING AT MR. WOODVILLE'S, AND WHO MADE THE GREATEST FIGURE ON THE OCCASION.

MRS. ROWLEY'S journey to Paris was broken only by a night's rest at Dover. The third day saw them all in the French capital, where the reader already has had an inkling of the miserable state of things that awaited them.

Fortunately, her journey in fine weather, and the air of the sea,

had made such an improvement in Mrs. Rowley, as to enable her to meet the shock she received on arriving at her old apartments. Pushing the servants aside, thinking of nothing but her husband, she rushed to his chamber, and only discovered what had happened when she saw the bed vacant, and the room in all the alarming desolation of perfect order. There had been no time to apprise her of Mr. Rowley's flight, nor indeed anybody to do it; for the blow had been too much for Fanny, and she was taken dangerously ill on the night when we left Mr. Woodville doing what he could to comfort her.

"Where is he?—where is my husband?" cried Mrs. Rowley, rushing out again. In the corridor she met Miss Cateran, who knew not what to answer. "Where is he, Letitia? Tell me at once—don't dare to deceive me," she cried again, with the energy of terror.

Two thoughts, both dreadful, had in a moment occurred to Mrs. Rowley—one that he was dead, the other that he had been put into confinement.

Those extreme apprehensions were soon dispelled, but it was in vain that Miss Cateran attempted to restrain her from flying to his new apartments. There again she rushed past Thomson, and would have made her way over all obstacles to her husband's side, had not Dr. Lawrence met her, coming opportunely out of the bed-room, and using gentle violence, pressed her back, while by his gestures he imposed silence.

Yielding at once to the medical authority, Mrs. Rowley allowed herself to be led through the *salon* to the ante-chamber, where no conversation that took place could be overheard in her husband's room.

"Mrs. Rowley," said Lawrence, when they were alone, "you have always reposed confidence in me, and I expect you to repose it still. You must not see your husband as long as the present crisis lasts. In fact——"

"He has removed here to avoid me. Is it not so? I read the answer in your looks."

One or two more pointed questions, and one or two answers, more or less explicit, enabled a woman of Mrs. Rowley's apprehension to understand her situation perfectly. She had only to inquire what suggestions Lawrence had to make as to any possible means of allaying his patient's mental irritation, and gradually recalling him to reason.

"Would he allow Susan to come to him, do you think?"

Lawrence shook his head.

"Good God!" cried Mrs. Rowley, "what can his daughters have done to offend him?"

"Nothing, of course; yet when he first came here he gave positive

directions that Miss Fanny was not to follow him. At the same time," he added, "there ought to be a lady here to superintend his servants, manage everything, and see that my instructions are carried out, and if she were also a person whom he would not object to see and talk with, she might have opportunities of being useful in more ways than one, and to his family as well as to himself. What of the lady who came over to stay with your daughter?"

"She is just the sort of person you describe. My husband used to like her, which was the very reason I sent her over before me."

"He must know nothing of that; he must think she has dropped from the sky. Leave that to me. I will take an opportunity of mentioning her name, and if he expresses a wish to see her, she might then take up her quarters here, with or without his knowledge, according to circumstances. Or there is a *quatrième* to be let opposite to Mr. Woodville, if Miss Cateran should have any scruple about sharing Mr. Rowley's apartments."

At another time Mrs. Rowley would have smiled at the notion of Letitia scrupling to establish herself in such comfortable quarters.

"I fear you have travelled too soon; you are far from well yourself," continued Lawrence, observing how pale she looked and worn; for in an hour Mrs. Rowley seemed to have lost all the little she had gained on the journey.

"No, no," she replied, rising and summoning back, with a fine effort, all her spirit, and with it even a little of her complexion; "I am well enough—a crazy husband and a sick daughter are illness enough in the family—don't talk to me about myself—tell me what you think of my poor Fanny, before I see her."

"She is greatly shattered," said the doctor; "she has gone through a great deal too much for her; she will require the greatest care; and, fortunately, my dear Mrs. Rowley, you can devote yourself entirely to her, as here you can do absolutely nothing."

Dr. Lawrence walked back with Mrs. Rowley to the other house; and as they passed out of the gate he asked the *concierge* whether the *quatrième* was still *à louer*.

"Non, monsieur."

"Et le nouveau locataire?"

"Encore un Anglais, monsieur."

Mr. Woodville had been anxious about the letting of the chambers opposite his own; an agreeable neighbour is so pleasant, and there are so many little ways in which a disagreeable one may be troublesome. As he was going out the same evening to call on Mrs. Rowley, he saw the new-comer for the first time. They met on the stairs, Woodville going down, the other going up; and the stranger made so good an impression that the artist congratulated himself upon having at least a quiet, gentlemanlike man for his neighbour. There

was hardly light to make very particular observations, but he seemed to be a grave man, about fifty, of the middle size, head rather round, hair black, and turning grey, complexion pale, dress plain and quiet. He had some books in his hand, which made Woodville conclude that he was literary or studious. For a day or two he saw no more of Mr. Sandford, for that was his name; but one night, just as he was preparing for bed, somebody knocked at his door, and when he went to it he found a person at it, who apologised for intruding at so unseasonable an hour, and begged a lucifer-match to light his candle. Woodville asked him to come in, and when the candle was lighted recognised his neighbour, and made the usual civil speech, that no excuses were necessary, it was only a neighbourly office, which he often stood in need of himself. It was no time for further parley, even on a summer night, as Woodville was only half-dressed, so the stranger simply thanked him, and retired; but short a time as the incident took, it gave the artist a still better idea of Mr. Sandford, who was evidently a reading man, for again he had books under his arm, possibly just purchased, or brought from a circulating library.

Mr. Woodville was now so satisfied that he had got a quiet, reading man for a neighbour, that he not merely saluted him, but stopped to talk to him the next day, meeting him on the stairs, and hoped he found his apartments comfortable. The conversation was very short, but there was a serious and melancholy tone in the few words uttered by the stranger, which interested the artist so much that he left his card on him next day. The visit was formally returned in due course. Woodville soon found that Mr. Sandford was nearly as retired in his habits as himself, evidently a bookish man, if not professionally a man of letters. His studious habits accounted for a stoop, which took something from his natural height. Woodville understood stoops, and could distinguish the stoop literary from the stoop official, the stoop mercantile, or the stoop legal. He had no doubt about Mr. Sandford's stoop, and determined to know more of him.

Every Wednesday night for many years Mr. Woodville held a reunion of his artistic and literary friends. They assembled at eight o'clock, and seldom broke up before twelve. There was conversation, and coffee, and smoking, of course, except when there were ladies, which, however, did not often happen. Mrs. Rowley and her daughters had repeatedly favoured him with their company, and Woodville was proud to let his French friends see such good specimens of his countrywomen. It would have been vain now to have asked them to his Wednesdays. They were in too much trouble for that. But the next time he met Mr. Sandford he told him of his reunions, and hoped, whenever he was doing nothing better, he would drop in, though he had no entertainment to offer but talking and tobacco.

“ ‘ Chosen leaf of bard and chief,’ ” said Mr. Sandford, with grave facetiousness, graciously accepting the artist’s invitation. Nothing tells so well as a stroke of pleasantry made by a melancholy man. The solitary stranger is a wit, thought Woodville, as well as a scholar. In the course of the day he repeated, what he called Mr. Sandford’s *mot*, to every one he met; and he was impatient for Wednesday to come round to introduce his new star into the firmament.

Indeed, he had two stars to present, for he had made Arnaud’s acquaintance, and felt sure his appearance would make a sensation too; not only as a gigantic Englishman, but as a spiritual knight-errant, who might very well represent St. George himself.

If he had wanted a lady, and a very clever and attractive one, too, to represent the women of England, since the Rowleys were not to be had, there was a lady who wanted only to be asked. Miss Cateran had heard of Mr. Woodville’s *soirées*, and though she was now settled in Mr. Rowley’s apartment, she had not so much to do that she could not have run up to the top of the house for half an hour to see the French notabilities; and she would not have interrupted the smoking either, for Letitia could now and then smoke a cigarette herself. But though Woodville met her at Mrs. Rowley’s, and piqued her curiosity by mentioning all the great names he expected, above all, the interesting Mr. Sandford, he did not invite her on this occasion; she only hoped he would on another.

Woodville knew very well she was dying to be asked; he told Arnold so, and told him at the same time that he was determined not to ask her, she looked so sharp and had such critical eyes—the very same objections he had made so many years before to Mrs. Rowley. Certainly there was a good deal about Mr. Woodville’s establishment, and especially his studio, on which an ill-natured critic might have made satirical remarks; and before his friends assemble a short description will not be out of place. His apartment had several advantages due to its altitude: it was airy, sunny, and quiet in proportion to its height above the noise of the street. A little too near the pigeons it was certainly, and exposed to the serenadings of amorous grimalkins; but it commanded a charming view for a city, looking down over the spacious gardens of all the numerous hotels in that brilliant *faubourg*. There were four pieces, of which the *salon*, which was also his *studio*, was the largest.

Some readers would probably like an inventory of the upholstery, but the owner had no inventory of it himself; in fact, it was not worth cataloguing, while at the same time nothing could be less common-place. On the contrary, you wondered how so many queer old things were got together, of all sorts of woods and stuffs, fashions and epochs. But there was not a grain of dust on the oldest chair or sofa, thanks to Honorine; and

singular as the *ensemble* was, no room could possibly be more cheerful, particularly when it was lighted up well, and the light of every bougie was reflected by twenty odds and ends of looking-glass, beside two or three pendules and other articles of gilt antiquity. However, who thinks in a studio of anything but works of art? The walls of Woodville's were hung with innumerable fragments, showing both the talent he possessed and the qualities he wanted. Here was a clever landscape, only that some of the trees had not put forth a leaf, while others were in full foliage. Here was a fine head with only one eye, which being a good one, made you regret the more the want of its fellow. Again, there was an orange tree in full fruit, except a single orange which had never ripened, and was not even green. There was a great captain with one leg, and you might have supposed that he had lost the other very properly in battle, only that Woodville had not been so humane as to give him a wooden leg in exchange for it. Yet there was genius in all these *disjecta membra* of the pencil; and though he often got hard hits from some of his company, as his provoking peculiarities well deserved, he received from others, and often from his censors themselves, just compliments on the felicity of an idea or the brilliancy of some of his *morceaux*.

Among the unfinished things which had advanced little beyond the stage of conception were one or two great designs. There was a battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. One of the Centaurs in the foreground was a promising outline, but the head and one hoof only were finished; the horse looked as if it had been cut in twain, like Baron Munchausen's by the fall of the portcullis. The artist may very well have dreaded the admission of such a keen observer as Miss Cateran into an exhibition so open to criticism.

Woodville entertained Arnaud that day at dinner before his friends met. Honorine could send up a little banquet very comfortably. She was, as we have said, cook and housemaid, and butler, and everything, particularly excelling in a *sole au gratin* and an *omelette aux confitures*.

This preliminary dinner was just over about half an hour before the time of assembling came, and Woodville was just talking of Mr. Sandford, and saying that they would probably find out in the course of the evening what his special pursuits were, or business in Paris, if any he had, when the door opened, and that gentleman was announced. He had a paper roll in his hand, and after some apology and modest hesitation, said he hoped Mr. Woodville would permit him before his friends arrived to mention the outline of a design in which he had long been engaged, and which he was anxious to take every opportunity of submitting to the consideration of men of studious and artistic tastes. Woodville was delighted, and assured him that

nothing could possibly gratify himself or his friends more than to receive any communication of the kind. The discussion of a literary project was just the sort of thing to make his reunion pleasant.

He then presented Arnaud to Mr. Sandford as a chivalrous enthusiast burning to extend the conquests of Christian civilisation, and threw himself into an attitude of the most respectful attention.

"I am engaged then, gentlemen," said Sandford, "in trying to found a society, which provisionally allow me to call the Swiss Hamlet Voluntary Association, to consist in the first instance of perhaps about a score of members, artists, poets, men of letters, and elegant and refined pursuits in general, such as your own and those of the distinguished gentlemen whom I am to have the honour of meeting presently."

"A club in fact," said Woodville.

"A club you may call it, but of a novel and to some extent romantic and sentimental character. It is, in fact, an expansive realisation of an idea of which the germ is to be found in Shakspeare, the sort of retired and rural community feigned to exist in the forest of Ardennes with the melancholy Jacques, or that in the park of Navarre round the gay and elegant Biron, neither altogether, but something of both."

"It sounds charming," said Woodville; "excuse me, Mr. Sandford, but as you allude to Jacques, I cannot help remarking that there is something in you that irresistibly reminds me of that exquisite character, excuse me for taking the liberty of saying so."

"You only pay me too high a compliment," replied Sandford, with the gravest of smiles; "you will think it curious when I tell you that my friends often call me *Penseroso*. But permit me to resume. I trust my idea is practical, Mr. Woodville, as well as charming. I am essentially a man of practice, who is not in the habit of broaching plans which he has not maturely considered—

'Tis not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruit of long delay.'

"What a beautiful and apt quotation!" said Woodville.

"Thus I argue the matter," pursued Sandford. "What men like ourselves do so often in parties of two or three, what is there to prevent us from doing in greater numbers? If there is nothing easier and nothing more common than for a few sympathising friends to retire for a portion of the year into some enchanting and well-chosen seclusion, and there live as they fancy, or by whatever rules they choose to establish, why may not fifty or a hundred men of harmonious habits and tastes agree to do the same thing? Reflect for a moment, and you will see that even in these prosaic days there is nothing chimerical in what I propose."

"Really, as you put it," said Woodville, greatly interested, "I cannot see that there is. Quite the contrary."

"I see your friend smiles," said Sandford; "but I ask him confidently to point out anything impracticable in it."

"He is engaged himself," said Woodville, "in enterprises ten times as wild."

"My enterprise will not clash with Mr. Sandford's," said Arnaud; "I beg he will proceed with his statement."

"I am quite prepared for the charge of being Utopian," resumed the stranger; "but there is a great deal in Utopia which (excuse the paradox) is not Utopian. An illustration just occurs to me. Observe that grand Centaur of Mr. Woodville's—for a grand work I must call it, unfinished as it is. The Centaur himself is a monster, but not so the head, with its glorious eye—not so the limbs of the horse, or that hoof, which I am afraid of a kick from even at this distance. There is more truth and reality, after all, in the Centaur than mere imagination. So with the conception from which I borrow the scheme of my society. I eliminate the pure romance, and out of the remaining realities I construct a plan to which I have obtained so many adherents that we are already discussing where and when to make our first experiment."

"I can imagine nothing more captivating," cried Woodville, who had been growing more and more excited as Sandford proceeded, as well as very naturally gratified by the way in which he illustrated his ideas; "I think you give yourself needless trouble in defending your project from the imputation of being visionary. Why should not a hundred men have a village as well as one man a villa for the season? Put my name down at all events, my dear sir; and I think there are many of my friends who will be happy to join."

"I shall be proud to explain myself more in detail when they arrive," said Mr. Sandford.

"May I make bold to ask, sir," said Woodville timidly, "what first led you to form a plan of such a seductive nature—such a happy blending of the pleasures of society with the pensiveness of the hermitage?"

Mr. Sandford sighed, faltered, and gravely answered:—

"The old story, Mr. Woodville: disgust with the world; disgust with the commonplaces of life; misfortune to some extent, but taste more; taste for books, for the country, for social enjoyment relieved from fashionable formalities; in short, gentlemen, for nature, art, literature, virtue, and liberty."

The *literati* now began to drop in, and from the important air with which Woodville presented them successively to his speculative and sentimental countryman, they could not but feel that no slight honour was conferred upon them by the introduction.

It was one of Woodville's most brilliant evenings. There were assembled, amongst others, Florimel and Rosenfleur, painters, whose *paysages* were considered delicious. There was César Legrand, famous for his battle-pieces; and Le Gros-Sauvageon, who excelled in scenes of terror and desolation. His great work was the "Last Day at the North Pole." There was also De la Rue, painter of city life. There was an "Organ-Grinder" of his who made those who saw the picture stop their ears with their fingers. Among the bards was Chevelu, a dithyrambic poet, with a beard like a comet's tail—if there are comets with black tails in any part of the firmament. He looked as if he was always expecting the moment of inspiration, and ready to burst into song. There was Sourniois, a theatrical critic; and La Squelette, whose *mélodrames* were making all Paris shudder. The rest were a miscellaneous group, including an abbé, some journalists, two novelists—one English, one French—an antiquarian, and a professor of entomology.

Woodville was far too ardent and bitten by Mr. Sandford's enterprise to allow any other topic to take precedence, though Chevelu was burning to recite his last ode, and the entomologist had a new theory to explain the *modus operandi* in biting of a flea and its congeners. So the cigars and pipes were no sooner lighted than the Joint-Stock-Swiss-Hamlet-Association was again on the *tapis*, Woodville first giving a short *résumé* of the proposal.

Most of Woodville's friends understood English pretty well, though they did not all speak it; and accordingly the conversation of the evening was mostly in that language, chiefly in consideration of Mr. Sandford and Arnaud. The former, as was natural for so shy a man, had fallen into the background while the company thickened; but being pressed forward by his host, he resumed the explanations of his plan with all the enthusiasm of a projector.

"I have recommended my plan," he said, "to my English friends on the authority of our illustrious Shakspeare; and now I have the honour of presenting it to Frenchmen with the sanction of one of the most renowned names in their literature—I need hardly say that I mean the famous curate of Meudon."

"How universally read he is!" said Woodville aside to the English novelist.

"Oh yes," said one of the Frenchmen, addressing the projector; "I easily recognise the Gargantuan Abbey in your free and joyous community."

"The principle of that institution," said Sandford, "is precisely the principle of mine. The inhabitants of my Swiss village will lead exactly the same tranquil life, removed from the distractions, vulgarities, and rogueries of the world, every one following the bent of his humour. The poets will lie in the shade and rhyme, the geo-

logist will collect specimens, and the entomologist will enlarge his acquaintance with the insect world."

"A Swiss ch  let," said M. Sournois, "is just the place for that."

"Tant mieux!" cried the entomologist; "   propos des puces, messieurs——"

"Qu'il est ennuyant avec ses puces!" muttered M. Chevelu, burning with impatience to recite his stanzas.

It only required the slightest interruption of Mr. Sandford's tedious explanations of his scheme to cut them short altogether. Only one or two, beside Woodville himself, wanted to hear any more of his maunderings.

"A man of one idea," said Dr. Lawrence.

"But what a good one!" said Woodville, displeased with his company for not hearing Mr. Sandford further, which they were determined not to do.

M. Chevelu settled the matter by reciting his ode, which he had no sooner finished, when M. Papillon, the entomologist, seized his opportunity, and cried—

"Maintenant, M. Woodville, attrapez-moi une puce—je vais expliquer——"

"Demandez cela    Honorine," said Woodville, testily; "vous attraperez bien autre chose."

M. Papillon was forced to give up all hopes of occupying attention. The remainder of the soir  e passed in the usual way, the company chatting in little knots, and Woodville and Sandford still discussing in a corner the scheme which everybody else was tired of. At the usual hour the party began to break up, and nobody remained but Arnaud, Sandford, and the Doctor. Woodville then asked Lawrence about his patient on the *premier*.

"No change," he replied, "except for the worse. He has been inquiring for a book on the English law of conspiracy."

"That will not be easily got in Paris," said the artist.

"Impossible," said Lawrence; "but to-morrow he will probably have forgotten all about it. In fact, if he continues a week longer in this state, he must be removed to a *maison de sant  *."

Mr. Sandford, who seemed not to have been paying any particular attention to this conversation, now rose and retired, bowing in respectful silence to the Doctor and Arnaud.

"An interesting man, is he not?" said Woodville instantly.

"He has a trick of winking which I don't admire," said Arnaud.

"Trick of winking!" said the artist, laughing; "he is suffering with an affection of the upper eyelid, a paralysis of the *levator* muscle, which causes the fall of the lid—we call it *ptosis*, eh, Lawrence?"

"I should rather say it was spasmodic action of the *orbicularis*

palpebrarum, which receives a branch of the seventh or facial nerve," said the Doctor.

Arnaud was too modest to have an opinion of his own after so learned a discussion.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW MISS CATERAN CARRIED HER POINT, AND HOW MR. ROWLEY CHANGED HIS WILL.

By the Doctor's management, Miss Cateran was now installed in Mr. Rowley's apartments, as had been arranged between Lawrence and Mrs. Rowley. Letitia was now in possession of the keys of office, and probably no minister of state had ever a keener appreciation of the profits of place. She had an early taste of its sweets, for in the first of the very few interviews she had with the unfortunate gentleman, he put a bank-note for a thousand francs into her hand, telling her in his feeble treble, that it was a week's expenses, and she would receive the same sum every Monday, whether he was able to see her or not.

"I'll keep a strict account, sir," said Letitia, in genuine agitation, between the impression he made on her with his ghastly physiognomy, and the flattering glimpse she had of inevitable little pickings at the end of the week.

"But I want no account—I will have no account," he replied, with sudden excitement; "I have had too much of accountants."

"Very well, sir," said the poor lady, frightened by his manner, though the prohibition simplified her duties of housekeeping so much and so agreeably.

She sat for awhile, longing to escape, but afraid to stir without his leave, his strange eyes were fixed on her so wildly. At length he suddenly extended his wasted hand to her across the table, to meet hers, which was resting on it; he grasped it hysterically, and said, "Letitia, be faithful to a deserted man!"

The appeal was so unexpected, and so pathetic, that it overpowered her in the nervous state she was already in, and she burst into tears.

"Don't cry, but write a letter for me," he murmured, letting go her hand, "to my brother. I want him near me. Do you think they will allow him to come?"

"Who would prevent him, sir?" said Miss Cateran, recovering herself.

"Everybody; but if he only gets my letter he will come: I say if

he gets my letter. Nobody but you and I must know that I have written."

"I can post the letter myself, sir," said Letitia.

"That's it, that's it," he cried; "write what I bid you."

The writing materials were on the table. The letter he dictated was very short, but the language was so vehemently touching that Letitia was nearly in tears again. It was a great relief to her, after the letter was written and sealed and directed, to be sent off immediately to post it. Before she went, however, he clutched her, hand again, and said she must sometimes come in and sing some of her pretty French romances, which she used to sing for him long ago. But he never thought of it again.

After Miss Cateran had seen Mr. Rowley two or three times, Lawrence saw her, and asked what she thought of his faculties.

"Perfect," said Letitia; "makes his arrangements quite rationally."

"I am not surprised," said the doctor; "the patient in these cases will often be perfectly rational with one person, and quite wild with another."

"Why, dear me," said Miss Cateran, "do you really suspect he is out of his mind?"

Lawrence was in a hurry, and replied that he would rather not speak on that subject at present.

Miss Cateran was placed in a dilemma on this and other similar occasions, between her wish to act right towards Mrs. Rowley, whose distress she really felt, and the feeling that it would be almost dishonourable to betray the confidence which Mr. Rowley had placed in her so pathetically; but at the same time it is not altogether beyond the bounds of possibility that the advantages of her position may have helped to confirm her in the resolution she came to, that if Mr. Rowley was to be confined or treated as a lunatic, it should not be upon her evidence, or by her assistance.

Still, snugly lodged, and well off as she was, she had a solitary life of it, and had many a dull hour on her hands, though up to her knees in clover. She was glad of the company of an Angora kitten, which the last lodgers had left behind them, and very angry with Mr. Woodville, for not so much as paying her a visit, which he might have done, without inviting her to his parties.

But she was nearer her object than she imagined, since she was bent upon getting into the *quatrième*. As soon as she had dined one day (she had her dinners daily from the most eminent restaurant in the faubourg), she trotted off to the Rowleys, and there she found Mr. Woodville in a warm argument with Arnaud about Mr. Sandford's sapient enterprise. Fanny was improving, and they were in better spirits about her that evening.

"We shall now hear Miss Cateran's views," said Susan.

"Of what, dear?" said Letitia.

"Tell her all about it, Mr. Arnaud," said Susan.

Arnaud complied, laughing while he gave the account, and ended by saying,—“Only think of Mr. Woodville taking up gravely such a visionary scheme.”

"But, pray, what is there visionary in it?" said Letitia, with inimitable promptitude. "I think the idea charming, and the mind of the man who conceived it must be of a very high order."

"So it is," said Woodville triumphantly. "His very stoop shows it; he is an Atlas, who carries a world of thought on his shoulders."

"Men of that kind have often very extravagant notions," said Arnaud.

"But that's begging the question," said Letitia.

"Precisely so," said Woodville.

When Woodville rose shortly after, Miss Cateran rose too. The result was inevitable, as both were going not only the same way, but to the same house. They parted at the door of Mr. Rowley's apartment, Mr. Woodville hoping Miss Cateran would favour him with her company on the following Wednesday, when he expected one or two other ladies.

If Letitia was panting to get her nose into the *quatrième*, there was another person in the house who was just as anxious to get his into the *premier*. Indeed, how could Mr. Sandford meet Miss Cateran so often on the staircase going in and going out, without coveting the acquaintance of so pleasing a lady? The more saturnine his humour was, the more likely a girl who was up to fun, and as mercurial as quicksilver, was to tickle his fancy. And Mr. Sandford, like Letitia herself, had not to wait until the return of Wednesday for the gratification of his wishes.

The artist visited Miss Cateran the next day, and she told him she was curious to see his original and interesting neighbour. A thought immediately occurred to Woodville—another little dinner, to which he would invite Mr. Sandford. It was fixed for the next day, and went off very agreeably. Letitia could shine at a small party as well as a large one, and Mr. Sandford, though always sombre, and too much engrossed with his one idea, was extremely amusing.

Sometimes, indeed, he seemed for a moment to forget his melancholy, and broke out into flashes of merriment more in keeping with the character of Biron than of Jacques—like many a man bowed down under misfortunes, thought Woodville, he has once been gay and convivial, and the mirth of his happy days will still break out occasionally under the influence of bright eyes or a bottle. Sandford liked his wine, and drank his Cliquot and his Volnay as freely as an abbot. The guests were thoroughly pleased with one

another; and when dinner was over, the rest of the evening was spent in sipping their coffee, chatting of the fine arts, and admiring the works of Mr. Woodville's pencil. Among other things he showed his guests the old sketch-book which contained his reminiscences of Orta.

"Oh! surely that's Mrs. Rowley!" exclaimed Miss Cateran, when she came to the page where he had sketched Miss Evelyn, and developed her into a full-blown woman.

"And who is the gentleman beside her?—Do you recognise him, too?" inquired the artist. The two drawings were on the same page.

Letitia looked at it with attention. "Yes, really, I think I do—Mr. Alexander, is it not?"

"It was intended for him," replied Woodville; and then he related all the little circumstances, with which the reader is acquainted, of his tour with Alexander, and their meeting with the Evelyns.

"I suppose you don't know either the lady or the gentleman?" he said, turning to Mr. Sandford, who had just had a severe spasm of the *orbicularis palpebrarum*.

"Not at all," he answered gravely; "but, without knowing the parties, one can see what a charming picture it is."

Miss Cateran looked long and earnestly at it, thinking all the time what Mrs. Upjohn would give to know as much as she had learned in the last few minutes.

It was now growing late, and Letitia rose to put on her shawl, and Woodville went to look for Honorine to get it for her. When she returned shawled, Mr. Sandford, whose taste for drawing delighted and flattered his host, was still bent over the sketch-book, as if he found it hard to tear himself from its fascinating leaves. But he made the effort, and after bidding the artist good night, saw Miss Cateran to the door of her apartment. He promised, as they went down-stairs, to lend her a capital novel he had just read, and she in return hoped he would bring it to her himself. He called on her the next day with two books in his hand, one of which was the novel, and they had a long chat together about the dinner, and Mr. Woodville's pictures, and the lions of Paris, hardly any of which poor Miss Cateran had yet seen, she was so much confined.

"Don't you pity me, Mr. Sandford?"

"I hope your patient will soon be better," he said, "and then you will be free to take a little enjoyment."

"He does not get better," said Letitia, "his spirits are so terribly low."

"I was sorry to hear from Mr. Woodville that his doctors are uneasy about the state of his mind."

"Did Mr. Woodville tell you that?" said Miss Cateran. "He

ought to be more careful of what he says, and so ought the doctors too. Besides, I don't agree with them at all."

"These doctors often confound mental anxiety with insanity," said Sandford. "A man in weak health is often uneasy about the disposal of his property. He falls into low spirits, and they pronounce him insane."

"That's not Mr. Rowley's case," said Miss Cateran. "I have always heard that his will has been made years ago."

"I hope he has not forgotten you, Miss Cateran, in the will he has made," said Mr. Sandford pleasantly.

"Indeed I am quite sure he has," said Letitia with a sigh.

"A good reason why he should make another," said Sandford with another pleasant smile as he took his hat and made his bow, leaving a sweet odour behind him with his last words, as if Belinda's box of perfumes had been broken on the carpet, and all Sabæa was scattered about.

He was scarcely gone before the bell rang, and Mr. Sandford entered again. He had forgotten the other book which he had with him, but it was intended for poor Mr. Rowley, not for her; it was a book which he heard Doctor Lawrence say that Mr. Rowley wanted, but which was not to be had in Paris.

"'Law of Conspiracy!'" said Miss Cateran. "Of all subjects in the world!—what can he want with law-books?"

"Impossible to say," said Mr. Sandford, "but it will occupy his mind more than many a less dry subject. I happened to find it among my odds and ends of books, so I brought it to you to give it him if you think proper."

"Of course I'll give it to him," said Letitia; "he will be very much obliged to you, I'm sure."

She sent the book in to Mr. Rowley by Thomson immediately after the recluse went, desiring him to say, should his master ask him from whom it came, that it came from Mr. Sandford, a gentleman who lived in the house, and who knew Doctor Lawrence. Thomson told her when he returned that Mr. Rowley had asked the question, and had repeated over and over again that it was very kind of the gentleman. Twice again that evening Mr. Rowley repeated the same words. The last thing he said when Thomson had undressed him and settled him for the night was, "It was very kind of Mr. Sandford."

Doctor Lawrence visiting his patient, as was his habit, the next morning before he rose, was surprised to see the book on the table, but made no remark to Mr. Rowley. He went to Miss Cateran, however, immediately, and inquired about it.

"He ought not to have had it without my permission," said the doctor, rather sharply.

"Dear me," said Letitia, colouring up, "who could have dreamed of a stupid law-book doing anybody any harm?"

She was so nettled by the doctor's rebuke that she ran up to Woodville to tell him how she was used.

"Don't you think I was right?" said Letitia.

"Of course you were," said Woodville, "and how good and thoughtful it was of Mr. Sandford! Lawrence is a booby. Why, the way to make a man mad is to treat him like a madman."

"Just what I always say," said Miss Cateran,—“oh, dear, but that centaur is wonderful!”

"Oh!" sighed the artist, "if it were but finished!"

"I hope and trust it never will," cried Letitia, with enthusiasm, "finishing would ruin it. Pray forgive me for intruding on you at this sacred hour, but I was so vexed."

And down she tripped again, leaving a sweet incense in her train also as she went.

"How mistaken I was," thought Woodville, "in my first impressions of that girl! I am not so easily deceived in men."

When Letitia went down she found that Mr. Rowley had been wanting her. Going into his room, he told her he wished to see the gentleman who had sent him the book, and made her sit down and write Mr. Sandford a note instantly, with twenty injunctions of secrecy. In ten minutes she had an answer, regretting that he was so occupied that day that he could not possibly come at once, but towards evening he would have the honour of waiting on Mr. Rowley. At a later hour another note came from Mr. Sandford, to invite Miss Cateran to a little *déjeuner* at eleven the next morning, at the Palais Royal, to meet Mr. Woodville and Dr. Lawrence; after which a third note from the lady went up-stairs to ask Mr. Woodville to take her with him to the breakfast, which the artist came down himself to say he would be happy to do.

"I am surprised," quoth Miss Cateran, "to find that the doctor is to be of the party."

"So am I," said Woodville, "he seems so suspicious of poor Mr. Sandford all of a sudden."

"Some people would do anything," said Letitia, "for a breakfast or a dinner."

Miss Cateran was greatly interested in Mr. Sandford's visit to Mr. Rowley, and hoped nothing would interfere to prevent him from coming. Nothing did interfere. She introduced him herself into the sick man's chamber.

The arrangements of the room were pretty much as we have before described them. Mr. Rowley reclined on a sofa, the same ghastly figure, as far as the imperfect light allowed him to be seen. The treatise on conspiracy lay on the table, with slips of paper in it

here and there, marking passages which he probably fancied applied to his own case. It was with difficulty, so feeble was his voice, that Mr. Sandford heard himself thanked for his kind offices.

"It was exceedingly good of you," said Mr. Rowley, tapping the book with quivering hand, "exceedingly good."

Mr. Sandford said such a trifle was not worth mentioning, and drew his chair close to the sofa.

"Yes, but nobody but you would have done it," said Mr. Rowley. "A man in my situation knows the value of such kindnesses."

"I wish, sir," said Mr. Sandford, in a low but distinct and earnest tone, "I knew the way to be of some real service to you. I trust the book has answered your purposes."

"Perfectly, perfectly; it must have given you a great deal of trouble to get it. The doctor said it was not to be had, but he had his orders."

"It was no trouble at all," said Mr. Sandford. "I chanced to have it."

"To have it!—very curious! Are you a lawyer, sir?" said Mr. Rowley, with some eagerness, as if he would have liked a friend the better for being of that profession.

"No," said Sandford, with a deep sigh, and with touching emphasis on his words; "but when a man is a victim of conspiracy himself——"

Mr. Rowley did not wait for the completion of the sentence. He raised himself on his elbow, fixed his gleaming eyes upon his visitor, and repeated, as if he was not sure he had heard him right—

"Conspiracy! Did you say conspiracy?"

"Of the worst kind, Mr. Rowley—domestic conspiracy; but let me say no more on the subject; it would only excite you, and Doctor Lawrence would be displeased. I am only to amuse you, sir, while I stay."

"That scoundrel Lawrence!" cried Mr. Rowley—"that scoundrel Lawrence! He told you only to amuse me, did he? But you are amusing me. I was never so amused before. You said domestic conspiracy, I think. Tell me all about it; it is my own case?"

"Ah! sir," said Mr. Sandford; "God forbid your case was as bad as mine—God forbid you were a man whose happiness has been blasted—whose peace has been destroyed by an unnatural conspiracy of those who were bound to him by all the ties of duty."

"But I am just such a man, sir!" cried Mr. Rowley. "Your case is exactly my own."

"Let me still hope not quite so bad," persisted Mr. Sandford gently.

"I tell you, sir, it is!" cried Mr. Rowley, his voice rising, and making an effort to raise himself on the sofa.

"But you are not married!" said Mr. Sandford, with a thrilling stress on the last word.

"Not married! But I am; so you have no advantage over me," gibbered the wretched man, with a faint, hysterical laugh.

"But your wife is not unfaithful, as mine was—do not tell me that."

"Good God, sir, our cases agree in every particular!" cried Mr. Rowley, standing bolt upright with the strength of his emotion.

"Had you proof of her guilt?"

"Enough to justify me in the sight of God and man in punishing her."

"And how did you do that?"

"Very simply, my dear sir. I made my will."

Mr. Rowley was silent, but he looked into Mr. Sandford's face intently.

"I rather should have said revoked a will I had made, and made a new one," added Mr. Sandford.

"Revoked!" repeated Mr. Rowley, lowering his voice, and approaching his lips to his visitor's ear. "That's the word. I have a will to revoke too; but I am so watched here, and so beset with enemies on all sides, that I may die before I do it."

"You must not do that, whatever you do," said Mr. Sandford. "Had I been so foolish as to die, I should not have defeated the conspiracy, and punished my wife."

"No, of course," said Mr. Rowley.

"And if I had put it off too long," continued his companion, "I might never have done it either."

"I am helpless, utterly helpless," cried Mr. Rowley, "or I would do it to-day—I would do it this moment."

"Have you considered the new provisions?" inquired Sandford.

"I have them on paper," said Mr. Rowley. "I noted them down one day when they thought I was asleep, and left me to myself for half-an-hour. I am watched as if I was a lunatic."

And from out of a slit in the lining of one of the sleeves of his dressing-gown, where it was cunningly hid, he pulled the paper he had drawn up.

"I heartily wish, sir, I could be of use to you," said Sandford, taking the paper over to a window to look over it.

"But why can't you? There is nobody else but you. I have no other friend in the wide world, except that good girl there, who knows nothing about such matters."

When he returned to his seat, he laid the paper down on the table, and quietly observed that Mr. Rowley had let his wife off much easier than he had done his own.

"But I have no proofs, as you had. I want proofs—proofs—only let me have proofs!"

Mr. Sandford suddenly started, as if a new idea crossed his mind for the first time.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "Can you be the Mr. Rowley who married a Miss Evelyn?"

"I am the very man."

"Then your wife's paramour is Mr. Alexander, the attorney."

"Why, all the world knows it," said Mr. Rowley.

"And you want proofs," said Mr. Sandford, putting his hand in his pocket and producing a paper carefully folded.

"Proofs, proofs!" said Mr. Rowley.

"Do you know Mr. Alexander by sight?" continued the other, producing from the side-pocket of his coat a water-colour sketch.

"No, not at all."

"No matter for that, I know him well," said Mr. Sandford. "Look at this pretty little picture. You will know the lady, and I will swear to the gentleman. Is that your wedded wife or not, Mr. Rowley, eh? Look well at her; be sure of it; don't condemn her rashly. See how they are billing and cooing under the greenwood tree—innocent doves, Mr. Rowley—without thinking of you, Mr. Rowley. Well, if the lady is your wife, as sure as God's in Gloucester or the devil's in hell, the other is Mr. Frederick Alexander, gentleman-attorney."

The unfortunate man grasped the picture maniacally, and grinned over it.

"I dare say you guess the painter. You see his initials in the corner, 'W. W.' He is fond of painting your wife. He painted a large picture of her, eh?"

"And for him—for the same fe-fe-fellow; I know all about it from my sister-in-law."

"And you wanted proofs! Do you want proofs now?" resumed Sandford. "Will you leave her half your estate now, eh, Mr. Rowley?"

"Not an a-a-acre—not an a-a-acre! All my land to my brother. Nothing to her—neither land nor money."

"Now, steady yourself, my dear sir; compose your nerves; collect yourself, and listen to me," said Mr. Sandford, with one of those intense and powerful looks which exert absolute sway over the insane. "I can serve you only on condition of your following my advice implicitly."

"I will," murmured the maniac.

"You must make such a testament as will not only take just vengeance on that false woman, but will also stand against all the efforts which she and her lover will be sure to make to set it aside. For this purpose you must have the appearance of being dispassionate and just. Make a new will, revoking the former, which ought to be destroyed. Where is it?"

"My brother has it."

"It ought to be destroyed, wherever it is. We must look to that afterwards. Now, attend to me. Give your land to your brother, and leave your wife——"

"Nothing, nothing!"

"But you must, to make your will plausible—to make it stand. Leave her five thousand pounds in money, and don't diminish your daughters' fortunes."

"Not my daughter Fanny's, but the other. She joined her mother against me."

"No, it can't be. Leave what you take from your wife to your sister-in-law, or divide it between her and her daughter—except a thousand to Miss Cateran."

"Only a thousand," said Mr. Rowley submissively.

"Oh, a thousand pounds will be enough to make her stand up for your will like a lioness."

Mr. Sandford disposed of everything like a dictator. He had only to fix the victim with his relentless, determined eye, and he might have appropriated the whole property to himself.

The wretched man would have had the business concluded at once, but Mr. Sandford said his visit had been too long protracted already, and suspicion must not be awakened.

"To-morrow, at eleven o'clock," he said, "I will be here again with the will drawn, ready for you to execute. Be ready to receive me, and keep up your strength, sir, for the great act of justice you have to perform. Take food and wine; be strong in body as you are in mind. To-morrow, at eleven!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. SANDFORD GIVES A BREAKFAST, AND MR. ROWLEY GIVES UP THE GHOST.

WHEN a man invites a party of friends to a breakfast or a dinner, he enters into an engagement which, though not legally binding, or such a contract as may be enforced by an action, puts him under a moral obligation, or at least a social one. Mr. Sandford at least considered it in that light, for punctually at eleven o'clock the next day he was at the *Café des Trois Frères* to receive his guests,—if he had any business at the same hour elsewhere, leaving it apparently to mind itself. And he entertained his friends handsomely, like a man who, in his retirement, had not forgotten how things ought to be done on occasions for hospitality. As usual he was gravely

pleasant, talked less than he did at Woodville's table, and perhaps not with as much *abandon*, but performed the part of host exceedingly well. In the conversation that took place there was nothing worth recording, except that Mr. Sandford took the opportunity of asking the doctor, as he was filling his glass, whether he approved of his visits to Mr. Rowley.

"Oh, why not?" said Lawrence, tossing off the glass; "see him as often as you like. Convert him to your scheme, nothing would do him more good."

Lawrence had already taken several glasses of Cliquot, and was as complaisant and pleasant as possible.

"You will be a convert yourself one of these days," said Mr. Sandford. "I am going over to England for a few days, and you will see what a list of adherents I shall bring back with me."

"When do you go, sir?" said Woodville.

"Probably to-night," replied Sandford.

"I must give you a letter of introduction to my friend Alexander," said Woodville; "though I don't reckon on his joining our scheme."

"I shall be happy to explain it to him, and, at all events, make his acquaintance," said Mr. Sandford.

The breakfast was so pleasant that it was near two o'clock before the party separated. Doctor Lawrence went on his daily rounds; Mr. Woodville took Miss Cateran to the Louvre; Mr. Sandford remained to pass the *quart d'heure* of the wit of Meudon.

It was near four o'clock before Woodville and the fair Letitia returned to their respective abodes. Miss Cateran was admitted by Thomson, and at once read in his face that something extraordinary had happened in her absence.

"What is it, Thomson?"

"My master has made his will, miss."

Letitia could scarcely speak with surprise.

"His will!" she repeated; "but he couldn't have made it without assistance. Who has been with him?"

"Only the gentleman, miss, who was with him yesterday. He came to see my master again this morning, soon after you went out."

"Nonsense—impossible—ridiculous! you must be quite mistaken. I breakfasted with Mr. Sandford at the Palais Royal."

"If it was not the gentleman up-stairs, ma'am, it was his double. At all events, he assisted my master to make his will, and the nurse and I witnessed it."

"Does Mrs. Rowley know of it?"

Without waiting for the man's answer, Letitia flew like lightning up to Woodville (whom she found writing the letter of introduction he had promised Mr. Sandford), and told him what had occurred.

He turned white as a sheet, and the first thing he thought of was Mrs. Rowley.

"Thomson ought to have let her know what was going on," said Miss Cateran.

"What could she have done?" said Woodville, "unless she had used actual violence? I see clearly how it all happened; he sent for some attorney or notary whom he knew, and whom Thomson stupidly took for Sandford. No doubt he has had this in his head for some time, and watched his opportunity of doing it when he knew you were out of the way."

"But he knew nothing of my going out this morning, or of my engagement to breakfast."

"It looks very strange," said Woodville; "we must only hope it is no worse. Let us go down together."

They went down. Mr. Rowley had just inquired for Miss Cateran. She went into him immediately, and found him lying exhausted on the sofa, his voice so feeble that she could scarcely hear him. He put a sealed paper into her hands, desired her to take charge of it, and murmured something to the effect that she had not been forgotten. This was all. When she crept out of the room, the tears starting from her eyes, he seemed wholly unconscious of her going.

Meanwhile Thomson had been giving Woodville a detailed account of what had passed. Thomson now began to think that he must have been deceived in taking the stranger for Mr. Sandford, who could not of course have been giving a breakfast in one place and transacting business in another. As to the nurse, she had never seen Mr. Sandford. The notary, as they all now concluded him to have been, after being for some short time in the sick man's chamber, came out and called in the two servants, whom he placed near the door; he took his seat close to Mr. Rowley, and having stated the nature of a paper in his hands, proceeded to read it. The domestics heard little more than the first few formal words distinctly, for the stranger then lowered his voice, they believed at Mr. Rowley's request, but they were not very certain about that; then they were called over to the table; both heard Mr. Rowley declare the paper to be his last will, and both signed it as they were directed by the stranger. On being questioned a little, Thomson thought he heard the words five thousand in connection with Mrs. Rowley's name, and supposed it to mean five thousand a year. The nurse had not heard Mrs. Rowley's name mentioned at all. Between them, there was extremely little to be gathered of the provisions of the will.

Miss Cateran was so thoroughly frightened, not knowing what amount of evil to her patroness might lurk in the sealed paper, and conscious of the construction that might naturally be put on whatever benefit might accrue from it to herself, that Woodville could

not but offer to take upon him the office of informing Mrs. Rowley of what had taken place. He went to her at once. She was not at home, having gone out with Mr. Arnaud nobody knew where. Woodville returned, and concluded the letter for Mr. Sandford in which he had been interrupted; then crossing the lobby, he rang that gentleman's bell, hoping to see him for a moment before he started, and give him the letter. There was no reply to the bell. Woodville went down to give his letter to the *concierge*, when, passing Mr. Rowley's door, it was opened violently, and Thomson rushed out, running for Doctor Lawrence. Mr. Rowley had just had a sudden collapse, and was on the point of death. No doubt all he had gone through between making the will and the previous interview with Mr. Sandford overstrained his feeble powers, and he sank under it. The doctor came in half an hour to find his pulse almost at the last throb, and in less than the same time, when his wife and his daughter Susan hurried to his side, all was over. Her husband's death, and the cruel wrong he did her in the last hours of his wretched existence, were concurrent events to Mrs. Rowley.

Arnaud's return to England had been already fixed for reasons which will hereafter appear, and it was an opportune arrangement; for, as he was able to describe Mr. Sandford's person, he was the fittest messenger to inform Mrs. Rowley's friends and men of business of what had taken place. He left Paris for London the next morning.

In the evening of the same disastrous day, in a private room of a noted restaurant on the Boulevard du Temple, where the *cuisine* and the wines enjoyed a better reputation than the *habitués* of the house, two gentlemen, as like as the Dromios, were at a late *tête-à-tête* dinner, and their merriment was loud enough for a much larger party. Their conversation was an alternate fire of jests, or rather jocular allusions, followed by peals of uproarious laughter. Already two flasks of Epernay stood empty on a side table; a third had just exploded, and Madeira and Burgundy and other wines were flowing also. Their conversation will be quite enough to tell the reader who they were, if he has not already divined it.

"Well done, Nick!"

"Bravo, Archie!"

"What is it worth, Nick?"

"A thousand wouldn't be a bob too much."

"Will it stand, Nick?"

"If it doesn't, it will take ten years to shake it."

"You killed him, Nick."

"Fred may marry the widow now as soon as he likes. I'll give you a toast—Success to the Swiss Village Joint Stock Company! Archie, you must take a share."

Achie roared.

"There was only one thing wrong," said Nick; "you ought to have given the breakfast."

Archie guffawed twice as loud as before.

"Not one of them would have found it out. Do you know what the painter is doing this blessed moment? Writing a letter of introduction for me to Alexander! He's a trump, that painter! I could have sold him a million of green spectacles. I'd give a hundred pounds you could see his pictures. There's one of an undivided moiety of a horse that would make you split your sides."

"That girl must be a trump, too."

"She's sharp enough, but she wasn't sharp enough for Nick Moffat."

"You might have left me something when you were about it, Nick."

"So I should, by all that's beautiful! only I knew it wouldn't be quite convenient to you to apply to the executors for the money."

"Well, by heaven, Nick! we'll have it out of the she-devil at the Marble Arch."

"You didn't see her before you came over?"

"No," said Archie, with hesitation.

"I suspect you did," said his brother, "and got something out of her, too. But no matter; only you know I don't like anything surreptitious."

"What business could I have had with her?" said Archie.

"Well, never mind," said the other. "The business is not quite safe yet. To complete the job, the old will ought to be burnt. That's a bit of knowledge we have got still to sell, and she shan't have it for nothing. We'll bleed her like an Italian doctor, and if the blood won't come freely, we must only bleed her husband."

"There will be the deuce of a hubbub."

"Yes; but not until the news reaches London. Then there will be a row for awhile, and we must keep as quiet as mice. The best thing to be done is for you to dodge about for the present on this side of the water. I'll slip back to England, drive the screw, and correspond with that darling painter about the choice of a site for our village. By all the primrose of Primrose Hill, though I love the shiners as well as you or anybody, I could never go through the drudgery of a business like this, only I have the knack of making a farce of it more than most men. Laugh I must, Archie, if it was a crime to be hanged for; and laughing makes me not quite a bad fellow. By Jove! I'm fond of that artist; and I have a sneaking regard for that girl, too."

CHAPTER XXX.

IN WHICH MR. ALEXANDER USES STRONG LANGUAGE, AND AN OLD LADY IS IN A DILEMMA BETWEEN A BULL AND A SWINDLER.

"The Moffats, by G——!" roared Alexander, as soon as he heard Arnaud's tale. He rang his bell, and sent for Marjoram.

Arnaud went through his story again.

"Moffat in every step, and both the scoundrels at the *finale*," said Alexander. "There is a droll rascality about it, which is Nick Moffat all over."

Marjoram shook his head dubiously. He always maintained that Moffat had done justice on himself in the Serpentine.

"Moffat's hair," he said, "was growing grey ten years ago, and ought to be white now. Mr. Sandford's, it appears, is a grizzly black."

"Tut, man," said Alexander; "Moffat's hair is all colours; it would be black and tan to-morrow, if it suited his purpose."

"But surely Mr. Woodville is entitled to be heard," said Mr. Marjoram.

"Woodville is a gander," said Alexander. "But why should the Moffats do it? What interest has either of them in the disposition of the Rowley property?"

"None. Of course they are hirelings."

"But whose?—but whose?"

"Who takes the bulk of the property under this will, suppose it were to stand? The *cui bono* answers the question."

"Mr. Upjohn is, by all accounts, utterly incapable of dishonourable conduct."

"But Upjohn has a wife."

"I should think twice before I imputed such a piece of wickedness even to her. That she is a selfish and worthless woman, I am perfectly ready to believe, on Mr. Cosie's authority; but it's a long way from that to such an atrocious piece of iniquity as this."

"And what explanation occurs to yourself?" said Alexander, calmly, accustomed to receive with respect everything that fell from his partner.

"Simply that Mr. Rowley, sane or insane, made this will under the impulse of animosity to his wife, and the person who assisted him happened accidentally to bear a strong resemblance to this Mr. Sandford."

"Who accidentally bears a prodigious resemblance to the Moffats. The two concurring accidents are unfortunate, Marjoram, for your view of the case."

"Be that as it may," persisted Marjoram, "this will is only to be

shaken by proving the unsoundness of Mr. Rowley's intellect,—a point about which I know nothing; the case will turn on that much more than on Moffat's concern in it."

"But it may be of vast importance," said Alexander, "to show that Mr. Rowley, at the time of making his will, was under the influence of a notorious scoundrel, especially if we can connect him with the people who are to be the gainers."

"I don't deny that," said Marjoram; "it's an ugly business, in whatever light it is viewed. If you are right, it will be impossible to save Mrs. Rowley, except by convicting the Upjohns of the most infamous and criminal conduct."

"She will hardly consent to be saved in that way!" exclaimed Arnaud, who had hitherto been a silent listener.

Marjoram smiled like an experienced old attorney, as he was. Alexander only gravely remarked that he was sure Mrs. Rowley would do whatever duty and prudence and her professional advisers recommended. Arnaud was too modest to make any reply, and he soon left the two solicitors together.

"Cosie," said Alexander, "spoke of a will made some years ago."

"He did. We will have to set it up against the new one; but unless it is in Mrs. Rowley's hands, it may not be very easy to do so. If the Upjohns are at the bottom of this business, they will assuredly give us no assistance."

"No," said Alexander musingly; "we must consider all that."

He transacted some other business, then rang his bell.

"Any one in the waiting-room?"

"Miss Fazakerly, sir"—with the stereotyped simper with which certain lady clients, and Miss Fazakerly in particular, were always named at the office.

Alexander made his escape by the usual sly way out into the park, then round the corner where the cows stand, and back to Cockspur Street, where he took a cab and drove to Cumberland Gate. He was unknown there, and had therefore no doubt of seeing Mr. Upjohn if he was at home. He was at home, and Alexander was shown in. He found poor John Upjohn looking much more like a man who had been ruined than one who had just got a fortune. It was not that he was stupefied and bewildered as men often are by an unexpected stroke of good luck. He had never looked at the sunny side of the question at all; he saw nothing but his brother's miserably sudden death, and the extraordinary ill-usage of his wife, the motives for which were to him inexplicable. Nothing in all this surprised Alexander, so high was the opinion he had formed of the worth of Mr. Upjohn; but he was greatly struck indeed when he found that the little man had been kept in complete ignorance of everything important that had occurred in his brother's family from the day

Mrs. Rowley left England. He had even been under the impression that his brother was getting better; he had never heard of his frantic removal to another house, and he had never received a letter either from him or from Mrs. Rowley.

"My brother and I were always greatly attached," said Upjohn with the greatest feeling. "I always felt sure he would send for me if he was dangerously ill—why he did not, or nobody for him, I cannot understand. He died, it is clear, under some delusion respecting his wife. Good God! Mr. Alexander, had I but seen him, I could have cleared up everything in five minutes, and he would never have made this will."

"Mrs. Rowley wrote to you herself," said Alexander, who had been told this by Arnaud; "and Miss Cateran wrote also, I have reason to know, by your brother's direction."

"I received neither letter," said Mr. Upjohn.

Alexander drew his inferences, but made no remark. It was not, however, with a view to a conversation of this kind that he had called on Mr. Upjohn.

"In short," resumed that gentleman, "you find me in a state of distress and perplexity such as I never was in before in my life. I am very glad to see you and talk with you; you have told me things I never heard before: upon the honour of a gentleman I am unable to throw the least light on what has taken place."

"My dear sir," said Alexander, "I have not called on you because I had any doubt of your honourable conduct, nor should I have been justified in doing so even if I had; I called simply to ask you a question on Mrs. Rowley's part, of which you will at once see the importance. I believe you have in your possession your brother's former will—the will he revoked by this one."

"To be sure I have, though I don't exactly know at this moment where it is; but, wherever it is, you shall have it in a few days."

"I am going out of town," said Alexander; "but pray let my partner have it as soon as you lay your hands on it."

"Certainly; it is Mrs. Rowley's document—it ought to be in your hands. Tell her from me that good fortune could not possibly come to me in a more unwelcome shape than in misfortune to her; tell her that I never coveted an acre of my brother's property, and least of all since I knew her and loved her as a sister. I don't say that this extraordinary will does not gratify the members of my family—it is only natural it should; but it gives me personally nothing but grief. Few would believe me, but Mrs. Rowley will for one."

"There is one believer more I assure you," said Alexander, taking his leave much touched.

Mrs. Upjohn, exulting in her drawing-room, and strutting about like a peacock, while her husband was in trouble in his study, saw

Alexander from the window ; and though she had never seen him before, his fine person left no doubt on her mind that he was the handsome solicitor over whom she had indirectly triumphed.

"There he is—there he is, Harriet ! Alexander !—Alexander !" she called to her daughter, who, throwing down the book she was reading, ran over to get a glimpse of the gentleman of whom she had heard so much. "Doesn't he look down in the mouth ?" said Mrs. Upjohn, whose vocabulary always savoured more of her life before matrimony than after it.

"I scarcely saw his face," said her daughter.

"What consternation they must be in," continued the mother, "to intrude on your papa at such a moment ! No doubt to fish for some information while he is in trouble and off his guard, in hopes of setting aside your poor uncle's will."

Alexander drove from Cumberland Gate to his mother's, to say good-bye before he left town. He found the old lady in an extraordinary state of excitement, but it was not about Mrs. Rowley or events in Paris, of which she knew nothing.

"Now I know you have got something wonderful to tell me," said Frederick.

"Well, now I have, Fred ; so sit down, and promise me you won't laugh or be unbelieving."

"No, no," said Fred ; "I won't laugh at anything you tell me, that's not laughable ; and I promise to believe everything, in reason."

"I suppose I must be content. Well, then, Fred, what I have to say is this—he's not dead after all."

"Who's not dead ?" He thought for a moment she meant Mr. Rowley.

"Who but old Nick—Nick Moffat, I mean. He's alive and merry, Fred, and in London at this moment."

"The last part of the story is news to me, mother," said Alexander, "but the former is not. That the rogue is living still I have too good reason to know."

"Oh, then, you have seen poor Miss Fazakerly."

"On the contrary," said her son, laughing, "I have just escaped from her, or I should not have had time to come to see you."

"Poor thing ! she went expressly to tell you about Moffat, whom she saw this very morning in Oxford Street, and it was nearly the death of her."

"She is sure it was he ?" said Alexander.

"Not a doubt about it. I think I once told you before that the poor thing is always meeting with accidents in the streets. Her great troubles are from the cattle going to Smithfield. She has been horned and tossed ever so many times, owing to the queer rags of things she

wears all hanging and fluttering about her, particularly that old red shawl of hers ; it provokes the cattle, especially the bulls, and they always rush at her."

"It must be very hard, mother, for a bull to resist her, I should think."

"Well now, Fred, it is no laughing matter. She was crossing Oxford Street yesterday, near Tottenham Court Road, and a drove of bullocks was passing by, which frightened the poor thing quite enough ; but while she was trying to escape from them, she got a still greater shock, for she ran into the arms of a man who was close to her, and who should he be but the very fellow who robbed her of the little all she had. Oh, she is sure it was Moffat, and she thinks he knew her ; she was so terrified that she lost the little self-possession she had, and ran right into the midst of the drove. How she escaped she doesn't know. She thinks it must have been by a miracle."

"One of those miracles, mother, that happen every day in the streets to save poor ladies like Miss Fazakerly, else there would be a great mortality amongst them ; but I am not disposed to doubt that she really did see the rascal, and the information is so important that I must act upon it without a moment's delay. So now I will kiss you and bid you good-bye."

From his mother's house he went straight to Scotland Yard, saw the chief police authorities, and concerted measures to arrest the career of one at least of the comical miscreants who, after a ten years' truce, were at war with society again. The same evening he left town, leaving all the Rowley and Upjohn connexion discussing the situation and probable proceedings of the widow.

MARMION SAVAGE.

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN HOLLAND.

THE Dutch have often been called the Chinese of Europe, and the foreigner who visits their country will certainly meet with many things which seem to prove comparative stagnation, or non-proficiency. He, generally, only takes a superficial glance at the country and the people, and, judging from first impressions, naturally disapproves of much that is strange and unknown to him. A longer stay in the country, and better information, would, no doubt, considerably modify his notions; but then his time is limited, and he returns to his country and countrymen, who too often lend an eager ear to his ridiculous misrepresentations. I am not so prejudiced in favour of Holland as to deny that there is still much room for improvement, and that greater activity, energy, enterprise, and, above all, more public spirit, are great desiderata among the inhabitants of that little, but highly interesting country; but I defy any one who has lived for some time among them to charge them with any other Chinese propensities than industry and cautiousness. They are, perhaps, a little too cautious, a little too slow to act; but, at the same time, they are a serious and inquisitive people, which, taking notice of every interesting fact in the political, social, scientific, and moral world, strives to increase its knowledge and to enlarge its intellectual horizon. Such a nation cannot remain behind the age or stay aloof when the whole world is marching on. It must very soon be in the foremost ranks of the soldiers of civilisation, and that their aspirations tend that way is proved by what they have done in the last years, and are still doing, for the education of all classes of society.

Certainly, in whatever points the Dutch may still be deficient, in the important province of education they are equal to any nation of Europe. I will not even except Prussia, because it would be an easy task to prove that the public instruction for all classes in Holland is based on a much broader, sounder, and higher principle, and is carried on in a much more liberal spirit, than in the country where soldiers and policemen still reign all but supreme. It was perhaps a pity that at the Paris Exhibition the Dutch Government neglected to follow the example of Prussia and America, which countries sent models of public schools to the great fair of the world; for in this department Holland would assuredly not have been the last in the lists. But this *en parenthèse*.

I will now give a rapid sketch of what has been done, and is still being done, in the Netherlands for the public instruction, and I hope to convince your readers that there is at this moment no country in

Europe where more care is bestowed on the education of the lower ranks, and where the arrangements for the training of youth for all professions, which do not require the study of the classical languages, are better adapted to the object in view.

THE PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

The first part of my task will be very easy. The Public Elementary Schools of Holland have been, since the year 1806, the boast of the country, and have excited the admiration of the foreigner. This is so well known in England that it will be useless to enter into any details. It will, therefore, be enough to remind your readers that in 1857 the whole system of elementary instruction was reorganised.

The Government and the municipal boards at that time took over all the private establishments with the consent of the proprietors; they have founded new schools besides, and they now bear all the expenses of the public educational system. All the teachers and assistant teachers are civil servants with fixed salaries. Nobody can act as a professional teacher unless he has passed his examinations. In every parish there are one or more elementary schools, in sufficient number to supply the wants of the population. In these schools the following branches of education are taught as a minimum:—reading, writing, arithmetic, the form of bodies, the principles of the Dutch language, geography, history, natural science, and singing.

At any place where the want is felt, this elementary instruction has been extended, and the following branches added:—the rudiments of modern languages, mathematics and agriculture, calisthenics, drawing (from nature and copy), fancy-work for girls.

A number of private schools for the elementary instruction either continued to exist or were newly established by professional teachers. Some of them are highly appreciated by the public, and, being well supported, have entered into keen competition with the Government schools.

The supervision of the elementary instruction is intrusted to superintendents of education, to inspectors, and to local boards, and it is no small credit to the excellent spirit of the Dutch that all the inspectors and members of the local boards ably and zealously fulfil their often onerous duties without any other remuneration than the reimbursement of their travelling expenses. Every vacancy as head-teacher is filled up by competitive examinations.

I must not forget to mention here a most important principle which has been laid down in founding the public schools. It is that of the "*Neutrale School*," which means that while the law prescribes that all the instruction given in the schools must tend to develop in youth all social and Christian virtues, it strictly prohibits all dogmatic

religious instruction, as being the domain of the Church, so that sectarianism is carefully excluded from the public schools, and they are open to children of all denominations.

There are many practical and able educational men who think that the children of the lower and higher classes leave these schools too early either for a trade or for the technological institutions, where they are admitted, after an easy examination, when twelve years old. They say that till the age of fourteen the pupils should remain at the elementary schools, where the instruction given aims more at the harmonious development of all the human faculties than at the mere inculcation of science. In their opinion both the elementary and technological schools would profit by the change—these by getting riper pupils, those by keeping them two years longer.

Another great improvement in the organisation of the public instruction in the Netherlands would certainly be that it should be made compulsory, especially in the lower classes.

I presume this will be enough to give my readers a pretty correct idea of the present state of the elementary education in Holland, and to claim their sympathy for a system which has had, and still continues to have, the most beneficial influence on the lower and higher classes of that country. Indeed, you would hardly find among the lower orders of any other country people who are better behaved, more sensible, more shifty, comparatively more well-to-do, and even more enlightened in many respects. The mode of instruction at the elementary schools for the higher classes does not differ materially from that of the others. The study of one or more foreign languages is generally added to their programme.

But I must hasten on to the second part of my task, and give the English reader an idea of what has been done for the education of those who desire more than both classes of the elementary school can give, but are not inclined to follow a learned profession. The kind of instruction introduced for this purpose is called in Holland (rather improperly) by a term which can be best translated *Middle-class Education*. It is intended to fill up a gap which hitherto existed in the public instruction, and I shall try to give as brief and as correct a description of it as the importance of the subject permits.

THE MIDDELBARE SCHOLEN.

Since 1863 really grand establishments have been founded for the purpose of remedying this defect in all the large and even smallest towns of the Netherlands. Besides the Agricultural Schools, of which as yet none have been established by Government, there are three other kinds belonging to the *Middelbare Onderwijs*, prescribed by law.¹ In the first place, the *Burgerscholen* (public schools), or schools

(1) The following details we owe to the excellent little pamphlet, "Overzicht van het Middelbaar Onderwijs," by het einde van 1867, door Dr. D. T. Steijn Parvé, Inspekteur.

for tradesmen and the labouring classes, founded with the object of imparting to the working man some knowledge of those sciences which are most useful to him. The *Burgerscholen* are divided into day schools and evening schools. The last are particularly destined for young people who already have chosen a trade. Instruction is given in mathematics, the rudiments of mechanics, physical science, chemistry, natural history, technology (or agriculture), geography, history, and the Dutch language, the first principles of political economy; drawing from nature and copy, linear drawing, calisthenics. Such schools must be erected in all towns with more than 10,000 inhabitants. In 1867 these establishments were visited by 1,569 pupils, of whom 1,196 were following a trade. The instruction at the evening schools is generally given by the teachers at the technological institutions, of which we are now going to speak.

The second class of "Middelbare Scholen" is called *Hoogere Burgerscholen* (higher public schools). We shall be better understood if we call them technological institutions, which they really are. Their object is to benefit those classes which, being able to pay for the education of their children, wish them to cultivate their minds without the study of the ancient languages, and to prepare themselves for any place in the civil service or the mercantile and industrial world. The Government is bound to erect at least fifteen of those schools, and gives a subsidy to such parishes as wish to establish them in their midst.

The Government schools are divided into two classes—viz., those with a five years' course of instruction, and those with one of three years. In the first class of schools the following branches are taught:—*Mathematical and Natural Sciences*—viz., mathematics, mechanics, and technology, physical science, chemistry, natural history, and cosmography. *Political, Mercantile, and Historical Sciences*—viz., knowledge of the constitutions, political economy, geography, history, and the mercantile sciences. *Language and Literature*—viz., Dutch, French, German, and English. *Drawing and Writing*—*Practical Exercises in Physical Science and Chemistry*—*Calisthenics*.—The programme of the technological schools of the second class agrees pretty well with that of the three first years of the schools with a five years' course.

In the third place, the Government founded, in 1864, at Delft, a Polytechnical Institute, for the purpose of training both those who desire to acquire a more extensive technical knowledge than the technological schools can impart, and those who aspire to the professions of civil, architectural, naval, machine, or mining engineer. Instruction is given in all branches required for these professions (technical and administrative) by twelve professors, of whom one is also director, and seven teachers. This institution, which might be

called the university for technical science, was visited in 1867 by 156 young men.

We will now return to the technological schools, which, as new institutions for the improvement of the rising generation, more particularly deserve our attention. There are at present thirty-two of them in operation, of which twelve are established by Government, and nineteen have been erected by different municipal bodies. The Government subsidies for these schools amount altogether to £11,672. According to the Minister for the Interior, the grand total of all the expenses for the *Middelbare Scholen* will be in 1870, and following years, £35,000.

At the end of 1867 the number of the pupils at the thirty-two technological institutions was 2,455, who paid from £2 10s. to £7 10s. each in annual school fees. At the Government schools the average fees are £5.¹

THE TEACHERS.

The professors at these institutions, numbering 351 at the end of 1867, are certainly the flower of what Holland possesses in scientific men, and able and practical teachers. From every learned profession young and able men flock to those establishments; teachers of the greatest talents aspire to an honourable place in this phalanx of civilisation. They are, however, not overpaid generally, even for Holland, their salaries ranging from about £100 to £340 (the last-named sum being the director's salary at Rotterdam and Amsterdam). The superintendence of the "*Middelbare Scholen*" is, under the Minister for the Interior, intrusted to local boards, which are appointed by the local civic authorities, and to superintendents (*Inspektors*), who are appointed by Government.

THE TECHNOLOGICAL SCHOOL AT ROTTERDAM.

I think that a short description of a technological school, such as those which are now established throughout the whole country, will not be unwelcome to all who take an interest in the educational system of Holland. It will still better acquaint them with those excellent institutions. All are built upon pretty nearly the same plan. The style of some is very simple; others, for instance those at Utrecht and Leeuwarden, aspire to greater architectural beauty; but the greater part of them have the same grand dimensions, and their interior arrangements are much alike.

In a new and fine part of the town the traveller sees before him a large oblong building, erected in a simple but tasteful style. It is about 135 feet long, 98 feet broad, and 51 feet high. Approaching to the front, we see at the left the director's dwelling-house; and enter-

(1) This great difference in the school fees, as well as in the salaries of the professors, is explained by the different classes of towns and the number of subjects taught.

ing the building by the school-gate, we come to his room for receiving visitors. Applying to him for admission, we find a most obliging and agreeable gentleman, who offers himself to accompany us, and is indefatigable in his explanations. With the greatest urbanity he leads us through the whole building. On the ground-floor we turn from a long passage which intersects the whole length of the house to the right and left, and enter successively the different apartments devoted to the territory of the natural sciences. The *cabinets* for physical science, chemistry, and natural history are as complete as the wants of the establishment require; the last, owing to peculiar circumstances, is even much richer than is necessary for the schools. The arrangements for the teaching of physical science and chemistry are all but perfect, and many young men, not as pupils but as "visitors" (the institute is also open to those who only wish to attend some of the lessons), avail themselves of this opportunity to enlarge their knowledge by hearing the professors and practising in the laboratory. Besides these rooms on the ground-floor (where we also find a large hall for calisthenics) there are on the second and third floors ten ordinary school apartments, one hall for linear drawing, and one for drawing after nature or copy and for modelling. In every apartment there is ample room for thirty pupils, this being the maximum number for one class. Each form and desk is about five feet long, and only occupied by two pupils. The school hours are from nine to twelve and one to four (in other establishments from two to five); and notwithstanding the great number of subjects, it is confidently asserted that a youth of normal faculties, if he studies three hours a day at home, can easily pass his final examination after attending the five years' course.

This short description may give a general notion, not only of the establishment at Rotterdam, but of all the institutions now spread over the country. Some of those which the Government has erected are perhaps a little grander in appearance, but there is generally very little difference. Of course in more insignificant towns the local civil board cannot be so munificent as, for instance, that of Rotterdam, which pays to the sixteen professors, the director included, £2,350; but all the schools provide for the wants of the localities, and the branches of tuition are the same, although not everywhere equally numerous.

THE RESULTS OF THE TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION.

After attending the course of five years, the pupil has spent about one-third of his time in learning mathematical and physical sciences, one-third in learning his mother tongue and three foreign languages, and one-third in political, mercantile, and historical sciences and drawing. During the five years this proportion is not always the

same; the instruction in the different branches is divided in such a way that it accommodates itself to the aptitude of the pupil at his peculiar age.¹ The final results of the instruction at the technological institutions cannot as yet be ascertained with any degree of certitude. It will be enough to mention that, according to the Minister of the Interior, at the final examination in 1868, 67 pupils were admitted, and only 18 refused.

THE FINAL EXAMINATION.

The spirit which pervades this examination and, as a matter of course, the whole instruction of the technological institutions in the Netherlands, may be best ascertained from the questions proposed to the *examinandi*, and we select therefore some of the subjects laid before them in 1868. Some preliminary remarks will show how the examination takes place. It is public, and extends over twelve days. It is partly oral and partly in writing. The latter part is prepared at the schools under a strict superintendence. Deceit or favouritism is quite impossible. The oral examination takes place after that in writing, and touches more especially upon subjects of natural history, physical sciences, cosmography, geography, Dutch language and literature. The object of the examination is more to ascertain what the candidates really know of the main questions, and what degree of intellectual development their studies enabled them to reach, than to make a search for what they may not know of inferior points. The examination questions are also of such a nature that preparation or "reading up" for the examination is altogether discouraged. Every pupil is recommended to submit himself to the final examination without any extraordinary exertion. We certainly meet here with a sound pedagogic principle: The final examination shall only prove whether the young people have profited by their labour of five years, and *not* whether they have heaped up a mass of undigested science.

Questions proposed to be answered in writing at the final examination of the Technological Institutions in 1866.

ALGEBRA.

(Three questions, time three hours.)

Two bodies start from two points, A and B, of which the distance is $= d$, and move at the same rate towards each other. If the first starts n seconds earlier than the second, they meet each other in the middle between A and B; if both start at the same moment, they are after t seconds at a distance $= b$ from each other. In what time would each of the two bodies make the whole way A B? Explain the answer you get.

(1) Stejn Parvé, in "Overzicht," etc., p. 137.

GONIOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY.

(Three questions, time three hours.)

GEOMETRY.

(Two questions, time three hours.)

To calculate the capacity of a cube, inscribed in a straight cone, so that the angle-points of the upper plane lie in the surface of the cone, and the basis of the cube in the basis of the cone. The radius of the basis of the cone is R ; the height = H .

DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY.

(Two questions, time three hours.)

Given a line and a point without. Project the isosceles triangle, of which the given point is the top, of which the basis lies in the given line, and of which the two other sides are = $\frac{1}{2}$ of the height of the triangle.

DUTCH LANGUAGE.

FRENCH do.

ENGLISH do.

GERMAN do.

(Time three hours for each.)

In each language seven subjects are given, from which the pupil may select one for a composition paper. Among the subjects given were the following:—"Le Prisonnier de St. Hélène," "The Art of Printing," "Mary Stuart," "The Advantages of the Telegraph for Society and Science."

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

(Two questions, time three hours.)

A prism with a refracting angle of 60° gives to a certain ray of light a minimum deviation of 30° . What is, for this ray, the refracting exponent of the matter out of which the prism is made?

(Time three hours.)

To prepare a paper on the induction-streams and their applications.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

(Time three hours.)

The pupils may select the subject for a paper from the following:—1. National wealth; show the injurious consequences of the mercantile system of former days. 2. Speculators, workmen, capitalists; their share in the production. 3. Money; its use; different kinds of money; coining and issue in the Netherlands. 4. Banks.

BOOK-KEEPING.

(Time two hours.)

To enter into the journal six given items from the day-book. We find among them the following:—"Allowed to N. N. a compensation for overcharged commission, £2. (N.B. Not yet paid.)"

HISTORY.

(Time three hours.)

A paper on one of seven given subjects, among them, "The Fall of the Stuarts in England."

MECHANICS.

(Two questions, time three hours.)

What velocity is given by a force of 30 kilogrammes to a body weighing 600 kilogrammes, when the force acts on it during 10 seconds? What distance has the body gone through after that time? How much working-power has been gathered in the body, and if the force after 10 seconds ceases to act, and is replaced by a resistance of 12 kilogrammes, how long will the motion of the body last, and what distance does it go?

CHEMISTRY.

(Four questions, time three hours.)

Phosphorus. The principal combinations of this element in the three kingdoms of nature. Preparation.

A perusal of these questions will give a better idea of what the Technological Institutions aim at than the most minute description could do. It is clear that the answer to every question must bring out the intellectual standard of the pupils; and the final examination is the best proof that they are thoroughly trained, and not choked with a mass of indigestible stuff.

It would be a great omission not to mention, before finishing this paper, a most important step in the right direction, of which the town of Haarlem has given an example, by erecting, in 1867, a kind of "Middelbare" School for girls of the wealthier classes. If in full operation, this school will embrace the following branches of education:—the Dutch, the French, the English, and German languages and literature; geography; history; the principles of mathematics, of botany; also in reference to the wants of the household; of zoology; also in reference to the structure of the human body, health, and hygiene; the principles of physical science and chemistry, especially in reference to the wants of the household; the first principles of political economy; book-keeping, calligraphy, fancy work, calisthenics, and singing. At present the teachers consist of a directress, two lady teachers, and five professors. The school was visited in 1867 by 34 girls, divided into three classes.

I think that from what precedes your readers will be able to form a tolerable correct notion of the present state of public education in Holland. There is no doubt that when the "Middelbare" instruction is in full operation, and when the question (which is now being agitated) of the reorganisation of the classical studies in Universities and Colleges is settled, the Netherlands will possess a system of national education all but perfect—second to none of any country, and superior to most.

As adverse to the superficiality and frivolity of the French as to the empty speculativeness of the Germans of bygone days, the Dutch approach more to the English in their perseverance, tenacity of purpose, and practical sense, and are not so exclusive. With a little

more energy, enterprise, and public spirit they will be in a few years in the front-ranks of the most civilised, free, and vigorous nations. Like Englishmen, they have their sore trials; their most advanced and enlightened men have, like those in England, to fight their way and to conquer the ground, inch by inch. Even at this very moment a desperate struggle is going on between political and religious freedom and progress on one side, and selfish reaction, prejudice, and mediæval bigotry on the other. A *guerre d'outrance* is raging now in the Netherlands between the men of progress and the combined representatives of strange fanaticism, ignorance, and egotism. It is a desperate struggle between light and darkness, but it would be despairing of humanity and the progress of civilisation if we were discouraged or intimidated by the last furious spasms of the pestilent Spirit of Reaction. The vigorous and substantial seed of religious, classical, and positive science, of intellectual and moral progress, has been richly sown in the fertile Dutch soil, and will bear fruit thirty, sixty, and a hundredfold.

C. K. ALTMANN.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE SENSES AND THE INTELLECT. By A. BAIN, M.A., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Third Edition. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1868. 15s.

THE frequent use of the writings of Aristotle and Plato as a means of instruction in philosophy, suggests a doubt regarding the value of philosophy itself. If philosophy can be learned from Aristotle, as geometry is from Euclid, then it is unprogressive and virtually exhausted. But if, like the sciences of modern date, it admits of expansion; then, apparently, we should no more take our philosophy from the Greeks, than we should look for our electricity to Gilbert on the magnet. Whichever alternative may hold of metaphysics (properly so called), inductive psychology is not open to the reproach of having stopped its growth two thousand years ago. Those who desire to learn the exact contribution made by the Greeks to this subject will obtain full and clear information in a most admirable account of Aristotle's psychology from the pen of Mr. Grote, appended to the third edition of "The Senses and the Intellect." The works of Aristotle have come down to us in so imperfect a state, and his doctrines are dispersed among so many treatises, that a guide, such as is here supplied, becomes almost indispensable. Mr. Grote is understood to be engaged upon a work on Aristotle, similar to that in which he has expounded and criticised the philosophy of Plato. When he accomplishes this great undertaking, he will have rendered—single-handed—a service to the students of Greek philosophy such as we have looked for in vain from the learning and rich endowments of Oxford or Cambridge. In his present instalment Mr. Grote has followed the arrangement of topics in the *De Animâ*, supplying deficiencies and explaining obscurities from the cognate treatises.

The first book of the *De Animâ* is occupied with a discussion on the nature of the soul,—a subject that is now relegated to metaphysics. Aristotle's precursors, with the fecundity of imagination that characterised their epoch, had unusually invented theories of the soul, as well as explanations of the universe. Some declared that the soul was a species of air, or a collection of subtle particles, or a composition of the various elements; while others sagely opined that it was water or blood. But, although differing in the particular substance they assigned to the soul, those philosophers agreed in making it something that could manifest itself to the senses. Until we come down to the decadence of Greek philosophy, to the Neo-Platonists, the notion of an immaterial soul had scarcely arisen. Even Plato, the father of idealism, sought for each of the three parts into which the soul is divided a local habitation in some part of the body. In connecting, therefore, mental with material facts, Aristotle was but following the tradition of Greek philosophy; but peculiar to himself is a subtle view of the relation of soul and body, and a dexterity in applying this view to explain mental phenomenon. Mr. Grote expresses Aristotle's opinion thus:—

"He does not admit that the soul is a separate entity in itself; or that it is composed (as Empedokles and Demokritos had said) of corporeal elements, or (as Plato had said) of elements partly corporeal, partly logical and notional. He rejects the imaginary virtues of number, invoked by the Pythagoreans and Xenokrates; lastly, he keeps be-

fore him not merely man, but all the varieties of animated objects, to which his definition must be adapted. His first capital point is to put aside the alleged identity, or similarity, or sameness of elements, between soul and body; and to put aside equally any separate existence of substantiality of soul. He effects both these purposes by defining them as essentially *relatum* and *correlatum*; the soul, as the *relatum*, is unintelligible and unmeaning without its *correlatum*, upon which accordingly its definition is declared to be founded." (P. 625.)

"The soul (says Aristotle, in a passage translated by Mr. Grote) is not any variety of body, but it cannot be without a body; it is not a body, but is something belonging to or related to a body; and for this reason it is in a body, and in a body of such or such potentialities."

An interesting part of Aristotle's psychology is theory of memory (*μνήμη*) and recollection, or reminiscence (*ἀνάμνησις*). Before him Plato had discriminated those two, defining memory as a retention of sensation (*σωτηρία αἰσθήσεως*).¹ This may be an obscure anticipation of the distinction elaborated by Sir W. Hamilton between conservation, or the power by which knowledge is retained out of consciousness, and reproduction, or the power by which it is revived in consciousness. Aristotle, although he unwisely made a difference between them, did not fall into that barren subtlety. "By *memory* (says Sir W. Hamilton) Aristotle, in his treatise on that subject, does not simply denote the conservative power of mind—*mere retention*. He there employs it, proximately to designate the faculty of reproduction, in so far as that is direct and immediate—*simple remembrance or recollection*; while, to the process of *mediate or indirect reproduction* of something heretofore in memory, but which we cannot now call up, except through the intervention of something else, he gives the name of *reminiscence*." Even after Sir William Hamilton's very full account of Aristotle's tract on memory, there remains something to glean, at all events in perspicuity. Mr. Grote expresses the distinction as follows:—

"But though some animals have memory, no animal except man has reminiscence. Herein man surpasses them all. Aristotle draws a marked distinction between the two; between the (memorial) retentive and reviving functions, when working unconsciously and instinctively, and the same two functions when stimulated and guided by a deliberate purpose of our own—which he calls reminiscence. This last is like a syllogism, or course of ratiocinative inference, performable only by minds capable of taking counsel and calculating."

According to Sir William Hamilton, Aristotle is the author of the theory of association. Before this can be admitted, two points must be made out—how far did Aristotle follow out the laws of association, and to what extent had his observations been anticipated. It is easy to read into the words of an ancient author much that belongs to subsequent investigation; and it has been shown by Mr. G. H. Lewes, in his excellent monograph on Aristotle, that many of Aristotle's alleged discoveries in natural science are quite illusory. In the present instance, however, the language of Aristotle clearly proves that he understood the fundamental laws of association, and he has distinctly enunciated the three, named by Professor Bain—contiguity, similarity, and contrast. But though he signalled those principles, there is no evidence that he contemplated the vast range of application given to them by modern psychologists, and which now constitutes their chief interest and value. Taking now Aristotle's remarks for what they are worth, did he owe anything to his predecessors? Plato noticed the dependence of reminiscence upon association. He also pointed out one of the most striking effects of the associating principle,

(1) Philebus, p. 34, B.

whereby an affection may be transferred from one object to another, and by this means he explained the acquired love of the precious metals.¹ He even makes an attempt, not altogether unsuccessfully, to find out the causes of association. Nearly all his examples are illustrations of the law of contiguity. The presence of Simmias suggests to us Cebes, his intimate friend; and a picture of Simmias reminds us of Simmias himself.² Does not, he asks, relying upon such examples, reminiscence arise partly from likeness, and partly from unlikeness? Generalising upon a few cases, and seeking support to the argument of the dialogue, Plato stumbles on the law of similarity, but grasps it so unsteadily that he mentions as of equal worth a phrase that by half concealing, reveals his failure. Still the remark was suggestive, and it was not lost upon Aristotle. The vague and tentative guess, "partly from things like and partly from things unlike," was superseded by two positive laws—contiguity and contrast. Of the two fundamental laws of association, contiguity and similarity, Plato must be held to have first announced the easier, and Aristotle to have discovered the more difficult and important,—namely, contiguity.

The second and third books of the *De Animâ* might be called Aristotle's treatise on "The Senses and the Intellect." His treatment of the intellect, especially of that highest display of intelligence named nous or reason, has given most trouble to commentators. The perplexity arises in a great degree from a mischievous application of his favourite distinction between matter and form. It is the special weakness of speculative minds to extend some pet logical analogy far beyond the point at which it can shed the faintest gleam of light. This is a chief source of paradox, puzzle, and confusion in our modern speculative geniuses, as well as in their ancient prototypes, in Hegel and Comte no less than in Plato and Aristotle.

Since it was acknowledged on all hands that Aristotle affirmed the morality of the sensitive soul, much importance was attached to the expressions where he speaks of the nous being eternal. Mr. Grote points out that such remarks refer to the active intellect only, and that Aristotle did not ascribe any longer duration to the receptive intellect than he did to the sensitive soul; and, inasmuch as both the active and the receptive intellect were essential to the intelligence of any living being, it follows, upon Aristotle's theory, that there is no life for man beyond the grave.

"The intellectual man is no more immortal than the sentient man." Such is the opinion here delivered by Aristotle. And it follows, indeed, as a distinct corollary from his doctrine respecting animal and vegetable procreation in general. Individuality (the being *unum numero* in a species) and immortality are in his view incompatible facts; the one excludes the other. In assigning (as he so often does) a final cause or purpose to the wide-spread fact of procreation of species by animals and vegetables, he tells us, that every individual living organism, having once attained the advantage of existence, yearns and aspires to prolong this for ever, and to become immortal. But this aspiration cannot be realised: nature has forbidden it, or is inadequate to it; no individual can be immortal. Being precluded from separate immortality, the individual approaches as near to it as possible by generating a new individual like itself, and thus perpetuating the species. Such is the explanation given by Aristotle of the great fact pervading the sublunary organised world;³ immortal species of plants, animals, and men—through a succession of individuals each essentially perishable. The general doctrine applies to nous as well as to the other functions of the soul. Nous is immortal; but the individual

(1) *Lysis*, pp. 219, 220.

(2) *Phædo*, pp. 73, 74.

(3) *Aristot. De Generat. Animal.*, II., 1, 731, b. 21, *seq.*; *De Animâ*, II., 4, 415, a. 26, *seq.*

Sokrates, considered as noetie or intellectual, can no more be immortal than the same individual considered as sentient or reminiscent." (P. 663.)

The dogma of immortality seems to have been alien from the spirit of Greek philosophy. A few names doubtless may be quoted in favour of it; Pythagoras and Empedocles, among Pre-Socratic philosophers, accepted it, but on what grounds? They borrowed it from the East, along with the prohibition of animal food, both being corollaries from a belief in the transmigration of souls. The opinion of Sokrates is not so easily ascertained. The hope of immortality is not mentioned by Xenophon among the considerations that induced Sokrates to submit himself the first martyr of philosophy. In Plato's *Apology* a future life is dwelt upon, but as an open question. Not until we come to the *Phaedo*, which contains little of Sokrates, and much of Plato, do we find a vindication of immortality. The Epicureans resented the doctrine as an invention to spread the bitterness of death over life, while the Stoics, the natural supporters of the doctrine, received it coldly, and held that the soul perished within a limited time after death. Of the Greeks Plato alone has come down to us as the admired and eloquent champion of a life after death. It was a doctrine that lent itself readily to the purposes of his rich imagination, to his moral preaching, and to the earlier and cruder form of his idealism. Aristotle expresses the view that appears to have been most congenial to the Greek philosophical mind. The belief in a life to come is one that we inherit, not through the Greeks, but through Christianity.

This third edition of the "Senses and the Intellect" contains, besides Mr. Grote's paper, some new matter. The reflex actions are treated at greater length, and the fundamental condition of retentiveness and similarity are set forth more accurately.

WILLIAM A. HUNTER.

KRILOFF AND HIS FABLES. By W. R. S. RALSTON, M.A., of the British Museum. Second Edition. Strahan & Co. 1869. 5s.

MR. RALSTON is entitled to our acknowledgments for performing so well a somewhat thankless task, of a kind which few among us could accomplish, but which it is very important for us to get done. Whatever may be the exact worth of Russian literature and its future promise, the political development of Russia has now reached a point when a knowledge of its people becomes of essential interest to European States, and not least to England. Railways, telegraphs, and steamships, and the progress of both English and Russian conquests in Asia have multiplied our points of contact. We shall have more business to carry on with each other, and more direct and serious diplomacy. But no people can be known except through its literature, and for this knowledge we must depend for a time on interpreters like Mr. Ralston. Perhaps the neglect of Slavonic languages as of things outside the European pale, and containing little that would justify the most occasional study, has been carried much too far even for a period when the relations between Russia and the West were not so close as they are now; but the neglect, whether excusable or not, leaves us no alternative: when more knowledge is wanted about Russia, we must trust for light to those who by fortune or wise choice have thought fit to explore the broad field which all about them were avoiding. A very little insight into Russian literature, it may be predicted, will change the point of view of most of us. Whatever it is, it is found to be not a thing outside the

European pale—a truth well enough known to philologists, though its literary significance is not widely appreciated. What we have to do with is a new European literature, the natural growth of a numerous race with a different history, and exposed to very different influences, from those which have aided the development of the literature of the West, and of sufficient originality and force to receive stimulus from Western culture without being killed in the process. The Slavonic peoples promise to be a new factor in Europe in a variety of ways; and this is another reason for giving that attention to them which they must receive on political and commercial grounds alone. The present translation is of an eminently characteristic product of Russia. If Russia has not yet contributed any considerable share to the thought of the world—for the barrier of language has not been so thick as to prevent any element of that sort leaking through—she has more than one original writer in poetry and fiction, writers who have seen and felt for themselves, and who have depicted humanity in a different dress from any others; and in Kriloff she has a fabulist standing second to none who have succeeded in that rare art in inventiveness and piquancy, while every line he writes shows his fidelity to Russian nature. Not only is this the case with regard to the manners described, and the special political and social vices satirised, but the popular sense and shrewdness, the ideal presented of a contented, not too laborious life, a certain gaiety and expansion according with the light humour which suffuses the writing, have a fresh air about them which confirms very much what we hear of the Russian peasantry, as a genial, light-hearted people, disposed to take life easily if they are only let alone. The writing abounds in epigrammatic touches and “hard hits,” but the author evidently expects his readers to enjoy above all the fun of the thing, even when the evils which gall them most are aimed at. The fables of the great man who wept to Paradise for the virtue of not interfering with business, when he had power to do so much harm if he had interfered; of the musicians whose melody frayed the ears a little, but who were of irreproachable behaviour; of the cuckoo and cock whose “mutual admiration” so much resembles the talk of spurious celebrities; of the judges who were like a wooden oracle attended by a clever priest—possessed of great reputation when they kept an able secretary; of the sheep who had so many dogs to protect them that the dogs took to living upon their charge—a hit at the multiplication of plundering officials; of the fox’s sentence upon his associate the pike, charged with stealing, that, to mark his guilt conspicuously, he should be—flung into the river; and many more, are all of this merry sort. There is indeed nowhere a trace of malice or spite, which a popular writer for a merciless and satirical people would have been apt to indulge in; and there is equally no trace of any quarrelling with destiny or of morbid belief in the vanity of life. So far as they go, the fables say a good deal for the health and purity of the Russian nature. Kriloff was of a piece with his fables. The history of his own careless, jovial life, his narrow wants, as well as shrewd indifference to great prizes, his eccentric habits, enables us to comprehend the spirit of his writing; and his popularity makes it evident that in essential defects and excellences he was a thoroughly representative Russian. So much and more may be gathered from the few but valuable pages into which Mr. Ralston has compressed his work, and the capital life of Kriloff he has prefixed. There is incidental evidence enough that his accuracy may be taken on trust; and his fluent, expressive, idiomatic English leaves nothing to be desired to make Kriloff as presentable as possible to the reader.

ROBERT GIFFEN.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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THE MORALITY OF FIELD SPORTS.

Not very long ago a street boy in a country town was charged before the local magistrates with cruelty to animals in setting two dogs to worry a cat. The offence was proved; a fine was inflicted and paid; but the boy's father added the comment that he thought it hard that his son should be fined for setting dogs on a cat, while gentlemen set dogs on hares and were not fined. The bench, on such an occasion, has the great advantage of being able to keep silence itself and, if need be, to command silence in others; and, as I heard the story, it did not appear that any attempt was made to answer the question. Neither the boy nor his father was likely to have read the *Memoirs of Windham*, but, if they had, they would have found their question forestalled. Windham, a patron of everything that called itself "sport"—"sport" of course commonly meaning the death or torture of some creature—said, manfully and consistently, "No one who condemns bull-baiting can consistently defend fox-hunting." I do not know whether in his day the question of fox-hunting had been seriously raised; the battle which Windham had to fight was on behalf of bull-baiting. In that noble and manly and English sport, as its votaries then called it, Windham, a scholar, a statesman, a man of refined taste, and, on many points, of almost morbid conscientiousness, professed that he "rejoiced." And he at least had the firm standing-ground of thorough consistency. His proposition is essentially true. It will bear turning about and testing in every way. He drew from it one practical inference; I draw from it another. From the admitted right to torture the fox Windham inferred the right to torture the bull. From the admitted sin of torturing the bull I infer the sin of torturing the fox. But Windham's saying supplies a common point from which we may start in opposite directions. He at least went

to the root of the matter; he saw how the case really stood, and neither deceived himself nor tried to deceive others by irrelevant and sophistical distinctions.

I am not going, though I feel strongly on the subject, to preach a sermon on cruelty to animals—a subject, by the way, which those whose business it is to preach sermons might with advantage deal with oftener than they do. Nor am I going to put forth any extreme views on the subject or on the other subjects which, in an historical and philosophical view, cannot be separated from it. If I cannot enrol myself alongside of the Earl of Winchelsea in looking on common humanity as “loathsome sensibility,” neither can I enrol myself alongside of the Marquess Townshend in deeming it unlawful, under any circumstances whatever, to cause pain or inconvenience to any animal. I am neither a vegetarian nor an opponent of capital punishment. I have no scruple as to taking the life either of man or beast when real need calls for it. But I do wish to expose certain popular fallacies and inconsistencies, and to point out some historical and philosophical bearings of the question which might not strike every one at first sight.

In examining, either historically or philosophically, the subject of humanity and cruelty, it is impossible to separate the question of humanity and cruelty to man from that of humanity and cruelty to the lower animals. Between cruelty to man and cruelty to beasts there is doubtless a wide difference, but it is purely a difference of degree. Humanity in either case, cruelty in either case, is essentially the same feeling, arising from the same tendencies in the mind. And, allowing for the inconsistencies and false distinctions of which I shall presently speak, we shall find on the whole, both in individuals and in communities, that a tendency towards humanity or towards cruelty in the one case commonly accompanies a tendency towards humanity or towards cruelty in the other case also.

What is the present state of civilized opinion on the subject? Setting aside extreme views either way, it seems to me to be something like this. Either man or beast may be rightly put to death when need so calls for it, but neither in the infliction of death nor at any other time should any pain be inflicted which real need does not call for. The infliction of death should be in the speediest way without any prolonged torture or mockery. Neither pain nor death should be turned into matter of amusement. These rules seem now, in our present state of society, to be universally accepted in the case of human beings. In the case of the lower animals they are so largely accepted that I may fairly speak of the cases to which they are held not to apply as exceptions—I should add as inconsistencies.

The cases in which human life may lawfully be taken are generally understood to be—1st. In strict personal self-defence; 2nd. In the

lawful operations of a lawful war; 3rd. By sentence of law for heinous and grievous offences. And this last case there is a growing tendency in most civilized countries to confine to the single crime of murder. But the first and second cases are really the same. No war can be just, no war can be lawful in any but a purely technical sense, unless it be waged in strict self-defence on the part of the nation waging it. And the word self-defence in a wide sense, self-defence on the part of society, may perhaps take in the third case also. I need not say that many estimable persons condemn all war and all capital punishments. But such is not the received creed of civilized society. Nor is it my own personal creed either.

Now in all the cases in which it is held to be lawful to inflict death on a human being, it is now generally understood that it must be simple death, inflicted in a grave way and in a speedy way. All needlessly painful or lingering forms of death, all accompanying or preliminary torture or mockery, is held to be forbidden. Be the execution public or private, it is to be a warning to those who look on,—not an amusement. In war the enemy is to be cut or shot down as long as resistance lasts, but slaughter is not to go on when resistance has ceased. Certain kinds of weapons too, likely to inflict wounds of a specially painful or lingering kind, are held to be forbidden in civilized warfare.

With regard to the lower animals the cases in which death may be blamelessly inflicted are far more numerous. Self-defence is taken in a much wider sense than in the case of war. We freely kill beasts, birds, and other animals, not only when they threaten our lives, but when they destroy or damage our property or in any way interfere with our convenience. We also freely kill them for food. We kill them also, some of us at least, for purposes of science and study. And we sometimes kill them out of actual humanity, as the phrase is, “to put them out of their misery.” In the case of a man this is held to be unlawful; however great may be the sufferings of a sick or wounded man, however earnestly he may desire death, it is held to be unlawful to put an end to his sufferings. In the case of a suffering animal the same course is held to be the truest mercy.

Now, as far as my private creed goes, I am prepared to accept all these cases as lawful cases. Many of them may be abused, just as war and judicial sentences may be abused; many animal lives may be sacrificed under pretence of any of them, which a little thought or trouble might spare. Killing for scientific objects is especially liable to degenerate into killing and even torturing out of mere wantonness. But I am not disposed to object to any killing of animals which honestly comes under any of these heads. And I may add that the lives of animals seem to me to be of very different degrees of value. Creatures with which we in a manner contract personal

friendships have a special claim on us to be spared both needless death and needless pain in death. But more than this, animals of a higher organization, animals whose life is more truly life, which have a higher capacity for pain and pleasure, seem to have a fair precedence over creatures of a lower kind. As the life of a man is more valuable than that of a horse or a dog, so I hold the life of a horse or a dog to be more valuable than that of an insect or a mollusk. And as I should not scruple to ride a horse to death if there were no other way to save human life or relieve human suffering, so I should not scruple at a large sacrifice of inferior animal life to secure the life or comfort of a dog or a horse.

Now further, it seems generally to be understood that, neither in the infliction of death on any animal, when death is needful, nor at any other time, is any needless suffering to be inflicted on such animal. With the exceptions to be presently spoken of, this seems to be admitted by public opinion and to be enforced by law. Acting on this principle, the combined force of law and opinion has done, and is doing, much to lessen the sufferings of the animals which are killed for our food. By the same means many cruel amusements which were once the delight of noble and royal persons of both sexes are generally proscribed. Some are altogether abolished; others are condemned by society and are practised only by stealth. Bull-baiting, bear-baiting, badger-baiting, cock-fighting, cock-throwing, dog-fighting, all come under one or other of these heads. Some of these have ceased to be heard of at all; others may still linger on, but they are thought unfit for the presence of gentlemen, still more so for that of ladies. Then comes the anomaly that other sports precisely the same in principle, sports which, on any moral theory, must stand or fall together with those which I have just mentioned, are tolerated and honoured. To chase a calf or a donkey either till it is torn in pieces or till it sinks from weariness, would be scouted as a cruel act. Do the same to a deer and it is a noble and royal sport. It is, as we have seen, a legal crime to worry a cat. To worry a hare is a gallant diversion. And men who share Windham's tastes without Windham's consistency, men who would lift up their hands in horror at the wanton torture of a bull or a bear, deem no praises too high for the heroic sport which consists in the wanton torture of a fox.

The causes of this inconsistency I shall presently deal with. But before I come to that point I wish to give a short sketch of the history of opinion and practice on these matters. In this I must take cruelty to man and cruelty to animals together. As I said before, the difference between them is one of degree, not of principle. And historically the two cannot be separated. The retrospect is on the whole an encouraging one. There is something still to be done, but, in our own country at least, it is much less than what has

already been done. And at no time has more been done than in the last generation or two. The principle of humanity is now generally admitted. All that is needed is to carry it out consistently and unflinchingly.

The truth is that humanity, real humanity, whether towards man or towards beasts, is a very modern virtue. I mean that its general recognition is modern, for a chain of individual witnesses against cruelty of either kind can be found even in the darkest times. In most ages of the world men's feelings of humanity have been confined to some particular class, to men bound to them by some special tie, to their own kinsfolk or friends, to men of their own country or their own religion. In some times and places one may almost doubt whether the feeling of humanity, as distinguished from this sort of personal regard, was understood at all. The utter recklessness of human life which has always distinguished the East, the cruel punishments which in all times have been inflicted by Eastern rulers both on criminals and on conquered enemies, seem to have exhausted every form of mockery and lingering death. One instance will serve out of many; it is enough to quote a case in which the tortures inflicted on a prisoner of war were prolonged during a whole year.¹ Yet we may doubt whether the infliction of human suffering as a mere matter of amusement, as distinguished from the gratification of revenge, has ever been so prevalent in the East as it was for ages at Rome. I am not prepared to give a history of the treatment of animals in the East. I believe that tenderness to domestic animals is a virtue of older standing in the East than it is in Christian Europe. Still tenderness to domestic animals is simply tenderness to one's own friends, and it is certain that public shows, involving a great deal of animal suffering, have been and still are common amusements of Eastern rulers. In Europe I stand on firmer ground. The manners of old Greece, as compared with those either of Rome or of the East, may be called humane, though they certainly depart widely from any ideal standard of humanity. The war-law was harsh; in many states the criminal law was harsh also; the lives of political opponents and of conquered enemies were often sacrificed without mercy. But between Greek and Greek, death was almost always simple death, and punishment seldom went beyond those who were personally guilty or obnoxious. It stands out as something almost without parallel when Greek victors once condemned an oriental enemy, whose cruelty and sacrilege had given special offence, to a death of oriental cruelty.² It strikes us as something equally strange when, in a fit of patriotic fury, the women of Athens stoned to death the wife and children of

(1) Xen. Anab. ii. 6, 16. *Μένων . . . τιμωρηθεὶς ὑπὸ βασιλῆως ἀπέθανεν, οὐχ ὥς περ Κλίαρχος καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι στρατηγοὶ ἀποτυμηθέντες τὰς κεφαλὰς, (ὅσπερ κάλλιστος θανάτων ἰδόκει εἶναι), ἀλλὰ ζῶν αἰκισθεὶς ἐν αὐτὸν, ὥς πονηρὸς, λίγεται τελευτῆς τυχεῖν.*

(2) See the story of Artayktēs in Herodotus, ix. 120.

a traitorous councillor.¹ At Athens at least death by sentence of law was always inflicted in the mildest form. Still Athenian humanity had its limit, and it drew a distinction which sounds strange to our ears. It was held to be not only just, but to be strictly conformable to democratic principles, to condemn the slave to torture in the way of judicial inquiry while the citizen was of course exempt. Among Athenian public amusements we read of cock-fights and quail-fights;² but there is no sign of any special devotion to cruel sports, and the great national festivals of Greece are honourably distinguished from those of Rome by the absence of everything of the kind. No Olympic or Pythian festival was defiled by the slaughter of gladiators, nor did Greek taste seek its pleasure either in the wanton massacre of animals or in the fouler guilt of exposing human beings to their rage. The combats of the *cestus* might inflict incidental suffering, but suffering was not their essence; an Olympic boxing-match, like an Olympic wrestling-match, was in itself an honourable trial of skill between two Greeks, very possibly high in birth and character. It might, and sometimes did, take a baser form,³ but it had not in itself the odious character of a combat of gladiators or of a modern prize-fight. The chariot-race was, save in the honourable absence of anything like gambling, like other races; a race may incidentally involve cruelty; the horses may be savagely lashed or they may be taxed beyond their powers, but such cruelty is not involved in the original idea of a race. On the whole there are but few ages and countries where the public diversions have caused less of suffering to man or beast than those of old Greece. The intellectual lights of the world, if not absolutely free from the stain, at least seem free when compared with their conquerors, in this case not their imitators.

When we turn from Greece to Italy, we reach the darkest part of our subject. Cruelty to man and beast may be fairly said to have reached their height in the corrupt days of Rome. And it is to be borne in mind that humanity did not grow, but rather fell back, with the advance of luxury, of art, of knowledge, of all that forms outward refinement and material civilization. Cruelty advanced along with luxury, and the choicest luxury of all was the spectacle of death and torture. Later legislation indeed abolished the severe punishments of the Twelve Tables; but this was not the work of humanity, but of exclusive and selfish pride. The citizen, however great his crimes, could no longer be condemned to be scourged to death *more majorum*, but the slave and the stranger could still be exposed on the slightest grounds to the lingering pain and mockery of crucifixion. And probably no other people ever carried reckless

(1) See the story of Lykidas in Herodotus, ix. 5.

(2) See the Scholiast on Aristophanes: Knights, 492; Birds, 1297.

(3) See the story of Damoxenos and Kreugas in Pausanias, viii. 40, 3.

cruelty to such a height in their public diversions as the Romans of the later Republic and of the Empire. The butcheries of a Roman holiday are a familiar subject, and in our eyes they are clothed with a special and horrible interest from having been the form in which so many of the early professors of our religion won the crown of martyrdom. But it is possible that this last view of the matter does in some sort cloud over the reality. It is perhaps the same in the case of the punishment of crucifixion. The cross, and the death of the cross, have become in our eyes sacred subjects. We unconsciously connect it in our minds with one occasion, too solemn to be put side by side with any other. We are thus liable to forget the horrible frequency and the horrible recklessness with which this dreadful form of death was inflicted on those who were not protected by the rights of citizenship. The light way in which such phrases as "pone crucem servo," "non pasces in cruce corvos," abound in Latin literature, show how callous men's hearts had become. We hardly understand a state of things in which the eye might at any moment have lighted on the sight of a fellow-creature dying of lingering pain, hunger, and thirst, and when grave magistrates, sage philosophers, and delicate women passed by such a sight with indifference as a matter of every-day occurrence. So with the games of the circus. Cruelty undoubtedly reached its height in the case of the Christian martyrs. That men and women of stainless lives, against whom no charge could be brought but that of believing and worshipping according to their own consciences, were not only condemned to death, not only condemned to a lingering death, but condemned to a death of the blackest mockery, a death which was a common insult to the whole human race, and this as a spectacle, as an amusement, as the source of the most exquisite pleasure to a gazing multitude, is undoubtedly the blackest of all the wrongs which man has ever done to his fellow-man. Our own burnings of heretics were bad enough, but in England, at least,—in France and Spain the case was somewhat different,—they were not matters of sport, but of solemn warning: the heretic was at least not burned in the theatre or the bear-garden as part of the public diversions. Still, we must remember that Christians were thrown to the lions simply because Roman tastes had already learned to delight in throwing other men to the lions. And in all these cases the progress of cruelty should carefully be studied. The shows of gladiators began in a horrible superstition. Human victims were slaughtered at funerals in honour of the dead. Some lingering feeling of humanity may, as in so many other cases of superstition, have softened the ferocity of the original rite. The mere butchery was changed into a fight, in which some at least of the combatants might escape with life. But a fight soon became a spectacle, a source of

interest and excitement; the gladiatorial shows were transferred from the funeral to the amphitheatre, and the slaughter of man by his fellow-man became a source of pleasure only second to that of seeing a man in the jaws of a devouring beast. So in the case of beasts. The beginning of these cruel shows was no very great matter. A few elephants taken in the first Punic war were driven round the circus, and put to death. They were driven round the circus to make the people familiar with the sight of the animal, and to take away the almost superstitious fear which attached to the "huge earth-shaking beast." They were put to death because they were looked upon as useless, and because the prudent Senate would not maintain either useless beasts or useless men.¹ From this beginning seems to have sprung all those horrible forms of amusement in which the pleasure consisted in the slaughter of beast by its fellow-beast, of beast by man, or of man by beast. And it is worth noticing, that both the gladiatorial combats and the combats of wild beasts were spoken of in exactly the same language with which we are familiar in our own day. Then, as now, "sport" meant the needless slaughter or torture of man or beast. The work of slaughter was "ludus;" the criminal or martyr whose sufferings were to delight the Roman people was "damnatus ad ludum;" when Commodus or Caracalla sat to destroy, in all safety, the animals which were driven before him, and when Ignatius was cast as an unresisting victim to the lion, the show was alike a "hunt," a "venatio." In exactly the same spirit, in Queen Elizabeth's days, the phrase was, "to bait the *game*," that is, the bull, bear, or ape, set aside for her Majesty's pleasure, exactly as in our own day "sport" still means slaughter, and "game" still means its victims. So, too, the gladiatorial shows were defended in language exactly the same as that which is used by the votaries of modern hunting. They were noble and manly sports, fit for a nation of soldiers, sports which led men to despise danger, wounds, and death. The points of difference between the two forms of cruelty I shall presently speak of, but it is important to bear in mind that the language in which the one was spoken of and defended is exactly the same as that which we are accustomed to hear applied to the other.

(1) I had written thus far in my essay before I came across the first volume of Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals." In pp. 287—308 he gives a very valuable account of the whole history of the gladiatorial shows and of the exhibitions of wild beasts, with an array of references which makes it needless for me to draw on the few which I had begun to collect for myself. Both there and in other parts of his book there are many remarks bearing on my subject which are well worth study. See especially those at pp. 294, 296, and again vol. ii. pp. 184—186, where he gives a sketch of the subject in later times. And the whole cream of the matter, as far as I am concerned with it, lies in Mr. Lecky's words (i. 305). "There are many who would accede without the faintest reluctance to a barbarous custom, but would be quite incapable of an equally barbarous act, which custom had not consecrated."

The horrors of the amphitheatre seem to have reached their height under Constantine. The "Frankish games" (*ludi Francici*) with which he delighted his subjects at Trier are recorded and applauded by his panegyrists in language, which, as M. Amedée Thierry suggests, seems to imply some lurking doubts in the conscience of the prince or of his flatterer, doubts which, as men commonly do, he strove to drown by big words and bluster.¹ The victims of Constantine's "sport," the "game" that were despatched to celebrate his victories, were neither criminals, rebels, nor slaves, but foreign enemies taken in open war and consigned by thousands to the jaws of the wild beasts. This stands out in marked contrast to the treatment which conquered enemies had received at the hands of Aurelian. It seems to show that the difference between the treatment of Vercingetorix and the treatment of Zenobia was due, not to any improvement in public feeling, but to a personal magnanimity on the part of an Illyrian peasant of which the first Cæsar, the divine Julius, was incapable. But the same prince who threw his captives to the lions abolished the punishment of crucifixion. This was no doubt less out of humanity than out of a religious feeling. It was the same feeling which made John Foxe implore Elizabeth that Arian and Anabaptist heretics might not be put to the same form of death under which the true martyrs had suffered in the days of her sister. The exact amount of influence which Christianity has had in abolishing exhibitions of cruelty it is not easy to say. It has, I think, been undervalued by Mr. Lecky. We may perhaps best compare it with the influence of Christianity on such points as slavery and polygamy. The New Testament contains no direct precepts on any of these points, but its general spirit undoubtedly tends to the abolition of all these evil customs. In the case of polygamy the spirit of the Gospel was actually in harmony with both Roman and Teutonic Law; the battle was against general licentiousness and the Roman practice of unlimited divorce. Within the Empire therefore there was hardly any struggle on this point, but among the polygamous nations beyond the Empire, Christianity, presenting itself as a monogamous religion, has never made the same way which it did within the lands subject to Roman Law. In the case of slavery the spirit of the Gospel had to struggle against both Roman and Teutonic Law; the fight has therefore been long and hard, and the victory is not even now complete. But it is certain that in all ages men have been found to protest against slavery on

(1) "Il faut bien que cette nouveauté eut causé parmi les Gallo-Romains une émotion douloureuse, puisqu'on voit les panégyristes, tout en la louant beaucoup, prendre à tâche de la justifier, par des exemples empruntés à l'histoire de Rome républicaine, à ces temps de cruauté sauvage, où l'égorgement des prisonniers figure dans le cérémoniel officiel des triomphes."—A. Thierry, *Histoire de la Gaule sous la Domination Romaine*, ii. 115.

Christian grounds, and its abolition in most European countries has certainly been due to the indirect influence of Christianity. So it has been with regard to cruelty towards man and beast. We must not look for any very direct influence of Christianity on the matter; we must not look for ecclesiastical legislation or for any general ecclesiastical denunciations on such points; but we can find a succession of protests of the same nature as in the other case, and we may surely set it down to the indirect influence of Christianity that we are so far humanized as we are in both points. Christian teaching set itself more directly against the gladiatorial games than against the combats with wild beasts, because the former sinned more directly against the precept, "Thou shalt do no murder." The gladiatorial games therefore did not long survive the establishment of Christianity, and in later days mere wanton murder does not seem to have formed the amusement of any Christian people. There is much to be said against both the tournament and the prize-fight; in both death may easily result, but in neither is death deliberately intended. There is therefore this mark of distinction between either of them and the man-fights of ancient Rome. Judicial sentences, whether of death or of torture, have sometimes been turned into spectacles of public gratification. An English execution has indeed always been designed as a matter of warning not of sport. But Macaulay tells us that in Charles the Second's reign English gentlemen made parties of pleasure to see women whipped in prison. And it is certain that, both in France and in Spain, the burning of heretics sometimes made part of the public spectacles on occasions of public rejoicings. And it is no less certain that, not much more than a hundred years back, all Paris flocked to see, and I suppose, to enjoy the prolonged tortures of Damiens. Still, though assemblies of professing Christians have taken pleasure in very cruel and horrible spectacles, I cannot remember any case of sheer and mere murder being made a public amusement. The heretic or the traitor was doomed to death in any case; the prize-fighter, even when he fights with the sword, at most jeopardizes his life. Both spectacles are bad enough, but in neither case are men deliberately slaughtered for the mere purpose of amusement, as was the case when the spectators turned down their thumbs in the Roman amphitheatre.

We may say then that the combats of gladiators, as coming directly under the plain prohibition of murder, were abolished through the direct influence of Christianity, but that other cases of cruelty towards man and beast alike were left to the indirect influence of the religion of mercy. In this, as in many other cases, I believe that the indirect influence has been strongest where the direct influence has been weakest. In the so-called Ages of Faith we hear occasional protests against slavery, against cruelty to man or beast. But

we find little or no systematic struggling against either. The only point which was ever successfully insisted on was the wickedness of enslaving fellow-Christians. But it does not follow that the Ages of Faith did not do the work even in these respects. It seems to me that an age of belief sowed the good seed of which an age of unbelief, an age at least of less fervent belief, reaps the fruits. It strikes me that the moral precepts and moral influences of Christianity needed the dogmatic teaching and the systematic discipline of past times to gain for them a hold in the world. The sower may sometimes have sowed tares along with his wheat, but the wheat has survived the tares. I believe that many a man who has little faith in Christian theology is deeply influenced by Christian morality, and that he is altogether a different man from what he would have been had Christianity never been. Our modern society is certainly very far from an ideal state; still we have got rid of certain vices, of certain forms of cruelty, which claved to the highest stage of heathen civilization. These great blessings I believe that we owe to Christian influences, but to Christian influences which have been mainly indirect. And I do not find any difficulty in so thinking in the fact that the great movements on behalf of humanity, the movement against slavery, the movement against reckless capital punishment, the movement against cruelty to animals, and other righteous crusades of the same kind, have taken place in times when the direct influence of the Church as an institution, and of the creed of the Church as a dogmatic system, was certainly much weaker than it had been in earlier times.

If any one were to write a history of cruelty in England, whether towards men or towards animals, it would be hard to say whether, till within the last two generations, we had advanced or gone forwards. We have many awkward facts which might suggest that in many ages we were growing worse instead of better. The severity of our statute-book went on increasing almost to our own day, till in the end the evil cured itself. Judicial torture, hitherto unknown in England, was brought in as a novelty in the fifteenth century. So too in the political struggles of the eleventh century blood was scarcely ever shed by sentence of law for political offences, while we find a very different state of things in the fifteenth, the sixteenth, and the seventeenth century. We hardly look on William the Conqueror as a specially merciful man, yet it is certain that, in all his long reign in Normandy and England, he only once put a political enemy to death. Edward the Fourth, Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, Charles the Second, could hardly say as much. But on the whole, I believe that, with some fluctuations, manners at least, if not laws, gradually softened. William was on principle sparing of human life, but he inflicted the most horrible mutilations without remorse. Our modern feelings, there can be no doubt, are more

offended at the idea of blinding or otherwise mutilating a man than at that of putting him to death outright. And the return to the same kind of cruelty under Charles the First seems to have offended men more than almost any other of the evil deeds of those days. This shows the gradual growth of at least a sentiment, if not a principle, of humanity. With regard to animals I suspect it to have been the same. We are apt to fancy that bull and bear-baiting was specially characteristic of the reign of Elizabeth. I believe this is simply because the doings and manners of Elizabeth's reign are better known to us than those of most other reigns, and because we are struck with the incongruity of a woman, a queen, a maiden queen, taking special delight in such sights. Bear-baiting and bull-baiting were in common use ages earlier, and I know of no reason to think they were more popular in the sixteenth century than they were in earlier times. William Fitz-Stephen, in a well-known passage, gets eloquent on the doings of the citizens of London in this way in the days of Henry the Second, and the fact recorded in Domesday, that the borough of Norwich, in the reign of Eadward the Confessor, paid yearly, as part of the royal revenue, "a bear and six dogs for the bear" ("*sex canes ad ursum*"), may perhaps throw some further light on the diversions of the saint who, when he had heard mass, loved to hunt all day long. How little animal suffering was regarded at a somewhat later time is shown by a story in Froissart of a knight throwing an ass laden with wood into the fire, which was thought a very good joke. In the days of the "blessed and innocent prince" Edward the Sixth, it was thought a pleasant amusement at a wedding for gentlemen to try in succession which could pull off the head of a live goose hung on a pole. Cock-throwing, a still baser form of cruelty than bear-baiting, was not only habitually practised, but obtained a curious form of recognition. In the statutes of many schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the founders make special regulations for a sport which was so ordered as to combine profit for the master with amusement for his scholars. The sufferings of the helpless cock never seem to have been thought of by the pious bishops and munificent noblemen who legislated to enforce rather than to forbid them. Still I think we may see that humanity was never wholly left without witnesses. It was not so even at Rome. Seneca and Plutarch protested against the cruelties of the amphitheatre; Cicero half defended and half protested. The Roman people itself had moments of mercy.¹ In later times we

(1) Mr. Lecky has quoted the well-known passage in which Cicero faintly blames the gladiatorial shows as they were actually practised, while he maintains that the spectacle would have been in every way edifying if none but criminals had fought. I do not think that he has quoted the still more remarkable passage (Epp. ad Div., vii. 1) in which Cicero expresses his dislike to the "huntings of the amphitheatre." "*Reliquæ*

read many stories of saints practising gentleness towards animals, and especially of the sheltering the hunted beast from its pursuers. One of the most beautiful of these stories, how Saint Anselm saved a hare from her tormentors, I have quoted elsewhere, and I have of course met with some mockery for so doing.¹ I saw only the other day a mediæval picture of "The Folly of Hunting." It was not the cruelty that was attacked, but the waste of time,—a perfectly good argument as far it goes, though not immediately to my purpose. Still it is of importance as showing that there always have been minds which could rise above mere conventionalities on these matters. But I remember perfectly well, though I cannot at this moment lay my hand upon it, a poem of the time of Henry the Eighth in which bear-baiting is vigorously attacked. The poet not only blames the spending on such objects of money which he holds ought to be given to the poor, but he attacks the sport itself; he pronounces, like Cicero, the "terrible tearings" of dog and bear to be a "full ugly sight," and winds up,—

"If you therefore give to see a bear fight,
Be sure Godes curse upon you will light."

In fact, I am by no means clear that one reason why we hear so much about bull and bear-baiting in the sixteenth century may not be because it was then just beginning to give way. The well-known complaints of the bearwards in Elizabeth's time that people neglected their shows to see the plays of Shakespere and other poets, is not to be forgotten. This was not likely to be the effect of any conscious scruple about the cruelty of bear-baiting. But it was the unconscious working of the same feeling; it was the preference of an intellectual to a brutal amusement; it was the feeling of Cicero: "*Quæ potest homini esse politico delectatio?*" So under King James we find a new form of cruelty introduced; the British Solomon seems to have been the first, perhaps the only, prince who caused the lions in the Tower to be baited. Yet a certain inkling of improved feeling appears in his own "Book of Sports," which, while allowing certain "lawful sports" on Sundays, expressly forbids all exhibitions of cruelty. In the sixteenth century Sunday was the special day for bear-baiting, and Queen Elizabeth once went—whether on a Sunday

sunt venationes binæ per dies quinque, magnificæ, nemo negat; sed quæ potest homini esse politico delectatio, quum aut homo imbecillus a valentissimâ bestiâ laniatur aut præclara bestia venabulo transverberatur? Quæ tamen, si videnda sunt, sæpe vidisti, neque nos, qui hæc spectavimus, quidquam novi vidimus. Extremus elephantorum dies fuit, in quo admiratio magna vulgi atque turbæ, delectatio nulla, exstitit. Quinetiam misericordia quædam consequuta est, atque opinio ejusmodi esse quamdam illi belluæ cum genere humano societatem." It was not then thought a princely sport to shoot an elephant out of sheer wantonness, and to sit down to smoke a short pipe on his body.

(1) "Hist. of the Norman Conquest," vol. ii. p. 25. One critic thought that it proved something to say that I must be wrong in speaking against hunting, because the late Prince Albert hunted!

or not I forget—to hear a sermon, accompanied by two white bears in a cart, to be baited when the preacher had done. The next generation, though it did not forswear bear-baiting, yet somehow felt that cruelty and piety were hardly consistent, and proclaimed a kind of Truce of God on behalf of the bears. We see the same kind of feeling in a number of mediæval stories which, without directly condemning hunting, speak with great horror of hunting on Sundays or at other holy seasons. This is a feeling which we must not misunderstand through our modern British notion of forbidding all amusements on Sundays. Amusement, as amusement, on Sundays was not objected to; but men instinctively felt that the torture and death, whether of a bear or of a stag, was not a fit amusement for a day of special holiness. Next came the great Puritan attack on bear-baiting, on which Lord Macaulay had something to say. I do not profess to say how far humanity had anything to do with this movement; but I can hardly think that the question is disposed of in Lord Macaulay's sharp saying that the Puritan reformers "commonly contrived to enjoy the two-fold satisfaction of tormenting both spectators and bear." The bears they commonly killed outright, which is a different thing from tormenting them. And one can hardly understand the special dislike of the Puritans to this particular amusement, if it was simply because, like all other amusements, it "gave pleasure to the spectators."

Mr. Lecky has collected some instances of feeling with regard to these matters from the days of Pepys to our own time. Pepys, for instance, pronounces bull-baiting to be "a nasty pleasure." This is quite in the spirit of Cicero, and it is a step in the right direction. The passages collected by Mr. Lecky point to an earlier feeling against these sports as rough and vulgar, which grew into a more distinct feeling against them as cruel. Mr. Lecky, of course, deals with the matter only incidentally; otherwise he might well have shown how the movement against bull-baiting and cock-fighting was contemporary with, and no doubt connected with, the other movements for the lessening of the harshness of our criminal law and for the removal of the wrongs of the slave, the prisoner, and the lunatic. And, above all, special honour is due to the great moral painter, Hogarth, as one of the earliest, truest, and boldest among the prophets of humanity. His series called the "Progress of Cruelty," in boldly rebuking barbarities some of which are perhaps yet not wholly extinct, places them plainly before our eyes, and he forcibly sets forth the natural connexion between inhumanity towards the lower animals and inhumanity towards man.

And now I shall of course be asked, What is all this to the purpose? "*Quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt?*" What have the confessed barbarities of the amphitheatre, the bear-garden, and the

cock-pit to do with the noble diversions of the preserve, the moor, and the hunting-field? What connexion is there between the savage amusements of ancient heathens or of low ruffians among ourselves and the manly and gallant sports of high-minded and refined English gentlemen? I answer that in all these cases the principle is the same, the difference is simply a difference of conventionality or at most of degree. In cruelty, as in everything else, there are degrees; I by no means say that all instances of cruelty are in themselves the same. I by no means deny that in some cases cruelty is in a manner choked and disguised so as to attract many who would be disgusted by it in its naked form. Still, be the degree greater or less, the stain of cruelty rests upon all alike. This is the plain truth which Windham had the clear-sightedness to look in the face. A fox-hunt is to me a revolting thing, but it is certainly less revolting than a bear-bait or a Spanish bull-fight. Still the principle of all three is the same; in all three pleasure is sought in the needless suffering of some living creature. Those, therefore, who condemn the one, cannot consistently approve of the other.

Again, I shall be asked, Do I condemn all persons who practise amusements of this kind? I answer that I have nothing to do with condemning persons, but only with condemning things. I believe cruelty in all cases to be a sin; but of the degree of sin which is incurred by this or that man, whether in a Roman amphitheatre or in an English hunting-field, I wholly refuse to judge. The amount of sin, in this as in all other matters, must mainly depend on the amount of light sinned against, and of the amount of light sinned against by this or that man no other man can judge. It will always depend largely upon the circumstances of a man's age, country, and position. It is undoubtedly true that many high-minded and cultivated, and in other respects even humane, men indulge now in hunting and shooting. They call hunting and shooting noble and manly sports. But Windham was also a high-minded and cultivated man, and Windham rejoiced in sports which he deemed noble and manly, but from which the modern fox-hunter now turns away in disgust. So were Titus and Trajan high-minded and cultivated men; one was the Delight of Mankind, the other was received as the model of all succeeding rulers. Yet Titus and Trajan were conspicuous even among the Cæsars for their lavish patronage of sports which in their days were deemed noble and manly, but from which Windham would have turned away in disgust. So I do not despair of a day coming when an English gentleman will look with the same disgust on the diversions of the present age with which he now looks on the diversions of the days of Windham, or with which Windham looked on the diversions of the days of Titus. Few men ever look questions of this sort fairly in the face. They do what is usual in their own

clothes ?
looked

time and place; they are satisfied with not offending the public opinion of their own society. And be it remembered that this is a great safeguard. The public opinion of this or that society cannot really alter the eternal laws of right and wrong. But it may make a vast difference as to the effect of this or that action on the general character of particular men. This is a subject on which Lord Macaulay has dwelled in several remarkable passages, and on which Mr. Lecky also has something to say.¹ Mr. Lecky speaks with great truth of the way in which men can "localize" their feelings, whether of humanity or of anything else. They give humanity or whatever the feeling may be, full play in certain times, places, and circumstances, while conventionality refuses it the same play in other cases which, looked at by the light of abstract reason, are exactly the same. I hold that fox-hunting, bear-baiting, gladiator-fighting, are all in themselves brutal. But as I do not hold that every modern fox-hunter is a brute, neither do I hold that every Elizabethan courtier who attended a bear-bait or every Roman senator who attended a show in the amphitheatre was necessarily a brute either. There is distinct evidence that in all these cases he might be gentle enough in other places. But a gentleman of our own day who frequents cock-fights and badger-baits is undoubtedly a brute. So would a prince of Elizabeth's day have been, if he had, like Constantine, thrown his prisoners to the lions. And I believe that a day will come when fox-hunting will be looked on as no less unworthy of a man of sense and refinement than badger-baiting is now. But though conventionality may do a great deal, it cannot do everything. It cannot change wrong into right. I cannot but think that the indulgence in cruelty in any form and in any degree must more or less harden the heart. I am far from saying that every fox-hunter is a bad man, but I certainly think that, *cæteris paribus*, the fox-hunter would be a better man if he were not a fox-hunter. And few would approve of devotion to pursuits of this kind when it becomes the distinguishing feature in the character. A mere fox-hunter, a mere bull-baiter, a mere amateur of gladiators, can never have been an estimable character in any age.

Leaving then questions touching individuals, let us look at the thing itself and at the disguises which mislead many minds so to approve of certain forms of cruelty while they condemn others. First of all, there is a fallacy in the word "hunting." I believe that many men would *hunt* a fox who would be shocked at the notion of *baiting* him. Now there undoubtedly are states of things where hunting is lawful and necessary and therefore praiseworthy. I said at starting that it was confessedly lawful to kill animals either for food or in defence of our lives and properties. Such hunting as fairly

(1) See my quotation from Mr. Lecky, p. 360.

comes under these heads has nothing to be said against it. My point is that modern hunting does not fairly come under either of these heads. It is not carried on for either of the ends which make hunting lawful. It is as distinctly a sport founded on a morbid love of slaughter and torture as the games of the amphitheatre.

Let us take the two cases separately. I will first take the case of hunting when it is necessary for the defence of our own lives and properties. This is lawful war with the wild beasts; in early states of society it forms a very important part of man's business, and something of the same sort may occur at any time. The man who shoots a tiger or a wolf is confessedly a public benefactor, and nothing but a very recent and most grotesque prejudice hinders equal honour from being assigned to the man who shoots a fox. The object of such hunting as this is not to torture animals for our amusement, but to slay them outright for our protection. A man whose pastures are harried by a tiger will get rid of the tiger in the quickest way that he can, and will not artificially prolong his sufferings for the sake of "sport." No doubt, even in hunting of this sort, which is confessedly lawful and praiseworthy, a certain love of adventure, a certain satisfaction in the exercise of skill, even a certain touch of the *certaminis gaudia*, is perhaps unavoidable. It is just the same in a righteous war against a human enemy. I have no doubt that, if I had stood on the hill of Senlac, I should have felt a strong satisfaction in cleaving the skull of a Norman. But feelings of this kind need to be kept under careful control. As soon as either war or hunting loses its purely defensive character, as soon as it is pursued, not distinctly for the public good, but as a matter of sport or out of sheer love of slaughter, as soon as suffering is needlessly inflicted or wantonly prolonged, it ceases to be a righteous and praiseworthy occupation, and comes under the general head of cruelty.

Now will modern hunting stand this test? Can any modern fox-hunter honestly say that his hunting is done with the legitimate object of getting rid of a noxious animal in the quickest way? It is nothing of the kind. It is plain that instead of men hunting with any object of getting rid of foxes, the fox exists simply for the purpose of being hunted. But for the practice of hunting, the fox would long ago have been as extinct in England as his cousin the wolf. Two hundred years back the fox really was hunted with the object of getting rid of him; every one must remember St. John's famous illustration in the case of Strafford, how a hare or a stag had law given him as a beast of chase, while a wolf or a fox was knocked on the head as he best might be.¹ But now the breed is artificially preserved, sometimes it is actually imported; it is held as a point of morality that the life of the fox is sacred except when his death is accompanied

(1) See Macaulay, *Hist. of England*, i. 311.

with the prescribed amount of wanton fright and suffering. The occupier of the soil must put up with any amount of damage from a destructive beast, he must forego his natural right of killing that destructive beast out of hand, in order that the beast may be preserved for another man to rejoice in his torments. The scholarship of the hunting-field is called into play, and the grotesque name of "vulpicide" is invented as an expression of abhorrence for the man who exercises the right which nature has given him of getting rid of the destroyer of his fowls and geese. It is strange indeed that a superstition at once so modern and so absurd should have got the vogue that it has, but it is not too much to say that there are many people who really look upon the killing of a fox anyhow but in the chase as an awful and almost unmentionable crime. This at once gets rid of any excuse that foxes are hunted in order to destroy a noxious animal. Instead of this, the animal is sought out, sometimes he is brought on purpose to the spot, in order that he may give "sport" by his prolonged sufferings. He is pursued till he is worn out by weariness, and then he is put to death with brutalities equal to anything done in the bear-garden or the amphitheatre.

Now if this is anything but wanton and deliberate cruelty, I do not know the meaning of words. The essence of the "sport" is the needless fright, weariness, and suffering of a living creature, a creature which we have doubtless a right to destroy, but not a right to torment. Strip fox-hunting of its disguises, and its principle is, as Windham allowed, exactly the same as the principle of bull-baiting. To be sure the bull is tied to a stake, while the fox is allowed to run for his life and has a chance of escape. This no doubt makes the cruelty somewhat less revolting, but it does not make it cease to be cruelty. The spectators at a bull-bait simply sit or stand and look on, while the fox-hunter is an actor, he follows his victim on horseback, and enjoys healthful air and exercise in so doing. This is one of the disguises with which the cruelty is masked, a disguise which no doubt leads many to join in a fox-hunt who would not join in a bull-bait, but which is simply a disguise, and which leaves the essential cruelty exactly where it was. A bull-bait can be condemned only on the ground that our amusements ought not to take the forms of inflicting wanton suffering on any creature. And on that principle a fox-hunt must be condemned also.

A question may arise in all these cases whether the pleasure felt is actually pleasure in inflicting suffering or whether the case is rather that the accompanying pleasure of other kinds produces recklessness as to the suffering inflicted. I have no doubt that in many of those who indulge in field sports the latter is the prevailing feeling. Many, I have no doubt, consciously or unconsciously, shut their eyes

to the cruelty which they are committing. But this process in no way lessens the cruelty. If the needless infliction of suffering be wrong, we ought not to be reckless about it, but rather to keep carefully on our guard against it. And I am not clear that this excuse would be at all peculiar to modern hunting. I am not clear that in cruel amusements of other kinds the pleasure to the spectator is always directly drawn from the mere infliction of suffering. I can believe that many a spectator in the Coliseum or in Paris Garden was thoughtless rather than anything else as to the actual pain of the bear or the gladiator. The pleasure felt doubtless came in many cases rather from the wild excitement of the whole scene than from the distinct consciousness that pain was being inflicted. But it is quite certain that recklessness as to inflicting pain may easily grow, and we know that it often has grown, into direct pleasure in inflicting pain. Which feeling, or what intermediate stage between the two feelings, is to be found in the breast of this or that fox-hunter it is not for me to guess. But it is plain that every fox-hunter must for the time stifle the divine virtues of mercy and pity; he must for the time cast aside that grace of "misericordia," that "Ayenbite of Inwyt," which the Roman people itself once felt in the case of Pompeius' elephants. Even if he does not actually take pleasure in the infliction of suffering, he knows that suffering is being inflicted for no object except his amusement, and he does not shrink from the amusement in which such suffering is an element. That the cruelty is an essential element in the sport, that the presence of a suffering victim is needful for its full enjoyment, is not to be denied. Those who tell us that they hunt for the sake of a healthy exercise could get that healthy exercise just as well by hunting a red herring or by taking a gallop wherever a gallop may be had, without hunting anything at all. But I believe that hunting a red herring is looked on with contempt by the "true sportsman." That is to say, the true sportsman is not a true sportsman, he has not the full satisfaction of his sport, unless he is assured that his pleasure involves the suffering and slaughter of some living being.

I have already fully allowed that there are certain disguises in fox-hunting which render it less revolting than bull-baiting. That is to say, this or that sharer of the sport does not seem to have so direct a hand in the cruelty committed. Many a man who follows the hounds does not see the final brutality, possibly he never sees the fox at all. But in a bull-bait it is essential that the spectator should look on during the whole scene. In these, and in other ways fox-hunting is undoubtedly less revolting, less corrupting, than bull-baiting. But, stripped of its disguises, it is equally cruel, perhaps more cruel. It does not so distinctly offend the mere sentiment; the cruelty is not so ostentatiously put forward; other feelings and other

emotions are brought in to obscure the real nature of the sport. But the principle of cruelty is alike in both, and I suspect that, as regards the beast itself, fox-hunting is the more cruel of the two. A fight of any kind, bad as it is, is one degree less inhuman than a mere worry. A fight may be a source of pleasure to the combatants; the *certaminis gaudia* of a bull or bear-bait are doubtless largely felt by the dogs; they may be perhaps felt to some extent by the bull or the bear. If the bull or the bear were allowed free action, there is little doubt that they would be felt. But in a fox-hunt the beast is simply chased till endurance fails him and then he is torn in pieces. The amount both of deadly fright and of physical suffering must, I think, be quite equal to anything undergone in the other case.

I say then without hesitation that fox-hunting, which ages back may have been a praiseworthy means of ridding the country of a noxious animal, has, in its modern shape, degenerated into a sport of wanton and deliberate cruelty. Strip it of its disguises, and it is that and nothing else. Now as for those forms of "sport" which arise out of the other original and lawful mode of hunting, namely, the procuring of food. When hunting is the only means of procuring food, it marks a very low state of society. It is in fact the condition of the mere savage, a condition in which, if our forefathers ever were at all, it must have been long before the separation of the Aryan nations. What the sportsman does is wilfully to prolong the long-past savage state in his own person. Still it is natural that hunting to procure food should long outlive the time when it is the only means of procuring food: some forms of it indeed may always exist in any age. As I fully admit the lawfulness of killing animals for food, so neither do I argue that it makes any difference in itself whether the animals killed for that purpose be wild or tame. If it is lawful to kill an ox, a sheep, or a tame fowl, it is equally lawful to kill a deer, a hare, or a pheasant. Indeed in one point of view humanity is less offended by the slaughter of wild than by that of tame animals. A beast or bird shot down at once by a skilful marksman certainly suffers less in every way than a beast which goes through the ceremonies of the slaughterhouse. There is indeed the chance that the wild animal may be merely wounded and may linger in pain, but against this may be fairly set the fright, the weariness, perhaps the actual pain, which, even when no conscious cruelty is inflicted, seems to be almost inseparable from the transit of animals for slaughter. My objection to shooting looked at merely in itself comes pretty much to the objection of Cicero. It has always been a puzzle to me how a refined or educated man can find pleasure in taking on himself the functions of the butcher. Death may in many cases be lawfully inflicted on both man and beast, but should death in either case be made a matter of sport? Death, even in an animal, strikes me as a

deep and awful mystery, a mystery which should not be trifled with, a doom the infliction of which should in any case be a matter of grave duty rather than of reckless amusement. The case of the professional butcher is one on which I have often reflected, and, looking as I do on the case of men and the case of brutes as simply parts of the same question, it closely connects itself in my mind with the case of the professional hangman. This last is the extreme case. It is clear that the man who executes the sentence of the law is not doing a wrong action but a right one. Yet I think that every one would say that no good man, no man who had not stifled some of the best feelings of his nature, would willingly take on him the office of hangman. We can understand, even in hanging a man, a certain satisfaction in the exercise of skill, but all would say that it was not a matter in which a man should find pleasure or "sport" in the act itself. We should not think well of a sheriff who, from sheer liking, chose to hang a man himself instead of sending for Calcraft. Now, allowing for the difference between the life of a man and the life of a beast—a vast difference truly, but still only a difference of degree—the case of the hangman is the same as the case of the butcher. In most ages and in most languages the trade of the hangman has always borne an opprobrious name, and the trade of the butcher has come in for a lesser degree of the same feeling.¹ A man becomes a butcher by force of circumstances, just as another man becomes a baker or a tailor, and it does not at all follow that the butcher is a less humane man than the baker or the tailor. Indeed a humane butcher may do a vast deal of good and may hinder the infliction of a vast deal of needless suffering. Still I at least should not think well of a butcher who took up the trade of a butcher out of sheer love of blood and slaughter. As in the case of the hangman, the butcher has no doubt a satisfaction in the exercise of skill; but, in both cases, the highest skill is the greatest humanity. But to take direct pleasure in the slaughter as slaughter would surely show a hard heart. But what is the sportsman, in many forms of "sport," but an amateur butcher, a butcher who takes up the trade out of sheer love of slaughter? One can hardly fancy any man going out by preference to kill his own sheep or his own poultry; what conceivable difference does it make if the animals slaughtered be deer or pheasants? I ask again with Cicero, "*Quæ potest homini esse politico delectatio?*" But I must here in fairness make a distinction. I cannot justify any form of sport where pleasure is sought in the infliction of pain or death, but undoubtedly in the older forms of shooting, cruelty seems to have a less share than in any other form of cruel sport. Exercise, skill, adventure, hunting in the sense of

(1) Compare the Latin *carnifex*, of which it is not always easy to say whether it means hangman or butcher.

searching for something, come in so largely that mere slaughter forms a less share in the business than in any other pursuit of the kind. I do not justify the grouse-shooter or the deer-stalker, but his sport seems to have less of wanton cruelty in it than that of the fox-hunter. In the case of deer-stalking the mere size and majesty of the animal would, one would think, awaken a certain sentiment of sympathy; it must need a hard heart wantonly to shoot down so noble a beast in the full enjoyment of his native wilds. Still there is this difference; the work of slaughter is not absolutely continuous, and, in intent at least, it is simple slaughter and not prolonged torture. In the fox-chase on the other hand the work of cruelty lasts without ceasing from the beginning to the end of the sport; the longer the animal's sufferings are prolonged, the greater is the pleasure of his tormentors. Deer-stalking again and all the older forms of shooting differ still more plainly from the sickening butchery of the modern *battue*, against which public opinion, which would not venture to utter a word against fox-hunting or deer-stalking, ever and anon raises its voice. And I can remember the indignant remonstrances of several newspapers at the attempt to introduce among us under princely auspices a form of "sport" which consisted of the mere slaughter of deer, without any of the elements of pursuit or adventure, the animals being simply driven up to be butchered by royal personages sitting at their ease. The sheer brutal love of slaughter was here stripped of all disguises, and public opinion condemned it. So it is with the lowest brutality of all, the "sport" of pigeon-shooting, where to mere wanton slaughter the low element of gambling is added. Fine gentlemen still practise the "sport," and fine ladies look calmly on, but protests in more than one newspaper show that they do not carry the universal feeling of the country with them.

There are two forms of modern hunting which differ from fox-hunting and approach to shooting in so far as the animal hunted is good for food. These are the chase of the deer and that of the hare. But no one will say that modern deer-hunting is, like the hunting of the savage, a pursuit undertaken as the only means of procuring the only available food. The modern deer-hunt is simply a run after a creature which there is confessedly no design to kill, but on which a great deal of fright and weariness is wantonly inflicted. The "sport" or pleasure to be found in such a piece of contemptible cruelty is certainly hard to understand. And after all, in deer-hunting too there are ugly doings done behind the scenes. In a late article on the subject in the Quarterly Review we were calmly told, in language which savoured a little of the slaughterhouse, how the hounds were at certain times allowed to "go into" a hind—that is, I suppose, to tear her in pieces—in order to "blood" them. A man who set his

dogs to tear a sheep in pieces would at once find his way before the magistrates, and few people would pity him if his sentence was as severe as the law allows. This subtle distinction between one ruminant and another is really beyond me. The stag-hunting of the few districts of England where the wild red deer still lingers differs greatly from the royal sport of Windsor Park. It is at least shrouded in those disguises which veil from some minds the inherent cruelty of all these pursuits. But from my view of the case it is, like the rest, simple wanton cruelty. A farmer only exercises a natural right if he kills a wild beast which trespasses on his pastures; it is another thing to seek the death or capture of the same animal by an artificial process of fright and suffering. It is a touching feature in this kind of "sport" that the hunted stag commonly takes refuge in the sea, the wrath of the elements being less to be feared than the wanton cruelty of man. But against that wanton cruelty the elements themselves do not afford a shelter. The luckless beast is pursued in boats, he is seized and dragged along till he either dies in the waves or is brought to land to afford fresh "sport" to his tormentors.

As for the hares, I find that hare-hunting is looked on with different feelings in different parts. In some districts it is as noble and gallant and manly as any other form of "sport;" in others, while fox-hunting is gentlemanlike and even ladylike, hare-hunting is said to be looked down as vulgar. These are distinctions into which I cannot enter; the principle of cruelty is essentially the same in all these sports, and it is perfectly indifferent whether it is a prince or a tinker by whom the cruelty is committed. Still, in the case of hare-hunting, the victim is so specially timid and defenceless that to condemn it to wanton fright and torment may perhaps need a harder heart than to do the like by a stag or a fox. The sufferings of the hare could call forth a passing emotion of pity even from a heathen sportsman.¹ But I presume that, in the amusement of coursing, to see what Arrian shrank from looking on, and to hear "the last human cry of the hare in the fangs of the dogs,"² forms part of the refined enjoyment.

Into the indirect effects of sports of this kind I will not enter at length. My object is to show their inherent cruelty, and the inconsistency which condemns some forms of cruelty while it allows others. Otherwise the mere risk of human life which they involve might not unprofitably be dwelt on. This object however is shared by these

(1) Xenophon, in his work on Hunting (v. 33), speaks of the capture of the hare by dogs as a pleasant sight: "οὕτω δὲ ἐπιχαρὶ ἔστι τὸ θηρίον, ὥστε οὐδεὶς ὄντις οὐκ ἂν, ἰδὼν ἰχθυόμενον, εὐρισκόμενον, μεταθεόμενον, ἀλισκόμενον, ἐπιλάθοιτ' ἂν, εἶπου ἱρήν." On this Arrian, in his treatise on the same subject (c. 16), comments: "ἀλισκόμενον δὲ ἰδεῖν, οὔτε ἡδὺ τὸ θέαμα ἀποφαίνω οὔτε ἐκπληγεῖν, ἀλλ' ἀναρὸν μᾶλλον. Natural humanity will speak out at all times.

(2) I quote from a striking passage in the "Last Days of Pompeii."

pursuits with others which do not involve cruelty, and the two questions are in themselves distinct. Still the risk of these sports, and the supposed manliness of facing that risk, is generally put forth as one of their merits. Now I may be very blind and very mean-spirited, but the manly sport of fox-hunting seems to me not to be manly at all, but to be at once cowardly and fool-hardy. It is cowardly as regards the cruelty practised on a victim which cannot defend himself by tormentors who, as far as the victim is concerned, are perfectly safe. It is foolhardy as risking men's lives for no adequate cause. It is manly, it is something much better than manly, when a man sacrifices or risks his life in a good cause. But I can see nothing manly, nothing in any way praiseworthy, in a man risking his life in a bad cause or in no cause at all. When a fox-hunter is suddenly cut off in the midst of his cruelties, I can see nothing in his end at all resembling the end of the martyr who dies for his religion or of the hero who dies for his country. I believe I am unfashionable in thinking so, but I cannot help it.

I may here tell two stories which I read not long ago in the papers, of which I perhaps may not exactly remember the details, but of which the main point alone concerns us. A missionary in India found the cattle of his neighbours greatly molested by a tiger. He was, or believed himself to be, a good shot, so he went out to shoot the tiger. He missed his aim, and the tiger either killed or badly wounded him. Now, if he took all proper precautions and had fair reason to trust in his own skill, I say that this man suffered in a good cause. In such a case hunting became a work of necessity and charity, in no way unworthy even of a minister of religion. About the same time some young officers contrived to catch a panther. To have knocked him on the head would have been to rid the country of a destructive beast. But that would not have been "sport." The captive was kept to be hunted, or baited, or whatever the proper word may be, with dogs. The panther however got the better of his enemies, and inflicted death or wounds on one or more of them. These men seem to me to have as distinctly suffered in a bad cause as the missionary suffered in a good one. I have also heard another Indian story which bears in another way on our subject. A party of Englishmen were chasing a jackal with dogs, and the hunted beast was met by a native. To his unsophisticated mind it seemed that the destruction of the beast and not its prolonged suffering was the object of its pursuers. He killed the animal in some way or other, and asked the hunters for a reward for the help which he had given them. The reception of a "nigger" who had spoiled "sport" may easily be guessed.

The moral and social effects of these sports form a subject which opens many questions. Nothing is plainer than that the love of hunting in its different forms has led to some of the worst acts, to

some of the most unjust and oppressive legislation, to be found in all history. The accursed forest laws of old times, surviving in a modified shape in our modern game laws, are the suitable monuments of an age of special devotion to the chase. It was not wonderful if those who found their chief pleasure in the sufferings of animals learned to look lightly on the sufferings of their fellow-men, and if they fenced in their savage enjoyments with a code of the blackest cruelty. It was the love of hunting which led directly to the worst deeds of our Norman kings, and, though no such results can happen now, yet the example is instructive. It shows the natural effect of the unrestrained indulgence of such pursuits on men who were but little under the restraint of law or opinion in other ways. In our own day it is shooting rather than hunting in the modern sense which does harm in a legislative way. I am not going to discuss the wide subject of the game-laws, one which would carry me far away from my main subject. I will only say that, next to a Jamaica court-martial, no mockery of justice can be conceived greater than that of a game-preserving squire sitting to convict a poacher on the evidence of a game-keeper. The sentence may be, and often is, perfectly just; the law, good or bad, must be enforced, and the poacher is in most cases a thorough scoundrel. But it will be hard indeed to make people believe that the magistrate is not deciding in the interest of his own order and of his own pleasures rather than in the interests of justice. As myself a county magistrate, as one of a class which, I must say, is more abused than it deserves, I may honestly say that, even in this matter, we are "not so bad as we seem." Still the thing has a very ugly look in all cases, and ever and anon it becomes an ugly reality. I speak of our English game-laws and their effects; as to the depopulation of the Highlands I can say nothing from my own knowledge, and, as statements vary widely, I will hold my peace. But in England I do not hesitate to say that, though there is much exaggeration and misapprehension afloat on the subject, it would be a great gain for the morals of the people and for the credit of the administration of justice, if no such thing as a hare or a pheasant had been left in the country. On this score at least the fox-hunter is not to be complained of. The legislation which confines hunting to a certain time of the year has done away with some of its incidental evils. The hunter no longer goes, as in the days of Sir Roger de Coverley, "like a blast over fields of corn." But his sport has its incidental evils also. The strange superstition about "vulpicide" easily becomes oppressive, though I suspect that it is not so often oppressive as it is corrupting and degrading. In many places at least the hunt pays for the damage done, or said to be done, by foxes, and, though my sympathies are not with the hunt, I can well believe that the hunt is sometimes cheated.

But it seems to me to be a degrading relation in which to put a man, to require him to bear unresistingly the damage done by a wild beast, to forbear from exercising his natural rights against that wild beast, on the promise of payment from those who wish to reserve the beast for a death of elaborate suffering. And it does seem to me that the effect of these pursuits on the general character of their votaries is not a good one. The difference of degrees of course is infinite; many men hunt who can hardly be called hunting men; but when the pursuit is followed to such a degree as to be a marked feature in a man's character, the effect is not good. There is a tendency—I do not say that there is more than a tendency—to a certain lawless and overbearing spirit, to a certain contempt of the rights of others, and to a strong intolerance of the opinions and tastes of others. Hunting is, at most, an allowable sport; but in some minds it seems to become like a religion or a political party. It becomes the business of life and something more. It becomes a sacred thing, to which all other persons and things must give way, and any interfering with which by word or deed, is worse than murder or sacrilege. I believe many fox-hunters really look on anything which spoils their "sport" not only as an inconvenience or an injury to themselves, but as something in itself criminal, nay, as something more than criminal, as something monstrous and unnatural. The "sport" is something in the eternal fitness of things, something superior to all considerations whatever. Though I disapprove of the position of the fox-hunter, I believe that I can understand it. I condemn his pursuit, but I do not necessarily condemn him; still less do I look on him as a portent or a monster. But I feel sure that the confirmed fox-hunter would not only condemn or ridicule my position, it would seem to him something strange and unnatural, which he would be unable to understand.

Such then is my case. The true question lies in a nut-shell. Is it right to inflict, and to seek pleasure in inflicting, needless suffering on any creature whatever? To me it seems that this question is answered by the social and legal condemnation of bull-baiting. Bull-baiting is condemned on that ground; it can hardly be condemned on any other. I ask then again, as I did at the beginning, Is there any difference in principle between fox-hunting and bull-baiting, so that fox-hunting can be right if bull-baiting is wrong? The details, the circumstances, nearly all the incidental concomitants, of a fox-hunt are, I fully admit, far less revolting than those of a bull-bait. But is there any difference in principle? Was not Windham right in saying that the two must stand or fall together? Is not the needless infliction of suffering, and pleasure taken in that infliction, the essence of both alike?

I ask for a sober consideration of these questions. The subject is

one on which one is commonly met with simple amazement, with mere bluster or ridicule, or with answers so absurd that they cannot be meant seriously. I need not stop to discuss an answer which I have heard more than once, namely, that "the fox likes it." And some things that are said in defence of the practice are off the point. Fox-hunting is said to have some social advantages, I mean real social advantages in linking together class and class. In this I believe there is some truth as regards some particular classes; but supposing it to be more true than it is, it does not touch the question. It should not be forgotten that the sports of the amphitheatre had, as Mr. Lecky acutely remarks, a direct political advantage. They afforded the only time when the Roman despot and his subjects were brought face to face, and when he was made to feel some degree of responsibility. We are told too that, if there were no field-sports, country gentlemen would find nothing to do. This again does not touch the question, and the saying is a libel on very many country gentlemen, both among those who hunt and among those who do not. I could point to a good many country gentlemen, to men who are the salt of their class, who—whether for my reasons or for any other I cannot always say—never join in field-sports, and what is more, whose public and private duties would not allow them the time to join in them. We are told that many men, if they were not hunting, would be doing something worse. This I can well believe; but it only proves that hunting is not the worst of all occupations, and I never said that it was. Then we are told that the amount of animal suffering inflicted in other ways, by drovers, by cabmen, by butchers, is much greater than what is inflicted in hunting. This is doubtless true, but it does not touch the point. It is no excuse for one form of cruelty to show that other, perhaps worse, forms of cruelty may be found. And there is this all important difference. Whatever cruelties are committed by drovers or cabmen, however great may be their aggregate amount, are still incidental. The calling of a drover or a cabman gives great opportunities for cruelty, but it in no way involves it. A cabman or a drover perhaps seldom is, but he always may be, a perfectly humane man, who takes all heed never to occasion any needless suffering to the animals under his care. A butcher too may be a thoroughly humane man, who takes all heed that no animal which passes under his hands undergoes anything beyond simple and speedy death. In all these cases, though cruelty is frightfully common, yet it is always an abuse, it is no essential part of the occupation. But a humane fox-hunter is a contradiction in terms, because in his occupation cruelty is not an occasional incident but the essence of the whole thing. He may, through that localization of feeling of which Mr. Lecky speaks, be humane at other times and places, but humane as a fox-hunter he cannot be.

I have indeed heard hunting defended on a kind of philosophical principle, but it is one which, when examined, is found to prove a great deal too much. Creatures, we are told, are made to prey on one another; the dog has the instinct of prey, so has the man himself. He is therefore in no way sinning by following his own natural instinct and by witnessing and encouraging the instinct of the dog. The manifest answer to this is that, if this argument proves anything at all, it justifies every sort of cruelty, or rather every sort of wickedness to which a man may profess to feel a natural impulse. It justifies bull-baiting as well as fox-hunting, and it would justify still worse things than bull-baiting. The destructive instinct of the bull-dog is at least as natural as that of the fox-hound, and if the encouragement of one forms a lawful sport, the encouragement of the other must do the same. And if there be a natural impulse towards pursuit and destruction, which may be lawfully gratified because it is a natural impulse, any inhumanity, whether towards man or towards beast, may be justified on the same ground. I doubt the existence of a natural impulse towards pursuit and destruction as such. It seems to me to be only the perversion of a natural impulse. I can understand the *certaminis gaudia*. We have in us an impulse of self-defence, an impulse of wrath at wrong done to ourselves or to others, which, especially when heightened by the natural desire of success, may give a zest to warfare or conflict of any kind. And such an impulse as this may easily degenerate into mere love of fighting, and from mere love of fighting it may degenerate into something like a mere love of destruction. The combative instinct is one given us for good purposes; but, like some other instincts given us for equally good purposes, it needs to be specially controlled and kept in order. But a mere impulse of destruction I cannot admit as anything but a corruption of our nature, and to argue that such an impulse may be gratified in sheer wantonness is a very dangerous doctrine, and one which might be pressed to very frightful lengths indeed. The whole existence of death and pain, of evil of any kind, is the deepest and saddest of mysteries. But it is plain that, for whatever ends pain and evil may be allowed in the world, it is at least our business to lessen their amount, not to increase it or to seek our pleasure in them. The line of argument of which I speak, if consistently carried out, would give full scope to all the fiercer, and would stifle all the gentler, emotions of our nature. If we may take pleasure in the infliction of pain and death, because pain is a part of the order of nature, there is no knowing where we are to stop. The sport of the amphitheatre, the excesses of every tyrant, would at once become justifiable.

I have also been told that my argument proves too much, that, if I condemn fox-hunting, I should in consistency be a vegetarian

and condemn all slaying of animals. But surely the distinction on which my whole argument rests, between the infliction of simple death for an adequate purpose and the infliction of needless suffering in sheer wantonness, is a perfectly tenable one. Even if we did not kill animals for food, it would be necessary to kill them for other purposes. If animal life were absolutely sacred, human life would become intolerable. But I cannot see that the right to torment is at all involved in the right to kill. And we may use the same line of reasoning as that which I used in the last paragraph. This argument, if it justifies anything, justifies everything. If the infliction of death for purposes of food or defence justifies the infliction of needless suffering for purposes of mere amusement, it must justify it in one case as well as another. That is to say, bull-baiting and cock-throwing must be as lawful as fox-hunting. At every stage and at every corner we come back to the unanswerable saying of Windham.

It sometimes strikes me that sportsmen, those at least among them who have any capacity or any inclination for thought, often show a lurking feeling of doubt as to the rightfulness of their own pursuit. The big words of bluster and ridicule which are so often used are not only void of argument, but they betray a certain, perhaps an almost unconscious, uneasiness which seeks relief in this kind of talk. Sportsmen are sometimes rather too loud in the praises of their pursuit; they are sometimes too eager to defend it even when it is not attacked. The famous description of Sir Roger de Coverley's hunting in the *Spectator* is a notable example.¹ Budgell there works himself up into a great pitch of admiration for the pursuit in which he is engaged, and assures us that he felt that it was perfectly innocent. This uncalled-for tone, half of defiance, half of apology, is just the tone which a man puts on when he is not quite certain that his pursuit is innocent, but is anxious to persuade himself that it is so. And directly afterwards he lets out his doubt by confessing to those natural qualms of pity which must occur in such a case to any heart which is not utterly steeled against all mercy. If he felt concern for the poor hare, he ought not to have been inflicting needless fright and suffering on the poor hare. If Sir Roger "could not find it in his heart to murder a creature which had given him so much diversion," he ought not to have found diversion in inflicting suffering which stopped only short of death, and which was doubtless far more bitter than a speedy death would have been.²

(1) "The brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hallooing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was for the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies."—*Spectator*, No. 116.

(2) The same sort of feeling appears in a passage in this Review (June, 1869, p. 746), from the pen of Mr. A. Trollope.

Budgell presently goes on with a discussion of some remarks of Pascal against hunting, which, as quoted by him, do not touch the question either way, any more than Budgell's defence of the sport, which comes to little more than its being a healthy exercise. And I think that this same sort of uneasiness is often displayed in incidental sayings of lovers of hunting, an uneasiness which, as I have said, sometimes takes the form of bluster. A man who is quite certain of the innocence of his pursuit, to defend it, does not show the sort of busy anxiety. On the other hand I sometimes see in advocates of humanity a strange shrinking from grappling with this particular form of cruelty. I was much struck with this in a clever local paper which I once bought at Manchester, which contained an article on cruelty to animals well and vigorously written, and, if anything, on some points going a little too far in the direction of Lord Townshend. But when the article came to "the debateable ground of sport," the writer suddenly found out that he had neither space nor inclination to enter on the subject. I must call this a cowardly shrinking from duty. In fact the whole matter simply needs to be boldly and honestly thought out by any man capable of thinking. The great object therefore with lovers of these pursuits is to avoid thought on the subject. For my own part I ask nothing of any reader of this essay except boldly to look the question in the face and honestly to weigh what I say. Cast away all prejudices, all conventionalities, all subterfuges, look the thing boldly in the face, and will any one tell me either that it is really right to seek amusement in the suffering of any living creature, or that hunting is anything but amusement sought in the sufferings of a living creature? Will any one who engages in such sports tell me that he does not, for the time at least, stifle the divine voice of mercy within him, that he does not, for the time at least, give the reins to the passions of the wild beast or the savage? It may sound a hard saying, but in truth the joy of the hunter is only a lesser form of that intensified delight in cruelty which saw only a "merry, merry show," in those sports, those huntings, of old in which the human victim had to struggle against the lion and the tiger.¹

Now, as a man's views and arguments are commonly more or less

"The passion" [for "killing something," as I gather from the context] "is as strong among us as ever. It is not our purpose here to defend it, nor do we know that it needs defence." This is not the way in which men speak of pursuits whose innocence they have never even doubted.

(1) Every reader of the "Last Days of Pompeii" will remember the girl who is looking forward to the "merry show," and hoping that there would be a victim for the tiger as well as for the lion. I remember a hunting picture of "In at the Death," in which a fine lady is looking calmly on while the fox is torn in pieces. The two sources of pleasure are separated by the wide difference between a fox and a man, but the emotion in each case is essentially the same in kind, and the gap, though wide, is one which, as experience shows, fashion can easily bridge over.

affected by his personal position, I think it right to say that my views on these matters are wholly the result of reflection. I have no hereditary prejudices either way. I was brought up in a way which gave me no incentives or opportunities for field-sports, but, on the other hand, I was not taught to look on them as wrong. I do not think that the general question was ever brought before my mind in childhood by my elders. I do indeed remember being told that it was unbecoming in a clergyman to hunt, but that there was no objection to his shooting. I also remember that, when I was very young, a school-fellow argued with me against field-sports, that I first tried to argue in their favour, but that in the end had to yield to what he advanced. Possibly I retain the effect of that childish argument to this day ; but for a long while I had no occasion to think much about a matter which never was a practical question for my own conduct. Afterwards—now long ago—I was led to think deeply on the whole matter, and here is the result. Whatever may be thought of my views, they have not been hastily taken up, nor are they the result of any prejudices of family, class, or sect. Circumstances have enabled me to look at the matter without any prepossessions either way. My opinions have been at least thought out by myself, honestly, independently, and, I may add, fearlessly. And such a process and its results have not been free from the pain of having to condemn the pursuits of more than one person, every act of whom I should have been well pleased to approve.

The advocates of humanity have a hard battle to fight, but I am not without hope. The good cause has made great advances. As in everything else, there are fluctuations and reactions, and perhaps of late years there may have been a certain reaction in favour of cruelty. So it has been with the growth of political freedom ; still political freedom has advanced, and so I feel that it must in the end be with the cause of humanity. With regard to man and beast alike, great has been the progress since the days of Titus, great has been the progress since the days of Elizabeth. And in every step in the right direction, whether in the cause of freedom or in the cause of humanity, I can rejoice. I detest the cruelty of fox-hunting ; yet when I look back to what has been, I can feel glad that, at least among persons of decent character, fox-hunting is the worst form of cruelty that I have to condemn. And a chain of witnesses has never been wanted since the days of Saint Anselm and Saint Ceadda and the old time before them. Jane Grey with her Plato before her, while "the poor souls who knew not what true pleasure was" were seeking for it in the pangs of the hart panting for the water-brooks, stands to all time as a beacon, specially to those of her own sex who can seek for pleasure in the infliction of pain. In every age there have been some who could say that

"No bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
I consciously have injured, but still loved
And cherished these my kindred."¹

Who does not remember in his childhood the young hero in the tale of Sandford and Merton who, in the spirit of the old saints, withstands the torturers of the hunted hare, and refuses, even under the blows of the savage hunter, to betray the unfortunate? The protests of the gentle Cowper, the warning voice of the Ancient Mariner, must still sound in some ears. I find in the *Life of the great and good Dr. Petrie* that, through his whole life, he raised his protest against sports of this kind, and warned many a sportsman that his pursuits were those of the savage. The writings of Sir Francis Palgrave are full of passages of exquisite beauty and tenderness, wrung from him by the events of a history which set before him the pursuits of the hunter in their naked ugliness. I do not envy the feelings of the sportsman who can read what Sir Francis says as to the desolation of Hampshire and the fate of William Rufus without a qualm as to the lawfulness of his sport.² But perhaps these witnesses may be despised as the testimony of recluse students incapable of entering into a noble and manly sport. But I believe that it would be possible to name more than one gallant soldier, who could both take and jeopard life

(1) Shelley, "Alastor."

(2) "Here had the Conqueror spurred his steed and delighted in the slaughter, witnessing with pleasure the dumb anguish of the fleeting stag pursued by the hound, the hieroglyphic so often seen in the mystical sculptures of the Basilica, denoting the power of evil seeking the sinner's soul."—"History of Normandy and England," iv. 9. This passage to me suggests a very awful thought. The delight in the infliction of suffering is not human; it is scarcely animal; the cat is, I believe, the only beast which wantonly prolongs the pains of its victims; but to seek pleasure in the anguish of another creature is the very idea of the "power of evil."

Take again the passage which leads to the picture of the death of Rufus:—"It is quaintly observed by St. Jerome, that in every vocation, sinners have obeyed the call of holiness, the Lawyer, the Physician, the Statesman, the Soldier, the Fisherman, the Herdman, the Mime, the Slave, the Publican—no state or condition so mean or so godless as always to repel the Holy Spirit, save one—no Hunter, St. Jerome says, was ever canonized. Unless justified by necessity, the blood of any of God's creatures is never shed unaccompanied by responsibility. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air are included in the primordial Covenant of Love—and whenever slaughter becomes sport, the sport verges upon injustice, and rushes for injustice to the worst hardening of the heart."—iv. 645.

Sir Francis never gives references, so I cannot verify the extract from Saint Jerome. His mere fact is belied by the later canonization of Saint Hubert. But the story of Saint Hubert, whether legend or history, really tells in Jerome's favour. Cruelty must have been sore put to to find a saintly representative, when hunters looked for a patron in a saint the whole point of whose story is that he was led by a miraculous warning to forsake hunting. The tale may be pure legend, or it may contain a kernel of truth; in either case the sentiment which it embodies is equally valuable.

One more, an earlier, passage from Sir Francis Palgrave. "It is related with much zest by the tonsured Chronicler, how the young Duke disturbed the sweet refreshing solitude of the deep and cool forest glades, by setting apart Preserves or Parks for sport; that is to say, for the purpose of enjoying the anguish and misery inflicted upon the Creatures whom their and our Creator has placed under man's supremacy."—iii. 209.

when his duty bade him, but who deemed it no sign of courage to rejoice in the needless anguish of man or beast. And I will wind up with the touching words—words which I have lighted on since I began this essay—of one who, if a poet and a student, is also a practised man of the world¹ :—

- “ The strife, the gushing blood, the mortal throe,
 With scenic horrors filled that belt below,
 And where the polished seats were round it raised,
 Worse spectacle! the pleased spectators gazed.
 Such were the pastimes of the past! Oh shame,
 Oh infamy! that men who drew the breath
 Of freedom, and who shared the Roman name,
 Should so corrupt their sports with pain and death.
- “ The pastimes of times past? And what are thine,
 Thou with thy gun or greyhound, rod and line?
 Pain, terror, mortal agonies, that scare
 The heart in man, to brutes thou wilt not spare.
 Are theirs less sad and real? Pain in man
 Bears the high mission of the flail and fan.
 In brutes 'tis purely piteous. God's command,
 Submitting his mute creatures to our hand
 For life and death, thou shalt not dare to plead;
 He bade thee kill them, not for sport, but need.
 Then backward if thou cast reproachful looks
 On sports bedarkening custom erst allowed,
 Expect from coming ages like rebukes
 When day shall dawn on peacefuller woods and brooks,
 And clear from vales thou troublest, custom's cloud.”

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

(1) Henry Taylor, “Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems,” p. 56.

SUPER FLUMINA BABYLONIS.

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
Remembering thee,
That for ages of agony hast endured, and slept,
And wouldst not see.

By the waters of Babylon we stood up and sang,
Considering thee,
That a blast of deliverance in the darkness rang,
To set thee free.

And with trumpets and thunderings and with morning song
Came up the light;
And thy spirit uplifted thee to forget thy wrong
As day doth night.

And thy sons were dejected not any more, as then
When thou wast shamed;
When thy lovers went heavily without heart, as men
Whose life was maimed.

In the desolate distances, with a great desire,
For thy love's sake,
With our hearts going back to thee, they were filled with fire,
Were nigh to break.

It was said to us: "Verily ye are great of heart,
But ye shall bend;
Ye are bondsmen and bondswomen, to be scourged and smart,
To toil and tend."

And with harrows men harrowed us, and subdued with spears,
And crushed with shame;
And the summer and winter was, and the length of years,
And no change came.

By the rivers of Italy, by the sacred streams,
By town, by tower,
There was feasting with revelling, there was sleep with dreams,
Until thine hour.

And they slept and they rioted on their rose-hung beds,
 With mouths on flame,
And with love-locks vine-chapleted, and with rose-crowned heads
 And robes of shame.

And they knew not their forefathers, nor the hills and streams
 And words of power,
Nor the gods that were good to them, but with songs and dreams
 Filled up their hour.

By the rivers of Italy, by the dry streams' beds,
 When thy time came,
There was casting of crowns from them, from their young men's heads,
 The crowns of shame.

By the horn of Eridanus, by the Tiber mouth,
 As thy day rose,
They arose up and girded them to the north and south,
 By seas, by snows.

As a water in January the frost confines,
 Thy kings bound thee ;
As a water in April is, in the new-blown vines,
 Thy sons made free.

And thy lovers that looked for thee, and that mourned from far,
 For thy sake dead,
We rejoiced in the light of thee, in the signal star
 Above thine head.

In thy grief had we followed thee, in thy passion loved,
 Loved in thy loss ;
In thy shame we stood fast to thee, with thy pangs were moved,
 Clung to thy cross.

By the hillside of Calvary we beheld thy blood,
 Thy blood-red tears,
As a mother's in bitterness, an unebbing flood,
 Years upon years.

And the North was Gethsemane, without leaf or bloom,
 A garden sealed ;
And the South was Aceldama, for a sanguine fume
 Hid all the field.

By the stone of the sepulchre we returned to weep,
From far, from prison ;
And the guards by it keeping it we beheld asleep,
But thou wast risen.

And an angel's similitude by the unsealed grave,
And by the stone :
And the voice was angelical, to whose words God gave
Strength like his own.

" Lo, the grave-clothes of Italy that are folded up
In the grave's gloom !
And the guards as men wrought upon with a charmed cup,
By the open tomb.

" And her body most beautiful, and her shining head,
These are not here ;
For your mother, for Italy, is not surely dead :
Have ye no fear.

" As of old time she spake to you, and you hardly heard,
Hardly took heed,
So now also she saith to you, yet another word,
Who is risen indeed.

" By my saying she saith to you, in your ears she saith,
Who hear these things,
Put no trust in men's royalties, nor in great men's breath,
Nor words of kings.

" For the life of them vanishes and is no more seen,
Nor no more known ;
Nor shall any remember him if a crown hath been,
Or where a throne.

" Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
The just Fate gives ;
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,
He, dying so, lives.

" Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate ;
How should he die ?

“ Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
 Upon his head ;
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
 And is not dead.

“ For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found,
 For one hour’s space ;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,
 A deathless face.

“ On the mountains of memory, by the world’s well-springs,
 In all men’s eyes,
Where the light of the life of him is on all past things,
 Death only dies.

“ Not the light that was quenched for us, nor the deeds that were,
 Nor the ancient days,
Nor the sorrows not sorrowful, nor the face most fair
 Of perfect praise.”

So the angel of Italy’s resurrection said,
 So yet he saith ;
So the son of her suffering, that from breasts nigh dead
 Drew life, not death.

That the pavement of Golgotha should be white as snow,
 Not red, but white ;
That the waters of Babylon should no longer flow,
 And men see light.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

OLD GUILDS AND NEW FRIENDLY AND TRADE SOCIETIES.¹

WE are very prone nowadays to look upon association in its various forms as being in the main one of the late products of modern civilisation. The freedom of association is not only one of the questions still at issue in France and other continental countries, but, for the most part, one of the most hotly contested, one from the full exercise of which most is hoped. Trades unionists amongst ourselves complain that the principle is habitually infringed against them; their opponents, that they themselves infringe it habitually against others. Their own associations are frequently treated by writers for the press as altogether new portents; they themselves are seldom able to trace back a pedigree for more than half a century. A little in the rear, the whole vast group of Friendly Societies scarcely looks back beyond the first Act which authorised the formation of such bodies, towards the close of the last century (1793), and if the existence of a Friendly Society here and there can be established in the earlier years of the century, it is reckoned a matter worthy to be recorded.

A certain number of facts, more or less prominently lingering in men's minds, might, indeed, cause us to doubt the novelty of association, or of the freedom to associate. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were certainly the age of great chartered companies—the East India Company (founded, indeed, in the last year of the sixteenth), the South Sea Company, the Hudson's Bay Company, the Levant or Turkey Company, the Russia Company—bodies whose scope, and, in some cases, whose achievements, surely transcended those of any railway or steam-boat company of our own days. Far behind these a yet more gigantic shadow seems to cross the field—that of the great Hanseatic League, born of no monarch's will, but imposing its laws on princes and peoples. And in the middle space we most of us dimly discern a vast multitude of smaller organisations, pervading every European country, and amongst ourselves sometimes forming visibly the very base of municipal institutions—as in the case of the City of London—and binding men together, especially in their trades, with bands which in some cases have only dropped off in the memory of living men.

(1) ENGLISH GILDS: the Original Ordinances of more than One Hundred Early English Gilds, together with the Olde Usages of the Cite of Wynchestre; the Ordinances of Worcester; the Office of the Mayor of Bristol; and the Costomary of the Manor of Tettenhall Regis. From original MSS. of the 14th and 15th Centuries. Edited by TOULMIN SMITH, Esq., Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries (Copenhagen). London: [to be] published for the Early English Text Society. N. Trübner & Co.

I believe myself that the more we investigate the subject, the more we shall become convinced that all pretensions of the nineteenth century to have discovered either the practice or the principle of free association are the mere fruit of its own ignorance; that if we have in some ways improved the practice, found out new applications of the principle, we have in several other respects fallen short of our ancestors; that, above all, various fancied novelties of association in our days are no novelties at all; that Trade Societies and Friendly Societies, in particular, are virtually older by centuries than the most hoary-headed of their members, their friends or their enemies.

Abundant proof to this effect will be found—though such proof was, in fact, long ago at hand in many published works—in the very interesting volume of which the title stands prefixed to this paper, prepared for the press by the late Mr. Toulmin Smith, but the publication of which has been delayed through his death. The proofs of it, through the kindness of the secretary of the “Early English Text Society,” I have been permitted to consult, and I sincerely trust that ere long the volume itself (to which it is hoped that an introduction will be contributed from the pen of a young German economist, who has paid special attention to the subject of Trade Societies) will be in the hands of my readers. The volume consists—1st, of the returns, in English, made to the King in Council, by order of Parliament,¹ as to the ordinances, usages, properties, &c., of English Guilds, in the twelfth year of Richard II., A.D. 1389, from the originals in the Public Record Office; 2nd, of “Illustrations of the Ordinances and Usages of early English Gilds, from original records in the Public Record Office, and from other original sources;” 3rd, of documents showing “the relations of gilds to municipal bodies.”

I do not propose here, however, to deal with the work in question, except in reference to the few points I have indicated above. The subject of guilds, as such,² is one far too large to be here treated, since it would really be that of association itself in the middle ages; for it is a vulgar error, though one which has been shared by men of real learning,³ that the term guild was only connected with the exercise of a trade. The Rev. Mr. Arundel, in his lately published

(1) That there ever was such an inquiry will be a new fact to most readers; that its results took the shape of returns to Parliament (though “Blue-books” were not yet invented) affords a vivid illustration of the permanence of the usages of parliamentary government in this country.

(2) Although Mr. Smith’s spelling, *gilds*, is no doubt etymologically correct, yet I think that of our classical age, the 16th—17th centuries, must be accepted.

(3) *E.g.* Mr. George Long, who, in an article on the Roman Collegia, in Dr. Smith’s “Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,” says: “Some of these corporate bodies resembled our companies or guilds,” instancing the *fabri* (carpenters or smiths), bakers, &c., and evidently connecting the word with the idea of trade only.

work on the Livery Companies of the City of London, has well shown (though he has not been the first to show) how much larger the meaning of the term originally was, and that guilds for self-defence were probably the original form of the institution. And Mr. Toulmin Smith's volume affords abundant illustration of this, his instances extending from the "guild of the Lord's Prayer" at York, for keeping up a certain play, or that of the ringers of St. Stephen's at Bristol, for ringing the church bells, to the great guild of the Hanshouse of Beverley, or the guild of Berwick-upon-Tweed, which are virtually the corporations of those towns.

The first and most general observation which the contents of Mr. Smith's volume suggest is that of the extreme multiplication of these bodies in England during the middle ages. He has avowedly only given us a selection from the records actually preserved, yet we find the ordinances of twelve guilds from Norwich, twelve from Lynn, nine from Bishop's Lynn, five from West and North Lynn, five from "Wynnale," one from "East Wynch," two from "Oxburgh," six from Lincoln, &c. On this footing, it is not by the hundred, but by the thousand, that such associations must have existed in our country. And it is clear, moreover (although in many instances dates are not forthcoming), that the fourteenth century, and especially the latter part of it, must have been a period in which the spirit of association was actively abroad amongst our people. The first guild of which the laws are recorded dates from 1375, the fourth from 1360, the fifth from 1384, the sixth from 1385, &c., &c. Some seven belong to the first half of the century; the Palmers of Ludlow, and the remarkable amalgamated guild of Berwick-upon-Tweed, to the thirteenth century; the guild of St. John of Beverley, of the Hanshouse, to the twelfth. The guild of the Holy Cross of Stratford-upon-Avon claimed, in 1389, to have existed from time beyond the memory of man; that of the Kalenders of Bristol, seventy-one years before (1318), to date from before the Conquest.

We are, moreover, met at once, on perusing Mr. T. Smith's volume, by the remarkable fact that a distinction was already made at the close of the fourteenth century between what the author terms respectively the "social" and the "trade guilds." We may say broadly that the former were the originals of our friendly, the latter of our trade societies. Separate writs—of which Mr. Toulmin Smith gives the text—were thus issued for returns from the former, which are simply termed "guilds and brotherhoods;" and from the latter, which are described as "mysteries and crafts." And it unfortunately happens—through the writ for returns from mysteries and crafts requiring only a return of royal charters or letters patent respecting them, whilst the writ for returns from other guilds requires such returns to embrace also "the manner, and form, and

authority of the foundation, and beginning, and continuance, and governance of the guilds and brotherhoods aforesaid . . . the manner and form of the oaths, gatherings, feasts, and general meetings . . . and of all other such things touching these guilds and brotherhoods ; also as to the liberties, privileges, statutes, ordinances, wages, and customs of the same guilds and brotherhoods"—that the picture which is afforded to us of the craft-guilds is much less complete than that of the others. But Mr. Toulmin Smith has brought together ordinances of craft-guilds from other sources ; and it appears clearly that between the two classes of bodies there was no *legal* distinction, only that practical one which would result from the craft-guilds having a common trade interest which the others had not. Neither body appears to have required any legal sanction for its existence, to have been subject to any legal fetters in its constitution ; of the two, we may infer that the craft-guilds were looked upon with the least suspicion, to judge from the far greater slightness of the returns required from them. And the two classes of bodies ran evidently as often into each other as do our trade and friendly societies. Among the returns from social guilds we find many bearing the names of specific trades—tailors, carpenters, saddlers and spurriers, shipmen, smiths, fullers, &c.—and in these often provisions for trade purposes strictly so called. There was, moreover, a link between the two, which the course of our legislation, since the first Friendly Societies' Act, for the first time legally snapped asunder—which the majority of the Trades' Unions Commission have studiously ignored, and of which the minority do not seem to me to have appreciated the importance. In those days no distinction was made by the law between the relief of poverty as such, and that of any other human infirmity, and men associated together as freely to provide for each other's wants, when in need from want of work, as when sick or infirm through age. It is not so in our days. The ordinary machinery of our Friendly Societies Acts has carefully excluded from the free use of the full legal privileges attaching to that form of association, those bodies which seek to provide, by mutual help, for simple need, for want of work ; and it is only since the year 1850 (13 and 14 Vict. c. 115) that—in a shame-faced, roundabout sort of way, under colour that "it is expedient to afford *some* protection to the funds" of "benevolent and charitable institutions and societies . . . formed by voluntary subscriptions and benefactions, for the purpose of relieving the physical wants and necessities of persons in distressed circumstances"—and at last, more boldly, though only temporarily as yet, through Mr. Bruce's Act for the protection of the funds of trade societies—some attempt has been made at granting recognition to the forethought of the working class for mutual relief when out of work.

A good idea of the "social" guild is given by the first return in Mr. Smith's volume, that of the "fraternitee," or "bretherede," of "St. James at Garlekhith," London. It was begun by 'good men,' on St. James's Day, 1375, 'for amendment of their lives and of their souls, and to nourish more love between the brethren and sisters' of the brotherhood,' all of whom had to "swear on the book" to 'perform the points underneath written at their power.' Every member must be of good repute and condition, pay 6s. 8d. entrance fee, 2s. in the year, either yearly or quarterly, and 1s. 8d. towards the yearly feast. Wardens were to be chosen from the wisest of the brotherhood, under penalty of 40s. if they refused to act. They were to collect dues and account for them yearly, on the morrow of the feast, take the oaths of new members, and arbitrate between the brethren and sisters in their disputes. There was to be a livery suit, and, besides the yearly feasts, quarterly meetings, 'to speak touching the profit and rule of the foresaid brotherhood,' which all brethren were to attend under penalty of a pound of wax, the usual form of such penalties. On the death of any brother or sister, all were to join in the burial service, under the like penalty. If any member of the brotherhood, after having 'dwelt' in it seven years, and fulfilled all duties, should 'fall in such mischief that he hath nought,' either through 'eld or mischief of feebleness,' to help himself, he was to have 1s. 2d. weekly from the common box until he were 'recovered of his mischief.' The brethren and sisters were not to quarrel; but if they did, as before mentioned, their quarrel was laid before the wardens; if either party in dispute proved disobedient to the award then made, he was to be put out of the brotherhood, and the other party to have 'his account by the law,' and be helped by the brotherhood 'ageins the rebelle and *unboxhum*.' On the other hand, if any member of seven years' standing, and not in default as aforesaid, were 'imprisoned falsely by enemy, or by false conspiracy,' and had 'nought for to find him with,' he was to have 1s. 2d. weekly during his imprisonment.²

It is impossible, I think, to mistake here the modern Friendly Society, under a strongly devotional aspect. We see the relief in sickness, the provision for old age, for burial, the arbitration clauses, of such a society; but the provision for relief under false imprisonment, whilst it indicates a period of social turbulence and self-will which seems foreign to us, as well as that for helping to enforce awards, show also features which we should be rather inclined nowadays to attribute to a Trade Society than to a Friendly one, and which Mr. Tidd Pratt would hardly sanction.

(1) The almost complete equality of the sexes in our old guilds is most remarkable. Many of the ordinances are signed by as many women as men.

(2) A similar provision for visiting and comforting brothers and sisters in prison occurs in the guild of St. Leonard, Lynn, and several others.

Numberless examples show that relief in simple distress, when incurred without guilt—often in the express form of a provision against want of work—was a constant object of the guilds in question. This may be already inferred from the ordinances of the Garlekhith guild, but the very next ones comprised in Mr. Toulmin Smith's volume, those of the guild of St. Katherine, Aldersgate, provide that—'If it so befall that any of the brotherhood fall in poverty, or be anientised (*Fr anéanti*) through eld, that he may not help himself, or through any other haps, so it be not on himself alone, thieves or sickness, or any other haps, so it be not on himself alone, through his own wretchedness,' he is to receive 1s. 2d. a week; whilst loans are also authorised to be made out of the box to the members, on pledge or surety. Here we have clearly a provision for simple poverty, if undeserved.

In the next brotherhood—that of Saints Fabian and Sebastian, Aldersgate, London (connected, like the last, with the Church of St. Botolph),—we have in the same terms the like provisions as to poverty, old age, &c., with a further one, that if the distressed member be 'young enough to work,' and 'hath nought of his own to help himself with,' the brethren shall help him 'each man with a portion'—the palpable equivalent of a modern trade society's "donation benefit;" and the like rule as to loans out of 'the box,' with a proviso that no one is to borrow but a member; and a rule for the expulsion of any member of 'wicked fame.' Similar provisions for relief, expressly devised for the able-bodied and unemployed, occur in many other guilds. In that of the "Blessed Virgin Mary of Kingston-upon-Hull" (1357), if any brother of the guild, or unmarried sister, 'being young and able to work, has through mishap become so poor that help is needed,' he or she is to be paid out of the goods of the guild ten shillings, as 'a free grant for one year.' But if for any 'cause that may be excused,' he cannot repay it within one year, he may keep it for a second and a third, and 'if at the end of the third year he is unable to earn back, beyond what is his own, the ten shillings, with an increase, then the money shall be wholly released to him'—a charitable statute of limitations which debtors would probably be rather apt to plead. The same guild explicitly provides maintenance for life for members 'infirm, bowed, blind, dumb, deaf, maimed, or sick,' and maintenance (sevenpence a week) for others 'so borne down by any other mishap' that they have not the means to live. The guild of Corpus Christi, of the same place (1358), has similar provisions for loans releasable after three years to brothers or sisters, to enable them to follow their callings, and also for the maintenance of the afflicted, the figure in each case being double the former one, viz., twenty shillings for the loans, fourteen pence for weekly maintenance. So with the guilds of St. Benedict and of the Fullers of Lincoln, &c. Passing over many

other guilds which likewise provide in various ways for the relief of poor members, we should not overlook the touching return from "the Poor Men's Guild of St. Austin," Norwich, begun by them in 1380, 'in help and amendment of their poor parish church.' The help to the church consists, however, only in the providing yearly a light in honour of St. Austin, and hearing mass on the day when it is offered. The main object is really self-help; besides burial for deceased brethren and sisters, and masses for their souls, an allowance of threepence per week for any brother or sister who may 'fall in any poverty or sickness, or any other mischief, by the sending of Christ, and he may not help himself with his own goods, and he may not have nought to sustain himself.'

This provision for the relief of poverty forms in particular an almost essential element of what might be termed social trade-guilds, composed mainly or exclusively of members of the same trade—bodies which would pass as naturally into craft-guilds as the friendly societies of Liverpool shipwrights or Sheffield saw-grinders have passed into trade societies. Among the first instances of these in Mr. Toulmin's Smith's volume are those of the "Peltyers" (furriers), Tailors, &c., of Norwich. Among the Peltyers—who show great particularity as to religious observances—if any 'brother or sister, by God's sending, fall in mischief or misease, and have nought to help himself, he shall have alms of every brother and sister every week lasting his mischief, a farthing, of which farthings he shall have fourteen pence, and the remnant go to catelle (stock?). But if it be his folly he shall nought have of the alms.' Among the Tailors any member who 'falls at mischief, in poverty, crooked, blind'—except 'he be a thief proved'—is to have sevenpence a week. In the Carpenters' guild, of the same city, if any brother or sister 'fall into any mischief or poverty, by God's sending, and by any chance of the world, and not by his own folly nor riotous living, and he may not with his craft nor with his goods help himself,' he shall have a farthing a week from every other member 'lasting his mischief.' But 'for no ordinance that herein is made, nor by no manner of colour of this guild, they shall make no maintenance nor confederacy against the king's right nor the common law, nor do no prejudice to no manner of man.' Not only is it obvious that the most elaborate trade society could be built upon rules such as those of the Norwich tailors and carpenters, but I strongly suspect that the cautious provision above quoted from the latter implies that the carpenters' guild really was one.

A group of guilds from Lynn, besides showing us provisions against those casualties which specially afflict a seafaring population, —*e.g.*, in that of St. Thomas of Canterbury (1376), an ordinance that "what man or woman of this fraternite that falle in povert thorow losse on the se, or thorow fire or any manere othir, sond (sent) of God, alle

the bretheryn and sisteryn of this gild shal ben gadred (gathered) in fere, and helpyn hym with a portion of here katel (their chattels) up here pavere (up to their power),"—exhibit to us, moreover, a feature which has been one of the worst of charges against trade societies in modern times, but which will be found to recur repeatedly in the guilds of the fourteenth century, and to be openly avowed without apparently the least sense of evil or fear of blame. The Shipmen's guild, for instance, provides that "qwo so discuretze (discovereth) ye counseyl of ye gylde of yis fraternite to any straunge man or wymman, xal paye to ye lyht ii ston of wax or lese (lose) ye fraternite tyl he may have grace." Nor must it be inferred, from the last instance being taken from among the social craft-guilds, that this enforcement of secrecy was confined in anywise to such. The same feature occurs in many guilds of a purely social type, such as those of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, also of Lynn; in another guild of St. Thomas, in that of St. Mary, and that of St. George the Martyr, all of the same town; of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and St. Edmund, Bishop's Lynn; St. Nicholas, West or Peter's Lynn; St. Peter's, Oxburgh (1378); St. John Baptist, York (1388), &c.

Perhaps the fiercest jealousy of the disclosure of guild secrets is shown in the ordinances of the guild of the "Blessed Mary," of Chesterfield (1218), a body, indeed, more political than social. The members swear "to uphold the rights of the Church," to "take care for the rights of the lord of the place," and "to guard all their liberties, within town and without town, and to give trusty help thereto whenever it may be needed." Every brother, "in every strait and trouble," is to "have the help of his brethren towards defending himself, in due course of law, against any adversary whomsoever;" and if he has undergone damage, or loss, or cost, for the common welfare of the guild or the liberties of the town, the brethren are "to make good to him all such damages," and "with others in the town," to "give him counsel and help;" whilst "the alderman, with the counsel and help of the brethren," is to "uphold and defend all liberties belonging to the town against all disturbers or hinderers of these liberties."¹ "Whoever makes known the affairs of the guild, and it is proved by two brethren, shall be put out as perjured, and his example shall be held up to everlasting scorn." (!) The charitable provisions fall here rather into the background. Help to brethren in case of "heavy loss," whether by fire, by murrain, by robbery, or by any other mishap, so it be not through their own "lust, or gluttony, or dice-play, or other folly," seems confined to three acts of relief, of twopence a-piece from each member. But if a brother, "through age, or loss of limb, or leprosy, comes to so great want that he cannot

(1) A very strong *esprit de corps*, though without political character, is also visible in the guild of the Palmers of Ludlow (1284).

support himself," he is to be supplied with needful food by brethren who are able, or to be found a place in some house of religion. A remarkable, but not a singular characteristic of this guild is, that its goods were to be "improved" as much as possible by those who kept them—i.e., profitably invested on personal security.¹ The guild of the Smiths of Chesterfield, united in 1387 with that of the Holy Cross, is less ambitious, but, true still to the militant character of the town, provides that if "any of the brethren, by some hapless chance, and not through his own folly, is cast into prison, all his brethren are bound to do what they can to get him freed, and to defend him." It is curious to remark in these rules one which more than anticipates that privilege of the modern Friendly Society, by which (see sec. 23 of 18 and 19 Vict. c. 63) debts due to the society by any officer who may die or become bankrupt, or against whom executions may be levied, are to be paid out of his estate before any others—the Chesterfield smiths providing that "when any one has borrowed any money from the guild, either to traffic with or for his own use" (words, by the way, which imply that the guild was also a lending society), "if he dies intestate, his goods shall be held bound to the guild, to pay what is owing to it, and shall not be touched or sequestrated until full payment has been made to the guild." As instances of the sanctions assigned to these rules, we may mention that with the Chesterfield smiths, "suspension, denunciation, and excommunication, without any contradiction, cavil, or appeal," were (over and above loss of wax and money) the penalties not only for omission to pay debts due to the guild, but for a member "setting himself against the brethren," "gainsaying" any ordinance, "not abiding by what has been ordained by the elder father and greater part of the guild." The company of one "deemed excommunicate" was to be "shunned by all." No wicked trades' union of later times could deal more stringently with offending members.

Although it may be gathered from what has been shown already that the form of association embodied in these guilds and fraternities extended itself throughout all classes, there is one which shows in a marked manner what a thoroughly democratic spirit might animate them. It is that of St. Michael on the Hill, Lincoln, founded 1350. Whoever seeks to be admitted into the fraternity, being of the same estate as the brethren and sisters who founded it—namely, of the estate of common and middling people (*de statu communiū et mediocriū virorum*), must be faithful, and bear his share of the common burthens; and "whereas this guild was from the first ordained and begun by common and middling folk (*quod cum fraternitas predicta fuit a principio ejusdem ordinata et incepta ex viris communibus et mediocribus*), it is ordained that no one of the rank of mayor

(1) See also in this respect, amongst others, the guilds of St. Benedict and of the Resurrection of Lincoln.

or bailiff shall become a brother of the guild, unless he is found to be of humble, good, and honest conversation, and is admitted by the choice and common assent of the brethren and sisters of the guild; and none such shall meddle in any matter, unless specially summoned, nor shall such a one take on himself any office in the guild. . . . And no one shall have any claim to office in this guild on account of the honour and dignity of his personal rank." There is something very refreshing in such evidences of the sturdy self-reliance of our "common and middling folk" in the fourteenth century.

In three other returns from Lincoln—those of the "Fullers," "Tailors," and "Tylers"—although, as Mr. T. Smith points out, not made in answer to the writ for returns from craft-guilds, it is impossible to mistake the trade-society character. The Fullers, founded 1297, regulate the modes of work. None of the craft is to "work in the trough" or "at the wooden bar with a woman, unless the wife of a master, or her handmaid." Dealings with non-unionists:—"If a stranger to the city comes in, he may, upon giving a penny to the wax, work among the brethren and sisters, and his name shall be written on their roll." Taking cognizance of apprenticeships:—"If any wishes to learn the craft, no one shall teach it to him until he has given twopence to the wax." Nay, we find in this guild even to the Saturday half-holiday:—"None of them shall work after dinner on Saturdays," nor, indeed, on Church festivals. The Tailors' Guild (1328) is rather one of masters in the craft, who are growing into employers. "If any master of the guild takes any one to live with him as an apprentice, . . . the apprentice shall pay two shillings to the guild, or his master for him, or else the master shall lose his guildship." "If any master of the craft keeps any lad, or sewer of another master, for one day after he has well known that the lad wrongly left his master, and that they had not parted in a friendly and reasonable manner, he shall pay a stone of wax." "If any master of the craft employs any lad as a sewer, that sewer shall pay sixpence, or his master for him." The Tylers (1346) provide that "if any brother does anything underhanded, and with ill will, by which another will be wronged in working his craft, he shall pay to the guild a pound of wax, without any room for grace," and that "no tyler nor poyntour shall stay in the city unless he enters the guild." Could anything more trades-unionish be imagined? Yet side by side with these provisions we find purely "friendly" ones for the burial of members, soul-candles, the helping of pilgrims, (a not uncommon provision, and one which by the way is probably the original of what is now termed donation to "travellers," or "tramps," or sometimes simply "tramp-money"—i.e., relief to members going in search of work), the giving of ale to the poor, &c. So little new is it that "trade" and "benefit" purposes should be combined! So strange would it have seemed to our forefathers five

or six centuries ago that any one object of mutual help should have to be legally divorced from any other !

I will now turn to some of the craft-guilds proper, to give further evidence of what is, indeed, notorious to every student, and yet too often forgotten, that the same attempts to regulate labour and its guilds, the same so-called interferences with its freedom, which are now laid to the charge of the working class, were formerly not only carried on by their employers (then, probably, it is true, all real craftsmen themselves), but sanctioned and enforced on behalf of the latter by the community. At Bristol, for instance, the ordinances of "the masters and good men of the craft of Fullers" are found embodied in a charter of confirmation under the seal of the mayor and commonalty of the town. Under these, four good men of the craft are to be chosen every year, to oversee and present "all manner of defects which hereafter shall be found touching the said craft . . . and likewise to keep watch over the servants and workmen of the same craft, within the franchise of Bristol, so that the said servants and workmen *should not take more wages than of old time is accustomed and ordained. . . .* The masters of the craft shall not give more to the men of the said craft than 4*d.* a-day, beginning from the first Monday in Lent till the feast of St. Michael then next ensuing, and from the said feast of St. Michael till the same Monday in Lent, 3*d.* a-day. . . . *If any of the masters pays more to the workmen than is above ordained, he shall be fined each time 2*s.*, that is to say, 12*d.* to the commonalty, and 12*d.* to the craft. And if the men take more from the masters, they shall pay each time 12*d.*; that is to say, 6*d.* to the commonalty, and 6*d.* to the craft. And if the men are rebels or contrarious, and will not work, then the four masters shall have power to take them before the mayor and Court of Gihald of the town, to be there dealt with according to law and reason. And, moreover, the said servants shall work and rest in their craft, as well by night as by day, all the year, as has of old time been accustomed."*

Then come provisions directed not against the working men of the town, but against outside competitors. "Whereas certain merchants of Bristol have been used aforetime to have some of their clothes fulled in divers parts of the country round about;" but the said clothes "cannot be set to sale by reason of their defects, without great amendment and work by the fullers of Bristol. . . . no man of the craft shall full or amend any cloth which has been thus fulled out of the town, under penalty of 6*s.* 8*d.*; that is to say, 40*d.* to the commonalty, and 40*d.* to the craft." Very like stonemasons of the nineteenth century refusing to work on stone dressed at the quarry.

The guild of the Tailors of Exeter, the history of whose feuds with the corporation forms an interesting portion of Mr. Toulmin Smith's work, exhibits to us the institution in its later form, when the master-

craftsman element was quite predominant, and a money qualification was annexed to it. The ordinances were sanctioned in the 22nd year of Edward IV. (1482-3), and again in the 2nd Henry VIII. (1510-11). They ordain that "every person that ys privilege [d] with the crafte aforesayde, that ys of the waylore" (*i.e.* value) "of xx *li* of goodes, and aboffe, schalbe of M.*ys* ffeleschipe and clothinge." The yearly contribution of such a member is 12*d.*, besides his livery, and a silver spoon on admittance, but a "yowte brodere" (out-brother) not privileged of the fraternity pays only 6*d.* yearly. For the yearly feast at St. John's day every "schoppe-holder of the forsayd ffeleschyppe and crafte" must pay 8*d.* and his offering; every servant receiving wages, 6*d.*; every out-brother, 4*d.* Every servant of the craft taking wages to the value of 20*s.* and above, must pay 20*d.* to be a free sewer; no man of the craft is to set a new sewer "a-warcke" more than fifteen days without paying his 20*d.* to be made free sewer, or else to find a surety, under a forfeiture of the same amount if "the same schopholder" so keeps a servant, being no free sewer "other than aforesayd." Any brother taking clothing of any lord, knight, or gentleman, out of the city without leave of the master and wardens, pays a penalty of 40*s.* at the first default, and is to be expelled at the second. So marked is the distinction of ranks already within the guild, that at the quarterly feasts the free sewers only "take the relef of the mete and drinke that the fforsayde m[aster] and shopholderis levyth," and yet must pay a penny to the welfare of the fraternity. No craftsman is to "hold" more than three servants and one apprentice without license from the master and wardens. The indenture of every apprentice must be enrolled, and he must pay a silver spoon and a breakfast to the master and wardens when he becomes a freeman. Every person who is made free of the craft by "redemption" must pay 20*s.* fine and a breakfast, and can take but one servant the first year, two the second, the third three, and an apprentice. The oath of the craftsman is long and curious, and lets us behind the scenes of fifteenth century tailoring. He must obey the master and wardens; must 'not discover the counsel of the brotherhood or of the craft;' must 'not suffer nor counsel any foreigner to dwell within the franchise' of the craft, but 'shall warn the master and wardens thereof;' shall 'cover no foreign stranger in nowise under' his franchise, 'to use this craft nor none other occupation within this city to his own proper avail;' shall show the indentures of every apprentice, and at the end of his term bring them to the master and wardens; shall 'hire no man of this craft out of his house;' shall 'withdraw' no man's apprentice or servant; shall take no shop till admitted by the master and wardens 'good and able to occupy shopping;' shall not 'procure nor excite' to 'withdraw' from the master or a brother craftsman 'any of their customers;' shall not 'refuse nor forsake the fellowship;'

shall keep all rules and ordinances of the craft; on his death, give part of his goods to the maintaining of the brotherhood,—and sue no brother craftsman without license of the master. The oath of the ‘free brother’ pledges him not to implead a brother craftsman without leave of the master and wardens; not to deliver his livery to ‘any brother that has forfeited against the fraternity,’ or to any other person before the year is out; to pay dues; if he knows ‘any brother of this fraternity that hath done his duties well and truly to the fraternity, come or fall to poverty by the visitation of God or by casual adventure, so that he has not whereof to live,’ to be ‘helping and counselling’ with all his power, so that the poor brother may have of the alms of the fraternity 10*d.* a week, and if he has been master, 1*s.* 2*d.*; and, finally, to leave something by will ‘in supportation of the priest and poor men’ of the fraternity. Other ordinances give contributions for ‘the finding of a priest,’ 12*d.* a year for seven years for those of the ‘masters’ fellowship,’ 8*d.* for ‘shopholders of the yeomen fellowship,’ and 4*d.* for ‘free sewers,’ (the payment of which last was afterwards made quarterly); fix (1516) the form of the admission of shopholders, place all past masters on ‘the council of the craft,’ and fix the quorum of the council; and again, (1531) allow the widow of a tailor to keep as many servants as she will to work for her during her widowhood, she paying scot and lot, and carrying on the trade, but under a penalty of 3*s.* 3*d.* on both the mistress and every servant, if the latter be found to work for themselves or any one but their mistress, —a provision which shows how burthensome the guild system was already becoming.

Some interesting examples are given by Mr. Smith of the control exercised by the guild over masters and workmen. We find three cases of complaint by customers, chiefly of the wasting of materials given by them to make up; one also of want of skill. In the first case the guild decides, on inspection of the “patrons of blacke paper,” that there was no waste; in the second, that there was, adjudging the craftsman to pay for the cloth and keep the “gowne;” in the third, that there was both waste and spoiling of the garment; but the workman never having been admitted of the craft, the customer was left to his legal remedy. Then there are complaints by one craftsman against another; disputes, referred to the arbitrament of the master and wardens. A complaint by a servant (*i. e.*, working tailor) against his master, that, in chastising him, the latter bruised his arm and broke his head; for which the master and wardens adjudge the master to pay for his servant’s ‘leech-craft,’ his board for a month, 15*s.* damages, and 20*d.* fine to the guild; and lastly, proceedings against an unruly member of the guild, who, after swearing to it, renounced his oath before the mayor, was sued for perjury, but, on a compromise, re-sworn, yet persisted in absenting

himself from 'dirges, masses, and other duties;' so that at last the master and wardens fetched him out of his house, and brought him to Tailors' Hall, and there put him in a pair of stocks, and there kept him by the space of a day and a night; after which he was released on finding two sureties for £20 for his good behaviour. Sharper work this, than a trades' union may venture upon nowadays with a recalcitrant member.

The Cordwainers' Guild of Exeter appears to have been a much more humble-minded body than the Tailors'. Its ordinances, confirmed by the corporation of the city in 1481, like those of the Fullers of Bristol, give the half of almost all penalties to the city, allow no craftsman to hold a shop within the jurisdiction of the city unless a freeman; and provide even that the powers of the guild are to be yearly surrendered and re-granted. The constitution of the guild is, however, less aristocratic than that of the Tailors—for instance, of the four wardens who are to be yearly elected, two are to be 'shopholders' and two 'journeymen.' If any shopholder set a stranger "a-work" for a month, the stranger must pay fourpence, for which the master is to be responsible. No craftsman is to set a man a-work that is retained in another's service under a penalty of 6s. 8d. Masters are also responsible for payments due by their servants 'for the sustentation of the priest and the chapel.'—The ordinances of the Bakers' guild come before us also in a corporation charter of 1483, and show a like halving of penalties with the city, the court of which is also to pronounce on forfeitures. We have similar, if not identical, provisions to such as we have seen already, as to payments for setting to work persons not apprenticed to the craft, against enticing away apprentices or "yearly" servants. All corn is to be ground at the city mills, and search made at hucksters' houses for 'foreign bread' brought in, which is to be forfeited. No man is 'to set up the craft of baking' within the city or suburbs, unless a freeman, and admitted by the master and wardens of the guild. In one case a price is fixed; 'horse-loaves' are to be made two for a penny, and 'of clean beans.'

In no instance, perhaps, does the union of trade and friendly, and, indeed, also municipal, purposes come out so perspicuously as in the statutes of one of the most remarkable of all our guilds, that of Berwick-upon-Tweed, of which the text has been twice printed, but of which Mr. Smith gives a translation. These statutes, belonging to the end of the thirteenth century (made, 1283; confirmed, 1284), show us an amalgamation of all the trades in the town. They are ordained "so that, where many bodies are gathered together in one place, they may become one, and have a common order, and in the dealings of one toward another have a strong and hearty goodwill." All separate guilds previously existing in the borough are put an end to, their goods being handed over to the new guild;

no other guild is to be allowed, and "all shall be as members having one head, one in counsel, one body, strong and friendly." Here, by the side of provisions for help to "whoever shall fall into old age or poverty, or into hopeless sickness, and has no means of his own;" for dowries to the daughters of poor brethren; for the burial of poor brethren; for the help of brethren "charged on a matter of life and limb, outside the borough"—or, again, of purely sanitary provisions, against the admission of lepers into the borough, or the creating of nuisances—we find the strictest trade rules. None is to be admitted to the guild, except the sons and daughters of guildmen, without paying at least 40s. No one is to grind wheat or other grain in hand-mills, except through urgent need. No one but a brother of the guild can buy wool, hides, or skins to resell; or cut cloths, except stranger merchants in the course of trade; no brother of the guild must share profits with a stranger merchant, or take money from him for his trade. Butchers are not to buy wool or hides. Hucksters are not to buy provisions before a given hour; goods are not to be forestalled, nor wool or hides "unreasonably ingrossed." No skinner, glover, or other person is to cut wool from skins between Whitsuntide and Michaelmas. "Whoever buys a lot of herrings" shall share them at cost price with the neighbours present; no woman is to buy more than a chaldron of oats at a time for brewing; no one is to have more than two pair of mill-stones; but, conversely, no brother is to go shares with another in less than a half-quarter of skins, half a ton of hides, and two stones of wool. Damages are to be paid if any are misled by false top samples. Tanned leather is to be sold in open market. Out-dwelling brethren are not to buy up victuals coming by ship to the town. Prices and dues are fixed—the share of the miller in grain and malt, the price of mutton and ale, the charges for carrying wine casks. Whoever betrays the counsel of the guild shall, for the first time, be "punished as the alderman and others think fit;" the second time, "put out of the guild for a year and a day;" the third time, shall "lose the guildship for ever," and thus, "not only in this borough, but throughout the realm . . . become an outlaw and infamous."

The Guild Merchant of Worcester exhibits to us in its ordinances of 1466-7 what such amalgamations as that of Berwick became two centuries later. It is almost entirely municipal, but exhibits still as minute an interference with trade as any of the pure trade guilds may have done, out of which no doubt it arose, and which still maintained themselves under it, but shows that new trade organisations were already springing up outside of it. The 57th ordinance provides that no tiler called a "hillyer" of the city, nor any other inhabitant, shall compel a 'tiler-stranger, coming to the city, to serve at his rule and assignment, but that he may take by the day as he and the party with whom he shall work may accord;' that the tilers

of the city 'set no parliament among them, to make any of them to be as a master, and all other tilers to be as his servants and at his commandment, but that every tiler be free to come and go, to work with every man and citizen freely as they may accord.' But so little is this provision connected with any principle against "restraint of trade" that the very next rule provides, 'if any man of the said city make or labour for any other persons than for a man of the said city, that then he forfeit his franchise.' And it is also generally provided that any person 'desiring to hold craft as a master' in the city or suburbs is to apply to the wardens of the craft, and be dealt with by them 'as reason and conscience will, after the custom of their craft,' as well for his entry as for yearly payment to their pageants and lights; and that in like manner any journeymen strangers, after the first fortnight, are to be spoken with by the wardens or keepers of their craft, and to be contributories to their pageants and lights as other journeymen.

From Worcester comes also the latest document on the subject contained in Mr. Smith's volume—the "orders and by-laws made and ordeyned" by the company of the Joiners and Carpenters, confirmed by two justices of assize in 1723, as were also two further ordinances as late as 1793. Here we find a penalty for making deceitful work,—for taking an apprentice for less than seven years,—for taking a child or young man to teach him the trade without binding him apprentice,—for selling an apprentice, *i.e.*, assigning over his indentures to another,—for inveigling away a journeyman or servant from a freeman of the company; rules as to who may keep two apprentices or only one, and within what time before the expiration of an apprenticeship the master may take another apprentice. The rules provide "who shall not be free of the company for less than 20s.,"—"who shall be set to work by a freeman of the company;" 40s. a month penalty is due for using the trade of a joiner or carpenter, not having served a seven years' apprenticeship and being free of the company, except as a servant or journeyman with a freeman. Every freeman must enter his journeymen's names in the company's book, paying 1s., under penalty of 5s. Wherever any freeman buys any parcel of timber or boards coming to the city to be sold, and fit for either craft, every freeman may have a share therein, not exceeding a third, at cost price, on request and paying ready money, under penalty of 20s. for refusing to share. The spirit of this rule, as well as of that of the Berwick guild as to sharing a load of herrings with one's neighbours, is exactly the same as that of the rules of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, requiring members who take piecework to share equally any surplus made with all members working on the job.

One point, lastly, must not be overlooked. Whilst our Friendly Societies' Acts limit to one acre the land that may be held by such

societies, and that only for a place of meeting—and Trade Societies have not even this privilege—we find many of the guilds mentioned in Mr. Smith's volume holding houses and lands, sometimes apparently to a large amount, and deriving much of their income from this source—*e.g.*, the Guilds of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian, London, the Smiths of Chesterfield, the Palmers of Ludlow, the Guild of the Holy Cross of Stratford-on-Avon, the Guild-merchant and two other guilds of Coventry, &c. And this was exclusive of their "Guild-halls," such as the "Hanshouse" of Beverley, or "Tailors' Hall" at Exeter; or, again, the London livery companies, with their estates and halls, afford a similar instance of the same kind.

The details above given (which are very far from exhausting the varied interest of the volume referred to) will, I trust, show how rooted amongst us—nay, amongst those who in the fourteenth century openly styled themselves the "common and middling folk" of our country—is the habit of association for mutual relief and help; how manifold were the shapes which it took amongst us many centuries ago, and in how many instances we may recognise the present in the past. True it is, indeed, that as respects trade and industry, a great change has come over us. Instead of the guild uniting together, with more or less of equality, the different members of a given craft, the "master" distinguished only, in theory at least, from the "servant" by superiority of skill, the "servant," at the end of a certain period of apprenticeship, passing regularly, with more or less of difficulty and expense, into the master, we have, on the one hand, the great capitalist employer—perhaps with no practical experience in the actual labour, or any one, perhaps, of the many labours which he financially directs, with no common interest with any other employers, unless it be that of keeping his workmen at bay—on the other, the workers, in their tens, their hundreds, their thousands, brought constantly together in their work, bound together by common conditions of employment, residence, life, tending as necessarily to organisation as the concentration of capital in few hands tends to an individualism which brooks no outer control. The slightest reflection will show us that whatever might remain of the old guild system must have lingered with the workers; I think Mr. Toulmin Smith's work shows clearly how much of it has done so. Above all, the most cursory perusal of it will show that the union of so-called trade and friendly purposes, which learned Commissioners in our days have treated as a shrewd device of modern trades-unions' leaders to find favour for their own organisations, was simply the rule of friendly associations composed of members of a single trade. Whether this fact, once clearly grasped, does not afford some aid towards future legislation, is a question on which at some future time I may, perhaps, have to say a few words, and which, in the meantime, I commend to the consideration of my readers.

J. M. LUDLOW.

THE WORSHIP OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

PART I.—TOTEMS AND TOTEMISM.

Few traditions respecting the primitive condition of mankind are more remarkable, and perhaps none are more ancient, than those that have been preserved by Sanchoniatho; or rather, we should say, that are to be found in the fragments ascribed to that writer by Eusebius. They present us with an outline of the earlier stages of human progress in religious speculation, which is shown by the results of modern inquiry to be wonderfully correct. They tell us for instance that "the first men consecrated the plants shooting out of the earth, and judged them gods, and worshipped them upon whom they themselves lived, and all their posterity, and all before them, and to these they made their meat and drink offerings." They further tell us that the first men believed the heavenly bodies to be animals, only differently shaped and circumstanced from any on the earth. "There were certain animals which had no sense, out of which were begotten intelligent animals . . . and they were formed alike in the shape of an egg. Thus shone out Môt [the luminous vault of heaven?], the sun, and the moon, and the less and the greater stars." Next they relate, in an account of the successive generations of men, that in the first generation the way was found out of taking food from trees; that, in the second, men, having suffered from droughts, began to worship the Sun—the Lord of heaven; that in the third, Light, Fire, and Flame [conceived as persons] were begotten; that in the fourth giants appeared; while in the fifth "men were named from their mothers" because of the uncertainty of male parentage, this generation being distinguished also by the introduction of "pillar" worship. It was not till the twelfth generation that the gods appeared that figure most in the old mythologies, such as Kronos, Dagon, Zeus, Belus, Apollo, and Typhon; and then the queen of them all was the Bull-headed Astarte. The sum of the statements is, that men first worshipped plants; next the heavenly bodies, supposed to be animals; then "pillars" (the emblems of the Procreator); and, last of all, the anthropomorphic gods. Not the least remarkable statement is, that in primitive times there was kinship through mothers only, owing to the uncertainty of fatherhood.¹

In the inquiry we are entering upon we shall have to contemplate,

(1) Sanchoniatho's "Phœnician History," by the Right Rev. R. Cumberland. London, 1720, pp. 2, 3, 23 *et seq.* Eusebius, *Præpar. Evangel. Lib. i. cap. 10.*

more or less closely, all the stages of evolution above specified. The subjects of the inquiry are Totems and Totem-gods, or, speaking generally, animal and vegetable gods; and the order of the exposition is as follows:—First, we shall explain with some detail what Totems are, and what are their usual concomitants; showing how far they have, or have recently had, a place among existing tribes of men; and we shall throw what light we can on the intellectual condition of men in, what we may call, the Totem stage of development. Next we shall examine the evidence which goes to show that the ancient nations came, in pre-historic times, through the Totem stage, having animals and plants, and the heavenly bodies conceived as animals, for gods before the anthropomorphic gods appeared, and shall consider the explanations that have been offered of that evidence. The conclusion we shall reach is that the hypothesis that the ancient nations came through the Totem stage, satisfies all the conditions of a sound hypothesis.¹

TOTEMS.—The first thing to be explained is the Totem. The word has come into use from its being the name given by certain tribes of American Indians to the animal or plant which, from time immemorial, each of the tribes has had as its sacred or consecrated animal or plant. A proper understanding, however, of what the Totem is cannot be conveyed in a sentence, or reached otherwise than by studying the accounts we have of Totems among different tribes of men; and, therefore, for behoof of those who are not familiar with these accounts, we must go somewhat into details. Unfortunately, Totems have not yet been studied with much care. They have been regarded as being curious rather than important; and, in consequence, some points relating to them are unexplained.

(1) While the materials we have bearing on this subject are deemed worthy of being submitted for consideration, the investigation is yet far from being complete, and its completion will demand the co-operation of many. In the inquiry as here exhibited, it will be seen that several persons have given assistance. Did our hypothesis not *seem* sound, we should not propound it; but, be it understood, it is submitted as an hypothesis only, in the hope that it may be tested by others better qualified for such investigations. The ancient mythologies have been so often crossed upon one another, interfused, and in appearance confounded with the intermixtures, intercommunications, and varying developments of the tribes of men who initiated them and modified them in successive generations, that it may appear a hopeless task to endeavour to throw new light upon them, still more hopeless to trace them to their beginnings. The only chance of dealing with them successfully, however, is to make them the subject of an hypothesis; and though some may think the chance too small to justify the labour—that this species of inquiry should be excluded from human endeavour—we do not at all agree with them. Their opinion is opposed by the lessons taught by the history of scientific discovery. These show that the inquirer who has facts to go upon should never despair; that in such a case as the present even a failure is a step of progress as demonstrating a line along which the truth does *not* lie—one more key on the bunch to be labelled as unsuited to the lock. A negative result may forward an investigation. Whether we have hit the truth or not, we trust we have at least been preparing the way for those who in the fulness of time will reach it.

As it is, we know that they prevail among two distinct groups of tribes—the American Indians, already mentioned, and the aborigines of Australia. Many more instances of their prevalence, it may be believed, will yet be brought to light. In the meantime it is some compensation for the incompleteness of the accounts that we can thoroughly trust them, as the Totem has not till now got itself mixed up with speculations, and accordingly the observers have been unbiased.

1. *Totems or Kobongs in Australia.*—We have an account of these from the pen of Sir George Grey, who says the natives represent their family names as having been derived from some vegetable or animal common in the district they inhabited. Each family adopts as its sign, or *Kobong*—a word which is the equivalent of Totem, and means, literally, a *friend* or *protector*—the animal or vegetable after which it is named. The families here referred to are not families in our sense of the word, but stock-tribes, or tribes of descent, as appears from the following statement:—

“The natives are divided into certain great families, all the members of which bear the same name as a family or second name. The principal branches of these families, so far as I have been able to ascertain, are the Ballaroke, Tdon-darup, Ngotak, Nagarnook, Nogonyuk, Mongalung, and Narrangur. But in different districts the members of these families give a local name to the one to which they belong, which is understood in that district to indicate some particular branch of the principal family. The most common local names are Didaroke, Gwerrinjoke, Maleoke, Waddaroke, Djekoke, Kotejumen, Namyungo, Yungaree. These family names are common over a great portion of the continent; for instance, on the western coast, in a tract of country extending between four and five hundred miles in latitude, members of all these families are found. . . . The family names are perpetuated and spread through the country by the operation of two remarkable laws: 1st, that children (boys as well as girls) always take the family name of their mother; 2nd, that a man cannot marry a woman of his own family name.”

Sir George Grey elsewhere says that “the whole race is divided into tribes, more or less numerous according to circumstances, and designated from the localities they inhabit, for though universally a wandering race with respect to places of habitation, their wanderings are circumscribed by certain well defined limits.” He further notices as “a most remarkable law,” that “which obliges families connected by blood on the female side to join for the purposes of defence and avenging crimes.”¹

From this statement it appears that we have in Australia certain great family or stock names, represented by persons in various local tribes; that the marriage law prevents any local tribe coming to consist entirely of persons of one name or stock; while the law of mutual defence and blood feud combines into what we may call

(1) Grey's "Travels in North-Western and Western Australia," vol. ii. pp. 225 *et seq.*; and p. 230.

gentes, within the local tribes, all who have the same Totem and are of the same stock. This is clear from what follows immediately after the words last quoted, namely: "All their laws are principally made up of sets of obligations due from members of the same great family towards one another—which obligations of family names are much stronger than those of blood." There are not only *gentes* within the local tribes, but the gentile bond is such as to constitute, in effect, a stock-tribe of all the *gentes* of the same family name, Totem, or Kobong, wherever they are situated.

In the work just quoted, Sir George Grey refers to his "Vocabulary of the Dialects of South-Western Australia," as giving under each family name its derivations, as far as he could collect them from the statements of the natives. Unfortunately, he seems to have been able to collect the *meaning* in eight cases only, and we have been unable to enlarge the list.¹ Subjoined are the derivations in the eight cases:—

1. *Ballaroke*. Ballar-wak, Ballar, is given in the vocabulary as a very small species of *Opossum*, with this note: "Some natives say that the Ballaroke family derive their name from having in former times subsisted principally on this little animal." Balla-ga-ra is also a species of opossum.

2. *Djin-be-nong-era*, a species of duck. "The Ngo-taks formerly belonged to this class of birds, before they were changed into men."

3. *Karbunga*, a species of water-fowl; the mountain duck. "The No-go-nyuks are said to be these birds transformed into men."

4. *Kij-jin-broon*, a species of water-fowl. "The Didaroke family, a branch of the Ngo-taks, are said to be these birds transformed into men."

5. *Koo-la-ma*, a species of water-fowl. "The Dtondarups (the second name in the list of family names) are said by the natives to be these birds transformed into men."

6. *Kul-jak*, a species of swan. "The family of the Ballar-waks are said to owe their origin to the transformation of these birds into men."

7. *Nag-koom*, a species of small fish. "From subsisting in former times principally on this fish, the Nagarnook family are said to have obtained their name."

8. *Nam-yum-go*; an emu, the local name for the Dtondarup family in the Varse district.

In this imperfect list we have eight families, or branches of families, derived from beasts, birds, or fishes; and in five cases the statement that the tribesmen believe themselves to be of the stock of the bird or beast, and that their progenitors had been trans-

(1) The linguists of the United States Exploring Expedition seem not to have paid attention to this subject.

formed into men. We have an Opossum tribe, an Emu tribe, a Swan tribe, a Duck tribe, a Fish tribe, and three water-fowl tribes; and along with them, we have the general statement that all the tribes have Kobongs or *Totems*, animal or vegetable, after which they are named. The Opossums are bound together by what may be called a common faith and numerous mutual rights and obligations thence derived; so are the Emus, Ducks, and Swans; the stock names being thereby perpetuated, while the persons having them are diffused throughout the country by the law which makes it incest for an Opossum to marry an Opossum, a Duck a Duck, and so on.)

No one has yet taken the trouble of making the inquiry, but our persuasion is that this *Totemism*, as it has been called, will be found to prevail, or have prevailed, through the whole of Oceania. It is mentioned in the Report of the United States Exploring Expedition¹ that the great Deity of the Tahitians, Taaroa, is named from the Taro-plant; and a legend is given which connects the Marquesan and Tahitian traditions, in explanation of the fact of—as we infer—the prevalence of vegetable names (presumably as tribal) both in Marquesas and Tahiti. The legend is, that the eponymous Oataia “named his children from the various plants which he brought with him from Vavau.” The first king on the Tahitian list is Owatea, who is identified with Oataia of the Marquesans. His wife, in either case, is Papa—“mother of the islands”—and is the same with the wife of the great god Taaroa.² The Royal line is named from the Taro plant in this way: Owatea and Papa had a deformed child whom they buried: from it sprang the Taro plant, whose stalk is called *haloa*, which name they gave to their son and heir. This we must regard as a sample of the legends which are formed on an advance from Totemism taking place, in explanation of its origin or

(1) Vol. vi. p. 133.

(2) This *Papa* appears in the New Zealand mythology as the mother of all beings. She is the earth; her husband, Rangi, the heavens. The two clave together during 1000 divisions of time, each division *a being* called Po; and their children, who “were ever thinking” what the difference might be between darkness and light, after meditating their murder, resolved at last to rend them apart. In the family were the following gods: the father of forests, birds, insects, and all things that are in woods; the father of winds and storms; the father of cultivated food; the father of fish and reptiles; the father of uncultivated food; and the father of fierce human beings. They all, in turn—except the father of storms—essay to rend their parents apart. Success at last attends the efforts of Tane-Mahuta, father of forests, who, with his head planted on his mother and feet against his father, thrusting, separated them. “Far beneath he pierces down the earth; far above he thrusts up the sky.” On the separation multitudes of human beings were discovered that had been begotten by Rangi and Papa, and lay concealed between their bodies. What follows introduces new gods, and explains the war of the elements. The whole of this mythology is *scientific* in this sense, that it is a series of hypotheses to explain phenomena. The part assigned to the forest god illustrates this. It may be believed the tree god was highly esteemed considering how much was due to him.—Grey’s “Polynesian Mythology.”

relics. Names taken from vegetables appear to prevail in the Sandwich Islands.

2. *Totems in America*.—Of these we have pretty full accounts. One is to be found in Dr. Galla'in's "Synopsis of the Indian Tribes," contained in the "Archæologia Americana." He says:—

"Independent of political or geographical divisions [*i.e.*, of divisions of the native races into local tribes or nations], that into families or clans has been established from time immemorial. . . At present, or till very lately, every nation was divided into a number of clans varying in the several nations from three to eight or ten, the members of which respectively were dispersed indiscriminately throughout the whole nation. It has been fully ascertained that the inviolable regulations by which those clans were perpetuated amongst the southern nations, were, first that no man could marry in his own clan;¹ secondly, *that every child belongs to his or her mother's clan*. Among the Choctaws, there are two great divisions, each of which is subdivided into four clans; and no man can marry in any of the four clans belonging to his division. Amongst the Cherokees, the Creeks, and the Natches, the restriction does not extend beyond the clan to which the man belongs.

"There are sufficient proofs that the same division into clans, commonly called tribes, exists amongst all the other Indian nations [*i.e.*, all the others as well as the southern Indians east of the Mississippi, of whom he is writing]. But it is not so clear that they are subject to the same regulations. According to Charlevoix, most nations are divided into three families or tribes. One of them is considered the first, and has a kind of pre-eminence. Those tribes are mixed without being confounded. *Each tribe has the name of an animal*. Among the Hurons, the first tribe is that of the Bear; the two others, of the Wolf and the Turtle. The Iroquois nation has the same divisions, only the Turtle family is divided into two, the Great and the Little.

"The accounts are not so explicit with respect to the Lenape tribes. Mr. Heckewelder, indeed, says that the Delawares were divided into three tribes, but one of them, *the Wolf, or Minsi, had altogether separated from the others, and was a distinct nation or tribe* [not ceasing, however, to be a clan in the sense now under consideration]. According to Mr. Johnston, the Shawnoes have four tribes: the Chillicothe, the Piqua, the Kiskapocoke, and the Mequachake. The first two, from having given names to distinct towns, would seem to be living in separate places; but the fact that the Mequachake can alone perform *the religious ceremonies of the nation* gives it the character of a clan. Whether the *Totem* or family name of the Chippeways descends in a regular manner has not been clearly explained. But Dr. James informs us that no man is allowed to change his Totem, *which descends to all the children a man may have*, and that the restraint on intermarriage it imposes is scrupulously regarded. The Chippeways and kindred tribes are much more subdivided than the other Indians are into clans. Dr. James gives a catalogue of eighteen Totems, and says many more might be enumerated."²

The Totems, and the restraints they impose, are found with the Iroquois as with the Delawares and Sioux tribes. The Omahaws (among the Sioux) are in two great tribes, the one divided into eight, the other into five bands.

"Each of these bands derives its name from some animal, part of an animal, or other substance, which is considered as the peculiar sacred object, or *Medicine*.

(1) What is called the *Clan* here is identical with the Australian family, as will presently appear.

(2) "Archæologia Americana," vol. ii. p. 109.

as the Canadians call it, of the band. The most ancient is that of the red maize ; the most powerful, that of the *Wase-ishta* ("Male-deer"). The Puncas are divided into similar hands."¹

We have made these long citations because they show us the Totems or Kobongs, as in Australia, descending as a general rule under the same system of kinship (through mothers only), and attended by the same law of intermarriage, namely exogamy, leading to the interfusion of the stock tribes throughout the country ; and the constitution into Gentes in the local tribes of all persons having the same Totem. The laws of blood-feud, of mutual rights and obligations between those of the same stock, constitute stock-tribes of all having the same Totem.² And we can see in the account cited how, at a stage considerably in advance of the Australian, the solidarity of the Gentes in the local tribes has under these laws become so great as to enable the Gentes, in some cases, to withdraw from the local tribes, in which they were developed, and stand, like the Wolves of the Delawares, by themselves, in local tribes of one stock. On a change of kinship, which would permit the Totem to descend from the father instead of the mother—as it is said to do among the Chippeways—the Gentes would, even supposing exogamy to continue in force, become permanent homogeneous groups after their segregation.

Let us obtain a list of the American Totems.

"Nearly all, if not all, of the Indian nations upon this continent," says Mr. Lewis H. Morgan, of Rochester, State of New York, "were anciently subdivided into *Tribes or Families*. These tribes, with a few exceptions, were named after animals. Many of them are now thus subdivided [so they have been advancing]. It is so with the Iroquois, Delawares, Iowas, Creeks, Mohaves, Wyandottes, Winnebagoes, Otoes, Kaws, Shawnees, Choctaws, Otawas, Objibewas, Potowottomies, &c. [We can supply from the "*Archæologia Americana*" the Cherokees, Natches, and Sioux.]

"The following tribes [*or families*] are known to exist, or to have existed, in the several Indian nations—the number ranging from three to eighteen in each. The Wolf, Bear, Beaver, Turtle, Deer, Snipe, Heron, Hawk, Crane, Duck, Loon, Turkey, Musk-rat, Sable, Pike, Cat-fish, Sturgeon, Carp, Buffalo, Elk, Reindeer, Eagle, Hare, Rabbit, and Snake ; also the Reed-grass, Sand, Water, Rock, and Tobacco-plant."³

To this list we may add from the "*Archæologia*" and other sources, the Tortoise, the Turtle—in two divisions, the Great Turtle and the Little Turtle—the Red-Maize, the *Male* Deer, the Wind, the Tiger, the Bird, the Root, the Birch-rind, the Thick-wood, the Sheep, the Brush-wood, the Moose-deer, the Cat, the Trout, the Leaves, the Crow, the Sun, the Rising Sun, and the Grey Snow, the Sun and the Snow being regarded as *beings*. There are thus forty-eight Totems enumerated for American tribes, not counting the *Male* Deer or the Little Turtle, and we know there were others.

(1) "*Archæologia Americana*," vol. ii. p. 100.

(2) *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 111.

(3) Circular letter issued by Mr. Morgan, quoted in the *Cambrian Journal* for 1860, p. 119.

The following quotation from the "*Archæologia*" illustrates the effect of these names on narratives respecting the tribes and the actings of the tribes-men or tribes-women:—

"Some superiority is everywhere ascribed to one of the clans:—to the Unamis ('the Tortoise') among the Delawares; to the Wase-ishta ('Male-deer') among the Omahaws; to the Bear tribe among the Hurons and five nations. Charlevoix says that when the Mohawks put to death Father Iogues, it was the work of the Bear [clan] alone, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the Wolf and the Turtle to save him!"¹

Of course the indefinite article would be employed, instead of the definite, in speaking of individuals. *The* Bear, is the tribe or clan; *a* Bear, a tribesman. In speaking of their marriages, it would be said, for instance, that "a Bear married a Wolf," and "a Turtle a Beaver." In cases of *nursing*, a man's foster-mother might be a She-Wolf, a She-Bear, or a Tigress.

3. *Relations between Men and Totems.*—Let us now see how those who have Totems regard them; and what, generally speaking, are their religious views. Grey says that "there is a mysterious connection between an Australian and his Kobong, be it animal or vegetable." It is his "friend" or "protector," and is thus much like the "genius" of the early Italian. If it is an animal, he will not kill one of the species to which it belongs, should he find it asleep; he always kills it reluctantly, and never without affording it a chance of escape. "The family belief," says Sir George, "is that some one individual of the species is their dearest friend, to kill whom would be a great crime. So a native who has a vegetable Kobong may not gather it under certain circumstances, and at a particular period of the year."² We previously saw that the belief, in certain cases at least, is that the family were of the species of the Totem before they were turned into men.

It may be asked, What are their views of the power by which these transformations were effected? We cannot answer this question; but one thing seems to be clear, that their speculations have not carried them as yet beyond the contemplation of the material terrestrial world they inhabit, and that in that world everything is to them at once material and spiritual, the animate and the inanimate being almost undistinguished. Like many races in Africa, they do not believe in death from natural causes, and think they would live for ever were it not for murderers and sorcerers. The latter they call *Boyl-as*. A *Boyl-a* gets powers over a man if he obtains possession of anything that is his.³ A *Boyl-a* may cause death in many ways; he may cause a man to be killed "by accident," or he may render himself invisible and come nightly and "feast" on his

(1) *Archæ. Amer.* vol. ii. p. 113.

(2) Sir George Grey's *Travels*, l. c. vol. ii. p. 229.

(3) *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 323.

victim's flesh. He can transport himself through the air at pleasure; and when he makes himself invisible, he can be seen only by other *Boyl-as*. He enters his victim like a piece of quartz, and as such may be drawn out of him by the enchantments of friendly *Boyl-as*. Pieces of quartz that have been so drawn out are preserved as the greatest curiosities. As *some one* is always the cause of death, the law is that when any one dies, some one else must be killed—the *Boyl-a*, or the murderer, or some relative of the one or the other. Of course the *Boyl-as* are objects of great dread. They consume the flesh of their victims slowly, as fire would;¹ they can hear from afar; they come “moving along in the sky;” and they can only be counteracted by other *Boyl-as*. Besides the *Boyl-as*, there is another object of terror—the *Wau-gul*. It is an aquatic monster, residing in fresh water, and has supernatural powers. It also can “consume” the natives like the *Boyl-as*; but it confines its attacks mostly to women, who pine away almost imperceptibly and die. Nightmare is caused by an evil spirit that may be driven away by muttering imprecations and twirling a burning brand. Shining stones or pieces of crystal, called “*Teyl*,” they respect almost to veneration. None but *Boyl-as* venture to touch them. They believe in ghosts; and on one occasion Sir George Grey was taken by an old lady to be the ghost of her son, who had lately died! Such is the creed of this primitive race. They have no God in the proper sense of the word; and the only benign beings they know are their Totems. The *Boyl-as* of course practise imposture,² but are probably self-deluded as well to a great extent. Speculation has not reached as yet among them to the heavens. Their supernaturals are all naturals, for even the *Wau-gul*—no doubt a convenient fiction of the *Boyl-as* for protection under the law of retaliation, and perhaps also in explanation to themselves of deaths they *know* they had nothing to do with—is a living creature, the tenant of a stream or lake. Even their ghosts may return to them, if precautions are not taken to secure them in their burying-places—their “houses,” as they are called, and in which, even after death, they are not incapable of action.³

It will have been seen that the Totems are, as we may say, religiously regarded by the Australians, and that the *Boyl-as* resemble the genii of the Arabian Nights, excepting that while they are genii they are also men. The *Wau-gul* might well grow into the water-

(1) Grey's Travels, vol. ii. p. 339.

(2) *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 218. “The whole tendency of their superstitions is to deprive certain classes of benefits which are enjoyed by others.”

(3) *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 236. “After burial, the dead man can insert a mysterious bone into each of three doctors, who sleep on the grave for the purpose. By means of this bone, the doctors can kill any one they wish by causing it to enter into his body.”

kelpie, water-horse or bull. It would be curious to know whether it is a fish or an aquatic kangaroo or opossum!

The American Indians, though they occupy a distinctly higher platform, have still much in common with the aborigines of Australia. Dr. Gay, who resided for several weeks among the Omahaws, states that among them the Totem of each band "is considered as the peculiar sacred object (*Medicine*, the Canadians call it) of the band,"¹ and all we know supports the view that in every case the Totem is religiously regarded. One author, Mr. Long, in a work published in 1791, describing the manners and customs of the North American Indians, holds *Totemism* to be a religious superstition, and says the Indian believes that his Totem, "or favourite spirit," watches over him. "The Totem," he says, "they conceive, assumes the shape of some beast or other, and therefore they never kill, hunt, or eat the animal whose form they think the Totem bears."² In illustration of the truth of this, he relates what once befell an Indian whose Totem was the bear. The man dreamed he should find a herd of elks, moose, &c., at a certain place, if he went thither. Having a superstitious reverence for his dream, he went—unaccompanied, as he could get no one to go with him—saw the herd, fired, and shot a bear! "Shocked at the transaction," says Mr. Long, "and dreading the displeasure of the Master of Life, whom he conceived he had offended, he fell down and lay senseless for some time." On recovering, and finding that nothing had befallen him, he hastened towards his home, when (according to his own report) he was met on the way by a large bear, who (he narrated) asked him what had induced him to kill his Totem. On explaining the circumstances and his misfortune, he was forgiven, but was dismissed with a caution to be communicated to the Indians, "that their Totems might be safe, and the Master of Life not angry with them." "As he entered my house," says Mr. Long, who writes as if he saw the man immediately after his accident, "he looked at me very earnestly, and pronounced these words in his own language, 'Beaver, my faith is lost; my Totem is angry; I shall never be able to hunt any more.'" Should one be surprised to find that admonitory bear of the man's imagination worshipped as a god further on in the history of Bear tribes advancing undisturbed by external influences, correlated with the Master of Life in the Olympus, or even preferred to, or identified with him? The Master of Life of this story, we infer from other passages in the

(1) *Archæ. Amer.* vol. ii. p. 112. The personification of inanimate objects, the *animism*, as Mr. Tylor calls it, of the Indians is nearly as complete as in Australia. See "*Archæ. Amer.*," vol. ii. pp. 25, 166, 169. No distinction between the animate and inanimate is made in the languages of the Esquimaux, the Choctaws, the Muskhogee, and the Caddo. Only the Iroquois, Cherokee, and the Algonkin Lenape have it, so far as is known, and with them it is partial.

(2) Long's *Voyages*, p. 86.

work quoted, is *Kitchu Manitoo*, a high rock in Lake Superior, which is worshipped as a god by the Chippeway Indians, and also by the *Mathangweessawauks*, whoever they may be.¹ Is *Kitchu Manitoo*, it may be asked, the commencement of pillar-worship, of Siva-ism? He is the Master of Life, and, in some tribes, the Great Spirit. The accounts of him are most vague, and show a faith shading up from the "great black man in the woods" of the Fuegians to the Master of Life, with a high rock for his representation, and thence to the Great Spirit—who had no representation—whose temple the Incas are said to have found standing and deserted on their arrival at Cuzco. In two cases only have we certain information of the ideas of God which the Indians entertained. (1) In Gookin's History of the "Christian Indians" is preserved a contract in the form of question and answer between them and our Government. It opens as follows: "Qu. 1. To worship the only true God, who made heaven and earth. Ans. We do desire to reverence the God of the English, because we see he doth better to the English than other gods do to others." (2) Of the Pawnees, whose "Great Spirit" is *Wahcondu*, Dr. Gallatin writes, "Like all other Indians, they put more faith in their dreams, omens, and jugglers, in the power of imaginary deities of their own creation, and of those consecrated relics (the Totems) to which the Canadians have given the singular appellation of *Medicine*."²

The American Indians, like the aborigines of Australia, regarded themselves, we have every reason to believe, as being of *the breed* of the Totem. We know this was the view of the Sun-tribes—which we shall notice presently—and of several Snake-tribes. That the Caribs were of the stock of the Serpent we learn from Mr. Brett.³ And on this point—the regular authorities being silent—we are entitled, we think, to found on evidence furnished by Mr. Fenimore Cooper. His view appears in "The Last of the Mohicans." Magua, a Fox, with a party of warriors, comprising a Beaver, happening to pass a colony of real beavers, the Beaver refused to pass without addressing his kinsfolk. "There would have been a species of profanity in the omission," says Mr. Cooper, "had this man passed so powerful a community of his fancied kinsmen without bestowing some evidence of regard. Accordingly, he paused and spoke in words as kind and friendly as if he were addressing more intelligent beings. He called the animals *his cousins*," and so on, concluding his address by begging them to bestow on his tribe "a portion of the

(1) Long, l. c. pp. 68 *et seq.*, and p. 139. In Long's opinion Totemism resembles the idea of Destiny, and he says it is not confined to savages, as "many instances might be adduced from history to prove." Very probably. The one instance he cites is that of a Jew banker, of the court of Louis XIV. of France, "who had a black hen, to which he thought his destiny attached." They died together.

(2) "Archæ. Amer.," vol. ii. p. 130.

(3) Brett's "Tribes of Guiana," pp. 390—393.

wisdom for which they were so renowned." Uncas, again, Mr. Cooper represents as claiming to be of the stock of the Tortoise, "that great-grandfather of all nations;" and, indeed, all his Indians appear to regard themselves, and one another, as inheritors of mental and physical qualities from their respective Totems.

One other and last relation between the Totem and its owners, both in America and Australia, remains to be noticed. Grey tells us that the Australians use the Totem as the family crest or ensign, and expresses the opinion that our heraldic bearings are traces of the Totem stage lingering in civilised nations. It is well known that the Totem was also used as an ensign by the American Indians, who tattooed the figure of it on their bodies, and, not content with this, painted and dressed themselves so as to resemble it. Every reader of stories about these Indians must be familiar with the fact. Magua, for example, in the beaver scene, from the account of which we have just quoted, wore "his ancient garb, bearing the outline of a fox on the dressed skin which formed his robe;" while the Beaver chief "carried the beaver as his peculiar symbol." The accounts we have of the old Mexicans in war show that they had similar badges: every chief having his sign—an animal, or animal's head, or a plant; and every company having a similar symbol on its standard.

4. *Traditions of Totems in Central Asia.*—The Totem stage appears to have been passed through by numerous tribes of Central Asia. MM. Valikhanof inform us that a heritage of the nomadic races in that part of the world is a profound regard for, and an abundance of traditions respecting old times, preserved by their elders in legends and ballads, and that these traditions refer the origin of their tribes to animals as progenitors.

"The story of the origin of the Dikokamenni Kirghiz," they say,¹ "from a red greyhound and a certain queen with her forty handmaidens is of ancient date. A characteristic feature in Central Asiatic traditions is the derivation of their origin from some animal. According to the testimony of Chinese history the Goa-qui (Kaotsché), otherwise known as the Tele or Chili people, sprang from a wolf and a beautiful Hun princess . . . who married the wolf. The Tugus (called the Dulgasses by Père Hyacinthe) professed to derive their origin from a she-wolf; and the Tufans (Thibetians) from a dog. The Chinese assert that Balachi, hereditary chief of the Mongol Khans, was the son of a blue wolf and a white hind."² [The authority cited for this is "*Mémoires relatifs à l'Asie*," by Klaproth, p. 204.] . . . It is evident from these instances that this kind of tradition in Central Asia and America is the most ancient, and even seems to be regarded as a descent to be proud of. The out-spoken yet exalted tone of the Kirghiz legends, considered indecent by the present

(1) "The Russians in Central Asia." London, 1865. Translated by the Messrs. Michell.

(2) In the "*Archæologia Americana*," vol. ii. p. 112, it is noticed that among the Creeks the villages are divided into white and red, "distinguished from each other by poles of those respective colours." Query—Would a Deer in a white village be a *White Deer*, and a Wolf in a red village be a *Red Wolf*?

generation of Kirghiz, is a strong proof that they have descended in their original form. The tradition of the origin of the ninety-nine Kipebuk branches has been preserved among the Uzbeks and Kaisaks in such an indelicate shape that it is doubtful whether it will ever be possible to present it to the general reader."

It is accordingly not given; but surely the essence might have been, though not the shape. We learn from the same authorities that the genealogical tables of the Kaisaks, Uzbeks, and Nogais, show that "they are a medley of different Turkish and Mongol tribes." The names of several tribes are given, but none have been examined etymologically to ascertain whether they comprise the names of animals or plants. The interfusion, or "medley," of the tribes (we are without a statement of the origin of it, but nearly all these tribes *are* exogamous, that is, prohibit marriage within the clan), and the general statement (though it is feebly supported by details) that they draw their origin back to animals, make it probable that we have in the Kirghiz, Uzbeks, and Nogais a series of tribes that anciently passed through the Totem stage. This view is confirmed by what was recently stated at a meeting of the Geographical Society by Captain T. G. Montgomerie; namely, that round Cashmere, and among the aboriginal hill tribes on the Himalayan slopes, tribes of men are usually (or *frequently*, we have not the report before us), named, or we think he said "*nicknamed*," from animals *now*. If so, we may believe inquiry will bring to light a series of tribes in that quarter still existing in the Totem stage. The statement was made in support of the hypothesis that an Ant tribe had existed to the north of Cashmere, put forward in explanation of what Herodotus relates that the gold-fields there were worked by ants.

5. *The Sun as a Totem: hints of a Totem Olympus.*—We saw that in the local tribes or nations in America, some one of the tribes of descent had a superiority ascribed to it—that the Bear, for instance, was the leading tribe among the Hurons. This superiority infers subordination, of course; in other words, a political system. It is stated in the *Archæologia* that "it is among the Natches alone that we find, connected together, a highly privileged class, a despotic government and something like a regular form of religious worship." The Natches occupied three villages near the town that has preserved their name, and were in four clans. What their Totems were is not stated; but "the privileged class" and the sovereign had for *their* Totem the sun. This seems a legitimate inference from their being called Suns, and claiming to be descended from the sun—the Sun-tribe being so far like any other. "The hereditary dignity of Chief, or Great Sun," we are told, "descended as usual by the female line, and he, *as well as all the other members of his clan*, whether male or female, could only marry persons of an inferior [*i.e.*, another] clan."¹

(1) L. c. vol. ii. p. 113.

That is, the clan or tribe was in the same case with any other, except that it was dominant as the Bear was among the Hurons.¹ A Sun could not marry a Sun any more than a Beaver could marry a Beaver; and the Sun name was taken from the mother.

If the sun could become a Totem, why not the moon? That they were both *beings* we can see in numerous cases; we have distinct proof of it among the Indians in the case of the Chippeways.² If they were Totems they will explain for us the Solar and Lunar races of the Aryans. We have them in Peru as married persons, and also as brother and sister. The Incas were Suns, as their name and all the traditions imply—a Sun-tribe, nothing less or more; their first parents, children of the sun, sent to the earth to found society, as the reader may see in Prescott's opening chapters. Acosta tells us the brother of the Inca succeeded in preference to his sons,³ and if so, this points to kinship among the Peruvian Sun-tribe, having been at one time through mothers only—a note of the Totem stage. The pride of power led the tribe to give up exogamy and become a caste; but then to keep the stock pure, the Inca always married a sister, and when a son succeeded, it was as heir of the *Coya*, the lawful sister-queen, showing the lingering preference for the mother's side. We infer the presence of Sun-tribes among the Hurons, the Bayagoulas, now extinct, the Cherokees, the Choctaws, and the Caddoes of Red River, all of whom there is reason to believe more or less formally worshipped the sun. The Natches had sun temples and perpetual fires.⁴ The Sun-tribes may have been very powerful, but it is only what we should expect, among a race simple enough to believe anything, that a peculiar sanctity, and corresponding privileges, would readily be conceded to those believed to be descended from the great Lord of Day; and that the supremacy in many groups should on this account be the more readily obtained by the solar-stock. It is also apparent that *this* Totem might well command a general veneration—the worship of all the tribes in the group; but it is equally mani-

(1) Are the accounts incomplete? and is the dominant tribe among the Hurons also the Sun tribe? The chief of the Hurons, Charlevoix states, is believed to have issued from the sun, and the dignity of chieftainship is hereditary through females only. It is a possible explanation that the *chiefs* of the *Bear-tribe* may have invented for themselves a solar origin, in which case the chief would be a Bear, and yet a Sun. Peru presents us with an instance of a Sun that is yet a Serpent, for which a similar explanation would suffice—namely, that the Snake-tribe was dominant, and that its chief families assumed the Sun as their Totem.

(2) "Archæologia Americana," vol. i. p. 352. The sun and moon were occasionally given to fighting it appears.

(3) Lib. vi. cap. xii., cited by Prescott.

(4) "Archæologia Americana," vol. ii. pp. 113, 114. Was Helios, who had herds of oxen on the island of Trinacria, chief of a Sun-tribe there? The Heliades are suggestive of a sun-stock. Max Müller complains of Mr. Grote's disposition "to insist on the purely literal meaning of the whole of Greek mythology." We shall see by-and-by that Mr. Grote's disposition is the right one.

fest that the Sun would not, any more than the Master of Life, where it took the first place in the State religion, interfere with the allegiance due from the stock tribes composing the nation to their respective Totems. The Incas, as Mr. Prescott points out, had the good policy to collect all the tribal gods into their temples in and round Cuzco, in which the two leading gods were the Master of Life and the sun. In the temples, Mr. Prescott tells us, "there were animals also to be found," but he does not specify them, stating only that "the llama with its golden fleece was the most conspicuous." Were these animals the Totems, or their emblems, of our friends the Bears and Beavers?¹

6. *Totem Gods—a Totem Olympus.*—Among the Fijians we find a state of affairs such as may have preceded the consolidation of the monarchy and the Olympus of the Incas. They are proud of their pedigrees, and Toki, one of their chiefs, claims to be the descendant of a Turtle. Others have fishes for their progenitors. Their greatest god, the Creator, who is omniscient, omnipotent, and so on, in the opinion of his special votaries, is *Nuengi*, "whose shrine is the Serpent." Some of their *gods* are "enshrined" in birds, fishes, or plants; some, in the same way, in men. Their second god in importance is *Tui Lakemba*, who claims the Hawk as his shrine; but another god disputes his right, and claims the Hawk for himself. The Shark is a great god; also the Crab. "One god," says Mr. Williams, "is supposed to inhabit the eel, and another the common fowl, and so on, until nearly every animal becomes the shrine of some deity. He who worships the Eel-god must never eat of that fish, and thus of the rest; so that some are *tabu* from eating human flesh because the shrine of their god is in a man. . . . The Land-Crab is the shrine of Roko Suka, formerly worshipped in Tiliva, where land-crabs are rarely seen." When a land-crab favours them with a call, they make formal presents to him, "to prevent the deity leaving with the impression that he was neglected, and visiting his remiss worshippers with drought, dearth, or death." These gods are tribal, and no one can doubt but they are Totems

(1) The mythologies of Peru and Mexico have yet to be explored, and may be expected to prove a field worthy to be worked. The few facts we have yield a strong suggestion that the Toltecs, Chimenecs, Aztecs, and Tezucans were groups, compounded like the Natches, of tribes with Totems—the Sun dominant, in Peru at least. The legend of the founding of Tenochtitlan gives a prickly-pear, an eagle, a serpent, and the sun. The Mexicans had the eagle on their standard, and the serpent at least among their gods. The war god, Huitzilopotchli, means, literally, "a humming-bird" and "left." He was figured with the feathers of the humming-bird on his left foot. If the humming-bird was a Totem, this is the only case, excepting one serpent god in the same Olympus, of a Totem becoming a God of Terror that we are acquainted with. The years in the fifty-two years Mexican Cycle were named from plants and animals—a list of them is not accessible. Their law of succession was polyandrous, from brother to brother, and to sister's sons, failing brothers. This demonstrates for them the stage of female kinship. We know nothing of the law of intermarriage.

who have made such progress as we above suggested the Bear might make, and are become the objects of a more or less regular worship—the Serpent-tribe dominant, and the Hawk-tribe in the second place. The Men-gods are a new element in the Olympus; but they appear as “shrines” merely like the other animals, and were no doubt arrived at by an extension to man of conclusions speculatively reached as to the nature of Totem-gods in general. The Fijians have filled the world with spirits and demons. They are incessantly plagued by ghosts, witches, or wizards. Vegetables and stones, nay, even tools and weapons, pots and canoes, have *souls* that are immortal, and that, like the souls of men, pass on at last to *Mbulu*, the abode of departed spirits. They worship pillars and rocks; but, so far as we know, they do not worship the Sun unless their men-gods are of the solar stock.¹

7. *The mental condition of men in the Totem stage.*—The state of mind of men in the Totem stage is familiar enough, from the accounts we have of the lower races of men. The absence of scientific knowledge nowise implies an absence of speculation; it rather necessitates the presence of a great amount of it. Some explanation of the phenomena of life a man *must* feign for himself; and to judge from the universality of it, the simplest hypothesis, and the first to occur to men, seems to have been that natural phenomena are ascribable to the presence in animals, plants, and things, and in the forces of nature, of such spirits prompting to action as men are conscious they themselves possess. So far as we know, this has been at some time or other the faith of all the races of men; and again, so far as we know, it is a faith that has nowhere been given up as unsatisfactory otherwise than gradually on its being perceived, from case to case, that the behaviour of the forces of nature and of the bodies they act upon is not wayward or wilful, but conformable to law; and until the law has been ascertained. This animation hypothesis, held as a faith, is at the root of all the mythologies. It has been called Fetichism; which, according to the common accounts of it, ascribes a life and personality resembling our own, not only to animals and plants, but to rocks, mountains,² streams, winds, the heavenly bodies, the earth itself, and even the heavens. Fetichism thus resembles Totemism; which, indeed, is Fetichism *plus* certain peculiarities. These peculiarities are, (1) the appropriation of a special Fetich to the tribe, (2) its hereditary transmission through mothers, and (3) its connection with the *jus connubii*. Our own belief is that the accompaniments of Fetichism have not been well observed, and that it will

(1) “Fiji and the Fijians,” by Thomas Williams, vol. i. pp. 114, 123, 215 ff.

(2) Himavat (the Himalayas) was a great Hindu god. He had goddess daughters; one, Ganga (the Ganges), another, Uma, “the most excellent of goddesses.” See Muir’s “Sanskrit Texts,” Part iv. pp. 356 ff.

yet be found that in many cases the Fetich is the Totem. Be that as it may, we may safely affirm that as Fetichism dies slowly, withdrawing its spirits from one sphere after another on their being brought within the domain of science, so it grew slowly through various stages of development, bringing the realms of nature one by one within the scope of the hypothesis which is its foundation. Our information is incomplete; but from all we know, the aborigines of Australia are, as theorists, far in advance of the Bushmen, Veddahs, Andamans, and Fuegians, while it appears they themselves have many steps to take before reaching the fulness of the animism of some American Indians. They have not yet, for example, so far as we know, vivified the heavenly bodies. The Indians, again, have not yet advanced so far as the New Zealanders, who assign spirits to groves and forests,¹ as did the Greeks and Romans, while none of the peoples last mentioned reached that perfection of Fetichism allied to an ontology which is Pantheism.²

The justification of the statement that there is no race of men that has not come through this primitive stage of speculative belief, will be found in this exposition in its entirety.³ We may here say that such a stage is demonstrated for the Hindoos and Egyptians by their doctrine of transmigration. It is of the essence of that doctrine that everything has a soul or spirit, and that the spirits are mostly human in the sense of having once been in human bodies. All the spirits are of course ultimately divine—detached portions of the Deity.

We find in the Code of Manu that “vegetables, and mineral substances, worms, insects, reptiles—some very minute, some rather larger—fishes, snakes, tortoises, cattle, shakals, are the lowest forms to which the dark quality leads [the soul of a man].”⁴ A man may after death, according to the shade of the dark quality, become an elephant, horse, lion, tiger, boar, or a man of the servile class; while, in virtue of the good quality, he may rise to the rank of the genii, to be a regent of the stars, or even a god. This implies, of course, the existence of spirits resembling our own of various ranks, from those that dwell in minerals and vegetables up to that of Brahma. We have a similar implication from the Egyptian doctrine. Let us consider how such a doctrine could have arisen.⁵

(1) See “The Adventures of Rata,” and “The Children of Heaven and Earth,” in Grey’s Polynesian Mythology.

(2) A striking illustration of the graduality of the evolution of fetichism will be found in “Fiji and the Fijians,” l.c. p. 241. The Fijians are far in advance of the Tongans.

(3) Two papers having a bearing on this matter, written by Mr. E. B. Tylor, the one on “The Early Mental Condition of Man,” and the other on “Traces of Savage Thought in Modern Civilisation,” both read before the Royal Institution, London, are well worthy of being consulted.

(4) Code, chap. xii. vv. 42, 43; and see *idem*, chap. i. vv. 49, 50.

(5) The systems of transmigration have been various. In the Brahmanic the purified soul returns to Brahma; in the Buddhistic it attains Nirvāna. The Egyptian

The doctrine connects itself at once with the Cosmogony and with ethics. Manu's account of the genesis, from the first divine idea to the seed and the golden egg and the waters; to the Vedas milked out from fire, air, and the sun; and to the final evolution of all Beings, animals, and vegetables, will be admitted to be as unscientific, or foolish, as anything the Australians could devise, supposing them to have imagination enough to shape so *grand* a theory; and it is not a whit more ingenious than the Australian view of life, taking success in getting at the truth as the test of ingenuity. *The truth*, it may be said, is beyond the reach of speculation. No doubt; this fantastical doctrine, however, may safely be assumed *not* to contain it. "A transmigratory soul" is not an hypothesis like phlogiston: the latter explained some facts; the former, none. How then did it arise? It resulted from ethical considerations, and the theory of the Cosmos. But whence came the latter? Its source, we think, is indubitable. It was a speculation to explain the facts, real and imaginary, of existence. That is, in the order of events, Fetichism, which assigns "souls" to all things, came first, and afterwards the cosmical theory, which explained, *inter alia*, "the souls of all things," the ethical doctrine regulating their transferences merely. In other words, had the "souls" not been pre-existing we should not have had the theory—an unquestionable product of human effort to explain facts—nor anything resembling it. This we submit is the common-sense view. The doctrine supervened on a system of ideas comprising all the elements with which it had to deal. The windows in heaven, and the firmament separating the waters above from the waters below them, do not more clearly demonstrate the old theory of *rain*, than this doctrine demonstrates pre-existing Fetichism.

That the doctrine of transmigration was invented at a pretty late date in the progress of the Hindu races we may be certain. There is but one sentence in the Rig-Veda (Hymn i. 164) which has even been supposed to imply transmigration, and it does not do so, we are assured, when the words are taken literally in their usual sense. Yet the belief in the soul's life after death may be traced in some of the hymns of the Veda. This belief, however, assumes many forms, and the present writer has no certain information as to its Vedic form. Of the forms it assumes many are highly curious. The Australian and Fijian we saw. Among the Tahitians human souls were supposed to be the food of their god, and they offered to him

resembled the Brahmanic, as did the Grecian, which was neither indigenous to Greece nor a popular faith. The Jews *may* have had their system from the Greek philosophers. It is taught in the *Kabbala*, and resembles the Brahmanic. The soul of Adam reappeared in David, and was to reappear in the Messiah. Some early Christians held the doctrine, but it was never the creed of the Church. It was the creed of the Manichæans. Origen believed it; so, lately, did Lessing. It was indigenous in Germany and in ancient Mexico.

human sacrifices that he might be fed. The Khonds have a limited quantity of soul as tribal property, and they explain their female infanticide by saying that the fewer their women are the more soul there will be for the men. The customs of some tribes in Madagascar show that they think that one man may have several souls; and not a few tribes, holding that the souls of the dead return in their new-born babies, bury in the houses or near the doors to facilitate the return.

It is familiar that men everywhere in ancient times believed spirits to inhabit trees and groves, and to move in the winds and stars, and that they personified almost every phase of nature. We have now seen that such beliefs cannot be regarded as having been deduced from the grander doctrines of the ancient religions; but that the latter must be regarded as having been constructed upon such beliefs as their foundations. Demons and Genii, and the spirits of plants and minerals, were older than Brahma; let us hope they will not survive him. They are everywhere lively still, even in the most advanced nations; and we have not to go very far back in time to find them playing a most important part in our medical theories. Demons—a species of disembodied Boyl—as—were connected with diseases by the Jews and early Christians, and it is familiar how on one occasion when driven out of a man they entered into a herd of swine. The genii of the early Italians—so like the Totem—are familiar, and even more so are the genii of the Arabian Nights. The Mahometans, if they are true to their prophet, must still believe in them. In that very curious book “*Mishcât-ul-Mas’âbih*” a record of the sayings and doings of the prophet, bearing to be made by those who knew him best—his wives and disciples—we find the following, which is pertinent to our subject:—

“Ibn-Omer said, ‘I heard his highness say, “Kill snakes, and kill the snake which has two black lines upon its back, and kill the snake called *abter*, on account of its small tail; for verily these two kinds of snake blind the eyes as soon as they are looked at; and if a pregnant woman should see them, she would miscarry from fright.”’ Ibn-Omer says, ‘Just as I was about killing a snake, Abû-Labâ-Bahansâri called out to me not to kill it. Then I said, “His highness ordered me to kill them; why do you forbid?” He said, “His highness, after giving the order for killing them, said, You must not kill the snakes that live in the houses, because they are not snakes, but a kind of genii.”’ Abû-Sâyib said, ‘We went to Abû-Sâid-Khud’hri; and whilst we were sitting, we heard a shaking under his bedstead; and we looked and saw a snake. Then I got up to kill it, and Abû-Sâid was saying his prayers, and he made a sign to me to sit down, and I did so. And when he had finished his prayers, he made a sign towards a room in his house, and said, “There was a youth in my family lived there who had newly married.” Then Abû-Sâid said, “We came out of *Medinah* along with the Prophet, to a trench which was digging for fighting, and this youth would ask the Prophet’s permission to return to his house every day at noon, which was granted. Then one day the youth asked his highness’s leave, who said, Put on your armour, because I am alarmed about you, from the evil designs of the tribe of *Beni-Kuraidhah*. Then the

youth took his arms, and returned towards his house; and when he arrived, he saw his wife standing between two doors; and the youth was about piercing her with a spear, being seized with jealousy at seeing her standing out of her room; and she said, Withhold your spear, and come into the room that you may see what has brought me out. Then the youth went into the room, and beheld a large snake coiled up sleeping upon his bed, and he struck his spear into the snake; then the snake attacked the youth, and bit him, and it was not known which of them died first, the snake or the youth. Then I went to the Prophet and mentioned the occurrence, and said, Supplicate God to give life to the youth. Then his highness said, Ask God to forgive your friend; wherefore do you wish a prayer to be made for his life? After that he said, In these houses are the genii, some of them believers, and some infidels; therefore when you see anything of those inhabitants turn them out, but do not hurry in killing them, but say, Do not incommode me; if you do, I shall kill you. Then if he goes away, so much the better; but if not, kill it, because it is an infidel *genius*. And his highness said to the youth's tribe, Take him away and bury him. And in one tradition it is thus that his highness said, Verily there are genii in *Medinah* which have embraced Islam; then when you see any one of them, warn him three days; and if he appears after that, kill him, because he is none but an infidel." Omm Sharic said, 'His highness ordered a chameleon to be killed, and said, "It was a chameleon which blew the fire into which Nimrod threw Abraham."' . . . Abùhurairah 'A. G. S. "An ant bit a prophet, and he ordered the ant-hill to be burnt, which was done. Then God sent a voice to the prophet, saying, Have you burnt, on account of one biting you, a whole multitude of those that remembered God, and repeated his name?"'

His highness's scientific views on other subjects were in keeping with his zoology. "The genii," he lays it down, "are of three kinds. One kind have wings and fly, another are snakes and dogs, and the third move about from place to place like men."² The third are not so unlike the *Boyl-as*. In Mahomet's system the devil and bad genii are at the root of all diseases except fever, which results from the heat of hell-fire, an element of which the Australians are as yet ignorant. He believed, of course, in the evil eye, and in spells and amulets, as so many of us still do; but perhaps he nowhere appears to more advantage than in his astronomy. Stars, he says, were created for three purposes—to embellish the regions, to stone the devil, and for guidance in the forest and on the sea. Our poor wolves, bears, beavers, and opossums, must be tenderly regarded, and may, we think, be believed to be thoroughly earnest in their faith, when views like these appear as propounded by the founder of one of the greatest existing religions. Of the traces of Fetichism among the Greeks and Romans, it would be waste of time to say anything.

We have said enough to prepare the reader for the examination we are about to enter upon, of the evidence of the worship of animals and vegetables among the ancients; to give him the feeling that it is not very improbable that in classical regions we shall find Totems, or something like them.

(1) Vol. ii. p. 310. Chap. iii. Part I. "In explanation of animals, lawful and unlawful to be eaten."

(2) *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 314.

Let us, however, before proceeding with that examination, state the results we have reached. We have found that there are tribes of men (called primitive) now existing on the earth in the Totem stage, each named after some animal or plant, which is its symbol or ensign, and which by the tribesmen is religiously regarded; having kinship through mothers only, and exogamy as their marriage law. In several cases we have seen, the tribesmen believe themselves to be descended from the Totem, and in every case to be, nominally at least, of its breed or species. We have seen a relation existing between the tribesmen and their Totem, as in the case of the bear, that might well grow into that of worshipper and god, leading to the establishment of religious ceremonials to allay the Totem's just anger, or secure his continued protection. We have seen in the case of the sun, conceived as a being, and having his tribe like any other animal, a first place acquired and the honours of a regular worship among tribes still in the Totem stage, and that it is not improbable the cultus of other Totems became regular as sun worship advanced; and in the case of the Fijians, where the serpent and not the sun introduced regular religious observances, we have a more or less regular worship of the other Totems—as we seem entitled to consider them—advanced to the status of gods.¹ We have also seen that while the intellectual condition of men that accompanies Totemism is well established for all the lower races of men now existing, there is much evidence that the higher races had anciently been in a similar condition. We have Totemism in various phases attending that condition, and having reason to think that the higher races had once been in the same condition, we have a probability that they also may once have had Totems.

J. F. M'LENNAN.

(1) In some quarters in America, images of animals have been found in excavations, and one view is that they were idols. It will be remembered there were such images in the Sun Temples of the Incas.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, AS ARTIST AND MORALIST.¹

WORKS of art are moulded under determining conditions of two kinds—the first, and most important, connected with the individual artist's mind ; the second, and less important, with the specialities of circumstance under which the artist worked. Shakspeare is supreme (to speak in general terms) by virtue of his exquisite and magnificent human sympathies and his beautiful artist-faculty of making them known : those were the important conditions determining artistic production in his case ; and the minor circumstances were those which led him to clothe the graver offspring of his mind in a dramatic garb rather than any other. Hence it is that at the present day we love him and his characters without thinking whether they are the results of the dramatic or another method ; and when we call any work "Shakspearian," we obviously mean that it has a touch of the breadth, and depth, and height, and acuteness of Shakspeare,—not that it has any analogy with the Elizabethan drama. There are plenty of things in the works of this "greatest of the sons of men" which no modern, unendowed with that affected optimism which can see nothing but greatness in a great man's works, would for a moment profess to care for or to regard as important—such as the gross jokes, loved by a grosser epoch than ours, and the punster's raillery that glitters annoyingly through much of the lighter fabric of the plays : these things we do not recall in our image of Shakspeare, and when we meet them we pass them by ; but we do not say or dream that they detract from his greatness ;—simply they were the product of the time, and what we prize is the product of the man. They might have been of bigger bulk than they are ; and were such the case, we should merely say that the time had laid a heavier weight of undesirable matter on our Shakspeare's pages than we now have to complain of ; but even then he would have been Shakspeare and immortal.

Now in the history of our literature there came a point when the old triumphant era of frivolous, bootless romance had died out, and men's minds revolted from a long allegiance. People began to see that something higher than lazy amusement might be entrusted to the pages of fiction, and that, too, without taking wings of supernaturalism and flying to the high places of sacred allegory ; and accordingly in this direction a vigorous reaction set in. These were temporal,

(1) CLARISSA. A NOVEL. By SAMUEL RICHARDSON. Edited by E. S. DALLAS, Author of the "Gay Science." 3 vols. London : Tinsley Brothers, 18, Catherine Street, Strand, 1868.

transient circumstances, and under them it was natural to expect that the idea of making a romance or fictitious history subserve a high moral purpose should carry men to an excess of purpose, and induce them to cumber their fiction with an overplus of direct preaching—just as the fashion of the time induced Shakspeare to inlay his marvellous plays with trivial buffooneries. But if a great soul was developed in this era of fiction—a soul with vision and sympathy, and an adequate method, too, whereby to embody the results of deep scrutiny into human nature,—if such a character arose at such a time, should he not, as a proof of his manhood merely, fall into the ultra-moralising vein of his time? and should we think him a less man on that account, any more than we detract from Shakspeare for the unvalued impress left on his work by his epoch? Surely not; and when we are called on to appraise any product of such an epoch, the whole question at issue resolves itself into this—Is the man an artist independently of the impress made on him by his time, or is he merely a fabricator of works on the model indicated by the popular demand at that time? If the latter, let him go; he is nobody. But if the former, then never mind the deformities of the reaction, but bear him prominently in mind. Excess of moral tendency is not a thing that we have often to complain of in works of art; and able artists, of whatever description, are not so numerous that we can afford to cast out one because he persists in giving us too much of a good thing.

It is not always easy to say what there is about a book that differentiates it from the commonplace in literature, or from the respectable domain of well-meant dissertation. A work that is truly artistic cannot fail to make itself felt if it be fairly read, either with critical analysis or without. The lessons that an artist desires to teach, he *will* teach, for they will be woven into the fabric of his work, and the moral sinks in with the work. If he have also preached what he desires to inculcate, that will not neutralise what he has effected by artistic force proper, though it may lessen the result by inducing *ennui*. But if there be nothing but direct preaching, the result will be at zero, because average humanity is so far intolerant of preaching that it will not brook it in works wherein it expects to find at least a fair share of amusement. It is for this reason that didactic poetry is hardly ever popular. People do not expect to find anything of the nature of a treatise in a poem; and it is only when some special matter of very great interest is seized upon by a poet of irresistible impetuosity and fine powers of expression, that a poetical appeal made directly has much weight. The *rôle* of art is to depict, and to appeal in depicting; and matters of direct appeal are more the affair of the moralist, the preacher, or the agitator, as the case may be.

A work of art, we may say finally, is never uniformly repellent. It has not unfrequently been maintained that a work of art *must give pleasure*; but we cannot assume that those who hold this view restrict the meaning of the word pleasure to sensuous delight, amusement, and the various forms of individual or strictly self-regarding pleasure. On the contrary, it may fairly be presumed that the word pleasure includes that melancholy but profoundly sweet sympathy which every human heart must feel with the sorrows of everybody else with whom it is brought into near enough contact. Unless this be so, we must exclude from the category of art-work the painful portions of Shakspeare's plays, and equally we *must* maintain that the superb conclusion of "The Mill on the Floss" is not art, but mere morbid reproduction of terrible misery. These things are utterly inadmissible; and indeed it is not at all certain that the profoundest pleasure is not the feeling that one is able to sympathise with another who is the victim of terrible circumstance, and yet who opposes a brave front. It is difficult to analyse the feeling; but it is certain that the state of mind which will wring tears from the eyes of many a firm-souled man is not closely allied to pain—for what man of firm soul will weep at bodily pain? and what man of high sentiment will deny the delight experienced in realising the pitiless, inveterate league of circumstances against a Cordelia, an Ophelia, a Mildred Tresham, or a Maggie Tullive?

In the foregoing remarks it has been attempted to complete the terms of a criterion to apply to Samuel Richardson's "Clarissa." If we find the heroine Clarissa to be a woman in whom the soul can delight and feel profound interest, and if we find in her story something more than a dry account of incidents strung together without idealising power, for the mere purpose of tacking a moral to them—if we find a profound and sympathetic knowledge of human nature shown in embodying the creation of a variety of persons set in motion by an artistic force of whatever kind, so as to follow out their course and live their life in accordance with some great ideal of the artist—we cannot but admit Richardson to the catalogue of our great men. We may be sure of this, that he who merely makes notes of human actions (be those notes ever so copious), and draws morals from them, will never succeed in placing before us any objects the least like men and women—anything beyond vague shadows of humanity. The force that places before us a great action, carried through by real people, is not this compound of transcription and moralising, but the rare power of idealisation—the power of so far modifying the actualities of a subject as to throw into relief the idea which it is desired to convey: that force of idealisation is the attribute of artists, and of artists only, and whether the aim be the modelling of a figure or the development of an action, nothing can be accom-

plished without it, because in life and in nature no one idea or characteristic stands out with sufficient prominence to become the central point of a work of art, unless the relations of that idea or characteristic with other ideas or characteristics be modified, so as to give prominence to the part which is wanted to be prominent, as only art knows how to modify. Without the modifying force of idealisation everything is flat and realistic (in the lowest sense), whereas with it even the interior of a Dutch *châlet* has its charms, as witness thousands of pictures of Teniers, Ostade, and Brauwer, gazed on with pleasure by millions of civilised people.

The question, then, to be answered is this:—What is “Clarissa?” It is before all things a romance, and one, moreover, which abounds in interesting detail and varied movement, although always within prescribed limits. The great bulk of the most interesting matter might be included certainly under the head “sorrowful experiences of a young lady of rank;” but in such a subject there is ample scope for writing a thoroughly excellent and great novel.

The outline of the story is this:—Clarissa Harlowe, a girl eighteen years of age, richly endowed with all or nearly all the qualities of innate sweetness, nobility, and womanliness which could be desired, has the misfortune to differ in these respects from the rest of her family, not one of whom is an admirable character, and some of whom are repulsively the reverse. Clarissa is also very beautiful, whereas her elder sister, Bella, has none of her attractive personal qualities. Consequently, a certain Mr. Lovelace, introduced to the family as a suitor to Bella, so arranges matters as to fail in bringing his courtship to a successful issue, and then opens a suit towards Clarissa. The jealousy which this defection of Lovelace awakes in the heart of Bella is stimulated by a pre-existent jealousy, on account of grandfather Harlowe having left his property to Clarissa; and when Lovelace pays his addresses to Clarissa, an intention becomes known on the part of the uncles to follow the grandfather’s example, and to leave property to that young lady, so as to “create a family,” Lovelace also being of great expectations. Bella’s jealousy on this latter account is shared by her brother James—a young man of infinite bad qualities, but very powerful with his father, mother, and uncles—and James and Bella accordingly form a small cabal, with the view of bringing to naught the affair with Lovelace. They succeed in setting the whole family against the union—not that Clarissa has ever allowed a preference for the suitor, or given him any marked encouragement—and when they have succeeded in getting him into the bad graces of the family, another suitor is brought forward, and urged upon the acceptance of Clarissa. This man, one Solmes, is a poor-spirited, uncultured, *gauche*, mean fellow, altogether unworthy of the heroine, who, for the first time in her

life, sets up an opposition to the parental *flat*. Persecution follows persecution, and not only does Lovelace, a man of great personal attraction, receive in the girl's eyes an added lustre through contrast with the fellow forced to her notice, but he also, by being continually placed before her by detractors and accusers in her family, attains to a position in her heart. To say that she ever loves him with the fervour of which her nature is capable, would be to mis-state; but so constantly is she accused of harbouring feelings in his favour, and so continuously is he kept in her mind both by his enemies in her family and by his own letters (for he persistently corresponds with her), that she comes to associate tender ideas with his name. One thing besides the objection of her family withholds her—namely, the consideration that he has been a notorious rake. Except for this circumstance, combined with the intense purity and reverence of her own character, one tenth of the persecution to which she is represented as submitting, must have driven her to elope with the man in a very short time. But as matters stand, insult is heaped upon insult, and brutality added to brutality, before her firm resolve to act up to the letter of what she considers her filial duty can be broken. Only when she is made to understand distinctly that she will be dragged on a given day to the altar, and forcibly bound to the man she loathes, does she entertain the idea of accepting Lovelace's aid to escape from her tormentors; and even at the last moment she clings so closely to the hope of keeping her honour and her duty to her family unscathed, that she cannot be persuaded to go off with Lovelace by the means he has actually provided. But Lovelace, whose character as represented to the Harlowe family was angelic compared with the reality, has arranged an elaborate plot by which she shall be frightened away with him at the last moment (for he knew he should never really persuade her into an elopement), and at length he actually drags her into the carriage he has provided, and drives off with her, more a captive than a fugitive. A man of intense vanity and a professed lady-killer, Lovelace could not but be piqued by the protracted opposition brought by Clarissa to his advances; and although he desires at many points of the history to marry her, he is led by his sense of failure to conceive the base idea of humbling her and her family by seducing her and retaining the option of marrying her afterwards. It is needless to say that this scheme entirely fails, and that the encroachments which he makes give the pure-minded girl a deep distaste for him, and set her most vigilantly on her guard. By an elaborate system of deception he is able throughout his intercourse with her so to misrepresent facts as to be in a position to compel her motions whither he will; and he at length brings her to London, where, securing lodgings for her in a brothel, represented by him as a respectable house, he takes

up his quarters under the same roof, notwithstanding a solemn promise to the contrary; and there, after a protracted but fruitless attempt to gain possession of her person by consent—attempts which, to his exasperation, lead her to take flight from him—he places her under the tender mercies of the abominable proprietress of the house, to which he restores her by a villainous stratagem. Having secured his victim by means of potent drugging, he commits the detestable crime punishable in those days with death. When the outraged girl comes to her senses, which she does but partially for some time, she succeeds in making good her escape from the hateful hands into which she finds herself fallen; and then sets in her long, slow, but steady lapse into the only calm she can ever gain—the frightful calm of death. She refuses all entreaties made by the half-penitent culprit and his whole tribe of influential relatives to become his wife, and gives herself up to making full preparation, both temporal and spiritual, for death—averring that her heart is broken, that she cannot live long, and only desires to die. She eventually dies in London, far from her relations and her bosom friend, without a single real friend, except one Belford, a companion of the villainous Lovelace, whose natural manly excellence is brought out of the mire by the influence of Clarissa's noble qualities. She dies strong in the sense of having done all in her power to preserve her honour, and happy in the belief that whatever shortcomings she may have been guilty of will form no bar to future bliss.

This is the main current of the book; but, besides this, there is a far from uninteresting minor current in the history of Miss Anna Howe, the friend and correspondent of Clarissa, a very charming girl. There is the ample development of a variety of characters in and out of the Harlowe family, and there is the retribution, internal and external, which pursues the unhappy Lovelace, the least part of which is his death in single combat with Clarissa's cousin. Finally, there is the appalling picture of woe when the Harlowe family, implacable till then, find that the peerless Clarissa is really hunted out of the world, and driven to the shelter which is for ever.

It may be at once frankly confessed that such a subject as this is not the most agreeable that could be selected, or, indeed, one that could be treated by a powerful artist without resulting in a story whereof passages must be to the last degree harrowing; and, on the other hand, to make such a story at once deeply pathetic and interesting, demands at least an artistic hand; because, if not treated with an evident refinement of heart and mind, and a sufficient power of creating character to render the men and women thoroughly life-like, such materials must of necessity result in much revolting incident, which could not be followed out for want of the deep sense of interest inspired by characters of unquestionable vitality. Such

characters are these Harlowes and others. You cannot read through twenty pages of "Clarissa" without feeling that you are mainly in the company, not of the preacher Richardson, but of real live men and women, whose movements, and sentiments, and motives are of importance to watch, and one of whom, the heroine, is a creature to inspire that deep interest always felt in any creature perfectly beautiful: her we can follow into the profoundest misfortunes, and still "in the midmost heart of grief" can "clasp a secret joy." To show, too, that Richardson felt what other artists feel, that a work of art must be mainly beautiful, the figure of Clarissa is made to occupy a place in his picture far more prominent than any one else; and a vast deal of the material which goes to make up the minor figures grouped about this central perfection, and distributed over the distance and middle distance, a great proportion of the narrative upon which our ideas of the rest are formed, comes to us polarised through the medium of Clarissa's noble and lucid mind; so that, while we are frequently disgusted with the matter, we never lose sight of the perfection of Clarissa, whether as actor or narrator. Such an effect as this could only be managed by a system of letter writing, and accordingly such a system was adopted, or rather adapted; for we are told that Richardson was a great letter-writer long before he became an acknowledged artist. Of this epistolary method we shall have somewhat to say further on. In the meantime, we must insist that the most pleasing result of it—the well-defined image of such a woman as Clarissa—would of itself be sufficient to immortalise any man, whatever else were in the work that we would have out, or out of it that we would have in; if there were no Miss Howe, no John Belford, no acute analysis of character, no breadth of form in the work as a whole, and if there were even four times as much actual preaching as there is.

This divine Clarissa, as she is constantly called in the quaint language of Richardson's letter-writers, is one of those tenderly-constituted and yet stable-minded women for whom profound reverence mixes with admiration and tenderness. Not cold-hearted or prudish, she has a fine and stately dignity. Her acuteness of intellect is not a whit behind her purity of sentiment, and she is not of a nature to be moved out of the path of delicacy and rectitude by casuistry, blandishment, or any power short of absolute compulsion. Consequently, when she has even fled the Scylla of her home, and thrown herself on the Charybdis of Lovelace's tender mercies, we do not fear for her, till his letters begin to reveal the blackness of a heart that knows no pity towards those who oppose themselves to its machinations of vanity or desire. Then we begin to tremble for the "divine Clarissa;" for the villain whom Richardson has pitted against her is not inferior to herself in resoluteness and ingenuity. Lovelace,

despicable as he is, is not a shade less a creation than the woman whose ruin and death it is his business to accomplish. Richardson seems to have felt that something extraordinary must be created for this purpose, and shaped his demon accordingly.

It is bootless to ask why an artist should desire such a *dénouement* at all ; for, with great artists, there is no question of desire, or rather of cool reasoning desire. A broad idea presents itself to the artist's mind, the characters step one by one on the stage, they act, and speak, and live, and the artist whose creation they are has no choice but to follow out his broad idea, and chisel and polish at the rough-hewn shapes that have burst upon him, as if they were not the children of his own brain, but demigod statues straight from some magic workshop. Even in these days of wholesale novel-manufacture, we have heard on good authority of a novelist who, having conceived a great tale, the scene of which was abroad, could not get on with the work because the characters would not at first be brought into the mind as talking in any but a foreign tongue. So with Richardson ; he had a great inspiration upon him, and the men and women were all there to elaborate the details so soon as his master-hand should set them in motion. They would act no other drama than that he had conceived, and to say that the conception rested on a strong basis of moral conviction is merely to vouch for its wholesomeness without impeaching its æsthetic claims.

The central lesson of the book in question—so far as we may speak of it as a lesson—is really as applicable now as it was in Richardson's time, but in a different direction. This lesson is, in fact, that marriage is so capital an event that an undue exercise of external influence in the matter may be fraught with the most terrible consequences ; and this idea seems to have seized on the heart of Richardson with such a grip as to drive him into the execution of this sombre tragedy. Other minor ideas were gathered up and worked into the fabric, and all are embodied with equal point though not with equal prominence. To enforce this great point by means of the example of a commonplace, half-hearted, or semi-culpable young lady, would have been comparatively weak ; and it must have been a moment of master-satisfaction for Richardson when the outlined image of Clarissa came forth into light. Clarissa and Lovelace are the inevitable result of the combination of an importunate moral idea and an uncontrollable artistic force. It was of no avail that Richardson's contemporaries wrote to him, as his tale went on, entreating that Clarissa should be spared and Lovelace reformed : the artist could no more reverse the doom of the men and women who occupied his æsthetic faculties—no more pluck away the blade he saw impending, and break its point or blunt its edge—than he could force the sea to ebb instead of flowing. It was just the

same with Charlotte Brontë in writing "*Villette*;" she had an ineradicable conception that the man she had called into being as a resting-place for the heart of the principal figure was never united with that figure, but died an untimely death; and no influence that was brought to bear on her to let the *dénouement* be happy could avail. Forcible influence in the direction *was* exercised, and resulted in a compromise: the hero is sent on a sea voyage, engaged to the heroine, and the book closes with a fearful storm as he is coming back; but the narrator declines to say whether he came or not. Still an intelligent reader cannot but see the tragic tone of mind through this ambiguous close; and we can only regret that the splendid genius of Charlotte Brontë should have been trammelled by a persuasion which her affectionate heart would not let her totally disregard, and which resulted in her staying her soul from the culmination of what was working on to a grand tragic close. She could not, as an artist, force herself to an unintended *dénouement*; but she could, as a woman, let herself be moved to a compromise. Similarly, Richardson might, under strong enough influence, have been induced to truncate his story by lopping half its tragic incidents; but he could not have been brought to ruin it by the entire reversal of the outlined tragedy which had loomed upon his mind and taken up the importunate standing of a religious belief. Happily no such influence existed in his case—not enough to bring about "an inch-long swerving of the holy lines"—and we have a work which is monumental—a work never to be forgotten by the studious and critical, if neglected by those whose literary appetites are for a lighter diet.

Since the time of Richardson, the constitution of the family, both practically and theoretically, has undergone a great modification in England. As conceived nowadays, the relationship between parents and children could scarcely suggest to the mind of a thoughtful man like Richardson such results from mismanagement as are portrayed in "*Clarissa*:" the Harlowe type of family has pretty nearly died out from among us; and in the middle classes such daring and unscrupulous rakes as Lovelace and his gang are also hardly to be met. Actual compulsion is nowadays rarely employed by parents to bring about a desired match, or by libertines to gain possession of a woman's person: among the lowest classes such things are still perpetrated; but among people of average position these crimes of physical compulsion may be said to have been merged in the more decent and less violent procedure of moral compulsion. It is a decided reform in society that fathers and mothers should no longer be able to claim, in the social eye, a despotic power over the very flesh and blood of their children, and that libertines should not be winked at as genteel criminals, to be admitted to free companionship. These two abuses

were undoubtedly common enough in the time of Richardson and Fielding to furnish both basis and point to their description ; and we cannot but give credit to such a work as "Clarissa" for performing at least some part in bringing about the change. To see that such and such points in social and moral codes need amendment, and to declaim against delay, requires neither eminent acuteness nor exceptional ability ; but to embody teaching in the statuesque form of a thoroughly great poem, romance, or drama, is a feat calling for gratitude to the end of time. It is not enough that reformatory ideas be involved and broached—they must also be embodied in life ; and these ideas of Richardson's have perhaps by the very vitality of their embodiment, borne their part in the moral improvements which have taken place since his time.

Among the noble tenets worked out in this book, we recognise a very fine conception of the influence of a truly delicate and noble-minded woman on those with whom she is brought in contact. On the naturally healthy mind of Belford, the sometime boon-companion of Lovelace, we get a gradually-restorative action, carried through from the first flash of remorse that one of his set should entertain villainous intentions with regard to such a woman, to his final total reform. Even on Lovelace her influence is so great that he is constantly feeling some good intention or sentiment struggling to the surface among the rank growth of villainy which has long been the only fruit of his evil nature ; and even when his mingled feelings of vindictiveness, slighted vanity, and lust have determined him on possessing Clarissa's person by force, he has not the courage to front his victim while her intellectual and emotional life has full play, but has recourse to the diabolical drugging scheme, whereby she is deprived of sense and will. The truthfulness of all this is admirable. The moral superiority of Clarissa, and its resultant influence on others, are made prominent from the very first. The early introduction of the preamble to her grandfather's will into the book shows the reader in good time how great a place she held in the heart of this representative of a former generation ; and we learn also very early in the book how influential she has been with her father and mother and others of that generation of the family, until the unfortunate jealousy arises, from the combination of circumstances which, to the inferior minds of her brother and sister, seem to set her too far beyond them. It appears from various points in the narrative that, in the customary state of the family, even this brother and sister have not been free from the trammels of Clarissa's fascinations ; and although the revolt of their wounded lower natures is their prominent aspect towards her in the book, and is indeed the remote cause of her death, yet the terrible reactionary effect that that death has on them is sufficient of itself to show how potent a

sway she held over them—save when the smaller motives of smaller souls attained to a stronger sway, under an exceptional combination of circumstances. That she should have been so superior to all her family has been regarded by some as too much of a phenomenon for introduction into a work of art; but it only needs a moderately large range of observation to see that a family with one member far superior to all the rest in aggregate qualities is no uncommon spectacle. The reactionary influence brought about by her death is not confined to her own family, but even the wretched woman in whose house Lovelace's crime was perpetrated is filled with remorse, on her death-bed, for the part she has had in the ruin of so sweet a lady, while remaining quite undisturbed by the various other wrecks of womanhood hovering round her bed, and forming an appalling summary of her past exploits.

To return to the power of psychological analysis displayed in the conception of Lovelace—it is peculiarly well worth noticing how large a part vanity is made to play in his abominable course; and we need only refer to certain passages of his letters to show that he is not that impossibility, a man who cannot be reached at all through his affections. We find Richardson constantly giving us some hint of good intention towards Clarissa, dependent on her admitting his victory over her heart. His nature is one as far devoid of any other than selfish feeling as it is possible to conceive in a man; but there is probably no man coolly and utterly callous except under some special stimulus or other. Lovelace is as nearly callous as possible, and the wholesome feeling of reverence is at a minimum in his nature. Still he has a heart of a sort, which can occasionally be reached; but the stimulus of wounded vanity once brought into play, his minimum of ordinarily human qualities at once flies off, and he is steeled to the perpetration of any abomination under the sun. There is an episode in the book which is especially agreeable, and bears on this point. Lovelace lodges at an inn where there is a pretty girl, whom he at once marks for a prey. Her grandmother, seeing the danger, attempts no strong opposition—overawed, probably, by the grandeur of the guest; but she *entreats* Lovelace to spare the innocent child; and so far is his vanity flattered by this admission of his omnipotence as a lady-killer, that he not only refrains from putting the girl to the proof, but, by a very handsome monetary assistance, forwards her marriage with her betrothed. The external *bonhomie* involved in this episode is one of the fascinations of Lovelace that go to make him so generally acceptable with ladies; and we must do Richardson the justice of saying that the whole varnish of the man is thoroughly elaborated in every possible way, so as to leave no sense of wonder at his being a general favourite. The entire tone of the character, whether as described by others or as gathered from the style of his own letters, is courtly and plausible;

while the matter of the letters reveals to us the rottenness of the fruit which this attractive rind encloses. He is without any sense of shame, and he tells his intimate, freely and unreservedly, all his plans and thoughts and feelings, as they suggest themselves to him when writing, so that we never have to dissect his communications and piece together passages from various letters to keep up the double conception of the attractive rind and rotten fruit. He is a great wit, too, some of his letters being full of an attractive brilliancy not disfigured by grossness; and this keen sense of the ridiculous which he is made to show is properly accompanied by an openness to strong impressions of the pathetic, though these impressions, unfortunately, have no depth or durability. Even in imagination he is far from despicable, a fact which gives the finishing touch to his taking exterior.

Some of these qualifications of Lovelace, as shown in his letters, will serve as well as anything else for samples of Richardson's decorative powers. We will refer to one or two passages. In one letter, after a full account of the abominable project of getting Clarissa into the foul lodging already alluded to—an account full of exuberant hope, that the plotter is to be rewarded by the consummation of his wishes—we have a tone of effervescent mirth and really effective wittiness of expression, as this, for instance:—

“This it is to have leisure upon my hands! What a matchless plotter thy friend! Stand by and let me swell! I am already as big as an elephant, and ten times wiser. Mightier too by far! Have I not reason to snuff the moon with my proboscis? Lord help thee for a poor—for a very poor creature! Wonder not that I despise thee heartily; since the man who is disposed immoderately to exalt himself, cannot do it but by despising everybody else in proportion.”

On some occasions we get an irresistible humour which suggests the power of writing a racy comic drama. One of these occasions is the strategic recapture of Clarissa after her first escape from Lovelace, or rather the rehearsal of that recapture. The lady makes good her escape to Hampstead; but he tracks her there, and then obtains the co-operation of two ladies of light morals, who personate his aunt and cousin, and persuade Clarissa to leave her retreat and accompany them in their carriage to their lodgings; and when once in the carriage with Lovelace, the latter has no difficulty in replacing her in the house whence she has fled. It is the rehearsal of the parts of his aristocratic aunt and cousin by these two ladies of free lives that is so brilliantly described in one of his letters. He opens by disclosing to Belford the real names of these persons, who are both well known to his correspondent, and then continues:—

“There, Belford, is an aunt!—there's a cousin! Both have wit at will. Both are accustomed to ape quality. Both are genteelly descended. Mistresses of themselves and well educated—yet past pity. True Spartan dames, ashamed

of nothing but detection; always, therefore, upon their guard against that. And in their own conceit, when assuming top parts, the very quality they ape."

Then he proceeds to relate how the ladies are dressed for their parts, and concludes with a brilliant sketch of the scene in which they take their instructions from him:—

"Hadst thou seen how they paraded it—cousin, and cousin, and nephew, at every word; Lady Betty bridling, and looking haughtily condescending. Charlotte galanting her fan, and swimming over the floor without touching it.

"'How I long to see my niece-elect,' cries one, for they are told that we are not married; and are pleased that I have not put the slight upon them that they had apprehended from me.

"'How I long to see my dear cousin that is to be,' the other.

"Easy and unaffected! Your very dresses will give you pride enough.

"A little graver, Lady Betty. More significance, less bridling in your dignity.

"That's the air. Charmingly hit!—Again—You have it.

"Devil take you! Less arrogance. You are got into airs of young quality. Be less sensible of your new condition. People born to dignity command respect without needing to require it.

"Now for your part, cousin Charlotte!

"Pretty well. But a little too frolicky that air—yet have I prepared my beloved to expect in you both great vivacity and quality-freedom.

"Curse those eyes! Those glances will never do. A downcast bashful turn, if you can command it—look upon me. Suppose me now to be my beloved.

"Devil take that leer! Too significantly arch! Once I knew you the girl I would now have you to be.

"Once more, suppose me to be my charmer. Now you are to encounter my examining eye, and my doubting heart.

"That's my dear!

"Study that air in the pier-glass!

"Charming! Perfectly right!

"Your honours, now, devils!

"Pretty well, cousin Charlotte, for a young country lady. Till form yields to familiarity, you may courtesy low. You must not be supposed to have forgot your boarding-school airs.

"But too low, too low, Lady Betty, for your years and your quality. The common fault of your sex will be your danger; aiming to be young too long! The devil's in you all, when you judge of yourselves by your wishes, and by your vanity! Fifty, in that case, is never more than fifteen.

"Graceful ease, conscious dignity, like that of my charmer. O how hard to hit!

"Both together now.

"Charming! That's the air, Lady Betty. That's the cue, cousin Charlotte, suited to the character of each. But, once more, be sure to have a guard upon your eyes.

"'Never fear, nephew.'

"'Never fear, cousin.'

"A dram of Barbadoes each.

"And now we are gone."

Even in the good-natured bad language to which the libertine treats these instruments, we recognise what may be acceptable to persons of a certain class—another sample of his powers of making himself generally agreeable.

Another parallel instance is a scene at the lodgings in Covent Garden, to which the poor victim resorts after her second escape. Lovelace finds her out there, too, and while she is in a dying state almost, he comes to force an interview; but she, being warned of his approach, goes out, weak as she is, and leaves the field clear for him to act out a rollicking comedy with the people of the house. Here we get no bad language, no cursing or loose talk, but a very cleverly-tempered admixture of conscious superiority with easy companionship. Under the impression that Clarissa is really in the house hiding from him, he coolly makes a personal search throughout the premises, chatting and chaffing in the most affable manner with the glover, his wife, and his assistant, the whole time; and finally he insists on going behind the counter and serving a customer in the shop. His account of this is given in the same racy style as the last extract, only much more fully. There are about ten pages of it,¹ and the whole is vividly dramatic.

An evidence of the existence of a sort of heart in this sensitively witty rascal occurs in a letter wherein he recounts one of his elaborate pieces of lying and its effects on Clarissa reacting on himself. The fabrications of Lovelace on this occasion bring a feeling of gratitude uppermost in Clarissa's heart, and he describes to his friend how, after giving expression to this, she is overcome with feeling and retires precipitately, leaving him, as he says, "almost as unable to stand it as herself."

"In short," says he, "I was—I want words to say how I was—my nose had been made to tingle before; my eyes have before been made to glisten by this soul-moving beauty; but so very much affected I never was—for, trying to check my sensibility, it was too strong for me, and I even sobbed—yes, by my soul! I audibly sobbed, and was forced to turn from her before she had well finished her affecting speech.

"I want, methinks, now I have owned the odd sensation, to describe it to thee; the thing was so strange to me,—something choking, as it were, in my throat. I know not how, yet, I must needs say, though I am out of countenance upon the recollection, that there was something very pretty in it; and I wish I could know it again that I might have a more perfect idea of it, and be better able to describe it to thee."

He shows a vivid imagination on many occasions, but most pointedly perhaps in a dream which he describes to his friend in a letter written after the consummation of his criminal offence, and after the injured lady had escaped from him.

The epistolary method which Richardson used was excellently well suited to his purposes. He was a most minute analyst of motive and feeling, and this form gives admirable scope for the development of the inner life of the individual. His Clarissa is so vital and so beautiful a character as to make every detail of her inner life acceptable to such readers as are really lovers of psychological art; and it is hardly over-bold to say that as a study of human

(1) Vol. iii. p. 117, *et seq.*

nature, this elaborately-finished picture of a woman is as masterly in its manner as any character in literature. We do not compare the portraiture of a John Van Eyck with the sweeping grandeur of a Rubens, or the superb forms and colours of a Titian ; nor do we hazard the opinion that Richardson's art is as high as that of a Shakspeare ; but it is quite possible to contend that his method is one in which he knew how to embody and put forth real humanity—beings whom we can love and pity as if they were our own flesh and blood : and this is high art, whether performed by the broad, dashing, condensed workmanship of a Shakspeare, or by the minutely-elaborated construction of a Richardson. It is probable that had Richardson worked on a less elaborate plan, he would still have been equally successful ; just as Turner produced always a vivid, poetical, original picture, whether his thought shaped itself into large effects that require to be viewed at a distance, or into those exquisite drawings of his, many of which may be inspected with microscopic closeness, and still reveal new beautiful depths of workmanship and thought.

The objection made to the minute epistolary method that it would have been impossible for the characters, circumstanced as they were, to get through the amount of writing they are represented as having accomplished, is altogether trivial. If we are reduced to such strictures as that, we shall have to pick the work of Michel Angelo to pieces, because it is impossible that men and women should have such mighty muscles, and assume such significant and splendid postures as his statues do. We submit that if a great artistic end is to be gained, it is no great demand on one's imagination to believe that the persons who wrote those letters wrote with more than ordinary rapidity of thought and penmanship. And with Richardson a great end was to be gained—the setting forth of every trait and turn of his great drama—the weaving of his tragic idea into the minutest ins and outs of life ; the complete embodiment of the warring elements, good and bad, of humanity ; not the pointing of a moral, but the overwhelming of the minds of his audience with a moral engrossed and made irresistible by a weight of circumstantial detail. If *Clarissa* and her companions wrote an unreasonable amount, then we must regard that fact as one of the modifications which were necessary for this artistic purpose, just as we regard the exact correspondence of circumstance and incident to meet a desired result in other works of art : be it remembered that we do not carp at the pictures of Raphael when we see in them, as we always do, a superbness of human strength and beauty, a voluptuousness of drapery, a dramatic composition of figures, never seen in reality ; nor do we object to the magnificent cartoon in which Sapphira is seen stepping into the presence of Peter while Ananias is in the agonies of death,

and Peter is in the act of denouncing the liar's doom. Though the traditional account gives these three events as a sequence, a great picture, such as Raphael desired to paint, could only be obtained by modifying the sequence to simultaneity; and if in "*Clarissa*" two letters are required to be written in the time which it would usually take to write one, so it must be. If it is necessary for the artist's purpose that *Clarissa* should die unvisited by any of her family, circumstances must be arranged, however improbably, to meet that requirement. Art is more piquant in its results than life is by just this power of making all surrounding circumstances subservient to the central idea.

It remains but to say a few words on the merits of the abbreviated edition of Richardson's masterpiece. It cannot be admitted that "*Clarissa*," as it originally stood, with all its ins and outs, its minute plottings and counterplottings stated and restated, its preachings and its moralisings, was what a cultivated man would now call an unreadable book. There can, however, be but little doubt that, to the average reader, brought by modern use to expect a romance on a different plan and within vastly smaller limits, the perusal of the old editions of "*Clarissa*" conscientiously through might seem like a task. A good abridgment was, therefore, a desideratum, and the edition of last year is so far reduced in size as to be only a rather long three-volume novel. No one who reads it without ever having seen the original would, we are convinced, feel that the work had been so far tampered with as to be rendered palpably inartistic: indeed, it is but very seldom that we are led to infer from the re-arrangement that anything of general interest has been left out; and we never meet with a passage marred by the omission of something of capital importance, although a person already acquainted with Richardson, as an old friend, would often, perhaps, object to the omission of some portion which had been dear to him. The fact is that Richardson, living at a time when novels were comparatively scarce, and criticism and comment was not what it now is, wrote his work of a length to meet the demands of readers whose literary appetites were not stimulated and blunted by two or three three-volume novels a week; and he also performed for his own work the part of critic and exponent. He did not wait for a Gervinus—or even a Mr. Tainsh or a Mr. Nettleship—to expound his inner significances, but just expounded them himself when they were below the surface; so that he wove into the large outlines of his work what, if he had been a nineteenth-century novelist, would have been superposed by several journalists. Everything of this sort has been omitted, with a good deal of the repetition which was then an object to the many who had no circulating library to supply them with copious floods of romance, but which would now only be grateful to a very few.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT PEOPLE THOUGHT OF THE WILL. HOW MR. MARJORAM ATTENDED THE CHISWICK FETE, AND WHOM HE SAW THERE. HOW MR. UPJOHN LEFT TOWN ON A SUDDEN, AND HIS WIFE WAS VISITED BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

It would hardly be disputed by any one out of an attorney's office or a lawyer's chambers, that, generally speaking, the dullest of all reading is a legal document. Three volumes of marriage-settlements would have a poor chance against the most trumpery romance that was ever written; and a collection of equity pleadings would make an unsuccessful serial, even illustrated by the pencil of a Doyle or a Leech. But as to all general rules there are exceptions, so the case to be taken out of the broad critical law just laid down is decidedly the case of wills. For its own circle of readers, the extent of which is commonly in proportion to the bulk of the property bequeathed, a will "just published" may vie in effect and interest with the sensation produced by the appearance of "Waverley" itself. Suppose, after the assassination of Cæsar, that Antony, instead of the dictator's will, had taken with him into the rostrum the Commentaries of his butchered friend, and given the Roman mob the finest passage in the work, do you imagine, admirable reader as Marcus seems to have been, he would have kept his audience long about him, especially if somebody else were at the same time reading the testament from the steps of an adjoining temple? Or, to take another example, when the blacksmith of that village (whose name I have forgotten) drew the whole population round his anvil of a summer evening, to listen (as Sir John Herschel records in one of his essays) to the story of "Pamela," if, in the midst of the most exciting scene, some one had rushed to the forge with the news that the steward was reading the will of the late lord of the manor at the market cross, do you believe that the work of the great novelist, with all his genius and mastery of the human heart, would have detained for one moment longer the most sentimental swain or shepherdess in the hamlet? There would probably not have been a single clodpole in the throng with an interest worth a grout in the rival production, but, nevertheless, the will would assuredly have touched a chord in every bosom beyond the reach of any other pen, and the lawyer who composed it would have triumphed over the greatest novelist of his age. There is something unselfish, after all, even in the service of the money-god.

How many worship at his shrine who adore him only in the pale reflection of the golden light which he sheds on happier mortals? How many votaries does he number who scarcely know the yellow ore even by its chink, or paper wealth by so much as its crisp and rustling harmony? His, it is devoutly to be feared, are the scriptures that are read with deepest attention, and his testaments beyond either Old or New.

The rumour of Mr. Rowley's will made a prodigious sensation as may be supposed, and there was endless cawing for some days in a large family rookery, including Babbicomes and Hunters, Pickfords and Longpoles, and twenty other names, in a numerous and ramified connexion. But none of them all was so loud in the expression of surprise as the lady who carried the day, though she affirmed at the same time that there never was a more natural will made, which was not precisely consistent with the previous profession of amazement. Some time elapsed before anything was heard in England to throw a shadow of a doubt on the validity of the document. As soon as something to that effect began to be bruited, Mrs. Rowley's scale went up again a little, and Mrs. Upjohn's fell in the same proportion, but curiosity was piqued, the cawing increased, inquiries at Spring Gardens multiplied vexatiously, and everybody was happier.

If the question of sanity was raised, there was sure to be not only litigation in abundance, but of a kind to make the lips water. The harvest of the lawyers was nothing to that which the gossips expected. In short, there was every prospect of as exciting a game as ever was played in a court of justice. Women are notoriously the most desperate gamblers, and when the stake was so large an estate, and the chieftainship of the house to boot, the fun might be expected, as an Irish cousin observed, to "bang cock-fighting."

Two parties were formed already: an Upjohn party for the will, and a Rowley party against it. The men in general were Rowleyites, especially all who knew or had once seen Mrs. Rowley. It was by the men as usual that her character had all along been defended against the malignant attacks of her rival. Lord St. Michael's and some others never heard a whisper against her without denouncing it with such severity that calumny grew more cautious, and as Mrs. Upjohn herself, acting on Mr. Leonard's parting advice, had latterly kept her tongue in better control, and found it easier to do it as her schemes of revenge ripened, Mrs. Rowley's fair name, at this important crisis of her life suffered infinitely less than her worldly prospects. As to Mrs. Upjohn, she would have had more adherents if she had not been on the spot to make a *prima facie* case against herself with her face of brass and her coarse and insolent demeanour. The constraint she had found it politic to put on her countenance and language had subdued the latter, but it had not improved the former. How would

she have looked had she been worsted, when she looked so forbidding in her triumph!

Ever since Mr. Blackadder returned to his parish, the maternal influences began to resume their sway over Miss Upjohn. She had been extremely uneasy about the state of her uncle's preparation for the next world, carried off so suddenly as he was, but that subject was beginning to disturb her much less than the misgivings she felt, and could not help seeing that her mother in some degree felt also, as to the stability of the good things of the present life under the new settlement. When the news of the will first arrived, the next post carried the tidings to her swain in Cornwall in a jubilant tone, which, not many days later, when she began to hear doubts raised and questions mooted, was changed into notes of despondency. Mr. Blackadder very becomingly rebuked what he becomingly called the worldly spirit of both letters. Harriet replied petulantly. There was more than one passage of arms of the same unpleasant nature, and, probably, had it not been for the brilliant contingency of the Scotch peerage, already mentioned, the love affair with the Cornish curate might have come about this period to an abrupt termination.

The first time Mr. Marjoram ever saw the ladies of the Upjohn family was at the Chiswick fête, during his partner's absence from town, which, on this occasion, was more protracted than usual. This was to Marjoram the greatest day of the year, like the anniversary of the declaration of independence to an American citizen, or the day of the Fox-club dinner at Brookes's to the Whig aristocracy. The Chiswick fête chanced this year to be favoured with fine weather, though, had it been ever so bad, Mr. Marjoram would hardly have been absent, unless, perhaps, there had been any danger of Mrs. Rowley catching him again playing the truant among the flowers. He had his sisters with him as usual; he never attended a Chiswick fête without them.

Among the most prominent of the distinguished ladies who graced the exhibition, were a portly mother and tall daughter in the richest and most ostentatious mourning. There were few who did not remark them, the contrast between the freshness of their weeds (betokening the recent loss of some near relative) and the gaiety of the scene, to say nothing of the bloom and radiance of their countenances, being rather striking. There lacked little penetration to see that their domestic bereavement (as those masters of style, the penny-a-liners call it) had not been aggravated by pecuniary disappointment. The elder lady, at least, bustled among the tents, and looked down on the rest of the spectators as if she considered the ground her own, and the rest of the world plebeian intruders. When a duchess appeared in the offing perhaps the matron lowered her flag a little, but as to

such plain people as Mr. Marjoram and the pair of maiden anti-quities with him, she swept past them without the slightest notice.

The worthy solicitor, of course, cared not a fig who this formidable lady was, as long as she neither trod on his toes or intercepted his view of the roses, but had he been curious about it his curiosity would not have been long unsatisfied. Lord St. Michael's, who happened to be present, and who knew Mrs. Upjohn by sight, came up and told Marjoram who she was, adding, "She reminds me of a full-blown peony."

"Or an over-ripe peach," said Marjoram, not to be outdone in horticultural illustrations.

"A better simile than mine," said Lord Penzance in his ear, "for by all accounts she has just the kind of heart that a peach has. Our friend Cosie described her once to me as the sort of woman who would not cross the floor to do any human being a service unless she saw the prospect of picking up at least a pin on the passage."

The excitement of Marjoram's sisters was irrepressible at seeing a lady about whom they had latterly been hearing a good deal, as Mrs. Rowley's sister-in-law and rival; but what most excited them, for it shocked their simple notions of propriety, was to see her in public at all.

"And her husband's brother hardly three weeks dead!" exclaimed Mary Marjoram.

"She must be a terrible woman," cried Miss Primula; "and, indeed, she looks it."

"Terrible as she is," said their brother, "I would rather have her for an enemy than a friend."

"I would rather have nothing to do with her," said his sister Mary. She was the mildest of the sisters. Prim's health was always weakly, and it sometimes soured her temper and sharpened her tongue.

"To think," she said, "of that Jezabel getting the estate from Mrs. Rowley;—oh, if I were a judge!"

"I'm very sure, Prim, if you were, you would do justice even to a Jezabel," said Marjoram.

"Oh, wouldn't I give her justice enough!" replied Prim. "She looks as if she was capable of anything."

"Come, girls, let us look at the flowers," said their brother; "we did not come here to look at Mrs. Upjohn."

But, nevertheless, he was thinking himself much less of the roses than he was of the lady in question. He was particularly struck by the last remark of his sister Prim, that Mrs. Upjohn looked as if she were capable of anything, and, consequently, of employing a vile agent to work for her. He thought, too, that the sooner he could get the former will out of the hands of the Upjohns the better; and

the same day, with Mrs. Upjohn's features fresh in his memory, he wrote from his private residence, where he very rarely transacted any matter of business, a pressing letter to her husband on the subject.

He might have spared himself the trouble, as we shall see presently.

Never in his life had Mr. Upjohn shown such activity when interests of his own were at stake, as he did after his interview with Mr. Alexander, to hunt out the document which was avowedly to be used against him. After in vain searching all his receptacles for papers in his house in London, he went down to Foxden, confident of finding the will there.

On the day he left town, a Chelsea pensioner, with a huge black patch on one cheek, a crutch to support a broken leg, but otherwise not much worn, apparently either by time or war, called at Cumberland Gate and solicited an interview with the benevolent Mrs. Upjohn.

What could a Chelsea pensioner want with her? She refused to see him, but he refused to go unless she did. Then it suddenly struck her that perhaps he was not exactly a Chelsea pensioner; and affecting to her footman to be touched by his calamities, she ordered him to be shown into her *sanctum-sanctorum*.

"Is it to divert me, Mr. Leonard," she said, while he laid aside his three-cocked hat, "that you appear in this ridiculous disguise?"

"Madam," said the sham veteran, examining the doors and curtains with well-acted caution, and scarcely speaking above his breath, "it won't do, you see, for a detective to be detected; if I had the receipt of fern-seed to make myself invisible, while on such ticklish business as yours, it would be better for both of us."

"Then why did you come?" said Mrs. Upjohn, with a little tittering laugh. "Why do you expose yourself, if the risk is so great?"

"In the first place, madam," he replied, "just to 'shoulder my crutch and show you how fields were won,' like Goldsmith's old soldier; or, in plain prose, to make my report to your ladyship, as in duty bound, and I flatter myself it will divert you."

And truly so it did. Leonard gave her the account of his proceedings in Paris with such ludicrous exaggerations, that he kept her in a continued giggle, particularly when he came to the breakfast at the *Trois Frères*, which he swore had been given by his brother without even Miss Cateran, sharp as she was, detecting the difference.

"Why did you leave that pitiful wretch the legacy?"

"Why?" replied Leonard. "How can a lady of your superior understanding ask such a question? That was a *coup de maitre*, madam. The dear Letitia is now yours again, and for ever."

"I'll never forgive the mean creature; however, I admit it was

very cleverly thought of. But you said you had another reason for calling?"

"In the character of the old soldier again," said Leonard; "who though he serves for glory, requires something more substantial to live on."

"I don't take you," said Mrs. Upjohn; though she understood him well enough to begin to feel uneasy.

"If I was not addressing a lady of your well-known justice and liberality," pursued Leonard, still in his metaphorical vein, "I would say that I came just to give the screw a little turn."

"The screw! What screw? Do talk plain English."

The expression of his eye changed in a moment.

"Well, ma'am, I must have three hundred pounds, and down on the nail. Is that plain English?"

"Why, you yourself had two already," almost screamed Mrs. Upjohn, as if she was literally under the torture of the screw; "and your brother had one just before he joined you in Paris."

This was what Leonard had suspected, but as he had no share in the last extortion, it had no effect in moderating his present demand.

"True," he replied, coolly; "but we can't afford to give 'grandam a kingdom' in return for 'a cherry.' No, ma'am, we must have another three, and even that will be letting you off too easy."

"I wish you may get it!" she cried, shaking with anger.

Leonard smiled, but it was a smile as cold as a gleam of sunshine in a snow storm, and looked as immovable as adamant. She quailed before his inflexible eye, in which not a gleam of pleasantry was left from the moment she told him to speak plain English.

"You refuse, madam?"

"I do, sir, most positively."

"Then, madam, as sure as God's in Gloucester, as soon as I leave this house I follow your excellent husband down to Cornwall."

This was the screw—the endless screw. From the servant who showed him in he had probably got his information as to Mr. Upjohn's movements.

It gave her such a fearful wrench that she yielded as far as to mutter something in the way of a promise.

"We take no promissory notes, ma'am."

"Good God, sir, must I sell my jewels and the clothes off my back?"

"Your financial operations, ma'am, are nothing to us. This evening, at six o'clock, I shall be in the yew-tree walk in Kensington Gardens. I shall expect you there with the cash; if you fail, it will only give me the trouble of visiting the country of the Poles and Pens."

With these words he seized up his tricorne, and with a formal bow, but never relaxing the sternness of his looks, he was about to depart, when he stopped suddenly and added—

“I forgot, madam, to mention a third reason I had for waiting on you. I have got a valuable hint to give you, but as I can’t give it for nothing, perhaps there is no use in saying anything about it.”

“Not the least use, sir,” she replied, with uncontrollable irritation, and a stamp to give emphasis to her words.

“As you please, Mrs. Upjohn,—it’s your own affair; but remember my words, a nail is nothing until it is clenched.”

Mrs. Upjohn had intended that morning to pay a visit at Highgate with her daughter and a friend, but she had a convenient headache, and they went without her. They were no sooner gone than she ordered her brougham and stepped into it, with a little bundle wrapped up in a shawl. She drove to Wardour Street, where, with heavy heart, she disposed of a quantity of old lace for a hundred pounds less than its value, and from Wardour Street she proceeded to a jewellers in the City, where she also left behind her, with still more bitter regret, a circlet of emeralds and rubies, which her husband had given her many years before to assuage her grief a little at being outshone, as has been related, by Mrs. Rowley’s diamonds.

Between the lace and the jewels, being compelled to dispose of them so precipitately, she was short by fifty pounds of the sum she had to pay.

So complete now was the ascendancy obtained over her by her inexorable tool, and so much had he intimidated her by the manner he adopted at the close of his last visit, that she did not dare to meet him with a farthing short of his demand. To raise the last puff of wind, there was nothing for it but to throw a pearl necklace, a birthday present from her dear father (the fine old gentleman), into the same gulf that had swallowed her lace and her rubies. She returned to her house for it, and sold it at a small jewellers at Knightsbridge, on her way to the rendezvous, for only a few pounds more than the sum she required, but possibly she hoped, for this small surplus, she might coax Mr. Leonard to explain what he meant by clenching the nail.

Poor Mrs. Upjohn, she need not have been in such a hurry to dispose of her ornaments, as we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH A GENTLEMAN FAILS TO KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT, AND
A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DO A DARK DEED ON A SUMMER
NIGHT.

PUNCTUAL as the clock of Kensington Church, but with the reluctant and gloomy punctuality with which you may conceive yourself keeping an appointment with a ghost at a tombstone, Mrs. Upjohn might have been seen the same evening in the yew tree walk, never much frequented, and generally at that hour almost deserted.

"*Attendez-moi sous l'orme*," says the old mocking French proverb. "Wait for me under the yew-tree," it might have been rendered in English for the present occasion.

She had the yews all to herself, and the seats too, if she wanted one. There was no Chelsea pensioner, or Leonard, in any form or masquerade, no one to receive the handsome sum of three hundred pounds, no one to sell her the hint she was now prepared to buy. It was odd, but her vexation at having made such a sacrifice of her finery was greater than her satisfaction of having at least in her pocket the money it brought; in truth, she felt that Mr. Leonard might better have it at once, as there was no escaping his gripe, whatever might be the cause of his non-appearance. She tramped up and down that lonely walk, as gloomy and melancholy as the yews themselves, terrifying herself with the idea that Mr. Leonard might have despaired of her meeting him, and pursued her husband to Foxden. What could have become of her terrible friend? She felt as anxious about him as if it was she who was to be paid, instead of having come to pay. There she stood to be milked, and the dairyman not coming to milk her. Everybody knows how cross a cow gets in such circumstances. She looked as if she could have lowed for Mr. Leonard.

At length the church clock of the "Court Suburb" announced a quarter to seven, and dispersed the train of her thoughts. She was going that day to her last dinner for the season, and for once in her life the mines of Golconda, and the pearl-fisheries of Oman, contributed little to the effect of her toilette. However, whether the simplicity of her dress improved her appearance or not, it certainly did not add to her suavity. It required all the consciousness of the proud position she had achieved to keep her spirits that night up to company mark.

The explanation of Mr. Leonard's breach of an engagement which he had so much interest in keeping is simple enough, on the assumption that Mr. Alexander was right in identifying Mr. Sandford with Mr. Moffat. If poor Miss Fazakerly was thrown into such trepida-

tion by coming into sudden collision with the man who had formerly plundered her, he was probably equally alarmed by the apprehension of being recognised by her. This would account for the strange disguise in which Leonard presented himself last to Mrs. Upjohn, and if he also had intimation through secret informants, which no man knew better how to employ, that Alexander had set the police on his track, he would naturally be doubly on his guard. Moreover he now had Mrs. Upjohn in his power, and so completely that he could well afford to let his account with her lie over, as it will be seen that he did for a long time.

But as to the parable of the clenched nail, she was not kept long in the dark, though the light came from an unexpected quarter, and she had nothing to pay for her illumination.

Mr. Upjohn had arrived at Foxden, ransacked his desks and drawers, and all possible and impossible places, but could not lay his hands on the will. In searching for it on the uppermost shelf of an old press, his foot slipped, and he sprained his ankle, which obliged him to keep quiet for several days.

While he was detained by this accident, he suddenly recalled a box of papers which he had deposited some years before with his bankers in town, and now, having the clearest recollection that the missing document was among them, he wrote to his wife, authorised her to get the box, directed her to examine it, pick out the will, and immediately enclose it to Mr. Marjoram at Spring Gardens. The moment Mrs. Upjohn read the letter the meaning of Mr. Leonard's words flashed on her, just as his great discovery did on Archimedes in the bath, and her eyes glittered with triumph and scorn—scorn for her husband's simplicity, and triumph over her extortionate agent, whose great secret was now revealed to her almost gratis.

Up to the present moment her daughter had no actual participation in the desperate game she was playing. But Miss Upjohn was present when her father's letter came, and noticed her mother's countenance when she read it.

"Anything new or strange?" she inquired.

"Oh, nothing, my dear; I am only amused by the strange things your father worries himself about. The paper that has been making him so miserable, turns out to be only a trumpery old will of your uncle's, which it seems Mrs. Rowley's attorneys are anxious to get possession of."

"For what purpose?" said Miss Upjohn.

"They know that best, my dear. They must want it badly, or they would not be so urgent to have it."

"Which seems, to an ignoramus like me, mamma, a very good reason for not being in a hurry to give it to them."

"So any one of common sense, my dear, would say; but your poor dear father has a way of his own at looking at things."

"Indeed he has, and an odd way it is; he has never looked happy, or like himself, since my uncle left him the estate. But has he found the will?"

"No, my dear; it appears now that it is in a box at Goldhammer's. He writes to me to get the box and examine it, but, so like him, he never sends me up the key."

"I suppose you had better get the box from the bank, at all events."

"But what do you think I ought to do about opening it? Do you think I ought to get the lock picked?"

"Since he desires you to examine the papers, I suppose you ought; perhaps the will is not there, after all: it would be a comfort to know that much."

Before an hour elapsed the box in question was lying on the table in the curtained den, to whose secrets a third party was now, for the first time, privy. The question of opening it had now to be discussed again.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Upjohn, musingly and deliberately, "we ought to do nothing more until he comes to town—eh, Harriet, my dear?"

"But why should he come to town at all?" said Harriet, "especially after his sprain, when you can so easily get the box opened and do everything he could do himself."

"I think you are right, Harriet; I ought to have thought of his poor ankle,—that decides me. I'll send for the locksmith."

It was dusk when the locksmith came; the bats were abroad, the house was dismal and gloomy, as London houses are apt to be at midsummer.

"Perhaps you will want a candle?" said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Not to pick a common lock," said the smith.

It gave him, however, a good deal of trouble to do it, but at length it was done.

"A dark job," said the locksmith; and receiving his payment he went away.

Candles were necessary now, however, for the next thing to be done. It took a very short time, for the old will was one of the first papers that turned up. They read it, of course—a few minutes sufficed for that—and then tossed the paper back into the box again.

"Well, now my dear, what do you say?" said the mother.

"Rather what do *you* say, mamma?" said the daughter.

"I say, then," said Mrs. Upjohn, evasively, "if ever your uncle was mad, it was when he made such a will as that."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"Do, my dear! why, I suppose, what your papa wishes."

"Oh, that is your final determination, is it?" said her daughter; though her mother's tone indicated anything but a final determination.

"Let us go to the drawing-room," said Mrs. Upjohn, with another evasion; "this place is really stifling this evening. I think there must be thunder in the air."

A single lamp in the spacious drawing-room made it gloomier still than the little octagon. The ladies took their tea without the exchange of a word beyond the absolute necessities of the tea-table, each bent on forcing the other to return first to the subject on which the thoughts of both were concentrated. The tea-table was removed, and still they maintained the same expectant attitude, like Lord Chatham and Sir Robert Strachan in the epigram. Mrs. Upjohn's patience gave way first. She suddenly started up, paced the room up and down rapidly a few turns, then drew up short opposite her daughter, and said with vehemence—

"If I was your father, I would never give them that paper."

Harriet gave a little ironical laugh and replied,—“But that is just what he will surely do—if you do not!”

"I give it to them!—never!" cried the mother. "To help that litigious, grasping woman to defeat her husband's last wishes, after killing him by her scandalous conduct;—to help her to keep your father in chancery and hot water for the rest of his days! No, they shall never get it from me."

"If they are to have it," said Harriet, "it seems to me not to signify a pin whether they get it from papa or from you."

"What do you mean?" asked her mother.

"That I should just as soon go myself with it to Mr. Alexander, and hand it to him, as allow papa to do it."

"The notion of preventing him!" said Mrs. Upjohn.

"There is a very simple way of preventing him," said Miss Upjohn.

"Destroying it!" murmured her mother.

"What's the use of mincing the matter?" cried Harriet. "Why preserve a musty old paper, which can do nothing but mischief? Besides, who in reality knows of its existence but you and me? Papa was sure, the other day, it was at Foxden; he has no clear idea where it is; he will simply conclude it lost when it can't be found—when a thing's lost, there's no more about it."

To this lucid reasoning Mrs. Upjohn made no reply; yet still they sat and sat on, mute as Quakers at meeting, waiting for the spirit to move them, until the lamp grew so dim that they could scarcely see one another; the steps of passers-by became few and far between, and at length mother and daughter were the only people up in the house.

The good Quakers, waiting for the spirit that comes from above, probably wait many a time in vain ; but those who wait with due devotion for the inspiration that comes from below, are seldom disappointed. It rushed on the mother first, though the daughter was equally well prepared to receive the afflatus. In truth, their indecision was all along something like that of the Logan-Rock, celebrated as one of the wonders of Cornwall, which in all its rockings to and fro remains steady to its centre of oscillation. However, it was at an end. Mrs. Upjohn started up again—

“Light a candle, Harriet,” she said.

“To go to bed?” asked her daughter.

“Not quite yet,” said her mother, in a tone like a low growl.

The candle was lighted, the mother took it, and led the way. As soon as they entered the den she bolted both the doors and drew both the heavy curtains close, which now her daughter probably no longer considered superfluous. If the deliberations were tedious, it was not so with the execution. Mrs. Upjohn knelt down before the hearth as if it was a religious rite she was going to perform, and placed the paper on the stone, doubling it up arch-wise for the greater facility of combustion. Her daughter, like an assistant priestess, kindled one of those tiny torches of brimstone whose name is so appropriate to such uses as it was now applied to. In an instant the blue flame diffused its fetid odour through the boudoir and caught the paper, but it was reluctant to burn, as if it knew its own value (being probably damp after its long imprisonment in the bank cellars), and wasted away with provoking slowness on the cool marble. Miss Upjohn waxed very impatient, and now dropped on her knees too, riveting her eyes on the paper while it gradually collapsed into scintillating ashes. They watched and still watched it while spark after spark went out, neither uttering a word, scarcely daring to breathe from the beginning of the ceremony to the end. If they had, the whole house might have heard it through doors and drapery ; they felt indeed, for an instant, as if all London had suddenly awaked, and was sitting up in bed regarding them with its millions of eyes.

They rose together from their genuflexions, but were scarce risen when one spark more flared up out of the crackling tinder. Mrs. Upjohn was on her knees again, and by the taper which she held was still able to read the words, “to my beloved wife Fatima,” in the last tenacious film. She crushed it hysterically with the hand that was free, and now all being over, she and her daughter crept up-stairs to their virtuous beds.

There was still something left to be done the next morning to round off the business of the night. The locksmith was again sent for, a key was made, the box was locked, and the key was flung the same evening into the Serpentine.

The very next day Mr. Upjohn came up to town, having discovered his mistake in not sending up the key.

"You ought to have got the lock picked, Bab," he said in his prodigious innocence.

"That would have been taking a little too much upon me," replied his wife, with her prodigious brass.

It would perhaps be too much to say that the dismay and affliction of Mr. Upjohn, in opening the rifled casket and looking in vain for the paper which was already part of the smoke and dust of London, did not affect his wife and daughter. The state he was in is not to be described—for what construction but one could Mrs. Rowley's solicitors, or even Mrs. Rowley herself, put upon its non-production? Straight as he had always stood in the eyes of the world, he could hardly expect to escape the obvious imputation which the disappearance of such a document exposed him to.

Unshaved and scarcely half dressed he rushed to Spring Gardens, where he found Mr. Alexander just come to town, to whom he stated the matter just as it was, not omitting the minutest circumstance within his knowledge. Alexander, though he looked as black as midnight when he heard the story, seeing how terribly it affected Mrs. Rowley, yet was careful to conceal upon whom his suspicions now fell with almost the weight of conviction. Encouraging him rather to think that the paper would yet be found, he desired to see the box, and Upjohn placed it in his hands without hesitation. Without a moment's delay Alexander, without Mr. Upjohn's knowledge, directed an inquiry to be made at the shops of all the locksmiths in the neighbourhood of Cumberland Gate, and the man who had picked the lock and made the new key was found without difficulty, which brought the deed so far distinctly home to the ladies of the Upjohn family. But the case, unhappily, was not much improved by the discovery. The will had disappeared, if it had not been destroyed, and even if means existed to re-establish it by secondary evidence, it could only be done by such a disclosure of the circumstances accounting for its disappearance, as would blast for ever the reputation of the Upjohns, even if the nefarious business in Paris was never fully brought to light.

Under those circumstances Alexander and Marjoram agreed that it was only for Mrs. Rowley herself to decide what course should be taken, and Alexander proceeded to Paris to lay the state of her affairs before her.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN WHICH THE LADY'S ATTORNEY GOES TO PARIS. MRS. ROWLEY'S RESOLUTIONS, MR. WOODVILLE'S OBSTINACY, AND MISS CATERAN'S DISTRESS.

MEANWHILE, the undone widow had not been wringing her hands or tearing her bright hair, either in affected grief for the death of her wretched husband, or even for the wreck of her fortunes. Her daughter Fanny was still very weak, requiring the most assiduous attention. Indeed, only for this, Mrs. Rowley would not have remained so long as she did in Paris after the catastrophe. Susan, too, had been giving her a little uneasiness of a different kind, hereafter to be mentioned.

She lived in the strictest seclusion, saw nothing of Miss Cateran, and but little of Mr. Woodville. Letitia had, no doubt, reason enough for dreading an interview with the friend whose interests she had protected so badly; if, indeed, she was not fairly open to the suspicion of having aided and abetted her enemies. On this point Mrs. Rowley suspended her judgment with her usual self-command; but Susan, burning with indignation at the usage her mother had received, was not so reserved; and as to Doctor Lawrence, he condemned Miss Cateran in the most unmeasured terms, and declared she was fully as guilty as Sandford himself. Mrs. Rowley thought the doctor ought to have been less severe on others, as he had been gulled so completely himself. Meanwhile, the apartments Mr. Rowley had occupied were by the widow's orders given up—a step of which she gave Miss Cateran notice in a short but polite note.

"I wonder what she will do?" said Mrs. Rowley.

"Go back to England, of course, and worship the rising sun," said Susan.

A few moments after the doctor called to see Fanny, and said he had a piece of news which would surprise them. Miss Cateran had taken the *quatrième* vacated by Mr. Sandford, opposite to Mr. Woodville!

"Something is going on between those two," said Susan, with the faint smile of one who in trouble hears a story which at another time would divert them extremely.

Mrs. Rowley was writing, and only raised her head for a moment with a feeble smile like her daughter's.

Before anything more was known of either Mr. Woodville's proceedings or Miss Cateran's, the arrival of Mr. Alexander deprived all such little matters of interest.

If the lady's solicitor had been reluctant at first to engage in Mrs. Rowley's affairs, he made amends for it now by the strenuous

interest he took in them. Indeed, had he known nothing more about her than her accumulated misfortunes, he must have been a cold-blooded man not to take up her cause with zeal ; but here was the woman whom he had known and admired in her girlhood, known under circumstances not without a touch of romance ; here was the bright vision of the Italian lakes, and his client, too, in a manner even in those early days ; here she was the victim of a dark and foul conspiracy, and not even yet acquainted with the extreme lengths of her enemy's malice.

Possibly at his ripe age professional ardour was a stronger motive of action than any sentimental or chivalrous feeling ; but it is not, therefore, to be concluded that Alexander's blood had grown cold, or that at thirty-five he had left all the tender sensibilities of youth behind him. It was not so ; but in the most susceptible mind impressions unrevived will grow faint ; the brightest pictures in the gallery of memory require retouching ; in other words, Alexander, as the reader knows already, had never seen Mrs. Rowley since he first carried her banner under the shadow of the Alps.

He had himself in that interval had large and various experiences both of the pleasures and the knaveries of the world ; but, as to domestic interests, his life had flowed as calmly and monotonously as a Dutch canal ; how different in that respect from Mrs. Rowley's ! She was already in the third estate of the life of woman. He first knew her as a maiden, and now when he was about to renew his relations with her she had passed through the stage of matrimony into widowhood. And how unquiet and unhappy her married state had been ! To her it had not only been a stormy voyage to the last ; but the gale increasing to a hurricane at the close, had left her fortunes almost a complete wreck. All these reflections followed one another through Alexander's mind while he whirled along to the French capital, and it is more than probable that for once that he saw in his mind's eye the roguish features of Moffat or the brazen beauty of Mrs. Upjohn, he saw twenty times over the well-remembered face and form of her whose existence had first been revealed to him by her silver voice ringing through the thin partition of the Leone d'Oro.

Mrs. Rowley was sitting at Fanny's bedside when Alexander came. The weather being now very warm, she had relieved herself of her widow's cap, and she ran to receive her old friend without recollecting to put it on. The perfect union of dignity with cordiality was Mrs. Rowley's reception of those who stood high in her esteem. Now her distressed situation gave the warmth of her manner a touch of melancholy softness, and in the single instant for which her hand was locked in Alexander's, the long interval since they first met, longer than Troy siege, was quite annihilated ; to both

the lady and the lawyer it was as if there had been no interruption of the acquaintanceship of their early days.

"Once more in the same boat," said Alexander, the first to speak and to allude to the origin of their friendship.

"Yes," she replied quickly, "but you are the steersman now, dear Mr. Alexander; it seems my destiny as maid, wife, and widow, to be always over-taxing your services."

"The tax is easily borne," he replied, "which is such a pleasure to pay."

As she took her seat, and invited him to one at her side, she happened to glance at a looking-glass, and made the terrible discovery that she was in her hair. She clapped her hands over it with something of her girlish playfulness, and exclaimed—

"Oh, dear, what would they say in England!"

"I won't peach on you," he replied.

"At least you won't tell Mrs. Upjohn, I hope," said the widow. "And now tell me," she said, "are you pressed for time?—I know what heavy demands there must be upon it. If you are, we will talk of business at once; if not, let it stand over until to-morrow."

Alexander replied that the postponement would suit him perfectly, as he had arranged to stay two days in Paris. He had felt how attenuated her hand was while it was twined with his, and he observed too how worn she looked after all she had gone through, and notwithstanding what he knew of the firmness of her character, he was glad to have an opportunity of feeling his way before he tried her fortitude to the utmost. The coming in of Susan Rowley at the moment happily seconded this object, for Mrs. Rowley, after presenting her daughter to him, rose and left them together.

To Miss Rowley he had no hesitation to disclose at once the aggravated nature of her mother's situation in consequence of the crowning villany which has been related.

The shock was bad enough to poor Susan, who had naturally been under the impression that Mrs. Upjohn had done her worst.

"Oh, Mr. Alexander," she said, "I don't wonder you hesitated to break this to mamma."

"I thought it well," he said, "to pause before I did so; you must know better than I do how far she is able to bear this additional blow."

"Oh, I have no doubt on that subject," replied Miss Rowley. "Though nobody understands the value of wealth better than mamma does, her heart was never set on it; there are a great many things she prizes a thousand times more than money, worldly as people think her who don't know her as I do. At the same time it will be quite time enough to-morrow to let her know the worst; but you will be surprised to see how little her mere worldly loss affects her—

she feels much more keenly the scandalous conduct of people so closely connected with her."

Before Alexander could reply, Mrs. Rowley returned, not at all improved in appearance, for the barbarous and unsightly widow's cap, conspiring with her female foes, was doing all it could to detract from her charms. It did not entirely conceal her hair, but it left too little of it visible,—“all the gold,” as she used to say to her daughters, “that her enemies seemed inclined to leave her.”

Alexander did not sit much longer; he was anxious to pay his friend Woodville a visit; so, having promised to breakfast the next morning with the Rowleys, he went away.

Alexander had only once seen the artist since their eventful Continental tour. The meeting was a joyous one, and so was their meeting now. There was only one alteration since Alexander saw his friend last, and it did not escape his eye. The painter was no longer in the same old dressing-gown, but had such a gorgeous one that he felt it necessary to apologise for it, which he had never done for its shabby predecessor.

“The fact is,” he said in a confused way, the reason for which Alexander was unable to guess at the moment, “one cannot go on wearing the same old thing for ever.”

They then talked of Mr. Rowley's death, and all the matters connected with it, which brought them, of course, to Mr. Sandford's practices.

“I presume,” said Alexander, “this new dressing-gown is the regulation robe for the Alpine settlement. The flowers on it look very like rhododendrons.”

“Oh, Arnaud has prepossessed you on that subject,” said Woodville, laughing; “he has good points about him, but he is just the most pig-headed young man I ever met with. However, I have evidence now to satisfy either you or Arnaud, or any human being in their senses of the perfect innocence of Mr. Sandford; here are no less than three letters I have received from him since he went over to England, all upon the same topic, the great idea and sole occupation of his simple life. Would you like to read them?”

Alexander declined, with a smile.

“Laugh as you will,” pursued Woodville, getting a little excited, as usual, “but don't tell me that the same man is working out a scheme as finely imagined and exquisitely organised as Plato's republic, and at the same time carrying on the vilest system of fraud, without a shadow of advantage to himself. I only wish you had come over while he was here.”

“So do I mightily,” said Alexander; “there is no man living I am so anxious to meet.”

“What do you propose doing when Parliament is up?” said Woodville.

"If I knew where I should be most likely to meet this worthy friend of yours, I should travel in that direction, in preference to any other corner of the globe."

"Well, I take you at your word; we have settled to meet in Switzerland in the autumn. You laugh; but remember now you are invited to meet him."

Alexander did laugh indeed, and would have laughed longer, only he saw that Woodville did not relish it. To change the subject, he spoke of Miss Cateran, and asked when Woodville had seen her. He was in the wrong box again. Woodville was evidently disconcerted by the question. Instead of answering it directly, he warmed up and said that Mrs. Rowley had not treated Miss Cateran handsomely. She evidently suspected her of having some hand in the will affair, merely because she had got a trumpery legacy, and had put her out of the apartments at an hour's notice, just as she might have dismissed a servant who had robbed her.

"Why, the poor girl came up to Honarine half distracted; she actually did not know where to lay her head."

"And where did she lay it?" asked Alexander.

Poor Woodville betrayed himself wofully by the stammering and spluttering way in which he answered so simple and natural a question.

"Why, the apartment that was tenanted by Mr. Sandford was vacant."

"Oh," said Alexander, his eyes twinkling with fun.

"What would you had have her do? Was she to sleep on the stairs?"

"You are a lucky fellow, to have always such agreeable neighbours," said Alexander.

"Nonsense, man. You intend to dine with me, of course."

"Certainly I do; and upon my word of honour I won't ask you whether Miss Cateran is to make one of the party to Switzerland."

Woodville's door had hardly closed on his friend when the door on the opposite side of the lobby was cautiously opened, and a lady, in a smart *déshabille de matin*, appeared, and addressed him by name, excusing herself by saying she knew he was a friend of Mrs. Rowley's, as she was herself too, on which account she implored the favour of a short interview with him. She brought Alexander into her apartment, the floor of which was strewn with boxes and travelling-bags, as if preparations were making for a journey. At the same instant another lady, who was in the room, disappeared with a rustle into an adjoining bed-chamber.

The first lady, who was Miss Cateran, of course, began by again apologising for the liberty she was taking; but what she had to say was highly important to Mrs. Rowley, as well as to herself, though, on her own account alone, she would not feel justified in troubling him.

Alexander, observing that she was agitated as she spoke, assured her, in his most courteous and encouraging tone, that he was perfectly ready to listen to anything she had to tell him.

"No doubt," he added, "you wish to tell me what you know or think about this extraordinary business."

"Oh, it is a horrid business, Mr. Alexander; but, indeed, I was imposed on, like every one else,—I was, indeed, though the legacy exposes me to suspicion; but never, never will I accept one shilling of it,—never while I live. I was imprudent, I dare say, and not as wide-awake as I ought to have been; but, indeed, I was only a dupe of that shocking man, and it is very, very hard to be thought his accomplice!"

The tears gushed into her eyes as she spoke, and Alexander, who was accustomed to ladies' tears, and knew as well as any man how to distinguish false drops from genuine, had no doubt that her distress was unfeigned. In the most feeling manner he assured her that he believed Mrs. Rowley quite incapable of harbouring the suspicion alluded to upon grounds so trivial; and he assured her, also, that there was nothing at all surprising in her being gulled by one of the most accomplished swindlers in Europe.

"And you see," he added, "even Mr. Woodville is as much his dupe as ever."

"Oh, Mr. Alexander, how ridiculous! And yet, perhaps, I ought not to say so, for I have a decisive proof of Mr. Sandford's villany that I have not communicated to any one. I intended to impart it to Mrs. Rowley before I left Paris; but I cannot do better than put you in possession of it."

She then opened her writing-case, and took out a little bundle of papers tied up carefully together.

"Look at this first," she said; "I believe you have seen it before."

It was the famous drawing.

Alexander in a moment recognised and remembered all about it. Miss Cateran had found it, with other things, carefully concealed in the lining of Mr. Rowley's *robe de chambre*; she related the incident, with which the reader is acquainted, of the evening she passed with Mr. Woodville, and nothing more was necessary to prove by whom it had been abstracted, or the use that had been made of it.

The papers Miss Cateran had to show him, important as they were, seemed of secondary moment, except that their dates enabled him to track Mrs. Upjohn's proceedings, step by step. There were all the letters which the reader has already heard of, and all the cuttings from the newspapers, the paragraph about the service at the Meadows, his address to the electors of Penrose, and an account of his election and return.

"Oh," cried Letitia, as Alexander was turning them over, "there

is one thing more I have to give you"—it was the work on the law of conspiracy by which Mr. Sandford had made her the means of ingratiating himself with Mr. Rowley.

"I now see," she said, the tears starting afresh, "that I ought not to have given it to him without first mentioning it to the doctor; but I saw nothing wrong in it: how could I?"

"It would have been very strange if you had," he replied. "I can't see that from first to last you have anything to reproach yourself with."

"Oh, Mr. Alexander, it is so kind of you to say so, but I can't acquit myself so easily when I think that I might have prevented all that has happened if I had been more on my guard. Poor dear Mrs. Rowley, she must think hardly of me. I know she must."

"Leave that to me," said Alexander, in his softest and kindest manner; "even if you had been to blame, you have made ample amends by discovering and preserving the evidence which you have placed in my hands, and which it will be my duty to place in Mrs. Rowley's. The will cannot possibly stand against such overwhelming proof of the foul practices by which it was obtained, and she will be indebted to you for the means of oversetting it."

This comforting speech dried poor Miss Cateran's eyes at last. She was so far from being a girl of a lachrymose temperament, that for many years, probably since she was a child, she had not shed so many tears as Mr. Sandford's success had wrung from her; for she had wept before the present occasion, especially when her conscience pricked her with the recollection of the license she had originally given her tongue. She had grown in a few weeks a sadder and wiser girl, and had quite made up her mind to secede from the Lobster Club.

As Alexander was taking his leave his foot tripped against one of the travelling-bags that were lying about, and Miss Cateran, in apologising for the state of the room, said she supposed Mr. Woodville had told him that he had kindly offered to take her and her friend on the tour he was about to make.

"No, he did not," said Alexander, smiling; "but he did tell me of his tour, and who he was going to meet. I trust you won't give him a hint of the information you have given me."

"You may depend upon that," said Miss Cateran; "he doesn't even know that the drawing was cut out of his album; oh, he deserves to be punished for his obstinacy."

The same evening Susan communicated to her mother the disappearance of the original will, and relieved Alexander from the painful duty he naturally felt so reluctant to perform.

"After all," said Mrs. Rowley, the next morning, when she was closeted, according to appointment, with her lawyer, "though I proposed a meeting on business, I don't see that we have much business

after all, to transact together. Susan has told me what you so considerably hesitated to tell me yourself, and really it hardly makes much difference in my situation. I have considered the question in every point of view, and, though you will think the conclusion I have come to a strange one, it is impossible for me to dispute this will, false and monstrous a fabrication as it is."

Alexander fixed his steady bright eye upon one which was bright and steady as his own.

"I ought to excuse myself, perhaps," she added, "for taking such a decided resolution without asking your advice—it is really taking the helm myself—but there are some points, such as questions of honour and duty, which one must always decide for oneself, and this is one of them."

"You are influenced, no doubt, entirely," said Alexander, "in taking a resolution so opposed to your interests, by consideration for your family."

"For my brother-in-law, for no one else," said Mrs. Rowley, with energy: "oh, if it was not for that, you never had such a pugnacious client; I am the last woman in the world to sit down under such a load of wrong; but that little man is the soul of worth and honour; by me he has always acted kindly and generously, and God forbid I should repay him by disgracing his family—in fact, by proving his wife a villain,—no, Mr. Alexander, not for any number of acres or thousands a year."

Alexander was mute with admiration of her disinterestedness; but as the emotion with which she spoke brought back the wonted colour to her cheek, and lent her eyes a double radiance, he had something more than moral beauty to admire at that moment.

After a brief pause, Mrs. Rowley resumed with more composure, excusing herself for the strong expression she had used.

"I don't often, I hope," she said, "use hard words, but there are cases when even a lady may be allowed to give things their proper names."

"If there was a harder word than the one you have employed," said Alexander, "you would have been justified in using it;—and yet you are still ignorant of half the extent of Mrs. Upjohn's villany, nor would it ever have been known only for a lady, a friend of yours, I mean Miss Cateran."

"Miss Cateran!" she exclaimed, "you surprise me—I really don't know what to think of her."

Alexander then related all that had passed the day before between himself and Letitia—her distress, her reproaches—and the complete evidence she had preserved and furnished him with of Mrs. Upjohn's guilt, as well as Mr. Sandford's.

He now placed it in Mrs. Rowley's hands, and she saw for the first time the true nature of the machinations which had been

employed. All thought of herself was at an end. In an agony of tears, she exclaimed,—

“Oh, my husband, my poor husband! He was justified in all he did—how could he resist such proofs of my perfidy? It might have satisfied a man of stronger intellect than his—and he died in the belief that I was unfaithful!”

She wept long and bitterly, upbraiding herself with having only thought of her own wrongs, and of having accused her hapless husband of caprice and injustice.

At length she wiped away her tears with a convulsive effort, and concentrating all her emotions in one burning sentence, she cried—

“They only robbed me, Mr. Alexander, but they murdered him!”

Alexander—who, though he understood and appreciated the feelings towards Mr. Upjohn which had determined Mrs. Rowley against legal proceedings, while she was still ignorant of some of the blackest features of the business—could not help hoping that she might now be brought to reconsider her decision, but she did not leave him long under that impression.

“And yet,” she added, before he had time to speak, “both crimes must go unpunished, at least by me, as long as my brother-in-law lives. The blacker the case is, the more I feel it my duty to submit to my fate in silence. This, Mr. Alexander, is my final resolve.”

“The lawyer hesitates,” he replied, “the man approves.”

“There is nothing for it,” she resumed, “but to endure what can’t be cured: Mrs. Upjohn carries the day. I retire before her; let her lord it in the peninsula, where I once dreamed of reigning myself—or *lady* it, if she can; the last won’t be quite so easy.”

“No queen in history ever bore her dethronement with greater dignity,” said Alexander.

After some further conversation, chiefly on the singular fate by which such disastrous consequences were destined to spring from the innocent circumstances of their first acquaintance, the subject of Mrs. Rowley’s actual position was again referred to, and she said in her usual calm, and even cheerful manner,—

“Well, you know, dear Mr. Alexander, I shall not be actually a beggar; I shall still have a few thousand pounds, including the five which Mr. Sandford has so kindly left me; and besides, you know, I have still a *locus standi* even in Cornwall—the patrimony I inherited from my father. I have been totting up (you know of old I can do that) all that I have to reckon on, and though I shall not be rich, I am some way yet from the poor-house.”

“You include your Cornish property,” said Alexander, “among your havings; and yet I have heard it stated that you never considered it absolutely your own.”

“I may very well consider it so now, Mr. Alexander; but you know,” she said, with a smile, “I am of a sanguine disposition.”

"That is to say, you live in anxious hopes of a brother turning up and begging you outright. Yesterday I should have found it hard to believe it; to-day I can believe it implicitly."

"Well, really," she said, "I don't think such an event now in the least likely; indeed, I might say nothing can well be more improbable."

"By-the-bye," said Alexander, "I am reminded to ask you a question—Has it ever struck you that Arnaud bears a certain resemblance to your father?"

"Oh yes it has," she replied; "I don't see the likeness always, but sometimes it seems very strong indeed. I suppose you have been asking yourself whether by any chance he can be the lost child?"

Alexander acknowledged that the thought had for a moment crossed his mind.

"It well might," said Mrs. Rowley, "for it crossed my own; but it is utterly impossible that he can be the brother who is to reappear and dispossess me. The old Vaudois minister who brought him up, and whose life you saved so intrepidly—oh, to think that I never saw you from that day!—knew everything about poor dear Arnaud's birth and parentage, and had there been any doubt or mystery about it, he would only have been too happy to have disclosed it to my father, whom he saw so much of, and knew so well."

When reluctantly at last Alexander rose to take leave, over and over again the fair widow thanked him for his services and his zeal.

"I trust I have been zealous for my clients often," said Alexander warmly, as he rose, "but I was never proud of one before; I never admired one until now."

Only the carpet saw the thought or the feeling in Mrs. Rowley's eyes as she dropped them at his words; but the slightest of all possible flushes passed for an instant over her cheek, and revealed the impression left behind. She moved with him to the door, and they shook hands before parting.

"Am I not thin?" she said. "You have no notion how stout I was a couple of months ago."

"You are certainly no match," he replied, "for Mrs. Upjohn physically, just at present."

"Then you think I had better not show myself in Cornwall, just yet," said Mrs. Rowley, smiling; "but there is no likelihood of that until my poor Fanny is much better. I fear her health will give me time enough to take my measures for the future. And you must go: this is too short a meeting after so long a separation; but it is better as it is, although calumny has already done its worst; however, you will sometimes write to me, at least on business."

He pressed her hand to his lips, and went his way.

MARMION SAVAGE.

CRITICAL NOTICE.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY: With a Historical Sketch of the Country and its People. By GEORGE THOMPSON, C.E., Lieut.-Colonel of Engineers in the Paraguayan Army, &c. Longmans, 1869.

THE ignorance prevalent on the subject of South America and all men and things therein, is all but universal. We have no doubt that the enormous majority even of educated people will regard it as positive fresh information to be told that Buenos Ayres is the capital of a state known as the Argentine Confederation, and Monte Video of another, styled the Republic of the Banda Oriental. This being so, it is not surprising that the contest here described by Mr. Thompson, which, after lasting more than four years and a half, should have been so little understood, particularly when we remember that the years since the commencement of 1864 have been fertile in events, both at home and on the Continent, of far more absorbing interest. Yet the Paraguayan war deserves to be remembered were it only for the sake of the remarkable man who has been unquestionably its hero. If Lopez really was the cruel and cowardly tyrant that Col. Thompson would have us regard him as being, the ascendancy which he contrived to exercise over his countrymen seems almost miraculous. Nevertheless, it is difficult to refuse credence to the statements of one who had every opportunity of obtaining accurate information, and, apparently, no personal motive for making out Lopez worse than he was. He says in his Preface that, though he has resided in Paraguay for eleven years, he did not discover Lopez' character till the end of 1868.

"All his outrages at the commencement of the war I only heard by vague rumours. His manner, however, was such as entirely to dispel and throw discredit on any whispers which might be uttered against him. Latterly, however, I have received overwhelming corroborations of what I have stated against him in the early part of the book."

We cannot say that Col. Thompson's book is all that might be wished in a history of the war. He was rather too near to the things he describes to be able to take an accurate estimate of their importance; and therefore whilst we often have to complain of a superfluity of confirming details, he is apt on the other hand to treat some portions of his subject with undue brevity, assuming probably a far larger amount of knowledge in his readers than he is at all likely to find. However, he writes with great fairness and impartiality both of the Paraguayans and the Allies, and seems anxious to do justice to every one—even Lopez; and the book has many merits, though it might easily have been much better.

Paraguay, since it threw off the dominion of Spain, though nominally a republic, seems always to have been governed on the principle of a paternal despotism by its President for the time being. The two centuries of Jesuit sway had probably rendered submission a national instinct. Besides this, the people, though, as the war has proved abundantly, brave beyond their neighbours, are thoroughly southern in their detestation of exertion of any kind, and would rather be tyrannised over than take trouble. Since 1813 there have

been three Presidents: Francia, whose rule lasted till 1840; Lopez I., who filled the chair from that date up to September 2nd, 1862; and his son, the now celebrated Lopez II. Their system of government, at least until Lopez II. commenced the series of atrocities which Mr. Thompson charges him with, appears to have been very much the same,—the isolation of Paraguay from the rest of the world, and its entire internal subjection to their individual sway. Francia instituted a system of espionage so perfect that no one saying a word to his nearest relations could feel sure that it would not be reported. "Every one supposed to be against the Government, even only in thought, was thrown into prison, and some of them shot (especially the most influential men of the country), and their property confiscated." Every one, too, was liable to have his person and property pressed into the public service, without payment, at the call of any judge of the peace. At the same time Mr. Thompson says that during the rule of Francia and the elder Lopez, these extreme powers were seldom abused. Indeed, Lopez I., on the whole, is admitted to have done his country "a great deal of good."

In fact, it is said that one cause of the Argentine Confederation declaring war against Paraguay was jealousy of the railways, arsenals, ship-building yards, telegraphs, which were much more advanced in the one country than the other. Brazil had a long-standing quarrel on account of the Paraguayan batteries at Humaitá on the river Paraguay, which all foreign vessels were obliged to ask leave to pass. As this was the only practicable route between Rio Janeiro and the province of Matto Grosso, difficulties were of course constantly occurring. But sooner or later the conflict was inevitable. The rulers of Paraguay seem to have been little studious of conciliating their neighbours; and states like the Argentine Confederation and the Banda Oriental, continually torn by civil dissensions, could hardly fail to be apprehensive of designs on their independence on the part of men known to be ambitious and unscrupulous, and possessed of absolute and undisputed power. Of course such fears could not have been entertained by a strong empire such as Brazil, and Mr. Thompson is probably justified in his censure of the conduct of the Brazilian Government in joining, or rather in organising, the league against Paraguay, and proposing such terms of peace as it was impossible for the smaller state to accept as without sufficient provocation, and proceeding from a desire to crush out of existence a neighbour who stood in her way. Lopez, however, seems to have been willing enough that the war, which he considered inevitable, should come when it did, as he said Paraguay would never be in a better condition for fighting. He was ready, and the allies were not; and but for his blunders and bad generalship the present author is of opinion that, in spite of the enormous disproportion between the resources at the disposal of the combatants, the result of the conflict might have been very different.

We cannot attempt in the space at our disposal to give any sketch of the operations of the war that would be intelligible, especially without the aid of the maps and plans. That it should have been protracted so long seems due far less to the heroism and skill of the Paraguayans than to the tardiness and hesitation, if not downright cowardice, which characterised the operations of the allies from first to last.

GEORGE STOTT.

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THE POSITIVIST PROBLEM.

“ Induire pour déduire, afin de construire.”

THE interest which the system known as Positivism awakens in public attention is so vastly in excess of any knowledge of the writings of Comte, and of any attempts at propagandism made by his followers, that it may afford matter for some curious reflection. On the one hand, we have one of the most voluminous if not the most elaborate of all modern philosophies, composed in a foreign language and a highly technical style. Those who have honestly studied, or even actually read, these difficult works may be numbered on the hand; and no methodical exposition of them exists in this country. The full adherents of this system in England are known to be few; and they but very rarely address the public. Amongst the regular students of Comte two or three alone find means occasionally to express their views, and that for the most part on special subjects. Such is the only medium through which the ideas of Comte are promulgated—a mass of writings practically unread; a handful of disciples for the most part silent.

On the other hand, the press and society, platform and pulpit, are continually resounding with criticism, invective, and moral reflection arrayed against this system. Reviews devote article after article to demonstrate anew the absurdity or the enormity of these views. The critics cut and thrust at will, well knowing that there is no one to retaliate; secure of the field to themselves, they fight the battle o’er again; thrice have they routed all their foes, and thrice they slay the slain. Religious journalism, too, delights to use the name of Comte as a sort of dark relief to the glowing colours of the Scarlet Woman. Semi-religious journals detect his subtle influence in everything, from the last poem to the coming revolution. Drowsy congregations are warned against doctrines from which they run as

little risk as they do from that of Parthenogenesis, and which they are yet less likely to understand. Society even knows all about it, and chirrup the last gossip or jest at afternoon tea-tables. Yet even under this the philosophy of Comte survives; for criticism of this kind, it need hardly be said, is not for the most part according to knowledge.

Some such impression is left by the glaring inconsistencies which appear amongst the critics themselves. They have so easy a time of it in piling up charges against Positivism, that they, in a great degree, dispose of each other. According to some, for instance, it would promote a perfect pandemonium of anarchy. With others it means only the "paralysing and iron rule of law." With some it is the concentration of all human energy on self; with others, an Utopia which is to eliminate self from human nature. Now it is to crush out of man every instinct of veneration for a superior being; now it is to enthrall him in a superstitious devotion. The followers of Comte are at once the votaries of disorder and of arbitrary power; of the coldest materialism and the most ideal sentimentalism; they are blind to everything but the facts of sensation, yet they foster the most visionary of hopes; they execrate all that is noble in man, and yet dream of human perfectibility. In a word, they are anarchists or absolutists; pitiless or maudlin; materialists or transcendentalists, as it may suit the palette of the artist to depict them.

Now all of these things cannot be true together. If it is proved to the satisfaction of a thousand critics that Positivism is a mass of absurdity, why need we hear so much about it? How can that still be dangerous which is hardly ever heard of but in professed refutations, and known only through adverse critics? It is strange that a writer, as they tell us, of obscure French, such as no one can make sense of, who finds in this country but an occasional student, should need such an army to annihilate him. If he were responsible for one-tenth of the contradictory views which are put into his mouth, he is self-condemned already. No house so divided against itself could stand, to say nothing of the critical batteries which thunder on it night and day—religious, scientific, literary champions without stint, warning an intelligent public against a new mystery of abominations. "Dearly beloved," cries the priest, "beware of this soul-destroying doctrine of Humanity!" "Science has not a good word for it," cries the man of physics, "to say nothing of its irreligion!" and so makes a truce with the man of God. "And literature has a thousand ill names for it," cry out the brazen tongues of the press through all its hundred throats of brass.¹ Yet, withal, the thoughts of Comte seem still to live and grow, to flourish

(1) "Monstrum horrendum ingens cui quot sunt corpore plumæ
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures," &c.—*Æneid*, iv. 181.

without adherents, and to increase without apostles. They must be in some way in the air; for all that men see is the refutation of that which none study, the smiting of those who do not contend. *E pur si muove!*

Those to whom the system of Comte is of serious moment would be but of a poor spirit if they lost heart under such a combination of assaults, or took pleasure in the signs of so wide-spread an interest. A perpetual buzzing about a new system of thought can as little do it good as it can do it harm. The students of Comte would be foolishly sanguine if they set this down to real study or serious interest in his system. They would be culpably weak if they supposed it was due to any efforts of their own to extend it.

However much Positivism may desire the fullest discussion, little can come of criticism which does not pretend to start with effective study. As a system it demands far too much both in the way of sustained thought and of practical action, to gain by becoming merely a subject of social or literary *causerie*. The platoon firing of the professional critics, and the buzz of the world, may become fatiguing; but both in the main are harmless, and in any case appear to be inevitable.

But when we look below the surface a different view will appear. However few are they who avow Positivism completely, its spirit permeates all modern thought. Those who teach the world have all learnt something from it. The awe-struck interest it arouses in truly religious minds shows how it can touch the springs of human feeling. Men of the world are conscious that it is a power clearly organic, and that is bent on results. And even the curiosity of society bears witness that its ideas can probe our social instincts to the root.

It cannot, indeed, be denied that so general an interest in this subject is itself a significant fact; and though it be not due to anything like a study of Comte, and most certainly to nothing that is done by his adherents, it has beyond question a cause. This cause is that the age is one of Construction—and Positivism is essentially constructive. Men in these times crave something organic and systematic. Ideas are gaining a slow but certain ascendancy. There is abroad a strange consciousness of doubt, instability, and incoherence; and, withal, a secret yearning after certainty and reorganisation in thought and in life. Even the special merits of this time, its candour, tolerance, and spirit of inquiry, exaggerate our consciousness of mental anarchy, and give a strange fascination to anything that promises to end it.

We have passed that stage of thought in which men hate or despise the religious and social beliefs they have outgrown—their articles of religion, constitutions of State, and orders of society. We feel the need of something to replace them more and more sadly, and day by day we grow more honestly and yet tenderly

ashamed of the old faiths we once had. At bottom mankind really longs for something like a rule of life, something that shall embody all the phases of our multiform knowledge, and yet slake our thirst for organic order. Now there is, it may be said without fear, absolutely nothing which pretends to meet all these conditions—but one thing, and that is Positivism. There are, no doubt, religions in plenty, systems of science, theories of politics, and the like; but there is only one system which takes as its subject all sides of human thought, feeling, and action, and then builds these up into a practical system of life. Hence it is that, however imperfectly known, Positivism is continually presenting itself; and though but little studied, and even less preached, it ceases not to work. It proposes some solution to the problem which is silently calling for an answer in the depths of every vigorous mind that has ceased to be satisfied with the past. It states the problem at least, and nothing else does even this. Thus, in spite of every distortion from ignorance or design, the scheme of Positivism has such affinity for the situation that it is ever returning to men's view. For whilst mankind, in the building of the mighty tower of Civilisation, seem for the time struck as if with a confusion of purpose, and the plan of the majestic edifice for the time seems lost or forgotten, ever and anon there grows visible to the eye of imagination the outline of an edifice in the future, of harmonious design and just proportion, filling the mind with a sense of completeness and symmetry.

An interest thus wide and increasing in a system so very imperfectly known, proves that it strikes a chord in modern thought. And as amongst those who sit in judgment on it there must be some who honestly desire to give it a fair hearing, a few words may not be out of place to point out some of the postulates, as it were, of the subject, and some of the causes which may account for criticisms so incessant and so contradictory. It need hardly be said that these words are offered not as by authority, or *ex cathedra*, from one who pretends to speak in the name of any body or any person whatever. They are some of the questions which have beset the path of one who is himself a disciple and not an apostle, and the answers which he offers are simple suggestions proposed only to such as may care to be fellow-hearers with him.

It is of the first importance for any serious consideration of Positivism to know what is the task it proposes to itself. For the grounds on which it is attacked are so strangely remote, and appear to be so little connected, that perhaps no very definite conception exists of what its true scope is. There is much discussion now as to its scientific dogmas, now as to its forms of worship, now as to its political principles. But Positivism is not simply a new system of thought. It is not simply a religion—much less is it a political system. It is at once a philosophy and a polity; a system of

thought and a system of life : the aim of which is to bring all our intellectual powers and our social sympathies into close correlation. The problem which it proposes is twofold : to harmonise our conceptions and to systematise human life ; and furthermore, to do the first *only for the sake of the second*.

Now this primary notion stands at the very root of the matter, and if well kept in view it may spare much useless discussion and many hard words. Thus viewed, Positivism is really not in competition with any other existing system. It is hardly in contrast with any, because none is *in pari materiâ*—none claims the same sphere. No extant religion professes to cover the same ground, and therefore with none can Positivism be placed in contrast. Christianity, whatever it may have claimed in the age of Aquinas and Dante, certainly in our day does not profess to harmonise the results of science and methodise thought. On the contrary, it is one of the boasts of Christianity that its work is accomplished in the human heart, whatever be the forms of thought and even of society. It cannot therefore be properly contrasted with Positivism, for they are essentially disparate, and the function claimed by the one is not that claimed by the other.

So, too, Positivism is hardly capable of comparison with any existing philosophy. There are many systems of science and methods of thought before the world, but they insist on being heard simply as such, and not as being also religions, or schemes of life. They stand before the judgment-seat of the intellect, and they call for sentence from it according to its law. Such social or moral motive as they rest on is adequately supplied in the love of truth and the general bearing of knowledge on human happiness. Their doctrines ask to stand or fall on their own absolute strength, and are not put forward as a mere introduction to a form of life. Not but what, of course, philosophers, ancient and modern, have elaborated practical applications of their teaching to life. But no modern philosophy, as such, puts itself forth as a part of a larger system, as a mere foundation on which to build the society, as a major premise only in a strict syllogism of which the conclusion is action. Now this the Positive philosophy does. Positivism therefore is not a religion, for its first task was to found a complete system of philosophy : nor is it a philosophy, for its doctrines are but the intellectual basis of a definite scheme of life : nor a polity, for it makes political progress but the corollary of moral and intellectual movements. But, though being itself none of these three, it professes to comprehend them all, and that in their fullest sense. Thus it stands essentially alone, a system in antagonism strictly with none, the function and sphere of which is claimed by no other as its own.

Criticism which ignores this primary point, which deals with a system as if its end were something other than it is, can hardly be

worth much. And thus viewed, a mass of popular objections fall to the ground. For instance, a continual stumbling-block is found in political institutions and reforms which Positivism proposes—institutions which are wholly alien, it is true, to our existing political atmosphere, and which could hardly exist in it, or would be actively noxious. But these are proposed by Positivism only on the assumption that they follow on and complete an intellectual, social, and moral reorganisation by which society would be previously transformed, and for which an adequate machinery is provided. No value can attach therefore to any judgment on the political institutions *per se*, torn from the soil in which they are to be planted, crudely judged by the political tone of the hour. No serious judgment is possible until the social and intellectual basis on which they are to be built has been comprehended and weighed, and found to be inadequate or impossible. But this is what he who criticises the system from a special point of view is unwilling or unable to do.

So with the philosophy—we often hear indignant protests against the attempt made by Comte to organise the investigation of nature. Nothing is easier than to show that the organisation proposed might check the discovery of some curious facts, or the pursuits of certain seekers after truth. But the same would be true of any organisation whatever. The problem of human life is not to secure the greatest accumulation of knowledge, or the vastest body of truth, but that which is most valuable to man; not to stimulate to the utmost the exercise of the intelligence, but to make it practically subservient to the happiness of the race. The charge therefore that the Positive philosophy would set boundaries to the intellect by setting it a task, is not to the purpose, even if it were true. This might be said of almost every religion and any system of morality. The very point in issue is whether the true welfare of mankind is best secured by the absolute independence of the mind, going to and fro like the wind which bloweth whither it listeth.

Thus, too, in criticising the religious side of Positivism, it is argued that it fails to provide for this or that emotion or yearning of the religious spirit; that it leaves many a solemn question unanswered, and many a hope unsatisfied, and has no place for the mystical and the Infinite, for absolute goodness, or power, or eternity. Be it so. The objection might have weight if Positivism were offering a new form of theology, or came forward simply as a new sort of religion. But the problem before us is this—whether these ideas can find a place in any religion which is to be in living harmony with a scientific philosophy. We are called on to decide whether, since these notions are repugnant to rational philosophy, religion and thought must for ever be divorced, and whether we must choose thought without religion, or religion without thought. Positivism, if it has no place for the mystical or supernatural, has the widest field for the Ideal and the

Abstract. It holds out the utmost reach for any intensity of sentiment. Nor could its believers fail in a boundless vista of hope; of hope which, whilst it is substantial and real, is not less ardent, and far more unselfish, than the ideals of older faiths. Positivism maintains that supposing established such a scientific and moral philosophy as it conceives, inspiring a community so full of practical energies and social sympathies as that which it creates, a rational religion is possible, but such hopes and yearnings would be practically obsolete, supplanted by deeper and yet purer aspirations. They would perish of inanition in a mind or a society really imbued with the relative and social spirit. They had no place under the practical morality and social life of past ages. They would have none, it argues, under the scientific philosophy and the public activity of the future. The truth of this expectation cannot possibly be estimated without a thorough weighing both of the philosophy and of the polity which it is proposed to found, and a very systematic comparison of their combined effects.

To treat philosophy, religion, or polity without regard to the place each holds in the general synthesis, is simply to beg the question. It is much more to the purpose to argue that the general synthesis which Positivism proposes to create is not needed at all, or even if needed, is perfectly chimerical. Certainly it is a question which cannot be discussed here; and perhaps it is one which cannot be settled by any discussion at all. It seems one of those ultimate questions which can only be determined by the practical issue, and which no *à priori* argument can touch. *Solvetur ambulando*. It has been most vigorously treated by Mr. Mill in his estimate of Positivism, and, like all that he has said on this subject, deserves the most diligent thought. After all, it may be the truth that this question of questions—if human life be or be not reducible to one harmony—is one of those highest generalisations which the future alone can decide, and which no man can decide to be impossible until it has been proved so.

In any case, those who have no mind to busy themselves with any system of life or synthesis of social existence whatever—and they are the great bulk of mankind—may well be asked to spare themselves many needless protestations. Positivism most certainly will not trouble them; and the world is wide enough for them all. Still less need of passionate disclaimers and attacks have all they who are honestly satisfied with their religious and social faith as it is. Positivism looks on their convictions with the most sincere respect, and shrinks from wounding or disturbing the very least of them. How much waste of energy and serenity might be spared to many conscientious persons if these simple conditions were observed! Positivism is in its very essence unaggressive and non-destructive; for it seeks only to build up, and to build up step by step. It must

appeal to very few at present, for the first of its conditions—the need of a new System of Life—is as yet admitted only by a few. It must progress but slowly as yet, for its scheme is too wide to be compatible with haste. If all of those who are alien to anything like a new order of human life, and all those who are satisfied with the order they have lived under would go their own way and leave Positivism to those who seek it, a great deal of needless irritation and agitation would be happily averted. The idea that thought and life may some day on this earth be reduced to organic order and harmony may be Utopian, but is it one so grotesque that it need arouse the tiresome horseplay of every literary trifler? And though there be men so unwise as to search after this Sangreal in a moral and intellectual reform, is their dream so anti-social as to justify an organised hostility which amounts to oppression? Incessant attempts to crush by the weight of invective, fair or unfair, a new system of philosophy, which appeals solely to opinion, and which numbers but a handful of adherents for the most part engaged in study, are not the highest forms of intelligent criticism. Positivism as a system has nothing to say to any but the very few who are at once disbelievers in the actual systems of faith and life, and are believers in the possibility of such a system in the future. To the few who seek it, it presents a task, as it fairly warns them, requiring prolonged patience and labour. The rest it will scarcely trouble unless they seek it; and perhaps it will be better that they should leave it alone. Little can come of eternally discussing the solution of a problem which men have no wish to see solved, or of multiplying objections to what they have no mind to investigate.

Positivism, then, consists of a philosophy, a religion, and a polity; and to regard it as being any one of these three singly, or to criticise any one of them separately, is simple waste of time. Its first axiom is, that all of these spheres of life suffer from their present disorder, because hitherto no true synthesis has been found to harmonise them. This axiom is obviously one which must meet with opposition, and in any case be very slowly accepted. The very notion of system and organisation implies subordination in the parts, submission to control, and mutual concession. The unbounded activity, independence, and freedom of the present age, not to say its anarchy and incoherence, quiver, it seems, in every nerve at the least show of discipline. Yet any species of organisation involves discipline, and any discipline involves some restraint. Of course, therefore, any scheme to organise thought and life presented in an age of boundless liberty and individualism meets opposition at every point. To show that Positivism involves a systematic control over thought and life is not an adequate answer to it. To prove of a new system that *it is a system* is not a final settling the question until you have first proved that no system can be good. All civilisation and every religion, all morality and

every kind of society, imply some restraint and subordination. The question—and it is a question which cannot be decided offhand—is whether more is implied in the system of Positivism than is involved in the very notion of a synthesis, or a harmony co-extensive with human life.

It is worthy of notice how entirely new to modern thought is this cardinal idea of Positivism—that of religion, science, and industry working in one common life—how little such an idea can be grasped in the light of the spirit of the day! Yet so far is it from being an extravagant vision, that it sleeps silently in the depths of every brain which ever looks into the future of the race. None but they who dwell with regret on the past, or are engrossed in the cares of the present, doubt but what the time will come when the riddle of social life will be read, and the powers of man work in unison together; when thought shall be the prelude only to action or to art, and action and art be but the realisation of affection and emotion; when brain, heart, and will have but one end, and that end be the happiness of man on earth. And thus whilst priest, professor, and politician forswear the scheme which Positivism offers, and society resounds with criticism and refutation, none believe it overcome or doubt its vitality; for it remains the only conception which pretends to satisfy an undying aspiration of the soul.

Whether the pursuit of system or harmony be carried out by Comte extravagantly or not is, no doubt, a question of the first importance. It is certainly one which there is no intention of discussing here. But in any case it is not to be decided lightly. Mr. Mill, as has been said, has argued this question with all that power which in him is exceeded only by his candour. But which of the other critics have done the like? A criticism like that of Mr. Mill is a totally different thing, and worthy of all attention. Nor must it be forgotten how largely, in criticising Positivism, he accepts its substantial bases. Nothing can be more disingenuous than to appeal to the authority of Mr. Mill as finally disposing of the social philosophy of Comte, when Mr. Mill has adhered to so much of the chief bases of that philosophy in general, and has warmly justified some of the most vital features of the social system. A system may be false, but it is not false solely because it is a system. It might very possibly be that harmony had only been attained by Positivism at the expense of truth or life, by doing violence to the facts of Nature, or by destroying liberty of action. But this is a matter depending so much on a multitude of combined arguments and on such general considerations, that it can be decided only after long and patient study. It clearly cannot be done piecemeal or at first sight. And of all questionous is the one in which haste and exaggeration are most certain to mislead.

Let us follow a little further each of the three sides of Positivism