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 questions 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

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—the Philosophy, the Religion, the Polity—in order, but not independently, so as to put before us the goal they propose to win and the main obstacles in their path. The grand end which it proposes to philosophy is to give organic unity to the whole field of our conceptions, whether in the material or in the moral world, to order all branches of knowledge into their due relations, and hence to classify the sciences. Even if the unthinking were to regard this project as idle or extravagant, every instructed mind well knows that it is involved in the very nature of philosophy, and has been its dream from the first. Can it be necessary to argue that the very meaning of philosophy is to give system to our thoughts? What are laws of nature but generalisations? what are generalisations but a multitude of facts referred to a common idea? what is science but the bringing the manifold under the one? Knowledge itself is but the study of relations; and the highest knowledge, the study of the ultimate relations.

And as science has no meaning but the systematising of separate ideas, so the grand systematising of all ideas has been the ceaseless aim of philosophy. What else were the strange but luminous hypotheses of the early Greeks? what else was the colossal task of Aristotle? what else that of the elder Bacon and his coevals, of the other Bacon, of Descartes, of Leibnitz, of the Encyclopædists, of Hegel?

That order is the ultimate destiny of all our knowledge is so obvious that the effort to found it at once can be met only by one objection worthy of an answer, and that is that the aim is premature. It is very easy to see that the earlier attempts, when even astronomy was incomplete and the moral sciences outside the pale of law, were utterly premature. But whether the task is premature now is entirely different. After all, it is one of those questions which no *à priori* argument can affect. It is not premature if it can be even approximately done. Yet the mere suggestion of it arouses a myriad-headed opposition. In every science and every sub-section of a science a specialist starts forth to tell us that generations of observers are needed to exhaust even his own particular corner in the field of knowledge. And if one science is to become but the instrument of another, if one kind of inquiry is to be subordinated to another, we should fetter, they tell us, the freedom which has led to so many brilliant discoveries, and leave unsolved many a curious problem.

The answer of Positivism is simply this: If the systematising of knowledge will be premature before all this is accomplished, it will always be premature. The end for which we are to wait is one utterly chimerical. No doubt there are no bounds to knowledge, any more than there are bounds to the universe. As Aristotle says, thus one would go on for ever without result; so that the search will be fruitless and vain. Nay, if we go by quantity, estimate our knowledge now as compared with the facts of the universe, we are

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but children still playing on the shore of an infinite sea. If, before philosophy can be formed into a systematic whole, every phenomenon which the mind can grasp in the inorganic or in the organic world has to be first examined—every atom which microscope can detect, every nebula which telescope can reach—if every living thing has to be analysed down to the minutest variation of its tissues, from infinitesimal protozoa to palæontologic monsters—if every recorded act, word, or thought of men has to be first exhausted before the science of sciences can begin—the task is hopeless, for the subject is infinite. A life of toil may be baffled by the problems to be found in one drop of turbid water. Ten generations of thinkers might perish before they had succeeded in explaining all that it is conceivable science might detect on a withered leaf. And whole academies of historians would not suffice fully to raise the veil that shrouds a single human life.

Were science pursued indefinitely on this scale, not only would the earth not contain all the books that should be written, but no conceivable brain could grasp, much less organise, the infinite maze. The task of organisation would thus be made more hopeless each day, and philosophy would be as helpless as Xerxes in the midst of his countless hosts. The radical difference between the point of view of the positive and the current philosophy, that which feeds the internecine conflict between them, is that between the relative and the absolute. Looked at from the absolute point of view—that is, as the phenomena of matter and life present themselves from without—the task of exhausting the knowledge of them is truly infinite, and that of systematising them is truly hopeless. From the relative point of view philosophy is called on to exist, not for its own sake, but as the immediate minister of life. To utilise it, and to organise in order to utilise it, is of far higher importance than to extend it. It judges the value of truths not by the degree of intellectual brilliancy they exhibit, or the delight they afford to the imagination, but by their relation, in a broad sense, to the problem of human happiness. Till this great problem is nearer its solution, Positivism is content to leave many a problem yet unsolved and many a discovery unrevealed. It sees life to be surrounded by such problems as by an atmosphere "measureless to man;" for life rests ever like an island girt by an ocean of the Insoluble, and hangs like our own planet, a firm and solid spot suspended in impenetrable space.

What is the test of true knowledge, when phenomena, facts, and therefore truths, are actually infinite? The fact that this or that gas has been detected in a fixed star is, no doubt, a brilliant discovery in the absolute point of view; but, in the relative, it might possibly turn out to be a mere feat of scientific gymnastic—the answer to a scientific puzzle.[1] The discoverer of many a subtle pro-

(1) I am far from saying that *it is so*. That depends.

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blem may be, absolutely speaking, entitled to the honour of mankind; but relatively, if his problem is valueless, he may have been wasting his time and his powers. Hence the special professors of every science are the first to resent the principles and the judgments of the relative mode of thought. They cannot endure that their intellectual achievements should be judged by any but scientific standards, or their inquiries directed by any but scientific motives. The whole conception of the relative method differs from theirs. It calls for the solution first of those problems in each science which a systematic philosophy of them all indicates as the most fruitful sources of inquiry; it enjoins the following of one study and science for the sake of and as minister to another, and of all for the sake of establishing a rational basis for human life and activity. And this not in the vague general spirit that all knowledge is good, and all discoveries useful to man, and no one can tell which or how. The same objection was brought against Aristotle and Bacon when they proposed their Organa, or clues to inquiry. All truths may have *some* value, but they are not equally valuable. The claim of the relative is to test their value by a system of referring them to human necessities. It sees the life of man stumbling and wandering for the want of a foundation and guide of certain and organised knowledge. Each hour the want of a rational philosophy to direct and control our social activity is more pressing, yet the absolute spirit in science, vain-glorious and unmindful of its function, shakes off the idea of a yoke-fellow, and widens the gulf between thought and life by solitary flights amidst worlds of infinite phenomena.

It is sometimes pretended—it must be said rather perversely—that this relative conception of science is akin to the stifling of thought by the Catholic Church. It is of course true that the Holy Inquisition, like most dominant religions, did claim the right, in virtue of its divine mission, of dictating to the intellect certain subjects as forbidden ground, and warning it off from these limits; it dictated to the intellect the conclusions which it was required to establish, and the methods it was permitted to use—and this not on intellectual, but on religious and supernatural grounds. Positivism neither dictates to the intellect nor hampers its activity. It calls on it on grounds of philosophy, and on demonstrable principles, to work in its own free light; but by that light, and at its own discretion, to choose those spheres and to follow those methods that shall combine harmoniously with a scheme of active life as systematic as itself. This is utterly distinct from the slavery of the mind, according to the Catholic or any other religious notion. The comparison is as simple a sophistry as to argue that it is slavery in the will deliberately to follow the dictates of conscience.

No one who has given the subject a second thought can suppose

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that Positivism, in bringing the intellect into intimate union with the other sides of human nature for the direct object of human happiness, intends thereby to confine it to the material uses of life, or to refer every thought to some immediate practical end. The former is mere materialism; the second simple empiricism; and both utterly unphilosophical. On the contrary, by far the noblest part of the task of the mind is to minister to moral and spiritual needs. And by far the most of its efforts are employed in strengthening its own powers, and amassing the materials for long series of deductions. Philosophy, as Positivism conceives it, would annihilate itself by becoming either material or empirical. Its business is to systematise the highest results of thought; but those results are the highest which are most essential to, and can be assimilated best by, human life as a whole. And no system can be the true one but as it orders all thoughts in relation, first to each other, and, secondly, in relation to every power of man.

Can it be needful again to say that the attempt of Positivism to systematise the sciences is very far from implying that there is but one science and one method, or that it would reduce all knowledge to one set of laws. Its chief task has been to show the boundaries of the sciences, to classify the different methods appropriate to each, and to point out how visionary are all attempts at ultimate generalisations. When men of science tell us that processes of reasoning are used indiscriminately in all sciences, and that all scientific questions are ultimately referable to one set of laws, they are going back to the infancy of philosophy, effacing all that has been done to analyse reasoning, and attempting, as of old, to reach some chimerical, because universal, principle. It is but the materialist phase of the metaphysical problem. Supposing all questions of science, including all social questions, as has been proposed, not apparently in jest, could be reduced to questions of molecular physics, how would this serve human life more than if they were reduced to air, water, or fire? The end of specialism is at hand if science is looking for some ultimate principle of the universe. The search is equally unpractical, whether it be pursued by crude guessing or by microscopes and retorts. It would not help us if we knew it; and as Aristotle says of Plato's idea, the highest principle would contain none under it. It would be so general as to support no practical derivatives. Like all extreme abstractions, it would bear no fruit.

Turn on whichever side we will, we meet this conflict between the relative and the absolute point of view. The absolute burns for new worlds to conquer; the relative insists that the empire already won, before all things, be reduced to order, and knowledge systematised in order to be applied. The absolute calls us to admire its brilliant discoveries; the relative regrets that such efforts were not spent in

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discovering the needful thing. The absolute claims entire freedom for itself; the relative asks that its labours be directed to a systematic end.

It is the old question between individual and associated effort—the spontaneous and the disciplined—the special and the general point of view. We might imagine the case of a general with a genius for war, such as Hannibal or Napoleon, carrying on a campaign with an heterogeneous host and a staff of specialist subordinates. He desires to learn the shape of a country, the powers of his artillery, the fortification of his camp, or the engineering of his works. He seeks to master each of these arts himself, so far as he has means, and for his ultimate end. But with his specialists he wages a constant struggle. His geographer has a thousand points still to observe to complete his survey. His engineers start curious problems in physics, and each science has its own work, as each captain of irregulars may have his pet plan. It may be true that much may be needed before any of the branches can be thoroughly done; and the scheme of some subordinate officer might possibly destroy a certain number of the enemy. But the true general knows that all these things are good only in a relative manner. His end is victory, or rather conquest.

Thus it is not only intelligible, but quite inevitable, that Positivism should meet the stoutest opposition from the science of the day, not only in details and in estimates, but even in general conceptions, and yet not be unscientific. The strictures of men even really eminent in special departments are precisely what every system must encounter which undertakes the same task. That all such should make them, more especially if they be inclined to theology, or devotees of individualism, is so entirely natural that any answer in detail must be an endless task. By their fruits you shall know them. Let us see them produce a system of thought more harmonious in itself and more applicable to the whole of human life. Every new philosophy which proposes to change the very point of view of thought has always incurred fierce opposition. Every new religion and social system has seemed to its predecessors an evil and cruel dream. How much more a system which involves at once a new philosophy, a new religion, and a new society; which brings to thought a change greater than that wrought by Bacon or Descartes; which draws a spiritual bond vaster and deeper than that which was conceived by Paul, and founds a social system that differs from our own more than the modern differs from the ancient world.

Whether the actual solution of the problem of systematising thought as worked out by Comte in all its sides, his statement of natural laws, and his classification of the sciences, be adequate or true, is a matter which it is far from our present purpose to discuss. It would

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be foreign to our immediate aim, and impossible within our present limits. But there is a stronger reason. It would be simple charlatanry in one without due scientific education to undertake such a task as that of examining and reviewing a complete encyclopædia of science. The natural philosophy of Comte is a matter which no one could undertake to justify in all its bearings without a systematic study of each science in turn. Looking at it from the point of view of philosophy, and with that relative spirit which the sense of social necessities involves, a diligent student of the system, who seeks to satisfy his mind on it as a whole, can form a sufficient opinion, at least so far as to compare its results with any other before us. After very carefully considering the strictures passed on Comte's classification of the sciences and his statement of the principal laws, it does not appear to the writer that one of them will hold. If we are to shelter ourselves under authority, we may be content with that of M. Littré, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Lewes. We are too apt to forget the great distinction between philosophy and science, and the paramount title of the former. Men of science are far too ready to decide matters of philosophy by their own lights, matters which depend far less on knowledge of special facts than on the general laws and history of thought, and even of society. Nor does there appear to be any weight in some strictures which have recently been published in this Review on the positive law of the three stages and the classification of the sciences, the greater part of which objections have been already anticipated and refuted by Mr. Mill—part of which are obvious misconceptions of Comte, and part are transparent sophisms. On the whole, it may be fairly left to any one who seriously seeks for a philosophy of science, and is prepared to seek it with that patience and breadth of view which such a purpose requires, to decide for himself if he can discover any other solution of the problem, the general co-ordination of knowledge as a basis of action.

Let us now for a moment turn to the system viewed as a religion, not with the slightest intention of reviewing it, much less of advocating it, but simply to see what it is, and what it proposes to do. Its fundamental notion is that no body of truth, however complete, can effectually enlighten human life; no system of society can be stable or sound without a regular power of acting on the higher emotions. There are in human nature capacities which will not be second, and cannot be dispensed with. There are instincts of self-devotion and of sympathy, love, veneration, and beneficence, which ultimately control human life, and alone can give it harmony. Though not the most active either in the individual character, or even in the social, these powers are in the long run supreme, because they are those only to which the rest can permanently and harmoniously submit. Each separate soul requires to give unity to the exercise of its powers

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a motive force outside of itself; for the highest of its powers are instinctively turned to objects without. The joint action of every society is in the long run due to sympathy, and to common devotion to some power on which the whole depends. There thus arises a threefold work to be accomplished—to give unity to the individual powers; to bind up the individuals into harmonious action; to keep that action true and permanent; unity, association, discipline. Without this the most elaborate philosophy might become purely unpractical or essentially immoral, the most active of societies thoroughly corrupt or oppressive, and the result throughout the whole sphere of life—discord. Nothing but the emotions remain as the original motive force of life in all its sides; and none of the emotions but one can bring all the rest and all other powers into harmony, and that is the devotion of all to a power recognised as supreme. To moralise both Thought and Action, by inspiring Thought with an ever-present social motive, by making Action the embodiment only of benevolence—such is the aim of religion as Positivism conceives it.

Now, without debating whether the mode in which Positivism would affect this be true or not, adequate or not, it is plainly what every system of religion in its higher forms has aimed at. And accordingly we see the singular attraction which this side of Positivism possesses for many orthodox Christians. It is entirely their own claim; and, indeed, there nowhere exists in the whole range of theological philosophy an argument on the necessity for and nature of religion in the abstract at all to be compared with that in the second volume of the "Politique Positive." Passing over the question whether Positivism has carried out this aim by methods either arbitrary or excessive, it is plain that every system which can claim to be an organised religion at all, has had a body of doctrine, a living object of devotion, observances of some kind, and an associated band of teachers. It is not easy to see how there could be anything to be rightly called a religion without them, or something with equivalent effect. A mere idea is not a religion, such as that of the various neo-Christian and Deist schools.

The hostility, therefore, which the religious scheme of Positivism awakens is one involved of necessity in the undertaking, and should count for very little until it is seen that its critics are prepared fairly to consider any such scheme at all. Those who are most disposed to feel any interest in the scientific or political doctrines of Positivism are just those who almost to a man reject worship, Church, and religion altogether. This, for the most part, they have done, not on any general philosophical reasons, but simply from antipathy to those forms of devotion they find extant. Whether, in rejecting the actual forms of them now or hitherto presented, the very spirit of these institutions

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can be eliminated from human nature and from society, is a question which they care neither to ask nor to answer. But in treating of the Positive, or any scheme of religion, this is the question at issue. Nor must it be forgotten that so much is the vital spirit of all religious institutions extinct in modern thought, that even if the doctrines and ceremonies of existing churches escape ridicule by virtue of habit and association, forms less familiar, however rational in themselves, would be certain to appear ridiculous, as doctrines far more intelligible and capable of proof would appear chimerical to men accustomed to listen calmly even to the Athanasian Creed.

Fully to conceive the task which Positivism as a religion has set itself to accomplish, much more fairly to judge how its task has been done, requires the mind to be placed in a point of view very different from that of the actual moment. How little could the most cultivated men of antiquity, who never looked into the inner life of their time, estimate the force of early Christianity, or the most religious minds of the middle ages accept the results of modern enlightenment! What an effort of candour and patience would it have proved to any of these men to do justice to the system which was to supersede theirs, even if presented to their minds in its entirety and in its highest form! It is inherent in the nature of every scheme which involves a great social change that it should bring into play or into new life powers of mankind hitherto dormant or otherwise directed. Whether it be right in so doing, or whether it do so to any purpose, is the question to decide; but it is a question the most arduous which can be put to the intelligence, and involves protracted labour and inexhaustible candour. Random criticism of any new scheme of religious union is of all things the most easy and the most worthless. It can only amuse the leisure of a trifler, but it deserves neither thought nor answer. Positivism in the plainest way announces what is its religious aim and basis. The partisans of the actual creeds may of course resist it by any means they think best. But as it certainly does not seek them, nor address any who are at rest within their folds, they cannot fairly complain of being scandalised by what they may find in it for themselves. Those who attack it from independent grounds show but small self-respect if they do so without accepting the first condition of their own good faith, which is patiently to weigh it as a whole. And those who fairly intend to consider it to any purpose may be assured that they are undertaking a very long and perplexing task; that much of it must necessarily seem repugnant to our intellectual tone. A system which professes to be co-extensive with life and based upon proof would be mere imposture if it could be accepted off hand as true or false, if it did more than assert and illustrate general principles, or if it ended in closing the mind and leaving man but a machine. The

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real point in issue is whether it be possible to direct mankind by a religion of social duty, if humanity as a whole—past, present, and to come—can inspire a living devotion, capable of permanently concentrating the highest forces of the soul; whether it be possible to maintain such a religion by appropriate observances and an organised education. This is the true problem for any serious inquirer, and not whether a number of provisions admittedly subordinate approve themselves to the first glance. To travestie a new system by exaggerating or isolating its details is a task as easy as it is shallow.

In its third aspect—that is, as a polity—what is it that Positivism proposes? It is a political system in harmony with a corresponding social and industrial system, tempered by a practical religion, and based upon a popular education. The leading conception is to subordinate politics to morals by bringing the practical life into accord with the intellectual and the emotional. The first axiom, therefore, is this—that permanent political changes cannot be effected without previous social and moral changes. This is a scheme which may be said to be wholly new in political philosophy. Every political system of modern times hitherto has proposed to produce its results by legislative, or at all events by practical changes, and has started from the point of view that the desired end could be obtained if the true political machinery could be hit upon. It is the starting-point of Positivism that no machinery whatever can effect the end without a thorough regeneration of the social system; and when that is done, the machinery becomes of less importance. The principal thing, then, will be to have the machinery as simple and as efficient as possible. Political action, like all practical affairs, must in the main depend on the practical instinct. And the chief care will be to give the greatest scope for the rise and activity of such powers. But as the social system is to be recast, not by the light of the opinion of the hour, but by a study of the human powers as shown over their widest field, so the leading principles in politics will find their rational basis in no corner of modern civilisation, but in the history of the human race as a whole and a complete analysis of the human capacities.

Let us see what this involves. From the nature of its aim it cannot be revolutionary in the ordinary sense. The very meaning of revolution is a radical and sudden change in the constitution of the state. Now, apart from its condemnation of all revolutionary methods, Positivism insists that all political changes so made must prove abortive. But, besides this, it repudiates disorder as invariably evil, and insists that every healthy movement is nothing but the development of the past. But at the same time the change to which it looks is of the greatest extent and importance. It is thus the only systematic attempt to conciliate progress and order, one which

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effects revolutionary ends by a truly conservative spirit. Of all charges, therefore, that could be made against Positivism, that of being anarchical is the most superficial. The attempt to connect it with disorder and sedition is scandalously unjust. To the charge of being reactionary the best answer is a simple statement of the future to which it looks forward. That it contemplates a benevolent despotism is an idle sneer, for it conceives the normal condition of public life as one in which the influence of public opinion is at its maximum, and the sphere of government at its minimum.

But just in proportion to the width of the system on which Positive politics rest is the degree of opposition which it awakens. Adapting to itself portions from each of the rival systems, it alienates each of them in turn. It is impossible to do justice to the greatness of past ages, and still more to revive anything from them, without offering a rock of offence to all the revolutionary schools. And it is impossible to propose a reorganisation of society at all without alarming the conservative. These alternations of interest in and antipathy towards Positivist politics, these bitter attacks, these contradictory charges, belong of necessity to the undertaking, and need surprise no one. But those who profess to know what they undertake to criticise, those to whom all matters human and divine are open questions, who spend their time but to hear or to tell some new thing, such, one would think, would be careful that they understand the conditions on which a new system of thought is based.

This hasty outline of the task which Positivism undertakes—the mere statement of its problem—may suffice to explain the continual interest it excites, and also the incessant hostility it meets. Let any one fairly ask himself—if it be possible to accomplish such a task at all without necessarily provoking a storm of opposition, and if the success of the system as a whole could possibly be estimated without a patience which, it may be said, it almost never receives. The mere variety of the objects which it attempts to combine, whilst interesting men of the most opposite views, of necessity presents to each some which utterly repel him. It is impossible to reconcile a Babel of ideas without forcing on each hearer many which he is accustomed to repudiate. The man of science, who is attracted by the importance given to the physical laws, starts back when it is proposed to extend these laws to the science of society. The student of history, who sees the profound truth of the philosophy of history, is scandalised by the very idea of a creed of scientific proof. The politician for a time is held by the vision it presents of social reforms, but he is disgusted at hearing that he must take lessons from the past. The conservative delights to find his ancient institutions so truly honoured, to be shocked when he finds that they are honoured only that they may be the more thoroughly trans-

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formed. The man of religion is touched to find in such a quarter a profound defence of worship and devotion, only to be struck dumb with horror at a religion of mere humanity. The democrat, who hails the picture of a regenerated society, turns with scorn from an attempt to lay the bases of temporal and spiritual authority. The reactionist fares no better; for if he finds some comfort in the new importance given to order, he dreads the results of an unqualified trust in popular education and the constant appeal to public opinion. Those whom the philosophy attracts, the religion repels. Those whom the moral theories strike shrink back from the science. Those who believe in the forces of religion are no friends of scientific laws. Those who care most for the progress of science are the first to be jealous of moral control. It is simply impossible, therefore, to address with effect all of these simultaneously without in turn wounding prejudices dear to each. It could not be that the sciences could be organised without hurting the susceptibilities of specialists everywhere, and it is the spirit of our time to create specialists. To bridge over the vast chasm between the Past and the Future, to co-ordinate the opinions and the emotions, to satisfy the heart as well as the brain, to reconcile truth with feeling, duty with happiness, the individual with society, fact and hope, order with progress, religion with science, is no simple task. The task may be looked on as hopeless, the solution of it may be derided as extravagant; but if it were presented to men "by an angel from heaven," it would sound strange to the bulk of hearers, men to whom such a notion is alien, who have sympathy neither with the object nor the mode of pursuing it. Hence the unthinking clamour which Positivism excites. To the pure conservative it offers a fair mark for fierce denunciation. To the jester it offers an opening for easy ridicule, for it offers to him many things on which he has never thought. But by a critic of any self-respect or intelligence it must be treated thoroughly, or not at all. There are persons devoid of any solid knowledge, of the very shreds of intellectual convictions, of any germ of social or religious sympathies,—specialists *ex hypothesi*, —to whom a serious effort to grapple with the great problem of Man on earth is but the occasion for a cultivated sneer, or a cynical appeal to the prejudices of the bigot. *Non ragioniam di lor.*

It must be plain to any one who gives all this a fair judgment that the students of Comte could not possibly suffice for all such controversies, were they ten times as numerous as they are. The critics of Positivism attack on a hundred quarters, and with every weapon, at once. Only those who seriously interest themselves in the progress of thought must remember that they are continually listening to mere travesties, which it is worth no man's while to expose, and to criticisms which no one cares to answer. They would

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have only themselves to blame if they choose to suppose that no answer could be given. Now and then some striking case of misrepresentation has to be dealt with; but, as a rule, the students of Comte are of necessity otherwise engaged. Controversy is alien to the whole genius of Positivism, for the range of objections in detail is entirely infinite. Positivism must make way, if at all, like all efforts at construction, by its synthetic force, by its coherence, and its fitness for the situation. If it has this, it can be neither hindered nor promoted by any controversy, however brilliant as a performance.

It is not an infrequent comment that the points of the Positive system are so widely remote and heterogeneous, that it appears somewhat discursive. They are no doubt far apart from each other, and apparently, perhaps, disconnected. But it would be a most superficial view to regard them as desultory. Now and then these principles are heard of in matters of practical politics,—now in pure science, in religion, in industry, in history, or in philosophy. But this is a necessity of the case, and is a consequence of the connection between all these, which it is the aim of Positivism to enforce, and of their general dependence on common intellectual foundations. Its great principle is, that the errors hitherto committed are due to the separate treatment of these cognate phases of life and thought. And if it treats in turn very different subjects, it is by virtue of this very doctrine that each must be viewed in its relation to the other. That individuals defending these principles wander out of their course, and fall into inconsistencies, is their weakness, not that of the system. Positivism itself stands like an entrenched camp, presenting a continuous chain of works to the beleaguering forces around. Within its own circle the system of defence communicates immediately to, and radiates from, its centre, whilst the attack, being unorganised and ranged in a circle without, is spread over a vastly greater area. It stands as yet almost entirely by the strength of its own walls and the completeness of its works, and not by that of its defenders within.

Metaphor apart, let any one in common fairness consider what students of Comte have to meet. The philosophical basis alone covers a ground far apart from the ordinary education so wide that nothing but general views of it can be possible. To be intelligently convinced of the truth of the Positive Philosophy in a body in such a way as to be a capable exponent, requires, first, a previous preparation which very few have gained; and, secondly, a weighing of the system by that knowledge step by step, in bulk and in detail, which perhaps not five men in this country have chosen to give. It need not be said that the present writer has as little pretension to belong to one class as to the other. But there is no reason why men, positivist in spirit and in general aim, should feel bound to defend every point in turn in a vast body of philosophy

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for which they are not responsible, and which in its entirety they do not pretend to teach. A student of Positivism may hold that which he believes to be true without being concerned to maintain every suggestion of Comte's, which to the infinite wisdom of some critics may appear ridiculous. Deductions of the kind they are fond of treating are just what a serious student bent on mastering a body of principles leaves as open or indifferent matters, and trusts to the future to decide. Besides, even on the assumption that many of these deductions, and even some of these principles, were preposterous or false, still, as Mr. Mill has well pointed out, the same might be said of every known philosopher. Aristotle, Bacon, and Descartes have sown their whole works broadcast with the wildest blunders. What a flood of cheap ridicule their contemporary critics had at their command! What a mass of absurdity might not a smart reader discover who for the first time were to glance through the Ethics of Aristotle, or the Organum of Bacon! Yet even if the system of Comte were as full of absurdities as those of these philosophers—which I am far from conceding—this would not prevent his philosophy from being as valuable a step in thought as any of the three. There seems a disposition to force men who become students of Comte and accept generally the Positive system, as they might in their day have accepted the Aristotelian or the Baconian philosophy, to defend every statement of Comte's, as if it were a question of verbal inspiration. It seems that men in this country are at liberty to profess themselves adherents of every system of thought but one. A man may—one or two do—study and uphold the principles of Hegel. Benthamism is a creed with living disciples. Mr. Mill may be called the chief of a school. A fair field is open to all of these, at least in any field which is open to freedom of thought. But if a man ventures to treat a public question avowedly from the Positive point of view, he is assailed by professed friends to free inquiry as if he were an enemy of the human race, to whom the ordinary courtesies are denied; and some of the commonest names that he will hear for himself are atheist, fanatic, and conspirator.

Respecting the actual adherents of Comte, perhaps a few words may be permitted, and, indeed, a few are required. It is not usual in this country to "picket" the ordinary doings of a school in politics or opinion, even though you do happen to differ from them. But in the case of Positivism it seems to be thought allowable to dispense with such scruples. Accordingly, the most ordinary utterance of one of those whom they dub as a member of the school is at once set down by anonymous persons as some fresh act of what they are pleased to call "this malignant sect." The mode in use is a very old, a very simple, but not a very candid plan: it consists only in this—the describing every one who has adopted any Positivist

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principle as a professed disciple of Comte; next, of attributing to each of such persons everything that any of them or that Comte has at any time countenanced; and lastly, of ascribing to Positivism and to Comte every act and almost every word of any of these persons. And the world seems to relish any preposterous bit of gossip about Positivist churches and ceremonies, schemes, plots, and what not! One can hardly keep one's countenance in doing it, but it seems necessary to state that all this ill-natured gossip is the childish stuff such gossip invariably is. As to telling the world anything about the "sect"—"malignant" or otherwise—there is nothing to tell. Whatever else may be true about Positivism, publicity is its very essence—*vivre au grand jour*—in thought, word, and deed, according to the motto of Comte; and every act and statement it makes is open to any one who cares to look. The utmost publicity about persons, congregations, rites, and preaching, by all means. But the gossip need not be untrue as well as impertinent. As is well known, Dr. Richard Congreve, who has adopted the system and practice of Comte in its entirety, has occasionally made an address to a small audience, and has subsequently published his discourse. He has also from time to time given a course of lectures open to the public. Those who like himself definitely accept Positivism as a religion, and regard themselves as a community, of whom it should be said the present writer is not one, occasionally have met together. But the various observances instituted by Comte are scarcely practicable here. It is obvious that it must be so. A religion, a worship, and an education such as Comte conceived them, are not possible in all their completeness without a body of persons and families steadily desirous of observing them. It need hardly be said that the materials for this do not as yet exist in this country. A system like Positivism does not easily receive complete adherents. It is not like any of the religious, political, or socialist systems—like Swedenborgianism or Communism —a simple doctrine capable of awakening a dominant fanaticism. It cannot possibly be preached beside a hedge or in a workshop, and gain converts by the score, like Methodism or Chartism. To promulgate it duly requires a fresh education, followed by a long course of systematic meditation. To form an honest and solid conviction upon a body of philosophy thus encyclopædic requires years of study. Accordingly, the number of those who have completely accepted the system of Comte as a religion, amongst whom it has been said the present writer cannot count himself, is small. To treat every student of Positivism and avowed adherent of Comte's system as a member of a sort of secret society, and then to pretend that this supposed society is engaged in a series of religious and political plots, the amusement of some busybodies, is an idle impertinence. These tales are worthy only of an imperialist journal

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describing an apparition of the Spectre Rouge. The fact that there are men not so nervously afraid of being associated with an unpopular cause as to be engaging in constant controversy or defence, is no honest ground for including them in a body to which they do not belong, for fastening on them any design, whether they have countenanced it or not, and any opinion, whether they adopt it or not. That there are men who think it their duty to say plainly what they think, and to say it always under the guarantee of their own names, is no good cause, though it makes it easy for masqued opponents to eke out the *argumentum ad rationem* by a free use of the *argumentum ad hominem*. If all such attacks, which are the portion of any man who dares to treat a question from the Positivist point of view, are for the most part unanswered and unnoticed, the reason most assuredly is, not that they are true, but that they are unworthy of answer.[1]

But enough of such matters. These petty questions of an hour are but dust in the balance by which this question must be weighed. However little it may be thought that Positivism has solved its problem, it can hardly be said that the time is not ripe for its task, that there is nothing that calls for solution. Into what a chaos and deadlock is opinion reduced in spiritual as in practical things! Who seriously looks for harmony to arise out of the Babel of sects which have arisen amid the *débris* of the Catholic Church? Or are any of the Pantheist or Deist dreams more likely to give unity to the human race? The dogmas of Christianity have been by some refined and adapted away until nothing is left of them but an aspiration. Can an aspiration master the wild confusion of brain and will? And has even the most unsparing of adaptations brought the ancient faith really more near to true science or to active life? To science, that which cannot be reduced to law is that which cannot be known, and the unknowable is a thing of naught. Activity on earth can be regulated only by a real not a fictitious, a natural not a supernatural, standard. By their very terms, then, the various forms of spiritualism shut themselves off from the world of knowledge and the world of action; and, more or less distinctly, they assume an attitude of antagonism to both.

And yet, on the other hand, is there any better prospect of harmony in the ignoring of religion altogether? The men of science and of action from time to time form desperate hopes for the triumph of their own ideas and the ultimate extinction of religious sentiment. With them it is a morbid growth of the human mind—a weakness

(1) This language is not used without cause. Positivism, and those who have more or less definitely professed its principles, have been repeatedly charged with abetting the principle of military despotism, the Sheffield murderers, the Fenian rebellion, sedition and revolution at home. It need merely be said that no man has dared or is likely to repeat these calumnies with the responsibility of his name.

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bred of ignorance or inaction. They chafe under the grossness of an age which will not be content with the pure love of truth or with the fruits of material success. Yet to how shallow and slight a hope do they trust! Human nature under the influence of its deepest sentiments—veneration, adoration, and devotion—rises up from time to time, and snaps their thin webs like tow. Errors a thousand times refuted spring up again with new life. The instinct of religious feeling is paramount as well as indestructible, and philosophy and politics are in turn confounded by its force. It is an internecine struggle, in which they seem fated eternally to contend, but in which neither can crush its opponent.

In political matters is there any foundation more sure? Constitutions, suffrages, and governments are alike discredited. Some cry for one reform, some for another; but where is the prospect of agreement? The best institutions of the age men cling to at most as stop-gaps, as the practical solution of a shifting problem. But useful as they may be, who believes in them as things of the future, destined to guide man's course as a social being? What a chaos of plans, nostrums, and watch-cries!—how little trust, or hope, or rest!

In things social is the prospect brighter? Is the question of rich and poor, of labour and capital, of health and industry, of personal freedom and public well-being, so much nearer to its answer than it was? With our great cities decimated by disease, famine, pauperism—with the war of master and servant growing louder and deeper—the corruption of industry increasing—and the whole world of commerce and manufactures swept from time to time by hurricanes of ruin and fraud,—is it a time to indulge in visions of content? We all have hope, it is true, in the force of civilisation, in the noble elements of progress, and in the destiny of the human race; but by what path or course they may arrive at the goal what man shall say?

In such a state of things Positivism comes forward with its system of ideas, which, at the least, is comprehensive as well as uniform. To some its solution may appear premature, to some incomplete, to others erroneous. But what thoughtful mind, amongst those to whom the social and religious forms of the past are no longer a living thing, can honestly assert that no such problem as it attempts to solve exists at all, or that this problem is already solved?

FREDERIC HARRISON.

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NOTES ON LEONARDO DA VINCI.

In Vasari's life of Leonardo da Vinci as we now read it there are some variations from the first edition. There, the painter who has fixed the outward type of Christ for succeeding centuries was a bold speculator, holding lightly by other men's beliefs, setting philosophy above Christianity. Words of his, trenchant enough to justify this impression, are not recorded, and would have been out of keeping with a genius of which one characteristic is a tendency to lose itself in a refined and graceful mystery. The suspicion was but the time-honoured form in which the world stamps its appreciation of one who has thoughts for himself alone, his high indifferentism, his intolerance of the common forms of things; and in the second edition the image was changed into something fainter and more conventional. But it is still by a certain mystery in his work, and something enigmatical beyond the usual measure of great men, that he fascinates, or perhaps half repels. His life is one of sudden revolts, with intervals in which he works not at all, or apart from the main scope of his work. By a strange fortune the works on which his more popular fame rested disappeared early from the world, as the Battle of the Standard; or are mixed obscurely with the work of meaner hands, as the Last Supper. His type of beauty is so exotic that it fascinates a larger number than it delights, and seems more than that of any other artist to reflect ideas and views and some scheme of the world within, so that he seemed to his contemporaries to be the possessor of some unsanctified and secret wisdom, as to Michelet and others to have anticipated modern ideas. He trifles with his genius, and crowds all his chief work into a few tormented years of later life; yet he is so possessed by his genius that he passes unmoved through the most tragic events, overwhelming his country and friends, like one who comes across them by chance on some secret errand.

His *legend*, as the French say, with the anecdotes which every one knows, is one of the most brilliant in Vasari. Later writers merely copied it, until, in 1804, Carlo Amoretti applied to it a criticism which left hardly a date fixed, and not one of those anecdotes intact. And now a French writer, M. Arsène Houssaye, gathering all that is known about Leonardo in an easily accessible form, has done for the third of the three great masters what Grimm has done for Michael Angelo, and Passavant, long since, for Raffaelle. Antiquarianism has no more to do. For others remain the editing of the thirteen books of his manuscripts, and the separation by technical criticism of what

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in his reputed works is really his, from what is only half his or the work of his pupils. But a lover of strange souls may still analyse for himself the impression made on him by those works, and try to reach through it a definition of the chief elements of Leonardo's genius. The Legend, corrected and enlarged by its critics, may now and then intervene to support the results of this analysis.

His life has three divisions,—thirty years at Florence, nearly twenty years at Milan, then nineteen years of wandering, till he sinks to rest under the protection of Francis I. at the Château de Clou. The dishonour of illegitimacy hangs over his birth. Piero Antonio, his father, was of a noble Florentine house, of Vinci in the Val d'Arno, and Leonardo, brought up delicately among the true children of that house, was the love-child of his youth, with the keen puissant nature such children often have. We see him in his youth fascinating all men by his beauty, improvising music and songs, buying the caged birds and setting them free as he walked the streets of Florence, fond of odd bright dresses and spirited horses.

From his earliest years he designed many objects, and constructed models in relief, of which Vasari mentions some of women smiling. Signor Piero, thinking over this promise in the child, took him to the workshop of Andrea del Verrocchio, then the most famous artist in Florence. Beautiful objects lay about there,—reliquaries, pyxes, silver images for the Pope's chapel at Rome, strange fancy work of the middle age keeping odd company with fragments of antiquity, then but lately discovered. Another student Leonardo may have seen there —a boy into whose soul the level light and aërial illusions of Italian sunsets had passed, in after days famous as Perugino. Verrocchio was an artist of the earlier Florentine type, carver, painter, and worker in metals in one; designer, not of pictures only, but of all things for sacred or household use, drinking-vessels, ambries, instruments of music, making them all fair to look upon, filling the common ways of life with the reflection of some far-off brightness; and years of patience had refined his hand till his work was now sought after from distant places.

It happened that Verrocchio was employed by the brethren of Vallombrosa to paint the Baptism of Christ, and Leonardo was allowed to finish an angel in the left-hand corner. It was one of those moments in which the progress of a great thing—here that of the art of Italy—presses hard and sharp on the happiness of an individual, through whose discouragement and decrease humanity, in more fortunate persons, comes a step nearer to its final success.

For beneath the cheerful exterior of the mere well-paid craftsman, chasing brooches for the copes of Santa Maria Novella, or twisting metal screens for the tombs of the Medici, lay the ambitious desire of

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expanding the destiny of Italian art by a larger knowledge and insight into things—a purpose in art not unlike Leonardo's still unconscious purpose; and often, in the modelling of drapery, or of a lifted arm, or of hair cast back from the face, there came to him something of the freer manner and richer humanity of a later age. But in this Baptism the pupil had surpassed the master; and Verrocchio turned away as one stunned, and as if his sweet earlier work must thereafter be distasteful to him, from the bright animated angel of Leonardo's hand.

The angel may still be seen in Florence, a space of sunlight in the cold, laboured old picture; but the legend is true only in sentiment, for painting had always been the art by which Verrocchio set least store. And as in a sense he anticipates Leonardo, so to the last Leonardo recalls the studio of Verrocchio, in the love of beautiful toys, such as the vessel of water for a mirror and lovely needlework about the implicated hands in the Modesty and Vanity, and of reliefs, like those cameos which in The Virgin of the Balances hang all round the girdle of St. Michael, and of bright variegated stones, such as the agates in the Saint Anne, and in a hieratic preciseness and grace, as of a sanctuary swept and garnished. Amid all the cunning and intricacy of his Lombard manner this never left him. Much of it there must have been in that lost picture of Paradise, which he prepared as a cartoon for tapestry to be woven in the looms of Flanders. It was the apex of the older Florentine style of miniature painting, with patient putting of each leaf upon the trees and each flower in the grass, where the first man and woman were standing.

And because it was the perfection of that style, it awoke in Leonardo some seed of discontent which lay in the secret places of his nature. For the way to perfection is through a series of disgusts; and this picture—all that he had done so far in his life at Florence—was after all in the old slight manner. His art, if it was to be something in the world, must be weighted with more of the meaning of nature and purpose of humanity. Nature was "the true mistress of higher intelligences." So he plunged into the study of nature. And in doing this he followed the manner of the older students; he brooded over the hidden virtues of plants and crystals, the lines traced by the stars as they moved in the sky, over the correspondences which exist between the different orders of living things, through which, to eyes opened, they interpret each other; and for years he seemed to those about him as one listening to a voice silent for other men.

He learned here the art of going deep, of tracking the sources of expression to their subtlest retreats, the power of an intimate presence in the things he handled. He did not at once or entirely break with

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art; only he was no longer the cheerful objective painter, through whose soul, as through clear glass, the bright figures of Florentine life, only made a little mellower and more pensive by the transit, passed on to the white wall. He wasted many days in curious tricks of design, seeming to lose himself in the spinning of intricate devices of lines and colours. He was smitten with a love of the impossible—the perforation of mountains, changing the course of rivers, raising great buildings, such as Giovanni Church, in the air; all those feats for the performance of which natural magic professes to have the key. Later writers, indeed, see in these efforts an anticipation of modern mechanics; in him they were rather dreams, thrown off by the overwrought and labouring brain. Two ideas were especially fixed in him, as reflexes of things that had touched his brain in childhood beyond the measure of other impressions—the smiling of women and the motion of great waters.

And in such studies some interfusion of the extremes of beauty and terror shaped itself, as an image that might be seen and touched, in the mind of this gracious youth, so fixed, that for the rest of his life it never left him; and as catching glimpses of it in the strange eyes or hair of chance people, he would follow such about the streets of Florence till the sun went down, of whom many sketches of his remain. Some of these are full of a curious beauty, that remote beauty apprehended only by those who have sought it carefully; who, starting with acknowledged types of beauty, have refined as far upon these as these refine upon the world of common forms. But mingled inextricably with this there is an element of mockery also; so that, whether in sorrow or scorn, he caricatures Dante even. Legions of grotesques sweep under his hand; for has not nature, too, her grotesques—the rent rock, the distorting light of evening on lonely roads, the unveiled structure of man in the embryo or the skeleton?

All these swarming fancies unite in the Medusa of the Uffizj. Vasari's story of an earlier Medusa, painted on a wooden shield, is perhaps an invention; and yet, properly told, has more of the air of truth about it than anything else in the whole legend. For its real subject is not the serious work of a man, but the experiment of a child. The lizards and glowworms and other strange small creatures which haunt an Italian vineyard bring before one the whole picture of a child's life in a Tuscan dwelling, half castle, half farm; and are as true to nature as the pretended astonishment of the father for whom the boy has prepared a surprise. It was not in play that he painted that other Medusa, the one great picture which he left behind him in Florence. The subject has been treated in various ways; Leonardo alone cuts to its centre; he alone realises it as the head of a corpse, exercising its power through all the circumstances

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of death. What we may call the fascination of corruption penetrates in every touch its exquisitely-finished beauty. About the dainty lines of the cheek a rabbit creeps unheeded. The delicate snakes seem literally strangling each other in terrified struggle to escape from the Medusa brain. The hue which violent death always brings with it is in the features—features singularly massive and grand, as we catch them inverted, in a dexterous foreshortening, sloping upwards, almost sliding down upon us, crown foremost, like a great calm stone against which the wave of serpents breaks. But it is a subject that may well be left to the beautiful verses of Shelley.

The science of that age was all divination, clairvoyance, unsubjected to our exact modern formulas, seeking in an instant of vision to concentrate a thousand experiences. Later writers, thinking only of the well-ordered treatise on painting which a Frenchman, Raffaelle du Fresne, a hundred years after, compiled from Leonardo's bewildered manuscripts, written strangely, as his manner was, from right to left, have imagined a rigid order in his inquiries. But such rigid order was little in accordance with the restlessness of his character; and if we think of him as the mere reasoner who subjects design to anatomy, and composition to mathematical rules, we shall hardly have of him that impression which those about him received from him. Poring over his crucibles, making experiments with colour, trying by a strange variation of the alchemist's dream to discover the secret, not of an elixir to make man's natural life immortal, but rather of giving immortality to the subtlest and most delicate effects of painting, he seemed to them rather the sorcerer or the magician, possessed of curious secrets and a hidden knowledge, living in a world of which he alone possessed the key. What his philosophy seems to have been most like is that of Paracelsus or Cardan; and much of the spirit of the older alchemy still hangs about it, with its confidence in short cuts and odd by-ways to knowledge. To him philosophy was to be something giving strange swiftness and double sight, divining the sources of springs beneath the earth or of expression beneath the human countenance, clairvoyant of occult gifts in common or uncommon things, in the reed at the brook-side or the star which draws near to us but once in a century. How in this way the clear purpose was overclouded, the fine chaser's hand perplexed, we but dimly see; the mystery which at no point quite lifts from Leonardo's life is thickest here. But it is certain that at one period of his life he had almost ceased to be an artist.

The year 1483—year of the birth of Raffaelle and the thirty-first of Leonardo's life—is fixed as the date of his visit to Milan by the letter in which he recommends himself to Ludovico Sforza, and offers to tell him for a price strange secrets in the art of war. It was that Sforza who murdered his young nephew by slow poison, yet was so

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susceptible to religious impressions that he turned his worst passions into a kind of religious cultus, and who took for his device the mulberry tree—symbol, in its long delay and sudden yielding of flowers and fruit together, of a wisdom which economises all forces for an opportunity of sudden and sure effect. The fame of Leonardo had gone before him, and he was to model a colossal statue of Francesco, the first duke. As for Leonardo himself, he came not as an artist at all, or careful of the fame of one; but as a player on the harp—strange harp of silver of his own construction, shaped in some curious likeness to a horse's skull. The capricious spirit of Ludovico was susceptible to the charm of music, and Leonardo's nature had a kind of spell in it. Fascination is always the word descriptive of him. No portrait of his youth remains; but all tends to make us believe that up to this time some charm of voice and aspect, strong enough to balance the disadvantage of his birth, had played about him. His physical strength was great; it was said that he could bend a horse-shoe like a coil of lead.

The Duomo, work of artists from beyond the Alps, so fantastic to a Florentine used to the mellow, unbroken surfaces of Giotto and Arnolfo, was then in all its freshness; and below, in the streets of Milan, moved a people as fantastic, changeful, and dreamlike. To Leonardo least of all men could there be anything poisonous in the exotic flowers of sentiment which grew there. It was a life of exquisite amusements—Leonardo became a celebrated designer of pageants—and brilliant sins; and it suited the quality of his genius, composed in almost equal parts of curiosity and the desire of beauty, to take things as they came.

Curiosity and the desire of beauty! They are the two elementary forces in Leonardo's genius; curiosity often in conflict with the desire of beauty, but generating, in union with it, a type of subtle and curious grace.

The movement of the thirteenth century was twofold: partly the Renaissance, partly also the coming of what is called the modern spirit, with its realism, its appeal to experience; it comprehended a return to antiquity, and a return to nature. Raffaelle represents the return to antiquity, and Leonardo the return to nature. In this return to nature he was seeking to satisfy a boundless curiosity by her perpetual surprises, a microscopic sense of finish by her finesse, or delicacy of operation, that *subtilitas naturæ* which Bacon notices. So we find him often in intimate relations with men of science, with Fra Luca Paccioli the mathematician, and the anatomist Marc Antonio della Torre. His observations and experiments fill thirteen volumes of manuscript; and those who can judge describe him as anticipating long before, by rapid intuition, the later ideas of science. He explained the obscure light of the unilluminated part of the

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moon, knew that the sea had once covered the mountains which contain shells, and the gathering of the equatorial waters above the polar.

He who thus penetrated into the most secret parts of nature preferred always the more to the less remote, what, seeming exceptional, was an instance of law more refined, the construction about things of a peculiar atmosphere and mixed lights. He paints flowers with such curious felicity that different writers have attributed to him a fondness for particular flowers, as Clement the cyclamen, and Rio the jasmine; while at Venice there is a stray leaf from his portfolio dotted all over with studies of violets and the wild rose. In him first appears the taste for what is *bizarre* or *recherché* in landscape—hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, ridged reefs of trap-rock which cut the water into quaint sheets of light—their exact antitype is in our own western seas—all solemn effects of moving water; you may follow it springing from its distant source among the rocks on the heath of the Madonna of the Balances, passing as a little fall into the treacherous calm of the Madonna of the Lake, next, as a goodly river below the cliffs of the Madonna of the Rocks, washing the white walls of its distant villages, stealing out in a network of divided streams in La Gioconda to the sea-shore of the Saint Anne,—that delicate place, where the wind passes like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface, and the untorn shells lie thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks, to which the waves never rise, are green with grass grown fine as hair. It is the landscape, not of dreams or fancy, but of places far withdrawn, and hours selected from a thousand with a miracle of finesse. Through his strange veil of sight things reach him so; in no ordinary night or day, but as in faint light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water.

And not into nature only; but he plunged also into human personality, and became above all a painter of portraits; faces of a modelling more skilful than has been seen before or since, embodied with a reality which almost amounts to illusion on dark air. To take a character as it was, and delicately sound its stops, suited one so curious in observation, curious in invention. So he painted the portraits of Ludovico's mistresses, Lucretia Crivelli and Cecilia Galerani the poetess, of Ludovico himself, and the Duchess Beatrice. The portrait of Cecilia Galerani is lost, but that of Lucretia Crivelli has been identified with La Belle Feronière of the Louvre, and Ludovico's pale, anxious face still remains in the Ambrosian. Opposite is the portrait of Beatrice d'Este, in whom Leonardo seems to have caught some presentiment of early death, painting her precise and grave, full of the refinement of the dead, in sad earth-coloured raiment, set with pale stones.

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Sometimes this curiosity came in conflict with the desire of beauty; it tended to make him go too far below that outside of things in which art begins and ends. This struggle between the reason and its ideas and the senses, the desire of beauty, is the key to Leonardo's life at Milan—his restlessness, his endless retouchings, his odd experiments with colour. How much must he leave unfinished, how much recommence! His problem was the transmutation of ideas into images. What he had attained so far had been the mastery of that earlier Florentine style, with its naïve and limited sensuousness. Now he was to entertain in this narrow medium those divinations of a humanity too wide for it—that larger vision of the opening world which is only not too much for the great irregular art of Shakespeare; and everywhere the effort is visible in the work of his hands. This agitation, this perpetual delay, give him an air of weariness and ennui. To others he seems to be aiming at an impossible effect, to do something that art, that painting, can never do. Often the expression of physical beauty at this or that point seems strained and marred in the effort, as in those heavy German foreheads—too heavy and German for perfect beauty.

There was a touch of Germany in that genius which, as Goethe said, had "müde sich gedacht," *thought itself weary*. What an anti cipation of modern Germany, for instance, in that debate on the question whether sculpture or painting is the nobler art![1] But there is this difference between him and the German, that, with all that curious science, the German would have thought nothing more was needed; and the name of Goethe himself reminds one how great for the artist may be the danger of over-much science; how Goethe, who, in the *Elective Affinities* and the first part of Faust, does trans-mute ideas into images, who wrought many such transmutations, did not invariably find the spell-word, and in the second part of Faust, presents us with a mass of science which has no artistic character at all. But Leonardo will never work till the happy moment comes—that moment of *bien-être*, which to imaginative men is a moment of invention. On this moment he waits; other moments are but a preparation or after-taste of it. Few men dis-tinguish between them as jealously as he did. Hence so many flaws even in the choicest work. But for Leonardo the distinction is absolute, and in the moment of *bien-être* the alchemy complete; the idea is stricken into colour and imagery; a cloudy mysticism is refined to a subdued and graceful mystery, and painting pleases the eye while it satisfies the soul.

This curious beauty is seen above all in his drawings, and in these chiefly in the abstract grace of the bounding lines. Let us take

(1) How princely, how characteristic of Leonardo, the answer, "Quanto piu', un' arte porta seco fatica di corpo, tanto più è vile!"

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some of these drawings, and pause over them awhile; and, first, one of those at Florence—the heads of a woman and a little child, set side by side, but each in its own separate frame. First of all, there is something exquisitely tender in the re-appearance in the fuller curves of the child, of the sharper, more chastened lines of the worn and older face, which leaves no doubt that the heads are those of a little child and its mother, indicative of a feeling for maternity always characteristic of Leonardo; a feeling further indicated here by the half-humorous pathos of the diminutive rounded shoulders of the child. You may note a like tenderness in drawings of a young man, seated in a stooping posture, his face in his hands, as in sorrow; of a slave sitting in an uneasy sitting attitude in some brief interval of rest; of a small Madonna and Child, peeping sideways in half-reassured terror, as a mighty griffin with bat-like wings—one of Leonardo's finest *inventions*,—descends suddenly from the air to snatch up a lion wandering near them. But note in these, as that which especially belongs to art, the contour of the young man's hair, the poise of the slave's arm above his head, and the curves of the head of the child, following the little skull within, thin and fine as some sea-shell worn by the wind.

Take again another head, still more full of sentiment, but of a different kind — a little red chalk drawing, which every one remembers who has seen the drawings at the Louvre. It is a face of doubtful sex, set in the shadow of its own hair, the cheek-line in high light against it, with something voluptuous and full in the eyelids and the lips. Another drawing might pass for the same face in childhood, with parched and feverish lips, but with much sweetness in the loose, short-waisted, childish dress, with necklace and bulla, and the daintily bound hair. We might take the thread of suggestion which these two drawings offer, thus set side by side, and, following it through the drawings at Florence, Venice, and Milan, construct a sort of series, illustrating better than anything else Leonardo's type of womanly beauty. Daughters of Herodias, their fantastic head-dresses knotted and folded so strangely, to leave the dainty oval of the face disengaged, they are not of the Christian family, or of Raffaelle's. They are the clairvoyants, through whom, as through delicate instruments, one becomes aware of the subtler forces of nature, and the modes of their action, all that is magnetic in it, all those finer conditions wherein material things rise to that subtlety of operation which constitutes them spiritual, where only the finer nerve and the keener touch can follow; it is as if in certain revealing instances we actually saw them at their work on human flesh. Nervous, electric, faint always with some inexplicable faintness, they seem to be subject to exceptional conditions, to feel powers at work in the common air unfelt by others, to become, as

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it were, receptacles of them, and pass them on to us in a chain of secret influences.

But among the more youthful heads there is one at Florence which Love chooses for its own—the head of a young man, which may well be the likeness of Salaino, beloved of Leonardo for his curled and waving hair—*belli capelli ricci e inanellati*—and afterwards his favourite pupil and servant. Of all the interests in living men and women which may have filled his life at Milan, this attachment alone is recorded; and in return, Salaino identified himself so entirely with Leonardo, that the picture of St. Anne, in the Louvre, has been attributed to him. It illustrates Leonardo's usual choice of pupils—men of some natural charm of person or intercourse, like Salaino; or men of birth and princely habits of life, like Francisco Melzi—men with just enough genius to be capable of initiation into his secret, for which they were ready to efface their own individuality. Among them, retiring often to the villa of the Melzi at Canonica al Vaprio, he worked at his fugitive manuscripts and sketches, working for the present hour, and for a few only, perhaps chiefly for himself. Other artists have been as careless of present or future applause, in self-forgetfulness, or because they set moral or political ends above the ends of art; but in him this solitary culture of beauty seems to have hung upon a kind of self-love, and a carelessness in the work of art of all but art itself. Out of the secret places of a unique temperament he brought strange blossoms and fruits hitherto unknown; and for him the novel impression conveyed, the exquisite effect woven, counted as an end in itself—a perfect end.

And these pupils of his acquired his manner so thoroughly, that though the number of Leonardo's authentic works is very small indeed, there is a multitude of other men's pictures, through which we undoubtedly see him, and come very near to his genius. Sometimes, as in the little picture of the Madonna of the Balances, in which, from the bosom of his mother, Christ weighs the pebbles of the brook against the sins of men, we have a hand, rough enough by contrast, working on some fine hint or sketch of his. Sometimes, as in the subjects of the daughter of Herodias and the head of John the Baptist, the lost originals have been re-echoed and varied upon again and again by Luini and others. At other times the original remains, but has been a mere theme or motive, a type of which the accessories might be modified or changed; and these variations have but brought out the more the purpose or expression of the original. It is so with the so-called St. John the Baptist of the Louvre—one of the few naked figures Leonardo painted—whose delicate brown flesh and woman's hair no one would go out into the wilderness to seek, and whose treacherous smile would have us understand something far beyond the outward gesture or circum-

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stance. But the long reed-like cross in the hand, which suggests John the Baptist, becomes faint in a copy at the Ambrosian, and disappears altogether in another in the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa. Returning from the last to the original, we are no longer surprised by St. John's strange likeness to the Bacchus, which hangs near it, which set Gautier thinking of Heine's notion of decayed gods, who, to maintain themselves, took employment in the new religion. We recognise one of those symbolical inventions in which the ostensible subject is used, not as matter for definite pictorial realization, but as the starting-point of a train of sentiment, subtle and vague as a piece of music. No one ever ruled over his subject more entirely than Leonardo, or bent it more dexterously to purely artistic ends. And so it comes to pass that though he handles sacred subjects continually, he is the most profane of painters; the given person or subject, Saint John in the Desert, or the Virgin on the Knees of Saint Anne, is often merely the pretext for a kind of work which carries one quite out of the range of its conventional associations.

About the Last Supper, its decay and restorations, a whole literature has risen up, Goethe's pensive sketch of its sad fortunes being far the best. The death in child-birth of the Duchess Beatrice, was followed in Ludovico by one of those paroxysms of religious feeling which in him were constitutional. The low gloomy, Dominican church of Saint Mary of the Graces had been the favourite shrine of Beatrice. She had spent her last days there, full of sinister presentiments; at last it had been almost necessary to remove her from it by force. And now it was here that mass was said a hundred times a day for her repose; and a mania for restoring churches took possession of the duke. So on the damp wall of the refectory, oozing with mineral salts, Leonardo painted the Last Supper. A hundred anecdotes were told about it, his retouchings and delays. They show him refusing to work except at the moment of invention, scornful of whoever thought that art was a work of mere industry and rule, often coming the whole length of Milan to give a single touch. He painted it, not in fresco, where all must be *impromptu*, but in oils, the new method which he had been one of the first to welcome, because it allowed of so many after-thoughts, such a refined working out of perfection. It turned out that on a plastered wall no process could have been less durable. Within fifty years it had fallen into decay. Protestants, who always found themselves much edified by a certain biblical turn in it, have multiplied all sorts of bad copies and engravings of it. And now we have to turn back to Leonardo's own studies,—above all, to one drawing of the central head at the Brera, which in a union of tenderness and severity in the face-lines, reminds one of the monumental work of Mino da Fiesole,—to trace it as it was.

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It was another effort to set a thing out of the range of its conventional associations. Strange, after all the misrepresentations of the Middle Age, was the effort to see it, not as the pale host of the altar, but as one taking leave of his friends. Five years after, the young Raffaelle, at Florence, painted it with sweet and solemn effect in the refectory of Saint Onofrio; but still with all the mystical unreality of the school of Perugino. Vasari pretends that the central head was never finished. Well; finished or unfinished, or owing part of its effect to a mellowing decay, this central head does but consummate the sentiment of the whole company—ghosts through which you see the wall, faint as the shadows of the leaves upon the wall on autumn afternoons; this figure is but the faintest, most spectral of them all. It is the image of what the history it symbolises has been more and more ever since, paler and paler as it recedes from us. Criticism came with its appeal from mystical unrealities to originals, and restored no life-like reality but these transparent shadows—spirits which have not flesh and bones.

The Last Supper was finished in 1497; in 1498 the French entered Milan, and whether or not the Gascon bowmen used it as a mark for their arrows,[1] the model of the Sforza certainly did not survive. Ludovico became a prisoner, and the remaining years of Leonardo's life are more or less years of wandering. From his brilliant life at court he had saved nothing, and he returned to Florence a poor man. Perhaps necessity kept his spirit excited: the next four years are one prolonged rapture or ecstasy of invention. He painted the pictures of the Louvre, his most authentic works, which came there straight from the cabinet of Francis I. at Fontainebleau. One picture of his, the Saint Anne — not the Saint Anne of the Louvre, but a mere cartoon now in London—revived for a moment a sort of appreciation more common in an earlier time, when good pictures had still seemed miraculous; and for two days a crowd of people of all qualities passed in naïve excitement through the chamber where it hung, and gave him a taste of Cimabue's triumph. But his work was less with the saints than with the living women of Florence; for he moved still in the polished society that he loved, and in the salons of Florence, left perhaps a little subject to light thoughts by the death of Savonarola, (the latest gossip is of an undraped Monna Lisa, found in some out-of-the-way corner of the late Orleans collection), he met Ginevra di Benci, and Lisa, the young third wife of Francesco del Giocondo. As we have seen him using incidents of the sacred legend, not for their own sake, or as mere subjects for pictorial realisation, but as a symbolical language for fancies all his own, so now he found a vent for his thoughts in taking one of these

(1) M. Arsène Houssaye comes to save the credit of his countrymen.

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languid women, and raising her as Leda or Pomona, Modesty or Vanity, to the seventh heaven of symbolical expression.

La Gioconda is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece—the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In suggestiveness, only the Melancholia of Dürer is comparable to it; and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least.[1] As often happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in the possession of Vasari, were certain designs by Verrocchio—faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays over all Leonardo's work. Besides the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams; and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had she and the dream grown thus apart, yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeal in Leonardo's thought, dimly traced in the designs of Verrochio, she is found present at last in Il Giocondo's house. That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means, the presence of mimes and flute-players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labour never really completed, or in four months, and as by stroke of magic, that the image was projected?

The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years man had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh—the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed? All the thoughts and experiences of the world have etched and moulded there in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form—the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the

(1) Yet for Vasari there was some further magic of crimson in the lips and cheeks, lost for us.

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Middle Age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly, Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.

During these years at Florence Leonardo's history is the history of his art; he himself is lost in the bright cloud of it. The outward history begins again in 1502, with a wild journey through central Italy, which he makes as the chief engineer of Cæsar Borgia. The biographer, putting together the stray jottings of his MSS., may follow him through every day of it, up the strange tower of Sienna, which looks towards Rome, elastic like a bent bow, down to the seashore at Piombino, each place appearing as fitfully as in a fever dream.

One other great work was left for him to do—a work all trace of which soon vanished—the Battle of the Standard, in which he had for his rival Michael Angelo. The citizens of Florence, desiring to decorate the walls of the great council chambers, had offered the work for competition, and any subject might be chosen from the Florentine wars of the fifteenth century. Michael Angelo chose for his cartoon an incident of the war with Pisa, in which the Florentine soldiers, bathing in the Arno, are surprised by the sound of trumpets, and run to arms. His design has reached us only in an old engraving, which perhaps would help us less than what we remember of the background of his Holy Family in the Uffizj to imagine in what superhuman form, such as might have beguiled the heart of an earlier world, those figures may have risen from the water. Leonardo chose an incident from the battle of Anghiari, in which two parties of soldiers fight for a standard. Like Michael Angelo's, his cartoon is lost, and has come to us only in sketches and a fragment of Rubens. Through the accounts given we may discern some lust of terrible things in it, so that even the horses tore each other with their teeth; and yet one fragment of it, in a drawing of his at Florence, is far different—a waving field of lovely armour, the chased edgings running like lines of sunlight from side to side.

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Michael Angelo was twenty-seven years old; Leonardo more than fifty; and Raffaelle, then nineteen years old, visiting Florence for the first time, came and watched them as they worked.

We catch a glimpse of him again at Rome in 1514, surrounded by his mirrors and vials and furnaces, making strange toys that seemed alive of wax and quicksilver. The hesitation which had haunted him all through life, and made him like one under a spell, was on him now with double force. No one had ever carried political indifferentism farther; it had always been his philosophy to "fly before the storm;" he is out with the Sforzas and in with the Sforzas as the tide of fortune turns. Yet now he was suspected by the anti-Gallican, Medicean society at Rome, of French leanings. It paralysed him to find himself among enemies; and he turned wholly to France, which had long courted him.

France was going to be an Italy more Italian than Italy itself. Francis I., like Louis XII. before him, was attracted by the finesse of Leonardo's work. La Gioconda was already in his cabinet, and he offered Leonardo the little Château de Clou, with its vineyards and meadows, in the soft valley of the Masse—not too far from the great outer sea. M. Arsène Houssaye has succeeded in giving a pensive local colour to this part of his subject, with which, as a Frenchman, he could best deal. "A Monsieur Lyonard, peinteur du Roy pour Amboyse," so the letter of Francis I. is headed. It opens a prospect—one of the most attractive in the history of art—where, under a strange mixture of lights, Italian art dies away as a French exotic. M. Houssaye does but touch it lightly, and it would carry us beyond the present essay if we allowed ourselves to be seduced by its interest.

Two questions remain, after all busy antiquarianism, concerning Leonardo's death—the question of his religion, and the question whether Francis I. was present at the time. They are of about equally little importance in the estimate of Leonardo's genius. The directions in his will about the thirty masses and the great candles for the church of St. Florentin are things of course—their real purpose being immediate and practical; and on no theory of religion could such hurried candle-burning be of much consequence. We forget them in speculating how one who had been always so desirous of beauty, but desired it always in such precise and definite forms, as hands or flowers or hair, looked forward now into the vague land, and experienced the last curiosity.

WALTER H. PATER.

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INTERCESSION.

Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te saluto.

I.

O Death, a little more, and then the worm;
A little longer, O Death, a little yet,
Before the grave gape and the grave-worm fret;
Before the sanguine-spotted hand infirm
Be rottenness, and that foul brain, the germ
Of all ill things and thoughts, be stopped and set;
A little while, O Death, ere he forget,
A small space more of life, a little term;
A little longer ere he and thou be met,
Ere in that hand that fed thee to thy mind
The poison-cup of life be overset;
A little respite of disastrous breath,
Till the soul lift up her lost eyes, and find
Nor God nor help nor hope, but thee, O Death.

II.

Shall a man die before his dying day,
Death? and for him though the utter day be nigh,
Not yet, not yet we give him leave to die;
We give him grace not yet that men should say
He is dead, wiped out, perished and past away.
Till the last bitterness of life go by,
Thou shalt not slay him; till those last dregs run dry,
O thou last lord of life! thou shalt not slay.
Let the lips live a little while and lie,
The hand a little, and falter, and fail of strength,
And the soul shudder and sicken at the sky;
Yea, let him live, though God nor man would let
Save for the curse' sake; then at bitter length,
Lord, will we yield him to thee, but not yet.

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III.

Hath he not deeds to do and days to see
Yet ere the day that is to see him dead?
Beats there no brain yet in the poisonous head,
Throbs there no treason? if no such thing there be,
If no such thought, surely this is not he.
Look to the hands then; are the hands not red?
What are the shadows about this man's bed?
Death, was not this the cup-bearer to thee?
Nay, let him live then, till in this life's stead
Even he shall pray for that thou hast to give;
Till seeing his hopes and not his memories fled
Even he shall cry upon thee a bitter cry,
That life is worse than death; then let him live,
Till death seem worse than life; then let him die.

IV.

O watcher at the guardless gate of kings,
O doorkeeper that serving at their feast
Hast in thine hand their doomsday drink, and seest
With eyeless sight the soul of unseen things;
Thou in whose ear the dumb time coming sings,
Death, priest and king that makest of king and priest
A name, a dream, a less thing than the least,
Hover awhile above him with closed wings,
Till the coiled soul, an evil snake-shaped beast,
Eat its base bodily lair of flesh away;
If haply, or ever its cursed life have ceased,
Or ever thy cold hands cover his head
From sight of France and freedom and broad day,
He may see these and wither and be dead.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PARIS, *Sept.*, 1869.

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THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

PART I.

SOCIETY, in the course of its progress, presents us with few events more interesting, or more deserving of attention, than the appearance of new forms of religious faith. Generally, however, the complete elucidation of the antecedents of such mental revolutions is rendered difficult or impossible by the fact that the great religions of the world have originated in unenlightened countries, among unhistorical people, who have either preserved no record of the facts to which they were witnesses, or have preserved one of such a character that later historians have been baffled in every attempt to unriddle the truth with certainty from the mass of fictions with which it has been surrounded.

Perhaps the most complete exception to this rule is to be found in that singular body of believers who are known as Mormons. The origin of Mormonism, at least, is hidden from us by no impenetrable veil; and we enjoy the good fortune of being able to trace its history from its earliest conception in the brain of the founder, through all the phases of its eventful career, up to its actual state of prosperity and power.

Widely as the name of Mormonism is known in England, its character and its doctrines are but little understood. Public attention is almost exclusively directed to a single feature—its plurality of wives; though that feature was a comparatively late innovation, and cannot be regarded as, strictly speaking, an essential part of the system. If it be necessary to offer an excuse for making a somewhat deeper examination, it is sufficient to appeal to the extraordinary results which, during its brief existence, this new religion has achieved. Fifty years ago, Mormonism did not exist; forty years ago, it scarcely counted a single convert beyond the family of the founder; to-day, its members are numbered by hundreds of thousands. It has produced results of such surprising magnitude as to have excited to the highest pitch the wrath of its opponents, and to have given colour to the pretensions of its adherents, who attribute them to the manifest favour and protection of the Almighty. In a nation remarkable for its toleration of every creed, it has excited the most implacable hatred, calling down upon itself a sanguinary persecution, from which it has emerged stronger than before. In an unexplored and barren region, it has founded a flourishing colony which is likely before long to take its place as a State of the American Union. In the midst of a Democratic Republic, it has

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erected a Theocratic despotism. Among believers, accustomed from infancy to think that all revelation had closed with the last book of the New Testament, it has procured the acceptance of a new revelation as equal in authority to the Bible, and has established the persuasion that men are still inspired, as they were of old, to communicate the will of God to mankind. Among races accustomed for centuries to look with abhorrence upon the practice of polygamy, it has implanted in its followers the firm conviction that to be the husband of many wives is an act of the highest virtue. Lastly, it must be added that the authorities of the Mormon Church have at their command an unfailing supply of missionaries, who shrink from no toil, no danger, and no hardship, in the labour of conversion; who have gathered proselytes not only in Europe and America, but also in Palestine, East India, and China, nay, even in Australia and Polynesia.

Technically speaking, the faith which has been the means of effecting all these things, might be described as one of the sects of Christendom, since the Mormons acknowledge Christ as their Redeemer, and the Bible as their standard of doctrine. But the revolution they have effected in the views of their followers is so complete, their departure from some of the common doctrines of Christendom so fundamental, that this classification would, in fact, be quite inappropriate. Practically, Mormonism is as unlike Christianity as Islamism. It may, therefore, be fitly spoken of as a new religion. The explanation of its rise and progress must be sought partly in its history, partly in its dogmatic teaching. It will be convenient to begin with a brief account of the former.

The man with whom the honour of originating this religion lies, was Joseph Smith, junior, the child of Joseph and Lucy Smith, who at the time of his birth were living in humble circumstances at Sharon, Vermont. He was one of a numerous family, of whom three were older than himself. It is a singular circumstance, deserving to be carefully noted, that his birth and infancy were not surrounded with miraculous occurrences. In this he forms an exception to the rule. Popular tradition has delighted in ushering the founders of religions into the world with signal honours, and embellishing their childhood with conspicuous tokens of future glory. Thus, when the Buddha Sakyamuni was about to be born, the earth shook; sun, moon, and stars, stood still; a supernatural light appeared; and diseases were healed. Mâjâ, his mother, was delivered standing under a tree, the great gods Brahma and Indra attending upon her for the occasion.[1] She suffered no inconvenience from the event, and

(1) "Brahma und Indra verrichten Hebeammendienste." Koeppen, die Religion des Buddha, vol. i. p. 77. See also the very interesting sculptures representing Mâjâ's confinement, in Fergusson's "Tree and Serpent Worship."

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though she died a week after, this was merely because such was the proper and orthodox course for the mother of a Buddha. Her son was no sooner born than he stood upright, and proclaimed his lofty calling.[1] The royal soothsayers prophesied of the child that he would either be a universal monarch; or, should he select a spiritual life, a supreme Buddha. The Rishi Asita—a holy man, who holds in the Buddhist legend a place corresponding to that of Simeon—pronounced over his cradle a pathetic and beautiful eulogy, mingled with lamentations over his own fate, by which he was destined to die before the days of his greatness.[2] We are told of Moses, that he could never have been born at all but for the intervention of an angel; for at the time when his mother Jochebed became pregnant, a rigorous decree had completely separated the Hebrew men from the women of their race. After his birth, which was attended with numerous wonders, he evinced his superior qualities by cleansing from leprosy all the daughters of Pharaoh, as soon as they had taken him from the box in which he was floating.[3] At the nativity of Christ, a sudden fire withered the hand of the impious midwife who had dared to doubt the virginity of Mary.[4] Mahomet enjoyed the peculiar privilege of being born ready circumcised, and of not being held by the umbilical cord.[5] His mother Amina found her pregnancy so easy, that she did not even know she was with child; she was informed of the fact by a heavenly vision, which also told her that she bore the lord and prophet of her people.[6] During the childhood and youth of Mahomet, his prophetical character was discerned and proclaimed by more than one competent judge of these spiritual mysteries.

Such are only a few of the more noted instances in which the earliest infancy of the heroes of religion has been signalised by some unmistakeable presage of their later career. If these features are absent in the case of Joseph Smith, this should perhaps be attributed to the fact that he was born in a later age, and that his biography has not been left to the exclusive discretion of adoring disciples long after his decease. Be the reason what it may, it is certain that the prophet Smith was born, according to the ordinary laws of generation, on the 23rd of December, 1805.[7] His mother herself is our authority for this statement, and her silence as to any portents accompanying

(1) Koeppen, vol. i. p. 78.

(2) See the whole speech in Foucaux, Rgya t'cher rol pa, p. 106.

(3) Gustav Weil, "Biblische Legenden der Muselmänner," p. 129—138.

(4) Apocryphal Gospel of James, c. 20. Cowper's Apocryphal Gospels, p. 21. The Gospel of Pseudo-Matthew, c. xiii., says, "her hand dried up." See Cowper, p. 52.

(5) Abu'lféda, "Vie de Mahomet," Desvergers' translation, p. 2.

(6) Sprenger, "Das Leben und die Lehre des Mohammad," vol. i. p. 142.

(7) Olshausen, in his "History of the Mormons," says he was born on the 25th. But this is inaccurate. Joseph himself, his mother, and the other authorities, concur in giving the 23rd as the date.

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his birth is extremely significant; especially as, in other cases, she evinces a ready belief in the marvellous and supernatural.[1]

Joseph's boyhood, as Mrs. Smith confesses, was undistinguished from that of an ordinary human being. It seems likely, however, that her influence during his early years may have led his mind to many of those notions which he afterwards entertained, or at least professed. It is very evident that Lucy Smith was a woman of sincere piety, but of a credulous and superstitious form. She and her husband were prone to see visions, and to dream dreams of a prophetic character. When recovering from a serious illness she paid a visit to a neighbouring clergyman, whom she blames severely because he had the good feeling to attend to her physical comfort, and not to speak to her immediately of her soul's salvation. In such an atmosphere as this, the young Joseph must have imbibed his tendency to see angelic visitors; or, if these visions were all fictitious, must have perceived that for any tales he might invent he would always find a willing and a believing listener.

It was at a very early age that he began to be agitated with religious uncertainty. When he was in his fourteenth year his parents went to live in Manchester, New York. Here there was much contention and strife among the several religious sects, and Joseph felt himself unable to decide between them. He describes his feelings in his fifteenth year as follows:—

"In the midst of this war and tumult of opinions, I often said to myself, What is to be done? Who of all these parties are right? or are they all wrong together? If any one of them be right, which is it, or how shall I know it?

"While I was labouring under the extreme difficulties caused by the contests of these parties of religionists, I was one day reading the epistle of James, first chapter and fifth verse, which reads 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth unto all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.'"

This verse, he says, entered with great force into his heart; he reflected upon it again and again, and at length resolved to act upon it by asking of God. He retired, with this purpose, into the woods, on the morning of a beautiful day in the spring of 1820. He had scarcely begun to pray when he was seized on by some power that

(1) To save frequent references, it may be convenient to mention here that the principal authorities for the ensuing life of the prophet are, "The History of Joseph Smith," an autobiography, published in the "Millennial Star," vols. 3, 4, 5, 14—25; "Joseph Smith the Prophet," by Lucy Smith (his mother); C. Mackay, "The Mormons;" Olshausen, "Geschichte der Mormonen;" Rémy and Brenchley, "Journey to Great Salt Lake City;" the "Book of Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints;" and Richards' "Compendium of the Faith and Doctrines of the Latter-Day Saints" (the Appendix at p. 221). Busch's work, "Geschichte der Mormonen," published September, 1869, did not reach me in time to make much use of it.

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bound his tongue; thick darkness gathered round him, and he seemed doomed to destruction.

"Just at this moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me. It no sooner appeared, than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me, I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name, and said (pointing to the other), 'This is my beloved Son, hear Him.'"

When he had recovered from his astonishment, he asked which of the sects was right, and received the unexpected reply that they were all wrong; in fact, the glorious personage went so far as to say that they were an abomination in his sight. He was strictly forbidden to join any of them. When he came to himself again he was on his back, "looking up into heaven." On the 21st of September, 1823, he had another vision, which is thus described:—"The room was filled with a bright light, in the midst of which there appeared a personage who had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness." He told Joseph that he was a messenger from God, Nephi by name. He informed him of the existence of the Urim and Thummim, whose possession constituted seers, and also of the fact that certain plates containing records of the ancient inhabitants of America were buried in a particular spot. Further, Nephi quoted various prophecies from the Old and New Testaments relating to these records, and apparently intended to show that his hearer was destined to bring them to light. Smith then saw "a conduit open right up into heaven," by which the personage ascended. In the night, however, he twice returned, repeating exactly the same things each time. Again, when Joseph went out to his work the next morning, he appeared a fourth time and told him to inform his father of this communication. Joseph did so, and his father believed his statement. On the same day, September 22nd, 1823, the young prophet made an attempt to take out the plates, "but was forbidden by the messenger, and was again informed that the time had not yet arrived, neither would until four years from this time." During this period he came every year on the 22nd of September, according to orders, to the spot where the plates were buried, and received further instruction from Nephi. On the 22nd September, 1827, he was permitted to take them into his own possession.

These plates were discovered in a hill, called Cumorah, about four miles from Palmyra, New York. In this hill the prophet dug a hole, and found—very little below the surface—a stone box. In the stone box were placed some gold plates, about seven inches wide by eight inches long, covered on both sides with Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume, fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. Part of the volume was sealed,

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that is to say, closed against inspection. With the records was found a curious instrument, called by the ancients Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This, we are told, was used in ancient times by seers, and it played an important part in the work afterwards performed by Smith.[1]

Joseph Smith, junior, was not too much engrossed by Nephi's visits to be able to engage in more worldly business. Among his other pursuits from 1823 to 1827 not the least interesting was that of finding a wife. His courtship was successful, and he was married on the 18th of January, 1827, to Emma Hale, the daughter of a tavern-keeper. She appears to have been a faithful wife, and it is she who is referred to in complimentary terms in the following—

"Revelation given July, 1830.

"1. Hearken unto the voice of the Lord your God, while I speak unto you, Emma Smith, my daughter, for verily I say unto you, all those who receive my Gospel, are sons and daughters in my kingdom. A revelation I give unto you concerning my will, and if thou art faithful and walk in the paths of virtue before me, I will preserve thy life and thou shalt receive an inheritance in Zion. Behold, thy sins are forgiven thee, and thou art an elect lady, whom I have called. Murmur not because of the things which thou hast not seen, for they are withheld from thee and from the world, which is wisdom in me in a time to come.

"2. And the office of thy calling shall be for a comfort unto my servant, Joseph Smith, jun., thy husband, in his afflictions with consoling words, in the spirit of meekness. And thou shalt go with him at the time of his going, and be unto him a scribe, while there is no one to be a scribe for him, that I may send my servant, Oliver Cowdery, whithersoever I will. And thou shalt be ordained under his hand to expound Scriptures, and to exhort the Church, according as it shall be given thee by my spirit: for he shall lay his hands upon thee, and thou shalt receive the Holy Ghost, and thy time shall be given to writing, and to learning much. And thou needest not fear, for thy husband shall support thee in the Church; for unto them is his calling, that all things might be revealed unto them, whatsoever I will, according to their faith.

"3. . . . . And it shall be given thee, also, to make a selection of sacred hymns, as it shall be given thee, which is pleasing unto me, to be had in my Church; for my soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads."

Such was the honourable position assigned to Emma Smith; and it appears from an allusion in Smith's autobiography that she actually discharged the functions here allotted to her; though if the hymn-book now published by the Mormons be her work, she cannot be congratulated on the taste and beauty of the selection.

It was some months after his marriage with the elect lady that he was permitted, as we have seen, to take possession of the box con-

(1) Olshausen is inaccurate as to the date of some of these transactions. He places Joseph's first vision in 1822 instead of 1820; his second on the 23rd instead of the 21st September, 1823; and his first sight of the plates on the 24th instead of the 22nd. In the body of the work he states that it was on the 27th September that he received the box, though in the summary at the end this date is correctly given.

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taining the gold plates, the Urim and Thummim, the sword of labour, and a valuable piece of armour termed a breast-plate. After this he states that he was exposed to intolerable persecution, in consequence of which he left Manchester and went with his wife to the State of Pennsylvania. It is, however, highly improbable that his enemies were really so anxious to rob him of the golden bible as he pretends.

Arrived at Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, he copied and translated some of the characters on the plates. He sent them to New York by a simple-minded farmer, Martin Harris, whom he had persuaded to believe in his supernatural gifts, and who had lent him fifty dollars for his journey. Martin Harris submitted them to the inspection of a learned man, Professor Anthon, who, according to Harris's account, quoted by Smith, told him that the translation was correct, and that the characters transcribed were Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyrian, and Arabic. He adds that the professor gave Harris a certificate stating that they were true characters, but tore it up when he heard that an angel had revealed the place of the plates, saying, "I cannot read a sealed book." A very different narrative of the matter was given in a letter by Professor Anthon. He states that upon examining the paper presented to him by Martin Harris he came to the conclusion that it was all a trick; but that on hearing how the gold plates had been dug up, how they were deciphered by a young man hid behind a curtain, through a very large pair of spectacles (this being Smith's way of using the Urim and Thummim), how this young man handed copies of his translation to those outside the curtain, how the poor farmer had been asked to contribute to the publication of the "Golden Book," and intended to sell his farm for the purpose of devoting the proceeds to that object, he then considered the paper as part of a scheme to cheat the farmer of his money, and bade him beware of rogues. Martin Harris was far too sincere a believer to profit by this sensible advice, although the views of the professor were seconded by Mrs. Harris. This worthy woman, who, we are told, "considered herself altogether superior to her husband"—an opinion in which most readers will probably agree with her—has drawn down upon herself the utmost wrath from the prophet's mother by her refusal to be bamboozled by his pretensions. On one occasion she was so enraged by her husband's follies that she "prepared a separate bed and room for him, which room she refused to enter." Anxious to prevent the reckless waste of their substance on the translation of the plates, she brought an action against Smith for obtaining money from Harris on false pretences. She failed in her suit, but succeeded in eliciting the important evidence from one of Smith's youthful companions that the prophet had frankly confessed to him that the whole story of the golden bible was an

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invention of his own, intended to deceive his family, at whose credulity he had himself been surprised. The story is a strange one, but there is no sufficient reason to doubt its truth. In spite of his wife's opposition, Harris devoted both his time and his money to the great work of translating the characters inscribed on the plates. He was employed by Smith as his secretary from April to June, 1828. His place was then taken for a short time by Emma, Joseph's wife. On the 15th of April, 1829, a new friend joined the infant Church in the shape of Oliver Cowdery, a schoolmaster, who now took the duty of writing down the translation from Joseph's lips. A little later they became acquainted with David Whitmer, who invited them to his father's house at Fayette, where the work, in which he also assisted, was carried on to its completion. The method in which the so-called translation was conducted was characteristic. The gold plates were carefully concealed from the eyes of the secretaries, the privilege of seeing them being strictly limited to the prophet himself, who professed, by the assistance of the Urim and Thummim, to convert them from "Reformed Egyptian," the language of the ancient inhabitants of America, into English. But the secretaries were not always contented with the excessive humility of their functions. Martin Harris was anxious to see the plates himself. Oliver Cowdery wanted to have power to translate them, vainly imagining that he also could decipher them by means of the Urim and Thummim. To all such inconvenient demands Joseph Smith had a ready and conclusive answer, namely, a revelation from heaven forbidding him to grant them. Poor Martin Harris was told that he exalted himself, and commanded to "humble himself in mighty prayer and faith," by which means he would obtain the favour of "a view of the things which he desires to see." He was also expressly enjoined to say no more concerning these things, "except he shall say I have seen them, and they have been shown unto me by the power of God," which, as we shall see, is exactly what he afterwards did say.

Early in the year 1830 the work thus prepared was ready for publication. The credulity and the property of Martin Harris were again serviceable in defraying the expenses of printing. In a long revelation, the point of which is concealed in a mass of verbiage preceding and following the important words, Harris is commanded, first, not to covet his neighbour's wife, next, not to seek his neighbour's life, and after these very general precepts, is thus addressed :—

"And, again, I command thee that thou shalt not covet thine own property, but impart it freely to the printing of the Book of Mormon, which contains the truth and the word of God, which is my word to the Gentile, that soon it may go to the Jew, of whom the Lamanites[1] are a remnant, that they

(1) In the language of the Book of Mormon the American Indians are termed Lamanites.

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may believe the gospel, and look not for a Messiah to come who has already come."

Harris did not covet his own property, and with his aid the Book of Mormon was published in the year 1830. Its contents will be spoken of in another place. It was entitled "The Book of Mormon, an account written by the hand of Mormon, upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi." The real existence of these plates was testified, first, by three witnesses, and then by eight, both testimonies being prefixed to the Book of Mormon. The first is that of the three secretaries, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris. In June, 1829, the minds of these men were prepared for the sight by a solemn revelation. They retired to the woods, where, after long and fervent prayer (at first quite unsuccessful), an angel came down from heaven, and laid the plates before their eyes. To this fact they bear witness, as they had been ordered to do. The second testimony is more important. It is this:—

"Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that Joseph Smith, jun., the translator of this work, has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; and we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work, and of curious workmanship. And this we bear record with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shown unto us, for we have seen and hefted, and know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world, to witness unto the world that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness of it.

"Christian Whitmer.	"Hiram Page.
Jacob Whitmer.	Joseph Smith, sen.
Peter Whitmer, jun.	Hyrum Smith.
John Whitmer.	Samuel H. Smith."

All that these witnesses declare is that they saw certain plates, and handled some of the leaves translated. It is, at least, as likely that this is a true statement as that the eight conspired to invent it. Moreover, the probability that Joseph Smith really was in possession of such plates, is strongly augmented by the fact that others of a similar description were discovered afterwards by Professor Rafinesque, at Otolum, in Mexico, and by a merchant named Robert Wiley, at Kinderhook, Illinois. These glyphs, as they are called, are covered with characters; those on the Mexican glyphs bearing some resemblance to the characters shown by Harris to Professor Anthon. It is needless to say that Joseph Smith, a wholly illiterate man, was quite unable to translate the characters; and that, therefore, no such thing as translation is to be thought of in the composition of the Book of Mormon.

Supported by this rather feeble external evidence, that book issued forth upon its career. Happily, there were those still alive who

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could explain its true origin; for, being a work of considerable length—nearly as long as the Old Testament—and containing an elaborate plot, it would have been difficult to imagine how a man so deficient in literary skill as Smith could invent it. In 1839, there appeared in an American newspaper a letter from one Matilda Davidson, who stated that she had been formerly married to Mr. Solomon Spaulding, who resided at New Salem, Ohio; that in this place there were mounds and forts, supposed to be the work of an extinct race; that Mr. Spaulding, having a lively imagination, conceived the notion of writing an historical sketch of this lost race, in an antiquated style, a design which he executed in a work called "The Manuscript Found," portions of which he was in the habit of reading to his neighbours during its progress. This was about the year 1812. Afterwards, the book was placed by its author in the hands of a certain Patterson, a printer, at Pittsburgh, but it was not published. In 1816 Spaulding died. After the publication of the Book of Mormon, some of it was read at New Salem, where it was immediately recognised as a reproduction of Solomon Spaulding's work by his brother, John Spaulding, and other inhabitants. This is the statement of Mrs. Davidson, and it is abundantly supported by several friends of the deceased Mr. Spaulding, who unanimously affirmed that they recognised his romance—though dressed up in a religious garb—in the Book of Mormon. The peculiar names, the phraseology, the leading historical conception, were in fact identical. Mrs. Davidson's statement is further corroborated by a virulent and abusive denial, written by Sidney Rigdon, the agent through whom it is believed that this forgotten novel had found its way to the prophet's hands. This Rigdon had been connected with one of the partners in Patterson's printing office; he was one of the earliest converts to Mormonism, and he is known to have been previously acquainted with Smith. It is supposed that he copied or borrowed "The Manuscript Found." Olshausen further states that when the coffer, in which Spaulding's widow had kept his writings, was searched, this one was not discovered in it, although there was a fragment, which seemed to be the beginning of "The Manuscript Found," but of which nothing had been transferred to the Book of Mormon.

Such was the history of that singular volume. During its preparation the gifted translator had not neglected to lay the foundations of his Church in other ways. On the 15th of May, 1829, while Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were engaged on the work, they received a visit from John the Baptist, who conferred upon them the priesthood of Aaron, "which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins." He then ordered them to baptize each other, which they did, and told them that he acted under the direction of

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Peter, James, and John, who held the keys of the priesthood of Melchisedek, which would in due time be conferred upon them. There are, in fact, two orders of priests in the Mormon Church,—that of Melchisedek, and that of Aaron. On this occasion Smith and Cowdery received the lower of the two, or the priesthood of Aaron. The priesthood of Melchisedek was not conferred till the 6th of June, 1831. After their baptism, on receiving this communication from John the Baptist, they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to prophesy; but they kept these things secret from the fear of the spirit of persecution. However, they took to reasoning with their acquaintances, and among their earliest converts were two of the prophet's brothers, Samuel and Hyrum Smith.

The actual birthday of the rising sect may be placed on the 6th of April, 1830, for on that day it was organized at Manchester, New York: elders were ordained, the sacrament administered, and hands laid on for the gift of the Holy Ghost. Six members only were present on this momentous occasion,—namely, the prophet himself, his father, his two brothers, Oliver Cowdery, and a sixth, whose name is doubtful. Soon after this the father and mother of Smith, to his great joy, were baptized. The Church now existed in a corporate capacity, and was able to begin its career of conquest. On the following Sunday, the 11th of April, Oliver Cowdery preached the first public discourse on the principles of the new dispensation. On the 1st of June of the same year the Church held its first conference at Fayette. It then numbered about thirty members.

During the same year three important converts were gained—the two brothers, Orson and Parley Pratt, and Sidney Rigdon. Orson and Parley Pratt are the literary bulwarks of Mormonism, and their writings will doubtless be enshrined in the future libraries of Utah in a place of honour among its early Fathers. Sidney Rigdon's conversion, though apparently due to the arguments of two missionaries, Oliver Cowdery and Parley Pratt, was in all probability prearranged. Rigdon was a Campbellite[1] preacher, and he carried with him a considerable number of followers to the new faith. How important his accession was considered may be inferred from the position of eminence which he at once assumed by the prophet's side, and continued to hold during the life of the latter. He was now addressed in very flattering terms in a revelation of December, 1830, in which he was compared to John the Baptist.

Early in 1831 Smith, accompanied by his wife, by Rigdon and others, went to Kirtland, Ohio, which became his principal abode for some time to come, and one of the strongholds of the Church. Such was the progress of the faith that, towards the middle of the year,

(1) Campbellites were a subdivision of Baptists.

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there were about two thousand Mormons in Kirtland and its neighbourhood. It was not, however, destined for the honour of becoming the head-quarters of the Saints. On the 19th of June, 1831, Smith left it, and proceeded to Missouri, in order to find what he fondly hoped would be their permanent residence. He selected Independence, in Jackson county, and, in accordance with the Mormon habit of giving Hebrew names to the places of their abode, he named it Zion. In a revelation of the month of July, "on the location of Zion," it is described as the land "appointed and consecrated for the gathering of the Saints," and the "land of promise." The faithful were commanded to buy the tract lying in and around it, "that they may obtain it for an everlasting inheritance." And "my servant Sidney Gilbert" was appointed by this revelation as an agent to receive money and to purchase the land therewith. On the 2nd of August the land of Zion was consecrated by prayer for the gathering of the Saints, and on the 4th the first conference of the Church in this district was held. In August Joseph Smith returned to Kirtland.

The revelations of this year are full of detailed arrangements for the welfare of the Church; especially are they occupied with the appointment of missionaries, who were sent out to preach, by two and two, in various directions, each couple being mentioned by name. Another revelation—given in Zion—contains the following instructions:—"It is wisdom in me that my servant Martin Harris should be an example unto the Church, in laying his moneys before the bishop of the Church." It was not the first time, as we have seen, that Harris had been called on to be an example in this particular way.

But, as the Church grew in power, the hostility of its enemies grew with it. These gave a first indication of their animus on the night of the 25th of March, 1832, when they dragged Smith and Rigdon out of bed, and tarred and feathered them according to American usage.

Nor were the Saints in Missouri suffered to remain long in peaceable enjoyment of the land of promise. They had in some manner —it is not quite plain how—excited the strongest aversion on the part of the inhabitants of Jackson county. The latter, at a meeting on the 20th of July, 1833, determined by formal resolutions, that the Mormons must be required to leave the county, and that in future no Mormon should be permitted to settle in it. The meeting proceeded to demolish the office of the *Evening and Morning Star*, which the Mormons had set up at Independence in the preceding year. On the 23rd, the deputation appointed by the meeting entered into a treaty with the Saints, by which the latter consented to leave Independence within a given time. But, before this treaty could be

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carried out they had applied to the Governor for protection, and the Governor had desired them to bring the matter before a court of law. Their enemies, hearing that they intended to evade the execution of the treaty wrung from them by violence, determined to enforce it by the same means. On the 31st of October they attacked the Mormons; on the 1st, 2nd and 4th of November hostilities continued between the two parties. The militia interfered, and induced the Mormons to lay down their arms. Their opponents took advantage of this circumstance to drive them out of Independence in a peculiarly ruthless and barbarous manner, leaving them to wander homeless in the adjoining country.

As the Mormons had in no way violated the laws, this conduct was wholly without excuse; as even if they had, it would have been a very improper way of calling them to account. It is not altogether easy to discover the cause of the violent animosity they had excited. M. Rémy, following Smith, says that it was the Protestant ministers of various denominations who urged on the mob in their lawless excesses. No doubt, wherever we find persecution and outrage on account of religious belief, the obvious presumption is, that there are ministers of the gospel at the bottom of the mischief. But, whatever share these may have taken in the present case, it is difficult to believe that in a country so tolerant of variety as the United States, the anger of the populace was due exclusively to a fanatical orthodoxy. It is far more probable that the offence committed by the Mormons was that, in the *Evening and Morning Star*, they had dared to speak disrespectfully of the sacred institution of slavery,—a view which is confirmed by the fact that the very first object of attack was the office of that newspaper. That institution was as inconsistent with true liberty among the white population as among the negroes. Any opposition to it among the Mormons would bring down upon them the utmost wrath of the slaveholding interest. Two most powerful forces were thus combined against these unfortunate people—pro-slavery and Christianity. Both of them supplied elements of strength to the warfare that had now begun; the friends of slavery lending, it may be supposed, numbers and physical strength, while the teachers of Christian truth brought to the contest that holier and less earthly zeal, which found satisfaction in the expulsion of industrious men from the lands they had tilled, and of helpless women from the homes where they had lived in peace.

During these calamitous transactions at Independence, the prophet had remained at Kirtland. On hearing what had occurred, he stated his view of the case in a lengthy revelation, of which the upshot is that the Saints had been afflicted for their transgressions, for that there had been jarrings and contentions among them, but

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that Zion was still to be the place of their gathering, and that they were by no means to abandon their claim to it. By the 24th of February, 1834, his opinion as to the means of reinstating them had become more definite, for he now declared (of course by revelation) that "the redemption of Zion must needs come by power; therefore I will raise up unto my people a man who shall lead them like as Moses led the children of Israel." The Mormons were commanded to assemble around Joseph Smith to carry out this bold design. Accordingly, on the 5th of May, he started at the head of a band of armed men, from 150 to 200 in number, for the "redemption of Zion." The design was not successful, for public feeling in Jackson county was too bitterly excited against the Mormons to admit of their return. Those who had been driven from Independence had fled to the adjoining county, where, in the course of 1834, they took up their abode at Liberty. In the month of July, Joseph returned to his home at Kirtland.

The next few years were peaceful, and were devoted to the organization of the Church. At a conference of elders, held at Kirtland on the 3rd of May, 1834, it had received the name it has borne ever since,—"The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." In 1826, the temple which had been constructed at that place was consecrated with extreme pomp. In this temple, Smith and Cowdery were favoured with a visit from Jesus Christ, Moses, Elias, and Elijah.

The year 1837 is chiefly interesting to us from the fact that on the 13th of June, the first mission was sent to England from Kirtland. The missionaries landed at Liverpool on the 20th of July; on the 23rd, the Gospel "as revealed through J. Smith, jun.," was preached at Preston; and on the 30th the first baptism took place in the river Ribble. It was on Christmas-day of this year that the Mormons held their first conference in England. It occurred at Preston. Since that time, the increase of the sect in England and Scotland has been rapid, and it is well known that no soil has proved so favourable to the growth of Mormonism as our own. They have conferences now in most of our important towns, and, if their own statements may be credited, send several thousand emigrants every year to "gather" at Great Salt Lake City.[1]

Meanwhile the prophet had been getting into financial troubles, which are far from reflecting honour upon him. He had established a bank at Kirtland, and had contrived to float its notes in the neighbourhood. But the bank had, in fact, no solid foundation, and, as was natural, it broke. Smith was in danger of being tried for swindling. He and Rigdon, being both directors of the bank, fled

(1) The *Millennial Star* states that 2,300 have emigrated from Liverpool during the past season.

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secretly from Kirtland in the dead of night (his pious mother says, "he was warned by the Spirit to make his escape"), followed, but in vain, by the sheriff. They escaped from the pursuit of justice to Far West, a Mormon settlement in Missouri. The settlement at Kirtland was practically put an end to by this sudden flight of its head, which occurred in January, 1838.

Public feeling in Missouri did not become more favourable to the Mormons as their religion spread. After their expulsion from Independence, they had settled in three counties. Their principal place was now Far West, in Caldwell county. Their numbers, and the influence they were able to exercise at elections,—still more, their imprudent language as to their expectations of one day possessing the whole State,—appear to have alarmed the Gentile inhabitants. The first disturbance occurred at a county election, in August, 1838; which of the two parties began the attack it is hard to say. A series of hostilities followed this first outbreak, into the details of which it is needless to enter. Among other things, a number of Mormons were massacred in cold blood at Haun's Mills on the 30th of October. The Governor of the State—Lilburn Boggs, whose name deserves to be handed down to execration—instead of seeking to restore order, instead of declaring, as he was bound to do, that he would enforce impartial justice against both the combatant parties, gave instructions to the generals in command of the militia to treat the Mormons as enemies, and either exterminate them, or drive them from the State. Fortunately, General Doniphan, who commanded the militia, had sufficient regard for humanity not to carry out these instructions to the letter. He and the two generals who were associated with him entered into a treaty with the Mormons, by which the latter agreed, first, to deliver up their leading men; secondly, to surrender their arms; thirdly, to abandon their properties; and lastly, to leave the State forthwith. The three first conditions were complied with at once; and with regard to the fourth, General Clark, in an address to the Mormons, distinctly informed them that if they ventured to remain until another season, they must expect no mercy, but extermination. In accordance with this treaty, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and a few other leaders were delivered up to the militia, to take their trial on charges of treason, murder, and other offences; while the mass of their followers were left to find their way as best they could to some more tolerant State. A court-martial was held upon the prisoners on the 1st of November, and they were sentenced to be shot. This outrageous sentence would have been executed at once, but that General Doniphan was opposed to so illegal a proceeding. The prisoners were delivered to the civil authorities, and were taken to Independence. After this, Smith and four other

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Mormons of distinction were kept for some time at Liberty, in close confinement. But, in the following April, while they were being transferred from prison to prison, Smith and his companions took advantage of one of these movements to escape from a drunken guard, and to rejoin their friends in Illinois.

Far West had been plundered by the mob in November, 1838. The unfortunate Saints, deprived of their property, their leaders, and their arms, made their way amid the greatest suffering from hunger, cold, and sickness, across the Mississippi. Twelve thousand of them are said to have crossed it in December and January, while others followed in the spring. They settled at a small village—if it was even a village—called Commerce, which, under the influence of Mormon industry, soon rose to a flourishing city. It received the name of Nauvoo, which was explained to mean beautiful. Two political parties were contending for supremacy in Illinois, and as the numbers of the Mormons made their support a matter of importance, they both vied with one another to conciliate them. By means of friends in the legislature, Smith obtained a charter, which conferred unprecedented privileges on Nauvoo. It placed the legislative power within the city in the hands of a mayor, four aldermen, and nine counsellors, who were bound in their ordinances to respect the constitution of the State, but not its individual laws. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent them from establishing a distinct and independent code of laws for Nauvoo, and this privilege they actually exercised. The charter further granted jurisdiction within the city to a mayor's court, and to a municipal court, composed of a mayor and four aldermen. But the privileges of Nauvoo did not stop here. It was authorised to raise an independent militia, under its own officers, which was to be at the disposal of the mayor for executive purposes. Joseph Smith himself was elected mayor and lieutenant-general of the militia. He was now called "General Smith," and combined in his own person the whole of the legislative power, the whole of the judicial power, and the command of an organised body of 3,000 troops.

A period of the utmost prosperity for the Mormon Church now ensued. Smith had attained to the acme of authority and influence. Two requisitions were, indeed, sent for his arrest by the Governor of Missouri; but they were without effect, as the courts in Illinois refused to deliver him. On a third occasion he was accused—utterly without evidence—of an attempt to murder Governor Boggs, who had been shot at, and was taken into custody by the agent from Missouri, but was soon delivered by a body of armed Mormons.

During this prosperous period the number of the Mormons continued rapidly to increase. They were now an important element in the State. Their funds were devoted to the construction of a magni-

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ficent temple, which was not destined, however, to become, as they intended, their permanent place of worship. With his power, the vanity and the pretensions of Smith also advanced, and in 1844 he offered himself as a candidate for the presidency of the United States in a long address to the American people.

Unhappily for the Mormons, the privileges that had been granted to Nauvoo were so exorbitant as to excite jealousy and suspicion among the other inhabitants of the country. A military force, devoted to Smith's interests, and owing no allegiance to the Governor; a separate legislative power; and the right, claimed and exercised by the Mayor of Nauvoo, of refusing the surrender of any prisoner arrested in Nauvoo by virtue of a warrant from another place, were indeed elements of an independent constitution wholly inconsistent with the safety of the State. Moreover, the political party who had not received the support of the Mormons were exasperated against them. Yet it was not these things, but the folly and misconduct of Smith himself, that were the proximate cause of the crisis that ensued.

In June, 1844, Dr. Forster, and Law, two men who conceived, rightly or wrongly, that Smith had attempted to seduce their wives, determined to publish a newspaper in Nauvoo, in order to attack him. In alliance with Higbee, another malcontent, they brought out the first number of the *Expositor*. It contained affidavits from sixteen women declaring that Smith, Rigdon, and others, had endeavoured to corrupt their virtue. This was too much for the prophet's forbearance. The municipal council, with himself at its head as mayor, met at once; the *Expositor* was voted a nuisance, and the mayor was authorised to abate it. No time was lost in executing the order. The city marshal, by order of the mayor, proceeded at once, with a division of the legion, to destroy the press, and to scatter the printing materials in the street. The editors fled from Nauvoo, and invoked the aid of the legal authorities against the mayor and other citizens, whom they accused of riot. A constable was sent for their arrest; but the municipal council, who were themselves among the accused, exercised their privileges, and released all the prisoners. Hereupon the constable summoned the inhabitants of Hancock county to his support. Companies of armed men assembled at Carthage and Warsaw. On the other side, preparations were made at Nauvoo to sustain a siege. Before hostilities began, Governor Ford, anxious to avoid bloodshed, had sent the constable again with ten men to Nauvoo, to demand the surrender of the mayor and council. They consented to surrender the next morning; but before morning came Smith had sought refuge from his troubles in an ignominious flight across the Mississippi to Iowa. Brought back by the urgent entreaties of his friends—who implored him not to

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sacrifice his authority at such an hour—he consented, along with the rest of the accused persons, to give himself up to justice. They were taken to Carthage, where all but Joseph and Hyrum Smith, against whom there lay a new charge of high treason, were released on bail. It was on the 21st of June that these prisoners arrived at Carthage.

Their arrest had by no means calmed the excitement that prevailed. Though Governor Ford had pledged his personal honour that the lives of the prisoners should be safe, and had obtained a similar pledge from the militia under his command, yet his authority was insufficient to enforce its observance. On the 27th of June, while he himself was marching towards Nauvoo at the head of a small force, a band of armed ruffians, with blackened faces, belonging to the State militia, about two hundred in number, entered Carthage, overpowered the guard at the gaol (who, however, had evidently a secret understanding with them), rushed up-stairs to the room where Joseph and Hyrum were confined, and began to fire upon them through the door. The prisoners—and two friends who were with them, by name Taylor and Richards—defended themselves as best they could with sticks and revolvers. Hyrum was shot dead. Taylor was severely wounded. Joseph was shot, and either leaped or fell from the window. He was received by the other assassins without, four of whom advanced close to him and discharged their muskets at him. It is not perfectly certain whether he was dead when he fell out or was killed by the four men below. Richards, who escaped unhurt, is the witness to whom we owe our account of these tragic circumstances. The murderers were never punished.

Nothing whatever in the character or conduct of Joseph Smith could possibly excuse this atrocious crime. While, however, we condemn the crime, we must guard against being led away by the empty declamation of Mormon writers to believe that their founder died as a martyr to the faith. The original cause of Smith's incarceration was his commission of a grave offence against his country's laws. For a man holding his position as chief magistrate of Nauvoo it would have been difficult to commit a more outrageous violation of public duty. It was for this crime that he was arrested, and had he escaped assassination, he would still have deserved a very serious punishment for his lawless conduct. It is alike fortunate for his own reputation and for the faith of the Saints that his still more lawless persecutors saved him from this ignominious doom.

In attempting to solve the problem, what was the true character of this singular man, we may put aside, as unworthy of determining our final judgment, both the extravagant panegyrics of the Mormons themselves—who of course suppress or distort every discreditable fact—and the bitter attacks, both upon Smith himself and his whole

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family, of those who write with the obvious intention of confuting or ridiculing his religion. These, indeed, are elements in the decision —for he is no common man who can inspire fanatical affection and fanatical hatred—but we must be careful not to allow them more than their proper weight.

If, however, we turn to the pages of more impartial writers, we shall scarcely find in them a complete solution of the apparent contradictions of his life. All are unanimous in acknowledging his extraordinary talents. Olshausen, in a careful and judicious summary, dwells with justice upon the immense extent of his practical activity, and his remarkable skill in the administration of the affairs of the Church and of the city of Nauvoo. We must remember that in April, 1830, his Church had comprised but six persons; at his death in 1844 it had reached, according to this writer, to the number of 250,000.[1] There could be no more conclusive testimony to the ability of its head. Nor would it be just to detract from his credit by urging that no learned, and hardly any well-educated men were led to embrace the Mormon religion. Doubtless his followers were chiefly taken from the poor and the ignorant. This, however, according to prevalent notions, should be regarded rather as a presumption in favour of Mormonism than against it; and certainly no Christian could make it a subject of reproach without laying himself open to a very dangerous retort as to the first Apostles of his own religion. But, whatever may be said as to the component elements of the community, it is certain that it was in no small measure by the personal influence of Joseph Smith that they were first assembled and held together. Over this community he reigned with undisputed authority, uniting in his person the supreme administration of the whole mass of their spiritual and temporal concerns. His social bearing, when he could throw off the prophet, must have been attractive and pleasing.

"The Mormons at Salt Lake," says Olshausen, "still relate how Joseph Smith would frequently tear the mask from hypocrisy; how, when a newly-converted man came over to him from other sects with his long face composed into reverend folds, he would receive him with joviality, and challenge him to wrestle with him on the public place; how he would not release the astonished Saint until he had shown him his athletic force, and had stretched him on the ground; how he exhorted another, who had promised the prophet great things from his benevolent disposition, to lend him all his money for the building of the temple, and after he had done so paid no more attention to him than to everybody else, but made him work in poverty with spade and axe until his faith was confirmed. When he had undergone the proof for some months, he was suddenly summoned to head-quarters, and received a good allotment of land, or some other appointment in which he could earn his livelihood agreeably and conveniently."

(1) All estimates of the numbers of the Mormons are purely conjectural. "The prophet has not thought fit to number Israel," was the reply given me by one of their missionaries when I inquired as to their numerical strength at the present day.

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In addition to his tact and knowledge of men, Joseph Smith was not wanting in a sort of rough humour. His letter to Mr. Clay, of May 13th, 1844, is one of the most favourable instances of his happier manner, the more so because his indignation is by no means unjustifiable. The occasion was this. In the latter part of 1843 Joseph Smith wrote to Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun—two candidates, or supposed candidates for the Presidency of the United States—to know what course these gentlemen would take in case of their election with reference to the persecutions endured by the Saints in Missouri, in which they had been robbed of their property and driven from their homes. This was a perfectly legitimate question, but Mr. Clay replied to it in that tone of cautious ambiguity which seems to be thought the height of wisdom in an aspirant for political honours. Smith was justly dissatisfied with this evasion. Clay had declared that if he entered that high office, it must be free and unfettered, "with no guarantees but such as are to be drawn from my whole life, character, and conduct." Seizing upon this phrase, Smith argues at great length, and with considerable force—though I pretend not to decide whether his charges were true—that there was nothing whatever in Clay's "whole life, character, and conduct" to inspire confidence; everything to warrant distrust.

"Suppose," he writes, "you should also, taking your 'whole life, character, and conduct' into consideration, and, as many hands make light work, stir up the old 'Clay party,' the 'National Republican party,' 'High Protective Tariff party,' and the late 'Coon-skin party,' with all their paraphernalia, *ultraism, ne plus ultraism, sine qua non*, which have grown with your growth, strengthened with your strength, and shrunk with your shrinkage, and ask the people of this enlightened Republic what they think of your powers and policy as a statesman; for verily it would seem from all past remains of parties, politics, projects, and pictures, that you are the *clay*, and the people the *potter*, and as some vessels are marred in the hands of the potter, the natural conclusion is that *you are a vessel of dishonour.*"

But Joseph's natural wit was too often marred by his excessive vanity, which made him anxious to appear acquainted with many languages. Thus in his address to the American people as would-be President, he employs these phrases among others: "A Frenchman would say, 'Presque tout aimer richesses et pouvoir' (Almost all men like wealth and power)." "As the Italian would say, 'Buono aviso' (Good advice)." "A Dutchman might exclaim, 'Ein ehrlicher Name ist besser als Reichthum' (A good name is better than riches)." "As a Greek might say, 'Hysteron proteron' (The cart before the horse)."

Turning from these matters—which serve only to illustrate some minor features—we come to the central fact of Joseph's life, by which his whole character must stand or fall: his discovery and translation of the Book of Mormon and proclamation of his new religion. Are we to hold him guilty of a deliberate fraud upon mankind, or can he

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be acquitted of this odious imputation? Were we to rely upon general presumptions, we should be obliged to prefer the latter alternative. Religious innovators are not generally impostors, and, as Mr. Carlyle has well argued in his lecture on Mahomet, it is unlikely that a religion should be established by "spiritual legerdemain." But in the case of the Mormon prophet there are positive facts which must outweigh all general considerations. He could not have imagined or persuaded himself that he had in reality translated the Book of Mormon. We cannot acquit him of an unblushing fraud in palming off this singular medley of religion and romance as a sacred record descended from the ancient Americans. This alone is conclusive against the integrity of his character; and the fact that he took advantage of this gigantic deception to gain credit as a man favoured of Heaven, and thus to put himself at the head of a community of blind followers, must destroy much of the sympathy we might otherwise feel with the sufferings of his life.

An incident occurred during the translation of the records which admirably serves to reveal the true character of the translator. Martin Harris had "teazed" him, to use his own expression, to be permitted to take the translated sheets home with him. The Urim and Thummim, consulted on this grave question, at first refused. Being pressed, they consented on condition that Harris should show them only to five persons, to which the latter bound himself by a promise. He broke his promise, and showed them to more. Thus it happened the precious MS. was lost, perhaps by the contrivance of Mrs. Harris. To this untoward event Joseph Smith alludes in the following revelation, given in May, 1829:—

"1. Now, behold, I say unto you [Smith], that because you delivered up those writings which you had power given unto you to translate, by the means of the Urim and Thummim, into the hands of a wicked man [Harris], you have lost them; and you have lost your gift at the same time, and your mind became darkened; nevertheless, it is now restored to you again, therefore see that you are faithful, and continue on unto the remainder of the work of translation as you have begun. . . . . And, behold, Satan has put it into their hearts to alter the words which you have caused to be written, or which you have translated, which have gone out of your hands: and behold, I say unto you, that because they have altered the words, they read contrary to that which you translated and caused to be written; and on this wise, the devil has sought to lay a cunning plan, that he may destroy this work; for he has put into their hearts to do this, that by lying they may say they have caught you in the words which you have pretended to translate.

"2. Verily, I say unto you, that I will not suffer that Satan shall accomplish his evil design in this thing, for, behold, he has put it into their hearts to get thee to tempt the Lord thy God, in asking to translate it over again; and then, behold, they say and think in their hearts, we will see if God has given him power to translate, if so, he will also give him power again; and if God giveth him power again, or if he translates again, or, in other words, if he bringeth forth the same words, behold, we have the same with us, and we have altered them: therefore, they will not agree, and we will say that he has lied in his

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words, and that he has no gift, and that he has no power: therefore, we will destroy him, and also the work, and we will do this that we may not be ashamed in the end, and that we may get glory of the world. . . . . .

"6. *Behold, I say unto you, that you shall not translate again those words which have gone forth out of your hands;* for, behold, they shall not accomplish their evil designs in lying against those words. For, behold, if you should bring forth the same words they will say that you have lied; that you have pretended to translate, but that you have contradicted yourself. . . . . Thus Satan thinketh to overpower your testimony in this generation, that the work may not come forth in this generation: but, behold, here is wisdom!" and so forth.

Behold, here is wisdom, indeed; but it is the wisdom of knavery and cunning. Joseph Smith was evidently afraid that the sacred MS. had fallen into the hands of some irreverent sceptics, who were determined, if he attempted a fresh translation, to point out any discrepancies they might discover, and thus convict him of pretending to powers which he did not possess. But, to use a favourite expression of the Koran, God is the best contriver of stratagems; and so in this instance the prophet shows that he is quite a match for all the wiles of Satan. He refuses to re-translate the missing portion; or, in other words, does not again make use of the same part of Spaulding's novel. Poor Harris's "perfidy," as Mrs. Smith calls it, was not unpunished. In an agony of despair he called out, "Oh, I have lost my soul! I have lost my soul!" But Providence was contented with a smaller penalty. His sin was forgiven, and instead of his soul, he lost only his wheat. A dense fog, which did no injury whatever to his neighbours' corn, overspread the fields of the luckless farmer, and two-thirds of his crops were blighted by this signal visitation. But the lost pages of the Book of Mormon were never recovered, and the prophet was obliged to content himself, as we have seen, with a crushing exposure of the schemes of the devil, who in this particular instance was probably represented on earth by that obstinate unbeliever, Mrs. Harris.

The above incident is sufficient of itself to convict Joseph Smith of an impudent imposture. M. Rémy, however, while admitting the "eternal censure attaching to his imposture," passes upon the rest of his character an almost unqualified eulogy. He pleads as a strong fact in his favour that he was tried thirty-nine times for various offences, generally by hostile courts, and was never once convicted. This, of itself, would rather prove the malice of his enemies than his own entire innocence, and can scarcely be accepted as an "eloquent answer to all the calumnies against him." As to two of the most serious of these alleged calumnies he never was tried at all. In the case of the bank at Kirtland he escaped in a very suspicious manner. In the case of the *Expositor*, his conduct plainly showed that he was anxious to suppress the evidence against him.

The character of Joseph Smith has been compared to that of

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Mahomet. Such a comparison, if it be carried beyond some merely superficial points of resemblance, does the gravest injustice to the Arabian prophet. It is true that Smith made use of revelation to regulate the affairs of his Church, and to gain personal advantages (such as the construction of a house for his own residence), as Mahomet in his later years made use of it for the purpose of legislation, for the regulation of his harem, and in order to exempt himself from the limitation to four wives. Yet it is impossible to doubt that Mahomet was a profoundly religious man, animated throughout his career with a lofty purpose consistently pursued. If he attained honour and power, he could not possibly have expected this result of his mission. Moreover, he really succeeded in reforming the religion of his people. He put an end to their gross idolatry, and established the pure worship of a single God. He abolished altogether the barbarous practice of some Arabians, of burying their female infants alive as soon as they were born. He introduced greater decency in the performance of the annual ceremonies that were performed around the Caaba at Mecca. He improved the position of women as regarded inheritance. Stained as his later life undoubtedly was with excesses, and even crimes, yet these may more probably be attributed to the unhappy effects of unlimited power, than to a character fundamentally corrupt or base. But what are the services to religion or morals that can be attributed to Joseph Smith? He also, no doubt, incurred persecution, but he could no more have foreseen it than Mahomet could foresee that he would be absolute lord of Arabia. True it is that, having once determined to play the part of an inspired and heaven-appointed restorer of the Gospel, he played it unflinchingly to the end. But what was the Gospel he came to restore? His religious views certainly did not rise above those of his countrymen, even if they did not fall below them. There is not a single elevated thought, not a ray of fervour, not a trace of deep religious feeling, to be found in his verbose and tedious revelations. They move on one dead level throughout their weary length, revealing nothing but the worldly ambition and the self-seeking schemes of a common and prosaic mind.

Deprived of their founder and leader by this cruel blow, it became one of the first duties of the Mormons to elect a successor. Sidney Rigdon aspired to the Presidency of the Church, but he was opposed by Brigham Young, the chief of the twelve apostles, who enjoyed the popular favour. Rigdon's pretensions were therefore regarded as unauthorised; he was cut off from the Church, and delivered over to the buffetings of Satan. Brigham Young was elected President on the 7th of October, 1844. He was four years older than Smith, having been born in 1801. By his conduct as head of the Mormons

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—a position, especially at first, of much difficulty and some danger —he has proved himself worthy of the confidence of the people, which he still continues to enjoy.

Far from being appeased by the murder of the prophet, the demon of persecution in Illinois seems to have been excited thereby to fresh iniquities. Outrages, such as the burning of houses, were committed upon the Mormons, but this was still insufficient to satisfy their enemies. A meeting was held by the orthodox party in September, 1845, at which it was determined that the Mormons must be expelled from the State. Deputies were sent to convey this intimation to Brigham Young, who replied that it was already his intention to evacuate Nauvoo. A formal treaty was entered into with the deputies to the effect that the mass of the Mormons would leave Nauvoo in the following spring, provided they were in the meantime guaranteed against attack, and suffered to dispose of their property in peace.

Not even after this treaty had been made, were the unhappy Saints allowed to remain unmolested. They were exposed to further annoyances in January, 1846. The utmost speed was shown on their part in urging on the evacuation. Early in February, though at this time the Mississippi was frozen, and the intense cold made the journey a matter of extreme difficulty, a company of pioneers commenced their emigration to the west. They were followed in the same month by Brigham Young and the heads of the Church, leading a band of 1,600 emigrants. They knew not whither they were going; they knew not the country through which they had to pass.

The great body of the Saints remained at Nauvoo until they had performed a sacred duty—the completion of the temple. Although they knew that they could never use it, yet it was finished with the most elaborate care, and consecrated on the 1st and 2nd of May, 1846. Immediately after this, the great majority of the Mormons quitted Nauvoo, to follow their leaders in their march to the unknown regions of the west.

But a few remained behind. Whether it was that they had not the means to join the emigration until they had sold their property, or whatever else the cause might be, they afforded a pretext for persecution. An army of a thousand Christians, with a Reverend Mr. Brockman as one of their leaders, commenced a regular siege of Nauvoo on the 10th of September. They continued their fire for several days, until the small garrison capitulated, and consented to evacuate Illinois in five days.

Nauvoo was thus at length entirely abandoned. Driven, for the third time in their short history, from possessions legitimately acquired, and from homes consecrated by untiring industry, they commenced the wonderful journey, which is known as the Mormon

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Exodus. Trying as that journey would have been for strong men in robust health, we may fancy what it was to the many thousands of women and children who now performed it. They had to traverse a distance of some 1,400 miles (their number being at least 10,000) across an uninhabited, uncultivated, and often unwholesome tract. Exposed to cold, to heat, to hunger, to thirst, to sickness, to want and suffering of many kinds, it is no wonder that large numbers perished on the road, and were buried in unremembered graves. One who herself accompanied the exiles from Illinois, and felt in their full bitterness all the sufferings of this period, has confessed, in spite of her general hostility to the Mormons, that this journey "even to this day, lingers upon my recollection, as among the most wonderful and sublime movements of which the world has any knowledge."[1] Nor was this Exodus, like that of the Hebrews of old, aided and encouraged by divine interposition. The Saints had to cross the Mississippi and the Missouri, but these rivers were not cleft in twain for their benefit. They were in want of food, but no manna fell from heaven. They longed for water; no rock was opened to reveal a gushing spring. They were in doubt as to the way they should take; no cloudy pillar went before them to guide their steps. Such things do not happen in the nineteenth century, nor on American soil.

Happily for the Mormons, they had men at their head who, if they could do no miracles, could at least work wonders of organisation and practical skill. Those who went in front, sowed corn for those who were to come behind, and by this and other means the hardships of the way were alleviated as much as possible. On the 24th of July, 1847—an anniversary which is still celebrated by the Mormons—Brigham Young and the pioneers arrived at the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Here it was that Young determined to build a city for the future home of his people. He then returned to the Missouri, near which he had left the rest of the emigrants. He conducted them thence to the Great Salt Lake, where they reached the end of their long wanderings in the autumn of 1848. Some, however, did not arrive till a much later period.

Mormon energy has raised Great Salt Lake City—lying, as it does, in a territory never before inhabited by civilised man—to a prosperous and happy place. Here they still live, and in spite of some differences with the Federal Government, they may be said to have found here that independence and that freedom which had been denied them in States already settled and inhabited by the European race.

AMBERLEY.

(1) Mrs. Mary Ettie V. Smith, "Fifteen Years among the Mormons," p. 54.

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THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

Chapter XXXIV.

HOW MR. ARNAUD FOUND MISSIONARY WORK ENOUGH TO DO WITHOUT GOING TO THE CANNIBAL ISLES, AND HOW HE RIGGED HIMSELF FOR HIS MISSION AT HOME.

There was a lull for a considerable time after the storm which flung one bark on a lee-shore, while it carried the other triumphantly into port. We have leisure, therefore, to attend to other matters of subordinate moment, but not without importance.

Arnaud's return to England had been decided, as we have intimated, before Mr. Sandford's exploit. In fact, if the truth must be told, Mrs. Rowley acted respecting him very much in the way that a minister sometimes despatches upon a foreign service a personage whose presence at home chances for some reason or another to incommode him. The young Waldensian had necessarily been thrown, while he remained in Paris, a great deal into Susan Rowley's society; and Mrs. Rowley, whose keen observation, as we know, but little ever escaped, soon remarked that her daughter's interest in the colossal young missionary was rapidly tending to the point when interest becomes a deeper feeling, and usually goes by a softer name. She had a tender regard herself for Arnaud, and not only regard, but admiration. He was a fine, noble fellow, in every way calculated to exercise a strong fascination upon a girl like Susan, whose character was almost as ardent and enthusiastic as his own; but (to say nothing of his obscure birth) he was very young; and as to the walk of life he had chosen, though she honoured it highly, what was it after all but a career of hazardous adventure, which no prudent mother could conscientiously wish her daughter to share? On the whole, she felt it to be her duty to oppose at least impediment enough to the growth of Susan's attachment as to afford time for such mature reflection as was not likely to be made while Arnaud was on the spot; and with this view the idea occurred to her of employing him in England, not only usefully, but on a service entirely in his own line.

Nobody knew better how to seize the favourable moment for a project on which she was bent; so one day when Arnaud was asking whether there was any possible way in which he could be of use to her, she looked meditative before she replied.

"Not in France, Arnaud; if we were in England I really think I could employ you to some purpose—not indeed to myself, but to others whom I am bound to think of."

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"Is your own presence in England absolutely necessary," he inquired, "for the purpose you allude to?"

"Well, no," she answered; "I cannot say it is. It was only a little pastoral duty I was thinking of proposing to you."

Arnaud smiled, thinking she was going to put her South-Downs under his charge, he had heard so much of her farming operations.

Mrs. Rowley went to look for Mr. Cosie's map of the little peninsula, and having found it, she opened and spread it out on the table, while Arnaud stood wondering what she meant. She pointed with her finger, and desired him to look at the group of islets on the chart. There were three of them, two hardly more than rocks, but upon all three there was a population of about a dozen families—between fifty and sixty souls.

"Now, my dear fellow, you will be surprised," she said, "when I tell you that these poor people, though our parishioners and tenants, have been neglected to such a degree, I may say for half a century, that they are little better than pagans. If they have any religion at all, it is a curious jumble of Christianity and Druidical superstitions; and their civilisation is backward in the same proportion. They are half famished and scarcely half clothed; they cultivate a few patches of oats and potatoes, and fish a little in the pilchard season; but that's all."

"What has Mr. Blackadder been about?" said Arnaud.

Mrs. Rowley smiled before she answered.

"Poor Mr. Blackadder! we must not be too hard on him; he means so well, and is such a zealous and active minister, according to his lights; but he has an insurmountable antipathy to salt water, and, unfortunately, for the greater part of the year there is a rough sea always running between us and our islands."

"I see," said Arnaud; "a man is not in a condition to preach in a wilderness or anywhere else after a fit of sea-sickness."

"No," said Mrs. Rowley; "and now you see in what way I think you could do some good—indeed, great good—I mean as long as you are not under orders for Africa or Japan."

Arnaud took two or three turns up and down the room before he answered, and his countenance wore the expression of profound and anxious thought, so deep that, with all her sagacity, Mrs. Rowley was able to conjecture but a small part of what was passing in his mind.

"Do you know, my dear fellow," she continued, resuming whilst he still paced the apartments, "without at all disparaging foreign missions, I have always thought there was ample scope for missionary exertions without wandering from the shores of England; and surely our own pagans and savages have the first claims on us."

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He now made a full stop, and sat down beside her.

"I agree with you, Fatima," he said; "I accept the mission to those poor islanders. I'll go and smoke a pipe with them and see what can be done."

"I well knew I could reckon on you for any generous resolution," said Mrs. Rowley. "Go over without loss of time. Mr. Cosie will do his best to provide for your temporary accommodation. You will have hard work and but little comfort."

Mrs. Rowley was more surprised than with her sagacity and her knowledge of Arnaud's character she ought to have been at the promptitude with which he accepted the employment that involved his immediate departure. In truth he knew quite as well as she did within what strict limits his obscure position in life made it his duty to confine his affections, and though he probably had no distinct consciousness of being dangerously near that delicate line with Susan, he embraced Mrs. Rowley's wily proposition with an instinctive sense of its opportuneness and propriety.

Arnaud tarried some days in London to have the meeting already described with Mrs. Rowley's lawyers, and to transact some business with the society he was connected with. In that interval Mrs. Upjohn had perpetrated her second crime; but, of course, nothing was known in the country except that Mrs. Rowley was out and the Upjohns in.

Arnaud found the Meadows in affliction, and all the Cosies wringing their hands. They in common with all Mrs. Rowley's friends when they heard of her husband's death, had been looking forward to having his widow permanently established in their neighbourhood, diffusing happiness round about her, and now fortune had decided otherwise, and if she came back to them at all, they could only expect to see her involved in the misery of a tedious and precarious litigation, and stripped in the meantime of almost all her power to do good.

"What will become of us all, Mr. Arnaud, dear," cried Mrs. Cosie, literally crying (for his coming made the tears of the whole family flow afresh), and wiping her soft brown eyes with her apron; "and what will become of the poor people; and, dear, dear me, what were the lawyers about to suffer it; and what were all Mrs. Rowley's friends about; and was there nobody to do anything to prevent such terrible wickedness?"

"And that horrible woman was at the bottom of it all, now wasn't she, Mr. Arnaud?" said Dorothy.

"We must not say that, until it is proved," said Arnaud.

"But don't you think so?" persisted Dorothy. "You know you do; it stands to reason she was."

"The greater the wickedness," urged Arnaud, "the slower we

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must be to impute it to any one; and we are never so liable to error as when we presume to read the secrets of hearts."

"But don't we often read people's hearts in their faces? Don't we read Mrs. Rowley's heart in her face? And I don't see why we shouldn't read a bad heart in a lady's face just as well; it stands to reason, so it does."

"I don't know what to think," said poor Mrs. Cosie, clasping her hands, and then unclasping them and clasping them again.

"I know very well what to think, mother," said Margery.

"It is wiser, Margery, not to say what we think sometimes," said her father.

"I was only going to say," continued the uncontrollable Margery, "that those things don't happen to good people."

"Don't say that," said Dorothy, the pushing girl, giving her sister the usual little dig with her elbow.

Arnaud gravely desired them to remember the story of Job; and Mr. Cosie thanked him for recalling his daughters to a more becoming way of speaking, excusing them, at the same time, on account of their love for Mrs. Rowley.

"She deserves it all," said Arnaud, "as nobody knows better than I do; and when I tell them that it would only grieve her to hear that bitter things were said of any member of her family before it is possible to know for a certainty that they are deserved, I am sure your daughters will say nothing more of the kind."

"Of course they won't," said Mrs. Cosie; "nor I either—to set them an example. None of us will say another hard word, except to pray God to bring wickedness to light, whoever committed it; and I am sure I hope it will not turn out that it was not that wicked woman."

"My dear, you are forgetting your promise already," said Mr. Cosie, smiling, and taking Arnaud away with him.

"It's quite true," said Margery; "she is just that, and nothing else; and she did it all, as sure as if I was standing by and looking at her."

"But you mustn't say so now you know it would vex Mrs. Rowley," said Dorothy; "we must all hold our tongues."

"He is a fine, tall, likely young man," said Mrs. Cosie, "as ever I laid my two eyes on, and it is easy to see he has the gift of preaching; he has the Bible at his finger-ends, from what he said about Job, and he'll do a world of good to the poor people on the islands, if they mind what he tells them."

"Then they won't, mother," said the incorrigible Margery, "if he bids them not talk of Mrs. Upjohn. When they know as much as we know, won't they talk of her, if he was to preach till doomsday?"

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Mr. Cosie and Arnaud walked out together to call on Mr. Blackadder, Arnaud tucking the old man under his arm, and towering over him like the giant of a fable; and on the way they took counsel as to what was to be done to set Arnaud's ministration among the islanders afoot.

"Mrs. Rowley tells me," said Cosie, "that you intend going amongst them as a missionary, and she desires me to do all that is usual and proper to start you well; but she forgets that I have no experience in that line. I never fitted out a missionary in my life. What do you think you will want?"

"What does any one want here below, but bread to eat and a roof over his head?"

"Well, we may safely leave the victualling to Mrs. Cosie; she is a capital hand at all that. As to a roof or a decent abode on any of those rocks, you may as well put it out of your head; there's no such thing on the best of them."

"Then I must only live under canvas, which I have done before now."

"You don't think of merely going across now and then, and giving them a sermon, when the sea's not too rough?"

"That wouldn't do, Mr. Cosie; that's not my way of going to work. Isn't there a hut of some kind?"

"We must only try and knock you up one."

"All right," said Arnaud; "any shed will do for me that keeps out the rain and wind and has two holes in it—one to let in the light, and the other to let out the smoke. And now for my rig out."

"You had better consult Mr. Blackadder about that; he gets his clothes from Plymouth."

"This will is a good thing for him," said Arnaud; "he will have a better fortune with his wife."

"I don't think he cares much for that," said Mr. Cosie; "he has been in very low spirits since the news came of Mrs. Rowley's misfortune."

They found the curate at home. Arnaud introduced himself in his blunt, manly way, stating his business, which Mr. Blackadder was glad to hear, frankly confirming all that Mrs. Rowley had said about the necessities of the poor fishermen and his own unfortunate incapacity to do his duty towards them. He heartily approved of Arnaud's resolution to sojourn for some time on the islands, and devoutly wished him God-speed.

As his visitors were going, he took Mr. Cosie aside, and told him with emotion that he was going away for some time, and it was not impossible he might never return to the parish. Without assigning any reasons, he informed Mr. Cosie that orders had

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come down to get Foxden ready without delay for Mrs. Upjohn's reception.

Mr. Cosie had no reason to be surprised at this, and he had only to couple it with Mr. Blackadder's intended departure to see that the marriage so long talked of was not likely to take place.

"Three months ago," said Mr. Cosie, after a long silence, when they had taken leave, "if any one had prophesied that I should deeply regret that man's leaving us, I should not have believed it; but he is an honest man, Mr. Arnaud, too honest to enter the family that is coming to ride over us: God help us all!"

"Be of good cheer, my old friend," cried Arnaud, struck by the desponding tone of Mr. Cosie's observations; "there's always a heaven above us; no Mrs. Upjohn can deprive us of that. Mr. Blackadder, it is plain, cares nothing for money, no more does Mrs. Rowley; why should her friends be cast down? Be of good cheer, Mr. Cosie, and cheer up your wife and daughters."

"I'll try," said the old man.

After a few minutes he stopped short, struck the ground with his stick, and said—

"We must go back—you never asked Mr. Blackadder the name of his tailor."

Arnold laughed, and replied—

"Because I don't want him; I saw a shop in Oakham where I can get all I want."

"No you won't; I know better," said Cosie.

"Let us walk down and see," said Arnaud; and on he strode again with Mr. Cosie trussed under his arm.

He drew up at the shop he meant. It was a mere slop-shop, such as are commonly to be found in small towns on the sea-coast, where sailors and fishermen are the chief customers. A variety of rough coats, of the coarsest materials, huge baggy trousers to match, blue shirts and oil-skin hats, were dangling from pegs outside, and tossing to and fro in the wind.

"Show me a pea-jacket," said Arnaud, "or something of that sort, the biggest and warmest you have."

He bought a pilot's coat as rough as a bear's-skin, though not as glossy and fine; Mr. Cosie looking on amazed.

"Now trousers to match, I'm not a dwarf you see; let there be plenty of room in them."

He bought the trousers, then an oil-skin hat, and some other articles to complete his missionary toilette, directed them to be sen up to the Meadows, and away they went, Mr. Cosie actual lt speechless.

"I shall look very well in that suit," said Arnaud, looking down sideways upon his astounded companion.

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"You will look extremely like a pirate," said Mr. Cosie, with difficulty recovering his breath.

"Well, I hope to take a prize or two in a spiritual way," said Arnaud; "and now all I want further is a double-barrelled gun and a pound or or two of tobacco."

Mr. Cosie, at length beginning to enter into Arnaud's conception of a Cornish missionary, undertook to provide gun, ammunition, and not only tobacco, but a keg of old Scotch whiskey, to which the spiritual corsair made not the slightest objection.

The next day being favourable they both crossed over to the largest of the islands (called Purple Island, from the rich hue of the heath that clothed it), to afford Arnaud a general survey of the field of his future labours, and after some roaming about over the rocks they came to a small disused enclosure, intended for sheep, and Arnaud at once declared that it was just the thing, if it had only a window and a chimney and was covered with a few planks and a layer of peat over them. It took rather more than a week to do all this, and to put in some rude but indispensable articles of furniture, with a store of substantial provisions, in which Arnaud had no small trouble to prevent Mrs. Cosie from including twenty good things which would have been entirely out of keeping with the residence.

The interval he spent in strides over the estate, often accompanied (*haud passibus æquis*) by the Cosie girls, from whom he gathered a great many useful hints as to the ways and usages of the wild people he was going to live amongst. Before Mrs. Upjohn came down, he was settled in his pastoral cure and had made some progress in cultivating the acquaintance of the islanders.

Chapter XXXV.

HOW MRS. UPJOHN BEGAN TO ENJOY HER PROSPERITY. HOW PROVIDENCE SENT HER A PEER FOR A GUEST, WITH THE GRIEVANCES OF THE REV. MR. CHOKER.

Mrs. Upjohn remained not long in town after we saw her last. Not only was London grown empty, but her house there felt more uncomfortable than houses usually are at the fall of the season, particularly her boudoir, which seemed always to smell of something like tinder, with perhaps just a sniff on the air of the peccadillo committed in making it. Miss Upjohn left town along with her mother; Carry, as usual, alone remaining to keep her uncle company, and console him in his new distress.

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Poor Upjohn! never before had his pen and his speculations served so little to support him in trouble. He wandered about his dreary dismantled house, stumbling over the rolled-up carpets, still ransacking impossible places in search of what was never to be found; and (unheard-of event!) the Review which usually published his lucubrations, appeared without the promised continuation of one of his most elaborate papers.

Mrs. Upjohn rather hoped than expected to be received by the people with some demonstration of respect, if not of attachment; but she drove through Oakham without receiving any greater homage than the uncouth salutations of a few of the small shopkeepers, and a solitary cheer from the landlord of the Rowley Arms, who saw in her arrival some prospect of a stir in the neighbourhood to his advantage. The ladies scattered their smiles and nods broadcast round them without calling forth the least enthusiasm, and arrived at Foxden in very bad humour.

In truth, their state of mind, particularly the mother's, was far from being enviable. She was terrified when she thought of what she had done, and imagined in her fright a hundred possible and impossible ways by which the deed might be brought to light. The locksmith was for ever before her. He, at least, possessed a key to the mystery of her iniquity; she shuddered to think what it was in that man's power to reveal, and (utterly unable to conceive the magnanimity which influenced Mrs. Rowley's conduct) she felt convinced that no stone would be left unturned to unravel the whole transaction by those whose interests it so seriously affected.

Accordingly, she was in no mood to think of gaieties at present, or even to assume the airs and state of the great lady of the neighbourhood. Her first absorbing anxiety on coming down was to get into flesh again. It was with nothing short of dismay that she found, on weighing herself in the yard the day after her arrival, while the men were at dinner, that the life she had been leading had taken a full stone out of her. Her complexion was a minor consideration, for that was a question of cosmetics; but though the brush can lay on artificial roses, it cannot fill up the hollows of the faded cheek under them, whether furrowed by grief or scooped by the claws of conscience. Then, when the cheeks fall in, personal repairs are notoriously requisite in other parts of the frame as well, and in some where it is difficult to mask the want with all the tricks and resources of millinery. Such was the condition Mrs. Upjohn was in, or had reduced herself to, and her daughter, though in a less degree, was in the same plight; accordingly, their common solicitude, now that they were country mice again, was the carnal one of recovering the flesh they had both lost; and a quiet life for a few weeks, with the fresh breezes of air and ocean blowing about

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them, and filling their lungs, was certainly the best prescription for the purpose.

Miss Upjohn had to bear, on arriving at Foxden, the additional vexation of Mr. Blackadder's behaviour, which amounted as palpably to a deliberate break off of their engagement as if he had put it into black and white. Mrs. Upjohn was very indignant too; but she comforted both herself and her daughter by the reflection that, after all, the Curate's chance of the Stromness peerage depended on the life of a man who was not a bad life himself.

"And as to the mere connexion with a noble family, what signifies it, my dear? Our house, I hope, requires no paltry Scotch peerage to prop it up. Believe me, Harriet, there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught."

It was only when the quiet life and the good air, with total abstinence from crimes and misdemeanours, began, after some weeks, to tell favourably on both ladies, rounding off the angles, filling up the cavities, and restoring the florid hues of health, that they had leisure to lay their plans for a pleasant autumn, when the partridge-shooting would induce gay men to come, in addition to the festivities of various kinds which Mrs. Upjohn's passion for dissipation was always fertile in devising. She proposed archery meetings, regattas, picnics, and frequent dances and dinners, all which, indeed, she held to be the positive duty of a large proprietor to give at the proper season of the year; a much better way to do good, she said, and make himself popular in the country, than going about like some people she would not name, prying into the cottages of the poor, and bothering them about cleanliness and education. As to expense, what was money for? How often had she not asked that question, when money was a more serious consideration? Her dear good husband might, and probably would, demur a little still, and shrug his shoulders a few times when he came down, but she was used to his little objections, and had her own ways of getting over them. Besides (though she did not mutter this even to her inmost self), did she not know much better than he did what little reason there was to be uneasy about the future?

Mrs. Upjohn was so little afraid of finding her husband's presence an obstruction to her plans, that she was beginning to be very anxious to have him with her; for when guests began to arrive, it would not do at all that there should be only the ladies of the family to entertain them. As one way of coaxing him down, she tenderly recalled several defects he had often spoken of in the little den or study where we first made his acquaintance, and she had them rectified, and everything done to make it as snug and commodious for him as possible; so snug, indeed, that there was every likelihood, when he had once ensconced himself in it of a

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morning, of his remaining the livelong day in convenient ignorance of all that went on in his house. It was very affectionate and very thoughtful of Mrs. Upjohn.

While she was making out a list of people to be invited, she was suddenly honoured with a guest whom she had never dreamed of, and a most auspicious incident his arrival was. Mrs. Upjohn drove down to the village late one afternoon to see if orders had been executed which she had given to have a few rooms at the inn freshly papered and painted, as there would sometimes be more people at Foxden than the house could conveniently accommodate with bedrooms.

She called out the landlord, and after questioning him about the rooms, she asked him if there was any one in his house.

Yes, there was, and so great a personage that the innkeeper swelled like a turkey-cock while he informed Mrs. Upjohn who it was,—no less than Lord Stromness himself, or rather, the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Stromness, for the landlord gave him all his additions religiously. His lordship had come down to spend a month with his cousin, Mr. Blackadder, as he had done once or twice before in former years at the same season, and finding his bird flown, there was nothing for it but to go to the inn.

As Mrs. Upjohn knew Lord Stromness, she alighted and went into the inn, with an alacrity not very consistent with the tone in which she had recently spoken of his peerage. She found his lordship just about to sit down to a sorry bit of roast mutton. He was rather a short man, between fifty and sixty, complexion sandy, hair foxy, with bushy whiskers to correspond, so that, saving his nobility, he was not personally very attractive.

"I hope, my lord," said Mrs. Upjohn, with the most elaborate graciousness, "you did not know I was in the country?"

"No, no, I did not, Mrs. Upjohn, I assure you; I had no idea of it, particularly when I found that unaccountable cousin of mine had marched off with himself."

"Most fortunate for us, I hope," said Mrs. Upjohn, "for I trust you will condescend to be our guest at Foxden; we shall only be too happy to have you as long as you can stay."

"And you are really so kind as to take me in?—it is very good of you, I'm sure—there is no resisting you charming women."

"And, my dear lord, you must allow me to carry you off at once; my carriage is at the door,—I will really take no excuse."

His lordship looked at Mrs. Upjohn, then at the sorry neck of mutton, which it needed no great eloquence to induce him to leave behind; so, with a hundred thanks for her hospitality, he accompanied her back to Foxden, ordering his things to be sent up after him.

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This was a prize indeed! the first time Mrs. Upjohn had ever "picked up a peer" to shed the lustre of nobility over her parties. Before she was half way home, she forgot entirely how little the house of Upjohn stood in want of noble alliances, and began already to speculate upon the brilliant prospect opened to her in so singular a way, actually owing to Mr. Blackadder's desertion. Nay, devout creature that she was, instead of thanking her good fortune, like a heathen, she actually saw the finger of Providence in it.

The curious thing of all was, that, had he been wealthy, he would perhaps not have been so precious in Mrs. Upjohn's eyes; but the reason for this was simply that his wealth might probably have placed him out of her daughter's reach; the poverty of the noble bachelor was precisely his merit; he sadly wanted to have his coronet burnished up, not having much to live on beyond the rents of a few moors in the Highlands, which fluctuated from year to year with the promise of the grouse-shooting.

Miss Upjohn, as may well be supposed, was by no means so quick to appreciate the advantages that dazzled her mother; but, nevertheless, she took rather more pains with her toilette than she had lately done, indeed more than was actually necessary even with a Viscount for her guest. They had a dummy whist in the evening, and got through it, on the whole, pretty well; but the ladies agreed, when they were alone together at bedtime, that many such evenings would weary them out. The time was come when the presence of the master of the house was absolutely indispensable.

"He must positively come down, and come at once," said Mrs. Upjohn; "common respect for Lord Stromness requires it; besides, how can I ask other gentlemen until he is here to receive them?"

"Why, even for poor Carry's sake, he ought not to stay in London at this season."

"To be sure; that's another consideration," said Mrs. Upjohn.

Another urgent letter was despatched the next day to London, and, as a desperate effort, to get a gentleman to meet his lordship, and make a party of four, Mrs. Upjohn proposed to invite the poor young clergyman who was doing Mr. Blackadder's duty.

Miss Upjohn gave a little shrug; she supposed there was no help for it.

"He seems a decent gentlemanly young man," pursued her mother. "It was one of my poor dear father's rules, never to despise any one for being poor; the man who hasn't a shilling to-day, he used to say, may be a millionnaire to-morrow."

"Ask him, by all means," said her daughter, "I only hope it won't turn the young man's head."

The second dinner certainly went off better than the first. Mr. Choker, the "occasional," had plenty of small talk, such as it was;

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and he was very amusing, without in the least intending it, with all the hardships and grievances he had to undergo when he first arrived, Mr. Blackadder having gone away without making any arrangements to make him comfortable.

"He left out no sheets for my bed," said Mr. Choker, with the most pathetic earnestness, "and I had to send up to the house of a neighbouring farmer to borrow some mustard. I had a great mind to write to the Bishop."

"Very bad of Blackadder, indeed," said Lord Stromness; "but he treated me even worse, if that's any comfort to you."

"I never was used so before, wherever I have done occasional duty," continued the aggrieved minister of the gospel; "there was not even beer in the cellar, and it's the rule in all respectable parishes to provide beer at least, and there are very few cases where I've not found a bottle or two of port and sherry into the bargain."

"My cousin is a sad fellow, I must admit," said Lord Stromness; "I'll scold him well the next time I see him."

"Do, my lord; I hope you will. Why a friend of mine, who is only a Literate, once actually found a bottle of champagne which the rector left behind him—I always thought it must have been a mistake—but only think of a St. Bees-man being in such luck!"

Mr. Choker, however, was only diverting as long as he kept to his grievances: he spoiled all when he aimed at being entertaining; for he was so far from being overawed by the company he was in, or having "his head turned," that he began to poke fun at the viscount; and his puns not hitting the mark, he let off a volley of riddles at him, most of them of the irreverent kind known at Clapham and the evangelical watering-places as Sunday riddles, which, instead of amusing, utterly disgusted the strait-laced Scotchman, and much to his credit, for there is no kind of facetiousness more offensive to good taste.

So it was decided next day that Mr. Choker was not to be asked any more, except to tea or breakfast; and Mrs. Upjohn was forced to replace him with the village doctor, and a small squire in the neighbourhood whom she had never noticed before.

Again she wrote to her husband, this time with the bitterest urgency; she must invite suitable people to meet Lord Stromness whether he came or not.

But still it was to no purpose. Foxden, which poor Upjohn once so dearly loved for its tranquillity and beauty, was intolerable to him now. In vain he was minutely informed of all the improvements made in the little retreat where he had spent many of the happiest hours of his life. He wrote the most affectionate letters, and sent Lord Stromness the politest messages; but still pleaded business, and lingered at Cumberland Gate until the summer sun had

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burnt up all the verdure of the Park, and would have continued to linger on, if one day the doctor who occasionally visited his niece had not startled him by his account of the state of her health, and strongly advised her uncle to take her without the loss of a day to a German watering-place.

He had left England before his letter informing his family of this unexpected turn of events reached Foxden. He reported the physician's opinion to his wife with every possible mitigation; told her, what was indeed true, that the waters were also recommended to himself, and entreated her upon no account to allow his absence to interfere with her autumnal amusements.

Now Mrs. Upjohn, be it known, had never put the least faith in the doctors, who from time to time attended her niece, when they suggested Spas and Kissingens, and she had never once acted on their advice; so this move of her husband's made her very angry. She thought, and perhaps she was right, that the air of Cornwall would have been quite as good for poor Carry as any German waters. However, anything was better than the state of suspense she had been left in. She had now the very best reasons to give her friends for Mr. Upjohn's absence from home; and having been assured on the best authority that there was no immediate cause for alarm about "her dear child," she issued her writs of hospitality, and had soon as large a party assembled as Foxden, with the help of the inn, could conveniently accommodate.

Lord Stromness had in the meantime made himself agreeable, sometimes riding with Miss Upjohn, which her mother encouraged as much as she could, sometimes driving with both ladies, sitting a fair time over his wine, insisting on having a whist in the evening, and proving in every way that he could make himself perfectly at home, although the master of the house was not. Mrs. Upjohn had been afraid at first that she would not be able to keep her distinguished guest for more than a few days; but she was soon at her ease on that head, he never talked of leaving; and had, in fact, no notion of leaving a house in a hurry where he was so comfortable and made so much of.

The noble lord was fond of rabbit-shooting; and it was indeed for this sport, which was very good in the islands, that he usually came in the autumn to spend some time with Blackadder; but Mrs. Upjohn never could persuade him to go shooting as long as he was the only gentleman in the house. There would be time enough to think of the rabbits, and he protested he was more agreeably occupied in squiring the ladies.

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Chapter XXXVI.

THE FESTIVITIES AT FOXDEN, AND WHO GRACED THEM. HOW MRS. UPJOHN WAS USED IN HER OWN HOUSE, AND HOW MR. COSIE'S PROMOTION SPOILED HER APPETITE.

When the gaiety once commenced there was plenty of it. If Mrs. Upjohn loved anything more, it was state and importance, and she now began to make herself really felt as the great lady of the country. Suddenly she now blazed forth as Mrs. Rowley Upjohn Rowley of Oakham. People lengthen their names as they grow great; the world smiles at first, but it acquiesces at last; it being worth nobody's while to ask questions.

The party now in the house, beside Lord Stromness, consisted of the two Miss Lovibonds, a pair of rattling beauties whose faces were all their fortunes; they were invited because such girls were necessary to attract the kind of men Mrs. Upjohn wanted. Heavy men enough they were, heaven knows; so much so that Captain Motley, a heavy dragroon, and one of the heaviest, was a star amongst them; and it would not have been easy to say in what his starriness consisted, except that he changed his costume five or six times a day. There was Mr. Bittern, too, with a beak and voice like a macaw's, and whose sole merit was a knack he had of saying unpleasant things, with the air of meaning nothing particular. There was also a Mr. Strangeways, who never knew anybody, but knew everybody's brother or cousin; and Mr. Paul Pickford, a relative of the Rowleys, who passed his life with a cigar in his mouth, on the look-out for something under Government. Paul happened once to be at a house where Mrs. Rowley was staying, and one day in taking a short cut across the lawn, where the ground was marshy, he got himself into a mess. Mrs. Rowley, who saw him from a window, exclaimed, "Paul has got into something at last."

There was also Colonel Bungalow, a dreary old Indian, who had killed a tiger, and made every one wish that the brute had killed him; and Mr. Greenwich, a would-be astronomer, who lounged about half-asleep all the day, but as soon as the sun set was as lively as a bat; came out with a telescope under his arm, and insisted on teaching the ladies the names of the stars, and showing them Jupiter's belts, without being very particular whether the planet was Jupiter himself or Venus. This scientific gentleman, with Mr. Bittern and the Indian, were quartered at the hotel.

The ladies, besides the Lovibonds, included a keen corpulent card-playing dowager, Mrs. Rollick, well known in every continental casino, and her niece, Miss Bracken, a buxom botanist, with a spe-

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ciality for lichens and ferns; there was also Mrs. Rous, a bustling widow, who controlled the arrangements of every house she was in, if her usurpation was for a moment brooked; Miss Tucker, tall, thin, and thirty, with blue spectacles, and the march of a drum-major; and little Mrs. St Ives, from the Land's-End, who knew all the cromlechs in the shire, and had the story of the "Nine Merry Maidens" at her fingers' ends.

Several families too, whose houses were within practicable distances, were now beginning to come down to their seats; so that there were soon young people enough for balls and archery meetings, and all the amusements that require a large muster. In short, there was promise of dissipation enough to glut even Mrs. Rowley Upjohn, who grew brighter daily, as did her daughter also, who was beginning to see Lord Stromness with her mother's eyes, and get reconciled to his years and whiskers. His lordship, on his part, without being demonstrative, was behaving as well as any mother could wish, and except that Mr. Bittern every now and then made untoward allusions to family matters, Mrs. Upjohn's felicity was perfect as long as she was allowed to be mistress in her own house. But, unfortunately, the success of Mrs. Upjohn's hospitalities depended on all occasions as well as this, much less on herself than on her guests. Parties in country houses are managed in as many different ways as parties in politics, and it is not always the nominal head who rules. Some people have the good sense to leave their guests to amuse themselves—only providing the means (horses, carriages, boats, billiards, &c.)—as well as they can. Others insist on being supreme under their own roofs, but in this case all depends on the tact and taste with which the supremacy is maintained. As long as Mrs. Upjohn took the reins she miscarried deplorably; and, sooner or later, she was always obliged to resign the box, and allow a faction of her guests to order everything, which they generally did in secret committees, generally held after breakfast, at which, if the lady of the house had been present, she would often have heard remarks that were not flattering.

One particular morning, for instance, after the company had been not many days assembled, it would not have gratified Mrs. Upjohn to have heard such a discussion as the following.

"This won't do at all," said Mrs. Rous, "if we are to stay here for two or three weeks. I have no notion of coming down to breakfast at any hour I am ordered. Dinner is another thing, of course; but I won't be rung down to breakfast."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Ives, "though I always like to comply with the mistress of the house."

"The matron of the establishment, you mean," said Mr. Bittern, subduing his scream to an audible whisper.

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"Fie, Mr. Bittern," said Mrs. Rollick; "remember walls have ears; and, besides, she really does act the lady surprisingly sometimes."

"And there's another thing," said Mrs. Rous authoritatively; "why shouldn't we have coffee on the terrace on a fine evening, instead of sitting in a stupid circle in the drawing-room?—after all, this is not Windsor Castle."

"Let us have it on the terrace to-night," said several voices.

"You shall," said Mrs. Rous; "I take it on myself."

"And, Mrs. Rous, dear," said Mrs. Rollick, "when you are about it, could you not manage to get poor Captain Motley a rubber before dinner?

"One word for Motley and two for herself," murmured Mr. Bittern, but not in a tone for Mrs. Rollick to hear.

"I'll see about that too," said Mrs. Rous. "Oh, in a day or two, I hope, we'll get things right. After all, to do her justice, she is not hard to manage; one has only to tell her that such a thing is done in one grand house and such a thing in another, that they do this at Trentham and that at Knowsley, and you can make her do anything. I think I can promise you and Captain Motley your rubber before dinner."

"Oh, don't think of me at all," said Mrs. Rollick, who was just the most inveterate whist-player in England; "but the poor Captain always looks, about six o'clock, as if he were going to hang himself, and I know it's for want of his innocent rubber. We never play higher than half-sovereigns."

"For my part," said Mr. Bittern, "I have everything I want in this house, except freedom of speech."

"Oh, really Mr. Bittern, I never should have expected you to make that complaint," said Mrs. St. Ives.

"And why not? I'm positively tongue-tied. I never was in a house where so many topics are tabooed, or where there seem to be so many cupboards and a skeleton in every one of them."

"You tongue-tied, indeed!" said Miss Lovibond; "do let me cut the string." And she ran over to him with a pair of scissors.

"Hush, hush!" said Mrs. Rollick, raising her finger.

"The matron coming?" said Mr. Bittern.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Rous.

And the sweeping in of Mrs. Upjohn broke up the committee.

If Mr. Bittern's tongue was tied in the morning, it was rather too loose at night for the comfort of his hostess. But, to do him justice, he trod on her corns on this occasion without *malice prepense*.

"What have you been doing with yourself all day, Mr. Bittern?" said Mrs. Rous, as soon as they sat down to dinner.

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"Strolling about," he replied; "and I had an adventure. I was really in a most dangerous situation."

"Fell among thieves!" said Miss Bracken.

"Worse," said Mr. Bittern; "among beauties. I came upon a gang of them on the other side of the river—three bouncing rosy country girls, with the delicious name of Cosie. Really, Mrs. Upjohn we must petition you to ask them to your next dance."

Mrs. Upjohn pretended not to hear, but Miss Upjohn gave Mr. Bittern to understand that the Cosies were not people to be invited; they were only retired tradespeople from London.

"But when the father's a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county?" said Mr. Bittern.

"Oh no," said Mrs. Upjohn, "you are misinformed, Mr. Cosie is no such thing."

"I can only say," said Mr. Bittern, "that my authority is his own daughters; he has just been appointed."

Nobody at the table could understand why Mrs. Upjohn was so annoyed as she was by this seemingly unimportant event. Her face suddenly assumed that black look, and her eye flamed with that sinister expression, which they had not worn for some time, at least before company. However, she controlled the busy member until she was alone in her dressing-room with her daughter when the evening was over. There she indulged it with her usual freedom, attributing Mr. Cosie's promotion to Mrs. Rowley's influence, and ending by declaring that her husband should never wear his uniform of D.L. again.

Another exasperating incident, even more exasperating, happened not long after, but it will be related more properly in connection with the events in the next chapter.

Chapter XXXVII.

LORD STROMNESS GOES RABBIT SHOOTING. MR. ARNAUD PREACHES AN ODD SERMON, AND MRS. UPJOHN GIVES A PIC-NIC.

There being nothing now to interfere with his rabbit-shooting, Lord Stromness took his gun one fine morning, and accompanied by three other men of the party, went over to the islands. The best shooting was on the island where Arnaud had quartered himself. His hut was situated on a narrow plateau of heath and gorse, both now in high bloom. A wall of lofty rocks sheltered it on one side, while the other sloped sheer down to the sea, which on the calmest of summer days breaks on that coast in musical thunder. The path the sportsmen followed on landing led them, after some time, to the wall

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of rocks through a cleft in which it wound upwards, by a sort of rude spiral stair, until you gained the top of the gorge, and stood right over the hut or shed. Except for a slender column of smoke, nobody would have suspected the existence of a human habitation in such a spot, for it was as solitary as it was wild; the dwellings of the natives being on another side of the island. Among the crags, as they ascended, Lord Stromness and his friends got some shots, and bagged a few conies, after which they descended towards the hut, the door of which stood open; but there was no one there. They looked in, and were greatly surprised at what they saw. On a rude table in the middle lay a gun and powder-flask, a pocket telescope, a Bible, which was open, several other books, and, what surprised them most of all, some letters were lying about in a lady's hand. The floor was covered with coarse matting, the walls were merely white-washed, the furniture of the most modest kind, the only wardrobe was a rope slung across the hut from which hung all the raiment the owner probably had beyond the clothes on his back. On a slow peat fire simmered a pot, which sent forth a savoury smell, as if something like an Irish stew was in preparation for the dinner of the luxurious proprietor.

"Very extraordinary!" said Lord Stromness; "at once so wild and so civilised. I only wish the master of the house were at home."

"I feel as if I could sit down and dine with him," said Captain Motley, "that mess smells so well; he seems to take good care of himself, great a divine as he is."

"Let us leave him a brace of rabbits," said Lord Stromness, "and proceed; we may possibly meet this singular personage on our walk."

They left the place, and wandered here and there through the bracken and purple heath, enjoying the beauties of the isle too much to do the rabbits much harm; but for some time not a human being appeared. At length, near the top of a granite ridge which ran across the island, Captain Motley, whose sight was the best of the party, descried a remarkable figure, which he pointed out immediately to his companions. Whoever it was, his back was turned to the sportsmen; he seemed to have climbed the ridge, and to be now about to go down on the other side.

"He's a giant," said Lord Stromness; "we ought to have left him all the rabbits."

"Hermit, or pirate, or whatever he is," said the Captain, "how he strides along, and how lustily he smokes; what a cloud he sends out at every puff!"

Arnaud, for of course it was he, was soon hidden from them by the nature of the ground, and it took a quarter of an hour to gain the summit of the ridge themselves. When they did, they saw a curious and striking spectacle.

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On a number of huge stones, arranged in a small irregular semicircle, and probably one of the countless Druidical monuments of the county, were seated some twenty or thirty people of both sexes and all ages, probably the majority of the wild population of the island. In front of this uncouth audience, on a block more elevated than the others, sat Arnaud with one leg across the other in a careless, lounging, conversational posture, still smoking his pipe energetically, but talking powerfully between the puffs, and evidently riveting, both by his speech and gesticulations, the attention of his hearers in a marvellous way. Some of them were smoking too, but the pipes of many had gone out in the earnestness of their listening.

The sportsmen held their breath with curiosity and interest, and gradually approached the spot. They were observed by all without any interruption either of Arnaud's talk or of his hearer's attention.

It was a kind of conversational sermon or lecture he was delivering in this odd fashion, and they soon discovered that the pipe itself was supplying him with quaint but striking illustrations of the lessons he wished to enforce.

"It was once a green leaf," he told them, the weed that stuffed their pipes, "such was all flesh, such the state of man—to-day green and flourishing, to-morrow cut down and withered. When you smoke, my friends, think of your mortality. And when you knock the ashes out of your pipes, as they fall to the ground, and mix with the dust, think of it again, for your dust returns to the earth also. Let us take another lesson from our pipes. See how foul they soon grow within, and must be cleansed, or they are only fit to be flung away. So it is with ourselves—foul with evil thoughts and evil passions, until the words of truth awaken the conscience, or until God touches our hearts. Think of all this, good people, when you smoke. Again; this tobacco, given us for our use and comfort, is but a small plant, but let it remind us that a great plant likewise was cut down for our advantage—a divine plant, no less great than the Vine of the heavenly vineyard, the Vine of God's own husbandry, planted in His mercy for us, and cut down for our eternal welfare."

Here he stopped to rekindle his pipe which had gone out, borrowing a light from the fisherman nearest to him. While he was doing this he continued: "We cannot light our pipes, my friends, without fire; and even so, when our hearts are cold and our souls dark, we must light them up and warm them with the heavenly flame of love—the love of God, or, which is the same thing, the love of one another."

Here he stopped again, and gave one of his strenuous puffs. The spiral wreath of blue vapour mounted slowly to the sky, and gradually melted away in the firmament. Arnaud gazed upwards and followed it with his bright earnest eyes while it ascended the blue concave.

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"Mark," he cried, with solemnity, "how it climbs the sky; behold how it goes up from earth to heaven and seems to unite both! Let our hearts ascend in like manner in prayer to our Father which is in heaven. Prayer is the incense of a sincere and fervent heart, and never goes up to God but His mercy and His love come down to man. Let us therefore pray in the words which our great Prophet and Master has himself taught us."

He knelt; all knelt with him; the sportsmen who had not come there to pray, knelt down with the rest, and Arnaud repeated the sublime and simple form which priests, in flat disobedience to the express words of Christ himself, dilute into tedious liturgies with such vain superfluity of verbiage.

So ended the short service, the strangest, but the most impressive, that the sportmen had ever assisted at, though Lord Stromness, at least, had heard in the Highlands, during the Secession, rough and eloquent men minister and preach on the hill-side under the roof of heaven.

Lord Stromness and the rest would gladly have introduced themselves to Arnaud when the meeting broke up, but he had not the opportunity, for Arnaud was gone almost as soon as he rose from his knees, and strode away in an opposite direction. On their return to Foxden, the account they gave the company at dinner of the scene they had witnessed, and the striking figure, and still more striking and eccentric preaching of the singular missionary, excited so much interest in the company, a little jaded with the heavy routine of the Foxden entertainments, that an expedition to the island was immediately proposed for an early day, if the sea should be smooth enough to make it safe and agreeable. What chiefly, however, piqued Mrs. Upjohn's curiosity was, not the account of the sermon, but an observation made by Mr. Pickford, who sat beside her.

"I don't know," he said, "whether you ever saw the late Mr. Evelyn?"

"No, never," she replied.

"Well," said Mr. Pickford, "I knew him, and this strange preacher reminded me of him in several respects, not only his features, in which there is a strong resemblance, but his voice and gesticulation, which are Mr. Evelyn's all over, particularly when he was riding one of his benevolent hobbies. Do you know anything about him? I should not be surprised if he was an Evelyn."

Mrs. Upjohn knew nothing, but said that a picnic on the island would probably enable them to find out who he was, and in announcing the picnic to her guests, she spoke in a highly patronising way of the admirable young man who was sacrificing himself for the benefit of the poor ignorant people, and, only for the presence of

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Lord Stromness, would not have lost the opportunity of hitting Mr. Blackadder hard for having left the good work to be done by a stranger.

The day on the island was a very jolly one. A place was fixed for the dinner on the heath, and while the servants were spreading it out, Mrs. Upjohn and her friends strolled about, in knots of two or three, taking different directions, it having been previously agreed that whoever fell in with Arnaud, should invite him, in Mrs. Upjohn's name, to the banquet. Lord Stromness, fearing that the gayest and most thoughtless of the party might not behave with becoming reverence, in case another service should be found going on, such as he had been present at, affected to have forgotten the way to the place, but when the party had broken up into knots, he conducted Mrs. Upjohn herself, her daughter, and Mr. Pickford, as nearly as he could in the proper direction. But when they reached the spot it was deserted and silent, only some ravens were croaking among the stones, where "the voice of one crying in the wildnerness" had been heard on the former occasion.

"Perhaps we shall find him in his hut," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Let us try," said Lord Stromness, and led the way to the spot.

This time the wild man was at home; they found him lying at full length on his back, in the heath before his door, reading a letter, his gun at his side, corresponding with his costume much better than his costume did with the duties which he discharged. Lord Stromness was well pleased that he had not brought the rollicking Miss Lovibonds with him, for it would not have been easy to keep them to their good behaviour in presence of a spectacle which certainly had its ludicrous side. But whatever might have been the first impulse of Mrs. Upjohn and her daughter, the moment Arnaud rose to salute them, his dignified deportment suppressed every inclination to ridicule. Without making a word of apology for the poverty of his mansion, he merely said that he could offer them more luxurious seats out of doors than he could within, and at the same time motioned the ladies to a divan of nature's upholstery, which might indeed have vied with any couch at Foxden, both for softness and colour.

Mrs. Upjohn was condescending enough to take the seat offered her, which she did however in her grandest way, spreading out her voluminous silks over the heather. She had already learned Arnaud's name, and addressed him by it with many more fine speeches than it is necessary to record. She had heard such reports of his eloquence and of the wonderful good he was doing that she could not rest until she had made a pilgrimage to his cell. No words could express her admiration for the heroic self-sacrifices he was making, giving up all the pleasures of this life and all the opportunities of

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distinguishing himself in the world. She declared she would not have believed such a man existed if she had not seen him with her own eyes.

"As to the pleasures of this life, Mrs. Upjohn," replied Arnaud, who did not doubt for a moment who this very superb lady was, "that depends on the notions of pleasure a man has. According to my notions of things the life I lead is as pleasant as a man can reasonably expect to have."

"But you must still allow me," she insisted, "to admire more than I can express the sacrifices you make of yourself for others, with talents like yours, which, if they were only known to the public, would almost certainly lead to promotion, perhaps even to a bishopric."

Arnaud now laughed outright.

"A bishopric!" he cried, "why, madam, I consider myself a bishop already:—

'I'm bishop of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute:'

this hut is my palace; this island is my see; and if I have no fine linen to boast of, I think I've got purple enough, for you see I roll in it. Don't talk to me of bishoprics. I once saw a bishop in London, and I wouldn't have all the buttons of his gaiters to do and undo every day of my life for his rank and his fortune."

"You would have a valet or a chaplain to do all that for you," said Lord Stromness, who, being a Presbyterian, had no objection to the fling at episcopacy.

"Well, at all events, dear Mr. Arnaud," persevered Mrs. Upjohn, "it must be a great privation to a man like you to live in this kind of society."

"Very good society, madam, I assure you," replied Arnaud, warming and growing impatient: "I don't think there's a sycophant, or a hypocrite, or a tuft-hunter, or a spendthrift in all my diocese; the men are honest and laborious, the women industrious and chaste, and they drink their tea, let me tell you, without taking away the characters of their neighbours."

"Oh, no doubt," said Mrs. Upjohn, who did not like some points in this speech, and fidgeted on her seat, as if there was a little of the furze latent among the heather, "the poor have their humble virtues, which nobody admires more than I do. I make it a rule to stand up for the poor, as my poor dear father always did; but then I can't forget that they have their faults too."

"Oh yes, they have," said Arnaud, regarding her fixedly and almost sternly; "they have their faults and their passions like other people. I am sorry to say I have even met with instances of envy

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and covetousness among them, though you would hardly believe it. When I came here first there were two sisters——"

"I'm afraid, Mr. Arnaud, we must leave you," said Mrs. Upjohn, wriggling again on her soft cushion.

"Let us hear about the two sisters," said one of the gentlemen.

"Oh, it's a very short story," said Arnaud, "and only shows that the poor have the same passions as the rich. One of the sisters had an old copper kettle willed her on a dirty scrap of paper by an uncle who was dying, and the other was as furious as if it had been a landed estate; so she stole into the dead man's hut, the night before he was buried, and what do you think she did?"

"Made away with the kettle, I presume," said Mrs. Upjohn, growing very impatient.

"No, ma'am," said Arnaud, "she made away with the will."

"Very interesting, indeed—a very amusing story," said Mrs. Upjohn, getting up in as great a hurry as if she was pricked all over, through silks and buckram and everything. If Lord Stromness had not reminded her, she would have gone away without inviting Mr. Arnaud to dinner, which, however, she did with tolerable courtesy, though it cost her an effort.

But Arnaud declined the honour with studied civility. The letter he held in his hand, he said, announced the death of an aged relative in the valleys of Piedmont.

Before they went, however, Mr. Pickford, in saluting Arnaud, asked him—if the question was not impertinent—whether he was not a relative of the Evelyn family, excusing himself for making the inquiry by the strong resemblance which he had remarked.

"Not at all," replied Arnaud; "I knew Mr. Evelyn when I was a boy; but my family are simple Vaudois peasants."

Saying this, he bowed to the whole party, and turned into his hut.

"It is very strange," said Mr. Pickford to Mrs. Upjohn, who had meanwhile been recovering from the perturbation into which the parable of the copper kettle had thrown her; "but the likeness strikes me even more to-day than it did on the former occasion."

"He has plenty of self-conceit, whoever he is," said Mrs. Upjohn. "It is easy for a man to despise bishoprics and other good things, who has never been tempted, nor is likely to be tempted, with them. I dare say he is very good, and all that, but he may have other reasons for burying himself here besides those he wishes to get credit for."

Mr. Pickford, having his own thoughts to occupy him, continued to walk at her side without attending to what she was saying. At length he said, rather abruptly—

"What a serious matter it would be to Mrs. Rowley if her brother were to turn up!"

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Mrs. Upjohn gave a little start, but whatever motion she betrayed at the new idea suggested by the question, her parasol concealed from Mr. Pickford, who, without waiting for a reply, or pursuing the topic further, joined the other ladies of the party.

In a few moments more they arrived at the place where the dinner was spread, and in the general devotion to the cold chickens and claret-cup, Arnaud was soon forgotten, except by one member of the party, who seldom did so little justice to her dinner.

The sun had sunk in the Atlantic when the party regained the *terra-firma*. They landed, not at the place where they had embarked, but on a point close under the decayed manor-house of old Oakham, near which the carriages had been ordered to take them up. Mrs. Upjohn and her daughter were walking side by side, talking earnestly together of the singular likeness observed by Mr. Pickford. When they came under the old house, they observed, with nothing short of amazement, that there was a scaffolding about one side of it, and, scattered about, were heaps of lime and sand, and masons' tools, unmistakable signs that repairs were intended, if they had not been actually commenced.

"What can this mean?" said Mrs. Upjohn aside to her daughter, for the rest of the party were close to them.

"It just means, mamma," replied Harriet, in the same tone, "that we are not done with Mrs. Rowley yet."

"Was there ever such audacity? It must be the girls who are doing it, or she must be doing it with their money."

"It comes to the same thing," said Harriet.

As Mrs. Upjohn was stepping into her carriage, she asked her footman whether he knew anything about the building that was going on, or who ordered it?

"Mr. Cosie, ma'am, they say; the works were only begun this morning."

Lord Stromness was just behind, so no remarks were made, and the deepening twilight helped the ladies of Foxden to conceal their feelings.

Mrs. Upjohn had a headache when she got home, and kept her room that evening.

Before she went to her pillow she was joined by her daughter, but it cannot be necessary to repeat in detail the amiable conversation which they held together. In the course of it the fair mother got up repeatedly and raged about the room in her dimity, like a white squall. She saw, as clear as daylight, that she was not going to have a quiet reign of it, with all her precautions. As her daughter had said, they were not done with Mrs. Rowley yet.

"It is plain she has too much left," said Miss Upjohn, rather sleepily, for she was tired after the day.

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"Nothing left, perhaps, if everybody had his rights!" stormed the mother.

"Some people are very hard to crumple up," said the daughter, going away to her room.

"Crumpled up she shall be!" said the mother, passionately stamping the floor when she was alone. "I have an account to settle with her yet, great an accountant as she thinks herself. I'll never rest until I find out who that young man is, little as I like him."

By a remarkable coincidence, the same question that molested Mrs. Upjohn's slumbers that night, was also disquieting, in his solitude, the very gentleman in whom she was so amiably interested. He did not know who he was any more than the lady of Foxden. The letter, already alluded to, had informed him of something that touched him nearer than the death of the old pastor, the protector of his childhood, who had so long survived in complete mental paralysis the night in which his life had been saved by Alexander's prowess.

"Your old friend," said the letter, "has at last been released, and had, in his last moments, an extraordinary, but not, I believe, unprecedented, revival of his faculties vouchsafed to him—it would seem providentially—to enable him to make a disclosure, which has astonished us all here, and will no doubt equally astonish you. Briefly, he was not your uncle, nor were you the child of your reputed Italian parents. Who your parents were he knew not. All we could gather from him was, that, on the death of your reputed mother, she had confided you to his care, with the custody of a box containing documents of the utmost importance, exacting from him a solemn promise not to deliver it to you, or acquaint you with the fact that you were not her son, until you should attain the age of five-and-twenty. That box—most unfortunately, I fear, for you—lies buried for ever with the ruins of the house in which you passed your childhood, and if ever the secret it contains shall be disclosed, it must probably be by means impossible for us to divine. We must only pray that the same Power which has permitted even so little to be revealed in so strange a way, will, in His own good time, bring the whole mystery to light. There is nothing more for me to add, but that all these valleys pray for you as I do; and whatever may be your true origin, will always honour and love you as one of their worthiest sons."

Such was the singular communication which Arnaud held in his hand, and had only glanced at, when Mrs. Upjohn and her friends visited him, and which left him the same problem to solve which that beneficent lady was so anxious to solve for him, if only she could do so in a way of her own.

In one sense he was no longer a man of obscure origin, he was

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not the son of the Vaudois peasant; but, in another sense, his birth was obscurer than ever; for he had now no known father at all. Reflecting on this, his thoughts naturally reverted to his old benefactor, Mr. Evelyn, whom he had often heard, not only from Alexander and Woodville, but from Mrs. Rowley herself, and, last of all, that very day from Mr. Pickford, that he so strongly resembled. Beyond the likeness, and the circumstance that his age would tally with that of Mrs. Rowley's brother, if he was in existence, there was nothing to give the colour of probability to such an idea; and if he did not at once dismiss it from his mind, it was only to think what a calamity it would be if he were indeed Mr. Evelyn's son and heir, and what a monster he would be to wish it. He would have counted himself the most abject slave of Mammon that ever crawled the earth if he had not shrunk with horror from the idea of ousting his sister from the only property her enemies had left her, only because they could not touch it. If that was the secret the box contained, he rejoiced that the fallen mountain covered it. His first natural impulse was to communicate to Mrs. Rowley the news he had received from the Valleys. He intended it that night when he went to rest, but he reflected, on his pillow, that she might possibly jump at the very inferences he dreaded, and take he knew not what steps to work them out. She was capable of sparing no expense to disentomb that box out of friendship for him, regardless of any consequences to herself. The thought delayed the approach of sleep, and troubled it when at last it came. Arnaud seldom woke so unrefreshed as he did on the following morning, but after a plunge in the Atlantic his giantship was himself again.

Mrs. Upjohn was calmer the next morning also, on reflection that the manor-house was much too dilapidated to be made fit for habitation at least for several months; and where else could Mrs Rowley possibly plant herself, if she had the brass to attempt another invasion of Cornwall?

In the hall of Foxden, which was also the billiard-room, hung a counterpart of Mr. Cosie's map of the little peninsula, which the reader has already seen. Often had Mrs. Upjohn stood before it, exulting in the thought that Foxden and "The Meadows" were the only houses in the district which a family of any position could possibly occupy. Where else could her rival lay her head, unless she pitched her tent on the common like a gipsy, or settled in some cavern along the coast? Now that sense of perfect security, the sauce of all human enjoyment, was gone, but still the dreaded danger was not immediate; there would be time enough to take her measures when she had made up her mind what measures to take. For the present season, at least, her supremacy seemed safe enough.

MARMION SAVAGE.

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THE WORSHIP OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

PART II.—TOTEM-GODS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

WE now proceed to examine the case of the ancient nations. Inasmuch as these had, before the dawn of their histories, advanced far in civilisation (otherwise their histories, which depend on monuments and literary records, could not have commenced) we should expect that in the interval which intervened between their being in the Totem stage—supposing they were ever in it—and the beginning of authentic records, the Totems, if they were to become gods, would be promoted to a distinct place as the gods of the tribes that possessed them, and be the objects to them of regular religious worship. Looking again to the results of exogamy and female kinship, we might expect that while here and there, perhaps, a tribe might appear with a single animal god, as a general rule tribes and nations should have as many animal and vegetable gods as there were distinct stocks in the population. Some one animal we should expect to find in a first place among the animal gods of a people as being the god of the dominant tribe; but we should not expect to find the same animal dominant in all quarters, or worshipped even everywhere within the same nation Moreover, since if the ancient nations came through the Totem stage their animal and vegetable gods must have been of more ancient standing than the anthropomorphic gods, such as Zeus, Apollo, and Poseidon, we should expect to find in the sacred legends some hints of that priority. If we find any great number of such gods worshipped by the ancients, and if we find hints of their priority; still more if we find tribes named after the sacred animals, and having them for their ensigns; and, lastly, should we find the worshippers believing themselves to be, or having traditions, such as the Kirghiz have, that they were of the stock or breed of the animal they worshipped,—then we think we may safely conclude that so many concurring indications of the Totem stage having been passed through are not misleading—that, in fact, the ancient nations had in the prehistoric times been in the same case as that in which we now find the natives of Australia. It will be a confirmation of this conclusion should we find the hypothesis that they *had* been in the Totem stage, to make intelligible numerous legends that have hitherto appeared entirely without meaning. It will be a further confirmation should we find that there is evidence that the ancient nations had been exogamous, and had the system of kinship through females only.

What evidence then have we to show that the ancient nations

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came through the Totem stage? If they did, it was in pre-historic times. About these we have some facts preserved in the signs of the Zodiac, the majority of which are animals, or compounds of human and animal forms. We have another set of facts in the fanciful forms of those constellations which were figured, pre-historically, in animal forms.[1]

Some of the stellar groups, we know, were named after gods or deified heroes. Were the animal groups named after gods also, or how was it the animals came to be promoted to the heavens? There is nothing in the grouping of the stars to suggest the animal forms: no one can seriously pretend to perceive materials for any such suggestion. The stars, we must believe, were long familiar objects of study and observation before they were grouped and named; that they were conceived to be *beings* we may say we know. How came the early students of the heavens to name the groups from animals, and even many of the individual stars? The probability is, that in ancient as in modern times, stars, when named, were given names of distinction, that commanded respect, if not veneration; and the suggestion therefore is, that the animals whose names were transferred to the stars or stellar groups, were on earth highly if not religiously regarded. The legends that have come down to us explanatory of the transference to the heavens of particular animals, bear out this suggestion. It will immediately be shown that nearly all the animals so honoured were anciently worshipped as gods.

Let us see what the animals are. There is first of all the serpent in the constellation Serpentarius, which some said represented Æsculapius; there are also Scorpio and Draco—the scorpion and dragon; there is the horse—Pegasus; the bull—Taurus; the lion—Leo; the dog—Canis (major and minor); the swan—Cygnus; the doves (according to some)—the Pleiades; the ram—Aries; the goat—Capricornus; the fishes—Pisces; the bear—Ursa (major and minor); the crab—Cancer; and the asses' colts—the Aselli. There are others, but this selection will suffice for our purposes at present.

1. *The Serpent.*—We take the case of the serpent first, because

(1) The Zodiacal constellations figured on the porticoes of the Temples of Denderah and Esne, in Egypt, are of great antiquity. "M. Dupuis, in his 'Origine des Cultes,' has, from a careful investigation of the position of these signs, and calculating precession at its usual rate, arrived at the conclusion that the earliest of them dates from 4,000 B.C. M. Fourier, in his 'Recherches sur la Science,' makes the representations at Esne 1,800 years older than M. Dupuis. . . . The truth seems to be that nothing is as yet definitely known of these ancient representations; for the manner in which the investigations have been mixed up with the Biblical question of the antiquity of man has prevented any truly scientific research."—Chambers's Encyc. Art. Zodiac. The ancient Zodiacal figures of the Hindus, ancient Persians, Chinese, and Japanese, in some respects resemble those of the Egyptians. Mr. Williams, of the Astronomical Society, informs me that three of the Chinese signs are named from the quail. The symbols of the years in the Aztec Cycle were named after plants and animals. Neither these nor the two hundred gods in the Aztec Olympus have yet been examined.

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for several reasons it has been more studied than any other. The serpent faith was very wide-spread, and it has attracted special notice from the part assigned to the serpent in Genesis in connection with the fall of man. Faber and Bryant have both pretty fully investigated this subject, which has also been treated in a separate work by Mr. Bathurst Deane.[1] Lately (in 1864) M. Boudin handled it in what may be called a large pamphlet rather than a book,[2] and last year Mr. Fergusson's elaborate work[3] threw much light upon it, at the same time that it has done more than any previous work to draw public attention to this extraordinary religion.

It is unnecessary to adduce the evidence which establishes the prevalence, in ancient and modern times, of this worship. It is a fact conceded on all hands, and in Mr. Fergusson's book it is demonstrated. That work, also, is very important in this respect, that it abounds in photographic illustrations from the Buddhist Topes of Sanchi and Amravati, which enable the reader to realise the fact that the worship was *real* worship. Men and women are exhibited in the sculptures in the act of adoring the Serpent God, so that the actuality of the worship is, by the book, as vividly impressed on the mind as it could be by attendance at divine service in a Serpent Temple—say at Cambodia. In Cambodia, indeed, one would have found the god to be a living serpent—a Totem—whereas these sculptures show that the living serpent had, among the Buddhists, lost rank, *the* god being a heavenly (Ophi-morphic) being whose symbol was a serpent of five, seven, or nine heads, such as never had been seen upon earth. In short, we are enabled to see from Mr. Fergusson's work that the serpent religion, starting from the worship of the living animal as its root, had grown into a refined faith, comprising a belief in a spirit world in which the Serpent God held high rank; and in an Olympus in which other gods were combined with him, and in which, below the gods, were angelic beings of various orders of standing and power. It is remarkable that the divine nature of these angelic beings in human form is demonstrated by serpents springing from behind their backs or from their shoulders, as the divinity of angels and cherubs in our own symbolism is indicated by their wings.

Mr. Fergusson's introductory essay shows that the worship of the serpent has, at some time or other, found a place in the religious system of every race of men. It had its place in Egypt and in Palestine, even among the Hebrews; in Tyre and Babylon, in Greece and Rome; among the Celts and Scandinavians in Europe; in Persia and Arabia; in Cashmere and India; in China and Thibet; in

(1) "The Worship of the Serpent." London, 1830.
(2) "Culte du Phallus; Culte du Serpent. Études Anthropologiques." Paris, 1864.
(3) "Tree and Serpent Worship," by James Fergusson, F.R.S. India Museum, London.

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Mexico and Peru; in Abyssinia, and generally throughout Africa, where it still flourishes as the state religion in Dahomey; in Java and Ceylon; among the Fijians, with whom, as we saw, it still prevails; and in various quarters in Oceania. Not less well established is the fact that it was a terribly real faith, with its priests and temples, its highly-organised ecclesiasticism and ritual, its offerings and sacrifices, all ordered according to a code. The code, the ideas of the divine government, the god himself even, varied from point to point, there being no more uniformity observable here than elsewhere in a matter of faith. In one place the god was a living serpent; in another a collection of serpents, as if the whole species was religiously regarded. Here, again, the object of worship was an image of a living serpent; there, an image of a creature of the religious imagination—a spiritual ideal—the five-headed, seven-headed, or nine-headed Naga. The god in some systems stood alone, was *the* god—God; in others he had associates, sometimes equal, sometimes even superior to himself, such as the sun, or fire, an anthropomorphic god, the emblems of the procreative power, some other animal, like the horse, or some tree or vegetable, or the ocean. But under all the varieties the fact is manifest of the serpent having attained *divine* honours; the character of being a good, wise, beneficent, powerful deity, to adore and propitiate whom was man's duty and privilege. We have cited no authorities in support of these statements, because the facts are indisputable and well known, and a general reference to the works of Bryant and Fergusson is therefore sufficient.[1] Two points, however, must be touched upon before we

(1) As to the *doctrines* of the serpent faith, we have, unfortunately, but meagre accounts. The Dahomans have both an earthly serpent and a heavenly. The earthly serpent (called Danh gbwe) is the first person in their Trinity, the others being trees and the ocean. Burton says of this serpent, "It is esteemed the supreme bliss and general good. It has a thousand Danh-si, or snake wives, married and single votaries, and its influence cannot be meddled with by the two others [trees and ocean] which are subject to it." It is believed to be immortal, omniscient, and all-powerful. In its worship there are solemn processions; prayers are addressed to it on every occasion, and answered by the snakes in conversation with the high-priest. The heavenly serpent is called Danh, and has for his emblem a coiled and horned snake of clay in a pot or calabash. He is the god of wealth. The priestesses, in this serpent system, are girls resembling the Nautch girls in the temples of Southern India, and when of age they are married to the god, who himself sets his seal upon them, marking them with his image under circumstances and with mysteries that are undivulged. Ancestral worship is conjoined with that of the snake in Dahomey, as it has been and is in other places, and with it almost certainly, and not with serpent-worship, are connected the horrible human sacrifices that occur on the coast of Guinea. The state of our information on the Dahoman religion is to be regretted, as a minute knowledge of the beliefs of the worshippers, and of their traditions regarding the history of their religion, would be valuable in this inquiry. It is equally to be regretted that we are without details as to the beliefs of the snake-worshippers of India, who, we learn from the Indian newspapers, are to be found throughout our Eastern empire. How much have we yet to learn of our contemporaries even under the same Government with ourselves! As we write, a letter appears from Bishop Crowther, re-

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can advance with our argument. The first respects the antiquity of the faith; and the second, the relations between the god and his worshippers.

(1.) Of the great antiquity of the faith there can be no doubt. Compared with it, all the religions are modern; they imply it at their foundations, and their earliest history is the record of its more or less complete suppression or subordination. The cultus prevailed, for example, among the Hebrews before the true faith. "With the knowledge we now possess," says Mr. Fergusson, "it does not seem so difficult to understand what was meant by the curse of the serpent [in Genesis]. . . . . When the writers of the Pentateuch set themselves to introduce the purer and loftier worship of Elohim, or Jehovah, it was first necessary to get rid of that earlier form of faith which the primitive inhabitants of the earth had fashioned for themselves." The curse, of course, was not on the serpent, but on the cultus. We find a similar story in Persia and in India, in both of which places this religion prevailed. "The serpent that beguiled Eve," says Max Müller, "seems hardly to invite comparison with the much grander conception of that terrible power of Vritra and Ahriman in the Veda and Avesta."[1] In the Avesta there is a great battle between Thraêtaona and Azhi dahâka, the destroying serpent.[2] The greatest exploit of Indra was the slaying of the serpent Ahi. "Where, O Maruts," he is made to say in one of the Vedic hymns, "was that custom of yours that you should join me who am alone in the killing of Ahi."[3] In another song Traitana takes the place of Indra in this battle; more frequently it is Trita who fights, but other gods also share in the same honour.[4]

specting serpent-worship at Brass, a station of the Niger mission. "No poultry," the Bishop says, "can be reared on account of the snake cobra, which is held sacred here. Not to be killed because sacred, they become possessors of the bushes, and prove a great nuisance to the country. They very often visited the poultry coops at night, and swallowed as many as they wanted; in consequence of which no poultry could be kept, either by the natives themselves, or by the supercargoes in their establishments on shore: neither goats, sheep, nor small pigs escaped them. Thus the country is literally impoverished by them." To support the superstition there are two articles in the treaty made and sanctioned by her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the Bight of Biafra and the Island of Fernando Po on November 17, 1856, one of which runs thus:—

"Article 12. That long detention having heretofore occurred in trade, and much angry feeling having been excited in the natives from the destruction by white men in their ignorance of a certain species of boa-constrictor that visits the houses, and which is ju-ju, or sacred, to the Brassmen, it is hereby forbidden to all British subjects to harm or destroy any such snake, but they are required, on finding the reptile on the premises, to give notice thereof to the chief man in town, who is to come and remove it away."

(1) Chips from a German Worship, vol. i. p. 155.

(2) *Idem*, p. 100.

(3) Müller's "Rig-Veda Sanhita," vol. i. p. 165.

(4) The Vedic Ahi was three-headed, like the heavenly Nagas in Mr. Fergusson's photographs, or like the Persian Zohâk, only one of Zohâk's three heads had become human.

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The result of Mr. Fergusson's investigations is to represent serpent-worship as the basis of the religions of India, excepting Sivaism, in which the bull has had the first place.[1] In Africa we most probably have the faith as it existed before the dawn of history.

"We know from the Egyptian monuments," says Mr. Fergusson, "that neither the physical features nor the social status of the negro have altered in the slightest degree during the last four thousand years. If the type was then fixed which has since remained unaltered, why not his religion also? There seems no *à priori* difficulty. No other people in the world seem so unchanged and unchangeable; movements and mixtures of races have taken place elsewhere. Christianity has swept serpent-worship out of what were the limits of the Roman world, and Mahomedanism has done the same over the greater part of Northern Africa. Neither influence has yet penetrated to the Gold Coast; and there, apparently, the negro holds his old faith and his old feelings fast, in spite of the progress of the rest of the world. It may be very horrible, but so far as we at present know, it is the oldest of human faiths, and is now practised with more completeness at Dahomey than anywhere else, at least at the present day."

(2.) It was common for those who had this worship to believe that the serpent was their progenitor. They were called, and called themselves, *Serpents*, after, *and as being of the breed* of their god. Whole peoples, says Bryant, had the serpent-name, and counted themselves as being of the Serpent-breed. The Æthiopians, for example, derived their name from the Serpent-God, Ops. So, he says, did the Elopians, Europeans, Oropians, Asopians, Inopians, and Ophionians.[2] The original title of all of these was *Ophites*. "In Phrygia and upon the Hellespont, whither they (the Ophites) sent out colonies very early, was a people styled Ὀφιογενεῖς, or of the Serpent-breed, who were said to retain an affinity and correspondence with serpents."[3] In Rhodes, an old name for which was Ophiusa; in Tenos, one of the Cyclades; in Cyprus, also of old styled Ophiusa and Ophiodes; in Crete and in the island Seriphus, it is related there were Serpent-tribes, or, as fable put it, swarms of *Serpents*, the personality of the tribes-men being lost in their name, as derived from the god. That this is the fact may be inferred from the tradition regarding the swarm at Paphos, where the serpents *had two legs*—Ὄφις πόδας ἔχων δύο.[4] Similarly at this day in India there are numerous tribes of *Nagas* on the north-eastern frontier, *i.e.*, literally, *Serpents*, who were undoubtedly so named from the Serpent-God, as the Snake Indians are named from their Totem.

(1) This, we shall see, is a very partial view. Besides the serpent and bull, the sun and moon; the sheep, goat, and elephant; and the tortoise, fish, boar, and lion, enter (as Totems) into the bases of the Hindu mythologies. *Fire* also we may believe was a Totem in India. The Piqua tribe (one of the tribes of the Shawanoese) are descended from a fabulous man generated in a fire.—Archæ. Amer., vol. i. p. 275.

(2) Ancient Mythology, vol. i. p. 481. The references to Bryant are to the Second Edition. Lond., 1775.

(3) See Bryant *ut supra;* Strabo, L. xiii. p. 880; Pliny, L. vii. c. 2. "Craces Pergamenus in Hellesponto circa Parium, genus hominum fuisse tradit, quos Ophiogenes vocat."

(4) Apollon. Discolus. Mirabil. c. 39. Cited by Bryant, l. c. vol. i. p. 482.

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The name *Nag* has passed into a family or stock named among Hindus generally. Colonel Meadows Taylor says, "It is a common name both for males and females among all classes of Hindus, from Brahmins down to the lowest classes of Sudras and Mléchhas."[1] The Athenians were esteemed Serpentigenæ; Ægeus, one of their kings, was reputed of the Serpent-breed; and the honour of having been first king of their country they assigned either to Δράκων, a dragon, or to Cecrops, who was *half* a snake—probably as being on the mother's side not of the Serpent stock. Sparta is said of old to have swarmed with serpents; and the same is related of Amyclæ, in Italy, which was a Spartan colony, the meaning of the tradition being that the inhabitants in either case were what in India would be called Nagas, and, in America, Snakes.[2] The kings of Abyssinia put the Serpent first on their list of kings as the progenitor of the royal line. In Peru, where the worship of the serpent was conjoined (as in many other cases) with sun-worship, the principal Deity in the Pantheon was the Sun-Serpent, whose wife—the female Serpent or female Sun—brought forth at one birth a boy and girl who became the first parents of mankind. So the Caribs—a fact already glanced at—relate that the first of their race was half a serpent, being the son of a Warru woman by a river-god. Being slain and cut in pieces by his mother's brothers, the pieces, when collected under a mass of leaves, grew into a mighty warrior, the progenitor of the Carib nation.[3]

The legends of Cashmere throw not a little light on these beliefs. They show us a doctrine resembling that worked out in the story of Elsie Venner—the serpent nature in the human body capable of being displaced by a proper human nature. An ancestor of Sakya Muni, for example, fell in love with a serpent-king's daughter, and married her. She could retain her human body, but occasionally a nine-headed snake sprang out of her neck. Her husband having struck it off one time when it appeared, she remained human ever after. Others of these legends represent a serpent-king (Naga Rajah) as "quitting his tank," becoming converted, and building churches; and a sinful Brahman as being turned into a Naga, and spending his life for some years thereafter in a lake.

It was a natural consequence of the serpent being believed, where

(1) "Tree and Serpent Worship," Appendix D. We infer from the statement that *Nag* is the name of a *gotra*.

(2) It is remarkable how many fables become intelligible when read in the light of this and similar facts which we shall produce. Take, for example, the case of Cadmus as interpreted in this light by Mr. Fergusson: "Cadmus fought and killed the dragon that devoured his men, and, sowing his teeth, raised soldiers for his own purpose. In Indian language, he killed the Naga Rajah [Serpent-king] of Thebes, and made Sepoys of his subjects."

(3) Brett's "Indian Tribes of Guiana," pp. 390—393.

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he was dominant, to be the first father, that he should be believed to be the first instructor of men. Accordingly we find that it was "the feathered serpent" who taught the Aztecs a knowledge of laws and of agriculture, and the principles of religion; and Cecrops (who was half a serpent) that introduced marriage to Greece, and taught the people laws and the arts of life.

Let us now see the results we have reached. They are—1. That the serpent was in numerous quarters of the world worshipped as a god by the most diverse races of men. 2. That serpent-worship is of the highest antiquity. 3. That the worshippers, in many cases, believed themselves to be of the Serpent-breed, derived from a serpent ancestor. 4. That the worshippers were in numerous cases named after the god—*Serpents*. We now notice (5) that the serpent was used as a badge in many cases among the tribes that had the cultus. It was so used, for example, in Egypt, where was the sacred serpent Thermuthis.

"The natives are said to have made use of it as a royal tiara," says Bryant, "with which they ornamented the statues of Isis. We learn from Diodorus Siculus that the kings of Egypt wore high bonnets which terminated in a round ball; and the whole was surrounded with figures of asps. The priests likewise on their bonnets had the representation of serpents." [1]

Menelaus, a Spartan—and Sparta, we saw, was Ophite—is represented as having a serpent for a device upon his shield. One of the names of the serpent-god was Pitan—whence Pitanatæ and Serpentigenæ or Ophite were equivalents.

"A brigade or portion of infantry was, among some Greeks, named Pitanates, and the soldiers, in consequence of it, must have been termed Pitanatæ, —undoubtedly because they had the pitan or serpent for their standard. Analogous to this there were soldiers called Draconarii among other nations. *I believe that in most countries the military standard was an emblem of the deity there worshipped.*" [2]

The deity might also be expected to find his place on the coins of his worshippers, and the ancient coins having the serpent are accordingly numerous. It appears on early Egyptian coins of uncertain towns, and also on other early African coins; on early coins (all of date B.C.) of Heraclea in Lucania; of Perinthus in Thracia; of Homolium in Thessalia; of Cassope in Epirus; of Buthrotum and Corcyra in Epirus; of Amastris in Paphlagonia; of Cyzicus and Pergamus in Mysia; of Dardanus in Troas; of Cos,

(1) Ancient Mythology, vol. i. p. 475.

(2) Bryant, *idem*, p. 488, and authorities there cited. Bryant, in a foot-note, says the serpent was among the insignia of many countries, and quotes Sidon. Apollinaris, Carm. 5, v. 409:—

"Textilis *anguis*
Discurrit per utramque aciem."

In India a golden serpent was the banner of the Ravasa Indrajit. Muir's Texts, iv. 349.

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an island of Caria; and of Magnesia, Nacrasa, and Thyatira, in Lydia.[1]

2. *The Horse.*—The Horse figures in the heavens as Pegasus, and we find him on the coins of numerous cities.

"He is on the coins of various cities of Hispania and Gallia; of Fanum in Umbria; Beneventum in Samnium; Nuceria in Campania; Arpi and Luceria; Salapia in Apulia; Grumentum in Lucania; Thurium in Apulia; Ætna in Sicilia, and also Camarina, Gelas, and Panormus, in Sicilia; of Syracuse; Melita (Malta); Panticapæum in Taurica; Cipsela, Maronea, Ægospotamus, and Cardia, all in Thracia; Amphipolis, Bottiæa, and Thessalonica, all in Macedonia. On the coins of Thessalia *in genere*, and on those of Atrax, Crannon, Demetrias, Elatea, Gyrton, Larissa, Pelinna, Phalanna, Pharcadon, Pheræ, Perræbia, Ctemene, Scotussa, and Tricca, in Thessalia; of Alyzia in Acarnania; Locri-Opuntii in Locris; Phoci in Phocis; Tanagra in Bœotia; Pheneus in Arcadia; Gargara in Mysia; Parium in Mysia; Alexandria in Troas; Cyme in Æolis; Colophon in Ionia; Magnesia in Ionia; Mylasa in Caria; Tarmessus in Pisidia; Antioch in Cicilia; Adana in Cicilia; Aninesum in Lydia; Epictetus in Phrygia; Larissa in Seleucia; Cyrene in Cyrenaica; Tarentum in Calabria, and," adds Mr. Sim, "perhaps on many others. The coins are all of date before the Christian era."

Was the Horse, who was thus honoured, a god? In the photographs in Mr. Fergusson's book we have some evidence that he was a god among the serpent-worshipping Buddhists. "The Horse" first occurs in Fig. 1, Plate xxxv. Mr. Fergusson remarks on it, "In this bas-relief the principal object is the Sacred Horse, richly caparisoned, who heads the procession, and towards whom all eyes are turned; . . . behind him a chief in his chariot, bearing the umbrella of State, not over himself, but apparently in honour of the horse." It next occurs along with Siddhârtha on Plate lix., but the worship in this case seems to be all given to the prince. It occurs again on Plates lxxx. and lxxxi. On these Mr. Fergusson observes:—

"Fig. 2 and 3 of this Plate (*i.e.* lxxx.), and Fig. 3 of Plate lxxxi., instead of the emblems we are usually accustomed to, contain two medallions, the upper representing the worship of the Horse, the lower, Buddha, seated cross-legged, surrounded by listeners or adorers. As we have frequently had occasion to remark, the Horse plays an important part in the sculptures at Amravati. It is once represented as honoured at Sanchi; but this form of worship occurs here several times, but nowhere so prominently as in those three Dagobas (and it is to be presumed that there was a fourth). It is not easy to say what we are to understand from the prominence of the Horse in such a position as this. Is it an importation from Scythia, brought by immigrants from that country? Is it the Horse of the Sun or of Poseidon? Is it the Avalokites'vara of the Thibetan fables? Some one must answer who is more familiar than I am with Eastern mythology. At present it will be sufficient to recall to memory how important a part the Horse sacrifice, or As'wamedha, plays in the Mahâbhârata.

(1) The lists of coins cited in this paper have been furnished to the writer by an accomplished numismatist, Mr. George Sim, Curator of the Coins in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh.

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and in all the mythic history of India. What is still more curious is, that the worship of the Horse still seems to linger in remote parts of India. At least, in a recent work by Mr. Hislop, missionary at Nagpore, edited by Sir R. Temple, he [Mr. Hislop] describes the religion of the Gonds in the following nine words:—'All introduce figures of the horse in their worship.' Other instances might, no doubt, be found if looked for; but the subject is new and unthought of."

If Mr. Fergusson had looked further in Mr. Hislop's book he would have found that the fact of Horse-worship is not left to inference or conjecture. In a foot-note at p. 51, Sir R. Temple says:—"The god Koda Pen, or Horse-god, is sometimes worshipped by the Gonds, and sometimes there are sacred images of this animal." So we have in India a horse-god now. What tribes beside the Gonds have worshipped him?

The Horse occurs again in Mr. Fergusson's plates. In Plate xcv., Fig. 4, he is introduced in mid air, alongside the wheel (a Buddhist idol[1]), as an object of equal reverence; and on a piece of sculpture, where the wheel just above him is the special object of worship. In Plate xcvi., Fig. 3, he issues from the portal with the umbrella of State borne over him, the hero of the representation. The same subject is repeated on another slab, Plate xcviii. Fig. 2. The opinion formed by Mr. Fergusson is that the bas-reliefs show that the Horse was an object of reverence, if not exactly of worship, at Amravati, and that the reverence paid to him is the counterpart of the worship of the Bull Naudi by the Sivites.

Let us now see what evidence there is of this worship elsewhere. Mr. Bryant supplies a goodly array of facts. In his Essay[2] on Metis and Hippa, after disposing of the former as one of the most ancient deities of "the Amonians," represented under the symbol of a beautiful female countenance surrounded with serpents, he proceeds to say:—

"Hippa was another goddess of like antiquity, and equally *obsolete*. Some traces, however, are to be still found in the Orphic verses, by which we may discover her original character and department. She is there represented as the nurse of Dionysius, and seems to have been the same as Cybele, who was worshipped in the mountains of Phrygia, and by the Lydians upon Tmolus. She is said to have been the Soul of the World—Ἡ μεν γαρ Ἱππα του παντος ὑσα ψυχη;[3] and the person who received and fostered Dionysius when he came from the thigh of his father. This history relates to his second birth, when he returned to a second state of childhood. Dionysius was the chief god of the Gentile world, and worshipped under various titles, which at length came to be looked on as different deities. Most of these secondary deities had the title of Hippius and Hippia; and as they had female attendants in their temples, these, too, had the name of Hippai. What may have been the original of the term Hippa and Hippus will be matter of future discussion. Thus much is certain, that the Greeks uniformly referred it to *Horses*."

(1) See Ezekiel, chap. x., vv. 8 ff.

(2) Vol. ii. p. 25.

(3) See, in proof of this, Orphic Frag. 43; Orpheus Gesneri, Lipsiæ, 1764, p. 401.

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Ares was Hippius; so was Poseidon, although a god of the sea, being so called from raising a horse out of the earth in his contest with Athene for the superiority at Athens; but Athene herself was Hippia, as were also Demeter and Hera. Demeter, styled Hippa, the Greeks represented as turned into a mare;[1] Hippius Poseidon, in like manner represented as a horse, they supposed in that shape to have had an intimate connection with the goddess.[2] The nymph Ocyroë was changed into a mare, and so was Philyra, whom Saturn, in the shape of a horse, followed neighing over the mountains of Thessaly![3]

Bryant, who conceived that the ancients knew nothing of their own mythologies, and whose great discovery was that every mythological fact anywhere to be found related either to Noah, the ark, or the deluge, thinks the Greeks were quite wrong in fancying Hippa and Hippus to have had anything to do with the horse. These gods, he says, came from Egypt, and were one with the sun and Osiris, and ultimately with the ark.[4] He tells us, however, that the *horse* (like the ox and eagle, which we shall see were gods) was a sacred symbol in Egypt, where almost every animal, from beetles to bulls, was worshipped, so that the Egyptians made the mistake equally with the Greeks, if there was one. Mistake or not, there is no question of the reality of the faith that followed on it. The horse-gods and mare-goddesses had their temples and regular worship, and not only gods and goddesses, but places, and presumably tribes of men, were named from the horse. There were the Hippici Montes in Sarmatia; Ἵππου κωμη in Lycia; Ἵππου ἄκρα in Libya; Ἵππου ὄρος in Egypt, and a town Hippos, both in Sicily and in Arabia Felix. The horse-name occurs frequently in composition, as in Hipporum, Hippouris, Hippana, Hipponesus, Hippocrene, and many others; and, indeed, horse-names are so frequent in Homer alone—a fact observed by Mr. Gladstone—as to suggest that there were horse-tribes in, and bordering on, Greece, as there were Nagas and Ophites. One of the twelve Athenian tribes was Hippothoontis, their eponymous progenitor Hippothoon, who was nurtured by mares! Æolus and his family were Hippotades, and a village in the tribe Œneis was Hippotamada. There was a tribe, Hipporeæ, in Upper Æthiopia, and the Hippopodes were a people of Scythia, who had horses' feet![5] There was a city Hipponesus, in Caria, and another of that name in Lydia. There were two towns, Hippo in Africa, and a

(1) Pausanias, l. 8, 25, § 4; and see Smith's Dict. *s. v.* Arion.

(2) Ovid, Metam. l. 6, v. 117; Ovidius Janii, vol. ii. p. 344.

(3) *Idem*, l. 2, v. 668; l. c. vol. ii. p. 141; Virg. Georg. l. 3, v. 91.

(4) Vol. ii. p. 408. That the Totem should be identified with the Sun is what we should expect.

(5) Arion was a horse, with a man's feet and a human voice.

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town, Hippola, in the Peloponnesus; also one in Spain, a town of the Bruttii, now Monte Leone.

The horse appears on the coins of four cities of Thrace, where Dionysius Hippius was worshipped, and where, also, were the horses of Diomedes, that fed on human flesh—a suggestion that these horse-tribes men were cannibals. Bryant says these horses were the priests of the god; *his* theory also is that they were men. He tells us the god was worshipped on islands opposite Apulia; and on the coins of four cities in Apulia we have the horse, that accordingly may be assumed to have been a god on the mainland also. When we turn to Thessaly—*equorum altrix*—on the coins of fourteen towns in which we find the horse, we are in the country of the Centaurs, half men and half horses—no doubt men who were yet called horses, after their animal god. Their battle with the Lapithæ, springing out of a quarrel at the marriage of Hippodamia, is famous in fable. Chiron, the most celebrated of the Centaurs, was a son of Saturn (by repute), who changed himself into a horse to avoid his wife Rhea. Intimate relations these between the horse and the oldest anthropomorphic gods. He was the instructor of mankind in the use of plants, the study of medical herbs, and the polite arts, having in these even the great serpent Æsculapius for a pupil. Finally, Jupiter made a constellation of him under the name Sagittarius.

Pausanias says that Demeter, worshipped by the Phigalians, was represented as a woman with the head of a horse.[1] Marus Balus, an old Italian god, who lived three times, was bi-faced like Janus, having a human face before and a horse's behind;[2] and in Hippa Triceps, figured on Plate xiii., vol. ii., in Bryant's work, we have a female with three horse-heads—a horse divinity recalling the serpentine Zohak of the Persians, and the three-headed Naga. In Pegasus we have a winged horse sprung from the blood of Medusa, and that flew up to heaven immediately on being born. He was the favourite of the Muses, figured in various exploits on earth, and was finally placed among the constellations. He was the special insigne of Corinth, and occurs on ancient coins of that place, of Syracuse and Corcyra.[3] A Gaulish coin belonging to the first century B.C. has the horse with a human head. We have heavenly horses in Homer; the horses, ordinary and winged, of Agni, Indra, and Soma, and the eight-legged horse of Odin. There is a controversy as to whether Agni himself was not a horse.[4] In Max Müller's "Rigveda Sanhita" (p. 15) the reader will find the distinguished professor combating

(1) L. 8, p. 272. Ed. Francofurti, 1583.

(2) Ælian. Var. Hist. l. 9, c. 16. Cited by Bryant, l. c. ii. 409.

(3) Spanhemii Numismata, vol. i. p. 274, *et seq.*

(4) Whether he was a horse or not, he was certainly a goat, as we shall see. Like the other men-gods, he was in turn identified with the Totem, whatever it was, of the tribe that took him up.

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Messrs. Boehtlingk and Roth over certain Vedic passages, in which these gentlemen, in their Dictionary, say:—"He (Agni) himself appears as a red horse." We cannot pretend to enter into the merits of the controversy, but the reader may already be satisfied that an Agni Hippius should create no more wonder than a Hippius Poseidon.[1]

We conclude, then, that the horse had been anciently a god in India, in Egypt, in Greece, and many other quarters; that it was such before most of the deities figuring in the Olympus appeared; that it became the insigne of many tribes of men; and that it is certain there were numerous tribes named after it.

3. *The Bull.*—The Bull figures in the heavens; and bulls, bisons, minotaurs, and parts of these on coins are too numerous for specification. A few will be found figured in the "Numismata Spanhemii." As the bull and cow are well-known sacred animals, we may be brief with them.

"The living animal," says Bryant, "was in many places held sacred, and reverenced as a deity. One instance of this was at Memphis, where they worshipped the sacred bull Apis; and another was to be found at Heliopolis, where they held the bull Mnevis in equal veneration. The like custom was observed in Mo-memphis, Aphroditopolis, and Chusa, with this difference, that the object of adoration in these places was an heifer or cow."[2]

The animal was also worshipped under symbols, or as represented by images. We see this illustrated in the case of the Jews, who fell into the idolatry with the sanction of Aaron himself.[3] An apology made for Aaron is, that he adopted this image not from Apis or Osiris, but from the *Cherubim* having the faces of oxen![4] The idolatry was probably never fully suppressed. It was openly renewed under Jeroboam, who made two calves, and set one up in Bethel, the other in Dan. In this case, as in the preceding, the calf was recognised as the god that had brought the people out of the land of Egypt! The calves of Jeroboam are spoken of by Hosea (x. 15) as young *cows;* as also by the Septuagint and by Josephus, who says that Jeroboam made two heifers of gold, and consecrated to them two temples. The Bull Nandi is, at the present day, a quasi-god in India, worshipped by the Sivites; while by all Hindus the cow is religiously

(1) See "Rigveda Sanhita," pp. 14—18; and see p. 27. In the Padma Purāṇa, Krishna in the form of a horse is represented as rescuing the vedas when "the worlds" were burnt up (Muir's Texts, iii., second edition, p. 28); and in the Vishnu Purāṇa we have the Sun as a horse teaching a horse-tribe—men called Vāgins (i.e., horses), from being instructed by the Sun-horse (Muir's Texts, iii., second ed., 51, and see p. 52). The horse gives his name to a Brahmanic gotra. The Sun (Aditya) appears again as a horse in the Śâtapatha Brâhmaṇa (Id. iv. 62, and see Vol. I. second ed. pp. xii and 12, where the horse is also identified with Yama and Trita. We have no doubt that these partial contributions to ancient Indian literature were made by men of the horse stock.

(2) Vol. ii. p. 415.

(3) See a curious chapter on this subject in Lewis, "Origines," vol. iii. p. 32.

(4) The later Jews say that the insigne of the tribe of Ephraim was an ox.

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regarded. Of course, in Bryant's system, the bull is Noah, while the crescent on the side of Apis is the Ark. Every one knows what cows are in the Dawn system of Mr. Max Müller.

As in the case of the serpent and horse, the religious imagination conjured into existence a variety of spiritual bovine beings—bulls with men's bodies, men with bull's bodies, bulls with two heads, and so forth. Some of these will be found figured in Plate xvi. of Bryant's "Ancient Mythology," vol. ii., where the most prominent figure is a human body with two bulls' heads, worshipped by a man presenting to him a *cone* on the palm of each hand—the Assyrian Linga. Of course the bull stood in parental relations to his worshippers. Bryant assures us Apis means father, and he derives from it the names of various lands. Mnevis, or Mnenis, he identifies with Minos, whose city was Minoa, and emblem the Minotaur; also with King Menes, the first lawgiver who raised men from the savage state. He was to the Bull tribes what Cecrops was to the Pelasgic Nagas. There was an Apia, also identified by Bryant with Rhea and Demeter. Astarte, we saw, had, according to Sanchoniatho, a bull's head, and Diana was worshipped by the Scuthæ, under the title of Tauropolus and Taurione. In the Orphic fragments Dionysius is represented as having the countenance of a bull, and also as *being* a bull. In Argos he was *βουγενής*, the offspring of a bull; *ταυρογενής* is one of his epithets in the Orphic hymns. Poseidon was Taureus as well as Hippius, and so also was Oceanus. The bull-faced people are frequent in the legends of India, where the bull *is* a god; and in Japan we find a deity, Goso Tennoo—the ox-headed prince of heaven.[1]

The people of the Tauric Chersonesus were named, according to Eustathius, from the bull—Taurus—*ὁι δε ταυροι το ἐθνος ἀπο του ζωου ταυρου, φασι, καλουνται.* So were the following mountains, places, and peoples:—Taurus, Taurania, Taurica, Taurinium, Taurcum, Taurenta, Tauropolis, Tauropolium, Taurominium, Taurantes, Tauri, Taurini, and Taurisci. How far the god might be followed as giving names to other places and peoples by the process of etymologically analysing the names in different languages, we have not the means of ascertaining.

We have found the bull figured in the heavens and on numerous coins, and giving his name to numerous tribes of men, worshipped as a god, and regarded as the father and first lawgiver by his worshippers. We have found him also in intimate relations with the earlier gods and goddesses, who either drew titles from him or wore his form, as if they supervened upon a system in which he had been chief, and from which, in the process of time, they displaced him. His case thus resembles that of the two animal gods previously considered.

(1) Kaempfer's "Japan," p. 418, cited by Bryant.

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4. *The Lion.*—The Lion is in the heavens as Leo, and figures on the ancient coins of many cities, *e.g.* :—

"On coins of Hispania and Gallia;[1] Teate in Marrucini; Capua in Campania; Arpi in Apulia; Venusia in Apulia; Pæstum in Laconia; Heraclea and Velia in Laconia; Rhegium in Bruttium; Leontini, Panormus, Syracuse, and Messana, in Sicilia; Chersonesus Taurica; Panticapæum; Tomis in Mœsia Infer; Abdera, Perinthus, Cardia, Lysimachia, and Chersonesus, in Thracia; Thasos; Amphipolis, Macedonia; Thessalia *in genere;* Corcyra in Epirus; Heraclea in Acarnania; Corinthus in Achaia; Gortyna in Creta; Adrianotera vel Hadrianothera in Bithynia; Metroum in Bithynia; Germe in Mysia; Magnesia and Miletus in Ionia; Smyrna in Ionia; Acrasus, Apollonia, Attalia, Blaundos, Gordus-Julia, Hyrcania, Magnesia, Philadelphia, Sætteni, Sardes, Silandus, Temenothyræ, Thyatira, all in Lydia, being thirteen towns; Acmenia, Cadi, Cybira, Peltæ, Sala, and Sinaos, towns in Phrygia; Pessinus in Galatia; Cyrene in Cyrenaica; in Libya *in genere.* The coins are all of date before the Christian era."

Was the lion who was thus honoured a god? He was; but his worship must have early become obsolete, as we have only one well-vouched instance of it within the historical period, namely, in Leontopolis, the capital of a district of the same name in Egypt. Ælian and Porphyry both say it was worshipped there—was the deity of the place.[2] There is a considerable amount of evidence, however, that this animal had, in pre-historic times, been more generally worshipped, and that tribes of men had been named after him.

We have become familiar with compounds of human and bestial forms in connection with the worship of the serpent, horse, and bull; the serpent body with human head; the female human form with one or more horse-heads; the Minotaur; and should expect that if the lion were a god, he should, by the same mental processes, be made to enter into similar compounds. Since we have him in one place as a god, and have him in the heavens and on numerous coins, and, what is familiar as the symbol of many tribes, should we find such a compound of the human and leonine forms worshipped, venerated, or feared, or with a remarkable hold on the imaginations of men, it will not be unreasonable to infer that the compound had an origin similar to the others we have become acquainted with. Now we have such a compound in the Sphinx, which therefore may throw some light on the cultus of the lion.[3] In the Egyptian hieroglyphics, we are told, the sphinx bears the name of *Neb* or Lord, and *Akar* or Intelligence—the form of it being a

(1) Mr. John Evans, in his work on British Coins, p. 180, says the Lion *frequently* occurs on Gaulish coins.

(2) Bryant's "Observations and Inquiries," Cambridge, 1767, p. 128. Ælian de Animal. lib. 12, c. 7.

(3) The reader will find a long treatise on the Sphinx in the "Numismata Spanhemii," where also the Sphinx is figured on several coins. It is hardly necessary to say it is common on coins.

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lion's body with human head. The Great Sphinx at Gizeh is colossal, and hewn out of the natural rock.[1] It is of great antiquity—an age at least equal to the Pyramids. In front of the breast of this sphinx was found, in 1816, a small chapel formed of three hieroglyphical tablets, dedicated by Thothmes III. and Rameses II. to the sphinx, whom, it is said, they adored as Haremukhu, *i.e.*, the sun on the horizon.[2] The fourth tablet, which formed the front, had a door in the centre, and two couchant lions placed upon it. "A small lion was found on the pavement, and an altar between its fore-paws, apparently for sacrifices offered to it in the time of the Romans."[3] In 1852 discovery was made of another temple to the south of the sphinx, built at the time of the fourth dynasty, of huge blocks of alabaster and granite, and which was most probably, like the former, devoted to its worship. Numerous sphinxes have been found elsewhere in Egypt, as at Memphis and at Tanis. That found at the latter place is assigned to the age of the Shepherd dynasty. Sphinxes have also been found in Assyria and Babylonia, and they are not uncommon on Phœnician works of art. Mr. Layard mentions having dug out of the Mound of Nimroud "a crouching lion, rudely carved in basalt, which appeared to have fallen from the building above, and to have been exposed for centuries to the atmosphere;" also a pair of gigantic winged bulls, and a pair of small winged lions, whose heads were gone. Human-headed lions he found, of course; also human figures with lions' heads.[4]

The Egyptian sphinx had the whole body leonine, except the face, and this would appear to be the most ancient form; the sphinxes with wings are later, and are supposed to have originated with the Babylonians or Assyrians. The Greek sphinxes were still further from the primitive type; they were all winged, and had other elements in their composition besides the human and leonine. Probably they were unrelated to the Egyptian as an original. The Theban sphinx, whose myth first appears in Hesiod (Theog. 326), had a lion's body, female head, bird's wings, and serpent's tail,—a suitable emblem, we should say, for a composite local tribe, comprising Nagas (snakes) as well as lions, and, say, eagles or doves. She was a supernatural being, the progeny of the two-headed dog of Geryon, by Chimæra; or of Typhon, by Echidna. If of the latter parentage, she was a snake on both sides of the house; if of the former, she combined the leonine with the serpent nature,—as the Chimæra had a lion's head as one of her three. Indeed, on either

(1) It is upwards of 172 feet long and 56 feet high.

(2) "*Isis* sub forma Leonis itidem et cum facie muliebri occurit non nunquam in nummis Ægyptiorum sicuti in quodam Antonii Pii quem feruit Gaza Medicea."—Spanhemii Numismata, tom. i. De Sphinge in nummis.

(3) See article Sphinx, Chambers's Encyc., and authorities there cited.

(4) Nineveh, vol. ii. p. 463.

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view she had lion kindred as well as Naga, for Typhon, although a Naga, had one celebrated lion among his offspring, the Nemean lion to wit (mother unknown), who infested the neighbourhood of Nemea, filling its inhabitants with continual alarms. The first labour of Hercules was to destroy him, and the Nemean games—instituted in honour of one who had fallen a victim to a snake—were renewed to commemorate the destruction of a lion! A strong suggestion, this, of the new-comer, the Heraclidæ being alike antipathetical to the snakes and lions,—to the tribes, as we read it, who had these animals as gods, and were called after them.

Lion names were common, and the name remains. We believe the result of inquiry will be to establish, by etymological evidence, that the animal gave its name to numerous tribes. Such evidence as we have to adduce of this fact, however, will be better appreciated when produced further on in this exposition.

5. *The Dog.*—The Dog gives its name to three constellations—Canis Major, Canis Minor, and Canicula, as well as to the stars Canis Sirius (*Cahen Sehur*), the brightest in the heavens; Procyon and Cunosoura, "the dog's tail." It appears on various ancient coins; for example, on uncertain coins of Etruria; on coins of Pisaurum in Umbria; Hatria in Picenum; Larinum in Frętani; on the coins of Campania *in genere;* notably of Nuceria in Campania; of Valentia in Bruttium; Agyrium in Sicilia; of Erix, Messana, Motya, Panormus, Segesta (very many), and Selinus, all in Sicilia; of Chersonesus Taurica; Phalanna in Thessalia; Celta-Aidone in Epirus; Corcyra in Epirus; Same in Cephallenia; Cydonia in Creta; Colophon in Ionia, and Phocæ in Ionia. Besides these, which are all of date B.C., there are coins figured in the "Numismata Spanhemii" with the legend of the dog Cerberus, and one in Mr. Evans's "British Coins," of which that learned author says:—

"The reverse is very remarkable, and must be regarded as in some manner connected with the early British mythology, though I must confess myself entirely at a loss to offer any satisfactory elucidation of the device. The attitude of the dog [which has one of its fore feet placed on a serpent] is very like that in which it is represented on the small brass coins of Campanian fabric, bearing the name of Roma, but there is no serpent on those coins. The type is hitherto unpublished, and belongs to the third class of the coins of Cunobeline—those with the name of his capital upon them."[1]

With such facts before us, and the knowledge we have already attained to of their probable significance, it need not surprise us to find that the dog was a deity. Bryant, after doing all he could to work him into his Ark scheme, has to confess that his view, that the belief in the worship of the dog was derived from Cahen being the Egyptian name for a priest or sacred official, won't meet the facts.

(1) Evans, "British Coins," p. 316.

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"Though I have endeavoured to show," he says, "that the term of which I have been treating was greatly misapplied in being so uniformly referred to dogs, yet I do not mean to insinuate that it did not sometimes relate to them. They were distinguished by this sacred title, and were held in some degree of veneration."[2]

The facts are as follows:—Juvenal states that dogs were worshipped in some places, "oppida tota canem venerantur;"[2] Diodorus Siculus says the same thing;[3] Plutarch relates that in Egypt they were *holy*, but not after the time of Cambyses, when they misbehaved themselves by devouring the bull Apis, whom that king slew;[4] and Herodotus informs us they were so regarded by the Egyptians in his own time that when a dog died the members of the family it belonged to shaved themselves all over.[5]

The dog was called Cahen and Cohen—a title given by the Egyptians to the animal and vegetable gods they worshipped in general—(query, an equivalent of Totem?); and while the living dog was thus esteemed, there were spiritual dog-beings or gods, such as Canuphis, or Cneph (Anuphis and Anubis of the Greeks and Romans), some represented as having the human body and dog's head, and others conceived as having the full canine figure, with one, two, or more heads, just as in the case of the heavenly Nagas, bulls and horses. As the animals last named gave titles to the gods who superseded them, so did the dog; Hercules, Hermes, and even Zeus were Cahen. Hecate had three heads,—one a dog's, one a horse's, and one a boar's,—which suggests, on the system of interpretation we have been propounding, that she originated in a compromise of a local tribe, which contained gentes of the dog, horse, and boar stocks. The boar will be shown to have been a god,—at least a Totem. Cerberus is mentioned by Homer, and we learn from Hesiod that he had fifty heads. In the gardens of Electra there was a golden dog, and also gaping dogs that were at once statues and yet alive. Gold and silver dogs, creations of Vulcan, guarded the house of Alcinous.[6] In a temple of Vulcan near Mount Ætna was a breed of dogs that treated good men gently, and were ferocious to bad men, which is curious, as we have similar fables respecting serpents in Syria (given by Aristotle), and birds in the islands of Diomedes (given by Pliny). In the myth of Cephalus we have "a dog that was sure of his prey, and a dart that never missed its aim,"—the dog here being familiar to every reader of Campbell's Celtic tales, or the collections of Grimm and Dasent. On these dog-beings Bryant has some remarks in which we are disposed to concur. "When I read of the brazen dog of Vulcan," he says, "of the dog of Erigone, of Orion, of Geryon [a two-

(1) L. c. vol. i. p. 351. (2) Sat. 15, v. 8. (3) Lib. i. p. 16.
(4) Is. et Os., Ed. Cantab. 1744, Squire's Trans., p. 61. (5) L. 2, c. 66.
(6) Odyss. l. 7, v. 92. The reference is wrong in Bryant.

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headed dog], of Orus, of Hercules, of Amphilochus, of Hecate, I cannot but suppose that they were titles of so many deities, or else of their priests, who were denominated from their office."[1]

There were dog-tribes as a matter of course. Such we must assume the Cunocephali in Libya to have been, whom Herodotus mentions as a race of men with the heads of dogs; and the Cunodontes, both named, as Bryant observes, from their god—fable adding in each case the physical peculiarity in explanation of the dog-name. Ælian and Plutarch, besides bearing witness to the veneration paid to dogs in Egypt, relate "that the people of Ethiopia had a dog for their king; that he was kept in great state, being surrounded with a numerous body of officers and guards, and in all respects royally treated. Plutarch speaks of him as being worshipped with a degree of religious reverence."[2] No doubt they had heard something like this, and misunderstood it. The king was a dog, in the same way that a Naga Rajah is a serpent, and the reference is to a dog-tribe. What the lamented Speke tells of the traditions of the Wahuma in Central Africa suggests to us that inquiry may yet show that there *was* a tribe in that quarter with the dog for its Totem, and it is probably there still.[3]

6. *The Swan.*—The Swan is in the heavens as Cycnus, and figures on the coins of Camarina in Sicilia; Leontini in Sicilia; Argesa in Thessalia; Clazomene in Ionia; on the coins of other uncertain cities of Ionia, and of Eion in Macedonia. The coins of Eion, says Mr. Sim, are of date 500 B.C., while the others having the swan are probably of date about 300 B.C.

We have no direct evidence of the swan having been a god—that is, having temples of his own; but two great gods, Zeus and Brahma, wore his form, and the latter was named after him; and there is a considerable quantity of myth and fable explainable on the supposition that the bird had been at least a Totem. Bryant says it was undoubtedly the insigne of Canaan, as the eagle and vulture were of Egypt, and the dove of Babylonia. The evidence for this, however, seems not very satisfactory; but part of it is philological, and we are incompetent to judge of it. One fact he founds on it is that there was but one philosopher styled Cycnus he could recollect—Antiochus the Academic, mentioned by Cicero and Strabo, surnamed the Swan, and he came from Ascalon in Palestine. The fact is of some importance, as giving us the swan as a stock name in that country. Mr. Evans inclines to think the swan was Phœnician. It is found figured on ancient Phœnician works of art.

Three persons are named by Ovid as having been changed into swans:—a son of Poseidon, who was killed by Achilles before the Metamorphosis; a son of Apollo, who in a fit of vexation committed

(1) Bryant, l. c. vol. i. p. 347.
(2) Bryant, l. c. vol. i. p. 329: Ælian, l. c. p. 246 (lib. vii. c. 40).
(3) Speke's Journal, pp. 252, 257.

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suicide, and was changed into a swan;[1] and a son of Sthenelus, of Liguria, who in his affliction for the death of his friend Phaethon was changed into a swan. Of the last story there is another version given by Lucian, who speaks of swans in the plural in his jocular account of an attempt to discover the sweet-singing birds when boating on the Eridanus. In the Prometheus of Æschylus, Io is directed to proceed till she reaches the Gorgonian plains, where reside the three daughters of Phorcys in the shape of swans, with one eye and one tooth between them. Socrates is represented as speaking of swans as his fellow-servants, and Porphyry assures us that he was very serious in doing so. Calchas, a priest of Apollo, was called a swan; and at the first institution of the rites of Apollo it is said many swans came from Asia, and went round the island Delos for the space of seven days. The companions of Diomedes, lamenting his death, were changed into birds resembling swans. They settled in some islands in the Adriatic, and were remarkable for the tameness with which they approached the Greeks, and for the horror with which they shunned all other nations. Lastly, the singing of swans was very celebrated, and spoken of not only by the poets, but by such men as Plato, Plutarch, Pliny, and Cicero as a thing well known. Their melancholy strains were never so sweet as when they were dying. The only instance of the form of this bird being assumed by a Greek god is in the case of Leda or Nemesis. Zeus, in the form of a swan, deceived the lady. She produced two eggs in consequence, from one of which sprang Pollux and Helena, and from the other Castor and Clytæmnestra!

In explanation of some of these histories Bryant has a long argument, the purpose of which is to show that in those places reputed to have been much frequented by swans celebrated for their singing—as on the rivers Eridanus and Strymon—colonies from Canaan had settled. In early times, he says, colonies *went by the name of the deities they worshipped, or by the name of the insigne of their country;* so that, when swans were spoken of, settlers from Canaan were really intended. Thus the ancients, instead of saying that Egyptians, Canaanites, or Tyrians carried off such and such persons, said Jupiter, in the shape of an eagle, swan, or bull, did so; the eagle meaning Egypt, the swan Canaan, and the bull Tyre. The Phorcides were thus Canaanitish settlers among the Atlantes of Mauritania; the Delian and Pythian swans, priests of Apollo; and the swans that went round Delos, a choir of the settlers officiating at the opening of the new temple. The sweet singing was the property, of course, not of the birds, but of the settlers, who delighted in singing mournful dirges for the loss of Adonis or Thamuz, such as were customary in their native land.

(1) Besides these there are two mythical persons of the name, both sons of Ares.

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The traces of the Swan as a Totem in India are more distinct. It is said in the Bhagavata Purana (ix. 14, 48) that at one time there existed but one Veda, one God (Agni), and one caste. This we learn from the Commentator was in the Krita age, and the one caste, he tells us, was called "Hansa"—the Swan. The Hansas again are, in the Vishnu Purana, said to be one of four castes or tribes existing in a district exterior to India (v. 20, 4); and finally, we learn from the Linga Purana that Hansa was a name of Brahma himself—*i.e.*, Brahma was called the Swan. How this god, reputed among some tribes to have been the Creator, came to be so named is explained at length in the last-mentioned Purana. When he and Vishnu had grown hot in controversy as to which of them had made all things, there suddenly appeared before them a luminous *Luiga* "encircled with a thousand wreaths of flame, incapable of diminution or increase, without beginning, middle, or end, incomparable, indescribable, indefinable, the source of all things." What happened on this appearing Brahma thus recounts:—"Bewildered by its thousand flames, the divine Hari (Vishnu) said to me (Brahma), who was myself bewildered, 'Let us on the spot examine the source of (this) fire. I will go down the unequalled pillar of fire, and thou shouldst quickly proceed strenuously upwards.' Having thus spoken, the universal-formed (Vishnu) *took the shape of a boar*, and I immediately *assumed the character of a swan*. EVER SINCE THEN MEN CALL ME HANSA (SWAN), for Hansa is Viraj.[1] Whoever shall call me 'Hansa Hansa' shall become a Hansa." There follows an account of their respective expeditions to explore the Linga, which occupied them for a thousand years. The one found no top to it, the other no base. Bewildered, they both vowed to it, saying, "What is this?"—in answer to which the eternal loud-resounding Linga is reported to have said "OM."[2]

It is reasonable to conclude that we have a Swan-tribe in the Indian Hansas: the tradition that Brahma was a Hansa is not likely to have originated except with swans. Again, the inhabitants of islands who, though in the swan form, were yet human, like the birds of Diomedes, can only mean a Swan-tribe, we think. The fact of the swan figuring in the heavens and on ancient coins, taken along with the fact that it was a tribal name, makes it probable that the swan was a god, and highly probable that it was at least a Totem elsewhere than in Australia, where it is a Totem now.

J. F. M'LENNAN.

(To be continued.)

(1) Viraj appears to be the first-begotten of the male and female divisions of the Procreator. We formerly saw that according to another set of the Vedic writers Viraj was a cow!

(2) Muir's "Sanskrit Texts," vol. i. Second Edition, pp. 158, 498. Vol. iv. pp. 328, 329.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Strong and Free; or, First Steps towards Social Science. By the Author of "My Life, and What Shall I do with It?" Longmans. 10*s.* 6*d.*

A COMPOSITION of essay and dialogue, setting forth, and in some sort discussing, certain conditions of the growth and progress of societies, and of the well-being of their individual members. The authoress professes to answer the two specific questions—as part of the wide subject of social science—How can men become strong, and how free? In other words, her book is a disquisition: first, on education or mental discipline in its widest sense; next, on political and social liberty. The writer's temper is partially scientific, but the book is too little systematic, and too little independent in tone or original in matter, to be a very effective contribution to the science of society. The writer, however, only aims at "suggesting thoughts, not at teaching opinions." How far the present state of the science warrants this rather desultory and non-constructive treatment is itself a very interesting question.

Tales of Old Travel. Re-narrated by HENRY KINGSLEY. With eight full-page Illustrations. Macmillan & Co. 1869. 6*s.*

A GATHERING under a single roof of some of the most famous of the old discoverers and explorers, from Marco Polo down to the expeditions which led to the establishment of our empire in Australia. The tales are, of course, not new, but many of them are no more familiar than they are new, and Mr. Kingsley has told them over again with a great deal of spirit.

The Early Years of Christianity. By EMILE DE PRESSENSÉ. Translated. Hodder, Houghton, & Co. 12*s.*

THIS English translation of M. de Pressensé's work—a sequel to the same author's well-known "Life of Christ"—is something else than a mere presentation of the original, for it is partially curtailed. A single volume thus contains the whole history of the apostolic age. It opens with the foundation of the Church on the day of Pentecost, continues its annals up to the death of Paul, and closes with the period of St. John. The next volume is to comprise the Martyrs and Confessors; the present volume, meanwhile, being complete in itself.

The Universe; or, the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little. By F. A. POUCHET. Translated from the French. Illustrated. London: Blackie and Son. 31*s.* 6*d.*

M. POUCHET'S book was published some two years ago in France, and though it is avowedly meant only to popularise physical knowledge, and not to propagate new discoveries, it has achieved a high reputation. It is descriptive of the external universe; simply telling people in vivid language what life and movement is going on, and has gone on, among the creatures around them, and

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in the globe and the heavens. Anybody of ordinary intelligence can understand it—so simple and so little technical is the style, and scarcely any book in French or in English is so likely to stimulate in the young an interest in physical phenomena. It includes the Animal Kingdom, from microscopic animalculæ upwards, the Vegetable Kingdom, Geology, and the Sidereal Universe. The English edition is superbly printed, and profusely illustrated with something like 350 wood engravings of excellent quality.

The Last of the Tasmanians; or, the Black War of Van Diemen's Land. By James Bonwick, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 16*s.*

A history of the relations between the now extirpated Tasmanians and their European extirpators, beginning practically with the massacre of the Blacks in 1804, and ending with Lanné, the last man, who died in the spring of this year, and Lalla Rookh, the last woman of the race. The narrative, in point of literary execution rather indifferent, is sufficiently copious, and presents the whole story for the first time to the English public, which ought to be so deeply interested in it, in its full form. The writer's sympathies are strongly on the side of the aboriginal race.

Names of Places. By Flavell Edmunds. London: Longmans. 7*s.* 6*d.*

An analytical inquiry into the sources of place-names in England and Wales, whether descriptive or historical, to what period their formation belongs, and so forth. The writer treats them as the fossils of history and language; and examines which of them indicate the fauna of localities, which their prevalent religions, which the occupations of their people; what names were produced by the Conquest, what belong to the period of the breaking up of feudalism. A vocabulary is appended, containing the roots out of which names of places are formed.

Old English History for Children. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A. London: Macmillan. 6*s.*

A history of England from the earliest times, when it was only Britain, down to the Norman invasion of 1066. The writer's object—and the book was written bit by bit for the use of his own children—is to give clear and accurate notions of the beginnings of our history to the youngest pupils. Mr. Freeman's own unrivalled knowledge of his subject is well known, and nothing can exceed the simplicity of the language in which he comes down to the level of untrained intelligences. Though protesting against the confusion of legends with history, the writer has been careful to preserve all the legends for us, but in their own style and place, as legends. Nothing in the book is more likely to be of value than the maps, which are historical, and which will do more than anything else to rescue children—and older people, too, for that matter—from what Mr. Freeman calls "bondage to the modern map."

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THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXXVI. NEW SERIES.—DECEMBER 1, 1869.

MASTERLY INACTIVITY.

FEW regions in the world have claims on our interest comparable in extent and variety to those which Central Asia possesses. As the eye travels southward from Orenburg to Peshawur, there is a fresh picture at every stage of the country. First, steppe and desert, scanty herbage or deep sand, vast expanses vexed by mirage and simoom; the home of marauding nomads, in whose hordes survive unchanged the Mongols of Chinghiz-Khan, the Toorks of Attila and Timour-Lung, myriads of barbaric horsemen, ready as ever, if civilisation would but give them the chance, to again obliterate all the kingdoms of Asia in ruin, again surge in resistless tumult to the shores of the Baltic and the Danube. Then, rivers, the ancient rivers Oxus and Jaxartes, rolling, turbid and yellow, through shifty channels to their rest in the Aral Sea. And between these fertilising floods, like "a jewel set in sand," the oasis-lands of the Mawur-oo-Nahr, teeming with every crop and fruit that a temperate climate, kindly soil, and abundant irrigation can produce; rich too in the renown wherewith by-gone dynasties and the fanaticism of modern Islam have combined to clothe the names of Bokhara and Samarcand, of Ferghana and Kharesm. Lastly, Afghanistan, a mass of barren rocks for the most part, and stupendous mountain-ranges crowned with eternal snow, yet rejoicing here and there in green-wood vallies, lovely as a dream; its people, the physical perfection of humanity, and bearing in their faces strange confirmation of the tradition that refers a part at least of their lineage to Jews of the Dispersion, transported hither from Babylon by successors of Nebuchadnezzar. In Central Asia philology has discovered the cradle of that great Indo-Germanic race, from which conquering Anglo-Saxons and conquered Hindoos are equally descended. In Central Asia Alexander of Macedon founded a sovereignty, the traces of

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which are locally extant to this day, as well in the freshness of the great "Sikunder's" fame, as in the Greek characters inscribed on the old coins which a Toorkish beauty strings round her neck. Across Central Asia, as neutral ground, the Romans of the Byzantine empire stretched a hand to the Chinese monarchs of the Han dynasty, and the recollection of that period serves to explain the historic awe with which every Tartar still turns to Constantinople—"Room" or Rome still in his phraseology—as the seat of an omnipotence not to be gainsaid. Central Asia, in the eighth century, became the eastern terminus of Saracenic conquest; here the idolatry of China and the monotheism of Arabia met in sanguinary collision; and either prescribed bounds not to be transgressed by the other. Central Asia, in the middle ages, held so large a leaven of Christianity, according to the Nestorian form, that Popes busied themselves in quests of an imaginary priest-king, whose odd cognomen of Prester John sends a vague familiar echo even to the ears of the present generation. Christianity nowadays has wholly disappeared from the scene, but not so the clash of rival empires contending for supremacy. Two powers at this moment are again in motion, mightier than any that have preceded them in the same field; and on the issue of their meeting hang consequences most momentous, not only to the continent of Asia but to all mankind. One of these powers is Great Britain; her antagonist, Russia.

The approach of Russia's Siberian frontier towards India has for half a century filled English statesmen with alarm. To fend it off by artificial barriers, innumerable schemes of diplomacy have been woven, and repeated wars with Afghanistan and with Persia have been undertaken, costing thousands of valuable lives, and over twenty millions of money. In this cause was encountered the greatest disaster which has ever befallen the British arms. The shock which the Cabul massacre gave to our prestige in India remained vivid enough sixteen years afterwards to inspirit discontented Sepoys into mutiny, and even now has not altogether been forgotten. Yet, despite of all our efforts, Russia's progress has not been arrested by one inch of space, or for a single hour of time. On the contrary, the strides of her southward march, since the Crimean war, and especially during the last five years, have been enormous. At the present time her troops are in occupation of Samarcand, and dominate all the three Khanates of the Mawur-oo-Nahr. Her influence extends to the Oxus, and nothing now remains to separate the Cossack from the Sepoy save only Afghanistan. Hence to us the importance of that territory—through it we feel the palpable presence of Russia. Hence also our communications with Afghanistan are no longer matter of local Indian politics, which the British public may incuriously leave to fortune for settlement. They now touch the relations subsisting

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between the imperial cabinets of London and St. Petersburg, and may at any time produce some "question" in which Parliament and the people shall find themselves very deeply concerned.

On this ground I venture once more to invite popular attention to recent events in Afghanistan. Hitherto, I am aware, the majority of my countrymen has been much of a mind with Goldsmith's squire, who "no more troubled his head about Hyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker." It is a natural aversion; nor should I care to brave it but for a sustaining sense that the uncouth names of men and places in which my chronicle deals represent forces charged with mischief to the national peace. Ordinarily, the intestine brawls of a pack of poverty-stricken and semi-savage mountaineers would be of little interest to anyone; but when they come to affecting the course of English policy towards one of the greatest military powers of Europe, the warning, "*tua res agitur*," may well be impressed on every tax-payer.

The death, in 1863, of the famous Dost Mahomed was followed, as every student of Afghan affairs had predicted it would be, by a fierce scramble among his sons for the inheritance. The earlier incidents of this fratricidal contest have been already described elsewhere.[1] I resume the tangled thread of the story from the issue of the battle on the 10th May, 1866. In the pause that then ensued, the position of the principal competitors was as follows:—Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan by the double right of paternal selection and of the acknowledgment which all men, including his rival brethren, had in the first instance accorded to his accession, was at Candahar, still reeling under the disastrous recoil of the blow at Sydabad, by which he had vainly hoped to recover possession of his lost capital. Ufzul Khan, also calling himself Ameer of Afghanistan in virtue of primogeniture and of his occupation of the royal citadel, was at Cabul, having by his side his son, Abdool Rehman, and his full-brother, Azim Khan, by whose allied arms he had been recently rescued from Shere Ali's grasp. Beyond Cabul, in the territory lying between the mountains of the Hindoo Khoosh and the river Oxus, which may best be described by the name of Balkh, a new potentate had unexpectedly sprung into existence in the person of Fyz Mahomed, a younger prince of the Barukzye house, who aspired to convert the lieutenant's commission he held over that country into an autonomy, independent of any control, whether from Cabul or from Candahar. The conclusion therefore to which matters appeared for the time to have arrived was a dismemberment of Afghanistan between three separate powers; the north to Fyz Mahomed, centre to Ufzul Khan, and south with west to Shere Ali. But this superficial view needs certain corrections. We must note that Fyz Mahomed had not

(1) *Edinburgh Review*, No. 255, January, 1867.

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in himself strength to maintain his bold attitude of isolation for any considerable period; and, in the next place, that Ufzul Khan, in spite of the outward observances of sovereignty which surrounded him, was in truth a nonentity, set up by Azim Khan as a convenient and decorous screen to cover the motive power of his own superior will. These deductions made, we find the factions in the field reduced practically to two; one headed by Shere Ali at Candahar, the other by Azim Khan at Cabul. In the rivalry between these two parties, Shere Ali's right pitted against Azim Khan's ambition, the whole civil war of Afghanistan has almost from the outset been comprised.

Absolute and complete as Shere Ali's late defeat had been, he neither despaired, nor had any need to despair, of his fortunes. The wholesome spur of adversity had quickened his sullen nature, and he applied himself with resolute activity to the task of organising a force for the prompt renewal of hostilities. Besides Candahar, he still held the whole westward country up to the Persian border; and even towards Cabul, whence his danger lay, the fortress of Khelat-i-Ghilzye was yet in his possession, constituting for him an outpost of greater natural strength than that of the enemy at Mookhur, which it faced. At Herat he could depend upon his second son, Yakoob Khan, a youth of remarkable shrewdness and energy, to send him every man that could be safely spared from the garrison of that important city. Present with him in Candahar he had his full-brother Shureef Khan, fickle and untrustworthy in temper, but not without value as a source of pecuniary loans, and as an instrument of extorting revenue from the people. From Balkh he justly calculated on obtaining, sooner or later, Fyz Mahomed's active co-operation; and in Cabul itself there were not a few persons of great influence corresponding with him regularly, and only biding their opportunity to rejoin his cause. Above all, he held distinct assurance that the Anglo-Indian Government, though on terms of civil communication with his foes, had hitherto refused to recognise any one but himself as Ameer. On the other hand, almost all his guns had been captured, and he was in great straits for small-arms and for money. New cannon he might certainly get cast, after tedious delay, by the artificers at Candahar; but for the other two essentials of a campaign, where was he to turn? He had already tried the English. One of the first acts of his reign had been to send an envoy to Peshawur, praying for a grant of muskets. And the prayer had been rejected, notwithstanding that he had then been undisputed sovereign of all Afghanistan, and that Oriental custom would have justified the British Government in regarding his recent accession to the throne as a fit occasion for the issue of exceptional presents. There was little likelihood of his being more successful now when half his kingdom was rent from him, and round him

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bickered a flame of war, from which the English Viceroy insisted on keeping aloof. Remote, however, as the chance appeared of obtaining help from India, in no other direction was there any chance at all. This forlorn hope, therefore, Shere Ali determined again to essay. What his reasons may have been for taking a circuitous path towards his object, instead of writing directly to the British authorities at Peshawur, it is unnecessary to inquire; suffice it, that he selected our news-writer at Cabul as the depositary of his desires.

The position of the functionary thus brought upon the stage was an anomalous one, hardly justifying Shere Ali's choice. The right vested by treaty in the Governor-General of deputing a native of India as envoy to the court of the ruler of Afghanistan, had been in abeyance since January, 1864, when the last Vakeel returned to India, leaving a Moonshee, or clerk, behind him to carry on the minor duties of the office. Difficulties arising from the civil war which immediately followed, and the fall of the capital into the hands of the insurgent faction, had prevented the despatch of a regular successor; and, meanwhile, the clerk-substitute continued sole representative of our power at Cabul. For his own safety this Moonshee had regularly to make his obeisance at the Durbar, in which the usurping brothers, Ufzul and Azim Khan, held on most afternoons a reception of chiefs, city notables, and newly-arrived travellers; but his place in the assembly was merely that of a simple news-writer. By such visits to the Bala Hissar, by the exchange of private civilities with the principal inhabitants, by rambles through the public bazaars, and by resort generally to every available centre of information, he was expected to gather materials for a diary in the Persian language, which, twice a week, he transmitted by courier to our frontier officers at Peshawur. Diplomatic powers he had none, though the temptation to assume them must at times have been irresistible.

In June and July, Shere Ali wrote three successive letters to the Moonshee, asking him to explain to the British Government the extremity of his need, and the gratitude with which he would receive a gift of 6,000 muskets and a proportionate supply of money. His first letter was turned back by the enemy's line of sentries at Mookhur; the second, delayed for two months between Candahar and Cabul, did not reach India till after the third; and both the second and the third were viewed and treated by the authorities in the Punjab as forgeries, contrived by Azim Khan for the purpose of obtaining an insight into the British Government's real sentiments towards his rival. Consequently no reply was sent to the application. This, we must allow, was an unsatisfactory conclusion; but the doubts which dictated it were neither unnatural nor unreason-

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able. One letter was written in a combination of Persian language with English characters, and was without Shere Ali's seal of signature. In both cases it was incomprehensible why Shere Ali, if he really were the author, instead of writing, as afterwards he actually did write, directly to the Commissioner by the short road which he commanded to our frontier, should have preferred to betake himself to the unusual intervention of a news-writer and the long war-blocked route through Cabul. The fact of our Moonshee having forwarded the letters as genuine proved nothing; in the perilous position he held at Cabul, bolder men than himself, and owning a higher stake in our interests, might have seen through a ruse of Azim Khan's without daring to expose it. Several months elapsed before the authenticity of the documents came to light. The regrettable part of the incident is that Shere Ali, who had anticipated nothing better than an explicit refusal, and who was ignorant of the suspicions attaching to his missives, seems to have allowed himself to interpret the Viceroy's silence in a sense too favourable to his own hopes.

Turning now to the head-quarters of the opposition at Cabul, we light upon a scene of still greater perplexity and trouble. Ufzul Khan, the titular Ameer, was rapidly drinking himself to death; and between the two other members of the triumvirate, quarrels were vehement and interminable. Abdool Rehman, the Hotspur of the party, conscious of military services at least equal to those of his uncle, ill brooked the state of pupilage to which Azim Khan's assumption of superior wisdom would have consigned him. His father vainly tried to be peacemaker; maudlin entreaties that State affairs might all be left to Azim were not calculated to allay the young man's indignation. Nothing could have kept his reluctant neck in the yoke but the inexorable necessity of the times. For, notwithstanding their victory at Sydabad, the confederates were beset by danger on every side. Accounts of Shere Ali's preparations and capacity for a new campaign came to them with all the exaggerations of Eastern rumour. Fyz Mahomed they had hoped to cajole or coerce by the hold they had on his full-brother, Wullee Mahomet, in Cabul; but day by day this hope diminished, and it soon became clear that they would have to face a coalition between him and Shere Ali, the one descending against them from the north, the other simultaneously marching up from the south. Between the two fires their case looked critical indeed. Even the territory they called their own was held with difficulty; for the Ghilzye tribe about Jellalabad had risen in insurrection, declaring for Shere Ali, and the disturbances reached within five-and-twenty miles of the city of Cabul. Worse still, they were short of money, and the arbitrary measures they adopted to remedy the deficiency irritated every class

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of the community against them. Nobles, whom Shere Ali's haughty demeanour and ungovernable temper had stung into revolt, discovered that Azim Khan could be not less overbearing in manner, and that, if Shere Ali had been quick to resume, and loth to make grants of the crown lands, these tempting objects, the promised rewards of treason, were now retained by Azim Khan in a gripe quite as miserly, and additionally odious by reason of its ingratitude and fraud. Priests murmured against the diversion of their religious endowments to purposes of State. Soldiers, to whom a year's pay was due, were obliged to take half that amount in quittance of the claim; nor was the edge of their discontent the less keen for a belief, likely enough to be true, that at their expense, and out of the public coffers, Azim Khan was laying by a private provision for himself against a rainy day. Agriculture fell under assessments, heavy in amount, and collected before harvest. Traders, already hard hit by Fyz Mahomed's detention in Balkh of caravans they expected from beyond the Oxus, were subjected to double customs duties, an endless succession of forced loans never to be refunded either in interest or in principal, and an indiscriminate impressment of the camels on which they depended for the carriage of their goods. The poorer people starved under a monopoly of grain, which raised the necessaries of life to famine prices. Robberies in the open street, and burglaries at night, were frequent; assassinations were not uncommon. No one looked for justice; might was the sole measure of each man's right. A few ambitious spirits found their interest in the continuance of such disorder; but generally the inhabitants were weary of war and its accompaniments.

So matters stood when Sir John Lawrence's letter of the 11th July reached Cabul. This, it will be remembered, was in reply to a communication, nominally proceeding from Ufzul Khan, but inspired of course by Azim Khan, in which the British Government was invited to extend its valuable friendship to the writer. The Governor-General's letter commenced with an expression of profound regret for the dissensions by which the great house of the Barukzyes was torn, and professed strong desire for the maintenance of good-will between the Afghan and English nations; but in substance it was a very clear and emphatic refusal to break off our alliance with Ameer Shere Ali.

The arrival of so important a despatch necessarily caused deep sensation in Cabul. In the palace it produced consternation and bitter resentment; but in all other quarters there was universal glee over the discomfiture of the tyrannical rulers. Azim Khan was at no pains to conceal his anger. He sent for our news-writer, and straitly cross-questioned him as to the Viceroy's intention in

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addressing Ufzul Khan as *Sirdar* only, or Prince, instead of *Ameer*, or King. Upon this text he launched on to a furious tirade against English ingratitude and selfishness. The Moonshee bowed in silence before the storm; he had no authority to explain any passage in the Viceroy's letter.

Azim Khan's wrath was not of the kind that evaporates in mere words. He looked round for a victim on whom his fury might be more safely indulged than on a British subject. Out of the Barukzye family the foremost man in Afghanistan was Mahomed Rufeek. Generally it may be taken for granted that any prominent leader in Afghan politics must of necessity be either a son or grandson of Dost Mahomed—so completely has the strength of the country been absorbed into that house. Mahomed Rufeek's unique position, in exception to the rule, came from his being the best soldier, the best statesman, the best diplomatist of his time. It was his defection from Shere Ali's cause in the preceding autumn that first and most powerfully turned the tide in favour of the confederates. He had done nothing in the interval to forfeit the confidence of Azim Khan. The blandishments by which Shere Ali had striven hard to win back his allegiance had been wasted on him. He told his friends that the breach between the Ameer and himself was irreparable. Unconsciously foreshadowing his doom, he said that he would die sooner than return to his former lord. But he was known to be a warm admirer of English ways, and this, to the passion-blinded eyes of Azim Khan, was in itself a crime. Some childish notion that the laying low of so illustrious a head might awe the English into a more deferential attitude towards himself, seems also to have had a share in deciding the direction of the despot's ferocity. The blow fell without a word of warning. On the morning of the 27th of August, Mahomed Rufeek stood secure in his place, chief pillar of the State; at noon he was seized and hurried to prison; before one o'clock he was dead, strangled. His body was thrown naked on a dunghill, and lay there for four days, none daring to touch it. His wives and daughters, with unveiled faces and bare feet, were driven from their home into the streets. All his property was confiscated, and one of his followers, supposed to have knowledge of a secret hoard, was tortured to death.

Mahomed Rufeek and his household, though the first, and probably the most innocent, were not the only sufferers at this crisis. Azim Khan's hand, once raised, was not to be lightly stayed. Soon he had as many as a hundred and fifty persons in his prisons, suspected, more or less justly, of intriguing with the enemy; and the penalty of death, which he freely administered, sometimes to batches of several at a time, had in his hands a secresy and an absence of preliminary trial which, among civilised communities, would have

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earned for it a harsher name than execution. He established a reign of terror at Cabul.

Meanwhile the Ameer at Candahar was again speculating on assistance from British India. On the 10th of September Shere Ali addressed direct to the Commissioner of Peshawur a letter, which was at once recognised as genuine, repeating his original prayer for six thousand muskets, and cash in proportion. The Commissioner replied, saying that he had forwarded the letter for the Viceroy's orders, which, when received, would be duly communicated to the Ameer. But the Viceroy, in his turn, postponed issuing orders of any kind on the subject, and hence Shere Ali's appeal remained practically unanswered. It may well be asked why Sir John Lawrence in this instance departed from the outspoken frankness which had so markedly characterised all his previous dealings with Afghanistan. The answer is easily given. Sir John Lawrence abided as firmly as ever by his determination to abstain from aiding either Shere Ali against Azim Khan or Azim Khan against Shere Ali, so long as each of them respectively maintained a similar quiescence towards British India. But Azim Khan had of late assumed an air so offensive that it began to be doubtful whether the principle of self-defence might not ere long compel us, however reluctantly, to act against him by extending some help to his rival. It was not merely that he made a habit in the Cabul Durbar of railing against the British Government in a strain of unbridled insolence and vindictiveness; verbiage of that kind might be overlooked with contempt; but he was doing his best by actual deeds to stir up against us, in an organised league of holy war, the numerous predatory and fanatical tribes whose mountain-fastnesses overhang our north-west frontier. Sir John Lawrence had little fear that this effort of spite would be successful; but there was none the less need to be on the watch for its issue, and to reserve in readiness the means of checking it, which Shere Ali's application offered. Still no inkling of the new contingency was, or could be, given to Shere Ali. His request was not directly negatived; but this was all: it received not the faintest sign of encouragement.

Both the contending factions in Afghanistan occupied the autumn and early winter in equipping and despatching reinforcements for the positions from which their respective armies confronted each other. The Candahar troops at Khelat-i-Ghilzye grew steadily in numbers, discipline, and confidence; for Shere Ali was able to concentrate all his energies on a single point. The progress of the enemy's camp at Mookhur was feebler and more fitful; a spirit of disaffection, desertion, and mutiny, kept thinning the ranks of Cabul, and the attention of the confederate leaders was distracted by the revolt of the Ghilzyes in the east, and yet more by Fyz Mahomed's

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threatened descent from the north. Between these later sources of anxiety, Azim Khan's son, Surwur Khan, was left for months hovering with divided aim. Before he could effect more than a skin-deep settlement of the disturbances around Jellalabad and Koonur, he was hurriedly recalled to undertake the more arduous task of defending the passes of the Hindoo Khoosh against Fyz Mahomed; and his back was no sooner turned on the Ghilzyes than they again broke out in more serious insurrection than ever.

By November all the elements of retributive violence, which had been long gathering round Cabul, were simultaneously astir, but the supreme peril lay in the combined action of Shere Ali and Fyz Mahomed. Impelled from opposite bases to a common gaol, the forces of Candahar and of Balkh, two moving masses of menace, seemed closing in on the vessel of the confederates' fortunes with fatal precision. To complete the horror of the situation, rumours darkened the air that England's patience had been at last exhausted, and that she was now permitting Shere Ali to recruit his invading strength from the arsenals and treasuries of India. Ufzul Khan gave himself up to despair; and even the stubborn spirit of Azim Khan was so far shaken as to consent to a parley. Messengers were sent to Shere Ali, proposing peace on terms of a partition of the country—Shere Ali to retain Candahar and Herat, and the confederates to keep Cabul with Balkh added. A marked improvement at the same time came over Azim Khan's demeanour towards the British Government. He soon ascertained by inquiry from our news-writer that the report of British intervention in Shere Ali's favour was baseless, and now, with the chance before him of becoming once more a fugitive adventurer, he could no longer afford the luxury of a one-sided enmity with his powerful but placable neighbour. Moreover, if it be true, as there is reason for supposing, that an emissary, whom he had three months previously despatched *viâ* Koondooz to ask assistance from the Russian general at Tashkend, returned just at this period with an unsatisfactory answer, such a rebuff from one of the two great European Powers, between which his political loves and hates were perpetually oscillating, would naturally set him in motion with unabashed assurance towards the other. Dangers and disappointments were bringing out the prudent side of the Afghan character in Azim Khan. He was by no means cowed however. He still turned upon his foes with a courage and vigour which it is impossible not to admire. Ignoring the lateral diversion offered by the turbulence of the Ghilzyes, and abandoning Cabul to such protection as Ufzul Khan's presence might afford, he absorbed every fighting man for field service at one or other of the two points where a stand was essentially necessary, viz., at Bameean against Fyz Mahomed and at Mookhur against Shere Ali. By this means the strength of Surwur

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Khan's camp at the former place was brought up to 7,000 men, while that of the southern force, which was to be commanded jointly by Azim Khan himself and by Abdool Rehman, rose to 9,000—numbers in each case inferior to those of the invader, but eked out by compensating circumstances. At Bameean the mountain defiles afforded special facilities for defensive warfare, and at Mookhur there was a better park of artillery than could be opposed to it from Candahar. If therefore Surwur Khan could only keep the Balkh army in check for a time, Azim Khan hoped that his own generalship and Abdool Rehman's gallantry might suffice to give a good account of Shere Ali in the interval. The game he saw, though running against him, was not yet lost. He pacified the discontent of the soldiery by a timely issue of pay, and assumed the chief command at Mookhur about the 20th December.

On the other side Shere Ali did not personally take the field so soon as had been expected. He was detained in Candahar till Christmas Day. The last weeks of the Ameer's stay in that city were clouded by the sudden defection of his brother, Shureef Khan. One more change of sides perpetrated by a chieftain whose inconstancy, even among Afghans, was already a by-word, would not under ordinary circumstances be worth noticing; but in this instance the direction of Shureef Khan's flight gave an adventitious importance to his eccentricities. He came southward into Beloochistan, and sought asylum from the Khan of Khelat at Quetta, thereby disquieting the British frontier in Upper Scinde.

It was at this juncture that the Government of Bombay submitted for the consideration of the Government of India proposals of such magnitude as to demand record in their place of chronological order, let the inroad on the continuity of Afghan history be what it may. The spectacle of Shere Ali and Azim Khan, each in full spring at the other's throat among snows soon to be reddened by decisive battle, must be set aside for a while that we may pause in the serene atmosphere of British council-chambers. The question of the occupation of Quetta implies nothing less than a revolution in the system of India's military defences.

The plan originated in 1856 with the late general John Jacob, an officer whose assumption of infallibility did prejudice to his unquestionable talents, his sleepless devotion to the public service, and his real knowledge of the Belooch border. At that time Persia, either with or without instigation from Russia, had just seized the Afghan fortress of Herat, and England was about to embark on the campaign which ultimately extorted from the Shah a restitution of the so-called "Gate of India." General Jacob availed himself of the opportunity to offer suggestions to the then Governor-General, Lord Canning, for the better protection of the frontier. He declared that

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if the red line of England's boundary was to retain its position on the map, there was absolute necessity for our occupying posts in advance of it. "A war," he said, "*within* our own territory with a European army might be ruinous to our reputation, and might entirely undermine our strength, although that strength might have sufficed successfully to meet a world in arms in a field *beyond* our own boundary." His argument proceeded,—that there were but two great roads by which a modern army could invade India from the north-west, viz., the Khyber Pass and the Bolan Pass; that our existing outposts were on the hither or Indian side of both these passes—at Peshawur as regards the Khyber, and at Jacobabad in respect of the Bolan; that at Peshawur we might well remain as we were, watching the mouth of the defile, but that from Jacobabad we were in self-preservation bound to advance. The first step would be to take advantage of that article in our treaty with the Khan of Khelat which permits the cantonment of British troops in any part of his territory, and immediately to occupy Quetta; connected with which measure, as necessary consequences, would come a continuation of the Scinde railway to the foot of the Bolan Pass, and the construction of a good road through the pass. Next, we should take a body of Belooch irregulars into our pay, who, politically, would be useful as a link of connection with the native inhabitants, and who, in a military capacity, might be to us what the Cossacks are to a Russian army. Having thus quietly established ourselves in Beloochistan, we should subsidise the Afghans, and pave the way for a peaceable occupation of Herat. With a proper garrison at Quetta, and a fortress held by 20,000 men at Herat, we should not only block the Bolan route, but operate with destructive effect on the flanks and rear of any invader attempting to proceed by way of the Khyber. And then "India would be as firmly locked in our grasp as if surrounded by the ocean." Such, briefly stated, was the project now, after ten years' suspension, revived in official form by General Jacob's pupil and successor on the Scinde frontier, Sir Henry Green. Since its original publication it had been the theme of endless controversy in the public press, and its general principles had secured the favourable opinion of such weighty authorities as Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir Justin Sheil. Thus a special responsibility, over and above that arising from the intrinsic importance of the subject, attached to the Governor of Bombay, when, by seriously recommending that Sir Henry Green should be allowed to take preliminary action, he identified the dignity of his government with the furtherance of a scheme widely known, generally popular, and strong in the sanction of great names. Sir Bartle Frere's proposal on reaching Calcutta was immediately laid by the Viceroy before his council. Sir John Lawrence explained that he had for years been familiar with General

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Jacob's arguments, that he had never recognised their validity hitherto, and that he saw nothing in the present condition of Central Asia to lead him to a different conclusion now. If the strategic advantages of occupying Quetta were doubtful, some of the political disadvantages were obvious. The expense would be enormous, and he should alarm the jealousy, not only of the Afghans as a nation, but of the Persian Court also. Besides, it would always be open to us to occupy Quetta and subsidise the Beloochees at any future period, when the imminence of a real danger to our power might render such a step expedient. "In the meantime," Sir John concluded, "I am absolutely opposed to this undertaking." The discussion was taken up by two councillors, whose opinions on such a topic were entitled to the utmost respect. Sir William Mansfield united to the military talents, which had raised him to the chief command of her Majesty's army in India, a statesmanlike comprehension of the internal condition and prospects of our Eastern Empire, some knowledge of Russian policy derived from diplomatic employment at Constantinople and at Warsaw, and an intimate personal familiarity with the Afghan frontier, acquired when he was winning his spurs as a regimental officer at Peshawur. Similarly, the brilliant reputation which Sir Henry Durand had won in many an Indian Durbar and battle-field was enhanced by his particular experience in the affairs of Afghanistan. Years ago, as a young engineer of Lord Keane's force, he had laid the powder-bags which blew open the gates of Ghuznee; and, more recently, as Lord Elgin's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, he had taken a large share in the direction of our later relations with the Barukzye dynasty. Both these distinguished officers gave hearty support to the view taken by the Viceroy. Sir William Mansfield calculated that the occupation of Quetta, necessitating as it would the maintenance of communication with the Indus by posts at Dadur and Jacobabad, and probably at some intermediate places, could not be safely carried out "with less than 3,000 British infantry and artillery, 4,000 native infantry, and 2,000 cavalry, including a regiment of dragoons—9,000 in all, or 7,000 in excess of the force which is now found to be more than ample for the defence of the Scinde frontier, the same being all native, and therefore comparatively of a cheap description."

Moreover, a fort would be needed at Quetta to cover the magazine and treasure, and to be a *point d'appui* in case of accident, pending the arrival of reinforcements. Taken altogether, these arrangements represented an amount of expenditure so embarrassing to the finances of India, that to incur it, even in counteracting a Russian occupation of Cabul and Candahar, would, in the Commander-in-chief's opinion, be of doubtful propriety so long as peace continued between England and Russia. And if war should arrive, was it certain, as a

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matter of pure strategy, that an advance to Quetta would be incumbent on us in that extremity? For his own part, Sir William was inclined to say:—

"The side whence to defend the Bolan Pass is not the western extremity, where the British cantonment would be cut off by a defile sixty-six miles long, through which its supports would have to advance, after a painful and exhausting march from the Indus and across a desert, but rather at the eastern extremity. For there a hostile force could be struck on the head before it could have time to deploy with the heavy *matériel*, without which a modern army cannot move, or hope to move, against such forces as we should array against it on any field we might choose between Shikarpore and Dadur. The desert would be in this manner turned into our most useful ally, instead of being a formidable difficulty. The latter would be the case if General Jacob's plan were adopted."

Sir Henry Durand travelled to the same practical result as his colleague by a different route. He could easily "conceive circumstances which might combine to render the partial or the entire occupation of Afghanistan necessary as a theatre for offensive operations on our part, in aid of Afghan resistance to invasion from the westward." It was a region admirably adapted by nature for giving the fullest effect to the destructive warfare which Afghans thus supported could wage, with small loss to themselves.

"I know," he continued, "that we could again seize Afghanistan, if it were advisable or necessary, and that, with our Indus frontier complete in its communications, parallel and perpendicular, no power on earth could shake us out of that country. I know, too, that, with the Afghans friendly and cordial, we could, without the actual seizure of the country for ourselves, organise its defence in a most destructive manner against hostile invasions. But neither alternative is at present imposed on us as of the smallest necessity. . . . Any intervention now would be ill-timed, and is wholly uncalled for. It will be all that political and military considerations demand, if our lines of rail and river communication on the Indus frontier are rendered as perfect as it is easily in our power to make them; so that, without our at present incurring the risk of complications with Afghan and Belooch tribes and politics, it may yet be in our power rapidly to mass, and securely to feed and support our forces, whether intended for operations above or below the passes. . . . . If our position on the Indus frontier be one of unmistakable strength, it will long paralyse aggressive presumption."

The remaining members of the Viceregal Council tendered their adhesion with the good-will that flows from a similar conviction. And so the proposition from Bombay was unanimously rejected. But let no one suppose that this rejection gave a final quietus to the movement for the occupation of Quetta. Vigorous in the vitality of popular error, it to this day remains at the root of every discussion on Central Asia.

Another episode of the Calcutta cold weather of 1866—7 may also be fitted into its place here, before we return to the seat of war in Afghanistan. The intercourse of the British Government with that of Bokhara has not been so frequent or so amicable that the ap-

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pearance of an ambassador from the Oosbeg metropolis, the head-quarters of Moslem bigotry, should be regarded as an ordinary event. Indeed, the past relations between the two powers might almost be summed up in the fact that two British officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, who had been sent to Bokhara during the Afghan war of 1839—42, to bar Russian progress by the organisation of a Tartar confederacy under the headship of Ameer Nussur-oollah of Bokhara, had been barbarously seized by that Ameer, and, after a long and cruel imprisonment, brutally murdered. The whirligig of time had now brought about its revenge; behold Nussur-oollah's successor, Mozuffer-ood-deen, spontaneously seeking the English as his only means of rescue from Russian invasion! Utterly defeated at Irdjar, on the 20th May, 1866, and expelled from Khojend on the 5th June, the Ameer Mozuffer-ood-deen, in August, offered submission to Generals Kryjanovski and Romanovski with one hand, while with the other he sued to Sir John Lawrence for an offensive and defensive alliance against his conquerors. The person whom he selected as his representative on the latter mission was named Khoja Mahomed Parsa, and occupied at Bokhara the exalted office of Chief Mooftee, or expounder of the law. This emissary, passing through Cabul, where he had a grand comparison of political notes with Azim Khan, reached Peshawur on the 11th November, attended by twenty-two followers, and bearing letters and presents not only for the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and the Governor-General of India, but also for their Majesties, the Queen of England and the Sultan of Turkey. The presents, though favourable specimens, probably, of the staple products of Bokhara, were more curious than valuable: they consisted of silk in pieces and in shawls, skins of kid and ermine, woollen rugs, and a few horses. The letter to the Lieutenant-Governor contained nothing beyond the usual civilities of Oriental correspondence, and a request that the bearer might be assisted on his journey. Proceeding to Calcutta, the envoy was admitted to the Viceroy's presence on the 9th January. Partly oppressed by the wonders of the civilisation which had whirled him down by steam from Delhi, a thousand miles in thirty-six hours, but still more haunted by doubts whether the deaths of Stoddart and Conolly might not be avenged on his own person, he had at first some difficulty in preserving the air of impassive tranquillity proper to his character. Quickly recovering himself, he delivered to Sir John Lawrence the letter intended for the Queen, as well as that addressed to Her Majesty's Vicegerent in India. In the one a hope was expressed that the Governor-General would interfere "to relieve Mahomedans from Russian oppression," and a pledge was added that the writer would follow any advice which his Excellency might be pleased to give. In the other, the Ameer complained bitterly of

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Russian aggression, treachery, and violation of international law, as shown by the unprovoked seizure of Tashkend and other territory, and by the detention at Orenburg of one of his servants bearing the sacred character of an ambassador: he was determined, he said, to resist the enemy, by force of arms, to the utmost, but at the same time, in compliance with the Koran's injunction "to consult with others and take advice," he looked to her Majesty for advice and aid towards the expulsion of the Russians. Both these communications having been perused, it appeared odd that the envoy, while making no attempt to conceal the alarm with which his countrymen viewed the Russian advance, nevertheless abstained from any allusion to the request for British assistance which was so specifically urged in his credentials. At last, when pressed to name the precise object of his quest, he declared that he wanted nothing. The explanation soon followed. In journeying through Peshawur he had met an agent of the Khan of Kokand, who had been despatched three years previously on a mission identical with his own, and who was then returning home. From him he had learned that nothing but disappointment was to be expected, whether at Calcutta or at Constantinople. Acting, therefore, on the discretionary power with which he believed himself to be vested, the envoy withdrew the prayer for help contained in his master's letters, and professed that he had no other object but to communicate sentiments of general friendship from the Bokhara Durbar to the British Government. Before the close of the audience the Viceroy touched on the murder of Stoddart and Conolly, stigmatising it as a deed which covered the Ameer of Bokhara with infamy in the eyes of all honest people. The envoy replied that the murder, if indeed those officers were murdered, was a very unworthy act, but that, for his own part, he at the time must have been quite a young man, with no official position, and that his master, the present Ameer, must also have been a youth, and had not then succeeded to the sovereignty of the State. So terminated an interview possessing singular interest in the annals of Central Asia. Some days afterwards Sir John Lawrence issued to the envoy, for transmission to Bokhara, return presents of the usual kind, and a letter, in which the communication he had himself received from the Ameer was answered as follows:—

"It is with much regret that I hear that your Majesty has been at war with the Russians, and that you believe that you have grounds for complaining of their oppression. But Bokhara is so distant from the confines of India, and the difficulties of communication which the intervening country presents are so formidable, that hitherto they have proved a bar to any freedom of intercourse, not only between our respective subjects, but also between your Majesty and the Government of India. I am, therefore, neither sufficiently well acquainted with the causes which have unfortunately produced a state of hostilities between Bokhara and Russia, nor with the present state of your Majesty's affairs, to be in a position to give your Majesty useful advice. And, therefore,

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though I am willing to be on friendly terms, and am desirous of the peace of your dominions, and am anxious to hear of the prosperity of your Majesty's rule, I am not able to render you effective aid, either by advice or in any other form. May God direct your Majesty in the proper course to pursue, and keep you in safety! Your Majesty's letter to the Queen of England and India shall be sent on."

The promise conveyed in these concluding words was duly fulfilled. The appeal to Her Majesty reached its destination; but, as hardly needs to be added, it elicited no response of any kind. The British Government's position in regard to the war between Russia and Bokhara had already been sufficiently defined in the Viceroy's reply, and there was nothing in the past conduct of Bokhara or in her rank among the kingdoms of the East which at all entitled her ruler to the rare honour of an English Queen's sign-manual. No hopes of such condescension were held out to the Envoy. He lingered in Calcutta sight-seeing till the 19th of February, and then proceeded to Bombay, whence he was to make his way to Constantinople for the prosecution of that part of his mission which was addressed to the Sublime Porte.

From these digressions regarding Quetta and Bokhara we must now revert to the scene of conflict in Afghanistan.

The new year opened brightly for Shere Ali's prospects. On the 6th of January, 1867, his ally, Fyz Mahomed, descending from Balkh, forced the defensive position occupied by Azim Khan's son, Surwur Khan, and drove the Cabul army back in demoralised rout on Bameean. There can be little doubt that if Fyz Mahomed had followed up this success immediately, he might without difficulty have swept through the passes, overwhelmed all opposition, and captured Cabul. Instead, he halted to check a disturbance in his rear, created by Azim Khan's staunch partisan, the Oosbeg chieftain of Budukshan. Surwur Khan thus obtained breathing-time to reform his shattered forces and make a second stand for the defence of the capital. Fyz Mahomed, when he again advanced, had lost his opportunity without knowing it. He anticipated an easy repetition of his victory over Surwur Khan, and a triumphant meeting with Shere Ali under the walls of Cabul; but, in the midst of these flattering fancies, his foot was stayed and his hand unnerved by intelligence from the south too disastrous to be readily credible.

It was true, nevertheless. The stars in their courses had once more fought against Shere Ali. That unlucky prince had issued from Khelat-i-Ghilzye at the head of his army on the 12th of January, and on the 16th he had sustained a crushing defeat from Azim Khan.

The details of the engagement are not worth our attention. There seems to have been more treachery than fighting, and the loss on either side was trivial; but the result, for all that, was quite as deci-

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sive as any amount of heroism could have made it. Shere Ali abandoned Khelat-i-Ghilzye to its fate and fled to Candahar. He paused at Candahar for one day only, and then evacuated that city also, without a blow. Attended by a mere handful of troopers, he continued his flight towards Herat, now the only direction—set aside Fyz Mahomed's ambiguous allegiance in Balkh—where the vestiges of sovereign authority were yet preserved to him. Azim Khan and Abdool Rehman entered Candahar as conquerors on the 26th of January, and were joined there by the turn-coat Shureef Khan, whose departure for this purpose from Quetta was a welcome relief to the Belooch border. All central and southern Afghanistan was now in the possession of the confederacy, and the north might be expected to follow, for, in Shere Ali's present disability to resume the offensive from Herat, Azim Khan's whole strength was free to cope with Fyz Mahomed on advantageous terms, and compel a surrender of Balkh.

The first use which the confederates made of the new position they had attained was to send formal announcement of their successes to the British Government. Their letter, running in the name of Ufzul Khan, as Ameer of Afghanistan, and dated February 3rd, was substantially a challenge for the Viceroy's congratulations. In forwarding it to Calcutta, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab added his opinion that "the concession of the title of Ameer in our correspondence with Ufzul Khan should no longer be withheld." Sir Donald Macleod was clearly right in this matter. The time had come when, unless we recognised Ufzul Khan as Ameer, our newswriter would be kicked out of Cabul, and we should be at open rupture with the party then uppermost in Afghanistan; that is, we should be landed in the dilemma either of actively espousing Shere Ali's cause, and forcing his supremacy on a people three-fourths of whom disowned it; or of tamely renouncing all hold on a country in whose destinies much of our own future was involved. But the Lieutenant-Governor's suggestion has its importance as proving that Sir John Lawrence, so far from being ahead of all the world in eagerness to recognise the *de facto* rulers of Cabul—an accusation which has been often made—actually on this point lagged behind his most responsible adviser. In the Viceroy's reply to Ufzul Khan, dated February 25th, that chief was styled Ameer, not of Afghanistan at large, but only of Cabul and Candahar, the territories actually in his grasp; also the congratulations addressed to the conqueror were tempered with a regret and even a preference for his rival so nakedly declared that the records of diplomacy might be searched in vain for a parallel. The most important clauses were as follows:—

"My friend! The British Government has hitherto maintained a strict neutrality between the contending parties in Afghanistan. Rumours, I am

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told, have reached the Cabul Durbar of assistance having been granted by me to Ameer Shere Ali Khan. I take this opportunity to request your Highness not believe such idle tales. Neither men, nor arms, nor money, nor assistance of any kind, have ever been supplied by my Government to Ameer Shere Ali Khan. Your Highness and he, both equally unaided by me, have fought out the battle, each upon your own resources. I purpose to continue the same policy for the future. If, unhappily, the struggle for supremacy in Afghanistan has not yet been brought to a close, and hostilities are again renewed, I shall still side with neither party. My friend! as I told your Highness in my former letter, the relations of the British Government are with the actual rulers of Afghanistan. Therefore, so long as Ameer Shere Ali Khan holds Herat, and maintains friendship with the British Government, I shall recognise him as ruler of Herat, and shall reciprocate his amity. But, upon the same principle, I am prepared to recognise your Highness as Ameer of Cabul and Candahar, and I frankly offer your Highness in that capacity peace and the good-will of the British Government."

The letter concluded with a proposal that a Mahomedan gentleman of rank and character should at once be deputed to Cabul as British representative, in relief of the news-writer whose temporary and imperfect occupation of the post has already been explained.

Concurrently with this interchange of state papers between the British Viceroy and the Cabul rulers, a minor and indirect correspondence was also in progress between the same potentates through the channel of our news-writer. It has been already explained that Azim Khan, at the time when he was preparing to march out of Cabul, with small hopes of a successful issue to the campaign, had hedged against the probability of defeat by forswearing his former rancour against the British Government and adopting instead an ostentatious desire to conciliate. In this game he had played the old traditional opening of Afghan craft. He had written a note to our Moonshee on the 15th of November, dwelling on the victorious advance of Russia, affecting alarm for the independence of Afghanistan, and looking to England for rescue. The reply which Sir John Lawrence instructed the Moonshee to make reached Cabul on the 14th of February, when, in consequence of the absence at Candahar of both Azim Khan and Abdool Rehman, the capital was in fact as well as in name under the administration of Ameer Ufzul. The Moonshee told Ameer Ufzul "that the most friendly relations existed between the British and Russian Governments, and that there was no reason to apprehend that Russia had any wish to molest those who were in friendly relations with Great Britain." This message was immediately communicated by the Cabul Durbar to that of Bokhara. Ufzul Khan was bound to the royal house of Bokhara by old political intimacy and the domestic ties of intermarriage, and therefore it was not only natural that he should advise the Oosbeg court on such a subject, but also probable that his advice would be inspired by perfect good faith. What he is alleged, upon credible authority, to have written is that, as far as he could make out, if the Russians took

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all Bokhara to-morrow, the English would be rather pleased than otherwise; and that, therefore, the best thing for Bokhara would be to make peace as soon as possible with Russia, and desist from futile embassies to Calcutta and Constantinople. Evidently Ufzul Khan's interest in the matter was strong; for, after brooding over it for some days, he asked our news-writer what the British Government would have him do in case his old friend at Bokhara asked him for assistance against Russia? The question almost carried its own solution. The Afghans had too much on their hands to be able to spare one man or one rupee for any external ally, however hard pressed. Nevertheless, it was no evasive answer which the Cabul ruler received. He was informed, through the Moonshee, that the British Government, though always happy to receive any information he might have to supply regarding current events in Bokhara, recommended him to abstain from any proceeding calculated to involve him in the disputes of that State with Russia.

But the correspondence of our officers during the early months of 1867 was not confined to the winning side in Afghanistan. We were in communication with Shere Ali as well. The fallen king, shortly after his defeat at Khelat-i-Ghilzye, had sent a trusted kinsman and namesake of his own into Scinde to lay a fresh entreaty at the feet of the British Government. This he described as his ultimatum. If England still withheld her helping hand from his distress, he was bound to look for friends elsewhere—to Persia and to Russia. In one way or another he was resolved to recover his lost kingdom. Our commissioner in Scinde listened with commiseration to the piteous tale, but he could do nothing to relieve it. The policy of his Government, as proclaimed in the Viceroy's recently-published letter to Ameer Ufzul Khan, was rigid neutrality between the belligerent parties. The messenger received a copy of that letter, and then retired in dejection to join his master at Herat.

Of affairs at Candahar throughout the spring it is enough to say that Azim Khan and Abdool Rehman were there in conjunction. That implies a monopoly of authority by the former, and ebullitions of jealous anger from the latter, with the usual consequences to their subjects; *delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.* Uncle and nephew equally saw that one of them must remain in Candahar to keep a firm hold on the chief city of the Dooranee race and the surrounding country; but each was resolved that he would not be that one. Each strove to return with all speed to Cabul, where Ameer Ufzul's failing health might at any time leave the succession to the Afghan capital a prize for whichever of the two could contrive to be on the spot. Both endeavoured to obtain letters of recal from Ameer Ufzul, whose voice, under the pressure of these rival bids for his good word, suddenly rose to an unwonted importance in the

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state. Driven to make choice between his son and his brother, the bewildered referee decided in favour of the former. Abdool Rehman was to come back to Cabul, while Azim Khan stood fast at Candahar. The competition, however, was still at see-saw on the 30 of March, when Azim Khan received from Cabul a copy of Sir John Lawrence's letter of the 25th of February. Ufzul Khan, though delighted with the Governor-General's recognition of his title, had not felt competent by himself to compose a reply, and had referred the duty to his cleverer brother at Candahar. Azim Khan drafted the necessary answer, and sent it to Cabul to be signed and forwarded to India by the nominal sovereign. It merely reciprocated in general terms the friendly feelings of the Viceroy, and consented to receive the Vakeel, or native envoy, whom Sir John Lawrence proposed sending to Cabul as representative of the British Government. So far the action taken by the confederate brothers on Sir John Lawrence's famous letter was all that could be desired; but secretly they had another use for it. With a duplicity amusingly characteristic of the nation, they transmitted a copy of it to the Russian governor at Tashkend.[1] Ameer Ufzul, in whose name of course the communication was made, informed General Romanovski that he had no confidence in the "Lord Sahib's" fine professions of friendship, and that he was disgusted with the British Government for the ingratitude and ill-treatment shown towards his brother Azim. He looked upon the Russians as his real and only friends, hoped soon to be able to send a regular ambassador to the Russian camp, and would at all times do his utmost to protect and encourage Russian trade.

All this while Fyz Mahomed, with the Balkh army, was hanging motionless about the high passes of the Hindoo Khoosh, where his descent on Cabul had been arrested by the news of Shere Ali's defeat and flight. It was for some time doubtful whether, in the altered circumstances of his position, he might not draw in his horns, and accept the liberal terms of accommodation which the victorious party would have been glad to offer him. But eventually he declared for the bolder alternative of going through with what he had begun. He sent messengers to Herat assuring Shere Ali of his unchangeable devotion to the royal cause, and begging the Ameer to come with all speed and join him in Balkh. Nor did he wait for this invitation to take effect before adding the proof of deeds to his protestations of fidelity. Surwur Khan's was still the only force opposed to him, and that, strange to say, remained unaugmented by any of the reinforcements which the result of the battle of Khelat-i-Ghilzye might have

(1) The name of the bearer was Hakeem Kumrooddeen, and he reached Tashkend on the 5th June, 1867. He was a merchant of Kokand, trading with Cabul, and this was not the first occasion on which he acted as letter-carrier between the Russian camp and Cabul.

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been expected to produce, and which, even with allowance made for the necessity of keeping an eye on Shere Ali's movements across the Helmund, might certainly have been spared by Azim Khan from the garrison of Candahar. All that Fyz Mahomed had before him was an ill-fed and half-hearted rabble. He attacked and almost annihilated it on the 23rd of April at a place called Bajgah. The poor remnant, pursued as far as Bameean, fled on without stopping till the neighbourhood of Cabul was reached. At Chareekur, Surwur Khan made some attempt at a rally, but he had no heart for the task, and soon committed it to other hands; he betook himself to Cabul, entering the gates in silence and alone, sheltered from mocking eyes by darkness, on the night of the 27th. Now for the second time Fyz Mahomed had the capital of Afghanistan at his mercy, and for the second time he let the golden opportunity slip. He advanced no further than Bameean. Leaving a strong detachment at that important point, and dropping by the way supports for it at Seghan, Bajgah, and Roèe, among the mountains, he withdrew the main body of his army back to Eibuk, in Balkh. Nothing more would he do until he had, face to face, effected a personal league with Shere Ali. The desired meeting took place at Tukhtapool, where Shere Ali, preceded by his son, Ibrahim Khan, arrived from Herat on the 9th of May. Fyz Mahomed welcomed the Ameer with every demonstration of joy and reverence, and the Ameer responded by lavishing marks of honour on Fyz Mahomed. By-gones were by-gones between them. It was understood that in the civil administration of Balkh and in the control of the Balkh troops the king's presence was to detract nothing from the king-maker's independence of action; and this understanding was not the less cordial for being veiled under much outward deference to the royal supremacy. The conjoined forces numbered 16,000 men with sixteen guns. They ought to have been led, without a day's further delay, to the assault and recapture of Cabul. That great prize was still within the grasp of the northern invaders, for the panic caused by Surwur Khan's defeat at Bajgah had not yet subsided, and the earliest instalment of th reinforcements sent for from Candahar did not reach Cabul, under command of Abdool Rehman, till the 22nd of May. Shere Ali, however, and his colleague, for some unexplained reason, would not put out their hands to take what fortune so invitingly offered. They wasted the whole summer in ruinous sloth at Tukhtapool, each day as it passed tending to introduce some strain or rift in the artificial framework of their compact. They were waiting, they averred, to be joined by more soldiery from Herat; but the pretext is inadmissible. A more likely theory is that Shere Ali sacrificed this precious interval to seeking from Russia and Persia the help that British India had denied him. In Balkh he possessed special facilities for

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communicating with the Russian commanders across the Oxus, which he is not likely to have neglected; and his overtures to Persia were made too openly to admit of any concealment.

The part played by the Shah of Persia in this matter is most creditable to his majesty. For purposes of religious pilgrimage, but also, probably, with some ulterior idea of overawing the unquiet Turkomans, he happened this summer to be at Meshhed, on the eastern frontiers of his kingdom. Thither came to wait upon him Shere Ali's son, Yakoob Khan, Governor of Herat. The Afghan prince, who was received by the Shah with all the honour due to his birth and office, proposed that in return for a subsidy to be immediately granted to his father, he should for the future hold Herat as a fief of the Persian crown. In former times, and up to a recent day, no surer bait could have been dangled before the rulers of Persia, whoever they might have been. The present monarch, however, alive to the danger lurking within this gaudy fly, refused to bite. He replied simply that he was bound by express treaty with the British Government not to interfere in the affairs of Afghanistan, and that he felt no inclination to break the engagement. Yakoob Khan obtained honourable dismissal back to Herat; his mission had been a total failure.

Shere Ali's mortification, when he found Persia thus breaking under his hand like a bruised reed, was heightened by a misgiving lest shattered hopes might not represent the full distress of his predicament; how, if his attempt to seduce Persia into an infringement of treaty should have given umbrage to England? To get out of this scrape he did not hesitate to volunteer an elaborate fib. Recurring to his old method of circumlocution, he wrote to our Moonshee at Cabul; but, being far too wily a practitioner to commit dubious words to the enduring test of paper, he put nothing in his note (dated Tukhtapool, August 11th) save an innocent request to be supplied with the last news from India. The statement he really wanted to make he entrusted to the bearer of the note in the form of a verbal message for the Moonshee's private ear. It signified that in sending his son, Yakoob Khan, to Meshhed, he had been actuated, not by any political motive, but by a simple desire to show proper respect to the Shah, when accident had brought his Persian majesty so close to the Herat frontier; further, that he had neither concluded nor desired any alliance with Persia, his old alliance with England being the only one on which he set the slightest store. Poor Shere Ali might have saved himself the trouble of this ingenious endeavour to mystify the British Government; all the details of the Meshhed conference were already known in India, having been duly reported to Sir John Lawrence by our minister at Teheran.

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Yet, to do Shere Ali justice, any liberty he may have taken with the truth of Yakoob Khan's abortive excursion to Meshhed, was far surpassed by his rival's manipulation of the same fact. As the former had striven to explain away the circumstance into nothingness, so the latter, writing on the very next day, strove to bring out its purport and consequences in the blackest relief. Azim Khan's version was that Yakoob Khan had led back a Persian army to Herat, which had occupied the place and planted two standards on its walls, one Persian the other Russian. This story he sent by express to Cabul, desiring his brother to communicate it to the British Moonshee as news of the gravest urgency. Simultaneously he wrote direct to Sir Henry Green on the Scinde border, urging that, as his enemies, by throwing themselves into a Russo-Persian alliance, were now our enemies also, he reckoned with confidence on our granting him support against them. Of course neither of these overtures obtained the slightest notice from the better-informed Indian Government.

The time which Ameer Shere Ali and Fyz Mahomed squandered, as we have seen, in fruitless applications to Russia and Persia, was put to better purpose by their opponents at Cabul. After the first reinforcement brought up by Abdool Rehman from Candahar, others followed. Two camps were formed, at Gurdundewar and Chareekur, for the protection of the city on its northern face, and every exertion was used to improve the discipline and revive the confidence of the soldiery. A threatened outbreak of the Ghilzyes was nipped in the bud. Chieftains of the Kohistan, suspected of a secret understanding with Shere Ali, were soothed into neutrality. Even the harshness of the bit upon the urban population of Cabul was in some degree relaxed, thanks to the more humane policy which Abdool Rehman's presence inspired. In truth the condition of the citizens was so forlorn that the sternest heart might have been touched by some compunction. War, famine, tyranny, and anarchy had already scourged them to the limit of human endurance, and now they were overshadowed by the wings of the pestilence. Cholera broke out on the 23rd July, and in four days took five hundred victims. Everybody that could, fled into the country; the rest cowered within closed doors. The streets were deserted; the daily Durbar at the palace was discontinued; Cabul seemed a city of the dead. A heavy fall of rain quenched for a time the virulence of the plague, but soon it again burst forth, and, in gusts that rose and fell with fitful vehemence, clung scathingly about the doomed habitations throughout the month of August. Barukzye princes, however, reck little for a murrain among their subjects: at present their whole thoughts were pre-occupied by the impending vacancy on the cushion of the Bala-Hissar, and the fair vista for their ambitious

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fancies opening out of that contingency. Ever since his return from Candahar, Abdool Rehman had affected the state, and pressed for the title, of heir-apparent to his father's dignity. Ufzul Khan could not be induced to confer the coveted distinction. As the disease under which the Ameer was sinking gradually gained ground, he began to repent him of the absence at Candahar of the keen brain and quick hand on which he had been accustomed to depend; and at last, in spite of his son's passionate remonstrances, he recalled his brother to his side. Azim Khan, on receiving the summons, saw his advantage, and used it brutally. He was not, he replied, the Messiah that by coming to Cabul he could put fresh life into a dying man; and, as for the portentous invasion from Balkh, Abdool Rehman, he imagined, was soldier enough to cope with that. He refused to stir from Candahar until he should have been relieved in his duties there by his son, Surwur Khan. Ameer Ufzul eagerly complied with the condition. Surwur Khan was sent to Candahar, and assumed the government of that place and its dependencies. Then Azim Khan set out on a leisurely progress to Cabul, reviewing and re-arranging, as he went, the civil administration of Ghuznee and the other interjacent districts. His new plan was to leave to Abdool Rehman all the danger and responsibility of a collision with the Balkh army, and not himself to reach Cabul until the decisive overthrow of one or other of the two combatants' hosts should leave his own course clear. He had tried waiting tactics before now, and found them profitable.

The event to which Azim Khan looked forward seemed at last to be really imminent. On the 23rd August the long-delayed advance on Cabul had actually been begun by Shere Ali and Fyz Mahomed, and to repel their progress Abdool Rehman was leading a reorganised army back to the old fighting ground, the scene of Surwur Khan's defeats, in the passes of the Hindoo Khoosh. The invaders numbered nearly twenty thousand men, but they marched in two columns, separated by a considerable interval. Thus, on the 17th September the leading column, under Fyz Mahomed, had reached the boundaries of Ooshtur-Kurram, in the Kohistan, while Shere Ali's battalions were away at Punjshere. With the quick eye of a good soldier, Abdool Rehman pounced on the opportunity which this blunder afforded. He charged Fyz Mahomed's corps, without allowing it time to obtain support or co-operation from Shere Ali's division. Fortune seconded his strategy. A chance shot, early in the action, struck down Fyz Mahomed, and at once all was over. The Balkh troops, whose attachment was not to Shere Ali or the royal cause, but to Fyz Mahomed and regular pay, immediately ceased fighting, and surrendered.

Fyz Mahomed's body was brought into Cabul, in a horse litter, on the 17th September. The Barukzyes, free as they are with the

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blood of all the world besides, have traditional scruples, partly of religion, though more, perhaps, of selfish policy, about taking the life of a brother Barukzye; and, in the worst heat of their interminable family quarrels, they seldom push revenge to the point of outraging in the public eye the respect they consider due to the meanest of their name. Full funereal obsequies were therefore granted to the remains of Fyz Mahomed; and the illuminations which the first news of so famous a victory had prompted the slavish inhabitants of Cabul to prepare, were countermanded by special instructions from the Bala-Hissar. "*Felix opportunitate mortis*," may be Fyz Mahomed's epitaph. Frank, gallant, and generous, he had lived long enough to win the affection of his fellows and a commanding position in the country, while the romantic circumstances of his death induce a large indulgence for the versatility of temper, which was rather the fault of his country and of his time than of the individual.

When one, and that the better, half of the invading army had ceased to exist, it was hardly to be expected that the other would cohere. The news of the catastrophe at Killa Alladad smote the camp at Punjshere with dissolution. Deserted by most of his troops, Shere Ali was in a few days obliged to abandon his guns, and make the best of his way, with the 3,000 men that alone remained faithful to their colours, back through Inderab to Tukhtapool.

Azim Khan, now that all difficulties had been removed from his path without any exertion on his own part, entered Cabul on the 21st September. He was just in time. Ameer Ufzul Khan died on the 7th October, and Abdool Rehman was ready in Cabul to dispute the succession, having hurriedly returned for the purpose from his encampment on the border of Balkh. Three days were given up nominally to mourning for the deceased Ameer, who, unlike Fyz Mahomed, had lived too long for his reputation. People forgot the glories of Ufzul Khan's military manhood in the fresh recollection of his nonentity as a ruler, and no one really regretted him. The practical use of the interval was to test the relative strength of the two claimants to the vacant title. On the fourth day Abdool Rehman succumbed. In a solemn Durbar he made over the sword of the late Ameer, his father, to Azim Khan, who thereupon was saluted by all the assembled nobles and chiefs as lord paramount of their fortunes. It must have been gall and wormwood to Abdool Rehman thus publicly to make cession of his birth-right to the uncle whom he abhorred; but he went through the ceremony with a good grace, laying it up in his heart as matter for which, with the help of time, he might yet exact satisfaction. The mask of placid obsequiousness which he for the present wore, he is said to have borrowed from the advice of his step-mother, Ufzul Khan's principal widow. The tale

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is likely enough. In Afghanistan, as elsewhere, the course of male politics largely takes its bent from the invisible occupants of the Zenana, and the influence of Bebee Murwureed, in particular, had long been a distinct power in the land.

Quietly Azim Khan stepped into possession of the prize to which, through much dirt and after many a downfall, his indomitable perseverance had at last conducted him. He was Ameer, if not of Afghanistan, at least of Cabul and Candahar. Whatever validity there had been in Ufzul Khan's title was assuredly his now by legitimate process of succession. The fact, he felt, ought to be recognised by the British Government, and the sooner the better. Accordingly, he took early occasion to hint in roundabout fashion to our Moonshee that he expected from the Governor-General some expression of condolence for the death of his brother, Ameer Ufzul. The moment at which he gave this intimation was propitious to his wishes, in a way and to an extent of which he could not be aware. For the last six months Sir John Lawrence had been most anxious to accredit a regular Vakeel to the Court of Cabul. Important interests demanded, and the express provision of a treaty sanctioned, our having a representative resident among the Afghans. The experiment, which the distracted and dangerous condition of the country had induced us to try, of limiting our representation to the person of a simple newswriter, was proved by three years' facts to be impracticable. The Moonshee was constantly found, from no fault of his own, to be dabbling in business of delicate diplomacy, quite foreign to the sphere of duty for which he had been selected, and to which it was desirable he should be confined. Manifestly the office needed as capable and dignified an occupant as her Majesty's native service of India could supply. Just the man for the purpose was ready to our hand in Atta Mahomed Khan, a Pathan of good birth, tried loyalty, considerable military knowledge, and perfect familiarity with all the various intricacies of the Afghan character. So far back as in the month of May—immediately, that is, on receipt of Ameer Ufzul's assurance that our Vakeel would be welcome—this gentleman had been warned to hold himself ready for service at Cabul. His actual despatch thither had remained in abeyance, pending the issue of the Balkh campaign. The reason for awaiting that event had been that the Governor-General, foreseeing how the *gobe-mouches* of every Asiatic bazaar would misconstrue the revival of the Vakeel's officer into an evidence of the British Government's preferential good-will towards the party for the time being in possession of Cabul, had desired, if possible, to reserve the imaginary compliment for the benefit of the rightful sovereign. If, as had been hoped, the Balkh campaign had ended in reseating Ameer Shere Ali at the Bala-Hissar, the credentials of the new Vakeel might have been addressed to the prince whose prior

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claim on our favour every word and deed of the British Government had consistently proclaimed. The result, however, had disappointed our hopes. Shere Ali was further than ever from the recovery of his lost supremacy—the opposition had obtained a new lease of power. In justice to our own interests we could afford no further waiting on the chances of a career that so repeatedly belied the anticipations of its sincerest well-wishers. Sir John Lawrence determined that our Vakeel should at once proceed to Cabul. A condition, however, obviously precedent to the Vakeel's despatch, was that the authority to whom his credentials were addressed should have been acknowledged by his employers. Hence a necessity for recognising Azim Khan as Ameer. In this field etiquette undoubtedly required that Azim Khan himself should have made the first move; he ought to have claimed British recognition by a special letter to the Viceroy, formally announcing his installation. On the other hand, Sir John Lawrence knew for a fact that the submission to Azim Khan had been universal; he saw that the Vakeel could not start until the new Ameer had been recognised; he had reason to hope that our policy of moral, though inactive, preference for Shere Ali was too well proved to be lightly called in question; he felt the logical obligation which the previous recognition of Ufzul Khan now imposed on him to recognise Ufzul Khan's successor; and, finally, he held in the request for condolence, expressed by Azim Khan to the Moonshee, sufficient groundwork for taking action, without derogating from the viceregal dignity. These considerations decided him. On the 13th November he issued two simultaneous letters to the address of Azim Khan as Ameer of Cabul and Candahar. The first bears on its face the signs of a studied brevity; in it Azim Khan was offered due condolence for his brother's demise, and also congratulated, in a single frigid sentence, on his own accession to power. The second comprised the credentials which Atta Mahomed Khan was personally to deliver at Cabul. Nothing now remained to prevent our Vakeel's departure, but the obtainment of a proper Afghan escort for his protection on the road from the Peshawur frontier. This was soon arranged. Atta Mahomed Khan hastened to the scene of his duties, and from the date of his arrival at Cabul the reproach and inconvenience of British India being without a spokesman in Afghanistan ceased to be felt.

So ended the year 1867. Its close left Shere Ali in worse plight than he ever yet had been. All the brave hopes that Balkh had held out to him in the spring were buried in the grave of Fyz Mahomed. His own sway over the Oosbeg population of the province fell far short of the standard requisite to unite their scattered clans in any fresh effort against the victorious arms of Abdool Rehman. Further stay in Balkh was useless, and might be dangerous; he had no

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choice but to retire from Tukhtapool. In all Afghanistan not a corner was left to Dost Mahomed's heir but Herat. Worn in body and broken in spirit, Ameer Shere Ali prepared to fall back on that asylum.

Here my tale of Afghan history must pause. The epoch we have reached marks for Sir John Lawrence's government the culminating point of the policy, which popular criticism, creating a catch-word of definition out of a chance phrase of mine in the *Edinburgh Review*, has quaintly agreed to laud or reprobate under the name of "masterly inactivity." Half the censure which has been showered on that policy springs from a misconception. Our relations towards the states lying within the limits of the Indian peninsula have been confounded with the fundamentally different relations we hold towards the powers lying beyond those limits. Familiar with the right of intervention which we justly exercise in the affairs of feudatory princes bound to us by ties of subordinate alliance, the Anglo-Indian mind forgets that we are lords-paramount of India only, not of all Asia, and expects us to throw down our truncheon between hostile factions in regions which geography has made independent of our control. Quite as justly might England have been called on to thrust herself, some years ago, between North and South in America, or, more recently, between Monarchists and Republicans in Spain. In the case of Afghanistan the obligation to let foreigners alone, that they might settle the form of their government and the person of their governor as they please, was enforced on the Indian Government, not only by the general spirit of international law, but by the particular provisions of a written treaty. The second article of Lord Dalhousie's Treaty of 1855 with Dost Mahomed bound us "never to interfere in the territories of Afghanistan." Dost Mahomed's sons were now fighting among themselves for the sovereignty of Afghanistan, and if to have granted either of them arms or money against the other would not have constituted a breach of treaty, it is difficult to imagine what would. Yet, oddly enough, this very treaty is reprinted at full length by more than one of the many writers who condemn our long-continued refusal of assistance to Shere Ali. What is stranger still, one pamphleteer,[1] by an exhibition of hocus-pocus more creditable to his own daring than complimentary to the discrimination of his audience, has not shrunk from quoting the very clause which lays an embargo on our interference as foundation from which to denounce the Indian Government's postponement of a particular act. Surely the force of casuistry can no further go than when inaction and interference are found to be convertible terms. The act referred to is the original recognition of Shere Ali, as Dost Mahomed's successor, which Lord Elgin's

(1) "The Oxus and the Indus." By Major Evans Bell.

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administration delayed to issue till six months after the decease of the old Ameer. The delay has been imputed to the Foreign Office of India as a sin, disgraceful in itself, and lamentable in its consequences; disgraceful, because it amounted to a repudiation of the "perpetual peace and friendship," which Shere Ali, as his father's heir, had a right to demand of us; and lamentable, because it stimulated the insurrectionary designs of his rivals. In point of fact, the apparent dilatoriness of the Government was, to a considerable extent, accidental, caused partly by the length of time that necessarily elapsed before authentic information of the death and dying wishes of Dost Mahomed could travel from the distant camp of Herat to the viceregal lodge at Simla, and partly by the check which Lord Elgin's mortal illness was then inflicting on every wheel of the State machinery. But extenuation need not be pleaded, when the means of justification are ample. Each of the two charges may be traversed by a direct *negatur*. In the first place, the nomination of Shere Ali by his father, though binding on the Barukzye family, gave him not a tittle of claim to our recognition: no such being as Dost Mahomed's "heir" could have any existence for the British Government, until the voice of chiefs and people should have ratified the deceased Ameer's choice; we simply allowed time for that voice to make itself heard, and, as soon as it had spoken, the recognition which then, and not till then, became Shere Ali's due, was granted with prompt cordiality. Secondly, anything that the Indian Government, then or subsequently, did or refrained from doing, had no more effect in rousing or quelling the force of Azim Khan's revolutionary ambition, than it could have upon the motion of the planets in heaven. Shere Ali, very likely, makes a fine grievance out of the guarded slowness of our procedure; but, if every word an Afghan says in his own cause is to be believed, the faith of some of us will be sorely tried. Sticklers for Shere Ali's "rights" appear to forget the origin of his title. In comparison with his brothers he may be called the "rightful sovereign;" but the father was nothing more or less than a usurper. Representatives of the family displaced by Dost Mahomed are still forthcoming, and still cherish expectations of a recall from exile in India to kingly power in Cabul. Among them, if anywhere, is the "rightful sovereign" to be looked for. The truth, however, is, that the Afghan policy contains no such institution. The only "rightful sovereign" is he who can take the crown, and keep it. Lord Dalhousie fully admitted the validity of the national custom, when, by the treaty already cited, he recognised Dost Mahomed as founder of a new dynasty in supercession of the house of the Sudyozyes, whose more legitimate title Lord Auckland's Government had formerly advocated by force of arms. If Lord Dalhousie's act was

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justifiable, so, too, must have been Sir John Lawrence's conduct—first, in taking time to recognise Shere Ali as Ameer of all Afghanistan, and afterwards in not scrupling to recognise successively Ufzul Khan and Azim Khan as Ameers of that portion of Afghanistan which had fallen under their *de facto* authority. The several operations are all parts of one consistent policy—the policy of assenting peaceably to the visible facts, resultant from a neighbour's settlement of his own affairs after his own fashion.

The more the historic facts of the case are sifted the firmer will be the conclusion of every dispassionate inquirer, that the course pursued by the Indian Government up to the end of 1867 did no injustice to Shere Ali, and that any other course would have been unjust to the Afghan nation. Further, it cannot be denied that a system which, by the transparent simplicity of its quietism, lulled the wakeful Anglo-phobia of Russian generals, and disarmed their inconvenient propensity to meet supposed plots of ours in Afghanistan by counter-plots of their own in the same country, was not without positive merit of some kind. Whether, on the whole, it was the best that could be devised for British interests, is a question which the inordinate space already occupied by this paper warns me to defer to another —though, I hope, an early—opportunity. Towards the end of 1868 the Government of India abandoned inactivity for action. Each, therefore, of the rival methods having now had a fair trial, the English people has the means of judging which the more rightly may be dubbed "masterly" of the two. The new scheme bore a very showy blossom at the Umballa Durbar last March, but the soundness of its fruit remains to be tested. Already a whisper comes from India of dead-sea apples, the dust and ashes of disappointment.

J. W. S. Wyllie.

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MR. FREEMAN ON THE MORALITY OF HUNTING.

With the permission of the Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*,—but not with his sympathy,—I intend to say a few words in answer to Mr. Freeman's attack upon Fox-hunting. In the October number of this Review there appeared an essay from Mr. Freeman's hand, on the Morality of Field Sports, of the tone and spirit of which no complaint can be made. It has received much attention, but not more than it deserves, and it contains the deep impressions, and vigorous, though I think not always well-fenced-up, arguments of an eager partizan in favour of humanity and sweet gentleness. The Morality of Field Sports, generally, is the title under which it has appeared, but the attack is mainly made upon fox-hunting. The man who shoots is not much aspersed by Mr. Freeman, and the fisherman escapes scot free. But the hunting-man is hunted,—if not to the death the fault does not lie with Mr. Freeman. I do not shoot or fish, but, as I hunt, I venture to step down into the arena, and prefer to carry on the battle, having the Editor's kind permission, on the ground chosen by Mr. Freeman himself.

Mr. Freeman assumes that the hunting-man does not dare to look his occupation in the face, and grounds this assumption on a clever article in a newspaper which he once bought at Manchester. He tells us how the writer in the Manchester newspaper wrote against cruelty to animals, but how, when he came to the "debateable ground of sport," he "suddenly found out that he had neither space nor inclination to enter upon the subject" (p. 382). "I must call this a cowardly shrinking from duty," continues Mr. Freeman, and immediately goes on to tax the whole fox-hunting fraternity with that cowardice of which he has accused the Manchester writer. "In fact," says Mr. Freeman, "the whole matter simply needs to be boldly and honestly thought out by any man capable of thinking. *The great object, therefore,*"—the italics are mine—"*with lovers of these pursuits is to avoid thought upon the subject.*" To that statement I demur altogether. I acknowledge Mr. Freeman's right to his opinion. I admire him for putting forward gallantly a theory of life which he holds strongly. I give him praise for the general skill and good taste with which he has done his work. But I must deny the truth of his assertion when he tells me that sportsmen will not look the matter in the face because they cannot defend it to themselves. We are all apt, in the judgments which we form on the theories and pursuits of our neighbours, to think that those things which to us seem to be bad, must seem bad also to the very people

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who do them. A man, long dwelling on a subject, becomes so strongly convinced of the accuracy of his own judgment that he concludes that his opponent, in opposing him, either does not think at all, or else is false to the conclusions of his own thoughts. The liberal politician cannot conceive that the conservative really holds a conservative creed. The eager Protestant believes the Roman Catholic to be what he is because he will not try to open his eyes. The reader who can't abide poetry, never quite trusts the enthusiasm of its lover. And Mr. Freeman, who has set his heart dead against fox-hunting, feels confident that the fox-hunter can be quiet in his bed only because he resolutely turns his mind from the subject! "The great object with the lover of these pursuits is, to avoid thought on the subject." As a hunting man, conversant with hunting men, I demur to this. For myself, I assert that I have never flinched from looking the matter in the face, and that I have never had any difficulty in doing so with satisfaction to myself. Mr. Freeman, in a note, alludes to a passage of my writing, from which he implies that I myself suffer from such hesitation. I can trace no indication of such feeling in the passage to which he refers. He speaks personally of himself, and of his early training in these matters, and I will venture to do the same. In opposing him, I will say of myself that I have never followed any amusement of which the torture of an animal formed a part. As a boy, I never took a nest or worried a cat; and as a man, I claim to be equally free from the sin of cruelty to animals;—but I ride after fox-hounds very often, and am prepared to defend myself for doing so.

Before I begin about fox-hunting, however, I will say a word about sportsmen. Mr. Freeman, with that feeling of disbelief in an opponent which a reader of prose has in regard to poetry, throws a scorn, which he hardly himself intends but which he cannot conceal, on sportsmen in general. He twice asks Cicero's question,—"Quæ potest homini esse polito delectatio?" which—used as it is used by Mr. Freeman,—we may translate as follows. "Can an educated man, and one with brains in his head, really tell me that he can take a pleasure in riding after a fox? What delight can it be to a polished man?" I wish I knew Mr. Freeman's amusement,—if he have one,—that I might hit him in the same way. Does he play cards? Does he read novels? Does he climb Alps? Is he thoughtful about his cigar? Perhaps he is good at croquet;—or trundles the harmless and academic bowl? Unfortunately, to me he is invulnerable, as I only know him by the valued work of his thoughtful hours; but "desipere in loco" is common to humanity, and Mr. Freeman is human. Could I never say to him in his milder moments of recreation, "Quæ potest homini esse polito delectatio"?

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It is not simply in regard to the cruelty that this exclamation is made by Mr. Freeman, but to the fact that a man intellectually gifted should condescend to take pleasure in an amusement so little intellectual. If I were to plead that the statesmen, judges, and senators of England do shoot and hunt, that they are "politi," and that to them the "delectatio" is undoubted, I might probably be answered that they would be "politiores" if they were not under the influence of so low a pleasure—and the question would simply be begged; but I might at any rate be able to aver that such men would hardly devote themselves to an amusement of which they are so ashamed as to be desirous of avoiding all thought on the subject; and I could point to the fact, that because of the feeling of the nation in favour of field sports, it would be impossible to convene our Parliament after the time in the year at which they are commenced. The "politi homines" do go to the moors and to Leicestershire, and the "delectatio" is confessed.

The truth, I think is, that non-sporting men,—men who are decidedly opposed to sport,—do not know what sport is. They are like some old ladies,—I say it with all respect,—who, living down in the country, think that a London club means drunkenness, gambling, and wickedness. The effect of Mr. Freeman's essay on an uninitiated reader would be the creation of a belief that the ordinary English fox-hunter is always riding about the country up to his elbows in fox's blood. This, however, is not the case. The recreation or "delectatio" experienced in the hunting field is very various in its nature; but a promiscuous intercourse with the mangled limbs of the quarry is not a part of it. Men are thrown together who would not otherwise meet, and converse on all subjects common to men. Politics are discussed, and agriculture, social habits, the affairs of the country, the preservation of foxes, the enmity of this enemy to the sport, and the devoted friendship of that friend. Perhaps of all the delights of the hunting field conversation is the most general. Fresh air and exercise are gained by men who greatly need it;—for the hunting field is not made up of men who, because they hunt, are therefore idle; out of the crowd of those assembled nine out of ten are men who work hard and earn their bread. There is enterprise in riding to hounds, and skill. Ambition, courage, and persistency are all brought into play. A community is formed in which equality prevails, and the man with small means and no rank holds his own against the lord or the millionaire as he can do nowhere else amidst the scenes of our life. City-men learn country lore, and country-men are told the ways of cities. All these are things "quæ possunt esse homini polito delectatio." I do not yet speak of the alleged cruelty, but assert that, independently of that, —if Mr. Freeman's grave charge on that score can be cleared,—hunting is, of all amusements, the most fit for a hard-worked

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educated man, who desires to foster the outer vigours of his manliness in those hours which he has been able to take from his work and devote to the preservation of his health and the recreation of his senses.

Mr. Freeman will perhaps say that his complaint against hunting is based altogether on the cruelty of the amusement, and that arguments used in defence of hunting on any other plea are foreign to the present controversy. I am quite willing to take up the controversy on that ground; but as Mr. Freeman has implied that the man who shoots cannot be "homo politus," and that he is no better than an "amateur butcher" (p. 373), and that the man who hunts is worse than the man who shoots, I have thought it well to endeavour to clear the ground in regard to hunting,—so that I may fall back upon its alleged eligibility, if I can succeed in disposing of that great charge as to cruelty.

Of Mr. Freeman's accusation the cruelty is, in truth, the gravamen. "The true question," says Mr. Freeman, "lies in a nutshell. 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." "I ask again," he says, "Is there any difference in principle between fox-hunting and bull-baiting, so that fox-hunting can be right if bull-baiting is wrong?" "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" (p. 378). I hope that I have considered all these questions soberly, and I think that I can answer them exactly as Mr. Freeman thinks that they cannot be answered. I say that no man goes out fox-hunting in order that he may receive pleasure from pain inflicted; that no fox-hunter seeks or ever receives such pleasure; and that therefore fox-hunting stands on ground altogether different from that of bull-baiting, in which the pleasure did consist in looking at the bull's sufferings. Mr. Freeman throughout his essay has insisted on Windham's dictum, that fox-hunting and bull-baiting must stand together, and has argued throughout as though this dictum must be true because it came from Windham, who was fond of fox-hunting, and who,—being a friend also, as it seems, of bull-baiting,—was driven to this argument for its support. I protest that Windham's argument was altogether false, and not worth a straw. At bull-baiting the spectators,—we cannot say the sportsmen, for they who came to find amusement at the baiting of the bull had nothing themselves to do,—were degraded by witnessing the tortures of the animal. It was for this purpose that they were there, as for

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similar purpose the spectators are at a Spanish bull-fight. Men and women now go to the one, as formerly they went to the other, to see blood, agony, and death. At a fox-hunt no man or woman goes to see it, and not one in twenty does see the animal at its death. At a Spanish bull-fight to this day,—as was the case in the old contests in the amphitheatre,—the hearts of beholders are hardened, and men and women lose their gentleness by looking on at torturing strife in which they themselves incur no danger, in which the blood fills their eyes, though the passions of the struggle,—the "certaminis gaudia,"—do not stir their pulses. Cruelty, doubtless, was and is thus engendered. In fox-hunting the reverse happens. The "certaminis gaudia" are there for those who ride to hounds, but they who do so do not witness the death-struggle and the agony.

I can understand that any complainant against fox-hunting other than Mr. Freeman should say that in this argument I am hiding myself behind a subterfuge, in that the cruelty to the animal is there, though the sportsman does not witness it. Mr. Freeman cannot object this to me, because he distinctly and prominently brings this charge against fox-hunters—that pleasure taken in the infliction of pain and in beholding that pain is the essence alike of bull-baiting and of fox-hunting. There is no such pleasure derived from fox-hunting either as its essence, or even as a possible outside result. Mr. Freeman, or another, may assert that fox-hunting cannot take place without agony to the fox, and that assertion may be unanswerable, or may be answerable in another way; but that is not the assertion with which we are now dealing. I maintain that for the comparison between bull-baiting and fox-hunting there is none of that ground which Mr. Freeman assumes. Whereas the bull-fight did, of its very nature, demand that those who attended it should witness the prolonged agonies of a tortured animal, bound to the stake so that there should be no escape, in fox-hunting the visible agony of the fox is never longer present to the eye than is that of the wasp that is crushed without remorse by a lady's fan, and is rarely visible at all. The one scene came palpably before the senses in all its horrid details, and did harden the heart. The other offers no other ostensible evidence of the animal's destruction than a bit of fur hanging to a hound's mouth, or a bloody jaw.

I will not, however, attempt to evade the charge of cruelty by an argument which, efficient as it may be against Mr. Freeman, is inefficient as to the general accusation. I am driven to use it, and to use it freely, because Mr. Freeman knocks us over the head so often with Mr. Windham's dictum. From the beginning to the end of his charge our assailant depends on Mr. Windham. "At every stage and at every corner," says Mr. Freeman, "we come back to the unanswerable saying of 'Windham.'" It seems to me that no word

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ever said by man was more easily answered, and was less likely to convince even without an answer.

And now I will go on to that graver charge of cruelty to the animal. It may be that an animal is tortured by this amusement in a way that should be repugnant to the feelings of gentlemen,—hominum politorum—although there be no actual witnesses of the agony. In this case the injury to humanity would be much less than in Spanish bull-fights, or even at the Roman amphitheatres, or at Mr. Windham's bull-rings, because the heart is hardened through the eye more readily than through the intellect. We do not become callous to life and death by knowing that men die, but we do so by seeing them when dying. But the injury, though less in degree, may still be injury. Given the cruelty—and no one can defend it, even though the suffering creature should be absolutely unseen. But before we allow our minds to settle down on the vehement denunciation of this or that special cruelty, we should know what cruelty is. This Mr. Freeman does not define, and the definition would be very difficult to obtain. Is it cruel to kill a wasp? It is not held to be so, because it is done in self-defence. To kill a fly may be exceeding cruelty. To kill a hundred merely because they are a slight nuisance, is considered an action by no means cruel. It seems to be the decision of civilised men, with which Mr. Freeman apparently accords, that the slightest advantage to be gained justifies the death of an animal. The hundred flies have been killed for what Mr. Freeman calls "need." "I have no scruple as to taking life," he says, "either of man or beast when real need calls for it." But what is "real need"? Ten or twenty little animals are killed, away in a wild country in which they can do no harm, that one lady may have a tippet. A tippet just as warm she may have made of wool. Does the lady really need her tippet? Certainly not so much as the county needs its hunt; nor is the result of the tippet in warmth, or general use, or as an ornament, half so beneficial as the result of the run after the fox. Mr. Freeman may differ as to this, preferring the tippet; but, in discussing that, we should have to go back to the other aspect of fox-hunting, which I assert to be a "delectatio" more "polite" than a fur tippet. The need has to be judged by those concerned, in the one case as in the other, separately, on its own merits; and with such insight into God's intention in the creation of himself and other animals as a man can obtain. The result must be weighed against the means to that result. That would be dire cruelty without result, which with results would be no cruelty at all. When Mr. Gordon Cumming, or another, kills a hecatomb of lions merely that he may say that he has slaughtered them, that is cruel; but to kill the same hecatomb for the sake of their skins, even though the skins were to serve the purposes of an effeminate

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luxury, would not be cruel. It is not, therefore, cruel to slaughter the lynxes, minxes, or what not, that are wanted for the lady's tippet. As far as we can see God gave them to us that we might take their furs. We grant that there is a real need to kill the lynxes and minxes though tippets of luxury only are the result. But we make claim to the real need, also, for our fox, thinking the fox-hunt to be quite as rational a luxury as the tippet.

But we now come to the manner of the death. Mr. Freeman goes on to say:—"Either man or beast may be rightfully put to death when need so calls for it; but neither in the infliction of death, or at any other time, should any pain be inflicted which real need does not call for." Hence the same difficulty remains of establishing some standard of real need. If we are to have a fox-hunt there is real need that the fox should run before the hounds and that he should be killed. What Mr. Freeman doubtless means is, that no need is real that has reference only to an amusement. But if so, the lady's tippet, being an amusement, what becomes of the death of those animals? Mr. Freeman says that "neither death nor torture should be turned into matter of amusement." Here I refuse to go along with him. I say that death is turned into a matter of amusement daily after a form permissible and, as far as we can judge, in accordance with God's will. We breed and kill the cochineal that we may delight our eyes with its colour. We have hardly a delight accruing to the "polite man," which some creature has not bled to create or to enhance. Death is ever being turned into matter of amusement. Mr. Freeman has said neither death—nor pain, which we will take to mean pain without death. But we daily subject both men and animals to pain for our amusement. Does the clown at the theatre not suffer—ay, and the singer! The man who waits at night out in the frost to drive us home, does he not suffer? These men are earning their bread, it may be said, and suffer wilfully. It is a world, it may be said, necessarily burdened with pain for men; but the animals need not be made to suffer. Do we not know that horses suffer in their work, and must suffer? We may do humanely what we can to lessen such suffering, but we are surrounded by it on all sides. Which has the worst time of it, the donkey or the fox? the starved dog about the street or the fox? the caged squirrel or the fox? Do we not know, also, that under God's hands, animals suffer pain worse than any inflicted by humanity,—the unsatisfied pangs of prolonged hunger, till death comes and releases? Does not the pike hunt the gudgeon, and the trout the minnow? Does not the fox hunt the rabbit, and the cat the mouse? Is it not God's ordinance that among animals every kind of suffering should prevail, to which the fox is subject when the hounds are after him? Is it not in compliance with an instinct given by God that the hound does hunt the fox? It is a

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world in which delights and pains are mingled, and in the midst of it all the fox, who is lord of the copse and possessed in fee of the covert, has by no means the worst time of it among animals.

Let us look at the matter ex parte fox, and see what, upon the whole, is done for him of good or evil. I think Mr. Freeman has made a mistake in supposing the cruelty of fox-hunting to be of a nature to harden the heart, as is the case with bull-fighting; and I think that he has made another mistake in saying that no animal should suffer death or pain in a matter of amusement; but still, the animal in which we are now interested may be subjected to evil so dire, that on his account an amusement should be abandoned which in all other respects is peculiarly fitted to the "delectatio hominum politorum." Mr. Freeman has admitted that if there were no hunting there would be no foxes. The fox owes his existence, therefore, to the sport. Then, though he is not absolutely nurtured as a house lamb, he receives all the care that is essential to his well-being and education. Mr. Freeman, laughing with good cause for laughter as a non-sporting man, says truly enough that the fox becomes so precious that the word vulpicide has been created to denounce a most hated crime. The fox is almost worshipped, and becomes, as I have said, lord of the coppice and great freeholder of the covert. It must be admitted that until there comes upon him that *ineluctabile tempus*, he has a good time of it among animals. But the *summa dies* dawns, and the hounds are on his scent.

We cannot quite place ourselves within the "præcordia" of an animal, and know how keen are his enjoyments or how severe his sufferings; but, as far as we can judge, we may imagine that while the creature is in full possession of his faculties and obeys, untrammelled, the instincts of his nature, his pain cannot be severe. To be hunted,—or to think that he is hunted,—and to take safety in flight, is the nature of a fox. We cannot doubt but that his scent was imposed upon him in order that he should fulfil his destiny of falling a prey to his pursuers. Till fatigue induces the fear that escape may not be achieved, the animal probably does not suffer. Then he has a sharp ten minutes, and a final half-minute of agony in his death-struggle. In all this, is his life as bad as that of a cab-horse, or of a half-starved dog, or of a caged bird, or an imprisoned fish? We cannot ask the fox whether he would prefer extermination to being hunted; but in measuring, as far as we can measure, the good and evil things of animals, it would seem that the fox has his full share of the good things of life, and but a small allowance of the evil things.

Nevertheless,—Mr. Freeman will say,—the fox is hunted to death as an amusement, and to be hunted to death must certainly be a painful process. No doubt it is so. For some five, ten, or

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fifteen minutes, there must be pain, as there is pain,—very much more pain than this,—both to man and beast, in many a process necessary for the maintenance, the education, the enlightenment, and the recreation of mankind. Mr. Freeman, in driving his theory home, seems to ignore the fact that the recreation of a people is a matter of great moment. If all England could be indulged in an amusement that would be charming, intellectual, in every way satisfactory,—some all but divine spectacle,—at, we will say, the cost of one human life, would not that human life have been well spent? But the human life would have been excellently well spared if a tortured fox could have been made to stand in its stead. With such a result, who would regret the tortured fox? But, in accordance with Mr. Freeman's theory, that fox should not be made to suffer the slightest pain, even though its single death would give balmy recreation to all mankind in all ages. He lays it down as a law that neither pain nor death should be made matter of amusement. No such law can stand, or be of any guidance whatever to mankind. Mankind has to guide itself after a fashion much more difficult than by obedience to such dogmas. In every case we have to judge what is good and evil, and take the consequences of our judgment. We may not do evil that good may come of it; but in the complicated affairs of life the same thing will have to be judged as being now good and now evil, in accordance with its results.

The question to be asked in this, as in all such cases, must apply to the circumstances of the case itself. Does the result justify the means? We are not chary of men's lives when the result is sufficient to seem to us to justify their death,—not though we are aware that tortures will accompany that death. Of the mariners who go yearly from our shores upon the sea, we know as surely that a certain number will perish beneath the waves, as though they were ticketed and told off by lot. The cruelty is not less, if cruelty there be, because we cannot name the unlucky ones. Is the cruelty to the knife-grinder, to the handler of artificial flowers, to the maker of gunpowder, less than it is to the fox? But the end justifies the means, although among the means employed we must count the certain death of certain victims.

The hunted fox suffers that death to which it seems that he was devoted by nature, without any added circumstances of torture, in which his death-struggle is not prolonged as is that of the mouse beneath the cat, in order that a large number of men may enjoy a sport which is by them thought to be salutary, noble, and beneficial. Mr. Freeman doubtless objects to the sport on other grounds, thinking it to be neither salutary, noble, or beneficial;—but that is not now the question. The objection now urged is solely that of cruelty, and is so urged as to be intended to prevail even were the advantage of

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hunting confessedly very great. In answer to that objection, I plead that the end justifies the means, that a minimum of suffering produces a maximum of recreation, and that the fox's life serves as good a purpose as that of any animal which falls that men may live.

There is no vice or evil quality of the heart more detestable than cruelty,—the love of causing and of seeing pain because it is painful; and no pursuit more at variance with that which we claim as the character of a gentle Englishman than one which fosters such a vice. But, at the same time, there is perhaps no feeling more apt to lead us into mawkish sentimentality than that which regards all bloodshed, all pain, and all death with horror. Men die daily because it is worth their while to die in this or that pursuit; and daily place their lives in peril,—imperilling also the welfare of their wives and children, because they think it well to encounter danger, if only for danger's sake. The animal creation, in all its forms, is put under the requisition of man, not only for his needs, but to suit each whim, supply each luxury, and gratify each taste. And as man suffers, so has the animal to suffer its allotment of pain. We do not know that the Creator has given to any animal a freedom from this bondage. Certainly, to those animals which come as yet least under men's influence, the bondage of bodily suffering is most severe. They hunt each other from day to day, and suffer the double agony of hunger and of bloody destruction. Seeing that this is so,—that the soft-hearted, rose-leafed, velvet life which Mr. Freeman would desire for animals is not in accordance with Nature, I cannot bring myself to feel that the fox suffers unworthily when he is done to death by a pack of hounds for the gratification of a hundred sportsmen. As far as he is concerned he owes his existence to the prospect of his death. As regards those who ride after him, I maintain that no part of their pleasure comes from his suffering. Finally, I maintain that Mr. Freeman has entirely failed to prove his sweeping statement, "that 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."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

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THE LAND QUESTION.

PART I.—ENGLISH TENURES IN IRELAND.

IT has seemed to me that a careful review of the history of the relation of the English people to the English land would not be ill-timed, and that it would be the best contribution which it lies in my power to make towards the right understanding of one of the greatest problems of the day—that which is perhaps best understood as "*the land question*," and one branch of which has become the question of the hour—the *Irish* land question.

There is an obvious reason why the history of the English land question ought to throw light on the solution of the Irish one—viz., that when Irish tenures were abolished, English tenures were substituted for them, and that it is under these English tenures that the wounds of Ireland have festered so long.

Recent discussions in newspapers and pamphlets, and especially the admirable letters of the *Times'* Commissioner, have at least been of service in bringing out clearly the fact that there are different classes of Irish tenants, altogether distinct in their origin and history, and by no means to be dealt with by any one sweeping measure to be applied to all; and further, that these various classes range themselves between two extreme types.

First, there is the tenant farmer, the creature of *contract*, whose relation to the landlord is a commercial relation just as much as if he had hired a warehouse or a mill for the purposes of trade.

Secondly, there is the peasant occupier, the creature of *tenure*, who never made a contract with his landlord, and whose ancestor or predecessor never did, who has a sort of aboriginal holding in the land; though now, be it observed, not holding under ancient Irish tenures as his ancestors once did, but under those English tenures which English Parliaments chose to substitute for them.

There are many intermediate grades between these two types of holders, the result of the partial obliteration of feudal by commercial notions and the intermixture of the two; but the fact remains, the two extreme types are distinct in their origin, their history, and their rights.

As to the question what ought to be done to secure the rights of the tenant farmers, people are beginning to see daylight through it. There is a growing and all but universal feeling that in the absence of leases, farmers (both in England and Ireland, but especially in Ireland) ought to have secured to them, in some way or

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other, either the continued use or fair compensation for the value of the buildings and whatever improvements they, and not their landlords, have made or may make in the future. The interests of the landlord, the interests of the tenant, and the general interest of the nation, that the best should be made of the land, are identical on this point; and its concession only waits till the landlords open their eyes wide enough to their own interests, and transfer to their rent-roll the regard which they have hitherto had to their political influence and their game.

The real difficulty of the Irish land question lies in the mode of dealing with the rights, not of the tenant farmers, but of those who approach to the other type—viz., that class of tenants who are creatures of tenure, who owe their holdings to the circumstance that their ancestors or predecessors were found upon the land when Irish tenures were abolished and feudal tenures substituted for them. And it is upon their position chiefly that I think the history of feudal tenures in England may throw some light. For sooner or later the fact will force itself upon public recognition that the great wrong done to the Irish peasantry, and therefore to the Irish nation, did not so much consist in the abolition of the old Irish tenures and the introduction of English ones in their place, as in the neglect or refusal on the part of England and Anglo-Irish law to recognise the just rights of the Irish under those very feudal tenures which England herself forced upon them.

It was in the reign of James I. that the change from Irish to feudal tenures was made. In the words of Hallam:—

"The Irish Lords surrendered their estates to the Crown and received them back by the English tenure of knight service and soccage; an exact account was taken of the lands each of the chieftains possessed, that he might be invested with none but those he occupied; while his tenants, exempted from those uncertain Irish exactions, the source of their servitude and misery, were obliged only to an annual quit-rent, and held their own lands by a free tenure." ("Constitutional Hist." iii. p. 373.)

Now observe the care apparent in this transaction not to let the Irish chieftains be invested with absolute ownership over any lands but those in their real occupation—*i.e.*, their own demesne lands—the care taken to recognise the right of the tenants to their holdings so long as they paid their feudal service to their lords. There was no confiscation in this transaction, as thus described by Hallam. On the face of it it bears the character of an honest attempt to introduce English tenures into Ireland, not only as between the Irish lords and the king, but also as between the Irish tenants and the Irish lords.

Had this state of things been universally established, and thenceforth feudal tenures been construed and dealt with in Ireland a they have been in England, possibly Irish lords of Irish manor would to-day have been absolutely entitled to their demesne lands,

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but nothing more; while the mass of their feudal tenants would by this time have become practically absolute owners of their holdings like English copyholders. But whether it would have been so or not there came on the top of this arrangement, and before it had had time to grow into a permanent institution, the rebellion of 1641. Then followed the suppression of that rebellion by Cromwell, and the re-settlement of Ireland under a fresh race of landowners on the accession of Charles II. Here was an interval of darkness, during which, in every sense of the words, "mischief was afoot."

By 16 Car. I., c. 33—a statute of the last Parliament of that unhappy monarch—after recital that "many millions of acres" of "profitable land" "will be confiscate," it was enacted that such profitable land should be divided amongst the "adventurers" who should subscribe certain sums towards "the reducing of the rebels," in lots of 1,000 acres each, "bogs, woods, and barren mountains being cast in over and above" the profitable land; and the allotments were to be held by them in free and common soccage of the king, under rents reserved to the king, varying from 1*d.* to 3*d.* per acre. The allotments of 1,000 acres were to be made by lot, and the only further provisions as to tenures were these:—First, the provision that commissions should be granted for erecting of manors, settling of wastes and commons, &c.; and secondly, the provision that every holder of 1,000 acres or more in Leinster, or 2,000 acres or more in Connaught, or 1,500 acres or more in Munster, or 3,000 acres or more in Ulster, "shall have power to create a manor and to reserve tenures to hold of himself and his heirs *as of his said manor at his will and pleasure.*" He was also to have his "court leet" and "court baron," and was to enjoy all "royalties, suits, services, &c., as to frank pledge or court baron is usual and belonging."

On the face of this statute, it would appear that the tenures intended to be established on these confiscated lands were the same tenures as were usual in England under the manorial system.

Now what would have been involved in the establishment of the English manorial system in Ireland? It can only be realised when the results of that system, and the recognised rules by which its tenures had been construed in England for many hundreds of years previously, are properly understood and taken into account. It was perfectly well understood, for one thing, when manors were introduced into Ireland, that the peasant occupier under a manor in England, though holding "at the will of the lord," was not a mere "tenant at will" but a *customary tenant;* that the customs of the manor under which he held controlled his tenancy and not the mere will of his lord; that in nine cases out of ten this made it a holding of security both as to duration and services.

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Why, then, it may well be asked, has not the Irish law protected the peasant tenants under Irish manors as the English law has protected customary tenants under English manors? How comes it, when the boast of England has been the establishment of feudal tenures in Ireland, that the Irish peasant tenants have not been protected by the legal recognition of the customs which have grown up, or under legal sanction would have grown up, in Irish manors? How comes it that, whereas the custom of tenant-right in our northern English manors is recognised by English law, the custom of tenant-right in the manors of Ulster is not recognised in Irish courts? How comes it that, whilst under English law copyholders have grown into absolute owners, and statutory power has even been granted to the customary tenants of English manors to demand enfranchisement on equitable terms, the tenants under Irish manors are still regarded in law as mere tenants at will, and any hint at recognising anything like fixity of tenure in their case is met at once by the cry of confiscation?

It is worth while to try to find an answer to these questions. They surely are questions which ought to be answered by a candid and careful examination of the facts.

What then were the facts?

To begin with, it is clear that when the lands of the Irish rebels were confiscated and divided amongst English adventurers Ireland was not a *tabula rasa*. She had inhabitants. And these inhabitants were many, or most of them, small holders of land; not like modern labourers, living on wages, but dependent on the produce of the land they held.

According to Sir William Petty, there were 1,100,000 inhabitants at the time of the division of the confiscated lands. Of these, he says, 300,000 were Protestants and 800,000 Papists. And he goes on to say,—

"The said 1,100,000 people do live in about 200,000 families or houses, whereof there are about 16,000 which have more than one chimney in each, and about 24,000 which have but one; all the other houses, being 160,000, are wretched, nasty cabins, without chimney, window, or door-shut, even worse than those of the savage Americans, and wholly unfit for the making merchantable butter and cheese, or the manufactures of woollen, linen, or leather."

When it is recollected that the little peasant farms of Ireland were not arable but pasture farms, that in 1666,[1] a few years only after the rebellion, the number of Irish cattle imported into England was so great as to excite the jealousy of English farmers, and that it was worth while for their protection to prohibit, by Act of Parliament, the importation from Ireland of cattle, sheep, swine, and also of beef and bacon, we see at once that when Sir William Petty says that the cabins were unfit for dairies and for manufactures, he

(1) Car. II., 18, 19. "An Act against importing Cattell from Ireland."

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meant that they were unfit for the purposes for which they *were used*. Hence we may picture these peasant pasture farmers as possessed of, at least, some farming stock—some few head of cattle and of sheep grazing on their pasture; a little plot of flax, and perhaps already of potatoes, fenced in about their homesteads. We see the butter and the cheese made up within the cabins in smoke and dirt, as one sees it still in Swiss mountain châlets; the beef and bacon cured for home use or sale, the peasant farmer stretching his skins and tanning them rudely into leather. We hear the whirr of the spinning-wheel and the rattle of the wooden loom by which the wool and flax are spun and woven. We see the housewife, as she may be seen to-day, dipping her wool into the bramble-berry dye which gives that *Irish* colour to her worsted. We see the pigs grunting in and out of the cabin doorway, and the beasts cowering under such rude sheds as the Irish peasant still can build up against his homestead with the wood and turf he digs out of his native bogs. No wonder the butter and cheese and cloth and leather seemed scarcely "merchantable" to the eyes of Sir William Petty; but they surely found their way to the county market, and brought in some little revenue in addition to feeding and clothing the family at home.[1]

Here then were the Irish peasant holders, *after* the rebellion, doing all this before Sir William Petty's eyes when he surveyed the lands to be allotted to the new English landlords. It is not likely that when the new landlords took possession, the peasants, with their cattle, spinning-wheels, and looms, were all swept into the ocean!

How then were they treated on the introduction of the manorial system into Ireland? Is it credible that, when Irish tenures were abolished and English ones substituted, their existence was ignored? When the redistribution of lands was made, were feudal rights denied to this the largest class of Irish tenants? If so, was it done openly as a deliberate wrong; or was it done silently, contrary to the intention of the English Government? How was it done?

The facts are not very easy to trace. Under the Acts of Settlement the confiscated lands were actually divided on the accession of Charles II. amongst the new holders, and Sir William Petty's survey remains as a legal record of the way in which they were distributed[2] between English adventurers, Cromwell's soldiers, and some other parties. Where not redeemed, the quit-rents then imposed upon these lands are still payable by their owners to the Crown. In many districts at least, if not generally, manors *were* created with their courts leet and courts baron. And as the existence of the latter

(1) See the description of the habits of the Irish by Sir William Petty in his "Political Anatomy of Ireland."

(2) Furlong's "Law of Landlord and Tenant in Ireland," 2nd edit., p. 20.

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implies the existence of freeholders holding under the lord of the manor, some freehold tenures must have been created.

The manorial system, or the counterfeit of it, was therefore really introduced as intended by the statute of Charles I.

But it was the counterfeit, and not the reality.

Probably there was a dry legal reason for what was done and left undone. A custom, such is the legal maxim, cannot be created *de novo*. It must grow, and it must have existed time out of mind. Therefore the tenants of the newly-created manors, being "tenants at will," as the copyhold tenants of English manors are nominally, must of necessity be *really* tenants at will in Ireland, seeing that in newly-created manors no customs could be pleaded in favour of their fixity of tenure and rents. So it may have been argued. But in point of fact these dry legal objections were idle objections, and might probably have been overruled by the judges. It was just one of those cases in which the judges, if needful, might have made the law in the absence of direct legislation. At all events had there been a will there was a way—a recognised way—by which the technical difficulty might have been met. It had arisen in England before this, and been met in a reasonable way.

In the statute of 16 Car. I., as I have stated, there was a provision that commissions should be granted "for erecting of manors, settling of wastes and commons, &c." Why was not power given to these commissioners, when they erected the manors and set out the wastes, to prescribe the customs and regulations by which the holdings of the peasantry should be controlled, and even to make them into copyholders if needful? When "Hounsloo Heath" was enclosed by 37 Henry VIII. c. 2, it was made by a simple declaration of the Act into copyhold land. Commissioners were appointed to make allotments of it amongst the parishioners of the adjoining parishes. These commissioners had power given them to assign the new copyhold holdings thus created to what manors they pleased. And, lastly, it was further enacted:—

"That all customs, usages, conditions, and ordinances which the said Commissioners, or four of them at the least, shall at any time hereafter prescribe, order, deem, or make concerning any part or parcel of the said waste or heath, shall be as good, firm, and stable in the law . . . to all purposes and effects as if they and any of them were particularly recited and enacted by authority of the present Parliament."

It is idle, therefore, to say that any dry legal objection could be an effective bar to the creation of customs, or even copyholds, within these manors in Ireland. The power of erecting manors at all—the introduction of the manorial system into Ireland at all—was only a Parliamentary power; and the same power which made the manors on the English model could have established copyholds and reasonable customs on the English model. It would have been just as

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easy, and as regular, and more so, to have introduced reasonable provisions of some kind for the protection of the peasant holders as to have left them out.[1] But they *were* left out.

(1) So far as I can gather from a careful perusal of Sir William Petty's "Political Anatomy of Ireland," the intention of the English Government was not to introduce the copyhold system, but to give such powers to the new landlords of reserving tenures to themselves (*non obstante*, the statute of Quia Emptores) as should enable them to give to the peasant holders *security*, if not fixity of tenure, in place of the precarious tenures under which they had held under Irish chieftains. Sir William Petty says:—"We said that of the 1,100,000 inhabitants of Ireland about 800,000 of them were Irish, and that above 600,000 of them lived very simply in the cabins abovementioned." He then proceeds, "As for the interest of these poorer Irish, it is manifestly to be transmuted into English. . . . . It is their interest to deal with the English *for leases, for time, and upon clear conditions, which being performed, they are absolute freemen*, rather than" [as formerly under Irish chieftains] "to stand always liable to the humour and caprice of their landlord, and to have everything taken from them which he pleases to fancy."

Sir William Petty certainly had no notion that they would be left in the position of mere tenants at will; and accordingly, in speaking of the reforms he wished to see in Ireland, he urged that *they*—the tenants and not the landlords—"should be encouraged to reform their cabins," and build better ones. And as further proof that he regarded them as having a real and valuable interest in the land, I would call attention to the following estimate, in which he values the tenants' improvements at one-third the nett value of the land, and deducts it from the total in order to get at the value of the landlords' interests.

7,500,000 acres of good, and 1,500,000 acres of coarse, making 9,000,000, is worth per annum	£900,000
Out of which the king's quit-rents, old rents, &c.	90,000
Rests . . .	£810,000
The tythes whereof are one-fifth	162,000
Rests . . .	£648,000
The benefits of leases and the value of tenants' improvements upon the said land is one-third, viz.	£216,000
For the landlords	432,000

So that of the total annual value of the land Sir William Petty estimated £216,000 per annum as being the annual value of the tenants' interests, and £432,000 as the annual value of the landlords' interests. He cannot therefore have contemplated that the tenants should be merely tenants at will without protection of any kind.

It may be interesting also to give an example of the terms of the patents under which manors were created. I find an abstract of one of them given in the report of "Verchoyle *v.* Perkins," 13 Irish Eq. Rep. p. 72. From this I find that James II. by letters patent granted to Sir Arthur Gore lands which "should be reputed a manor by the name of the Manor of Castlegore," and granted to him and to his heirs "full license and full power and authority to give, grant, &c., so much of the said lands as he should think fit to any person in fee simple, fee farm, fee tail, or for lives, or for any other estate whatsoever, to be held of the said Sir Arthur Gore, &c., as of the manor as he should think fit, in free and common soccage or by suit of court from three weeks to three weeks or seldomer or otherwise, by any other lawful service whatsoever, yielding such rents, &c., as Gore should reserve *non obstante* the Statute of Quia Emptores." It also granted to Gore and his heirs a court leet and court baron within the said manor.

Now whilst in the tone of Sir William Petty's remarks and anticipations, and in the terms of this patent, I find confirmation of the fact that no compulsory clauses were introduced into the grants obliging landlords to give security of tenure to the peasant holders, everything goes, I think, to show that it was never contemplated that the landlord should treat the peasant holders as mere tenants at will. It was never con-

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Here then, if this be the true state of the case, was the great blunder or the great wrong done to the masses of the Irish people. Not the abolition of the old Irish tenures, which were not half so good as ordinary English copyhold tenures would have been, but the leaving out of the manorial system, in the very act of establishing it, those parts of it which would have protected the peasant occupants, —the withholding from them in the very act of establishing feudal tenures in Ireland that feudal security of holding which every other feudal peasantry in the world have had conferred upon them by universal usage.

I confess that the exact history of what was done with the peasantry, to what extent they were cleared from the lands or how they were treated, is one upon which reliable information would be exceedingly valuable. It is a riddle I have not been able to solve. But the *result* appears to be perfectly clear. Neither the law nor the landlords in Ireland recognise anything like feudal relations as subsisting between the landlords and *any* class of peasant holders. They make no distinction between the farming tenants — the creatures of *contract*—and the peasant tenants—the creatures of *tenure*. The Irish real property law has lost itself in the single but sad title of "landlord and tenant." Even so just and generous a landlord as Lord Dufferin cannot bring himself to recognise any other relation but the commercial relation of landlord and tenant —any other right of holding than by modern contract. He repudiates any other notion of a landlord than "an absolute owner of the land," any other notion of a tenant than "one who hires the use of it."

So the fact that these peasant occupants of pasture land, found on the land after the great rebellion, or their successors, ever had any other rights of occupation than as mere tenants at will of the new landlords has left no trace upon the statute-book, has been utterly ignored by the law of Ireland, and has, it seems, never found a passing recognition in the mind of one of the most enlightened of Irish landlords.

Is there any other country in the civilised world where the land law is based upon feudal principles, whose peasantry have been denied feudal security of holding, and treated, not as feudal tenants, but as strictly commercial ones? And apart from feudal principles, upon what principles of ordinary justice can a peasantry with no other living but the land, and found upon the land by no act of

templated that, in 1869, 580,000 out of the 600,000 tenants of Ireland should be liable to eviction at six months' notice! In illustration of the fact that nothing like copyhold tenure was introduced into Ireland after the rebellion, I am informed that the only manor in which any copyholds exist now is a very ancient manor situate in the county of Louth.

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their own, be denied security of holding, and treated as though they were commercial tenants at will who had hired the land in the open market?

The strangest fact of all is that Lord Dufferin insists upon this simple distinction between landlord and tenant, and this simple ignoring of the existence of any but commercial tenures in Ireland, by adducing the example of England. "Such barren speculations," he says, "cannot alter the fact that at present the owner of landed property in Ireland holds it in exactly the same sense, and under the same conditions, as the owner of property in England. He can sell his interest in it, he can let it, he can cultivate it himself, as he may please, so long as he does not infringe existing contracts, or the laws of his country."

Precisely so; but the laws of his country have, in England, so long ago confined the lord of the manor's power of doing all this to his own demesne lands, that he has forgotten for the moment that there ever were in English manors any lands over which he or his ancestor never had any such power! Were Lord Dufferin the lord of a manor in England in which there had happened to have been no enclosure, and no general enfranchisement, he would find that, as regards perhaps half or three-fourths of the land in his manor, he had no such power of cultivating it, or letting it, as he pleased. That part over which the lord has no such power is that part which, when England was conquered, was found in the occupation of peasant holders. In England their feudal rights were not ignored as in Ireland.

What a wonderful and obvious inconsistency there is in the doctrine of Irish tenures affected by the landed interests at this moment. The aristocratic feeling of landowners is all in favour of feudal rights in England, and against the invasion of the land by the vulgar commercial spirit and maxims of the trading classes. They try to preserve their political influence and their game, and, in support of these, cling hard enough to feudal maxims. But in Ireland, where the case is different, and feudal maxims would work against them, they ignore the fact of the tenures under which the peasantry hold under them being feudal at all, and affect the commercial spirit and maxims instead. Instead of liking to regard themselves as feudal manorial lords, and the peasantry as their feudal tenants, they have vulgarised, so to speak, the relations of landlord and tenant, and assimilated the position of the little landholder to that of the tenant of a shop or a warehouse.

And so it comes to pass that Mr. Gladstone has now, at the eleventh hour, for the first time, to make a just discrimination between commercial and feudal tenants, and the rights of the landlords over the lands of the one and the other. It will not do any longer to lump

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all the tenants of Ireland in one class, and to represent commercial maxims and modern contracts and money payments as the sole nexus between them and the land; because the fact is not so.

It would be unjust to landlords to treat the commercial class of tenant farmers as though they had the rights of feudal or customary tenants, when they clearly have not. All talk of fixity of tenure for them is worse than useless. But it would be equally unjust to the peasant class of tenants to treat them as though they had hired the use of the land under commercial contracts when clearly this is not the fact.

There ought to be no confiscation on either side. There has been enough of that in the past. The law itself ought to draw a line of reasonable discrimination between the rights of landlords and the different classes of tenants, so as to place them now, not in the identical position indeed in which they would have been placed had justice been done them two hundred years ago—that is impossible—but in substantially as fair a position as under existing circumstances they can be placed. The difficulty involved in trying to make the law do this will, no doubt, lie in the large extent of border land between the two types of tenants. Owing to the action and counteraction of the commercial and feudal systems, and the confusion of commercial and peasant tenures working side by side for two centuries, the two systems have overlapped each other, and the boundaries between them have become effaced. And from this an argument may, no doubt, be raised from the modern landowners' point of view in reply to the views which I have here expressed, and professing to explain away the grievance here pointed out as resulting from the denial of feudal rights to the Irish peasantry.

"The confiscations of 1641," modern landowners may argue, "must be taken for granted. We lords of manors were put, two hundred years ago, in feudal possession of the land. We let out some of our lands to freehold tenants, and established our courts baron, but we were not compelled by Act of Parliament to treat the mass of Irish tenants as other than mere tenants at will, and we did not. If this was a wrong done to them, it was done two hundred years ago, and cannot be altered. In fact it was not we that did it, it was our ancestors, and the custom has grown up and been sanctioned by two hundred years' usage, and even by law, of treating these tenants as tenants at will. And, further, in many cases our present lands have been bought and sold since, over and over again, relying on this custom. Nay, even many of the tenants at will have, at one time and another, had leases and become tenants at will again by expiration of their leases. The commercial view of landownership is now, therefore, the only true one. If the law in Ireland for two hundred years has recognised no grade between the absolute owner

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of land on the one hand, and the hirer of land on the other, it is too late now to alter it. If only the law as it stands were but carried out firmly, things would soon right themselves and find their own level in the market. It is this constant raking up of old grievances, and talk about fixity of tenure and so forth, that prevents the Irish tenant from becoming contented with his lot."

The Ulster tenant-right, as it seems to me, is a complete reply to such an argument. I own that it is not easy to get at the whole truth about it. On the one side it is said to amount to fixity of tenure. On the other side it is represented as only the recognition by custom of the right in the outgoing tenant to sell the "good-will" of his farm to the incoming tenant.

But I have before me a statement of both sides of the question. First, I have, on the landowner's side, the evidence given by Lord Dufferin before Mr. Maguire's Committee, in 1864, and republished by Lord Dufferin himself in 1867, in his "Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland." Secondly, on the tenant's side, I have the evidence of Mr. J. Hancock, land agent to Lord Lurgan, given before the Landlord and Tenant Commissioners in 1844.

Looking at both sides of the question, I find the following points made out, in which they seem to agree:—

1st. As to the origin of the Ulster tenant-right. Whatever it is, it dates back so far that its historical origin is a matter of conjecture, —Lord Dufferin declining to make any definite conjecture (966), and Mr. Hancock describing it as a system which has more or less prevailed since the settlement of Ulster by James I. (38).

2nd. It now applies equally to Protestant and Catholic tenants, and extends to the mass of the rural population of Ulster (Hancock, 38).

3rd. It is a custom which has become established by long and all but universal usage in the districts where it exists.

4th. It is a custom not only regulating the relations of the outgoing and incoming tenant, but also the relation between the tenants and the landlords. By custom it is as good against the landlord as between the tenants, and, therefore, it is a custom controlling the tenures of Ulster.

5th. It is a custom which applies, not only to tenants at will, but also to the case of leases. The lease not being looked upon as needful to secure the rights of the tenant as against the landlord (Lord Dufferin, 1479), or as fixing an absolute term to the tenancy, but chiefly useful as giving a *legal interest* for a certain term, available as security to a third party for loans (Hancock, 37, 38).

Now I think these points are sufficient to establish the fact that the Ulster tenant-right is a custom which the law ought to have recognised in the same way as the customs of English manors were

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recognised hundreds of years back, and as, under Lord Mansfield's decisions, the customs of merchants became a portion of the commercial law of England.

Now with regard to the tenant-right itself.

Mr. Hancock defines it thus:—

"Tenant-right I consider to be the claim of the tenant and his heirs to continue in undisturbed possession of the farm so long as the rent is paid; and in case of ejectment, or in the event of a change of occupancy, whether at the wish of the landlord or tenant, it is the sum of money which the new occupier must pay to the old one for the peaceable enjoyment of his holding." (H. 38.)

Lord Dufferin defines it thus:—

"Tenant-right is a custom under which the tenant farmers in the north of Ireland—or, at all events, in those districts where the custom prevails—expect, when they have occasion to give up their farms, that their landlords will allow them to obtain from the incoming tenant such a sum as shall remunerate them for their improvements upon those farms (966) . . . and for the good-will of the farm."

Now it would not be fair to represent this as absolute fixity of tenure. It would be more exactly described as fixity of tenure with a variable rent. The rent is not fixed. It has risen, from the small rent of generations ago, into a rent of 20*s.* to 25*s.* an acre on an average (H. 38, D. 1485). But it is equally clear that the rent is not the rack-rent; it is not a competition rent (D. 1030); it is not the market value of the holding, but something less. Mr. Hancock says that it is fixed by valuers or agreement "at the supposed fair value of the ground, without regard to the amount of competition and without reference to the buildings" (H. 81), the buildings having in most cases been built by some former tenant.

The land put up to competition would let at a far higher rent than this supposed fair rent; and the sum paid for the tenant-right is, as Lord Dufferin properly puts it, "the lump sum representing so many years' purchase of the difference between this 'fair rent' and the rack-rent" (1499 and 1029).

It seems, therefore, that the custom amounts to this, that the rent is fairly to be described as a "customary" rent, not fixed, but still kept so low as to prevent the increase in value caused by the great competition for small holdings from passing out of the tenant's into the landlord's pocket. It is a rent probably quite equal in amount, if not higher, than the land would let for in large farms.

The custom of tenant-right places, therefore, the Ulster tenant of land in the position, as regards his landlord, of a permanent occupier at a customary rent, which is always below the market value of the land. It places him, consequently, in the practical position of a tenant with a permanent and valuable interest in the land—an interest which has a market value, and can be bought and sold. And

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as the custom goes one step further, and makes it saleable with the consent of the landlord, the tenant frequently obtains a high price for his holding.[1]

Mr. Hancock gives an instance in which the Ulster Railway Company purchased some ground from Lord Lurgan. For this ground they paid for 58 acres about £2,358 to Lord Lurgan himself, and £2,227 to his tenants. 11a. 1r. 31p. of this land were held by tenants at will, paying £13 14*s.* 8*d.* in rents, and the company paid to these tenants at will £277 5*s.* 6*d.*, or £25 per acre for the value of their customary interests in the land, though at law they had no interest at all beyond the value of the crops on the ground, and perhaps two years' rent as compensation under the compulsory clauses of the railway acts.

Now what was this but an instance of a sale of the tenant's interest in the land—an interest not recognised by the law, it is true, but one which ought to have been recognised by the law—an interest secured so effectively by the custom of the country, that a railway company could not get possession without purchasing it at its market value. It is also worth notice that the district in which this custom exists is that district in which the manorial system was introduced under James I., and in which, the lands being already allotted to English holders, the rebellion of 1641, and its consequent confiscation, made the fewest changes. It has risen up in spite of the law, and because the law does not choose to sanction it, another sanction has been found for it—a rougher one, it is true, but one which in Ulster has protected the customary right of the tenant, and secured him, not only moderate security of tenure in his holding, but also the power of selling it at its market value.

Mr. Hancock thus describes the nature of this rough substitution for the legal recognition of tenant-right:—

"The landlords are compelled to recognise tenant-right, as in several instances in this neighbourhood, when they have refused to allow tenant-right the incoming tenant's house has been burned, his cattle houghed, or his crops trodden by night. The disallowance of tenant-right, so far as I know, is always attended with outrage. A landlord cannot even resume possession to himself without paying it. In fact, it is one of the sacred rights of the country which cannot be touched with impunity; . . and if systematic efforts were made amongst the proprietors of Ulster to invade tenant-right, I do not believe there is a force at the disposal of the Horse Guards sufficient to keep the peace of the province." (38.)

What, then, comes of the argument which would make two hundred years' neglect on the part of the law give a prescriptive right to landlords to ignore the rights of the peasantry of this great division of Ireland? The long-continued protest of the people against the neglect of the law, and the long-continued submission of the landlords to the custom, forbid the plea of prescription being raised in favour of absolute ownership on the part of the landlords

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of Ulster over lands in which the tenants also own a marketable interest, which gives them security of holding, subject to customary rents and to the rights of the landlords to approval of incoming tenants, and through this to some check on the mode of cultivation.

I am aware that Ulster is not Ireland, and that the legal recognition of the Ulster custom would therefore not pacify Ireland, or right her wrongs. The difficulty of doing justice to the peasant holders in districts where they have been too weak and crushed to make a firm protest and to hold their own, and too powerless therefore to establish such a custom as that of Ulster tenant-right, is far greater than in districts where such a custom exists and only demands legal recognition.

It does not fall within my province to discuss what sort of substitute ought to be created in these districts for the custom which is lacking, but which historically and in common justice ought to have grown up to protect these peasant holdings. Suffice it to say, first, that the practical grievance in these districts is by so much greater than the grievance in Ulster as the non-existence of the custom is worse for the tenant than its existence unrecognised by law. And, secondly, that it does not follow that the practical remedy must be a mere slavish copy of Ulster tenant-right or feudal tenures.

I am anxious that this should be clearly understood. To establish feudal tenures *de novo* now, would be to establish arrangements which are behind the times, and are everywhere dying out. The wrong must be remedied in a way consistent with those economic laws which are at work in modern society. To make the remedy complete it must meet, not only the hereditary right of the peasant holder of land, but also the exigencies of his probable future. It must recognise his hereditary right to make his living out of the land; to something like permanence in his occupation; and to something like fixity, if not in the amount of his rent, yet in the principles by which it is regulated. On the other hand, it must not interfere with his future freedom by too artificially binding him to the land, or inducing him unduly to root himself to it like a serf. It must meet the needs which the peasant holder has in common with the commercial farming tenant, and something more. That "something more" must needs be an approach to what is involved in the words, so odious to landlords, "fixity of tenure." But that fixity of tenure must not be of the kind which locks up the land in the hands of unimproving tenants, and takes from the landlord all voice in the choice of a tenant, or power to secure the proper cultivation of the land; but it must be such a fixity as shall make the holding a marketable interest, and so enable it to find its way into the hands most able to use it. Whether economic laws are working in favour of large holdings or small ones, would then be proved by the result.

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If it be sound economy that landlords should buy up the land, the quickest and best way they can do it is to make Ireland a free country, and to extend free trade to land.

To sum up the Irish land question in a single sentence, Mr. Gladstone's task involves the invention of two new tenures—one to meet the needs of the commercial farmer, who hires a farm in the open market at the market price; the other, adapted to the circumstances of a peasantry born and dependent on the land for a living. It is clearly good neither for the landlord nor for the tenant, nor for the nation, that either of these two great classes of occupiers should be tenants at will.

I have said enough, I think, on the history of English tenures in Ireland to show that some light ought to be thrown upon the Irish land question by a careful review of the history in England of the relation of the people to the land. It has seemed to me that it ought to tend to mitigate the Irish landowners' passion for absolute ownership of the whole of their domains, and so to make it easier for them to bring their minds to the recognition of other interests in the land besides their own. It has seemed to me that it ought to mitigate the passion of the Irish peasantry to become absolute owners in their turn, and to make it clearer to them that a well-protected interest in the land is perhaps commercially and economically better for them—more conducive to their freedom and prosperity—than absolute ownership, with its burdens and its trammels, and its waste of capital and interest. And if it ought to do this, it might possibly do something to smooth the way for that solution of the Irish land question which one hopes may be achieved during the approaching session of Parliament.

F. Seebohm.

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POPE'S "ESSAY ON MAN."

In considering the connection which exists between political, religious, social, and literary progress, it is not always easy to distinguish with exactness between cause and effect, or between primary and secondary causes. We know, for instance, that towards the end of the seventeenth century in this country there was a general development of the practical, at the expense of the imaginative, faculties of the human mind. But in what department of thought the movement had its origin it is almost impossible to determine. Were the Reformation and the Revolution related to each other as cause and effect, or as consanguineous effects of some prior and architectonic cause? Did the literature of the period take its colour from political events, or did both possess a common parent in the philosophy of the age? This is the class of questions with which we are necessarily confronted when we contemplate the dominant tone of the Augustan epoch. Not professing to undertake an exhaustive inquiry into the subject, we shall content ourselves with indicating the main streams of thought to the confluence of which Pope we think was indebted for the "Essay on Man."

With only this object in view, it would be idle to take our readers back beyond the Reformation. For the purpose of this article it will be perfectly safe to regard that event as the original spring of all free thought in Europe, flowing through a variety of channels, and modifying in a thousand ways politics, theology, and philosophy. In England we discern two principal lines of thought descending from this common source, widely differing in character, rarely blending with each other, and represented respectively by the Puritanic or enthusiastic school, and the Rational or sceptic school. The first was devout, uncompromising, and wedded to the worship of ideas; the second was calm, tolerant, and a believer in nothing but experience. The one was a reaction against superstition and the political despotism which was supposed to be its natural ally; the other was a reaction against the scholastic philosophy and the general ignorance which it was supposed to foster. The one produced Milton, Bunyan, and the classical republicans; the other produced Bacon, Locke, Tillotson, and the Revolution Whigs. The Protectorate represented the triumph of the first school; the Revolution the triumph of the second. But the triumph of the last was final. Henceforth its rival fades off the public stage and disappears from view, not to rise again till the end of the century, when a new revolution was commencing both in the moral and material world, and then in quite a new form.

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But besides these two, the direct offspring of the Reformation, there was another class of minds in England inspired by very different feelings, only partially and indirectly the result of that great event. The repudiation of the Papal authority, and the eradication of purely Roman doctrine, had not destroyed the Catholic character or habits of the Church of England. Reverence for authority was one of her primary doctrines; and when the first shock was over, the reverence which had been paid to the Pope was easily transferred to the King. The people in general were governed by the same law; while in the new-born spirit of loyalty, the peculiar growth of the seventeenth century, knights and nobles found a natural substitute for the parting spirit of chivalry. Here, then, was another form of enthusiasm to which the Rational school was just as much opposed as it was to the Puritanic, and which it vanquished even more completely. Thus a clean sweep had been made of idealism in both its branches. The empire of common sense was everywhere securely established; parliamentary government in politics, the authority in philosophy of experience, and in religion of probability, being its natural and congenial products. But it must be clear to every thinking mind that this triumph of the Rational principle, though doubtless a necessary link in the chain of national progress, was purchased at a frightful cost. The loss of all those more spiritual and intangible sanctions which had been deferred to alike by Puritan and by Anglican, by speculative republican and by romantic cavalier—in other words, the elimination from public life and from religious life of the whole element of poetry, of all that softens, elevates, and withdraws human beings from themselves, could not fail to exercise a very injurious influence on the national character, and a still worse influence on the national literature. It is always a trying time in the life of an individual when he passes from youth to middle age; when all his beautiful illusions, his faith in virtue or in friendship, his respect for authority, his dreams of love and ambition, his reverence for the invisible and the impalpable, begin, if not to disappear, to fade, and cease to have much influence on his daily conduct. At the same time he acquires broader views of life and its duties, a more correct appreciation of himself, a more tolerant estimate of others, greater capacity for work, a more general consciousness of power; and if with these advantages he is able to escape from the slough of a voluptuous cynicism, he may perhaps be no loser by the exchange. Now, it was through some such period of transition that the English people was passing when the portals of the eighteenth century opened to admit them. Analogous perils awaited them, and were not avoided. But nations have recuperative powers which are denied to individuals; and England emerged from the ordeal not without

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numerous stains, but with a solidity of character which atoned for all, and made her the saviour of Europe.

But if we recur to the age of Pope, we see that he lived and wrote just at that very moment when the rational, utilitarian, view of life had taken strongest possession of the nation. The youthful grace, the poetic fancy, the spiritual earnestness, of the Elizabethan and Caroline era had vanished. The still deeper poetical feeling of an age sick with civilisation was yet to come. It was no use for Pope to wander in fancy's maze if he ever flattered himself that he did so. He was obliged to stoop to truth, for the only truth which his age recognised was of earth, earthy. But at all events he raised it from the ground, dressed and polished it, set it in exquisite numbers, and would, had he completed his design, have decked it with finer illustrations and nobler imagery than are to be found in the existing Essay. He himself says in his preface:—

"What is now published is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particulars to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow; consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage; to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable."

But before considering the fitness of the subject for poetry, or Pope's fitness for the subject, it may be better to complete the philosophical history of the poem, that we may get as clear an idea as possible of what it was that Pope undertook to perform. He prided himself on "steering between the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite." What did he mean, or suppose himself to mean, by that? It seems to us that he must have had some vague intention of vindicating the Christian idea of God, without committing himself to the support of dogmatic Christianity. The impression which the poem still leaves upon our minds, after the twentieth perusal of it, is that of an apology for natural religion, not as against the rival claims of revelation, but as against those who cavilled at "the course and constitution of nature;" in other words, against Atheism. Now *this* was an attitude which, as far as we can judge from the published works of Lord Bolingbroke, could not have been derived from *him*. For Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings consist almost exclusively of a laborious attempt to show not only the intrinsic unreasonableness, but the historical improbability, of much of our received theology. What is not this is refutation of the scholastic philosophy. With such questions as the origin of evil, or the duty of man, or the nature of virtue, he scarcely, if at all, concerns himself. It must have been, therefore, from oral communications, if from any thought of

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St. John, that Pope drew the arguments of his poem. Against this hypothesis we have to set the positive statement of Lord Bathurst that he had seen the draught of it in Lord Bolingbroke's handwrititing; and Mr. Pattison thinks that Lord Bathurst must have made some mistake. But there is no necessity for having recourse to this hypothesis. In the preface to the English translation of Archbishop King's "Origin of Evil," written by the Bishop of Carlisle, it is stated distinctly that the paper which Lord Bathurst saw lying upon Pope's desk was a synopsis of the Archbishop's system, which Bolingbroke seems to have drawn up for the use of his friend. Thus the popular tradition on the subject is quite consistent with Mr. Pattison's assertion that it was to King, Leibnitz, and Shaftesbury, not to Bolingbroke, that Pope was indebted for his arguments. Yet Bolingbroke himself aspired to something more than this. In the "Letter to Mr. Pope," which appears from internal evidence to have been written shortly after the publication of the first Epistle of the Essay, Bolingbroke does constitute himself the poet's "guide, philosopher, and friend," in relation to the continuation of the poem; and we find in this letter that very expression about "steering between two extremes," which Pope himself subsequently employed in a correspondence on the subject. The philosophical essays published in 1754 are the redemption of the promise herein made to the effect that he, Bolingbroke, would communicate to his friend, in a series of letters, his matured ideas on "natural theology, or theism, and natural religion, or ethics." But the fact seems to be that of this assistance Pope never availed himself. The four published epistles, the map or skeleton, as he calls them, dealt with a different subject-matter; and Bolingbroke's dissertations were reserved for those later epistles which were intended to complete the work. Thus the "Essay on Man," as we have it, is not much indebted to Bolingbroke. The "Essay on Man," as Pope intended it to be, would have been largely indebted to him.

The system, then, which Pope endeavours to exhibit in this famous fragment is what he had picked up from the writers whom Mr. Pattison names. He did steer a middle course, if it can be called so, between those who, like King, vindicated "the ways of God" from a Christian point of view, and those who did so from a Deistic point of view: that is to say, he dropped out Christianity from his scheme altogether, leaving it an open question, as De Quincey says, whether he was for it or against it. For the rest, the Essay is a species of optimism, the general drift of it being that man has no right to complain of what he is unable to understand; that he ought to be thankful he is no worse off; that he is admirably fitted with the powers which are appropriate to his present state; that if that state is not wholly satisfactory to him, it is chiefly because he misdirects those powers; while, as regards any suffering which is not

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his own fault, he must remember that he is but a link in the great chain of the universe, and that the grandeur of the whole scheme of which he is a part should console him for anything which he finds amiss in his own particular situation. That this is a very inadequate rendering of the masterly argument of King any one may convince himself in a couple of hours who is reasonably acquainted with metaphysics. But it was not intended to throw any slur on Christianity. Those who were called Deists employed these and other arguments rather for the sake of showing that the human reason was sufficient of itself to convince men of the wisdom of God, the beauty of virtue, and the folly of impiety, without any further revelation, than with the design of casting discredit upon that revelation. Shaftesbury would steer between enthusiasm and rationalism, meaning by the last the system which makes the *only* incentive to virtue the prospect of a future state, but he does not exclude that prospect. Bolingbroke even, who raises the same class of objections to the Old Testament history as have been raised in our own time, and who rejects both Catholic theology and scholastic science, speaks of "that genuine Christianity which is taught in the gospels by Christ himself" quite as if he believed in it. And there is, moreover, this much to be said for Bolingbroke, that Pope, to whom his philosophical writings were addressed, was professedly a Roman Catholic, and that much of what the writer says against the Church and the clergy takes its colour from that fact, while some of it is inapplicable to any system but the Romish.

"Rationalism," says Mr. Pattison, "was not an anti-Christian sect outside the Church, making war against religion. It was a habit of thought ruling all minds, under the conditions of which all alike tried to make good the peculiar opinions they might happen to cherish. The Churchman differed from the Socinian, and the Socinian from the Deist, as to the number of articles in his creed; but all alike consented to test their belief by the rational evidence for it."

It was this "habit of thought," then, which mainly determined Pope in his choice of a subject. For there was a rationalism, as we have shown, both in literature and politics as well as in religion. But there was another influence at work in the composition of the "Essay on Man," a personal influence, quite as powerful as Bolingbroke's,—and that was Swift's. When Pope inveighs against man's "pride and dulness," when he exclaims "thou fool" and "vile worm," when he pens the couplet—

> "Go teach eternal wisdom how to rule,
> Then drop into thyself, and be—a fool"—

he is indulging a cynical rhetoric which is in no way demanded by his theme, but is redolent of the Dean of St. Patrick's. Swift's epigram on the Day of Judgment—which supplied Mr. Thackeray with a

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text for some admirable criticisms on the author—must have been frequently in Pope's mind while he was writing this essay. Periods of revolution and disorder like that which had prevailed in England from the breaking out of the civil war to the end of the century, are favourable to the growth of this spirit. The court of George I. was as bad as the court of Charles II., without its elegance or its wit. And probably there has never been a time in English history when the character of public men stood lower than they did between the Peace of Utrecht and the war of the Austrian succession. Pope, who was really a great moral poet, felt all this very keenly, and though, of course, he is bitterer in those pieces which were expressly meant for invective, still in the "Essay on Man" the same spirit is perpetually cropping up, and merging the philosopher in the satirist. These then are the two lines of thought which produced this great work.

The public interest being centered on a certain class of philosophical inquiries, Pope conceived that he owed it to himself as the recognised head of English literature, to compose a poem on the subject. The division of literary labour, which is now carried so far that hardly any man of real eminence excels in more than one department, was then unknown. It is improbable that any man will ever again occupy in English literature the place that was occupied by Dryden, Pope, and Dr. Johnson. Scott and Southey, and, later, Lord Macaulay, approached to it, but still at a considerable interval; and that not because authorship had sunk, but because the public had advanced. But in the eighteenth century the occupant of the literary throne was supposed to be capable of distinction in all branches of literature. Whatever was the subject of the day, poetical or otherwise, he was bound to handle it. Thus Dryden wrote the "Hind and the Panther" and Pope the "Essay on Man," though we cannot say that either were fit topics for poetry, because they were the literary leaders. That was the essence of their position. That they were poets was an accident. Just as a great political leader cannot let a debate upon the question of the day pass off without speaking, though the subject may be wholly uncongenial to him, for fear of damaging his position, so Pope was compelled to take up metaphysics to maintain the prestige of his authority.

Whether his subject was a fit one for poetry or not is a question of the very highest interest, literary and philosophical. Mr. Pattison writes of it as follows:—

"The subject of the 'Essay on Man' is not considered in itself one unfit for poetry. Had Pope had a genius for philosophy, there was no reason why he should not have selected a philosophical subject. Didactic poetry is a mistake, if not a contradiction in terms. But poetry is not necessarily didactic because its subject is philosophical. And the highest phase of the philosophical imagination is tentative, not dogmatic. Philosophy cannot be presented as a system

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of truth for defence of proof. It offers consideration for meditation, and not fixed verities. It is an attempt to elevate the whole mind towards the contemplation of the phenomena of the world, from their ideal side.

"Hence there is a close affinity between the mental state of the philosopher and the poet. Plato's 'Dialogues,' though not in verse, address the same faculty of imagination to which poetry appeals. Poetry, philosophy, and art, in their highest condition, are one. The possibility of presenting the Christian ideas in a poetical garb had been shown by Milton. There seems no reason why those of natural religion should not be offered for contemplation in a suitable form."

That "poetry, philosophy, and art are one" is an assertion, we suppose, based upon the doctrine that all three are equally concerned rather with ideas than with phenomena, rather with form than with matter. According to this doctrine, the universe was created on the pattern of certain pre-existent ideas in the Divine mind. To attain to a knowledge of these ideas is philosophy; to exhibit them in painting or in sculpture is art; to describe them in language is poetry. Imagination is necessary to all three; but the question is, if all three are equally competent to represent what they imagine? Take the instance of natural religion. The philosopher who has risen to the conception of pure being, and reasons deductively from ideas, has a vocabulary ready to his mind which all the learned comprehend; and he addresses himself to nobody else. If we take art, the artist has his marble or his colours. But the poet, if he is to make himself understood, must become a translator; he must find equivalents for all the scientific terms which form the language of metaphysics—substance, matter, essence, form; or if he dispense with these, he fails as Pope failed. And even suppose that he succeeds, it must be at the cost of exactness; so that what he gains in poetical effect he will lose in logical precision. Is this worth while? Admitting for the sake of argument, that philosophical propositions are susceptible of poetic expression, will the poetry we obtain compensate for the philosophy we spoil? Do we not rather spoil both in the process? The basis of such a piece may lie in the imagination. But if that is all, Euclid may be called a great poet, inasmuch as his science presupposes the existence of perfect forms which the imagination can conceive, but which the hand cannot reproduce. Yet is geometry poetry? To say that it deals with inanimate matter, whereas the poet would have human nature to deal with, is obviously no argument. For when the poet gets to human nature, he quits the region of ideas and descends to the region of phenomena. Plato's objection to poets seems to have been that they were imitators of phenomena, and, consequently, propagators of falsehood. Pope might have understood his subject better, and have treated the drier parts of it with profounder insight and more subtle logic; but had he been another Sir W. Hamilton in these respects, he could only have given to his verses as much excellence as if they had been prose. There would

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still have been much in the poem that was not poetry, and little in the poetry that was not illustration or digression. As another critic has remarked already, Milton is not a case in point. His poem is sensuous and anthropomorphic. It is not Christian ideas, but supernatural events which are the subject of "Paradise Lost." It is unnecessary perhaps to add, that religion of any kind in its effects upon the human heart, as it was one of the earliest, so is one of the properest subjects that can engage a poet. But a poem on natural religion is not religious poetry.

As often as Pope can disentangle himself from the metaphysical part of his subject, and launch into the broad field of human life as we see it spread out before us, with its rivalries and its vanities, its blunders and its triumphs, its weakness and its madness, the guilt that soils glory, the weariness that waits on wisdom, the jealousy that stabs greatness, and the Nemesis which dogs success, he is equal even to his own enormous fame. "*Radit iter liquidum,*" and if inferior to Lucretius, is inferior to Lucretius only, and that in only one passage. Whether Pope would have made a great lyrical poet or not is doubtful. The moral poet generalises; the lyrical deals with individuals.[1] Pope's nature was sensitive, but not passionate; affectionate, but, to judge from several little traits that have come down to us, not, perhaps, very sympathetic. The "Ode to Cecilia's Day" is good, not great. But he had the most intense appreciation of moral grandeur, and detestation of moral meanness. This warmth of feeling, superinduced upon the natural instincts which belong to all men, heated them into poetry; and in his unequalled powers of expression, made him the poet that he was. He himself says that the chief object which he proposed to himself was correctness. With a few words on this subject, we shall conclude our remarks.

The two critics who have been most severe on Pope for his low conception of correctness, and for his sacrifice of truth to antithesis, are De Quincey and Macaulay. Both, we think, have left something to be added on this question. The sum and substance of what Macaulay says is this—that correctness is fidelity to nature; and that any other account of it is ridiculous. In support of this illustration he adduces endless illustrations, but not a single argument. He puts a variety of cases, in which, of course, everybody must agree with him. But as usual with Lord Macaulay, his ardour carries him too far, and leaves his rear at the mercy of his enemy. As long as he is enlarging on the absurdity of calling Coleridge and Shelley incorrect, he is unassailable; but he seems to have forgotten that he had set out by declaring that theirs was the only real correctness. He laughs at metrical laws because they would have

(1) That is, expresses either his own emotions, or those of some other person, or else celebrates some particular event. Gray's "Elegy" is not lyrical poetry.

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damned Rogers; though even here he is wrong. It has escaped his mind that but for these very same metrical laws such a poet as Rogers would have been impossible. The truth is, that Lord Macaulay never took the trouble to consider what Pope himself really understood by correctness, and was clearly under the impression that the vindication of the Lake school was the condemnation of the Pope school. It was no such thing. There is no necessary incompatibility between the two.

When Pope "resolved to be correct," what he meant was, that correctness should be the peculiar merit of his *style*, not of his sentiments. As we had the judicious Beaumont, the majestic Dryden, the strong Denham, and the smooth Waller, so should we have in future the correct Pope. This, of course, implies that his predecessors were incorrect. And if we discover what he meant by that, we shall know what he meant by the contrary. We have not far to look. In Imit. Hor. ii. 1, we have the well-known passage explanatory of the very word in question which had been used a few lines further back:—

> "But Otway failed to polish or refine,
> And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line;
> E'en copious Dryden wanted or forgot
> The last and greatest art—the art to blot."

It is plain what Pope meant. He meant to do just what Mr. Pattison credits him with having done. "The Elizabethan poets and their successors have only cared to utter their fancies, thoughts, conceits, and images, in rich exuberance of phrase. They were incapable of selection, or of keeping back. Though full of second-hand classical allusions, they had no sense of true classical form." "The greater part of the poetry of the seventeenth century, prior to the Restoration, seems to be without any prosodial system; to know nothing of rhythm, metre, or accent, and to be bound together solely by the final assonance."

The Restoration, which brought with it the knowledge of French literature, brought with it a perception of the deficiency. To supply it became an object with English men of letters. The improvement in versification, says Mr. Pattison, was but a part of "the general endeavour at composition." Waller, according to Dryden, began the reform. Dryden himself carried it on. It was reserved for Pope to take it up in good earnest, make it his own work, to bring it to completion, and identify it with his own name. If to do this were not meritorious—if to perfect excellence of matter by adding to it excellence of form, to prune and chasten its diction, to give symmetry to our periods and conciseness to our meaning, to substitute law for anarchy, and clearness for confusion, was not in itself a good work, we have no more to say. That the result was liable to abuse is

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nothing to the purpose. The discipline of one age may become the pedantry of another. That has never been held a valid argument against discipline. It was a necessary step in our literary progress; and, to repeat what we have said already, had it not been for such poems as the "Essay on Man," we could never have had such poems as the "Pleasures of Hope" and the "Pleasures of Memory," the "Traveller," or the "Deserted Village." As Pope says of Creation, there must be somewhere such a rank as man, so we may say of English literature there must have been somewhere such a poet as Pope. Now this is just the view of the case which never occurred to Lord Macaulay. He takes Shakespeare, Pope, and Byron, and compares them together absolutely, regardless of the particular circumstances in which each was placed. You might as well compare together the Highlanders who followed Montrose, the Guardsmen who fought at Fontenoy, and the Zouaves who stormed Sebastopol. An age of discipline was necessary before we had an age of greater freedom. Though, according to Mr. Pattison, that freedom has now become license, and we want a new Pope to impose new restrictions.

De Quincey's objections to Pope on the score of correctness are, as might be expected, more subtle; but even he dwells too much on faults which do not touch the question. Incorrectness of reasoning, incorrectness of thought, the want of logical continuity, are certainly great faults in any writer. But it was not upon the avoidance of *these* faults that Pope's mind was set when he "resolved to be correct." And De Quincey has been betrayed into error by his own over subtlety as much as Macaulay was by his careless generalisation. De Quincey complains of Pope's faulty syntax, of the unreality of his satirical pictures, of the want of earnestness in his moral indignation. Supposing all these charges were true, they are beside the mark; they do not touch upon the real part which Pope played as one of the great writers through whose hands English literature has been handed down from one generation to another. What that part was we have already described, and need not go over it again—to say nothing of the fact that it has been described in far better language by Mr. Pattison himself. But we do totally dissent from De Quincey in his estimate of Pope's moral earnestness. This was really Pope's strong ground. This was what kindled Mr. Thackeray's admiration for him, and we cannot help thinking that it was some want of this quality in Mr. De Quincey himself that disabled him from seeing it in Pope.

T. E. KEBBEL.

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THE CONDITION OF FRANCE.

A FEW years ago, the case of France was, by the almost general consent of the political witena-gemote, declared an utterly hopeless one. She had played out her part; she was beyond recovery. Her revolutions had succeeded one another; from despotism she had fallen into anarchy; from anarchy back into tyrannic rule; her feeble Constitutional attempts only served to unchain revolutionary storms, which in their turn led once more to the establishment of Autocracy. At last she had got the government which she deserved. She was down on her knees, bearing the Cæsarean incubus with remarkable patience. People now contemptuously shrugged their shoulders, and mentally striking their breasts, exclaimed in half-peevish, half-piteous tones—"What can you hope yet of that fickle, and at the same time spiritless, nation?"

There was certainly cause for despondency then. Absolute despair the political philosopher could not possibly feel. There has been, ere this, some other nation which has passed, at one time of its history, through equally variegated fortunes. This very England may be cited as a proof. For nearly a hundred years it had once been tossed about between antagonistic systems; and the only thing to be wondered at is, that there should be such a general agreement in forgetting this plain fact. Between 1640, which may be taken as the starting-point of the English Revolution, and 1746, when Stuart pretensions were finally vanquished in the battle of Culloden, England had been under absolute Monarchical rule; then under Parliamentary guidance; then under a Republican government; then came the Restoration of the Stuarts; then a new Revolution; until matters settled down into a Constitutional form of government, which is again now undergoing a transformation in the sense of advanced popular principles.

The changes during the epoch mentioned were of a jerky, abrupt character. It was as if different nations showed their faces by turns. The English people—at present ranked as the steadiest, and supposed to be very fond of a compromise—had then on the Continent the reputation of being the most turbulent, wayward, volatile race, loving extremes, and not content with any political system whatsoever. It was at that time also said abroad that corruption, denunciation, unprincipled defection, and other vices, had deeply tainted the character of the British nation. Yet, what a transformation has been since wrought! Who would recognise the English of to-day in that former picture?

I do not think myself that the abrupt and contradictory solutions

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which took place in England from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, are in reality to be fathered to the "ever-changing temper of the nation." At least not, if we take the nation as a unit, or as a clearly-pronounced majority. We are too apt to forget in our days on what narrow basis the various parties stood which alternately held sway during such troublous times. The student of history knows well enough that in countries with strong Royalist antecedents, vast changes are usually *not* brought about by decisive majorities. Despotism would not be that bane to mankind, if it had the natural effect of educating the masses into an enlightened love of freedom. Hence, when, in such a State, a revolutionary or ultra-reactionary movement begins, it is, on both sides, the active, organised minorities, that are of chief importance, whilst the masses are mainly floating material with general tendencies one way or the other; occasionally with none at all. Upon the character of the leaders a great deal depends under such circumstances. The "chapter of accidents" also plays its notable part. It is not so in old-established communities, such as free Switzerland, in which the political education of the masses is of long standing. As to England, she, too, is now placed beyond the danger of having to submit, alternately, to systems of government dissimilar in their very root. Her popular elements work themselves up with steadily-increasing force through the superincumbent aristocratical structure. No matter by what agency the ultimate "toss" will be effected, a relapse, so far as prevision is possible, need no longer be feared for her. For all that, let us not forget that even she was once in a different plight; and let us not hastily conclude that a nation is played out because it has had many alternations.

There are some European countries in which contradictory solutions may yet be brought about, as it were, by rotation. There are countries—and France is eminently such a one—in which, to this day, antagonistic political nations live side by side, sometimes in sullen quietude, sometimes in open feud with each other; each having its own system and principles; each getting its turn of power.

There is, or at least there was, until lately in France, the *Orleanist Nation*, with its Monarchical theory on the Constitutional pattern.

Opposed to it, the *Democratic Nation*, with its revolutionary traditions and more or less elaborate plans of Republican or Socialist administration.

Standing apart, a dead-alive relic, the *Legitimist Clan* continued a half-mummified existence, well-nigh despairing of making its pretensions heard.

Then there was the *Bonapartist Ring*—scarcely to be called a political party, so little did it count any men of note in its ranks—yet all-powerful in late years, through a successful State-stroke.

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Orleanism chiefly recruited its adherents among the upper-middle class. Democracy had its stronghold among the lower-middle and working class; in a few instances also, among the agriculturists. Legitimism lingered among the nobles and the priesthood. Bonapartism was formed of the "Chauvins;" of adventurers eager for a good turn of personal luck; and of a crowd of benighted peasants, some of whom, in 1848, believed Napoleon to be still alive, or spoke of Messrs. Lamartine and Marie as of "*la Martine*," and "*la Marie*," whom they considered women of doubtful renown!

Now, in order to appreciate the difficulties with which the popular party in France has had to struggle, it is necessary to cast a glance at the layers of her population. The townspeople have hitherto been the guiding forces, in some respects the sole available forces, of the Liberal and Democratic movement. But the townspeople are—and in former times to a much larger extent were—a minority in the country; the vast mass of the French nation being composed of peasants. Whilst one half of the inhabitants of Great Britain live in towns, the immense majority of the French dwell in villages. Towards 1848, not quite 25 per cent. of them resided in towns. Gradually—within the last sixteen years especially—there has been a diminution in the agricultural population, and a corresponding increase in that of the cities. Yet, even at the last census, there were 26,554,888 of people dwelling in the country; and not quite 11,000,000 of those reckoned as towns-population—namely, 1,953,660 in the Seine Department, and 8,887,765 in the various provincial towns. Within the last seven years, the movement towards the towns has, however, rapidly increased; and this, as will presently be shown, has had its political significance and effect.

When we come to inquire into the influence of the different classes on the State government, some startling facts present themselves. The serf of the *ci-devant* régime was not an essential force of the upheaving of 1789. The agrarian tumults which preceded that mighty movement, no doubt served to intimidate the nobility. But the great political spirit which had characterised many leaders of the peasant insurrections of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, in various parts of Europe, had not a single representative in those pre-revolutionary riots. During the Revolution itself—which, through attacks from without, added to dangers from within, soon became a convulsive struggle—little could be done to raise the intellectual standard of the peasantry. Under Napoleon I., the peasant class served as the instrument of despotic ambition. Though at first unwillingly bearing the "blood-tax," it became at last identified with the Imperial interest—so much so that it learnt to regard its taskmaster as the author of benefits originally bestowed upon it by the Revolutionary Assemblies.

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Politically, the peasantry had played no part, or at most a reactionary one, between 1789 and the advent of Napoleon. Whilst he ruled, that "silent policy" prevailed which the hero-worshippers so much admire: the Usurper alone spoke. Civic spirit now only was a title to persecution. Public instruction, so far as there was any, centred in the idea that the chief duty of a citizen was to pay, bleed, and die for the Emperor.

Under the Restoration, the peasantry continued as a political blank —or rather as a dark background, out of which all sorts of reaction might be evolved, except that particular kind which would have touched their freehold possessions. In the *Charte* of the Bourbons, the peasants had no place. The electoral system by which that royal house upheld itself, was of the most narrow, aristocratic character. Scarcely less so was that of the Orleans Monarchy, in spite of its having been founded on the barricades. Out of the 33,000,000 inhabitants, or 6—7,000,000 adult men, not more than 200,000 had then the franchise! The landed and highest moneyed classes alone swayed the country; and at the present day it seems scarcely credible that so total a compression of the popular element could be maintained for eighteen years on such a volcanic soil.

It was the ill-advised resistance of Louis-Philippe against the enfranchisement even of the "*capacities*"—that is, of the learned and intellectual element—which brought about his overthrow. Then, by a decree of the Provisional Government, the portals were all at once flung open to the entire population, down to the most bigoted cottager in Brittany. Universal suffrage was introduced.

It was a bold and a generous measure; at that time perhaps a fatal one. There are thorough-going Republicans who hold that the sovereignty of the people is impossible without a Republic, and that the latter is therefore paramount over the mere numerical majority. Those at least had, as a right, as a duty, to ask themselves whether it was wise to place the new form of government simply at the mercy of ignorance?

However, suffrage without restriction was proclaimed, and for the moment the measure seemed to succeed. The members of the Constituent Assembly, elected on that principle, called out on meeting, not less than twenty-seven times, "Long live the Republic!" They did it, it is true, with the Paris people in arms surging around them like a tumultuous sea, on which the new legislators thought it safest to ride out the storm, until calmer weather came in.

I need not dwell on what happened afterwards. I need not bring to recollection how the terrible and for-ever-to-be-deplored days of June, 1848, in which the hand of Bonapartism can be traced, heralded in the reaction; how a Parliament, with secret anti-democratic longings, discarding the contrary views of Ledru-Rollin,

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Louis Blanc, and others, framed a constitution in which the executive power was conferred upon a single person—a dangerous experiment in countries of monarchical antecedents—how the Pretender was let in through mistaken generosity or cunning calculation; how a coalition of royalists and priests favoured his elevation to the presidential power; and how that future author of a *coup d'état* was installed in a position which he soon knew how to turn to his own advantage.

Universal suffrage had placed the uninstructed tillers of the soil in the position of arbiters. In vain the Republicans, under Ledru-Rollin's self-sacrificing leadership, struggled to regain the ascendancy in June, 1849, when the President had committed the first violation of the fundamental law by the expedition against Rome. The current of events swiftly bore the Democratic bark along to destruction. In the towns the party of the new Commonwealth had become divided against itself. As to the agriculturists, Louis-Napoleon studied hard how to make use of them, in order to subjugate the superior intellect of the nation. It was through a surprise, effected in the great cities by means of an army almost exclusively composed of peasants, and by previous bribery of the officers, that the Commonwealth was overturned by its Chief Magistrate. Only in some localities—such as in the Hautes-Alpes, where there is a peasantry of a sturdy, independent spirit—were attempts made even by that class to resist the crime.

The terror exercised after December, 1851; the fusillades, the transportations,[1] the gagging laws, are matters of notoriety. Nor are the practices unknown which were resorted to for swelling a Government majority. When colonels took the vote of the soldiers by ordering those who would say "yea" to present arms, and the others to fall out of the ranks; when, in the very Corps Legislatif, proof was given of more votes of "yea" having been recorded in some parishes than there were registered voters, nay, even people, it is needless to add a word.

Yet, in many instances, real thickness of head must have been the cause of an illiberal vote. For years the agriculturists simply followed the impulse given them by the authorities in power. Questions of ideal liberty, of high policy, did not touch them. Provided the freehold property which the Revolution of 1789—1792 conferred upon them was not infringed, they could be made to cast any vote. On this latter point they are, however, tenacious, and with good reason; for there are some 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 landed

(1) After June, 1848, 11,003 men were transported. Napoleon acknowledges having transported, after December, 1851, 26,884 men, and down to 1859, 428 more, in consequence of the so-called "Law of Public Security." But the best statisticians, such as Kolb, in his "Handbook," doubt of this being a complete statement. The number of those shot has never been ascertained.

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proprietors in France, through the revolutionary parcelling out of royal, aristocratic, and mortmain estates. The impotence of the Legitimists is traceable to their hankering, in matters of land-holding, after the *ci-devant* condition, against which the very boor sets himself tooth and nail.

A few words on Public Instruction in France are here requisite. They have a side-bearing on this country also, where, owing to the widening of the electoral circle, an efficient educational system has become an additional necessity. If citizens are to rule a State, they ought certainly to be able to read and write. Now, in this respect, more than one country of Europe is in a condition almost verging on barbarousness. In France, not more than forty years ago, 55·21 per cent. of the military conscripts were unable to read and write! The proportion decreased in 1840—1844 to 40·93 per cent.; in 1850—1854 to 34·51. Even now there are nearly 30 per cent. in the French army utterly ignorant of such rudimentary knowledge; a fact of vast importance when we think of the part which that army plays in the political struggles of the country.

Matters appear even worse when the marriage contracts are taken as a test. A few years ago, out of those married in France, nearly three-fourths could not sign their names, viz., nearly one-third of the men, and well-nigh one-half of the women. The difference in the various departments is however enormous. Those situated towards the German, Swiss, and Belgian frontier, and near the capital, stand highest, whilst the other departments exhibit the crudest ignorance. Thus, of the persons married in 1860, in the department of the Lower Rhine—whose population is of German origin—only 2·23 per cent. were unable to sign their names; in the Meuse department, 3·19; in the Vosges, 3·27; in the Meurthe, 4·44; in the Upper Marne, 4·61; in the Doubs, 5·32; in the Upper Rhine, 6·22; in the Manche, 8·11; in the Seine, 8·61; in the Moselle department, 9·02 per cent. But in all other departments the proportion of the utterly uninstructed was far larger, rising in Corsica—which has given France its present dynasty—to 60 per cent.; in the Vendée—which has made the most desperate stand against the cause of freedom—to 61·10; and in other provinces that were wedded, until recently, to the Bonapartist cause, as high as 70 and even 75·53 per cent.

With cutting parody of a famous Napoleonic phrase, it has therefore been said—"*L'Empire, c'est l'Ignorance!*"

The figures given are eloquent enough. Nor will their effect be marred when I add that, out of the 32,500,000 francs which some years ago formed the budget of Public Instruction, only 6,000,000 were contributed by the State Exchequer, whilst the Civil List was 25,000,000 francs; the cost of the Court in general about 40,000,000 francs; and the Army and Navy expenses, 463,000,000 francs.

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Louis-Napoleon's civil list is the highest in the world. Yet, a few years since, it was already charged with a debt of 80,000,000 francs. No wonder the Democratic press should draw comparisons between the annual income which Louis-Napoleon has decreed to himself, and the "ridiculously small sum" which forms the salary of an American President. No wonder, also, that the difference between what the Court spends, and what is laid out for the education of the people, should create an indignant astonishment.

I have gone into these details mainly with the view of pointing to the dark elements which Bonapartism, once established by a nocturnal surprise, was able to mould for its own ends. There is a "map of intellect," indicating the degree of education prevailing in the several departments; and, remarkably enough, it tallies with another map, showing the respective forces of the Empire and of the Opposition. Where education stands highest, the adherents of Government are few and far between. As a rule, the agricultural districts are tinted in both maps with the more sombre shades, signifying intellectual backwardness and Imperialist conservatism.

Here I come, however, to a strange phenomenon. An alteration has been gradually wrought in this condition under the very auspices of the Cæsar who had the greatest interest in preventing it. The so-called "Peasants' Emperor" is no longer a peasants' ruler to the former extent. He has to count at present with a population somewhat differently constituted to what it was when he first rose to power.

Various important measures of his have turned against him. *Under his Government an increase of the towns' population, a decrease of the agricultural population has taken place;* and this not so much through a healthy development of industry, as through measures fatally involved with the Cæsarean system. The cities contain a working class apt to become restive in years of famine or slack trade; the more so, as the Empire had augmented the burden of taxes. A provision had therefore to be made: it consisted of the sale of bread for the poorer classes under the market price, the towns being saddled for that purpose with a budget arbitrarily decreed by an Imperial commission.

One of the effects of this measure has been the influx of country people into the larger cities, where, after all, they become imbued with Democratic ideas.

Another cause of such an influx was the artificial push given to the building trade, all Cæsarean rulers desiring to perpetuate their memory by masonry. In the case of Louis-Napoleon there was, no doubt, an additional motive as regards the reconstruction of Paris. When in exile he declared that, if he should come to power, he would not remain satisfied until he had cut up the capital into regular blocks

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of houses, with straight wide streets. The working and lower middle class were to be driven out from their quarters, which had so often proved convenient for barricading. Paris was to be beautified into a city adapted for the free play of artillery.

There is a French proverb, "If the building trade prospers, everything prospers." On this maxim, towns were turned topsy-turvy, and labourers were allured to the cities to aid in the demolition and reconstruction. The result was again that a section of the country people—both such as remained in town or went back to their villages—were leavened with Democratic notions; and the effect of this migration may already be gathered from the recent elections, and the number of Opposition members returned.

The figures of the votes cast afford, however, a far safer guide for appreciating the situation. Whilst formerly the aggregate Opposition *bulletins* were stated to be an insignificant minority, they now come up nearly to those recorded on the Government side. Government had 4,500,000; the united Opposition, 3,900,000. A difference of but 600,000! This under a régime which has so many means of influence and intimidation at its command, and whose orders are obeyed by a colossal establishment, military and bureaucratic, the numbers of which alone would more than suffice to explain the difference![1] Add to this that Government had so changed the boundaries of many electoral districts as to obscure the state of public opinion, and that cases of tampering with the ballot-box have been sworn to by witnesses. And still nearly one half of the country is shown to be arrayed against the Napoleonic system—the minorities everywhere coming up closely to the apparent majorities!

Is this a situation which can last? In a country with old parliamentary institutions, things may go on quietly under similar circumstances, all parties being agreed to work for peaceful issues. But can it be so in France, where clashing systems are at war, where party bears to party an irreconcilable hatred? If Democracy could establish itself in previous years with so slender a material as it had then in hand—what will be the ultimate result now? The Old Guard of Republicanism has stood faithful, and a new generation has grown up ready for a return to "first principles."

Whilst the Democrats gather into a phalanx in front, the nation at large is agitated with discontent at the notorious mismanagement of the State finances. France, it has been said, must certainly be able to "pay for her glory," seeing that in eighteen years she has paid to the Emperor, by way of the civil list, 450,000,000, or more correctly speaking, with the addition of sundry perquisites, 756,000,000 francs. This is the sum he has contrived to spend for

(1) The Army represents 800,000 votes; the Officials represent 250,000; the Clergy, 65,000.

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himself. The calculation, when first published, created an impression on a people who had been told by the present ruler that he was "a *parvenu*" and "the working-man's friend." However, this is as a mere nothing in comparison to the financial condition which the country in general has been brought to under his rule.

It would lead too far to enter deeply into this chapter, and to trace some startling facts of political revulsion to the growing revelations of budget malversation. Already in 1855, Baron Richemont, reporting in the name of a Committee, complained of the State expenses being "double what they had been under the First Empire." Even so early as 1854—that is, before the wars—not only the debt had vastly augmented, but the active State property had enormously decreased through the sale of railways, of State domains, and of possessions formerly held by the Orleans family, as well as by extraordinary clearings in the State forests. Nevertheless, the extensive budgets were year by year exceeded—the annual excess varying between 150,000,000 and 813,000,000 francs. There was no control, no possibility of taking ministers to task; the Emperor alone being declared "responsible," and his person at the same time "sacred" against any attack. In the press, not a syllable could be breathed. The Financial Ring kept strong political watch and word.

From 1862, when public clamour began to rise, the most curious devices were resorted to in order to sham a restricted budget, and even a surplus. The truth is, that in the following years exactly the same transgressions took place, figures being only more cleverly arranged. The surplus, exhibited by sleight-of-hand, regularly vanished like a mirage; and one morning the Chief of the State had actually to sit down and to indite a letter to the public acknowledging a deficit of 1,000,000,000 francs, which nobody knew how to account for.

Fresh revelations leaked out concerning that Imperial Commission which acts as an irresponsible communal council for Paris. Neither the capital nor the town next in importance, Lyons, possess communal representation. Yet Paris alone is saddled with a budget like a kingdom; only, it is assessed by Government decree, and it is administered—accordingly.[1] No wonder that with the growing boldness of the public spirit ugly things were said by the

(1) In the words of Kolb, it is "the budget of a kingdom hastening towards a financial cataclysm. In 1847, the amount was 46,000,000 francs. In 1853 (immediately after the establishment of the Empire), the receipts were driven up to 55,000,000 francs; but in reality there was an outlay, ordinary and extra-ordinary, of 90,000,000, which necessitated a loan of 50,000,000. The Paris budget for 1859 concluded with the figure of 77,649,081 francs. The sum really spent was, however, according to the final account, 97,720,545 francs. The budget for 1864 was fixed at 81,586,376 francs of ordinary, and 52,714,936 francs of extra-ordinary outlay; to which are to be added 15,700,000 francs of supplementary, and 1,337,630 francs of special outlay; the whole coming to 151,408,942 francs. Yet, the final account gave the enormous sum of 175,712,566 francs." And thus matters have gone on from bad to worse.

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Opposition deputies, and that even the Government-appointed President of that well-trained body did not dare any longer to stop all discussion of the subject. As is usual when matters assume a grave aspect, some of the minor practitioners, driven at bay by the adversary, and feeling ill-supported by the highest culprits, began to vacillate. M. Haussmann himself had to make his confession. A name was even whispered which brought back to memory the famous *ci-devant* Affair of the Necklace. People spoke of pin-money, which had swallowed up millions after millions!

The indignation awakened by these scandals has eaten deep into the minds of men otherwise slow to criticise Government policy. All attempts of semi-official writers at tracing "the prosperity to which France has attained during the last eighteen years" to the policy of the Emperor, are met by a contemptuous reference to this malversation. "We have become more prosperous," men say now, "not on account, but in spite of the Bonapartean system. During those eighteen years all countries have made industrial progress. We did the same, owing to the prevailing current. Government has only taken advantage of that movement to fill the pockets of its own confederates. What thanks do we owe it for that?"

Even from a financial point of view, the downfall of Bonapartism is therefore looked forward to complacently, or with strange indifference, by classes generally inclined to notions of stability. It is true Louis-Napoleon has artfully sought to fortify himself by interesting large masses in his loans. It was a leaf craftily taken from Louis Blanc's ideas. Some thought, until recently, that this vast distribution of small investments would act as a guarantee against the spread of Democratic sentiments. Of this notion they must by this time be disabused. It is self-evident, moreover, that the very circumstance of such vast distribution is a security to the holders for repayment under any government.

Among the causes of the present Democratic revivals, Foreign Affairs are not to be omitted. The Second Empire was built on that foundation-stone of modern autocracy: a defiant, war-like attitude against nations abroad, as a means of diverting dissatisfaction at home. Glory, instead of liberty. In a country with strong military ideas, that policy has always some chance. In France, this was eminently the case, because the soldierly traditions of the Republic and of the Empire had become confusedly blended through the disturbed course of the first Revolution. Under the Restoration, and under the so-styled Napoleon of Peace, the Chauvinist section of Democracy, the men of the *National*, had cultivated those traditions with an assiduity of which many of them afterwards repented. Béranger, the people's poet, had fallen in with this semi-military, semi-democratic tendency; the mischief thus done to the Republican cause is incalculable. Now, in his

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"Idées Napoléoniennes," the fruit of his meditations in exile, the present French ruler cunningly combined the Republican and Imperialist formulas; by a treatise on the "Extinction of Pauperism," he dashed them over in addition with a pseudo-socialist hue. He thus felt his way in various directions, and on reaching power used alternately the means of government thus shadowed forth, by humouring the Chauvinist leanings and playing upon class feuds.

It is not difficult to trace each war of Louis-Napoleon since 1854 to the necessity in which he found himself in the face of a beginning growth of Opposition at home. Each attempt at such a Liberal revival was drowned in gory *gloire*. The Russian, the Italian, the Mexican wars had all been preceded by popular or parliamentary agitations. It is the misfortune of oppressed nations that, whilst the means for combining an armed resistance are taken away from them, any endeavour of meeting despotism in legal grooves will only induce the autocrat to apply the "policy of diversion." There are shallow talkers who would fain persuade us that the sword is the sovereign and exclusive remedy in all cases of a crying State evil. If they looked to the vicious circle in which a nation that has once been got down on its knees is placed, even they might perhaps judge more leniently of acts of resistance that do not bear the accustomed constitutional ticket.

However, within the last few years, Louis-Napoleon has been surrounded from abroad as with a circle of fire. Contrary to his plan, a United Italy arose out of the Garibaldian initiative. The very failure of Italian Democracy before Rome rebounded upon the Imperial system: it was too much for the French people to be thrice made the soldiers of the Pope. On the other side of the ocean, the French ruler meant to found a Latin Empire, and to aid in the ruin of the Anglo-Saxon Republic. Instead of this, he was ignominiously driven out from Mexico; and this defeat, combined with the triumph of the United States, at once lowered his prestige, and gave an impetus to the ideas embodied in the American Constitution. Neither did that which happened in Germany render his position more comfortable. The military party, his chief support, were offended by the rearing up of a rival Cæsarean power, and by the insufficiency, as they in their ruffled pride considered it, of the concession made in the Luxemburg quarter. The Democrats felt it as a sting that "Liberty as in Austria," and in other South-German States, should have taken the start of the France of 1792, 1830, and 1848. Meantime, England's popular forces were brought up in the Reform movement: the earnest determination and the joyous tumult of those popular strivings could not but awaken an echo in the French nation. Then Spain—despised Spain—suddenly rose in revolution, driving out a dynasty with as much ease as if a spider's web had to be brushed away. South, north, east, west, on this and on the other

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side of the ocean, France found herself outflanked. It was more than could be brooked. The spell under which an awe-stricken people had lain so long began to dissolve.

A half-hearted attempt at concession, made by the decrees for the better treatment of the Press, and for the restoration of something like the right of meeting, turned out a blow to the Government cause. As soon as it was seen that the power of repression was partly gone, or put in abeyance from sheer necessity, an immense revulsion of feeling occurred. It is a fact little known that, before the decrees alluded to, there were but two or three Democratic organs in all France, whilst, since, about one hundred and fifty have sprung up in the provinces, well-nigh all more fiery in their tone than the Parisian journals, except the *Réveil* and the *Rappel*, which represent two sections of exiles. In this phenomenon, the real difficulty of the Government may be perceived. It cannot live any longer on the December traditions, and all concessions undermine its existence. As to the third possible course—a warlike diversion—that seems now out of the question; doubly so, since the long-discredited rumours about Louis-Napoleon's enfeebled health are at last proved to have reposed on a serious fact.

I here come to the Army, upon whose attitude so much depends.

It is difficult to learn anything about its spirit, for the rule of passive obedience and silent execution is enforced with rigidity. The French army is not like the Spanish, which has so frequently fought out the political struggles of its country. It is not like the English, whose officers are bound up with society, and whose every member is responsible before the law. It is not even like the Prussian army, with its civic Landwehr, which sometimes shows strong political leanings—as it did in 1849, when it was unwillingly led against the Revolution of south-western Germany; or in 1866, when it had to be driven to the task set to it by an ambitious King. There is nothing in French history comparable to the wholesale defection of troops which occurred in Baden twenty years ago, when the very dynasty was driven out by the insurgent soldiers. The French army is differently minded. It generally moves like clockwork. The man in power sets it in motion at his will—this way, that way; and he always finds ready obedience. Had the National Assembly in autumn, 1851, assumed the chief command, as some of its more far-seeing members then proposed, it would have been as easy to arrest the President as it was afterwards easy for the President to arrest the leading Parliamentarians.

Since Paris has been strategically rebuilt, and arms of precision have been introduced which are able to do wonders, a rising in the macadamized capital, with its subterranean passages for troops, and its system of barrack-forts above, is a different affair to what

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it was in former days. The more need for any party aiming at a great political change to win over adherents among the troops. It is not requisite that the majority of the soldiers should thus be gained. A small section will suffice to disorganize the military machinery, to strike terror into the hearts of the leaders. Louis-Napoleon, who is not foreign to conspiratory studies, knows this to a nicety. Hence he has endeavoured to stop, as much as possible, the intercourse between the privates, as well as the non-commissioned officers, and the popular classes.

The mass of officers, from reasons well known in France, do not see much of "society;" and, on the other hand, cannot easily mix with the "lower orders." They have, therefore, few opportunities for forming political opinions. It is different with the officers who occupy the rank of colonel, and who are regarded as somewhat more sedate. They are admitted to the society of the higher middle-class, and before them opinions are freely expressed, as it is assumed that their sense of military honour will prevent them from divulging what they have heard. In times of great crisis they thus learn much, and discreetly wait to see how matters turn. Thus, the colonels, together with the non-commissioned officers, have the bulk of the army in hand. The generals, who have little direct intercourse with the mass of the subordinates, do not count for so much whenever an attempt is to be made to gain over the army to this or that side.

The non-commissioned officers stand nearest to the lower middle and working class, the colonels to the higher *bourgeoisie*. When the latter observe that the very *bourgeoisie*—generally so timorous—has made up its mind to go against the Government, there is a great chance of defection in the military ranks. But, still, it is only on the day of real action that the results of this silent conversion become visible. At present we have scarcely any guiding facts to go by, except that toward the end of the Mexican war there was some mutinous spirit in several crack regiments that were to be sent across the ocean; and that, a few months ago, the marshal then in chief command issued an order converting Sunday into a day of regular practice—in other words, keeping the soldiers away from contact with the people.

But how will it be possible to prevent such communication for any length of time, when the very re-organisation of the army, as lately decreed, tends to turn every citizen into a trooper?

The military establishment of France now consists of nearly 1,400,000 men. This, too, is one of the grievances which have found their vent in the last elections. France is being soldiered out of the very marrow of her life; and she does not relish it. The average size of her men has constantly diminished within the last

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eighty years. The withering effects of the Napoleonic wars are visible even now. As to the slow increase of the population there are other causes, difficult to treat upon in an essay addressed to the general public. England proper has nearly doubled its population within the last fifty years in spite of emigration. In Germany there has been a similar progressive movement. France, with no emigration worth speaking of, has in the same period not fully increased one-third. Latterly the number of births has diminished to such an extent, that a French statistician of note declared the time not to be distant when, if things did not alter, the births would no longer suffice to cover the losses by death. It is under the second empire that this condition has assumed such alarming proportions. The days of the decline of the Roman Empire have thus forced themselves, in more than one sense, on the recollections of Frenchmen weary of an Imperial *panem et circenses* policy. Everywhere the unpleasant parallel crops up. The most biting satires of Rogeard, the most pointed historical portraits of Beulé, are outdone by stern facts.

And yet, under the depressing circumstances alluded to, a reorganisation of the army has been devised which takes away all the able-bodied men in the very prime of life, compelling them for years to celibacy. Can it be wondered at that the youth of France, men and women, should rebel against such a system?

The Second Empire is now accused by the Opposition of having confiscated freedom, lowered France in the estimation of the world, squandered the State treasure, stifled intellect, contributed to the physical degeneracy of the nation. It is a heavy bill of indictment. The frame of mind in which large classes at present are, may be studied from an address of electors of Marseilles, calling upon their deputy to exert himself for bringing the Chief of the State to trial. This in that same France in which but recently all men seemed to be apprehensive of the ear of Dionysius!

A mighty change is undoubtedly hovering in the air. There may be short and sharp shocks and counter-shocks for a little while; but, unless all signs deceive, the great issue cannot be long delayed. The calmest observer is unable to deny the significance of the electrical flashes occasionally shooting now across the atmosphere. It is as if words of doom were traced in lurid streaks, breaking here and there through the darkened sky. We are strangely reminded of the similar incidents which marked the summer of 1868 in Spain. Those incidents were then scarcely understood abroad, yet they meant the subsequent great event of September. Even so there are now signs and portents in France—only fraught with a meaning for Europe at large.

KARL BLIND.

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THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

PART II.

ADMISSION to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints takes place by the imposition of hands and by baptism. Great importance is attached to this latter institution, which is performed by immersion. But in addition to the baptism of converts or members of the sect for themselves, they practise a peculiar ceremony, known as baptism for the dead. This sacrament is administered to the living for the benefit of relations or friends who have died outside the pale of the faith, and is a means of saving them from the punishment of their unbelief. Such an institution is skilfully adapted to the human mind, which recoils from the thought that those it has loved are condemned to eternal misery, yet likes to flatter itself with the notion that it possesses the only road to eternal happiness. Baptism for the dead is justified by a passage in 1 Cor. xv. 29—"Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?"

One further peculiarity of the society established in Utah remains to be noticed—their form of government. Nominally conforming to the republican institutions of the United States, their polity is in fact, as described at the beginning of this essay, a theocratic despotism. It is true that Brigham Young, like the other high officials, is re-elected twice in every year; but this is practically a form,—he is never opposed. No one, it may be presumed, would venture to come forward as a candidate to question the claims of an inspired prophet. Spiritual and temporal affairs, from the highest questions of state to the minutest domestic detail in every household, are subject to his will. But then, it is assumed that his will is guided by inspiration of God. Utah, in fact, presents us with an example—perhaps a unique example in modern times—of a people governed by direct revelation. Every Saint knows by personal revelation made to him, that his chief is "the anointed of the Lord." And the chief himself is what the Americans, with their habitual contempt for the rules of the English language, call a "revelator." To find a parallel to such a state of things we must go back to the days of the ancient Jews. Moses, Joshua, and the Judges were, in like manner, directed by Jehovah, and sometimes received distinct verbal revelations. The Saints, moreover, may claim that their legislation, like that of the Hebrews, is of celestial origin, and

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that their proceedings, like those of the chosen people when travelling to the promised land, have been taken in obedience to the instructions of their Deity.[1] Their hierarchy, with all its orders, was revealed. The site of Zion in Missouri—certainly not a fortunate choice—was revealed. The building of the Temple at Nauvoo was enjoined by revelation. By revelation missionaries were sent out. By revelation the great affairs of the Church, its movements, its system of taxation, its ecclesiastical organization, have been constantly regulated.

Such is the history, and such are the external characteristics of the Mormon sect. Let us now proceed to an examination of their theological system. Here we shall find much to repel us; much that, in the interests of spiritual religion, cannot be too severely condemned. But while we do not hesitate to pronounce that condemnation in the name of religion, we must, in the name of justice, keep distinctly before us the great fundamental principle which lies at the base of the Mormon theology, and upon which the whole superstructure has been raised. That principle is belief in the literal inspiration of the Bible. No body of Christians can be found upon the face of the earth that upholds this faith more sincerely, more thoroughly, or more consistently. Among the Mormons, far more than among the majority of professed believers in its inspiration, the Bible is constantly appealed to as the unerring standard and test of truth. They accept, in all its strictness, the maxim of Hooker:—"I hold it for a most infallible rule in expositions of sacred Scripture, that, where a literal construction will stand, the farthest from the letter is commonly the worst. There is nothing more dangerous than this licentious and deluding art, which changeth the meaning of words, as alchemy doth or would do the substance of metals, making of any thing what it listeth, and bringeth, in the end, all truth to nothing."[2]

Many who professedly hold the same doctrine, yet constantly set it aside in practice. Where there are texts of Scripture which conflict with their favourite dogmas, or which condemn their mode of life, those texts are tacitly ignored, their very existence seems to be forgotten. If they are recognised at all, there is no sophistry too subtle to be freely employed in order to explain them. Of the Latter-day Saints it must honestly be confessed that they do not thus

(1) "It is frequently asked by strangers who pass through here, 'How came you Latter-day Saints to find this place?' I reply, we were led here by the hand of the Lord. We had no guide, no pilot, but our heavenly Father."—*Speech of the Hon. G. A. Smith, at Salt Lake City, July* 24, 1869. "We were led here by the hand of the Almighty; the Latter-day Saints were guided to this point by revelation."—*The same, July* 25, 1869.

(2) Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," book v. chap. lix. 2.

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shrink from pushing their principle to its extreme conclusions. If that principle be erroneous, at any rate it is one which they did not invent, but found already accepted by nearly the whole of Christendom. If the principle be right, but their deductions erroneous, we must meet them on their own ground, and show them wherein the error consists. This is in fact the only fair way of dealing with them. Since they are not responsible for their fundamental dogma —the literal truth of the Bible—we must perforce consent, if we would hope to arrive at any impartial judgment concerning the remainder of their system, to admit that dogma as a common postulate. We are reduced then to one of three alternatives. Either we must prove that the theologians of Salt Lake have drawn untenable inferences from the words of Scripture. Or we must admit that their inferences are correct, and become Mormons ourselves. Or lastly, we must reject the postulate, and build the superstructure of our theology on some other foundation.

Nevertheless, as belief in the truth and inspiration of Scripture would not in itself be a sufficiently distinctive principle whereon to base the religion of a separate sect, we may still inquire, What is the *raison d'être* of Mormonism? What speculative or practical superiority do its adherents claim to possess over other Christians? The answer is that Mormonism claims to possess two great advantages; 1, a new revelation; 2, a number of gifts and powers which are not granted to other Christians. Both these pretensions must be examined.

1. The first question resolves itself mainly into an inquiry into the evidences, external and internal, of the Book of Mormon. Other works are indeed regarded by the Saints as revealed; but the Book of Mormon is by far the most important. It was the alleged discovery of this book that made the existence of the new sect possible. In the estimation of the Saints it holds a place second only to that of the Bible.

Our labours in examining this work are greatly facilitated by the fact that Mr. Orson Pratt, one of the most eminent of the twelve Apostles, has devoted an elaborate composition to the object of proving its title to be received as a genuine revelation.

Having established some preliminary points, the Apostle endeavours to show that the Bible and tradition, without further revelation, are an insufficient guide. With regard to the Bible, it leaves a large number of important questions entirely unsettled. The Roman Catholics, indeed, assert its insufficiency, and make up the deficiency by tradition. Tradition, however, is an uncertain guide; for it was by tradition that the canon of Scripture was fixed, and upon this point Catholics, Anglicans, and Lutherans are not agreed. Obviously, then, tradition cannot tell us which are the

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genuine canonical writings; by new revelation alone can this "very desirable and infinitely important knowledge" be obtained. Even if tradition could demonstrate that the books were written by those who are represented as their authors, yet how can it be determined that the originals were written by divine inspiration? How can Protestants know, without new revelation, that any one book was divinely inspired? Moreover, the original MSS. are lost, and the copies are very much corrupted; there is an incredible multitude of different readings, and there are no two translations that agree. How then can we rely upon the Bible as a faithful record of God's word? "Who knows that even one verse of the whole Bible has escaped pollution, so as to convey the same sense now that it did in the original?"

The evidences of the Book of Mormon are next compared with those of the Bible. Here the Apostle is on strong ground, and he makes unsparing use of his advantages. He first refers to the declaration of the three witnesses, Cowdery, Whitmer, and Harris, who, in company with Joseph Smith, testify that they saw an angel descend from heaven and exhibit the plates before their eyes, so that they could see them and the engravings upon them distinctly; and further, that the voice of the Lord then declared to them that they had been translated correctly. These four persons could not be deceived, while their character and circumstances were such that we cannot suppose them to have combined to deceive mankind. Nay, he even urges, with great plausibility, that we have stronger evidence of the authenticity of the Book of Mormon than of the resurrection of Christ. Of the latter event we have the written testimony of only four witnesses, Matthew, John, Paul, and Peter. "Therefore, when this generation can establish the writings of these four Apostles to be *genuine*, *uncorrupted*, and *translated correctly*, they will have the testimony of as many witnesses to establish the resurrection of Christ, as there was, in the first place, to establish the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon." The Apostle has certainly hit a weak point in the armoury of his opponents. How difficult, not to say impossible, it would be to prove those writings to be genuine and uncorrupted is known to every one who has even glanced at any critical work on the New Testament. It would seem then that no satisfactory reply can be given to this Mormon challenge to establish the accuracy of our version.

After thus examining the external evidence, and appealing to internal evidence to prove the harmony of this revelation with what little is known of the history of ancient America, with the Bible, and with science, Orson Pratt arrives at this triumphant conclusion: "All men among all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, are required, under the penalty of eternal damnation, to believe, receive,

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and obey the Book of Mormon, unless they can prove the witnesses thereof to be impostors. And this they cannot do." Unfortunately we are required, "under the penalty of eternal damnation," to believe in so many contradictory propositions, by so many antagonistic sects, that this one additional threat can add but little to our danger. Theologians, however, whether Roman Catholic, Protestant, or Mormon, never for a moment perceive that their several sentences of damnation practically cancel one another, and may therefore be fearlessly neglected.

Mr. Pratt next adduces the testimony of the eight witnesses (given above), as showing that there are in all twelve witnesses who have seen the plates of the Book of Mormon. And he asks this generation to produce one living witness who has seen even one of the original manuscript of any of the books of the Bible. Again we must confess our inability to produce the evidence demanded. Therefore we must admit the statement that this generation has twelve eye-witnesses of the original of the Book of Mormon, not one of the original of any book of the Bible.

We need not be long detained by the prophetic evidence relied on by the Apostle. In the interpretation of prophecy he shows himself no less subtle, ingenious, and imaginative than Christian writers. Prophecy is, in fact, the common ground on which theologians of every school may expatiate freely, untrammelled by the narrow boundaries of fact. Whatever the point they desire to prove, it is an easy and agreeable task to twist the obscure phrases of the prophets into the required meaning. This pastime may give some pleasure to those who are convinced already, but to others it is neither profitable nor entertaining. We may pause a moment, however, when we find that even our friend, Martin Harris, was not forgotten by the prophet Isaiah, who plainly alludes to him in his twenty-ninth chapter, verses 11, 12, "And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I cannot, for it is sealed; and the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I am not learned." Few prophecies, it may fairly be said, are clearer than this. Harris delivers the sealed book to the learned Professor Anthon, who cannot read it. It is then delivered to Joseph Smith, who is unlearned, and at first replies that he cannot read it. This, according to the Apostle, was a historical fact.

Among the arguments thus urged, and urged with very considerable force and controversial power, there is one remarkable omission. The Apostle, though dwelling on the congruity of the Book of Mormon and the Bible, does not refer to the character of the former work as the best evidence of its divine origin;

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he does not urge his readers to consult it for themselves, and thus convince themselves of its beauty and its excellence. He was probably quite aware that this was the weak part of his case. Apart from the fact that every educated man would be repelled from it by its vulgar style, and the gross ignorance of grammar displayed by its author, it is so intolerably tedious that it would be equally hopeless to expect less educated converts to read it with pleasure.

To those who have not studied this species of literature it is hardly possible to convey any adequate idea of the repulsive and wearisome monotony of such a book. Those who remember Professor Teufelsdröckh's description[1] of the effects on his nervous system of a fashionable novel, may be able to appreciate the state of mind produced by reading the Book of Mormon. Some of the sacred books accepted by portions of mankind, though not possessing much beauty or attractiveness in themselves, are yet interesting to us, either because, like the Veda and the Zend Avesta, they cast light on the early religious history of mankind; or else because, like the Vishnu Purana and the Bhagavat-Gita, they serve to illustrate some system of mythology, or to acquaint us with some form of human belief. In none of these ways does the Book of Mormon claim our attention. It is a purely artificial compound, its history being borrowed from Spaulding's romance, while its religion is transcribed from the Bible. Baron Bunsen, who declared that he could never succeed in reading through the Koran from beginning to end, would have found the Book of Mormon a still more impossible achievement.

The Book of Mormon is a small volume, in its external aspect resembling a cheap edition of the Bible, containing 563 closely-printed pages and divided into fourteen books. It contains the history of three distinct emigrations from Palestine to America. The work begins with that of Lehi, who left Jerusalem in the reign of Zedekiah, King of Judah, with his four sons. One of these became the ancestor of the Nephites, another of the Lamanites; two great nations whose wars, related in the Book of Mormon, occupy a large portion of the narrative. The Lamanites are the American Indians, who are therefore of Jewish origin. Such was the gravity of the offences committed by Nephi's brethren, that, "as they were white, and exceeding fair and delightsome, that they might not be enticing unto my [Nephi's] people, the Lord God did cause a skin of blackness to come upon them." Hence, ever after this, the Lamanites were distinguished by their colour. Another colony was discovered at some period between B.C. 200 and 100, and it was found that its inhabitants also were Jews, who had likewise emigrated to America when Zedekiah was taken captive to Babylon, some years after the Nephites.

(1) Carlyle's Sartor Resartus, p. 169.

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The great object to which the exhortations of all the Nephite prophets, who were very numerous, were directed, is the future coming of Christ. This is the culminating event of the Book of Mormon, and it is predicted in the most unmistakable terms, the name and parentage of Jesus being expressly mentioned. Had the language of the Hebrew prophets been equally distinct it would have saved all controversy about Messianic prophecies. Christ appeared to the Nephites after the Crucifixion, and his preaching consisted of a repetition of a great part of his discourses in Palestine, a few special injunctions being added.

But the oldest emigration of all remained unknown until Moroni, a Nephite prophet, (about A.D. 400) discovered twenty-four plates giving an account of a nation who had emigrated to America soon after the confusion of tongues. Their journey across the ocean occupied 344 days. After living for many generations in what is called the north country, probably North America, they were destroyed by God on account of their wickedness.

A similar fate awaited the Nephites. Their iniquity became so great that God was obliged to get rid of them. They were exterminated by the Lamanites in the battle of Cumorah.

A few words are still needed to explain the preservation of their history. Mormon, who lived in the fourth century after Christ, made an abridgment of the original plates of the Nephites from the time that Lehi left Jerusalem to his own day, and continued the record by adding a narrative of the things he himself had witnessed. Just before the battle of Cumorah, foreseeing that this would be the last struggle of his people, he hid the plates in the hill, in order to save them from falling into the hands of the Lamanites. But he gave a few plates to his son Moroni, who finished the record of his father. Moroni, the son of Mormon, was the last surviving Nephite. It is he who describes the battle at Cumorah. After a wretched life, wandering from place to place to escape the Lamanites, he finally buried the plates in the hill (A.D. 421) and sealed them up. Here they remained until their removal by the prophet Joseph in the year 1827.

Considering the marvellous success of this very ordinary book, it is somewhat surprising that Mr. Daniel P. Kidder, an American anti-Mormon writer, who describes it as "probably the most successful attempt ever made to counterfeit a divine revelation," should then contend that, "as such, it affords a lesson even to the infidel. From it he may learn the impossibility of imposing deception, upon its own grounds, on any considerable portion of mankind." If it affords any lesson at all to the infidel, it is exactly the reverse. For assuredly the fate of the Book of Mormon—its modern origin clearly

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exposed, the imposture made plain to every educated mind, yet steadily progressing, winning its way in America, in England, in many other countries of Europe, and even Asia—should impress us with the conviction how easy a thing it is for pretensions utterly unsupported by evidence or reason to gain admission among the uncritical multitude. Once admitted, the belief, originally quite unfounded, is handed down from parent to child; until the manner in which it arose is forgotten, and it acquires from its traditional character an augmented sanctity in the eyes of believers.

The remaining works that are regarded as revelation may be speedily dismissed. We are already acquainted with the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, in which Smith embodied the plans and resolutions of each month and year. In another book, "The Pearl of Great Price," he published certain legends of Moses and Abraham; his information concerning the latter being derived from an ancient scroll, written by that patriarch in Egypt with his own hand. Perhaps, however, the most interesting of the various revelations contained in the Pearl, is the following prophecy, revealed to Smith on Christmas Day, 1832. The book in which it is found was published by himself in 1851:—

"Verily, thus saith the Lord, concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls. The days will come that war will be poured out upon all nations, beginning at that place; for behold the Southern States shall be divided against the Northern States, and the Southern States will call on other nations, even the nation of Great Britain, as it is called, and they shall also call upon other nations, in order to defend themselves against other nations, and thus war shall be poured out upon all nations. And it shall come to pass, after many days, slaves shall rise up against their masters, who shall be marshalled and disciplined for war."

What follows is more general; but if the Mormons desire to prove the justice of their founder's claim to prophetic powers, they would certainly find some support in the foregoing passage.

2. It was stated that the Latter-day Saints claim to possess not only a new revelation, but also certain spiritual gifts not possessed by other Churches. In the possession of such gifts lies, indeed, their principal title to distinct existence, the most eminent badge of their superiority, the proof of their right to hold themselves the only true Church of Christ extant upon earth. Their doctrine on this point demands a careful examination.[1]

(1) In the ensuing summary of Mormon theology the works mainly relied upon are—Orson Pratt's "Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon," and "Absurdities of Immaterialism;" Parley Pratt's "Voice of Warning," and "Key to Theology;" Richards' "Compendium of the Faith and Doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ," &c.; Orson Spencer's "Patriarchal Order," the "Book of Doctrine and Covenants."

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Certain signs—thus they argue—are invariably attendant on the kingdom of God, wherever it exists. Revelations, visions, the powers of prophecy, of healing, of speaking with tongues, of casting out devils, and working other miracles, are the prerogatives of those who belong to this kingdom. Not only so; but no Church which is destitute of these gifts can rightly claim any authority whatever. History substantiates this theory. The Jewish patriarchs and prophets did exercise them in former times; they had direct communications from God, they performed miracles, and so forth. But by the Christian dispensation the Jews were deprived of their privileges, which were taken from them and given to the Gentiles. But although in the first century all these gifts were possessed by the Christians, they also soon fell into apostasy, and consequently lost them. Yet they never denied the necessity of revelations, visions, miracles, &c., till they were destitute of these blessings. Without new revelation, every office in the Church must become vacant; hence the whole Romish, Greek, and Protestant ministry "are as destitute of authority from God as the devil and his angels." This is the theory of the great apostasy, which is of course completed by the further statement that revelations, prophecies, and miracles are now restored to the world, so long left in darkness, by the Mormon priesthood.

It is not without Scriptural warrant that the Mormons assert that the Church of Christ ought to be distinguished by the possession of these powers. The passage mainly relied upon by them is the promise of Christ near the conclusion of St. Mark's gospel:—"And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover" (Mark xvi. 17). It will be observed that this promise is of the most general description, being addressed to "them that believe," quite irrespective of place or time. It is, therefore, undoubtedly a singular fact that other Christian sects acquiesce so quietly in their impotence to do these things, and even deny that miracles are performed at all in the present day. If, however, we escape the pressure of this text on the critical ground that it forms part of an interpolated passage (though the Mormons only follow the general practice of Christendom in treating it as genuine), Parley Pratt has several others in store for us, which are not liable to any such objection. In a very instructive appendix to his "Voice of Warning," that clever Apostle points out the opposition between the doctrines of Christ and those of men. Let us exhibit a few of these contrasts as given by him:—

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THE DOCTRINE OF CHRIST.	THE DOCTRINES OF MEN.
He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to the Father.	He that believeth on Christ shall not do any of the miracles and mighty works that he did, for such things have ceased.
Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him.	If any are sick among you, do not send for the elders of the Church; or if the elders come, do not let them lay hands on them, neither let them anoint them in the name of the Lord, for this is all Mormon delusion; but send for a good physician, and perhaps they may get well.
Covet to prophesy, and forbid not to speak with tongues.	Do not prophesy, and it is all a delusion to speak in tongues.
For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge by the same Spirit.	But to one is given, by the learning of men, the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge by human learning.
To another, faith by the same Spirit; to another, the gifts of healing by the same Spirit.	And to another, faith by the same Spirit; but to none the gift of healing by the same Spirit.
To another, the working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another, discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, the interpretation of tongues.	And to none the working of miracles and to none to prophesy, and to none discerning of spirits, and to none to speak with divers kinds of tongues, and to none to interpret tongues.

Now the Mormons, having the simplicity to believe that Christ and his Apostles really meaned what they said, not unnaturally maintain that churches which have not the gifts of healing, whose members neither work miracles, nor prophesy, nor speak with tongues, are self-condemned. They themselves do all these things, just as the primitive Church did them. The gift of tongues was manifested as early as the year 1833. Since then it has been frequently exhibited, and precisely in the manner indicated by St. Paul; that is to say, the gifts of speaking and of interpreting are not bestowed on the same persons. Those who speak in tongues cannot understand what they are saying; those who interpret cannot speak in tongues. In like manner the gifts of healing have been abundantly exhibited. Mormons who are ill do send for the elders of the Church, who do anoint them with oil; and the effects are marvellous. The cases of miraculous cures are indeed far too numerous to admit of more than a small selection being quoted, but these will enable the reader to judge of the amount and nature of the evidence.

The first miracle was performed by Joseph Smith himself, very early in his ministry. Its subject was one Newel Knight, who had been wrought up to a high pitch of nervous agitation by his conversations with Smith on the subject of religion. One day, having been to the woods and attempted to pray, he fell very ill on his return home. Smith—who is himself the historian—went to

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him and found his visage and limbs distorted, and finally he was caught up from the floor and tossed about most fearfully. Knight requested the prophet to cast the devil out of him, and the latter, "almost unconsciously," rebuked it. Hereupon Newel Knight saw the devil leave him and vanish. His distortions now ceased, he felt a most pleasing sensation, and after being for a short time wrapt in contemplation, found that the spirit of the Lord had caught him up, and that his head and shoulders were pressing against the beams. This was witnessed by many, most of whom became members of the Church. Were there no more trustworthy witness to this miracle than Joseph Smith it would scarcely be worth quoting. But Orson Pratt, after giving the above narrative, adds his personal testimony that he is intimately acquainted with Newel Knight, and has heard him testify many a time to this great miracle. He also declares that, in 1830, he visited the residence of Mr. Knight (Newel's father), and heard him and others who saw it bear their testimony. Here then we have the direct statement of an Apostle that he himself knew a person who had been possessed with a devil, and had been miraculously delivered from it. Very few miracles can boast such strong confirmation.

Among the numerous wonders that accompanied the early preaching of the word, one alone may be taken as a sample. Samuel Smith, the prophet's brother, in the course of his missionary labours, was contumeliously turned out by the landlord of a certain inn. Hereupon he "washed his feet in a small brook as a testimony against the man." After the performance of this mystic and awful ceremonial, it was to be expected that the wrath of Jehovah would overtake the innkeeper. And so it was. A fortnight after, old Joseph Smith, Lucy his wife (the narrator of this incident), and Samuel, passed by this same tavern, and learned that the unhappy host and two of his daughters had died of small-pox, though no one else in the neighbourhood had caught it. Thus it is clear that the publication of the Gospel of Mormonism, like that of other more celebrated gospels, was accompanied and enforced by signs and wonders.

Miraculous cures wrought by the Holy Spirit are in fact universal wherever this religion is preached. Many instances of these are given by Orson Pratt. Thus, Henry Pugh, of Berrien, Montgomeryshire, feels it his bounden duty to state that his daughter, of eight years old, had become blind, and had suffered acute pain, and that the surgeons whom he consulted had been unable to cure her. But he became a Saint, and sent for the elders. They "performed the ordinance," that is, they anointed her with consecrated oil, and she was restored to sight and health. George Halliday writes from Bristol, to say that the miraculous cure of Elizabeth Bounsell had caused many to call at her house to see if it were true. Among

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these was a man who had written a "flimsy tract against the Saints," who was not satisfied with the evidence of Elizabeth's cure. Hereupon the mother of Elizabeth took another child, four years old, and asked him whether she was blind. The man, after examination, said, "She is." The mother then told him that she had been born blind, but that she would now take her to the elders to be cured. She was taken, and was cured; but it is not stated whether the author of the flimsy tract ever saw her again and was convinced of his errors. The parents of the child sign their names as witnesses that these facts were so. James S. Low, of Rumford, writes to say that, having dislocated his thigh, it was anointed by Elder Richards, whereupon the bone went into its place, to the astonishment of the doctors. Merthyr Tydvil was the scene of a still more remarkable cure, which is attested both by the patient himself and four other witnesses. A man named David Richards, while working among the coal, was injured by the fall of a stone of about 2 cwt. He was carried home, and the doctor gave him up, telling a relation that he could not live. But Elder Phillips commanded the bones in the name of Jesus, and they came together, "making a noise like the crushing of an old basket," to use the man's own expression. The doctor was astonished, and said that his backbone had been broken, but was now sound. Rupture has proved equally amenable to Mormon treatment. A young boy was cured of this disease at Clackmannan by Elder John Russell, and the mother herself attests the fact by her signature. James and Maria Davidson write from Dundee to say that their little girl, who for eighteen months had been severely afflicted with convulsive fits, had been cured by the consecrated oil and the prayers of an elder.

Now, these few specimens have been selected from a much larger number of cases, because the evidence on which they rest is peculiarly strong. No case has been quoted in which the only witness is the priest who performed the miracle. In three instances the patient himself is our authority for the fact; in two we have that of both the parents; in one, that of the mother. It is difficult to imagine testimony more direct, more unequivocal, or (apparently) more irrefutable. Let any one compare these written statements with the second-hand accounts on which we commonly rest our faith in miraculous events, and he will perceive how vastly superior is the evidence produced by the Latter-day Saints. Perhaps, however, it may be urged that these letters were written by believers, who were biassed by their faith, and moreover that they were collected by an Apostle, anxious to make out a case. That this Apostle invented them cannot be supposed, for the events occurred in 1849 and 1850; the names of the persons concerned are given in full, as well as the places of their residence. It may, however, be suspected that Orson

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Pratt has suppressed or modified circumstances that would make a material difference. But if we object to disciples as witnesses, and Apostles as collectors, are we not placing a dangerous argument in the hands of the Mormons? For they might possibly reply that the only evidence of the miracles related in the New Testament is precisely that of disciples and apostles; that we must not apply one rule to our own faith and another to theirs, accepting a kind of testimony as valid in the one, which we reject as invalid in the other; that, moreover, the application of a rigorous critical test would be even more fatal to the marvels of the New Testament than to theirs, since in no single instance can we produce the written declaration of a person who was miraculously healed, or of such a person's parents. But if we persist in rejecting the evidence of Mormons, they can produce in support of their miraculous powers a kind of testimony of which probably no other religion can boast—that, namely, of one of their bitterest foes. Mrs. Mary Smith lived fifteen years among the Saints, and the treatment she experienced was certainly not such as to make her love them. After leaving them, she wrote a book in which she accumulated every kind of reproach upon their heads. Yet hear her account of the manner of her mother's conversion, which occurred about 1841, in Illinois, and induced her to remove at once with seven children to Nauvoo:—

"About this time a Mormon elder, who had been holding meetings in this neighbourhood, called upon my mother, and among other things told her that the Latter-day Saints claimed to be able to heal the sick, and that if she would consent to be baptised, the deafness with which she was afflicted, and which had become a great annoyance to her, would in a very short time be removed, and she would hear again. Willing at least to try the experiment, she was baptised. The water was very cold, and immediately after her hearing was improved, and soon it was entirely restored. . . . . My mother, who is still living," adds Mrs. Smith, "now understands that perhaps this *apparent* miracle was the effect of cold water, or of some other natural, though unexplained, cause; but at that time, it had with her all the force of a real miracle."

Cold water not being a remedy for deafness, the attempted explanation is obviously insufficient, and the fact remains that the mother of this writer was promised by an elder that if baptised, she would be cured of her malady; that she was baptised, and was actually cured; that in consequence of this marvel she at once joined the Saints, and afterwards accompanied them to Salt Lake City. Explain it as we will, it is clearly impossible to doubt the truth of a circumstance vouched for by so unsuspected a witness.

Can we then, in the face of these facts, continue to argue, as theological writers formerly did, and as many do now, that the question

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of miracles is simply one of evidence; that if only there is no reason to accuse the narrator of deliberate invention, we ought to put faith in his statements, however glaring their repugnance to ordinary experience? If our faith is to be founded upon the testimony of miracles; if miracles are credible according to the degree of evidence brought to support them; then there is no doubt of the conclusion to which we should be led. Every rational man ought immediately to join the Mormon Church. Not only can they adduce evidence which in itself is stronger than that relied upon by any other religion, but they can adduce it under circumstances in which deception is far more difficult. No other religion has been exposed in equal measure to the full blaze of daylight from its very cradle. Many of those pious frauds which were possible in former days, as, for example, the interpolation of books, are out of the question now. No fictitious statements can be publicly made in England or America without being liable to instant contradiction.

While, however, there can be no doubt that if those miracles which rest upon the best authority are to be received, this new religion would carry the day, yet its advocates do not insist upon such facts as one of the evidences of their faith. Miracles, in their opinion, are not intended to convert unbelievers. Had they been, how could it have happened that Christ could do none in his own country because of their unbelief? If miracles were intended as evidences to convince opponents, this would have been the very place where he should have performed them. So far, indeed, are the Mormons from claiming credit to themselves for the gift of healing, that they tell us it is only ignorance which leads us to consider the cures thus effected as miraculous at all. Miracles, in fact, are nothing but the regular and natural effects of the Holy Spirit. Parley Pratt expressly says that they are not contrary to the laws of nature, and declares that the very words miracle and mystery ought to become obsolete. In a similar spirit Brigham Young recently informed the Saints that, "There is no miracle to any being in the heavens or on the earth only to the ignorant." This precisely accords with that which the writer of these pages learned in conversation with a Mormon elder. Under his ministry he confidently affirmed that numerous patients had been healed of numerous diseases, as we should say, miraculously; but he declined to appeal to these cases in support of his mission. He treated them as nothing but the ordinary effects of faith; and faith, he ingenuously confessed, was an absolutely essential preliminary to the healing virtues of prayer and consecrated oil.

In the region of pure theology, Mormonism departs from the ordinary doctrines of the Christian world no less conspicuously than in that of religious practice. While holding to the belief that Christ

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was the Son of God, and that he came to redeem the world, it nevertheless conjoins this dogma with others which are totally at variance with the Christian scheme. In the first place, it has revived the heathen belief in a plurality of gods.[1] Christianity, on the contrary, has invariably held to the unity of God as to the first and most essential of religious truths; even while nominally proclaiming the existence of three divinities, it has striven to prove that such a trinity is not inconsistent with its fundamental conviction of unity. "A Christian," as Bacon has truly observed, "believes three to be one, and one to be three; a father not to be elder than his son; a son to be equal with his father." But the Mormons, who are eminently anti-mystical, never trouble their heads with these paradoxes. Not only do they conceive the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost as distinct personages, but, in addition to these, they tell us that there are many gods. Numerous passages of Scripture are adduced in support of this polytheism. Thus (not to mention the various texts in which Jehovah is termed "God of gods"), in Exod. xvii. 11, it is stated that "the Lord is greater than all gods;" while in Psalm lxxxii. 1, he is described as judging "among the gods." But the principal authority is St. Paul, who says, "For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many, and lords many), but to us there is but one God, the Father," &c. (1 Cor. viii. 5, 6). Following this text, the Mormon catechism asks:—"Q. Are there more Gods than one? A. Yes, many.—Q. Must we worship more than one God? A. No. To us there is but one God, the Father of mankind, and the Creator of the earth."

Thus, while the Mormons are polytheists in theory, they are monotheists in practice. Their worship is addressed to a single deity. But we must guard against supposing that this deity is an immaterial spirit. On the contrary, Orson Pratt has expressly denounced all those who hold the immateriality of God as disguised atheists. According to this writer that which is unextended, indivisible, and unrelated to space or time, like the Christian God, is absolutely nothing. So, also, Parley Pratt ridicules the notion of a God "without body, parts, or passions," as but another way of saying that there is a God who does not exist. The Mormon God, therefore, has a body, parts and passions of a very definite character indeed. He has a body like that of man, though of course he is far more powerful. But his power does not enable him to be in two places at once in his own person, though by his Holy Spirit he is everywhere present. These doctrines, as the reader will expect, are

(1) In this case, as in others, the assertions made are founded on the statements contained in the authorised publications of the sect; but it must not be imagined that all the Saints are acquainted with all the doctrines of their creed; this would be the same sort of error as to suppose that every Churchman is profoundly versed in the Thirty-nine Articles and the Homilies.

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also supported by copious extracts from the Bible. That God has the human form is considered to be proved, first, by the statement that he made man in his own image, and then by the frequent expressions of the Hebrew writers implying the possession of corporeal organs. Thus, in Exod. xxiv. 10, 11, we read:—"And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet, as it were, a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in its clearness. And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid his hand; also they saw God, and did eat and drink." Again, in Exod. xxxiii. 20—23, Moses is informed that he cannot see the face of Jehovah, but he will be permitted to see his "back parts." Thus, too, in the remarkable account of Jacob's wrestling (Gen. xxxii. 24—32), it is stated that there wrestled *a man* with him, and Jacob himself afterwards remarks that he has "seen God face to face," implying that this man was in fact the Deity whom he worshipped. His *nostrils* are mentioned (Psalm xviii. 8, 15); the heavens are sometimes called the work of his *hands* (as Heb. i. 10), and various other organs are alluded to in passages too numerous to quote. Whether this anthropomorphic language justifies the Mormon inference is a question that may be left to professional theologians. Certain it is that they are not the first to whom this inference has been suggested. For it was just such expressions as these that Dante thought it necessary, in the interests of faith, to explain away:—

> "Per questo la Scrittura condescende
> A vostra facultate, e piedi e mano
> Attribuisce e Dio, ed altro intende."[1]

It was just such expressions as these that induced Milton, who was loth to impute to the Bible that it says one thing, "*ed altro intende*," to write as follows:—

> "If God be said 'to have made man in his own image, after his likeness' (Gen. i. 26), and that, too, not only as to his soul, but also as to his outward form (unless the same words have different significations here and in chap. v. 3, 'Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image'), and if God habitually assign to himself the members and form of man, why should we be afraid of attributing to him what he attributes to himself, so long as what is imperfection and weakness, when viewed in reference to ourselves, be considered as most complete and excellent when imputed to God? . . . . In a word, God either is or is not such as he represents himself to be. If he be really such, why should we think otherwise of him? If he be not such, on what authority do we say what God has not said? . . . . In arguing thus, we do not say that God is in fashion like unto man in all his parts and members, but that, as far as we are concerned to know, he is of that form which he attributes to himself in the sacred writings."[2]

(1) Paradiso, IV. 43—48.

(2) Milton's "Treatise on Christian Doctrine." Book I., chap. 2 (Bohn's Prose Works, vol. iv. pp. 18, 19). "Paradise Lost" is essentially anthropomorphic.

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That God is not omnipresent the Mormons endeavour to establish by the many texts in which he is described as going up or coming down. "Let us go down and there confound their language," "God went up from Abraham," and such phrases, are made to do service here. Moreover, they adduce the remarkable passage in 1 Kings xix. 11, 12, where the historian tells us that the Lord was not in the wind, or the earthquake, or the fire; but was in the still small voice.

We cease to feel any surprise at a deity so limited in power when we learn that the Father and God of the human family is, in fact, Adam. This startling fact was announced in the *Millennial Star* in 1853. So extraordinary a notion can only be understood by reference to a doctrine hereafter to be explained, according to which every saint will reign as a god over his own family in the future state. Now, the human race is Adam's family, and he therefore is the god who governs the inhabitants of this planet, and to whom their prayers are to be addressed.

Thus, in the peculiar phraseology of the saints, "our God and Father in heaven is a being of tabernacle" (tabernacle being the cant word for body). "His Son, Jesus Christ, has become a personage of tabernacle;" that is to say, he has become incarnate. The Holy Ghost, on the other hand, is not "a person of tabernacle." These three "are one in character and attributes, but not in substance." Christ differs from his Father in nothing but age and authority; the latter, being older, has the right to preside over him. He and his Father are two persons, and "each of them has an organised, individual tabernacle." The Holy Spirit, being unencumbered with a tabernacle, enjoys the privilege of being everywhere present; that is to say, of being diffused throughout the universe, not of actually filling all space. It governs and controls all other substances, producing all the phenomena of nature. It is not immaterial, but may be compared to such invisible substances as electricity, magnetism; being the purest, most refined, and subtle of them all. Under the control of the Great Elohim, it is the grand moving cause of all intelligences, by which they act. It is the executive which puts in motion all worlds, and performs all wonders or miracles. It is instinct in animals; reason in man; vision in prophets. "The oneness of the Godhead," says Orson Pratt, "may be in some measure illustrated by two gallons of pure water, existing in separate vessels, representing the Father and Son, and an ocean of pure water, representing the Holy Spirit."

By this account of the third person of the Trinity, we perceive that Mormon philosophy is completely materialistic. Like Hobbes —between whose opinions and those of the Latter-day Saints there is in several points a singular coincidence—they assert that "every part of the universe is body, and that which is not body is no part

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of the universe."[1] When, therefore, the Mormons speak of a spirit, whether divine or human, we are not to understand some immaterial principle, but an aggregation of particles of "spiritual matter;" which is indeed greatly superior to other matter, but is still generically the same. So Hobbes:—"By the name of *spirit*, we understand a *body natural*, but of such *subtilty* that it worketh not upon the senses, but that filleth up the place which the image of a visible body might fill up."[2] And again, using the very argument adopted by Orson Pratt, this philosopher contends that spirits are substances endued with dimensions, and not "ghosts *incorporeal;* that is to say, ghosts that are in *no place;* that is to say, that are *nowhere;* that is to say, that seeming to be *somewhat*, are *nothing*."[3]

According to the Mormon Fathers the elements of the universe are eternal and uncreated. They possess intelligence adapted to their spheres. The emotions or affections of spirit are but actions or motions of these elements. And the powers of thought and feeling which any organism possesses must have belonged equally to all the particles of that organism in their independent state. The arguments urged by Dr. Brown against materialism in general, namely—that mental affections, if they possessed the property of extension, would be capable of division, so that we might speak of half a doubt, or a fraction of a hope, are inapplicable to this metaphysical system. For it does not contemplate the feelings of the mind as particles of matter, or as the result of the collection of particles in a given organism, but as states or affections of a single substance, having extension and parts, and all the characteristics of matter. The creative power, by which this eternal and intelligent matter was organised into worlds fit for the habitation of living beings, was "a general assembly, quorum, or grand council of the gods, with the President at their head." The object of the gods in creating this world was to provide a body and a habitation for the pre-existing spirits of men. This embodiment is a necessary step in their progress towards perfection and divinity. For gods, angels, and men are all of one species. Men will hereafter rise to the condition of gods, and gods have formerly passed through that of men. "The Lord"—we are informed by Brigham Young—"created you and me for the purpose of becoming gods like himself."

We first recognise men as organised intelligences, dwelling with their Father in the eternal mansions. Those spirits who keep their first estate, are permitted to descend to the second, that of existence in the present world with a tabernacle of flesh, though in entering the second estate they become entirely unconscious of the past. Having kept his second estate, man enters a probationary sphere,

(1) Leviathan, part iv. chap. 46. (2) Human Nature, chap, ii. 4.
(3) Leviathan, part 3, 34.

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called the world of spirits. Those who have heard the gospel, either in former times or in this age, will rise from the spirit world, and reign on the earth during a thousand years; while those who have rejected it will remain in the spirit world till the last trump.

There are three general resurrections in which spirits are re-united to their bodies; one past and two future. The first was in connection with the resurrection of Christ, and included all who died in him before his advent. The second, at the commencement of the Millennium, will be in a few years, and will include the Former-day and Latter-day Saints. The third will be more than one thousand years later; that is, after the conclusion of the Millennium, and will include all men. Those who were raised with Christ were conveyed to some other sphere; while those who are to rise in the approaching Millennium will inhabit the earth. But it will be an earth transformed and rendered more glorious; its mountains will be levelled and its valleys exalted, while the human body, raised from the dead, will ascend and descend at will; it will be able to "launch forth in the clear and boundless expanse," and pay visits to the other planets, in consequence of which advantages there will be a great increase of geographical and astronomical knowledge. After the thousand years are past, there will be a new heaven and a new earth, on which the Saints will reign as kings and priests throughout eternity.

This is the exalted destiny to which these people look forward. But they are careful to tell us that the highest degrees of glory after the resurrection will be reserved for those who have observed the ordinance of patriarchal marriage. What patriarchal marriage is must now be explained.

Plurality of wives was not originally one of the tenets of the Mormons. It was not till the 29th of August, 1852, that a revelation on the "celestial law of marriage," purporting to have been received by Joseph Smith in 1843, was made known to the public and to the mass of the Saints themselves. It was communicated to the English brethren in the *Millennial Star* for January 1, 1853. This document is so long that a few only of its principal passages can be quoted here:—

"Revelation given to Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, July 12, 1843.

"Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Joseph, that inasmuch as you have inquired of my hand, to know and understand wherein I, the Lord, justified my servants, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; as also Moses, David, and Solomon, my servants, as touching the principle and doctrine of their having many wives and concubines: behold, and lo! I am the Lord thy God, and will answer thee as touching this matter."

The Holy Ghost then proceeds to explain at great length that these patriarchs were not sinful in receiving many wives and concubines. After an elaborate treatment of some other points not so

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closely connected with the question, it returns to the topic in hand:—

"Verily, I say unto you, a commandment I give unto mine handmaid. Emma Smith, your wife, whom I have given unto you, that she stay herself and partake not of that which I commanded you to offer unto her . . . . and let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that I have given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me . . . . and I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else."

This refers to the domestic concerns of the prophet, and bids his wife welcome his mistresses with open arms. But now we come to the general law given to the Church:—

"And again, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood: If any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him; for he cannot commit adultery with that which belongeth to him, and to none else: and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him; therefore is he justified . . . .

"And again, verily I say unto you, if any man have a wife who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my priesthood, as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe, and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God; for I will destroy her; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law. Therefore it shall be lawful in me, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things, whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him, because she did not believe and administer unto him according to my word; and she then becomes the transgressor, and he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham according to the law when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar to wife. And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter; therefore let this suffice for the present. Behold, I am Alpha and Omega. Amen."

It is said that when this revelation was imparted to "mine handmaid Emma" she was by no means edified by its contents. According to another account, however, she knew nothing of it until its publication in 1852, and then declared that no such doctrine had been held by her husband. It is certain that she left the Church, and that her sons opposed the institution of plural marriage as an innovation which their father would not have countenanced, and rejected the new revelation as a fraudulent invention. Opposition from such a quarter may fairly dispose us to doubt its authenticity; especially when we find that this document had never been heard of from 1843 to 1852, and that during the whole of these nine years the Mormon missionaries had been instructed to deny the existence of polygamy as a Gentile calumny. Nevertheless, if I may offer an opinion upon the question, I should be inclined to accept this revelation as genuine. In the first place, it is altogether in the peculiar style of Joseph Smith. In the second place, the existence of a secret practice of polygamy, begun in Nauvoo by the foremost leaders

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of the sect, serves to explain the accusations of licentious conduct hurled against them by their enemies in Illinois. It is very improbable that those accusations were altogether baseless, while they would be fully accounted for by the attempts of Joseph and his friends to convert the women of their acquaintance to the doctrine of celestial marriage.

Among all the tenets of the Mormons there is none more odious to the people of this country than their belief that it is lawful to marry more than one wife. And precisely because this odium exists, there is none which it behoves us to examine with more impartiality and candour. We should be serving the cause of monogamy very ill if we were to reject the opposite system without an attempt to do justice to the arguments in its favour. First, then, let us endeavour to comprehend what the matrimonial law of the Mormons really is. Marriage among the Saints is a solemn religious institution ordained by God, and the married state is not to be undertaken without his approbation. When, therefore, a Mormon desires to increase his harem, he must first obtain the sanction of heaven through the medium of the prophet, as well as the consent of the new wife and her parents. If he has the consent of his first wife, which she is encouraged to give as an act of virtue, she assists at the ceremony of the wedding. Marriage may be either for time or for eternity. Only the latter will be recognised in a future state. The Saints will reign in their state of glory over the wives they have married for eternity, and will continue with them the work of procreation. In fact, their wives and children will form their kingdom hereafter; the wives being exalted, or "resurrected," as the Americans say, by their husbands' merits. To those unhappy persons who attain to the state of resurrection without observing the ordinance of eternal marriage, that is, to all Gentiles, Parley Pratt holds out the awful prospect of remaining single to all eternity. They will be "without the joys of eternal union with the other sex," and instead of being gods will be unable to rise above the condition of angels, or servants in the employment of the glorified Saints.

But the Mormon god not only enjoins polygamy upon men, he practises it himself. We are told that it is a great error to conceive him as leading a single life; we have a heavenly mother as well as a heavenly father, and the whole human family, together with the fallen angels, are their natural offspring. Nor is this all. Mary was the actual wife of God, and Jesus Christ his son in the flesh. In his "resurrected state" Christ also has a wife, for John in Revelation speaks of the Bride of the Lamb; he has children, for Isaiah says, he shall see his seed. Teaching like this is coarse and repulsive enough; but it is only fair to add that Milton, in his defence of polygamy, refers to the very singular parable in

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Ezekiel xxiii., in which God is represented as the husband of two wives, as a proof that such a state could not be dishonourable.

These considerations may serve to recommend plurality of wives to the minds of believers; but the Gentile mind must be approached by arguments of another kind. Accordingly, the Mormons appeal to the Bible in support of their views. Polygamy, they tell us, is the only form of matrimony established by God himself, and towards which he evinced a marked approval. Thus, he visited Abraham, the husband of two wives, and found no fault with him. He never frowned upon Jacob for living with several wives. He reproved David for taking the wife of another man; but specially declared that he had given him all the wives of Saul, his master, thus clearly proving that it was adultery, and not polygamy, that had called down his anger. Moreover, Solomon, who succeeded him on the throne, was the son of Bathsheba, and was not therefore deemed illegitimate. In addition to these instances, the examples of the other patriarchs who practised polygamy and enjoyed the peculiar favour of Jehovah are invoked, and it is argued that the lineage of Christ himself would have been vitiated had that institution been unlawful. It is needless to multiply proofs of this description, for it will probably be admitted by most candid controversialists, that in the Bible there is nothing that indicates the sinfulness of polygamy, and much that tends to an opposite conclusion. Milton's opinion has been already mentioned. Now Milton compiled a treatise of divinity on the Mormon principle of following the guidance of Scripture alone, however far it might take him from received opinion. He was inevitably led to defend polygamy (on the very grounds which are now taken by the Saints) as an institution recommended by the example of patriarchs, and evidently honourable in the sight of God.[1] Such an authority may induce us to pause before we reprobate the Mormons for holding this unpopular doctrine.

But it is a remarkable fact that while plurality of wives is countenanced by the Bible, it is emphatically condemned by the sacred books of the Mormons themselves. Thus, in the Book of Mormon we are told that "the people of Nephi, under the reign of the second king, began to grow hard in their hearts, and indulge themselves somewhat in wicked practices, such as like unto David of old, desiring many wives and concubines, and also Solomon, his son." (Jacob i. 4.) Accordingly, they are thus addressed by the prophet Jacob:—

"But the word of God burthens me because of your grosser crimes. For behold, thus saith the Lord, this people begin to wax in iniquity; they understand not the Scriptures; for they seek to excuse themselves in committing whoredoms, because of the things which were spoken concerning David, and Solomon his son. Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and

(1) See his argument in the Prose Works, vol. iv. pp. 225—237 (Bohn's ed.)

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concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord . . . . . Wherefore I, the Lord God, will not suffer that this people shall do like unto them of old. Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken unto the word of the Lord; for there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none; for I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women . . . . For if I will, saith the Lord of Hosts, raise up seed unto me, I will command my people; otherwise they shall hearken unto these things" (Jacob ii. 6).

And in the ensuing page the Lamanites are praised, because "they have not forgotten the commandment of the Lord that they should have, save it were one wife." The reference to David and Solomon condemns, as if by prophetic anticipation, the very arguments now used by the Mormons; but they find an escape from the force of this passage in the concluding sentence, in which it is intimated that a different commandment might some day be given. The Book of Doctrine and Covenants, however, is equally explicit. In a declaration on marriage, intended as a reply to the attacks of the Gentiles, are found these words: "Inasmuch as this Church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of fornication and polygamy, we declare that we believe that one man should have one wife, and one woman but one husband, except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again." Here again a plausible explanation is found in the fact that while a man is enjoined to have (at least) *one* wife, a woman is to have *but one* husband. The word crime, being singular, is held to refer only to fornication. These passages are of little moment in themselves; but they are curious as affording evidence that the Mormons are already adepts in the art which has so long been practised by Christian divines, of explaining away the obvious meaning of their sacred writings.

But the arguments for plurality of wives are by no means exhausted by the appeal to Scripture. This institution is represented as eminently favourable to the health of women, inasmuch as by it alone their isolation during the periods of pregnancy and lactation —a rule strictly imposed upon Mormon husbands—is rendered possible. It is further contended that wherever this patriarchal custom of plurality has been abolished, all kinds of immorality and excess in the intercourse of the sexes have followed, and the lamentable condition of Christian nations, with their thousands of fallen women, is appealed to in support of the statement. The territory of Utah, on the other hand, is entirely free both from prostitution and from the dreadful diseases that follow in its train. Besides, since there is always a large excess of marriageable women over marriageable men, polygamy is the only system which permits every woman to obtain a husband. Thus we have scriptural, physiological, and social arguments in favour of plural marriage.

Granting, however, what the evidence of travellers makes it

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impossible to deny, namely, the superior purity of Utah morals, we are yet entitled to ask whether the salvation of a small proportion of women from utter ruin is not purchased by imposing a state of deep and terrible degradation upon the whole of the female sex?

To this inquiry there can be but one reply. *A priori*, we should expect that where a wife is not permitted to be the sole companion of her husband in that relation, she could be little better than a servant, kept to minister in a peculiar way to the gratification of her lord. And experience fully confirms this theoretical conclusion. Woman, in polygamous countries, invariably occupies a position of complete subordination, almost of slavery. She cannot be the equal of her husband; for if she were, she would demand his exclusive love. She is regarded as an instrument of sensual pleasure, useful and necessary for the purpose of procreation, but unfitted to share the thoughts and take part in the counsels of her husband. With the women of oriental nations, to whom freedom is wholly undreamed of and unknown, this oppression may be comparatively little felt; with those of America and Europe, accustomed to other conditions of existence, it is unquestionably realised in all its poignancy. Polygamy among them can only be upheld by an iron discipline, beneath the rod of which all dissent is crushed in the bud; and obedience being thus effectually secured, the natural feelings of women are as far as possible perverted by religious teaching. The odious duty of imitating Sarah, who gave Hagar to Abraham, is inculcated upon faithful wives; while she who is most sedulous in seconding or even stimulating her husband's desires, is upheld as the fairest model of conjugal virtue. But these means are wholly insufficient to overcome the better nature of Mormon women. Heartrending stories of wives whose happiness has been destroyed for ever, whose married life has been embittered by this cruel custom, have reached us even from the secluded valley of Salt Lake; but we may reasonably hope that with the greater freedom of escape afforded by the Pacific Railway, and the influx of Gentiles induced by the same event, it will be impossible to maintain a system which causes misery and servility in the one sex, and brutality in the other.

That woman, in the Mormon scheme, does in fact occupy this depressed and degraded position, is abundantly proved by the writings of the sect. Submission is invariably upheld as the grand duty of women; reproduction as the grand purpose they are called upon to fulfil in the economy of life. Of any more exalted or more spiritual notion of their nature, these people seem to have absolutely no conception. Lamentable as this is, it must be acknowledged that there are too many among ourselves whose view of female duty is scarcely more elevated than that of the Mormons.

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Such persons contend that to marry, to have children, to manage a household, are well-nigh the only occupations in which a woman can properly engage. It is hard to see how they can meet the argument for polygamy drawn from the excess of females over males of a marriageable age; for if women are to be nothing but wives and mothers, we ought at least not to prohibit bigamy, and thus to render even that impossible to many thousands among them. Their theory of female subordination is illustrated in a very *naïve* form in the following "Maxims for Mormon Wives," extracted from a Mormon newspaper by an American lady:—

"1st. Occupy yourselves only with household affairs; wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance, and do not give your advice till he asks it.

"2nd. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, and do not read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practise virtue yourself to make him in love with it.

"3rd. Command his attention by being always attentive to him; never exact anything, and you will attain much; appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more.

"4th. All men are vain; never wound his vanity—not even in the most trifling instances. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it.

"5th. Seem always to obtain information from him, especially before company, though you may pass for a simpleton. Never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband."

Now this is scarcely a parody of the opinions held, but not quite so candidly expressed, by many in this country, who are very far from approving of plurality of wives. Their doctrine, nevertheless, is allied with that of the Latter-day Saints; for it springs, in the same manner, from a low estimation of the capacities of woman, and a desire to restrict her to the sphere of domestic life. Polygamy should be opposed, not by declarations against its licentiousness,—for Utah society is not licentious,—but by endeavouring to improve the tone of opinion on the great question of the relations of the sexes, and to raise the legal and political status of women to an equality with that of men.

Only a few words remain to be said in conclusion, as to the general characteristics of the religious and social movement inaugurated by the Latter-day Saints. Can it be accepted as, on the whole, a progressive and beneficial movement, deserving commendation, if not sympathy? Now there is much in the condition of the population at Salt Lake City which every impartial critic is compelled to admire. Travellers with one voice declare that the monster evils of drunkenness and prostitution are unknown among them. Chastity is strictly observed by both sexes, and the Saints are depicted as, on the whole, an industrious, a peaceful, and an inoffensive people. True, there are charges of murder and robbery brought against

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them by their enemies. But these apply only to the so-called "Danites," a body of secret police, organised during the troubles in Missouri, and possibly named after the Danites whose history is recorded in the 18th chapter of Judges. These men are supposed to be sworn to obey the orders of the ecclesiastical chiefs, whatever crimes they may enjoin upon them; and it is supposed that they have sometimes been employed to put inconvenient persons out of the way. These charges are, of course, denied by the Mormons themselves; but their assurances are deprived of all value by the fact that they denied the existence of polygamy—the initiated with intent to deceive, the rest in ignorance—for nine whole years after its authoritative establishment by the revelation of 1843. But, be the stories of the Danites' atrocities true or false, it is clear that they affect only the leaders of the Church, and a few of their more trusted followers. As to the rest, we may confidently accept the commendatory verdict of unprejudiced observers.

Yet, in spite of these good qualities, which deserve no stinted measure of approbation, their religion is clearly a step in the direction of retrogression. While the tendency of progress is to make the conception of the Deity more spiritual, more abstract, and more vague, the Mormons have made it more materialistic, more concrete, and more definite, till they have reduced their God to a sensual being by no means superior to the old heathen divinities. While progress diminishes the belief of educated men in supernatural events, they have encumbered their theology with a mass of miracles and marvels. While progress increases the influence of the people in government, and diminishes the power of priests, they have committed uncontrolled authority to a priestly autocrat, who governs in the name of God. While progress is continually effecting the more and more complete emancipation of women, they have enslaved her in the bonds of a more absolute subjection.

Can we attempt to discover the causes of so extraordinary a success, achieved by a religion so opposed to the tendencies of the age? Any solution of this problem must of course be more or less conjectural, yet an attempt to solve it ought not to be omitted. Apart from the temporal advantages of a settlement in the valley of Salt Lake,—an attraction which could not operate during the first eighteen years of the existence of the sect,—a cause of sufficient power may perhaps be found in the doctrine of the continuance of revelation in modern times. Not only is every man among them supposed to be assured by personal revelation of the truth of his faith, but he knows that his prophet is guided by Almighty Power; he is certain that the affairs of his Church are the subject of direct intervention from the Father of mankind; he

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feels that he is living under a code of laws that have come down from heaven. Now to human nature, ever craving for some distinct communication of the divine will and the divine mind, a faith like this is full of consolation. It offers precisely that infallible certainty which natural piety desires. The belief in heaven-sent prophets and sacred books—a belief which is shared in one form or another, not only by all European nations, but by the inhabitants of China, Japan, India, Thibet, Siam, Ceylon, Persia and other countries—has its source and origin in this same desire. Catholicism satisfies it by its theory of a living Church, appointed to lead the footsteps of the faithful with unerring voice by means of its ever-present priesthood. Protestantism is less successful in meeting this natural want. It offers the Bible for the guidance of mankind, but leaves the innumerable questions raised by the interpretation of that Bible to the uninspired and fallible judgment of the individual believer. Here it is that Mormonism steps in, offering the clear light of revelation in place of the feeble flicker of private opinion. It confirms the faith of the sectary that his Bible, which he is endeavouring to follow, is true, but proves to him, also, that hitherto he has not understood it. Hence the fact that its success (where it has succeeded) has been in Protestant countries; hence its comparative failure among Catholic populations. The latter are provided by the Church with that certainty which the Protestant wants; and they are not accustomed, like Protestants, to draw independent inferences from the study of the Bible. That this is the only cause of the success of Mormonism, I do not pretend; others have doubtless co-operated with it, but that this has been one of the most powerful it would be difficult to dispute. The mental illumination that took place in the early life of its founder, was typical of a process that has been frequently repeated in a modified form in the experience of his disciples. Just as it was impossible for him to decide, by his unaided reason, between the claims, all equally well-founded, of hostile and conflicting sects, until his embarrassment was relieved by the merciful assistance of Providence; so it has doubtless been with many a pious Mormon. Left to the uncertain guidance of ministers without inspiration, without revelation, without the gifts promised to believers—blind leaders of the blind—they wander in darkness and in error until, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, they are led to know and to acknowledge a truth which speaks to them in a tone of authority and power, and carries with it indications of its superhuman origin so clear and so unmistakable, that opposition is henceforth impossible, and doubt is for ever at an end.

AMBERLEY.

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THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

Chapter XXXVIII.

IN WHICH MRS. ROWLEY TRANSACTS IMPORTANT BUSINESS IN PARIS; PEOPLE GO TO LOGGERHEADS ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS; MRS UPJOHN TAKES A LIVELY INTEREST IN MR. ARNAUD; AND MRS. ROWLEY REAPPEARS IN THE PENINSULA.

While all these things were doing at Foxden, there had been but little correspondence between the widow and her friends in England, except with Mr. Cosie and Arnaud. To Mr. Cosie she wrote often, and he best knew what irons she had in the fire. Had Mrs. Upjohn been more sagacious, or had she not been too much engrossed with her Viscount and her festivities, she might have known better than she did all that was going on.

Mr. Cosie had actually been with Mrs. Rowley in Paris.

Said Susan Rowley one night to her sister, as they were going to bed—

"Fanny, my dear, mamma is meditating something important, as sure as a gun."

Susan always knew Mrs. Rowley better than her sister, though she did not love her better; but Susan was more acute and observant.

"Oh," replied Fanny, "I dare say she is only thinking of making Mr. Arnaud more comfortable on his desert island."

"She has something more in her mind than that, I'm positive," said Susan. "She has sent for Mr. Cosie to have a grand palaver with him. She expects him here to-morrow."

Susan was right.

Old Cosie arrived the next day, obedient to his summons, and Mrs. Rowley was immediately closeted with him, looking as practical and enterprising as ever she looked in her life. It was easy to see that the buffet fortune had given her had neither crushed her spirit or quenched her speculative fire.

"The farming is going on pretty well," she began, "eh, Mr. Cosie?"

"Nothing can be doing better, madam—crops flourishing, cows calving, bullocks heavy, lambs brisk."

"That's all right. Now tell me, Mr. Cosie, has anything else occurred to you that I could do with a little money, which, poor as I am, is burning my pockets or lying idle in the Three per Cents. Of course during my married life I was able to economise something out the income of my own small property."

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Cosie was not prepared for such a question. He never dreamed of Mrs. Rowley embarking in new ventures in the present ticklish position of her affairs; in short, he looked amusingly dumb-founded, and when he recovered his tongue he knew not what to reply.

"Really, madam—upon my word—I'm sure I don't know; you take me by surprise—nothing does occur to me just at the present moment."

"Well, Mr. Cosie," said the widow, diverted by his perplexity, but making no remark on it, "something has occurred to me. There is a vein of copper on the property, is there not?"

Cosie assented.

"Is there any reason why we should not work it a little, eh?"

"I only know one," replied Cosie, with a smile; "it's just this, you will have Mr. Marjoram down on you."

"Pooh, pooh, we can't mind Mr. Marjoram, you know; he never speculated in his life, I suppose, unless it was in Dutch tulips. The fact is, Mr. Cosie, as I am doing well above ground I am bent on doing something underground also; I really can't afford to be too prudent. In short, we must get some of that copper up to the surface. This Cornish soil of ours is something like your turtle soup—the best things are at the bottom of the tureen; eh, Mr. Ex-Sheriff?"

"I ought to have thought of that," said Cosie, laughing at the simile he so well understood; "really, madam, I don't see why we should not look after the copper, now you mention it, particularly as a shaft was sunk years ago, and some buildings erected, though nothing was done."

"So much the better; it seems to me a very fair investment for a couple of thousands. You see how I am situated; I might retrench my expenditure, but if I do I lessen my influence and usefulness; on the other hand, by increasing my revenue, I hope to extend both."

Mr. Cosie returned to his hotel as ruminative as one of his own oxen. Mrs. Rowley well knew he was almost as great a speculator as herself. In fact, after very short reflection, he not only determined to invest the same sum as the widow in the mining, but when he saw her again the next day he had a proposition of his own to make.

"I wonder, madam," he said, "it did not occur to me yesterday, but something might be done in the brewing line at Oakham, with no great outlay of capital. Some friends of mine have been talking of it."

"Brewing! Why, Mr. Marjoram will be for putting me in St. Luke's!"

"That he will, ma'am, for certain."

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"You think I ought to brave that,—well, how much would it take to start the brewery?"

"Two or three thousands; but I would not have you invest more than one."

"Come, go for the brewery—I'll risk a thousand on it. As you back my proposal, it's only fair that I should back yours. But don't meddle with the brewing yourself, for I want you to be a magistrate, and they don't put brewers into the commission. You have been made a D.L., I hear."

"I declined it, madam," said Mr. Cosie.

"You were quite right," said the widow; "it is only a feather, but you will be very useful in the magistracy."

Mr. Cosie went home a happy man, for neither his own farming nor Mrs. Rowley's satisfied half his ardour for enterprise, or occupied half his time.

Not a word, that whole day, did Mrs. Rowley say to her daughters about either the copper or the ale.

Said Susan again to Fanny, in the same sisterly council, held, like the court of Areopagus, in the dark, with only a few feet between their couches.

"I take it very ill of mamma, to be so mysterious about her designs."

"It is a great shame for her," said Fanny; "but if she is speculating, perhaps she is afraid of our following her example."

"And why should we not? We have more to risk now than she has, and might hazard something with less imprudence."

"I don't know, Susan,—I don't understand those things. I always think mamma must be right."

"Well, my dear, I take it ill, I can tell you; and I feel so vindictive that I think we ought to be even with her."

"Susan, what can you mean? you are shocking to-night."

"Why shouldn't you and I club together, and put the old house on her little property into habitable order, or part of it, all with our own money?"

"And let her know nothing about it! Oh, Susan, what a charming plan! I must kiss you for thinking of it,—we'll do it, we'll do it." Fanny sat up in her bed, and clapped her hands.

"I thought of it," said Susan, "before Mr. Cosie went; but if I had seen him privately, mamma might have suspected something,—we'll write to him at once, and bind him to secrecy."

Such were the circumstances in which the restoration of the Manor House was resolved on. Mr. Cosie was instructed to be as expeditious as possible, and as silent as the grave.

As to returning to England, Mrs. Rowley had not yet even spoken of it, when these conversations took place. She did not

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think Fanny's health confirmed enough yet for travelling. Even after she first talked of it seriously, some time elapsed before the step was decided on. Thus it happened that rumour went before her as usual, and people were discussing her objects in coming home, while she was still on the other side of the Channel.

Her lawyers, who knew everything from Mr. Cosie (who kept the counsels of the young ladies better than he did their mother's), took opposite views of the proper line of conduct for her to pursue in the present state of her affairs. The cautious Mr. Marjoram thought the widow ought to live quietly and economically in some cheap place on the Continent, until her affairs took some favourable turn.

"She is much too active for such a life as that," said Alexander.

"She is too active," said his partner.

"She can't be idle," said Alexander.

"She can't be quiet, that's it; she will just make a mess of it."

"She is quite right, in my judgment, to make the most of what she has left," said Alexander.

"She is more likely to make it less."

"Never fear, she is too sagacious and practical for that."

"Practical!" cried Marjoram, "she is as great a projector as old Cosie; they will both burn their fingers, depend on it. That woman dabbles in the funds, I have no doubt; I saw Capel Court in the corner of her eye."

Alexander laughed, and Marjoram continued. "Well, I only know what I should do in her place; I should live retired on half my income, and put by for the rainy day."

"You would do no such thing," said Alexander. "I know you better."

"What would I do then?"

"Very much what Mrs. Rowley seems going to do; put your shoulder to the wheel, and work out of your difficulties,—just as you did formerly to pull me out of the mire, where I should probably have stuck to this day, only for your efforts. Why should a woman be less energetic, with the same stimulus to exertion?"

Marjoram made no direct reply to this, but shrugged his shoulders, resumed his pen, and only said he was afraid, if she came home, she would make bad worse.

"I don't say it is all her fault," he added; "but somehow your Rowley is a bone of contention wherever she comes or wherever her name is mentioned. There are my sisters, who have not had a quarrel these ten years; they had a regular row about her this morning."

This deplorable but brief rupture took place at breakfast.

Miss Mary thought the widow was right to come home and fight her own battle. Miss Primula (called Prim in the domestic vernacu-

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lar) maintained that she might very well leave her battles to be fought by her friends.

"She is acting, you may be very sure," said Mary, "under Mr. Alexander's advice."

"I don't believe it," said Prim; "and, at all events, she would do much better to act under our brother's, who is older, and has twice his experience. He would never have advised her to lower herself by turning brewer."

"I see nothing lowering in it," said sister Mary. "Brewers are often very great people; there are brewers in Parliament, and I have heard my brother say that Oliver Cromwell was once a brewer himself."

"He was just a wicked usurper," said Prim. "I hope Mrs. Rowley is not going to make an Oliver Cromwell of herself, either in Cornwall or elsewhere."

"And pray, Prim, dear, what would you have her do?"

"Lay aside her conceit, and live modestly and respectably in a boarding-house at two or three guineas a week, until her prospects get better; that's what I'd have her do."

"The notion of Mrs. Rowley in a boarding-house! Prim, how can you?—Mrs. Rowley in a boarding-house! I wonder at you; how can you talk so?"

"Oh, she is too proud, I suppose."

"Quiet, girls, quiet!" said Mr. Marjoram, in his rough, good-natured voice, glancing at the disputants over the *Times*, which he was reading, as usual, while breakfast was preparing.

"Oh, Prim, you know she's not proud, any more than yourself, although she has so much to be proud of; but you've turned against her, just because she indulges now and then in a little innocent speculation."

"Innocent speculation! Don't tell me; speculation's gambling, and you know it, Mary, as well as I do."

"Quiet, girls!" said Marjoram again.

"Indeed," said Mary, "I know no such thing."

"Well, I know," said Primula; "I have a great mind to unchristen my scarlet carnation."

"I suppose you'll christen it Mrs. Upjohn."

Marjoram now waxed wroth, and threw the *Times* down on the floor; he thought it full time to interfere with vigour to put an end to the altercation.

"Come," said he, "no more of this; what's Mrs. Rowley or Mrs. Upjohn to either of you? No more of this, you pair of fools, but give me my tea."

In a moment the combatants were meek as mice. Poor Mary, who was tea-maker, began immediately, in great trepidation, to pour out

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her brother's cup; but nothing came but hot water, the tea itself had been forgotten in the fervour of the dispute.

Need it be said that before Marjoram went to town that morning the two good old girls had made it up? He left them gardening together with the perfect unity in which they had passed their virtuous and not very short lives, "both in one key" again, and that key was their common hope that when all was right and the proper time was come Alexander would marry the widow, which would make his aged mother the happiest old lady in England. The subject reminded Mary that one of her carnations was still without a name, and it became the Alexander from that moment. She wrote it on a little slip of parchment,—bit of an old deed,—and tied it with an end of red tape round the stem of the flower.

There was a particular corner, be it known, in their brother's office, where useless documents and ends of tape were thrown expressly for horticultural purposes, and his sisters used to go every now and then and carry off with them what they wanted. It was a dangerous practice certainly in case any paper of importance should by accident get thrown amongst the refuse, and Alexander had often given his colleague a hint on the subject. There is always some point or another, where the wariest of men is not enough on his guard.

But we cannot linger now, even in so pretty and fragrant a spot as Marjoram's garden, so many serious matters require our attention.

And yet it is hard to tear ourselves away, if not from the garden, at least from the gardeners, the little contrasts betwixt them came out so quaintly in their different ways of working. The quieter and gentler Mary handled the flowers so tenderly, as if they had been her fellow-creatures; she was incapable of forcing anything, even a strawberry, and she tied up her plants when they drooped or struggled with as much delicacy as if their stalks had feeling as well as life. Poor Prim was only less gentle because her ailments sometimes ruffled and soured her, though Heaven knows it was not much; but she vented it quite unconsciously on her carnations and chrysanthemums, she was cross and peevish with them, and sometimes tied them up as tight as if she intended to choke them, which the good soul would hardly have done to a nettle that had just stung her. Mary saw it all but never made a remark, only when Prim went to another part of the garden Mary would stealthily liberate the captive stems, like Mercy following in the steps of Justice.

But we must move on.

Mrs. Rowley's enemies were constantly accusing her of striking *coups*, taking people by surprise, and making what they called sudden incursions, or raids, but in truth she did no such thing. If when she last visited Cornwall she was not expected, it was no fault of hers,

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for she had announced her intention to her brother-in-law, only he left her letter unopened. In like manner on the present occasion she informed her friends at Oakham that she was coming down, and who else had a right to be informed? Was she to have written to Mrs. Upjohn? That lady might have known all about it almost as soon as Mr. Cosie himself, only that of late nobody ventured to name Mrs. Rowley in her presence. It was the talk of the servants' hall, and the talk of her very guests when the ladies retired after dinner. Mr. Bittern would have blabbed it in the drawing-room willingly enough, but Lord Stromness kept him quiet. Lord Stromness, who was a shrewd, observing man, had not been long at Foxden before he discovered, like Mr. Bittern, that there were certain topics which were not to be touched on either in conversation with Mrs. Upjohn or her daughter. In fact he observed a great deal more in that way than Mrs. Upjohn would have relished, with the designs she entertained.

Not being prepared for the blow, she felt it the more when it came; and the more too because she had been enjoying a fool's paradise in convincing herself that there was no place for Mrs. Rowley in the country. Mr. Pickford it was who brought her the news. Not only was Mrs. Rowley coming to a certainty, but about to take up her residence at the Meadows, it having been arranged that the Cosies were to give it up to her, and remove to a house in the village. Nothing was uncertain but the day. Mrs. Upjohn had sent out invitations for a dinner on that day week, to be followed by a dance by moonlight. Now she had to think of the reception to be given to her foe, and thinking of this led her immediately to think of Arnaud. There was nothing Italian either in his complexion or the cast of his features, and she had ascertained without much trouble that he had been on a distant foreign mission, and, on his return, had been sent to the islands by Mrs. Rowley. There was, therefore, some connection between them. What could it be? Supposing him to be her brother, which the likeness to her father indicated; though it was so strange that he should be ignorant of the fact, yet might it not be known to Mrs. Rowley, and, being the crafty woman she was, with so deep an interest in keeping the secret, might she not have contrived his exile to Africa to get rid of him; and when that plan failed, might she not have devised his present employment, out of the reach of all communication with the world, as the next best way of disposing of him?

Oh, if this suspicion was well-founded, how well-timed the discovery would be at this particular moment! What a dainty dish to set before the wily and unscrupulous widow on her reappearance in the country!

After Mrs. Upjohn had brooded on all this, until the intensity of

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wishing almost produced belief, overlooking all the difficulties in the way of the conclusion she desired, seeing nothing but the mischief it seemed pregnant with, and not having the capacity (when no Mr. Leonard was at her elbow) for any but the clumsiest methods of effecting her purposes, she resolved to employ a low attorney she knew in the town, brother to Mr. Mallet, the disgraced carpenter, and one of Mrs. Rowley's bitterest enemies, to pay Arnaud a visit and bring the matter to the point.

This respectable limb of the law, whose portrait we cannot stop to draw, obeyed her summons, wearing his best black suit, with more despatch than he usually made with his causes, and found Mrs. Upjohn waiting impatiently for him.

She told him the business she had with him in a rigmarole way, which, however, made her drift sufficiently plain.

"Yes, madam," he replied, with alacrity. "I see it plain as a pike-staff; this meritorious young gen'leman has jist been kept in total, complete, and utter ignorance of his rights. It will be my duty to enlighten him, both as to the facts of the case and the law bearing on them, as Blackstone observes in his Comments. That done, madam, I'll jist get from him the short particulars necessary to establish his claims to the property, be the same more or less, and the rest is plain sailing—jist the ordinary proceedings which you may leave to me, with the assistance of Mr. John Thrustout."

"Just so, Mr. Mallet," said Mrs. Upjohn smartly, for she wanted no long speeches. "Go over and see the gentleman, and take your measures promptly; for the woman—lady I can't call her—who keeps him out of his own is expected down every day."

"We shall be prepared to receive her, I hope, ma'am, and perhaps present our compliments too in the shape of a nice little strip of parchment."

"Do your best; you shall be handsomely rewarded for your trouble."

Thus stimulated, and snuffing the scent of further profits to come, the Oakham pettifogger proceeded hot-foot on his errand. The day being rough, he was pale as death between fright and sickness when he got to the island, and not much better when, guided by the boatman, he introduced himself to Arnaud in his cot. Too ill to be as long-winded as he was with Mrs. Upjohn, and besides, not dreaming that either management or circumlocution was necessary in presenting the tenant of a hut with the prospect of an estate, he blurted out the object of his visit in very few words, only interrupted by hiccuping.

Arnaud was at a loss for a moment to understand him; when he did, he leaned with his elbow on the table he was reading at, and promenaded his full, bright, determined eye over him from head to

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foot with an expression of unutterable contempt, to be divided between the fellow himself and the lady who sent him.

"So," he said, "I am the son of the late Mr. Evelyn, am I?"

"The legitimate son, sir, we believe, or at least hope and expect."

"Legitimate! Come, its pleasant to know that, at all events. What's your name?"

"John Mallet, of Oakham, gentleman—attorney—a man, sir, who, though I say it, who shouldn't say it, has been the means, under divine Providence, of getting many a gentleman his rights."

"And now, Mr. Mallet, attorney, of Oakham—we won't mind either gentleman or Providence for the present—suppose I were to employ you as my lawyer; tell me exactly what you would do."

"In due course of law, sir, it would be my duty to proceed at once to bring an ejectment against the widow, which would probably come on for trial at the winter assizes."

"And the widow, as you politely call her, what would become of her? If she has no property but this estate, she would be beggared, I presume."

"Well, sir," he replied hesitatingly, not liking Arnaud's look, "we need not go into that jist now; but you could let her off easy as to the arrears."

"That's true," said Arnaud, making a great effort to command himself and look grasping, though there was something in his eye that spoke of grasping something quite different from an estate. "But," he quickly added, "what a very tedious proceeding! You can't right me and beggar Mrs. Rowley before the winter assizes,—is that what you say?"

"We can't go faster in ejectment on the title, sir."

"Is that the state of the law in England?"

"Yes, my dear sir, and has been for time to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

"It may be your law on the mainland," said Arnaud, rising and towering to his full height above his visitor, who had not felt comfortable for the last minute or two, "but here, Mr. Mallet, we have a much more summary method when we want to eject an officious and impertinent intruder. We don't pitch him over the cliffs, because that would be homicide; we don't thrash him, because that would be assault and battery; but we sometimes order him to be ducked, to encourage him to meddle again in affairs that don't concern him; and if I don't pass that sentence on you on the instant, it is out of no respect for Mrs. Upjohn, but out of respect for myself, and not to sully the pure waters of the ocean with the contact of a creature like you. Away, sir! never show your face on these islands again, or I may forget my respect for the Atlantic, and perhaps my objections to the cudgel as well."

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This fierce commination, delivered in Arnaud's fluent thunder, with an emphasis on each clause that made it fall like the thwack of an oaken staff, was almost as effectual, and Mr. Mallet felt at least morally cudgelled as he slunk out of the hut, without daring to mutter a syllable in reply.

Arnaud stood everything but the unfortunate suggestion of some little merciful forbearance towards Mrs. Rowley, but that was too much even for the patience of a divine.

But it was not Mr. Mallet's destiny to escape that day with only "a flea in the ear." Before he left the island he was recognised by some of the people as having been Mrs. Upjohn's instrument once or twice in prosecutions under musty old statutes for violation of the Lord's Day; and the Lord having now visibly delivered him into their hands, they executed on him the judgment of ducking which Arnaud had only threatened, and left him on the beach at the other side in the state of a half-drowned rat. He made his way back to Foxden, laying the dust like a water-cart, and boiling with rage, notwithstanding all he had got to cool him.

Mrs. Upjohn was as much concerned for his fate as it was in her nature to be, and had a bed provided for him while his clothes were drying, which, with a jorum of hot brandy and water, made him all right in a few hours, though it did not much abate his fury.

"Why, madam," he said, before he left the house, with a few guineas in his pocket, "if that ill-conditioned younker had been lord of the manor, and I had gone to serve him with a writ, instead of offering to serve one for him, he could not have used me worse. And what's the use of bringing an action against a penniless scamp like him? Why I couldn't get sixpence damages out of all his goods and chattels, not to mention my costs."

"I am quite astonished," said Mrs. Upjohn. "He can hardly be such a saint as to refuse a property if he had a right to it."

"Saint indeed! just as much as I am. If you had only seen how he looked when I ventured to allude to Providence, leaning on his elbow, ma'am, like a wild beast; if he's Mr. Evelyn's son at all, he probably came at the wrong side of the blanket."

"Possibly; at all events, he seems a very desperate character."

"And there is not such a lawless crew on earth as he has got about him. Mrs. Rowley ought to be ashamed of herself to harbour such vermin."

"Very true, indeed, Mr. Mallet. I won't forget your treatment, you may depend upon it."

But he was scarcely gone than she forgot all about it in her vexation at the failure of her scheme and the hurry of her preparations for the grand fête that was soon to come off.

The day at length arrived. The festivities were intended to make

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an unprecedented sensation, but (just as the stars grow pale before the sun) the arrival of Mrs. Rowley threw everything else into the shade, and the deepest shadow of all was what it flung on Mrs. Upjohn herself, who would have given a hundred pounds to have been spared the trial of entertaining company in the fearful state of commotion she was in. Had the audacious widow but arrived early in the day, the bustle and excitement she caused might have been over long before dinner-time; but, as if of malice prepense, it was dusk before the vociferous cheering in the village, distinctly heard at Foxden, proclaimed Mrs. Rowley's approach. In truth she had expressly delayed her arrival to that late hour, in order to pass quietly through the town, but Arnaud was so exasperated by what had occurred a few days before that he had prepared his devoted islanders to give her an extraordinary reception. They came over in a strong body, and the carriage no sooner appeared than they unyoked the horses, harnessed themselves in their place, and drew it the whole way to the Meadows. The hubbub might almost as well have been at Foxden itself, the places were so near, and Mrs. Upjohn and her guests sat down to dinner in the very midst of it, though it probably only spoiled her appetite and her daughter's. Some of the guests had even been delayed by the crowded state of highway and by-way, and the latest had even seen Mrs. Rowley drawn in triumph.

At last, at last, it was over—the weary, weary, eternal dinner, and Mrs. Upjohn had an interval of comparative repose before the later festivity commenced with the arrival of the evening company.

The ball was by moonlight, on the well-shorn lawn on the side of the house looking to the sea; the light of the moon being helped by lamps of various colours suspended from the trees. Under a spreading beech the orchestra was placed, and a spacious tent had been pitched for the ices and other refreshments. None of the travellers thought of Mrs. Upjohn, and it was only fair, for Mrs. Upjohn was not thinking of them.

Dance followed dance until the moon rode the meridian, and Mrs. Upjohn was beginning to detest the dancing as she had done the dinner. She was heavily taxed, certainly, and she went through the routine of her odious duties with wonderful composure for her, though some people, who were not waltzing or quadrilling, noticed that she was rather absent and off her centre. Such constraint was too much for her at length, and she slipped out of the crowd, for a moment's relief, into a retired walk on the other side of the house, out of sight of the revellers.

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Chapter XXXIX.

IN WHICH MRS. UPJOHN RECEIVES AN UNSEASONABLE VISIT, AND TWO GAY YOUNG LADIES FALL INTO BAD COMPANY AT SUPPER.

She had only taken a few turns when she heard a step close behind her, and turning half round she perceived by the twinkling lights that she was followed by a gentleman whom at first she supposed to be one of her guests; but in a moment she was startled by recognising a person who was about the last in the world she expected to see bodily. Indeed, she would not have recognised him as quickly as she did had not her relations with him imprinted his features on her memory with the vividness that belongs to faces that are either objects of extraordinary affection or of peculiar aversion and fear. Two faces of the latter description had long haunted her by day and by night; the grimy one of the Tyburnian locksmith, though seen only once, and indistinctly, in the twilight of a guilty evening, and the formidable physiognomy common to the twin Leonards, in whose grip she never ceased to feel herself, except in the dizziest whirl of dissipation; and often in her gayest hours she had terrible fancies of a pair of little gleaming rapacious eyes, fixing her like those of a cobra, sometimes with a hard ruthless stare, sometimes with a humorous, but not less cruel twinkle, according as the dull rogue or the facetious one offered himself to the mind's eye.

That it was either one or the other who now stood before her was all she could be positive about in the first instance, so faint and flickering was the light, and she was so fluttered by the suddenness of the apparition.

The exchange of greetings under such circumstances was rather blunt and unceremonious than cordial or polite on either side. Mrs. Upjohn's urbanity was always an affair of reflection or calculation; she could produce it when she thought it called for, just as she could produce money out of her purse when she wanted it; and this made just the difference between her and her visitor, who carried so little of the coin of civility either in his hand or his pocket that he never so much as excused himself for breaking in upon the lady's privacy at an hour so ill-chosen for business of any kind.

Indeed, she opened the conversation by alluding to the unseasonableness of the visit on such an occasion, and at such an hour, for it was past midnight.

"As to the hour," replied her unwelcome acquaintance, "my business, ma'am, won't detain you long, if you happen to have three hundred pounds about you."

"I only owe you two, sir," said Mrs. Upjohn, in trepidation, and

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moving on as she spoke, to draw him further away from the neighbourhood of her company.

"Two in London, ma'am, three down here, and it will be five if you give us the trouble of going to Kissingen for it."

The coarse, loud tone in which he spoke redoubled Mrs. Upjohn's impatience to get to a place where the silent moon and the secret-keeping trees would be the only audience. For this purpose, gathering up about her the folds of her ball-dress, she turned abruptly into a narrow alley which led up among the shrubs to an open platform, where there was a circle of rustic seats in a recess carved out of the rock, only occasionally resorted to for the view it commanded, and not easily found by strangers, though at no great distance from the house.

Arrived at this spot, Mrs. Upjohn was obliged to sit down, for she was blown a little by the ascent, short as it was, and she could not well help motioning the gentleman to sit also, which he probably would have done without her invitation.

He again left her to renew the dialogue, which she did, as soon as she recovered herself, by asking—

"Which of you is it? I never know which of you I am talking to."

"It doesn't signify a fig," he replied; "but I'm the other one."

It was a stupid question for Mrs. Upjohn to ask, for her first acquaintance would have accosted her in a very different style. He would never have omitted a bit of rant about the moon, such as—

"Come, meet me by moonlight, my dear,"

for that was his way of doing business.

"No matter, of course," she resumed; "you shall have the sum I promised to-morrow, and your travelling expenses besides."

"To-morrow, ma'am, if you like; but three or nothing."

To what purpose count the groans of the worthy lady, or relate her idle remonstrances, or tell how oft she wriggled on the rough-hewn logs she sat on, to the serious damage of her silks, or describe the passionate surgings of her stomacher, or the vibrations of her fingers, or the stampings of her feet? She must pay, and Mr. Leonard whistled one of his pot-house melodies, while, inarticulate with vexation, she made up her mind to bleed.

"Meet me here in the morning at nine o'clock," she sullenly said; "but, remember, this is positively the last time you shall extort a penny from me, and I must now insist on your going at once about your business."

She rose, and led the way rapidly back towards the house. When they were again within the light of the lamps, she wheeled about, and whether it was respect for the laws of hospitality or some other

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stronger consideration which had suddenly occurred to her, she asked Mr. Leonard whether he would like something to eat before he went, —a cold chicken, or something like that.

It was the very thing he was thinking of,—only he wanted his brother's superior address to compass his object. In fact, he had seen the lavish preparations the servants were making for supper in a spacious marquee, and they had made his lips water.

Mr. Archibald Leonard became almost urbane under the influence of Mrs. Upjohn's most unexpected proposal, which he promptly accepted, with a remark not unlike that of the fox in the fable, that "a chicken would do him good," though he went further than the fox, in suggesting the addition of a lobster salad and a flask of champagne.

"You shall have it," she said, and she brought him to a retired arbour not far off, where there were seats and a table, and desired him to wait there, and he should be taken care of.

Nor was he kept waiting long, for Mrs. Upjohn went straight to the tent and directed one of her men to furnish a tray with the promised good things, and everything else necessary, and take them to the arbour for a friend of hers, who had arrived late, and had not had time to change his dress. Not for a long time had Archie Leonard seen such a spread, and soon as he was left to himself the only difficulty he felt was where to begin. The servants had even gone beyond their orders to make their mistress's friend as comfortable as they could. They even brought him a lamp, which was certainly necessary; the bower was so much in the shade. He decided to begin with the chicken and tongue, and if he said grace before he attacked it, it must have been mental. A wing and a leg disappeared, and his fork was now in the breast when he heard steps close by, and girls' voices and laughing. As the steps drew near he could hear the voices distinctly.

"I positively won't have *my* supper in that stuffy tent such a night as this, though I'm just as hungry as a hawk, Lucy."

"Nor I, though I'm hungry as two," said the other Miss Lovibond; "dancing does make one so ravenous. I could actually eat a hawk, though I'd rather have a chicken."

At this precise moment Mr. Leonard transferred the breast to his plate; he thought it was time.

"And only think who was to take me to supper—that horrid astronomer; how he would have bored me to death with Jupiter's rings and the Great Bear! He is certainly the great bore himself."

"And the procession of the equinoxes, Harriet: I suppose it must be like the Lord Mayor's show."

"What an escape! but I am so *awfully* hungry."

For all that we know, to Miss Lucy Lovibond may be due the

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glory of having been the first young lady in England to embellish our conversational vocabulary with a word which is now in such demand that without it the nymphs of the present day would be at a sore loss for words to express their feelings.

Mr. Leonard proceeded with the breast of the chicken all the more vigorously when he heard what an appetite was within a few yards of him. Had he been an owl he might justly have complained, like Gray's—

> "Of such as wandering near his secret bower
> Molest his peaceful solitary meal."

Now there was a calling and shouting heard from a distance; it was a hue and cry after the Lovibonds, probably originating with the astronomer in search of the lady assigned to his care.

"Miss Lovibond!"—"Lucy!"—"Harriet!"—"Lucy Lovibond!" resounded from various points; and finally came Mr. Bittern's scream, as like a parrot's as human voice could be—"Return, Miss Lucy, for pity's sake, Mr. Greenwich is dying for you—and for his supper."

"Let us hide," cried one of the girls; "they are capable of pursuing us."

"This way," cried the other; and, in a twinkling, rounding a clump of shrubs, which had hitherto protected Mr. Leonard, the pair of beauties bounced in upon him.

Much less would at any time have been enough to set the merry Misses Lovibond giggling. As to Master Archie he was struck dumb by the sudden irruption of two such fine ladies, blazing in ball costume. The glee was all upon their side.

"Oh, but you are a knowing old stager," said Lucy, addressing him. Even with the help of the lamp the arbour was rather dim.

"Dear me," cried the other, "but you are cosy; you remind me of Jacky Horner, only I hope you will be a better boy and allow us to have a finger in the pie."

"There's no pie, Miss," said Archie, with his usual stolidity.

"No matter, no matter, there's chicken and lobster, at any rate; do help me to something, like a good man,—quick, quick, quick, for I'm famished."

Archie offered her a *thigh* of the chicken, as he elegantly termed it. The girls laughed and exchanged glances; they understood in a moment from his vocabulary why Mrs. Upjohn kept him in the background; he was probably one of her unpresentable relations.

But they did not care a pin who he was. One despatched the remains of the fowl, while the other devoted herself ravenously to the lobster salad. In a few minutes there was not much left of either.

"I am quite ashamed," said Lucy; "we have gobbled everything up but the knives and forks."

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"Do run up to the tent, like a good man," said her sister, "and fetch us another chicken or anything you can get."

"Do, now, and we will promise not to eat it all," said Lucy imploringly.

Archie, who was now in very bad humour, was not in a position for assigning all his reasons for not relishing a mission which involved his emergence from obscurity, so he contended himself with the excuse which his dress provided him with, and it was certainly not a bad one.

"Well," cried both the girls at once, "at least give us a glass of champagne before we go."

With this he complied with the greater alacrity as the champagne was all that was left of the feast of which he had hardly had his share. So he took the flask in hand, worked off the wire with the help of a fork, and proceeded in so awkward a way to sever the remaining bonds that imprisoned the sparkling wine that the girls both jumped up in alarm for their dresses; but it was too late for the safety of Miss Lucy's, for the explosion took place in an instant; and though the cork missed her pretty face by an inch or two, her muslins received nearly half the contents of the bottle. This was no laughing matter even to the Lovibonds; they both ran away screaming, and Mr. Leonard was once more alone in his glory.

He was really sorry for what he had done, and sorry also for the loss of so much good liquor; but what better could he do than finish the flask and retire for the night?

As he was leaving the arbour his eye was caught by something glittering on the ground, which at first he took for a glowworm; but as he was not much of a naturalist, it interested him vastly more by proving to be a handsome bracelet of opals and emeralds, which one of the ladies had no doubt dropped from her arm. Master Archie picked it up, examined it closely, and stood for a moment as if deliberating what to do. The result was that he marched off with it in his pocket. It would be time enough, at all events, to restore it to the owner the next day.

Chapter XL.

IN WHICH A GENTLEMAN TAKES A GREATER INTEREST IN MR. ARNAUD THAN MRS. UPJOHN HERSELF.

The contracting parties, high and low, were punctual at the place of assignation the next morning. How and where the gentleman passed the remainder of the night is of no consequence. Mrs. Upjohn at least passed a sleepless one; her purse was drained, and she rather

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hoped than expected to get a little service out of Leonard, by way of discount on the heavy sum in which she was again mulcted. It was a sudden glimpse of the possibility of this which had so suddenly changed her demeanour towards him the night before, and procured him the bountiful entertainment which, interrupted as it was, so far exceeded both his expectations and deserts. Had he not seen Mrs. Upjohn very imperfectly by the light of the moon and the lamps, he must have been struck more than he was by her appearance in broad sunshine; for as she glided out of the house in her robe-de-chambre, before one of her servants was stirring, she looked like a belated spectre—if any one has ever witnessed that ghastly phenomenon of morning. It was not merely that she was exhausted by the fatigues of the fête, or that she had not slept; but she was compelled to show herself, which was not her usage, without either the advantage of her maid's assistance or any of the artificial adornments of her person, to some of which not even her maid was privy. In short, she came to the rendezvous, leaving the fine colour of her cheek behind her in one box, the ivory smoothness of her forehead in another, and divested of all the numerous embellishments which had contributed to the radiant and blooming figure she had made a few hours before at the ball. In short, there was nothing to conceal the fresh ravages which care and envy were again making of her charms, threatening soon to reduce her to much the same plight she was in when she first came down to the country. And this was the lady who was always taunting Mrs. Rowley with her vulgar arithmetic. Mrs. Upjohn might still have been almost as attractive as Mrs. Rowley, if she had only vexed herself with multiplication or worried herself with a sum in the rule of three.

As if she had not bad spirits enough in her train already, she was now going to keep an appointment with another. As far as the meeting concerned Leonard, the business was soon despatched. She handed him the cash, and he coolly put it in his pocket. As he was about to decamp with his booty in a great hurry, especially with the bracelet, about which he foresaw that a disagreeable fuss would probably be made before the day was much older, Mrs. Upjohn asked in a by-the-bye way, as if struck by a sudden thought, whether he knew where Mrs. Rowley was at the present moment.

"I hear she's in Cornwall," he replied.

"Is that all you know?" said the lady; "you will be surprised when I tell you she has settled herself down in a thatched cottage not far from this."

"I can't wish you joy of your neighbour," said Leonard.

"I only wish I knew how to get rid of her," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Burn her out," said Leonard.

"Fie, Mr. Leonard, what a notion!"

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"I'm only joking, of course, ma'am; but I wonder a woman like her lives in a thatched house."

"You don't think it grand enough for her, eh?"

"No," he added, with a suggestive expression in his eye, "but I was just thinking how liable thatch is to take fire. Any one who has a grudge against you has only to light a match and put it under the straw,—your house is in a blaze about your ears before you can say Jack Robinson."

"I never thought of that before," said Mrs. Upjohn; "however, I think we must try some milder way of proceeding."

"Find her brother, and she won't give you much more trouble, at least in this county."

"Oh, then, you know something of that?"

"Don't I?" cried Leonard.

"Pray tell me what you know," said Mrs. Upjohn insinuatingly.

But the caitiff required no encouragement to repeat a tale he was never tired of telling, and she listened with the profoundest attention while he related all the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, how he had been connected with the affairs of the Evelyns, the services Mr. Evelyn had employed him in, the base ingratitude with which he had been treated, and finally how Miss Evelyn had influenced her father to cast him off, and had otherwise ill-used him.

"You don't say so," said Mrs. Upjohn.

Without a word more, he pulled up the left sleeve of his coat, and that of his shirt with it, and showed the seam of an old wound or fracture just above the wrist. The mark was distinctly visible all round the arm.

"There!" he cried, "I owe that to Mrs. Rowley, I owe her this useless shattered limb; it was set badly by an ignorant Italian surgeon, after a compound fracture, and I have suffered the tortures of purgatory, with it, from that day to this. I swore at the time I would never die until I had my revenge, and I repeat the oath every time my arm gives me a twinge, which is every day of my life."

"How and where did it happen?" cried Mrs. Upjohn. "How could she possibly have done it?"

"Another time I'll tell you all about it," replied Leonard, pulling down his sleeve, and having the best reasons for not going into details. "You know enough to know what little reason she had to love me."

"Yes; but it's one thing not to like a man, and another to break his arm. Was it with a poker? I had no notion she was such a virago."

"We'll say no more about it now," said Leonard, impatient to be off.

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"Stop one moment," said Mrs. Upjohn. "All this happened, you say, in Piedmont?"

"Or thereabouts."

"And it was there, was it, Mr. Evelyn was in hopes of discovering his son?"

Leonard nodded assent.

"The reason I ask is that I happen to know a young man from that country who bears a striking resemblance to Mr. Evelyn."

"Where is he?" inquired Leonard eagerly—"in England?"

"In this very county, not far from this, but not with Mrs. Rowley."

"By George, I must have a peep at him, wherever he is. I must see him before I go up to town."

"You really had better, I think," said Mrs. Upjohn, who saw with immense satisfaction that with respect to Arnaud she had no occasion to purchase Mr. Leonard's services, his zeal being quite as great as her own.

In fact, he was so excited by the information he had received that he forgot the strong reasons which he had for hastening his departure. He was now only impatient to have Mrs. Upjohn's directions to the place where Arnaud was to be found.

"A short voyage, I hope, won't frighten you," she said. "You will have to cross over to that little island yonder; it's only a row or a sail of a quarter of an hour."

"I would cross the Atlantic in a cockle-shell, ma'am, to have the pleasure of presenting that jade with her lost brother. But what the devil is he doing on the island?"

"Preaching to the natives, he is by way of a missionary. But, let me tell you, he is a terrible fellow; and has already used very ill a gentleman of my acquaintance, who went to him at my suggestion to offer him his services professionally, believing him only ignorant of his rights. The whole thing is very mysterious; but he certainly comes from Piedmont, and strikingly resembles the late Mr. Evelyn."

"By George, I'll not leave Cornwall until I see him."

"Quite right, Mr. Leonard; to get a boat you have only to cross the bridge, take the green lane straight before you until you come to the Meadows—the thatched cottage I told you of—so that you may pay Mrs. Rowley a morning visit, if you fancy it."

Mrs. Upjohn sat so long, after her friend's departure, meditating on all the subjects she had discussed with him, among others what he could have meant by dwelling, as he did, on the particular dangers thatched cottages were exposed to, that the clock in the yard struck ten before she recollected the state of her toilette and the risk she ran of being caught by some of her guests, not even

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"half made up." What would become of her, if Mr. Bittern, for instance, should be perversely matinal and happen to be lounging about? She might as well be seen by the whole party. But she succeeded in gaining the house and her dressing-room without being observed by any one but the servants, and found Spangles, her maid, in a prodigious fidget, not knowing what had become of her, and wringing her hands over her lady's superb ball-dress which she found not only fretted, but torn in several places, and she was still more horrified to find a box-snail nestled in the skirts, having evidently travelled all over them by the evidence of the slimy trail he left behind him. La! what could her mistress have been about to get her things into such a pickle? Except among philosophers there is no such speculative mind as that of a lady's-maid, and this was not the first, or perhaps not the twentieth, occasion that Mrs. Upjohn, in her recent career, had supplied her housekeeper's room with subjects of discussion more interesting than nice.

The snail had already been discussed that morning. Spangles had actually produced it in support of her credibility, which had made some of the other maids scream, and all of them declare that it was a great shame for Spangles to bring such a nasty thing to a breakfast-table.

"Throw it out of the window this instant!" said the housekeeper authoritatively. "One would think nobody never see'd a snail before."

"Nobody ever see'd a snail before," replied Spangles, "half-way up the skirts of a dress that cost twenty pounds if it cost a shilling. I would just give something out of my pocket to know how it got there."

"I'll tell you," said Captain Motley's man, who was the wag of the circle. "He just galloped up; did you never hear of a snail's gallop?"

"I suppose the missus supped on the grass," said another of the party.

"No, she didn't," said the butler, "I saw her with my own eyes in the markey. I didn't see her eat, to be sure, but I helped her twice myself to sherry, and three times to champagne."

"I'm told she didn't eat three mouthfuls at dinner yesterday either," said Spangles.

"Where's Miss Raffles?" said the housekeeper,—"she's late to-day."

Miss Raffles was maid to the Lovibonds, and she flounced in just as her name was mentioned, twice as excited as Spangles, for she had to tell, not only of a beautiful flounced French muslin ruined, but of the loss of the bracelet.

"And it was such a love," said Raffles, "if it had been mine, I should just break my heart."

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"It's sure to be found about the grounds," said one of the maids.

"It never will," said Raffles, "Miss Lucy is cock-sure it was stolen."

Raffles then made them all die laughing with her account of the scene in the bower, and the queer sort of a customer who had his supper there almost in the dark, and how the young ladies had a fancy to join him, and how dearly they paid for their lark.

"It was a friend of the family who arrived late, and had not time to dress," said the butler, "I heard the Missus tell Jeames to take care of him."

"A friend of the family! If you had heard Miss Lucy's account of him, and his little eyes, like a ferret's, and his 'pology for a nose, and such lingo as no gen'l'man that is a real gen'l'man ever employs."

"He might be a friend of the Missus, for all that," muttered another of the domestics.

"Hush," said the housekeeper, tapping the table with her spoon presidentially, "I won't allow such hobservations to be made in my presence."

To which the butler added, that no such gentleman as Miss Raffles described had slept in the house.

"No matter for that," said Raffles, aside to Mr. Motley's man; "I don't think my ladies will stay much longer under the roof, if they stay a day, of which I have my doubts."

Raffles was right in her conjecture, but what took place above stairs, and the results of Mr. Leonard's petty larceny, will appear hereafter. We must now take the reader with us to the Meadows.

MARMION SAVAGE.

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