

power, no energy, is required to deflect a bullet from its path, provided the deflecting force acts always at right angles to that path—an apparent paradox, which is, nevertheless, quite true and familiar to the engineer. It is clear to us that Epicurus, when he devised his doctrine of a little swerving from the straight path of an atom, had an imperfect perception of this mechanical doctrine; a little swerving would bring his atoms into contact, and a modern mechanician would tell him you require no power to make them swerve. With what triumph Epicurus, and Lucretius his scholar, would have hailed the demonstration; but, alas! their triumph would have been short-lived; they would soon have perceived that their atoms were described as in deadly stillness,—a death from which no life could spring, a rest from which they could never swerve until inspired with power from a source of life. Still we can see that their conception was not stupid, it was simply false, as all physical explanations of the origin of energy and matter must be. There is little to be said for the further conception that matter with its present properties would result from the mere accidental clashing of atoms; this one doctrine of Lucretius is so well known and so little valued, that we will waste no further time on it, merely pointing out that the worthlessness of these ideas as an explanation of the origin of things does not impair the value of the conception of moving atoms as the constituent parts of gross matter as it exists.

The motive for devising the curious doctrine that atoms might swerve now and then from the straight path without being acted upon by other atoms, was, as Mr. Munro observes, undoubtedly the desire to devise an explanation of Free-will. Lucretius believed in free-will. If you believe in free-will and in atoms, you have two courses open to you. The first alternative may be put as follows: Something which is not atoms must be allowed an existence, and must be supposed capable of acting on the atoms. The atoms may, as Democritus believed, build up a huge mechanical structure, each wheel of which drives its neighbour in one long inevitable sequence of causation; but you may assume that beyond this ever-grinding wheelwork there exists a power not subject to but partly master of the machine; you may believe that man possesses such a power, and if so, no better conception of the manner of its action could be devised than the idea of its deflecting the atoms in their onward path to the right or left of that line in which they would naturally move. The will, if it so acted, would add nothing sensible to nor take anything sensible from the

energy of the universe. The modern believer in free-will will probably adopt this view, which is certainly consistent with observation, although not proved by it. Such a power of moulding circumstances, of turning the torrent to the right, where it shall fertilize, or to the left, where it shall overwhelm, but in nowise of arresting the torrent, adding nothing to it, taking nothing from it,—such is precisely the apparent action of man's will; and though we must allow that possibly the deflecting action does but result from some smaller subtler stream of circumstance, yet if we may trust to our direct perception of free-will, the above theory, involving a power in man beyond that of atoms, would probably be our choice. Lucretius chose the second alternative as an exit from the difficulty: Atoms with strict causation did exist, and free-will too. We will then grant free-will to atoms, one and all, not in perpetual exercise, but at quite uncertain times. The idea is startling, but not illogical, and the form in which atoms are supposed to exercise their free-will is quite unexceptionable. We cannot but admire the audacity of the man who, called upon to grant free-will as a *tertium quid*, either to man or to atoms, chooses the atoms without a qualm. We do not agree with him, because observation has detected no such action on the part of atoms, or the constituents of matter.

We cannot hope that natural science will ever lend the least assistance towards answering the Free-will and Necessity question. The doctrines of the indestructibility of matter and of the conservation of energy seem at first sight to help the Necessitarians, for they might argue that if free-will acts it must add something to or take something from the physical universe, and if experiment shows that nothing of the kind occurs, away goes free-will; but this argument is worthless, for if mind or will simply deflects matter as it moves, it may produce all the consequences claimed by the Wilfui school, and yet it will neither add energy nor matter to the universe. Lucretius thought atoms acted thus; we do not, because we observe no action of the kind in matter, but, on the contrary, strict causation or sequence of phenomena. Whether what we call mind act so or not must also be a matter of observation, but as people have not been able to agree as to the results of observation about free-will made during a great many centuries, we fear the path of observation will lead us no further than we have already come.

We beg pardon for this little digression, which was really necessary to the understanding of our author's physical theory. Lucretius proceeds to state that atoms have always

moved and always will move with the same velocity, or, as translated by Mr. Munro, "The bodies of the first beginnings in time gone by moved in the same way in which they now move, and will ever hereafter be borne along in like manner, and the things which have been wont to be begotten, will be begotten after the same law," for there is nothing "extra," nothing outside and beyond the atoms which can either add to or take away from what we should call the energy of the universe. This proposition foreshadows the doctrine of conservation of energy. It is coupled with the assertion that the sum of matter was never denser or rarer than it now is, a proposition which we may admit, in the sense that the mean density of the universe is constant, but the connexion of this proposition with what may be called the constancy of the total amount of motion in the universe escapes us. But it is clear, in all his work, that Lucretius conceived two things as quite constant: atoms were neither created nor destroyed, and their motion could neither be created nor destroyed. He believed that each atom kept its velocity unaltered. The modern doctrine is that the total energy of the universe is constant, but may be variously distributed, and is possibly due to motion alone ultimately, though this last point has not been yet proved. Many a fierce battle has been waged over the question, whether what was called the "quantity of motion" in the universe was constant. Newton, with perfect accuracy, declared that it was not, defining the quantity of motion in a body as the product of mass and velocity. Leibnitz declared that it was constant, defining the quantity of motion as the product of the mass and the square of its velocity, but observing that when apparently the quantity of motion diminished, it was simply transferred to the molecules of the body, so as to escape our observation as motion. Davy and Joule have proved him right in some cases, and shown that our senses still detect the motion as heat. It is conceivable, but not yet proved, that Leibnitz may be right in all cases, and that what we call the potential energy of gravitation, elasticity, etc., may really be due to the motion either of the atoms of gross matter, or of their constituent parts. If matter in motion be conceived as the sole ultimate form of energy, Leibnitz's proposition is absolutely true, and Lucretius must be allowed great merit in having taught that the motion of matter was as indestructible as its material existence, although he knew neither the laws of momentum nor of *vis viva*. If energy, as he believed, be due solely to motion, then his doctrine is true.

It is unnecessary further to state our author's theory in distinct propositions. He proceeds to explain the necessary properties of atoms. It is not odd, he says, that though they are in continual motion, their sum (*i.e.*, gross matter) seems to rest in supreme repose. Atoms are too minute to be perceived; their forms, he says, are various, but the number of these forms are finite. This doctrine corresponds to the modern idea of simple or elementary chemical substances, each with its special atom, but limited in number. There are, he thinks, an infinite number of similar atoms. Infinite or not, the chemical theory requires that there shall be a great many similar atoms, but nothing, thought Lucretius, is formed of simple atoms; all bodies, however minute, are compound. Atoms have no colour, nor are they hot or cold in themselves; they have neither sound, scent, nor moisture as properties. All these properties Lucretius believed to be dependent on the shape, motion, and relative position of his atoms, but he makes only the most feeble attempt to explain how these various properties can be thus conferred, nor could this be done with the slightest hope of success until the laws of these properties had been established by long series of experiments. Something may now be done in this direction, but it remains to be done, with one exception. The motions producing the phenomenon of light are known, but we do not know what moves.

Of course, Lucretius believed organic bodies to be made of atoms, and atoms only. Sentient beings, he thought, did not require to be built up of sentient materials; but we need not discuss this conclusion, which follows of course from his assumption that nothing but atoms and void exists, a mere assumption, until the manner how atoms can build sentient beings be discovered. He determines in favour of a plurality of worlds, for what has chanced to happen here must certainly have chanced to happen elsewhere.

The Second Book concludes by a contrast between the miserable inefficiency of the gods, who pass a calm time in tranquil peace and the mighty power of the infinite sum of clashing atoms, now building up new worlds, now slowly but inevitably crumbling heaven and earth to dust by the unceasing aggression of their never-ending flood.

He thinks Memmius his friend ought to be very glad when this conclusion is reached, and if fine poetry could please Memmius he probably enjoyed the peroration; otherwise it is doubtful how far looking upon himself as a curious and complicated result

of the accidental collision of little bits of hard stuff is calculated to make a man cheerful.

We do not propose to follow Lucretius further. The applications which he makes of his theory are no doubt curious and amusing, but they contain little that is true, while any criticism of them would lead us to consider the whole field of physical research; nor do they add much to the clearness of his doctrine as to the constitution of matter. Let us rather reconsider what that doctrine was, and what merit it can claim. We shall find that almost all the propositions which refer simply to the constitution of matter are worthy of the highest admiration, as either certainly true, or as foreshadowing in a remarkable way doctrines since held by most eminent naturalists. Confine the following statements to matter as we can observe it, to physical science in fact, and they form a basis which even now would require but little modification to be acceptable to a modern student of physics.

Nothing is made out of nothing, nor can anything perish; both matter and vacuum have a real existence, and gross matter, such as we perceive, contains absolutely solid particles separated by empty spaces. The absolutely solid particles are atoms. These are impenetrable, hard, indivisible, indestructible. These atoms are in continual motion, and the difference between various bodies consists, first, in the difference of the shapes of original atoms, and, secondly, in their arrangement and their motion. The velocity with which atoms move is exceedingly great, and their motion is indestructible; it can neither increase nor diminish. This motion escapes our senses only because atoms are very small. But they are not infinitely small. Atoms have no colour, nor are they of themselves hot, cold, noisy, moist, coloured, or scented. These properties are given by motion, shape, and arrangement. We shall better understand the extraordinary merit and good sense of these propositions after considering some rival theories.

Where Lucretius breaks down is in the attempt to account for the origin of the power found in the universe, and for the various regulated motions required to explain what we observe and for the apparent anomaly between the strict causation required and perceived in inanimate nature, and the free-will of which he was conscious. Here he fails entirely, and many others have failed too. Although he would have cared little for our commendation of his physics, coupled with a rejection of his proud claim to have set free mankind from grovelling

superstition, by explaining the mystery of the existence of matter and man's mind, we may derive sincere pleasure in recognising the early germs of discoveries which have required two thousand years to reach their present development. Let us not be too indignant at his scornful rejection of divine agency. Divinity to him meant either the old Pagan gods or the pale abstract idea of a First Cause, which explained nothing, being but one form of statement that something was left to be explained. What wonder that he rejected both? We may admire those old philosophers who could clothe divinity with noble attributes, and find in their own hearts the motive for their faith, but we need not therefore despise those who, smitten with the great truth that nature's laws are constant, fancied that in this constancy they saw the proof that nature's laws are self-existent. But we are diverging from our subject.

We will not compare our author's views with other ancient theories at any great length; these at first sight seem greatly inferior to the atomic doctrine. Of the idea that the universe is composed of four elements, earth, fire, air, and water, no trace remains except in language, but careful investigation might show that the believers in these elements, or in some one or more of them, as the material of the universe, meant something very different and much more sensible than the vulgar interpretation of their doctrine. Lucretius abuses these philosophers, some because they denied a vacuum, a denial which he thought inconsistent with motion, some because their material wanted the character of indestructibility which he thought essential, some because he quite failed to perceive how all things could be made out of the elements chosen,—fire, for instance; but we must not take Lucretius's account of rival theories as fair; we may with the exercise of a good deal of fancy see in the doctrine of homœomeria, which taught that all things contained the materials of everything else in a latent state, a foreshadowing of the chemical theory which proves that our bodies are made of the same chemical materials as peas, cabbages, etc., but it requires an elastic imagination to link the old and new creed together. Any explanation of the metaphysical conceptions of matter would also be out of place here. To Aristotle the existence of an atom with any properties at all, and the nature of motion, were mysteries demanding, as he says, speculation of a far deeper kind than Democritus and the atomic school attempted. This is true enough, but we think Aristotle and his fol-

lowers got entangled in the "snares of words," to use Hobbes's language, and their teaching led to little or no progress in what we call science. Let us then pass on some two thousand years, and see at the revival of philosophy what some modern great men have taught and written on the possible constitution of matter. We need choose no smaller men than Leibnitz and Descartes to serve as foils to our author.

Descartes, after a hypocritical flourish to the effect that he knew the complete fallacy of all he was going to say, since it did not agree with the orthodox theory of creation, but still that it would be interesting to consider how God might have created the world if he had been of Descartes's mind as to the simplest way of proceeding, propounds the following plan :—

The universe at first was quite full of something; it was all alike, and there was no void anywhere. This universal plenum by and by was broken up into pieces. The pieces of plenum rubbed against one another till they became quite round; the dust rubbed off their angles filled up the interstices,—for of course no void could possibly occur once the universe was quite full. The dust and round balls he calls the first and second kind of materials of which the universe, as we know it, is composed; but besides the dust and balls there is a third material; all the edges of the first fragments of plenum did not get ground into dust; a fair number were merely rubbed into a kind of snake-shape of triangular section,—such a shape as would slip through the interstices in a pile of cannon-balls. These snake-shaped pieces sometimes got entangled, and when so entangled they composed the solid matter which is apparent to our senses. The balls and dust fill all space, the dust forms the great vortices which carry the planets round the sun, the balls are light and go flying about, so do the snakes, which, getting entangled, form gross matter. It is far more interesting to endeavour to understand the views of great men, however removed they may be from our own, than to look merely on the ludicrous side which their ideas may happen to present; but we are unable in all Descartes's theory of matter to perceive anything beyond the most childish fancy. It does not seem to have occurred to him that there would be any difficulty in breaking up an absolute plenum; what would be the nature of the separation between the fragments, what could define the boundary, he nowhere says; he sends his balls, dust, and snakes flying about in any direction he may think convenient; the balls and dust are imponderable, the knotted snakes, made of the

same stuff, and intermediate between the two other kinds, are ponderable. Why three kinds—balls, dust, and snakes? Why not rather fragments of infinite variety of shape and size, from big bits of plenum to dust? No answer to all this, but long dissertation on the knotting of snakes to form spots on the sun. His laws of motion are false, and he knew it, but says we must not judge from our experience of gross matter; and yet, this man insisted on clear conceptions as the very test of truth.

Leibnitz about the same time declared against atoms, against a vacuum, and against Descartes. He will have it to be inconsistent with the perfection of God that a vacuum can exist. It is out of the question that God should leave any part of space unemployed. John Bernoulli, in whose correspondence with Leibnitz these questions are treated with much dexterity, very properly replies that vacuum may be useful, since it may be a condition without which matter would not have its present properties; if so, the void could not properly be called unemployed. Still, Bernoulli admitting that a void is not necessary to the theory of matter, gives it up. We must of course remember that these men did not mean by void the absence of gross matter—the Torricellian vacuum was then known,—they meant absolute emptiness. This argument about what God could or could not do, because it was derogatory to his dignity or wisdom, was at this time pulled in upon all occasions, and led to the strangest paradoxes about his free-will and omnipotence. We do not use the argument now in support of the laws of mechanics; we do not speak of circles as more perfect than other figures, and therefore more consistent with divine wisdom, but in morals a claim of the kind is still frequently made, and Darwin applies this argument to stripes on horses' legs, which he thinks God would not have stooped to create. We are far from saying that an appeal of the kind is without meaning. The argument may be turned thus, when it will no longer seem altogether foolish :—We observe great regularity and very perfect adaptation of means to ends throughout creation, so that what we do understand seems to be perfectly done, and we infer that the contrivances we do not understand are equally perfect. Any contrivance which we can show to be bad or imperfect will therefore by that very fact be proved impossible as a part of creation. The main proposition will very generally be granted; the difficulty lies in applying the minor premiss. When a man says that a vacuum is an imperfect contrivance, he only means that he dislikes

it; and the application of the argument to moral questions is generally open to like criticism. Bernoulli asked Leibnitz how he accounted for the existence of moral evil as part of a perfect universe. Leibnitz returned Bernoulli's own argument about a vacuum. Evil may be necessary to allow of good, just as Bernoulli thought a vacuum might be necessary to allow of matter.

Leibnitz, though he protested against atoms, himself devised what must be called an atomic theory, though his atoms were not separated by a vacuum. They were a kind of bubble (*bulla*), with a glassy shell containing ether. They were of various composition, containing more or less fire, earth, air, or water; not the gross things known by that name, but essences of some kind. Leibnitz does not think his bubbles existed from all eternity, but gives the strangest account of their formation in his "*Theoria motus concreti*." He sets the sun and earth spinning in the midst of a universal ether. Molecules of the sun's mass, too, had a special motion of their own, which impelled some thing or some action, we are not sure which, along the ether, producing light; this light, striking the earthy, airy, watery globe of the earth, sets the whole in fermentation; the dense parts formed in hollow bubbles containing ether; these spun round and so acquired consistency. (This idea of giving consistency by motion, taken by Leibnitz from Hobbes, was in opposition to Descartes, who derived consistency from rest.) Leibnitz explains his meaning by a metaphor: In a glassblower's, glasses of a simple artificial form result from the straight motion of breath, combined with the circular motion of fire, and so "*bullæ*" were produced from the straight motion of light and the circular motion of the earth. These bubbles are the seeds of things—Lucretius's own phrase—the origin of various kinds of things, the receptacles of ether, the basis of bodies, the cause of the force we admire in motions.

The bubbles varied in "contents through density;" in "contents through size;" in emptiness, or perfect fulness, and in more or less emptiness and fulness. He explains how bubbles for the animal, vegetable, and mineral reigns, of sterile or productive qualities; salt, sulphurous, mercurial bubbles, etc. etc., are formed, and gives the special combination of qualities wanted for each. Thus, one of his bubbles is empty-extraordinary-alkaline-colourable-feminine, another full-extraordinary-acid-coloured-masculine—these two kinds of seeds differ in their way of acting. This seems like idiocy to persons not familiar with the scholastic habit of bracketing off qualities and categories, dis-

tinguishing and dividing things into a kind of verbal Chinese pattern. We have not made out the constitution of Leibnitz's ether, or his earthy, watery, airy globe, out of which he blew his bubbles, but we have found enough to show a very unfavourable contrast with Lucretius, even omitting monads, pre-established harmony, and many other interesting ideas, proposed by the man who claimed to have run a race with Newton in inventing the higher calculus of mathematics, and who enounced the doctrine of *vis viva*.

Adhesion, he thought, was obtained by motion, but how, we fail to understand. His explanation runs somewhat thus—that two bodies in motion, one after the other, are both trying to be in the same place at once, and as they cannot accomplish this, stick together. Even Bernoulli, familiar with the views and terms of the day, found Leibnitz's theory extremely difficult to understand; as found in his *Hypothesis Physica Nova*, it is contained in a series of short dogmatic sentences with very little elucidation; we may therefore be unjust to him in our ignorance, but his criticism contained in his correspondence with Bernoulli seems to us much more valuable than this blowing of little complex bubbles. Thus he would not hear of the usual explanation of solidity, by the supposition that particles were hooked together or entangled by their shape, as taught both by Lucretius and Descartes. What, he asks, is to keep the hook together? and he got no answer. He refused to admit Lucretius's postulate of infinitely hard bodies and infinitely elastic bodies; indeed, the two properties do seem incompatible. The elasticity which we observe is given by a change of position of the parts of the body, and if the parts never change position it is hard to see by what the energy required for elasticity can be represented. He further objected to the assumption that atoms were indivisible, since, however small we conceive a particle to be, we can invariably think of its parts. Leibnitz was not to be satisfied with the idea which Lucretius seems to hold, that a thing may exist just big enough to have parts too small in themselves for independent existence. John Bernoulli, however, did not quite abandon atoms in consequence of this attack; like a sensible man he does not like assumptions of infinite hardness and infinite elasticity, but he replies to Leibnitz that atoms may be so constituted that they may be really indivisible by any process to which they can be subjected by other atoms, although they may have an infinity of parts such as the mind can conceive.

We will now endeavour to trace the de-

velopment of the school which, discarding the hard solid elastic atoms of Lucretius, attempts to deduce the properties of matter from the motion of an all-pervading fluid endowed with comparatively simple qualities. This conception of matter probably differs little from the tenets of those ancient philosophers who held that the universe was built of some one element, such as air, fire, or water. Descartes, who has at least the merit of reviving the idea, in opposition to Gassendi and others who followed Lucretius, could devise no rational hypothesis from this assumption; but Hobbes, contemporary with Descartes, held views which bear a striking resemblance to those recently broached by Sir William Thomson. Hobbes thought that a moist fluid ether fills the universe, so that it left no empty space at all. He understood by fluidity that which is made such by nature equally in every part of the fluid body,—not as dust is fluid, for so a house which is falling in pieces may be called fluid,—but in such manner as water seems fluid; he defines “a hard body to be that whereof no part can be sensibly moved unless the whole be moved;” and in explanation how a fluid can compose a hard body, he says, “Whatsoever, therefore, is soft or fluid can never be made hard, but by such motion as makes many of the parts together stop the motion of some one part by resisting the same;” an admirable explanation of a recent discovery due to Helmholtz, described below, contrasting most favourably with Leibnitz’s subsequent mere verbal quibble on the same point. More than this, Hobbes perceived that elasticity need not be a primary quality of matter, but might be conferred by motion. “If the cause of this restitution (elasticity) be asked, I say it may be in this manner, namely, that the particles of the bended body, whilst it is held bent, do nevertheless retain their motion, and by this motion they restore it as soon as the force is removed by which it is bent.” These are most remarkable propositions, and, should Thomson’s ideas be established, will entitle Hobbes to a very high position as the precursor of the true theory. Unfortunately, Hobbes did not compose an harmonious system out of the above ideas. He missed the conception of vortices of ether as atoms, and introduced particles of gross matter distinct from ether, which may after all be true. He also could not get free from the old nomenclature of elements, and even devised those same glassy bubbles full of ether, which now serve chiefly to prove that Leibnitz took (without acknowledgment which we can find) the best of Hobbes’s ideas, without being able to leave the dross behind. Hobbes has a kind of

undulating theory of light, which he thought was produced by the motion of an ether; Leibnitz took that too; but Galileo might perhaps claim this, as well as the notion that it was the action of this ether which was meant by the spirit brooding on the waters at creation. Leibnitz took that too, and altogether he seems to have been a great hand at appropriation.

Malebranche, who followed Descartes in most things, gave up to a great extent the balls and dust and snakes, and broached the idea that gross matter was made up of molecules, each of which was an eddy or vortex of the primeval fluid. Here we reach an intelligible conception, greatly in advance of the crude and somewhat confused views of Hobbes. The molecule is separated from the surrounding medium by the motion of its parts, it has a distinct existence, and may have very different properties from all the rest of the medium or fluid. If the parts of this fluid do not cohere in any way, but move frictionless, our little vortex-atom may have quite a sharp boundary, and if inertia be granted as an original property in our fluid, the little vortex may go on spinning for ever. Moreover, if it goes at a very great rate it may contain almost infinitely more energy or power than other parts of the medium, even when these are displaced by the motion of the vortex-atom, or a congeries of these, through the medium, which must of course then form a comparatively slow eddy coming in behind our vortex atoms as fast as it is shoved away in front. The vortex plays the part of the Lucretian atom, the medium of the Lucretian void. A few vortices in a given space constitute a rare body; a dense body contains many vortices in the same space. The idea is one of remarkable merit, and has received several recent developments. Malebranche conceives the medium itself as full of vortices almost infinitely small as compared with those constituting gross matter. He thought that cohesion was the result of pressure from this elastic medium against gross matter, as the two halves of a Magdeburg sphere were pressed together by the elastic air outside when the air inside is removed. Here we have a fresh explanation of hardness, as due to the motion of a fluid,—an idea adopted in an unintelligible form by Leibnitz from Hobbes, and also by John Bernoulli, who further argues that this property may be given by re-entering motion.

This very idea, first due, we think, to Hobbes, and now proved possible by rigid mathematics, is perhaps the latest contribution to our subject. Helmholtz has proved that in a perfect fluid one vortex or whirl-

pool cannot destroy another, cannot cut through it or divide in any way from the outside—so that a ring-shaped vortex, for instance, would be quite indestructible by other vortices; by a ring-vortex we do not mean one in which the fluid moves round in a simple circle, but a ring built up of a series of such little circles side by side; each little circle placed as a circle of thread tied on a marriage ring would be. Such a ring-vortex as this, once set going in a perfect fluid, in which no friction occurs, would go on for ever, if we suppose our fluid endowed with inertia. Our ring-vortex might be stretched, squeezed, even knotted by other similar vortices, but it could never be pierced by them, never destroyed, and would, in all its metamorphoses, retain some of its original characteristics, depending on the velocity of its particles and its magnitude. Sir William Thomson at once pounced on this indestructible vortex as possibly fulfilling the conditions required for a practicable atom. Each vortex would be indestructible, since we could never bring to bear on it anything but other like vortices. It would be elastic, in virtue of the motion of its parts only, without any assumption of elasticity in its materials—an idea this hard to grasp, but to be practically felt by any one who tries to upset a good heavy top. He will find that, as he pushes it over, it resists, and will come upright again, exerting what we may call a kind of elasticity due to motion only. Moreover, Thomson shows that these very vortices have necessary modes of vibration, which may correspond to the special waves of light which the chemical atom of each elementary substance is capable of exciting or receiving; knotted, or even knitted, they would explain cohesion and chemical properties without any supposition of attraction or repulsion between atoms. By their impact they may explain the elasticity of gases in the manner proposed by a later Bernoulli; by other motions, such as those treated of by Thomson himself and Clerk Maxwell, they may cause magnetism and electricity. Nor is more required for the explanation of heat; and although it cannot be said that we yet know with any certainty what motions are required for the explanation of these phenomena, we do begin to know some of the relations which must exist between the several motions; nor need we despair even of explaining light and gravitation with the same machinery. Having traced the theory of a continuous fluid to its development in the hands of Thomson, we find that this school too has arrived at indestructible elastic atoms as the secondary constituents of gross matter, though they reject the

crude atoms of Lucretius as a primary material.

Bacon was very cautious about atomic theories, but on the whole believed in atoms. He devised the idea of groups or knots of atoms, saying, in reference to the argument of Democritus, that if only one kind of atom existed, all things could be made out of all things; "there is no doubt but that the seeds of things though equal, as soon as they have thrown themselves into certain groups or knots are dissolved."

Newton, while approving of some form of atomic theory, was very guarded in expressing his opinions; but his discovery of the laws of gravitation exercised great influence on most subsequent hypotheses as to the constitution of matter. The conception of atoms having the property of exerting various forces across a void space, followed as a matter of course from the idea of universal gravitation. A school arose which taught that atoms might have the property of exerting force at a distance, and that this property might be inherent in the atoms, just as Lucretius taught that hardness and elasticity were original indefeatable properties of the seeds of things. Force came to be considered as having a real existence apart from matter; but this idea, though very popular now, was not established without a hard struggle, and may yet have to be abandoned.

This view is in direct contradiction with the old axiom that matter could not act where it was not, or, as Hobbes put it, "there can be no cause of motion except a body contiguous and moved,"—no unnatural idea, but, on the contrary, universally or almost universally believed till Newton's time. We do not think that the fact of gravitation justifies the assumption that atoms can exert a force upon one another across a void, but Newton spoke of gravitation as an action between two distant bodies, and since then we have got quite accustomed to the idea of finite molecules of matter acting everywhere in the universe, and that, too, without any material medium of communication. This to Leibnitz was either miraculous or absurd. But, in fact, Newton did not teach this; he stated a fact, he did not devise hypotheses; he found that from the law of gravitation the vast mass of facts observed about falling bodies and planetary motions could be logically deduced. The one statement comprehended all the others; his great discovery was the short statement with its proof; he invented no explanation of how the law of gravitation could be brought about, and neither asserted nor denied that some medium of communication

must exist. Leibnitz and other doubters said, How can this be, this attraction at a distance? We cannot see how it can be done, so we will not believe it; it is miraculous or absurd. Newton could only reply it was a fact, and we have been so satisfied with the answer as to be somewhat in danger of forgetting that the question, "How can it be?" deserves consideration; that the statement of the law of gravitation, though a wonderful discovery, does not set a bound to further inquiry.

The law of gravitation considered as a result is beautifully simple; in a few words it expresses a fact from which most numerous and complex results may be deduced by mere reasoning, results found invariably to agree with the records of observation; but this same law of gravitation looked upon as an axiom or first principle is so astoundingly far removed from all ordinary experience as to be almost incredible. What! every particle in the whole universe is actively attracting every other particle through void without the aid of any communication by means of matter or otherwise—each particle unchecked by distance, unimpeded by obstacles, throws this miraculous influence to infinite distance without the employment of any means! No particle interferes with its neighbour, but all these wonderful influences are co-existent in every point of space! The result is apparent at each particle, but the condition of this intermediate space is exactly the same as though no such influence were being transmitted across it! Earth attracts Sirius across space, and yet the space between is as if neither Earth nor Sirius existed! Can these things be? We think not; and Newton himself did not affirm this; his work was to prove a fact, and he neither affirmed nor denied the possibility of a medium of communication. That was a secondary question then, but now that the fact of the attraction is established the secondary question has risen to the first rank, and we must consider whether the intermediate space really contains nothing which plays a part in gravitation.

Analogy is against such a supposition. The influence exerted at a distance by electricity, magnetism, heat, and light, is effected by the substances filling intermediate space. For every one of these influences we suppose some intermediate material, and the existence of this material, often called an ether, is almost demonstrated. Faraday, by proving the influence of the intermediate material in the case of electrical action, by his discovery of magneto-optic rotation, and by showing how lines of force arose in media, rudely shook the theory of attraction and

repulsion, exerted at a distance across a perfect void. Light gives us a very perfect analogy to illustrate our assertion that the law of gravitation is not an hypothesis, but a result capable of and requiring further explanation. Gravitation is not perceived directly by the senses, except in the case of the attraction of the earth. We have a special sense for the perception of light, yet many phenomena of radiation are not detected by the eye. Similarly, some of the phenomena of gravitation may escape our observation. Newton detected some of these. Suppose we had all been blind, Newton, instead of discovering universal gravitation, might have discovered light and its laws. From observations on the growth of vegetation, the sensation of heat, chemical decomposition, and other facts perceptible to blind creatures, he with vast genius might have discovered that a body existed at a great distance from the earth, from which a peculiar influence was periodically rained upon the earth; that this influence could also be produced by fire and in other ways by men living on the earth, and was in a given medium inversely proportional to the square of the distance from the source of light, as we call it. He might have discovered the transparency and opacity of bodies, and the simpler laws of refraction and reflection. To any one of his blind compeers who objected that such a supposition as an influence starting from an amazing distance, occupying no sensible time in the trajet, transmitted, reflected and refracted without the interference of one ray with another, was either miraculous or absurd, and wholly unworthy of consideration as a physical hypothesis, he would have answered; Light exists for all that, and its laws I can prove to you by mathematical reasoning from experiment. He would have been perfectly right, as he was about gravitation, but that need not have prevented subsequent philosophers from devising the undulatory theory of light if they had been clever enough; quite similarly, the fact that gravitation as discovered by Newton does exist need not prevent our trying to devise a scheme which shall explain its action, starting from much simpler postulates than that of a universal influence of each atom on all others at a distance.

The action of a body on its neighbour can be explained without the idea of a force acting even across a small void, by the simple assumption that two bodies cannot be in the same place at the same time, an assumption only tacitly made by Lucretius, and generally received as undeniable, though it admits of rational doubt, for experiment is

by no means conclusive as to its certainty. Still, most people will be and have been unable to doubt it. With this assumption, motion and influence of all kinds can be transmitted either through a fluid constituting a plenum, or from one atom to another, as they clash in a vacuum. By successive blows or extended currents action can produce results at a great distance from its origin upon either of these hypotheses, without the assumption that matter can act where it is not. Some explanation of gravity may be found requiring only the above assumption, coupled with the other dogma, that matter once in motion will continue to move till stopped, and no atomic theory can be received as complete which does not explain gravitation as one of its consequences.

Lesage, a Genevese, undertook to deduce the laws of gravitation as a necessary consequence of the atomic theory, reverting, however, to the chaotic motion of atoms in all directions taught by Democritus, instead of the rectilinear parallel motions of Lucretius. Lesage asked you to conceive two solid bodies in space, say the earth and sun, and atoms coming to assail them equally in all directions; but one side of the earth would be partially screened by the sun, and the corresponding side of the sun would be partially screened by the earth, so what we would call the front faces of the earth and sun, which looked towards one another, would be less bombarded by the atoms than all the other faces. The atoms hitting at the back of the two bodies would push them together. The atoms hitting the sides would of course balance one another. The idea is ingenious, but requires some strong assumptions. The attraction of gravitation is not as the surface of the bodies, but as their mass. Lesage had therefore to suppose his solid bodies not solid but excessively porous, built up of molecules like cages, so that an infinite number of atoms went through and through them, allowing the last layer of the sun or earth to be struck by just as many atoms as the first, otherwise clearly the back part of the sun and earth would gravitate more strongly than the front or nearer sides, which would be struck only by the siftings of the previous layers of matter. This notion involves a prodigious quantity of material in the shape of flying atoms, where we perceive no gross matter, but very little material in solid bodies where we do find gross matter, and it further requires that the accumulation of atoms which strike the solid bodies perpetually should be insensible, and on these grounds, independently of dynamical imperfections, we must reject the theory in its crude form, though it may prove fruitful

some day. Meanwhile it serves to show that the school which denies action at a distance need not have recourse to an absolute plenum.

Three distinct atomic theories have now been discussed: we have found believers in atoms of "solid singleness," in atoms due to the motion of a continuous fluid, and in atoms having the property of exerting force at a distance. Naturally the three elementary conceptions have been compounded in a variety of ways. Leibnitz mentions with great disapproval a certain Hartsoecker who supposed that atoms moved in an ambient fluid, though the idea is not unlike his own. It is difficult to trace the origin of the hypothesis, but Galileo and Hobbes both speak of a subtle ether. The conception of an all-pervading imponderable fluid of this kind has formed part of many theories, and ether came to be very generally adopted as a favourite name for the fluid, but caloric was also much thought of as a medium. We even find half-a-dozen imponderable co-existent fluids regarded with favour,—one called heat, another electricity, another phlogiston, another light, and what not, with little hard atoms swimming about, each endowed with forces of repulsion and attraction of all sorts, as was thought desirable. This idea of the constitution of matter was perhaps the worst of all. These imponderable fluids were mere names, and these forces were suppositions, representing no observed facts. No attempt was made to show how or why the forces acted, but gravitation being taken as due to a mere "force," speculators thought themselves at liberty to imagine any number of forces, attractive or repulsive, or alternating, varying as the distance, or the square, cube, fifth power of the distance, etc. At last Boscovich got rid of atoms altogether, by supposing them to be the mere centres of forces exerted by a position or point only, where nothing existed but the power of exerting a force. A medium composed of molecules flying in all directions has been shown by Maxwell to have certain properties in which it resembles a solid body rather than a fluid. The less the molecules interfere with each other's motion the more decided do these properties become, till in the ultimate case in which they do not interfere at all, Maxwell states that the elastic properties of the medium are precisely those deduced by French mathematicians from the hypothesis of centres of force at rest acting on one another at a distance. Thus the most opposite hypotheses sometimes conduct to the same result. Dalton, assuming that the idea of an atom with an ambient ether was generally believed in, gave an immense support to

the atomic theory by his discovery of the simple relations in which substances combine chemically. Since then it has been heretical to doubt atoms, until Sir Benjamin Brodie the other day broached ideas which seem independent if not subversive of the simple atomic faith.

Reviewing the various doctrines, we find that the problem of the constitution of matter is yet unsolved; but at least it can now be fairly stated. We know with much accuracy the conditions to be fulfilled by any hypothesis, and we possess a mathematical machinery by which we can test how completely any hypothesis does fulfil those conditions. The materials for the work are not wanting, though the architect has not appeared. Inertia and motion seem the most indispensable elements in the conception of the *materia prima* extended in space. Once in motion, it must continue in motion till stopped; when at rest, it must not move without a cause; when in motion, it represents energy, or power, and can exert force. How? The simplest, but not the only mode conceivable, is by displacement, in virtue of the property that two parts of it cannot occupy one and the same part of space. The believers in displacement may assume that space is quite full, or that in parts it is wholly empty; that it contains one, two, or more kinds of primary ingredients capable of displacing one another, or each its own products merely.

The most plausible suggestion yet made by this school is, that a single omnipresent fluid, ether, fills the universe; that by various motions, of the nature of eddies, the qualities of cohesion, elasticity, hardness, weight, mass, or other universal properties of matter, are given to small portions of the fluid which constitute the chemical atoms; that these, by modifications in their combination, form and motion, produce all the accidental phenomena of gross matter; that the primary fluid, by other motions, transmits light, radiant heat, magnetism, and gravitation; that in certain ways the portions of the fluid transmuted into gross matter can be acted upon by the primary fluid which remains imponderable or very light; but that these ways differ very much from those in which one part of gross matter acts upon another; that the transmutation of the primary fluid into gross matter, or of gross matter into primary fluid, is a creative action wholly denied to us, the sum of each remaining constant.

Gross matter, on this view, would be merely an assemblage of parts of the medium moving in a particular way; groups of ring-vortices, for instance. There appears to be

some difficulty in determining the fundamental properties to be assumed for our medium. We must grant it inertia or it would not continue in motion.

The believers in hard atoms can hardly restrict themselves to the combination and motion of atoms of gross matter; these will not explain light, gravitation, and analogous phenomena, for which a second kind of very subtle matter is required; but this may be supposed to consist of almost infinitely finer atoms. If the molecules of gross matter be supposed constructed from these finer atoms moving in certain special ways, this doctrine would be in accordance with that of Lucretius, and would differ little from the fluid theory, except that it would admit a void. Thus far the displacement school.

Those who believe in force exerted at a distance without a means of communication have more elbow-room. They may assume attractive and repelling forces, perhaps oblique and tangential forces; they may assume that these forces vary according to laws, simple or very complex; they may wholly deny the existence of anything but force, and grant extension and inertia to a field of force regulated in a special fashion. This little field of force, or a combination of such fields, may build their chemical atom, and the motions of these atoms in their turn as above, produce some of the properties or accidents of gross matter; they may believe in a plenum or a partial vacuum, and in one or more kinds of matter, precisely as the other school may do; and, indeed, it is impossible to set a limit to their conjectures; because when once the mind admits this conception of an abstract force, such as that of gravitation as popularly understood, it will not refuse to entertain the idea of any other kind of force varying according to infinitely different laws, nor is there any mental limit to the possible set of co-existent forces.

Let each party try. Mathematics provide a sure test of success, though impotent to suggest a theory. The existence of the chemical atom, already quite a complex little world, seems very probable, and the description of the Lucretian atom is wonderfully applicable to it. We are not wholly without hope that the real weight of each such atom may some day be known, not merely the relative weight of the several atoms, but the number in a given volume of any material; that the form and motion of the parts of each atom, and the distance by which they are separated, may be calculated; that the motions by which they produce heat, electricity, and light may be illustrated by exact geometrical diagrams; and that the fundamental properties of the intermediate and

possibly constituent medium may be arrived at. Then the motion of planets and music of the spheres will be neglected for a while in admiration of the maze in which the tiny atoms turn. Those who doubt the possibility of this achievement should read the writings of Thomson, Clausius, Rankine, and Clerk Maxwell. They will there gain some insight into what is meant by an explanation of such things as heat, electricity, and magnetism, as caused by the motion of matter, ponderable or imponderable. They will also perceive the vast difference between the old hazy speculations and the endeavours of modern science. Yet when we have found a mechanical theory by which the phenomena of inorganic matter can be mathematically deduced from the motion of materials endowed with a few simple properties, we must not forget that Democritus, Leucippus, and Epicurus began the work, and we may even now recognise their merits, and acknowledge Lucretius not only as a great poet, but as the clear expositor of a very remarkable theory of the constitution of matter, though we must admit that he failed in his bolder attempts to abolish the gods, and dispense with creation, or even to reconcile universal causation with free-will.

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- ART. IX.—1. *The State of Ireland.* By LORD DUFFERIN. London, 1866.
 2. *Irish Emigration and Land Tenure in Ireland.* By LORD DUFFERIN. 1867.
 3. *The Church Settlement in Ireland.* By AUBREY DE VERE. 1866.
 4. *Plea for the Celtic Race.* By ISAAC BUTT. 1866.
 5. *The Irish People and the Irish Land.* By ISAAC BUTT. 1867.
 6. *The Church Establishment in Ireland.* By AUBREY DE VERE. 1867.
 7. *The Liberty of Teaching Vindicated.* By ISAAC BUTT. 1865.
 8. *The Irish in America.* By J. F. MAGUIRE, M. P. 1867.
 9. *Report of Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Tenure (Ireland) Bill.* 1867.

THE Irish Question presents probably the most difficult practical problem ever set before a statesman—a problem difficult enough in its inherent and absolute conditions, yet rendered doubly difficult by nearly every conceivable complication that can be gathered round it. There is the economic difficulty; there is the difficulty of race; there is the difficulty of religion; there is the

difficulty of foreign sympathy; there is the difficulty of free institutions; there are the inherited complications of the past; there are the actual complications of the hour. We have to rescue the mass of the community from a depth of poverty which often reaches to positive wretchedness and destitution, and yet to do this by measures and on a system which shall not purchase immediate relief at the cost of future aggravation. We have to keep peace, and, as far as we may, to allay animosity between two sections of the people who hate each other with a bitterness of enmity of which in England we have happily no experience, and both of whom are singularly excitable and prone to violence and fond of conflict. We have to soothe, and content, and loyalize a population who had reason enough in former times to abhor our rule, and whose ulcerated and alienated hearts cannot perceive or will not admit that those former times have long since passed away; who are convinced that those who wronged and oppressed them of old are wronging and oppressing them still; and who demand as the price of their allegiance and tranquillity, and the remedies for their sufferings, either concessions which are simply and obviously impossible, or measures which would only exasperate the evils under which they groan. We have to surmount these obstacles and to achieve these aims, not as a Cardinal Richelieu, or a Czar Peter, or a Frederick the Great might have done, with the clear conception and the strong hand of an unfettered and irresponsible despotism that could act decisively as soon as it saw distinctly; but by the very imperfect and operose instrumentality of a Government which can act only through forms of law and with the aid of a convinced nation, and of a Parliament very inadequately acquainted with the conditions of the question, full of confused perceptions and embittered feelings, composed of parties too equally balanced for any one to feel secure enough to venture on a bold course, and elected in part by the very country to be dealt with, and sharing, therefore, all its conflicting prejudices and passions, and in part by classes utterly opposed both to the religious and social opinions prevalent therein. We have to solve a problem analogous to that of Austria in Venice, and of Russia in Poland, but far more complicated, if not more insoluble, than either; and we cannot solve it by cession and retirement as in the first case, nor by fire and sword and exile, as in the second. We have to set to work with Rome on the one side and America on the other watching over our perplexities, and exasperating them by every means within

their power. And, finally, on pain of panic, disorganization, and turbulence at home, and loss of position and repute abroad, we have to find a solution promptly and without delay, or to sit down in shame and danger, and confess that the problem is insoluble, that the task before us is beyond our wisdom or our strength.

And yet it is of the last importance that we should not act blindly or rashly; that we should not be driven by the urgency of the case or the gravity of the symptoms into the use of anodynes or drastics that would aggravate the malady, though the patient calls for them ever so loudly, or insists ever so plausibly that he must know best where he suffers and what he wants. It is everything, in a case of this sort, to clear the ground, to narrow the issue, to define the problem; to put aside all that is irrelevant, all that is impossible, all that is unattainable,—all, in a word, that lies out of the pale of rational and practical discussion, and to concentrate our efforts upon the seat of the evil and the *feasible* proposals for its cure. There are some things that *must* be done, and some things that *cannot* be done; we may dismiss these in few words, and then give our undivided attention to those points as to which there really is doubt and difficulty, as to which sensible and loyal men differ in opinion, and in which lies the real heart of “the Irish Question.” Unless we are much mistaken, we shall find that the subject simplifies itself wonderfully as we go along; that its several elements separate themselves and grow lucid as we look them in the face; that no new or magic panacea can be discovered, or is needed; but that as soon as we see our line distinctly, and have set our steps in the right direction, all we shall have to do is to act steadily rather than daringly, to bear and forbear much, to hope little, and to wait long. The *course* should be determined on and entered on without an hour’s delay; the result and the reward cannot be looked for for a generation at the least. The medicine may be administered at once; the cure it is to operate must be the work of time; the blessing and the comfort are for those who will come after us.

First of all, it is of the greatest importance to recognise that Irish discontent is not a simple, but a complex and multiform sentiment. It is threefold at least, and is connected with three questions or grievances. There is the political, the religious, and the social or economic grievance: Fenianism, Catholicism (complicated by its antagonistic Orangeism), and Tenant-Right agitation;—the question of Government and allegiance,

the question of the Church Establishment and education, and the question of the Land Tenure. All complainants alike are bitter against England, but their bitterness fixes on distinct points. All demand “justice to Ireland;” but this justice means in one mouth separation and repeal; in another, perfect religious equality, or the recognition of Romanism as the nation’s creed; in a third, “fixity of tenure,” or the partition of the soil. Nay, there are further divisions of the hostile feeling still: there is the animosity which is based upon some distinct wrong, grievance, or demand, and that which is purely unreasoning and undefined; and, finally, there is that which is simply hereditary, which has its root in the sufferings and oppressions of a comparatively remote past, and has nothing to do with the present at all, which cannot even recognise that the present is altogether different from the past. This form of hatred and disaffection, which is perhaps the most widely spread, is also about the most hopeless of all; it cannot be reached, because, so to speak, it has no seat towards which our attack can be directed; eminently unjust in one sense, it is undeniably just and well-grounded in another; the facts in which the feeling has its source, and whence it draws its perennial nutriment, can neither be gainsaid nor defended; and it is one of the heaviest penalties of wrongdoing in former times that doing right now brings us no reward, gains no credit, and purchases no forgiveness for our ancestral sins. We alienated the hearts of our fellow-citizens by iniquity and oppression generations ago, and now it is too late for either repentance or reform to win them back. The mischief is done; and we are forced, like so many other offenders, to sit down, in the midst of our new-born virtue and our sincere aspirations after a better life, and mourn over the irreparable.

No reflection was so often forced upon our minds as this during the perusal of Mr. Maguire’s very interesting but most one-sided book on *The Irish in America*. The naturalness, the inevitableness of their hatred against England, its clear explanation, its undeniable justification, its perverse *logic* (so to speak), and yet at the same time its utter unreasonableness and injustice, if judged by the facts of the day and in the eye of calm judicial measurement of the whole truth of the case, stand out with singular lucidity. The very men who proclaimed their ferocious and undying abhorrence of England, and their thirst to humiliate and destroy her in retaliation for her cruelties, real or supposed, against Ireland and themselves, had all gained greatly

by their transference to the New World, and many of them had reached a pitch of prosperity there which their own country never could have offered them. In a word, they had exchanged—been forced to exchange—hopeless penury, and perhaps starvation, for plenty and wealth;—but some of them had been forcibly evicted, usually, if not invariably, for non-payment of rent, and could see nothing and remember nothing but the suffering which that eviction brought them at the time; while others merely inherited the rooted animosities of their fathers, who had fled or been exiled when the shameful and cruel penal laws against Catholics were in full force; and all alike had sworn never to forgive either the Government that had enforced the admitted rights of property, or the descendants of those who had repealed all the unjust enactments under which their ancestors had suffered. One prosperous Irish farmer in the Western States, owning 400 acres of fine land, and surrounded by his wife and sons, swore “he would never forgive the British Government the longest day he had to live,” because a quarter of a century ago he had been “turned out like dogs, worse than dogs, on the roadside,” from a wretched cabin and a two-acre plot in Munster (p. 603). Another man, thriving and well conducted in all mundane matters, neglected his religious duties, and could not be induced to go to confession, because he had registered an oath “never to forgive the bloody English Government, that allowed a man to be treated worse than a dog, and sent their peelers and their army to help them to do it to me and others.” The man’s story was sad enough; in the days of wholesale clearances, when landlords could neither obtain rent nor gain possession of their land, and when proprietors, peasantry, and rulers were alike driven nearly to despair, he had been evicted along with a number of others. But his father was ill of the rheumatism, his wife was near her confinement, and both died from the exposure; and the poor bereaved wretch naturally enough remembered nothing but the harshness and the issue, and treasured up his thirst for vengeance as a household virtue (p. 606). The next story illustrates the other point we have alluded to,—the way in which the impressions of the past survive the facts which gave them birth:—

“I remember the look of genuine annoyance with which a high-pressure Fenian, who introduced himself to me in a Northern State, received information on a subject having reference to Irish trade and manufactures. He desired to learn—for an oration, as I afterwards understood—what were the special restrictions which the jealousy of England still imposed on the in-

dustry and trade of Ireland. He was filled with the memory of the ‘discouragement’ of the Irish Woollens by William III.; and he glowed as he thought of the indignant oratory of the Irish House of Commons. But he knew little—indeed, he did not desire to know—of the actual state of things at the present hour; and when I assured him that, so far as the law stood, the merchants, manufacturers, and business men of Ireland were on a complete equality with their brethren in England, he could scarcely bring himself to believe what I said. He was literally disgusted.”—P. 611.

Animosity of the character indicated and explained by incidents like these, it is evident we can do nothing, or next to nothing, to eradicate, or even neutralize and mitigate; and unhappily, nine-tenths of the animosity of the American Irish is of this character. We must accept it, with all its dangers, as our punishment for the misdoings of the past.

Much of our difficulty in dealing with this question arises from the vagueness of thought and language common with the Irish, and habitually, it would seem, adopted from them by their advocates. We are told that we must “do justice to Ireland,” that we must “legislate and govern in conformity with Irish notions,” that we should “rule Ireland as Ireland would rule herself were she independent,” and the like. Thus surely, and thus only, we are assured, can we allay discontent and hatred, make tranquillity take the place of turbulence, and change disaffection into hearty loyalty and acquiescence. And those who use this language both in Parliament and in the Press—among whom are numbers who ought to know better, and to think more deeply and definitely—appear to fancy that in speaking thus they have erected a standard and laid down a principle. Let us look a little more closely into the matter, and learn what “Irish ideas” and Irish notions of “Justice” are on the three questions into which we have divided the subject a page or two back, and then ask ourselves whether it is possible to act in conformity with these ideas and plans, and whether we should really loyalize the Irish or make them prosperous and contented by doing so. And first as to political discontent:—What are Irish wishes and ideas on this head? They may be classed under two broad categories: Irish political malcontents may be divided into Republicans and Repealers—those who desire to separate Ireland altogether from Great Britain, and those who seek to undo the Act of Union, and give her an independent Parliament of her own, retaining only

the dynastic link. Other political grievances than the British connexion and the Act of Union Ireland has none; the most inveterate and malignant ingenuity of faction has altogether failed either to discover any or to fabricate any. Now, are we prepared, or does any sane man in England recommend us, to "act in conformity" with either of these sets of "Irish ideas"? Would such action "loyalize" the people or tranquillize the country? Would it, really and soothfastly, be "doing justice to Ireland"? We have now lying before us three documents expressing the views of those who seek for absolute independence, and the establishment of a Republic—the Fenians, Nationalists, *aut quocunque alio nomine gaudent*. Two of these are singularly verbose, grandiloquent, and rhetorical, the other is admirably concise and well-written; but all are distinct enough in meaning. To avoid all suspicion of misrepresentation, we will quote a passage or two. They are "An Address of the American Fenians to the People of England," a declaration of Fenian principles "by the Brotherhood assembled in Congress at Cleveland, in Ohio," and "Ireland for the Irish, by an American Fenian," published in *Tinsley's Magazine* for December last, the writer of which, if not a "sworn brother" of the order, has (we are assured) habitually consorted with its members in America, and is perfectly qualified to expound their views with fidelity. The Irish newspapers belonging to the "National Party," as it calls itself, echo, week by week, precisely the same sentiments. The "Declaration" says:—

"The God of nature, in placing between the English and Irish nations not only the distinctions marked by differences of national character, but also natural barriers, which—in spite of special legislation designed to obliterate the nationality of Ireland—have kept them separate and distinct as peoples, has written on imperishable record the claims of our country to independent national existence, and made earth and sea the witnesses to the inviolability of our charter of freedom. The Irish people of to-day are still the custodians of that great trust; and, in their name, the Fenian Brotherhood has been organized to demand, and, with the blessing of Heaven, to achieve, what so many of our race have attempted before—the liberation of our country from the domination of England. We demand it in the name of every man of Irish blood throughout the whole earth; and we desire to accomplish it solely for the benefit of every Irishman, without distinction of creed, or class, or political idea. We claim the land of our fathers for the benefit of the people whose birthright it is, who love it with a filial affection, and who, by the eternal decree of their Maker, have earned, in the

sweat of their brows, the right to live upon, to possess, and to enjoy it.

"Representing the power which 15,000,000 of the Irish people, scattered between the Old World and the New, must necessarily exercise, if they be true to their country, we have adopted the alternative of revolution, because the slavery to which our kindred are subjected has become too galling for human endurance, too degrading to be submitted to unresistingly by beings endowed with the attributes of men. Our rights, the possession of our native soil, are kept from us by force, by the power which grasped both with iron hands. By force and arms alone can they be restored to us in their original integrity; and by force and strength of our own arms we propose to win them back. The task of their recovery belongs to us in the first place; and by our efforts to consolidate and organize our people, we but record our acceptance of the duty, and our determination to acquit ourselves of it like true men and faithful children of our country. Our cause is a just and holy one; it is the struggle of right against wrong, and freedom against oppression. It is not alone the cause of a nation striving for its own independence; it is the effort of enslaved humanity to emancipate itself from the thralldom and debasement of feudal tyranny."

The following is from the Magazine:—

"The first radical error in regard to Ireland is to believe that the Irish people will be contented with anything less than complete independence of England; the second radical error is to believe that they have no chance of securing their independence. From these two errors all others grow. Good English laws, goods English government, good English reforms for Ireland, are all very well in their way; but they do not touch the Irish question any more than good Austrian laws, good Austrian government, good Austrian reforms, touched the Italian question. *Is it so very difficult for you to understand that the Irish people want to be rid of England altogether; that they would rather have bad laws of their own making than good ones of yours; that they would rather be badly governed by themselves than well governed by you; and that no possible reforms, even though they were Utopian in their blessings, would be acceptable to the Irish people, so long as they had that hated word 'English' affixed to them?* Why, for the last half hundred years you have been improving your treatment of Ireland, as it is undeniable that many of the worst evils which formerly afflicted her unhappy people have been removed; but yet the Fenian uprising of 1866-7 has been more powerful than any which have preceded it, and is still vital, dangerous, and deadly. Is this the result of your better laws, your improved legislation, your kind reforms? Hundreds of thousands of people have emigrated from Ireland; the population, thus thinned out, is better provided for than ever before; the island is, on the whole, much more prosperous; but still the hatred to England is as deep,

the disposition to conspiracies as prevalent, and the desire for independence as heartfelt, as in the bad old days, while the number and the power of the conspirators have actually increased, and they have been able to carry the war into the cities of England, threaten armouries, release prisoners, and keep the whole country under arms. Past reforms have not settled the Irish question, and future reforms will not be any more effective."

And again :

"Irishmen do not look upon Englishmen as compatriots with whom all difficulties can be amicably arranged, but as foreign enemies, to be driven out of the government of the country. Englishmen complain that the Irish are never satisfied with what is done for them. Exactly so. A hungry man is not satisfied when you give him a toy. The royal visits to Ireland, which were once considered as a sovereign panacea for Irish disloyalty, the land distribution (advocated by John Bright and others), the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, now mooted as a sure cure for Fenianism,—are toys given to hungry men. *What the Fenians desire is Ireland for Irish; and they look upon all the promised reforms as bribes to seduce true patriots from a righteous purpose.*"

What Repeal meant in O'Connell's day we all remember,—both the arguments and the representations by which it was supported and the object at which it aimed; and now we see it revived in its purest shape in a manifesto recently issued by a body of Roman Catholic priests, with the Dean of Limerick at their head. The gentlemen say:—

"We belong to no party in the State within or without the constitution. We have no alliance with Whig, Tory, or Radical. It would be an error and a crime to say that the disaffection of this country is not deep-seated and extensive. Deplorable as such a fact may be, no one who knows the country can truthfully deny it. Generally a blank hopelessness pervades the mind of the population, a dark brooding, all the worse because every day growing in intelligence. And we solemnly declare that one of the most imminent dangers of the movement of this generation is the magnanimous spirit of self-sacrifice which has animated the mass of those who think of risking their lives or spending them in even a hopeless contest. That they 'cannot be worse,' that 'there is no hope for the country,' and that 'it is as good to die,' are the sentiments and ethics which poverty and degradation have taught, and which are frequently repeated by American success and daring. Again, we declare that the only hope of peace, order, progress, and at last real union, is in tranquillizing Ireland. And we solemnly declare that the only means of effectually tranquillizing Ireland is by a restoration of her nationality. General legislation by the Parliament of Great Britain will never be equal to the task of teaching, enriching, developing, and raising Ireland. Political econ-

omy will never do for a country like Ireland, any more than the ordinary food of health and vigour would do for the weak and sickly. The most exceptional legislation must be employed, the minutest knowledge must be obtained, the most persevering local inquiry must be instituted, and a full, heart whole, and, we would say, exclusive attention, province by province, must be directed to discover and remedy Ireland's wants; and these things an English parliament cannot perform. And, above all, such a parliament will never satisfy the cravings of a whole people, whose intellects and whose hearts combine in the cry for nationality. A land tenure will accomplish something; removal of the Protestant ascendancy, by placing the Protestant Church in the same position before the State as the Catholic Church, will accomplish much; equality in education, and the removal of the anomaly of giving a freedom of education on the condition of people giving up freedom, will do its share, and we will hail any and all of them with thankfulness; *but we feel bound to say, that when all of them have been granted, safety from foreign danger, perfect development of home resources, above all, the heart of this country will require nationality.* Give Ireland her own legislature and the government of her resources—nationality and her federal amity will be a tower of strength to the empire. *We conclude, then, that Ireland is poor and helpless, not by any fault of the Irish race, but by the force and fault of English legislation.* That the very nature of most of the remedies required to make Ireland rich and contented makes it impossible for a British parliament to adopt and employ them; and, besides, that home aspirations and the plea for Irish intervention from abroad can never be met, unless by restoring to Ireland her nationality, re-establishing the Sovereign and Lords and Commons of Ireland."

It is only after reading such documents as these, and recognising how correctly they represent the sentiments, not indeed of the whole Irish nation, but certainly of the disaffected portion, that we perceive the full hopelessness of the problem,—the hopelessness, that is, of removing the *political* discontent of a people who do not rebel against this or that grievance,—who admit, indeed, that we are doing our poor best to remedy their grievances,—but who tell us that we can never satisfy them, and simply demand of us *that we shall go*. Go it is clear we cannot; we would not if we could, and we ought not if we would. For, putting aside for the moment English considerations and Imperial interests, the Irish people are not homogeneous, and are by no means of one mind in these matters. A large portion of them, and the most prosperous and energetic portion, cling to the British connexion, have no notion either of Republic or Repeal, dread and deprecate the prospect of being handed over to the tender mercies and the wild

policy of their fellow-countrymen, would fight to the death rather than that what are called "Irish" ideas and Irish purposes should prevail,—and though far less numerous than their antagonists, would be by no means unlikely to conquer in the strife. The Protestants constitute one fourth of the population, and the Protestants are loyal almost to a man, while thousands of the Catholics, especially the better educated, are staunch adherents of the British connexion. Ulster, the stronghold of the Anti-Fenian doctrines, when reinforced by the loyal districts of Leinster, will be found to contain nearly two millions and a half out of the five and a half that Ireland now numbers. "Justice to Ireland" according to Fenian notions would be the height of iniquity and cruelty in the eyes of the propertied and cultured classes, and no one who knows the country feels the slightest doubt that the retirement of England from the government would be the signal for a civil war of more than ordinary fierceness,—a conflict of which any man could predict the incidents, but of which no man could foretell the issue. But the idea is of course simply absurd. Nor is that of Repeal one whit more practical. We know what the former Irish Parliament was, and how ill it worked with that of England, even when elected mainly under Protestant and English influences: were it restored now, it probably could not be made to work at all. And as to Mr. Goldwin Smith's suggestion of Provincial Parliaments to deal with all local questions,—an Ulster assembly chosen under Orange inspiration, and a Munster one under the auspices of Cardinal Cullen,—we can only say that no stronger proof could be given of the perplexity and hopelessness of a problem which could drive so sensible a man to so senseless a proposal.

The disaffection and disloyalty of Ireland, then, so far as it has a political source and is directed towards political aims, cannot be removed or laid to sleep. The malcontents seek for the impossible, their demands are of a nature which they are aware cannot even be listened to, since they involve the surrender at once of empire and of duty, a pusillanimity as well as a crime, the giving over of a whole country to the least capable portion of its inhabitants. To go a single step in their direction would, as they tell us candidly, allay no hatreds and quench no desires; while it would be a divergence from that course of action by the steady pursuit of which alone, we deliberately believe, can the ultimate prosperity and pacification of Ireland be attained. We must do what is right and wise unflinchingly, and let loyalty

follow if it will; we must on no account swerve from what is right and wise in the hope of purchasing loyalty by folly or by wrong. Adherence to duty may not always be rewarded; but desertion of it never fails, in public affairs at least, to be punished in the end. It may be sad that we should be reduced to such an issue; and it may be and is a bitter shame and reproach to us that we have so mismanaged matters in the past that we cannot attract to us or govern by the law of love a people so full of excellencies and resources as the Irish—so peculiarly, as Mr. Mill says, "the needed complement of ourselves;" but with Separatists, Fenians, and Repealers we can hold no parley; and those who urge us to govern in conformity to Irish ideas, and to loyalize the Irish by adopting or humouring their peculiarities and opinions, ought to define a little what they mean, before using language which so lends itself to abuse and misconception.

When we come to the Religious discontent of Ireland the case is very different. Here we have inherited a bitter legacy from the past, and our conscience is not clear in the present. We wronged the Catholics of Ireland for generations, we are wronging them wilfully, knowingly, persistently still, though in a far feebler and milder fashion. We cannot say that the Irish Catholics have not good reason to hate England for her shameful sins and cruelties against them in former days; we cannot even say that she is not giving them some reason to hate her even now. In this matter we have not really and fully *repented* of the misdeeds of our forefathers, for though we have departed from and reversed most of them, we have not altogether abandoned or atoned for them. We have repealed all the old penal laws against Popery; we have emancipated the Catholics and placed them on a perfect social and political and civil equality with Protestants; but with an obstinacy and stupidity which is almost insane, we still retain the Church Establishment as a perpetual, irritating, insulting memento of our past enormities. The religion of the minority is maintained as the religion of the State; as if we were bent upon for ever reminding our Irish fellow-citizens that in Ireland the majority are still oppressed. No one who is acquainted in detail with the heinous penal laws against the Catholics, which continued up to the close of the last century, can wonder that Irishmen should have grown up in the most passionate abhorrence of the Government which enacted and maintained them: no one who realizes how truly the Protestant Establishment is the outcome,

the relief, the memorial of the feelings and opinions from which those laws sprung, has any right to wonder that this abhorrence should endure as long as that Establishment is upheld. It may be true that practically the grievance is little felt; it may be true that Fenianism does not even mention it among Irish wrongs; it may be true that since the commutation of tithes into a rent-charge payable by the landlords, the Irish peasant is not conscious of the pressure, and would be no pecuniary gainer by its removal; it may be true that the chief portion of the property burdened with this rent-charge is owned by Protestant Churchmen; it may even be true that the surrender of the Establishment would not loyalize either priests or people, and that this act of plain but tardy justice would bear no immediate fruit and bring us no clear reward; still, when all admissions are made, the undeniable conclusion remains, that as long as this symbol of alien supremacy and hereditary wrong is suffered to exist, no Englishman can say that justice has been done to Ireland, or that Irishmen are irrational in hating England.

We have treated this subject so recently, that we need add only a very few words here. In what manner the abolition or disendowment of the Protestant Episcopal Establishment in Ireland is to be effected, is a question, and doubtless not an easy one, for statesmen. Many and various plans have been suggested, both of reducing the Establishment and disposing of its surplus revenues, into which we need not enter. It is sufficient to point out that the measure itself has become incomparably more feasible than it was when last practically mooted thirty years ago, at the time of Lord Morpeth's celebrated "Appropriation Clause." In the first place, the principle of Voluntaryism—the separation of Church and State—has made no trifling conversions in the interior of the Establishment itself,—Ritualism, Tractarianism, and the Colenso controversy having effected remarkable changes of sentiment in that direction. Secondly, the political strength of the orthodox Dissenters; and of the middle class generally, who are opposed on system to all religious endowments, has materially increased. And, thirdly, a great obstacle in dealing with the question has been removed by the authoritative announcement of the Catholic hierarchy, that they demand and will accept no portion of the confiscated revenues of the Establishment; for while the majority of the Scotch and English nation would probably prove to be in favour of disendowing one creed, they would to a certainty be resolutely hostile to any scheme for endowing the other. We

believe that the only vehement or formidable opposition that need be anticipated to the measure of justice and policy we advocate will come from the ultra-Protestant province of Ulster,—and this must either be disregarded or disarmed. It will never do, at this day, to suffer Orangeism to hinder us from doing justice to Catholicism in Ireland.

The question of the Church Establishment is, unhappily, not the only one connected with religion on which bitter animosity now prevails among the rival sects. An angry controversy is raging on the question of mixed education, which is widening, and bids fair to render permanent that gulf which the State for the last thirty years and more has been endeavouring to bridge over. In the year 1831 was commenced, under the auspices of the present Prime Minister, then Mr. Stanley, that system of national education in which for a while the prelates of both Churches joined harmoniously, and which, it was hoped, by bringing up Catholic and Protestant children together in one schoolroom, might pave the way for sentiments of mutual good-will and brotherhood. For a time, under the management of Archbishops Murray and Whately, the scheme worked admirably; but by degrees the serpent of religious discord and jealousy crept in to mar the benevolent and Christian plan. The old squabbles between secular and sectarian instruction began again. At first the Protestant clergy objected to the too liberal concessions (as they fancied) that were made to Catholic demands. Then the Catholic clergy became hostile to the very moderate restrictions (as they seem to us) that were placed upon their freedom of action and teaching in the schools. Now, they are fairly embarked in their habitual crusade to render all teaching, whether aided by the State or not, distinctly sectarian, and to get the unreserved management of the education of the entire Catholic population into their own hands. What it will become, and to what purposes it will probably be turned, should they succeed, all history warns us. We have no intention of entering into the controversy. Those who desire to see a very powerful statement of the priestly view should read Mr. Butt's pamphlet called "The Liberty of Teaching Vindicated." Mr. Butt is himself a Protestant, but he gives many facts which seem to show that the Catholics have some grounds for complaint, and that the soundest principles of the national system have already been so far encroached upon or surrendered that it may not be worth while to contend for what remains, at the price of continued bitterness and sectarian animosity. On the other hand,

the last Report of the Irish Education Commission (1866) gives very strong reasons for the continuance of those restrictions, which were designed to prevent the national schools from degenerating into means of proselytism, and indicates pretty plainly that the objection to them arises from the priests, and not from the population generally. It appears that nine out of ten children are educated at schools where there is no mixture of sects; and that in Ulster, where the greatest admixture prevails, the system works amicably enough, or would do so, if sectarians would allow it. Our own impression is, that until these miserable jealousies and unchristian animosities shall die away, our only alternative lies between purely secular instruction, seconded, aided, or provided by the State (time for special religious instruction being of course allowed and enforced), and education on the sectarian system prevalent in England, supplemented by State grants. To advance to the first would be a vast step for Ireland; to retrograde to the last, if we are forced to that, would be a sad concession to the strength of the bigotry which weighs like an incubus upon that unhappy country. With the Church Establishment removed, and a secular education organized, the last grounds of religious discontent would be swept away,—though, alas! the recollection of the bad old days must long survive to punish and to thwart us.

The Land-Tenure discontent is a graver and more difficult matter than either the political or religious disaffection, and goes far deeper into the heart of the nation. The political animosity towards England may be left to die away with time, simply because it is hopeless on our part to try to remove it, and hopeless on the part of the disaffected to indulge it. It is a chronic sore, too, engrained in the constitution, and ever liable to break out from time to time in a more active form under the stimulus of foreign sympathy or tempting opportunity. The hostile sentiment arising from religious causes admits of more positive remedial treatment, inasmuch as one of its chief objects can and ought to be removed at once. But the question of land-tenure is an affair of interest even more than of idea or feeling; it is, or it is fancied to be, an affair of life or death, of plenty or starvation, of prosperity or ruin, of simple justice or downright wrong to the Irish peasant and farmer,—that is, to three-fourths of the population. It comes home to “men’s business and bosoms” in a way that no other question does. If we can solve it satisfac-

torily and completely, other matters of controversy will cease to be formidable. If we cannot, no arrangement, however amicable or equitable, that we may attempt on the field of politics or religion, will do anything to lay to rest the discontent and disturbance which are the curse of the country, or suffice to render it either progressive, prosperous, or tranquil.

And here we must remark, at the outset, that the very prominence and paramount importance and urgency of the land question is *itself*, if not *the* evil to be dealt with, at least the source and gravamen of that evil, and is a fact for which England and English legislation in the *past* are mainly, though not wholly, answerable. Scarcely in any matter have we been more guilty than in this; in no other matter is our guilt being punished with such enduring and unrelenting severity. The great passion of the Irish people is for the possession and the cultivation of land;* they have always and instinctively been too inclined to look to land and cling to land as the only means of livelihood and comfort; the fact that population does increase and that land does not, has always lain at the root of half their difficulties; the cruel and crushing competition for land resulting from this fact and that feeling has led to no small portion of Irish crime, and to nine-tenths of Irish poverty and Irish turbulence, by augmenting the landlords’ and diminishing the cultivators’ share of the produce, and by making every *actual* Irish tenant regard every *aspiring* Irish tenant as a robber and an enemy. Wise statesmen and a wise legislature would have directed their most strenuous exertions to mitigate this competition and allay this fierce desire; to teach the Irish that there are other branches of industry that yield far richer returns than the tillage of the soil; to turn their energies into new channels; to foster every sort of manufacture which could be introduced into the island; to diminish to the utmost possible extent the proportion of the population immediately dependent upon agriculture; and by so doing at once to lower rents, to create and improve markets, and to raise the price of agricultural produce. Had this course been followed with persistence, Irish tenants would not be at the mercy of their landlords, as they are too habitually now; Irish occupiers would not have been shooting and maiming successful

* It is however satisfactory to learn, from the concurring testimony of nearly all witnesses, that this passion has materially diminished of late years.

rivals for the only means of living which they know; Irish peasants would not have been driven to seek in distant lands for those fields of labour (in their imagination the only ones) which limited acreage will not afford to increasing numbers at home. Instead of this, however, English statesmen, who were not wise, and an English legislature, which was not just, pursued, a couple of centuries ago, and for a long course of years, a precisely opposite line of action. The jealousy and selfishness of British manufacturers and the weak and iniquitous compliance of a British Parliament were allowed to crush and actually to prohibit the various industries which were beginning to take root in Ireland, and which, if fostered, or even if simply let alone, might by this time have supported one-half the population, and become as prosperous as the linen trade is now.* By this means, by this previous

* "It has been rather the custom of late to represent the landed interest of Great Britain as the sole inventors and patentees of protection. The experience of Ireland does not confirm this theory. During the course of the last 250 years we have successively tasted the tender mercies of every interest in turn—whether landed, trading, or commercial—and have little reason to pronounce one less selfish than another. From Queen Elizabeth's reign until within a few years of the Union the various commercial confraternities of Great Britain never for a moment relaxed their relentless grip on the trades of Ireland. One by one, each of our nascent industries was either strangled in its birth, or handed over, gagged and bound, to the jealous custody of the rival interest in England, until at last every fountain of wealth was hermetically sealed, and even the traditions of commercial enterprise have perished through desuetude.

"The owners of England's pastures opened the campaign. As early as the commencement of the 16th century the beeves of Roscommon, Tipperary, and Queen's County undersold the produce of the English grass counties in their own market. By an Act of the 20th of Elizabeth, Irish cattle were declared a 'nuisance,' and their importation was prohibited. Forbidden to send our beasts alive across the Channel, we killed them at home, and began to supply the sister country with cured provisions. A second act of Parliament imposed prohibitory duties on salted meats. The hides of the animals still remained, but the same influence soon put a stop to the importation of leather. Our cattle trade abolished, we tried sheep farming. The sheep breeders of England immediately took alarm, and Irish wool was declared contraband by a Parliament of Charles II. Headed in this direction, we tried to work up the raw material at home, but this created the greatest outcry of all. Every maker of fustian, flannel, and broadcloth in the country rose up in arms, and by an Act of William III. the woollen industry of Ireland was extinguished, and 20,000 manufacturers left the island. The easiness of the Irish labour market and the cheapness of provisions still giving us an advantage, even though we had to import our materials, we next made a dash at the silk business; but the silk manufacturer proved as pitiless

fault, by this heinous injustice, we threw the Irish peasant back upon the land as his sole resource, and shut him up, as it were, within its boundaries; and thus undeniably made ourselves answerable for a large proportion of his subsequent wretchedness and animosity. Of all the wrongs with which England is charged by Irish tongues, perhaps there is no case in which the indictment can be so well maintained as this, or in which the crime has been so heavily visited upon us. Even here, however, equity will call upon us to remember that Irish folly has not been backward in assisting and exasperating the operation of English wrong. If Ireland had been tranquil, British capital would long since have introduced both the cotton and woollen manufactures, and thus have provided employment at home for hundreds of thousands who have been forced abroad to seek it. Over and over again have projects of this sort been nipped in the bud, or discouraged after the first steps had been taken, by renewed proofs of the insecurity which is the horror of wealth and commercial enterprise. Nor ought we to forget that at least one thriving trade—that of shipbuilding—was driven away by the insane and suicidal violence of the trades-unions of Dublin about a generation ago. The want of manufacturing industry on a sufficient scale is Ireland's greatest need at this moment; and for its

as the woolstaplers. The cotton manufacturer, the sugar refiner, the soap and candle maker (who especially dreaded the abundance of our kelp), and any other trade or interest that thought it worth its while to petition, was received by Parliament with the same partial cordiality,* until the most searching scrutiny failed to detect a single vent through which it was possible for the hated industry of Ireland to respire. But, although excluded from the markets of Britain, a hundred harbours gave her access to the universal sea. Alas! a rival commerce on her own element was still less welcome to England, and as early as the reign of Charles II. the Levant, the ports of Europe, and the oceans beyond the Cape were forbidden to the flag of Ireland. The colonial trade alone was in any manner open—if that could be called an open trade which for a long time precluded all exports whatever, and excluded from direct importation to Ireland such important articles as sugar, cotton, and tobacco. What has been the consequence of such a system, pursued with relentless pertinacity for 250 years? This: that, debarred from every other trade and industry, the entire nation flung itself back upon "the land" with as fatal an impulse as when a river whose current is suddenly impeded rolls back and drowns the valley it once fertilized."—*The State of Ireland*, pp. 129–32.

* "An amusing instance of the feeling that Ireland was to be sacrificed to England is mentioned by the author of the 'Commercial Restraints of Ireland,' p. 125. In 1698 two petitions were presented to the English House of Commons from the fishermen of Folkestone and Aldborough, stating that they were injured 'by the Irish catching herrings at Waterford and Wexford, and sending them to the Straits, and thereby forestalling and ruining petitioners' markets.'"

absence both peoples must share the blame—the English in the past, the Irish at the present day.

In speaking of the feelings and questions which grow out of the land-tenure in Ireland, we shall encumber our pages with as few statistics and quotations as possible. The facts we have to deal with and the authorities on which we rely (and as to relevant and important matters there really is not much controversy) are to be found in the various books whose titles are at the head of this article, especially Lord Dufferin's and Mr. Butt's. Our object is to make the essentials of the question clear, and to avoid all side issues or details which might cloud the mind or divert attention from the main, large, simple features of the case. Controversialists and practical politicians would differ far less widely than they do were greater pains taken to strip the subject in dispute of all irrelevancies, and to present it nakedly and in its nucleus, as it were, to the understanding. Under the names of "Tenant-Right," then, and "Landlord and Tenant Bills," and "Tenure of Land," two or three entirely distinct matters are confounded. The claims of occupiers of land in Ireland and the discontent felt by them must be divided into two wholly separate categories, which have no real connexion with each other, and which must be discussed and dealt with in a wholly different manner; and this is the first contribution we have to make towards clearing the popular conceptions of the question. The tenants' demand for "compensation for improvements" effected by them upon the soil is one thing, their demand for "fixity of tenure" is another. The first is a claim for security for the produce of their labour, the second is a claim for security in the possession of their holding. The first asks to be awarded simple and undeniable justice, the second asks to be endowed with a positive and perpetual property. The former is the object of Lord Naas's Bill, of Judge Longfield's recommendations, of the various Parliamentary committees that have taken evidence and reported on land-tenure and landlord and tenants' improvements. The latter is the purpose of Mr. Butt's pamphlets and of Sir John Gray's and the *Spectator's* scheme. The one is surrounded by many difficulties in practical detail, but is just and sound in principle, is virtually opposed by few, and as far as it could be made operative at all, would no doubt operate for good. The other involves the gravest questions of equity and policy, goes down to the very heart of the question of landed property itself, and might turn out the most fatal meas-

ure ever adopted towards the people who demand it.

In England most agricultural improvements—all at least of an important and permanent character—are the work of the owner of the soil, and are effected by his capital. In Scotland, where this is not so universally the case, the farmer is usually a man of means, has a sufficient lease with equitable provisions, and can take care of himself. In Ireland, if we put aside the case of the wealthy English proprietors, and the more energetic and scientific native landlords who have recently introduced a better system, such improvements and outlays as are made were, as a rule, formerly, and are still often, the work of the occupier; * and as the occupier has seldom a lease, and is liable to be ejected or to have his rent raised at the will of his landlord, common justice, as well as the interests of the land and the security for decent farming, obviously demand that for such of his outlays, either of money or labour, as have really benefited the land, and as he has not had time to reap the profit of himself, he should, when he gives up his occupancy, be reimbursed by his landlord or by the incoming tenant, one or other of whom enters into his labour, inherits, as it were, his improvements. Thus much may be conceded without controversy,—is, in fact, generally now conceded on all hands. The discussion now turns upon two points—*first*, Whether the tenant shall be compensated for all improvements which his landlord *has not forbidden*, or only for those which his landlord has actually *sanctioned*? And, *secondly*, On what principle, on what reason, and by what authority, those improvements shall be valued and repaid? The first question is not quite as easy as it appears to begin with; for it often happens that a tenant may wish to effect improvements which, in the landlord's judgment, and the landlord's point of view, are not improvements at all, but interfere with his ulterior projects for the good of the estate; as where the tenant puts up fences, though the landlord desires to throw several fields into one; † or when the occupier will erect wretched small farm-build-

* This, however, is usually stated far too broadly. The larger improvements, especially all those connected with drainage (the most important of all), are the work of the landlords, and the smaller tenants scarcely ever improve at all.—(See Judge Longfield's Evidence, and Lord Dufferin's *State of Ireland*, p. 232. In the case of four estates mentioned by Mr. Trench (House of Lords Committee) whose aggregate rental was £54,000, the landlords had expended in seventeen years no less than £142,719 in permanent improvements.

† It appears that where farms under fifty acres are usual, at least *ten per cent.* of the land is often

ings suitable for a holding of twelve or fifteen acres, but useless, and worse than useless, in the eyes of a proprietor who sees that his only chance of good and profitable management of his estate is to throw several farms into one as soon as he can, and erect suitable buildings for working that one on a large scale, in a scientific manner, and by the instrumentality of a tenant possessed of both capital and skill. The other question presents difficulties, but no insuperable ones. At present, the means provided by Mr. Cardwell's Bill for estimating the value of improvements about which a difference of opinion is entertained, are quite inoperative; nor, looking to the prevalent feelings in Ireland, can it be expected that individual magistrates or agents, or even Quarter-Sessions, will ever be accepted as satisfactory arbitrators; but we have little doubt that the competent and independent set of arbitrators suggested by Lord Dufferin, to be appointed and paid by the Government, would soon be able to establish a system of proceedings and basis of valuations that would practically solve all problems and preclude nearly all disputes. Certainly, there can be no doubt that compensation for all genuine improvements ought to be secured to the outgoing tenant, and as little doubt that qualified and impartial valuers could be found to do the work. Thus far nearly every one is agreed, that what is called vaguely "tenant-right" must be conceded and secured.*

But when persons point to the system of "tenant-right" in Ulster as one that works well, that has created harmony between owner and occupier, and contributed to the improvement of agriculture, and as one, therefore, that ought to be extended and sanctioned by law, they are satisfied with a very superficial and wholly erroneous view of the case. To all such we recommend a careful perusal of Lord Dufferin's evidence before the Committees of the House of Commons in 1865, and republished in his "Inquiry," and we think there will then remain little hesitation in their minds in pronouncing the system vicious in principle and mischievous in practice. It is only very partially, and usually not at all in actual fact, whatever it may be in theory, and might have been in its origin, a compensation paid by the incoming to the outgoing tenant for the unexhausted improvements made by the latter.

It is mainly, universally, and avowedly a purchase of the "good-will" of the farm—a payment made, and recognised by custom to be due, in order to secure peaceable possession of the holding, or, as Lord Dufferin calls it, a sort of "black-mail" paid by the new man to the old one to "bribe him not to interfere." In a word, and in fact, the new tenant has not only to *rent* his occupancy from the landlord, but actually to *buy* it from his predecessor in the occupation, and "sometimes to give ten, fifteen, or even twenty years' purchase of the rent," or *half, and more than half, the value in fee-simple of the land.** The mischievous effect of this custom, wherever it is, as it usually is, different from and in excess of that compensation for genuine outlay and improvement which we have already declared to be indisputably equitable, is threefold:—*First*, It greatly diminishes the rent received by the landlord, while it does not at all practically reduce the sum paid by the tenant, and, by thus crippling the landlord's means, incapacitates and indisposes him for those more judicious and permanent and large improvements which he might otherwise be inclined and able to make. *Secondly*, It renders the landlord more careless than he otherwise would be of the solvency of his tenant, and more easy than he ought to be in suffering him to fall behind in his payments of rent, since he is aware that, when his tenancy comes to an end, or when he is obliged to eject him for debt or for bad farming, he will nearly always be able to recover his arrears out of the lump sum paid over to the defaulter by his successor; and, as a matter of fact, he does thus secure and recoup himself against the results of his forbearance. *Thirdly*, The practice is directly conducive to bad farming and to tenant-wretchedness, since the incoming occupier has to hand over to his predecessor nearly or quite the whole of the capital on which he ought to have depended for the good cultivation of his farm, and without which he cannot possibly do justice to it. Nay, the case is often worse than this,—commonly enough he has to borrow the whole, or a large portion of the sum of money in question, and thus enters on his task an indebted, impoverished, and embarrassed man.† It is true that he recovers the sum he has paid (or most of it) at the expiration of his term, supposing that

occupied with fences—*Irish Emigration*, by Lord Dufferin, p. 352.

* There would still, however, be vast difficulties, both of principle and detail, an idea of which may be gathered from Lord Dufferin's *State of Ireland*, pp. 232-245.

* The Digest of the Devon Commission gives instances of far larger amounts than these—even up to fifty years' purchase in former days.

† Often he pays the interest of the sum borrowed, by surrendering to the lender one or two of his best fields!

he is ever called upon to give up possession, but this neither saves him from crippling poverty during his occupancy, nor does it enrich them at the end of it, for a considerable portion of it is too often by that time owing to his landlord. The system is bad in every point of view; and Lord Dufferin told the Committee that he had already spent £10,000 or £11,000 in endeavouring to extinguish it on his estates.

Two other points remain to be noticed in connexion with this branch of the question,—the law of distraint and the practice of granting leases. Many of the most thoroughgoing advocates of tenant claims would abolish the former and enforce the latter. They argue that to enable the landlord to take precedence of all other creditors, and to distraint upon the occupier's growing crops whenever he may be in arrear of rent, is to give the owner an unfair advantage, and to place the tenant in an unjustly inferior position; while they maintain further that, without the protection of a lease, no tenant can be expected either to take sufficiently deep and permanent interest in his holding to induce him to farm well, or to lay out capital or labour on improvements of which he is never secure of reaping the benefit himself. Those, however, who are practically acquainted with Ireland, even though among the most zealous promoters of an equitable and generous Landlord and Tenant Law, are, for the most part, of a very different opinion. They argue that, but for the security for his rent in ultimate resort which the power of distraint gives to the landlord, he would be forced to be far more strict than at present in preventing the rent from falling into arrear; that he would in simple self-defence be obliged to give a defaulting tenant notice to quit on the first occasion of default, instead of, as now, waiting for more prosperous years; and that evictions would become much more common and more prompt. We believe there is little doubt that they are right. With reference to the lease question, nearly all the most enlightened defenders of the claims and cause of the peasant, as may be seen both in the pamphlets and the evidence extracted by Lord Dufferin, agree that to give leases *indiscriminately* to small occupiers—*i.e.*, under 15 or 30 acres, according to the quality of the soil—would be undesirable and even mischievous; is not demanded by justice, inasmuch as these small holders are improvers; and would promote and stereotype that poor and bad farming which is the curse of Ireland. A good and capable farmer, they say, scarcely ever needs the security of a lease; and none but good and capable farmers ought to have it.

The chief point to notice, however, is that the best law of landlord and tenant, the utmost extension of leases to energetic and deserving occupiers which any well-informed friend of Ireland would advise, the most liberal, equitable, and ready system for securing compensation for *bona fide* improvements to evicted or retiring tenants, would affect only a very small portion of the farmers and peasantry of Ireland;—scarcely more, Lord Dufferin shows, than a quarter of a million, even if we include the tenant-farmers of Ulster who desire no change in the law, and the large and wealthy cultivators who need none to protect them. There is no doubt that a righteous and easily workable arrangement between landlord and tenant ought to be contrived. There is just as little doubt that when we had gone the utmost length in this respect that justice and the interest of the land required, we should have done literally nothing towards loyalizing and contenting the mass of the Irish people, because we should not have taken one step towards meeting their demands. They care little or nothing for compensation, for they are seldom or never improvers. The question of leases is irrelevant to them, for they never hold farms of a size to which leases could beneficially be granted. The entire landlord and tenant controversy passes over their head, and concerns them not. It relates to a grievance which they rather desire to retain than to remedy, inasmuch as it gives them allies and sympathizers in their agitation. It is universally admitted and avowed that what they want is not tenant-right but "fixity of tenure,"—*i.e.*, a virtual property in their holding, large or small, so long as they pay the stipulated rent. (Some go a step further, and claim security against ejection whether they can pay rent or not, but these we may leave out of the discussion.) That this is the real demand, the concession "the Irish" claim and believe they are entitled to have, there is no question; they avow it themselves, The O'Donoghue declares it for them, and thinks it ought to be granted,* so does Mr. Butt,† so does the *Spectator*, so does Mr.

* "I look upon the Bill" (writes The O'Donoghue to the National Association) "as utterly worthless. . . . According to my judgment, the land question can only be settled by the Legislature enacting that no man in the possession of an agricultural holding shall be dispossessed as long as he pays a fair rent. If the landlord and tenant cannot agree as to the rent, let it be determined by a valuator appointed by the State."

† "I neither criticise nor disparage any efforts to obtain something like a recognition of the justice of the claims of the Irish tenantry. Those efforts may

Bright, in effect. This, then, is the real question before us; this alone will meet the exigencies of the case; this alone will content and pacify the agitation; this alone will allay disaffection and restore tranquillity. To this, therefore, we must address ourselves.

In several respects, we feel ourselves to be in a better position for arguing the question with impartiality than, perhaps, most of those who have discussed it on either side. We recognise as strongly as any one can do the paramount urgency of tranquillizing Ireland, and, if possible, recovering the hearts of the Irish people, and are conscious of as earnest a desire to satisfy and to serve them by any effort and at any sacrifice. We admit fully and frankly that their passionate wish for the possession of land, and their conviction that a paternal and equitable government would secure them that possession, are perfectly natural, without attributing to them any lawlessness or love of spoliation. When we remember the old system of land-tenure in Ireland, the traditions and recollections of the conquest, and of too many pages of subsequent history, their ignorance and consequent inability to look beyond their own experience to considerations which involve the welfare and progress of the country, the sufferings and often total destitution that have often followed ejection from their holdings, and, as much as anything, the persistent endeavours of their agitators and leaders to represent them to themselves on all occasions as victims of systematic robbery and oppression;—we feel that, owing to these circumstances, there is too much truth in the sweeping statement of Mr. Butt, that “the whole system of landed property in Ireland is regarded by the great mass of the people as an alien institution; and all its rights are looked upon as enforced by conquest, and maintained only by a foreign force;” and that it is this perverted view of the subject, sedulously fostered by the enemies of the English connexion, that we have to deal with. Further than this, we recognise the present state of matters as so serious, and we confess in our past conduct so many sins, errors, and shortcomings,

be of great importance if they succeed in securing even an imperfect admission of the principles upon which all legislation affecting the relation of landlord and tenant ought to be based. But of this I am perfectly sure, that ‘the Irish Land Question’ never can be adjusted on any other principle than that of establishing fixity of tenure in the occupier, independent of any action on the part of the proprietors of the soil—and that until this is done, the elements of the old quarrel will continue to disturb and distract every relation of Irish social life.”—Mr. Butt—*Plea*.

ings, that we are quite prepared for any “exceptional legislation,” however bold and startling, which shall offer a reasonable prospect of effecting the tranquillization and loyalization we all desire, provided, only, it be not merely temporary and delusive, and be not purchased at the sacrifice of the true interests and the permanent progress of the people on whose behalf it is adopted. Finally, we are prepared to look at the matter solely in the interest of the masses, and, if necessary, to put aside in so grave a conjuncture the claims and wishes of the landlord class, and courageously to undertake whatever interference with “the rights of property,” as the phrase is, may be truly and imperatively demanded by the public good; for we believe that all a citizen’s possessions, and in a peculiar manner his landed possessions, are held only subject to the paramount necessities of the State and the welfare of the people; and we can see no reason why, if the prosperity and safety of the country require it, a man’s estate should not be taken from him (a full and fair price, of course, being paid him), to be distributed among his poorer fellow-citizens, just as freely, and precisely on the same principles, as for the construction of a railway or the erection of a fort. If it can be made out that it is really for the good of Ireland that “fixity of tenure” shall be decreed, or that peasants and tenant-farmers shall be endowed in fee-simple with the properties they now hold or rent from year to year, we should regard such measures as strictly just, warrantable, and statesman-like. Only we should require—as in the case of railway bills, and far more strictly and severely than with railway bills—that *the preamble shall be fully proved*.

The public has now before it three distinct plans for effecting the object,—that is for transforming the peasantry and actual tenant-farmers of Ireland either into perpetual and immoveable occupiers of their holdings at a fixed head-rent, or into actual proprietors in fee-simple, or into the one as a progress towards the other. The first is Mr. Bright’s. In his notable speech at Dublin, in October 1866, he advises “a Parliamentary Commission, empowered to buy up the large estates in Ireland, *belonging to the English nobility*, for the purpose of selling them on proper terms to the occupiers of the farms, and to the tenantry of Ireland.” A day or two afterwards he explained his crude plan a little more in detail. It appeared then, that he would have the State use its unrivalled credit as a borrower to obtain money at 3½ per cent., and employ this money in purchasing the estates of

absentees, and then re-sell these estates in small portions to the existing tenantry or peasantry; or, rather, let them at such annual rents (say 6 per cent. on the purchase money) as would render the holder absolute owner in fee-simple in fifteen or twenty years without any loss to the State. That is, he would have the Government Commission buy the property of Lord Derby, for instance, at (say) £35 an acre, and let it to Patrick O'Dogherty for (say) £50 or £60 a year, for a fixed term of years, after which period it should become his own.

Mr. Butt's plan is as follows, given in his own words:—

"The great charter of enfranchisement of the serfs of Ireland would be a Statute which would contain provisions such as these:—

"Every person in actual occupation of an agricultural tenement in Ireland, under any tenure, should be at liberty to serve a notice on his landlord that he elected to hold under the Statute.

"Upon service of this notice the rent to be paid should be fixed at a fair valuation, and a declaration made by a local tribunal entitling the tenant to be considered as holding at that rent.

"This declaration should be equivalent to a lease for sixty years at the specified rent, and subject to the following covenants:—

"To pay the rent.

"To cultivate the lands in a proper and husbandlike manner.

"To maintain and keep the premises in good order and condition, and not to sublet without the consent of the landlord.

"To these might be added a condition, that within a given number of years, say seven, the land demised should be put into good cultivation.

"The breach of any of these covenants to be attended by forfeiture of the interest; and in ejectment for non-payment of rent the forfeiture to be absolute, and the right of redemption to be taken away.

"All future lettings of land to be made in the same manner and subject to the same conditions.

"The operation of the Act might be limited to ten or twenty years. Within that time the present population would have acquired a proprietary interest in the soil. The country might then have arrived at a state in which such provisions might be dispensed with—most probably, with the approbation of all parties, they would be renewed."

The third plan is thus propounded by the *Spectator*, in its issue of December 28, 1867:—

"Our proposal is that the State should buy from the landlords, at a price to be fixed by scientific calculation, the right of raising the rentals of their farms; that, in fact, the landlords should sell their right of eviction, a right, we may remark, almost surrendered in Ulster. The tenant should then be offered this right in

consideration of an additional payment of, say, five per cent., of which two per cent. should form a sinking fund for the repayment of the principal advanced by Government. He would then be placed in the exact position of the old peasant in Bengal,—that is, he would, subject to a quit-rent at quarter-day and to the rights of sub-tenants, be actual owner of the soil. All disputes about improvements, cultivations, votes, or other subjects would end for ever, for the single claim of the landlord would be limited, as it is in Bengal, to the rent in cash on quarter-day. Further, the tenant would be sure, sooner or later, to sublet his farm,—the practice of which many friends of Ireland express such apprehensions. Let him sublet as deep as he likes or can, but every such sublease must be like his own, a perpetual lease, voidable only if the rent is not paid to the hour. The one grand fear of purely agricultural tenants, that they may 'lose their land,' may, that is, be thrown out of work, and turned out of their homes at one and the same moment, would then be ended; each man would reap the full reward of his own industry, and each would be imbued with that first and strongest of Conservative impulses, the wish to protect his own property from attack. At the same time, the landlord, enjoying his quit-rent and his demesne, would be the natural chief of the population round him, the greatest capitalist, the best educated resident, the man with the highest social position. So far from his property being confiscated, he would be guaranteed by the State alike in his present rental and his possible future profits; would lose nothing, except indeed the power to drive his tenants to the poll, or to take possession of improvements made with their cash."

The several schemes, it will be observed, differ in many of their details, and in their range of operation,—Mr. Bright's being the most moderate and the least complete; but all of them are pretty courageous and thorough-going, and propose to concede, if not quite all that the Irish occupier and labourer desire, at least all that their advocates, and those who share their sentiments, feel it decent to ask for them. Virtually, they would all, within their range of operation, effect a complete change in the ownership of the soil, and render the cultivators substantially the proprietors—as they claim to be. As we have said, we have no objection to offer to any of these schemes, provided they would effect the desired aim, viz., really be good for Ireland, really create a prosperous and happy peasantry and tenantry, really promote good agriculture, really satisfy, tranquillize, and loyalize the people. We have only therefore to consider how far they are likely to work these desiderated miracles.

The first comment we have to make is one that applies most obviously to Mr. Bright's proposal, but affects them all in a proportionate degree, and will be held by many to

be fatal to such plans *in limine*. They would eliminate the one improving and progressive element and influence in Irish agriculture that now exists. By general admission, one of the greatest and most universal of the evils of Ireland is the wretched condition of the cultivation of the soil,—its slovenliness, its clumsiness, its want alike of capital and science,—its backwardness, in short. At the time of the introduction of the Poor Law it was officially stated, and we believe never contradicted, that the number of persons engaged in cultivating a given acreage was *five* in Ireland against *two* in Britain, while the produce obtained was as *one* to *four*. It is notorious that nearly all the improvement—and it is very great in some parts—that has been effected since that time has been effected by the larger landlords, and not by the small tenants; and that the best cultivation, as well as the most prosperous tenants and the most comfortable peasantry, is almost invariably to be found on the estates of those wealthy and usually English proprietors, whom Mr. Bright would buy out and supersede by those who are, for the most part, among the worst farmers in Europe. The reason is simple enough: only large proprietors have wealth enough, science enough, enterprise enough, power enough, to oblige the Irish tenant to introduce and adopt those improved processes towards which his ignorance and fond foolish clinging to ancestral habits and ideas so strongly indispose him. But more than this, we do not find that security of tenure—not even the Ulster tenant-right which Mr. Butt so praises and so wishes to extend—is in the least degree a guarantee for a better state of things, or conducive to more careful and efficient culture. It would even seem to be the reverse. One of the most competent observers we know, just returned from the north of Ireland, writes thus:—

“The agriculture of Ulster, speaking generally, is such as, if seen in the worst cultivated parts of Scotland, would be held as proof that the farmer was a drunkard, or a bankrupt, or both; and the condition of the mass of the farmers, as to housing, clothing, and food, seems to me below that of the Scotch farm-labourers.

“Further, in almost all places where I found a better aspect of matters, I also found that there the owner had, so to speak, overridden the tenant-right system, and had taken the management of the land, as to houses, draining, etc., into his own hands, giving leases to competent and deserving tenants where they wished it, which, strange to say, they often do *not*, apparently owing to the general Irish repugnance to act on commercial rules, or to do anything of which the whole result is not visible or immediate.

“The same spirit keeps even those holding under practically permanent tenures from expending money on drainage; the outlay is immediate and the fruits distant, and therefore they prefer to hoard their means.”

The evidence before us is nearly uniform as to the fact that the small farms are in a worse condition and far worse cultivated than the larger ones; and that often farms held under an actually permanent tenure are the most maltreated and inefficiently cultivated of any.* The error of the advocates for the artificial introduction of peasant proprietorship into Ireland lies in the assumption, which has no warranty either in experience or in reason, that mere ownership or security of possession will supply the place or insure the advent of capital, science, sense, enterprise, and readiness to learn and to improve; everything, in a word, that is necessary to judicious and profitable tillage. We say, then, and we believe that all the facts of Ireland will bear out the conclusion, that to exchange large proprietors for small, wealthy ones for those of comparatively scanty means, still more, English for Irish ones, as Mr. Bright proposes, would be a retrograde measure towards the evils from which the country is only just beginning to emerge, would throw its agriculture back for half a century, and go far to banish that element of capital and science and enterprise in which alone progress and salvation can be found. If Mr. Bright, instead of looking at the question in his study or lecturing upon it in Dublin, would visit in succession the estates of those whom he proposes to eliminate, and the farms of those to whom he would transfer them, and compare the cultivation of the soil and the condition of the residents, whether labourers or tenants, we believe he would speedily come to doubt the success of his panacea.

That panacea, moreover, involves one special condition which is entirely left out of sight by its inconsiderate advocates, and which constitutes one principal if not fatal objection to the scheme. *The purchaser would have to spend in buying his farm the capital which he needs for its cultivation*, and which, if he is to do justice to it, and to succeed, he *must* devote to that purpose. In Ireland, at all events, he would rarely have money enough for both objects. The curse of Ireland and of agriculture is the want of capital among the farmers. The main reason—one of the main reasons at least—which keeps the cultivation of the soil, even in Ulster, where there is tenant-right and security of holding, in so deplorable

* Lord Dufferin—Evidence 2. 1499.

rably backward a condition, is, as we have already shown, that the incoming tenant has to spend, in purchasing from his predecessor the good-will of the farm, a sum of money, the sacrifice of which leaves him for life an impoverished and indebted man, incapacitated from tilling his land decently or to advantage. Mr. Bright's plan would start nearly all his newly-created proprietors in the same position. Political sects, amateur doctors, and off-hand statesmen of this school, forget that the strongest recommendation of the system of landlord and tenant, of placing the ownership and the culture of the soil in different hands,—and which maintains that system in the Lothians and in other districts of England and Scotland (to say nothing of Italy) where farming is carried to its utmost perfection, and where the farmers are exceptionally wealthy, skilful, and independent,—is that it leaves the occupier free to employ his whole means in carrying on his business; his capital is floating instead of being sunk; and manufacturers and producers are well aware that this circumstance constantly makes all the difference between success and failure. An Irishman with £1000 might make an excellent and improving *tenant* for a farm of twenty-five or even fifty acres; but he would be an embarrassed and crippled *proprietor* if he spent that sum in buying it. To obtain the land he would have sacrificed his means of making it a source of profit or of comfort or of peace.

The scheme propounded by Mr. Butt, and, with a trifling modification, endorsed by the *Spectator*, is not open to this objection, but to one or two others yet more fatal. Mr. Butt proposes to perpetuate the existing holdings, to render those who happen at this moment to be in occupation of certain plots of ground, the permanent possessors or owners of those plots, subject to the payment of a yearly head-rent which shall not be raised,—Mr. Butt says not for sixty-three years, the *Spectator* says never. Now, the first remark to be made upon this proposal is to point out its flagrant injustice to that portion of the people, certainly the most numerous, the most needy, the most discontented, and probably by no means the least avid of land, who at present are not holders, but merely labourers, paupers, or seekers of a subsistence of some sort. According to the last census, the entire number of land-occupiers (allowing five to a family) in Ireland was 2,767,320, or just half the population of the country.* The holders

(including families) of less than thirty acres, all of whom may be classed as poor, and most as very poor, were 2,031,280, out of a total number of certainly four millions and a half. This notable plan for pacifying and doing justice to Ireland, and contenting her population, would leave more than half her people not only without holdings, but deprived for ever of any chance of obtaining them, except, as now, by the ruin, or at the pleasure of landowners. By what pleas could the equity of such a plan be made good to the understandings of the excluded majority, and what would be their sentiments towards their luckier brethren, probably not one whit more deserving or more industrious than themselves, and assuredly not at all more passionately anxious to become landowners?

The second point to be noticed is, that this plan seeks to perpetuate, sanction, and solidify a division of the soil which, by the universal testimony of all observers, is recognised as the special curse and misery of the country. Out of 553,654 occupiers of land in Ireland, more than half, or 278,357, hold less than fifteen acres, 125,549 less than five acres, 40,080 only one acre or less. The condition of these small occupiers is described as usually wretched in the extreme; they are often, if not habitually, worse off than day-labourers; their cabins poorer, their garments more ragged, their sustenance more precarious and inadequate, while their fashion of the cultivation of the soil is disgracefully slovenly and unproductive. Probably a more evil deed could scarcely be done for Ireland than to perpetuate such a state of affairs and such a class of miserable landholders. The *Spectator* does not know these facts, for the *Spectator*, though the most thoughtful of all our public instructors, is sadly apt to fancy it can make thought do the work of knowledge, and to construct facts as well as theories "out of the depths of its own moral consciousness." But Mr. Butt does know his countrymen and their habits and conditions, and that he should have been betrayed into such recommendations may well surprise us. We have promised our readers not to overwhelm them with quotations, otherwise we could fill pages with corroborative testimony. The small occupiers are too poor to make improvements; they are too ignorant and unscientific to know how to improve; their holdings are too small to admit of anything like good farming; and they have not the means of main-

occupants of farms to be 441,000, many of whom are about the very worst that could be picked out as recipients of the boon of "fixity of tenure."—*State of Ireland*, p. 201.

* According to Lord Dufferin, the case is even stronger. He states the adult male population of Ireland to be 1,900,000, and the number of actual

taining or purchasing the necessary stock. They *half* cultivate the land in the way they saw their fathers do. Ireland, by its climate, is made for a grazing country; but holders of farms of five acres cannot take to grazing; they dig, because they cannot plough, on such holdings; they grow oats, which the weather often forbids to ripen, and fall back on potatoes, which bitter experience has shown to be the most perilous crop on which a people can depend. But whatever be the cause or *modus operandi*, of the fact there can be no doubt, nor, so far as we know, is there much difference of opinion about it. To establish and perpetuate the present holders and the present size of holdings in Ireland, would be to stereotype the worst form of agriculture and of agricultural life known in civilized countries in our days.

But, say our *doctrinaires*, filled with the half-known and half-understood details of *la petite culture* in Belgium and France (a large question, into which we shall avoid entering), and forgetting that the Irish soil and climate are entirely different from those of Belgium or France, and that the Irish are utterly dissimilar in character and habits from the French and Belgians, all this wretchedness and bad cultivation arises from insecurity of tenure. Once make the tenant owner or irremovable occupier, and his whole habits and nature will be changed, and the wilderness will blossom like a garden. Is it so? Here again a grain of observation and experience is worth an ounce of inference and speculation. The most unassailable and concurrent testimony of all acquainted with Ireland, whether we seek it in the records of the Devon Commission or of Mr. Maguire's Parliamentary Committee—among whose witnesses advocates of "justice to Ireland" were not wanting—declares in the most emphatic manner, not only that the smallest farms were, as a rule, incomparably the worst cultivated, but that the worst of all, those which showed the most villanous, slovenly, and backward agriculture and the most discreditable and miserable people, were invariably those let on long leases (three lives, and sixty-one years), and especially and notoriously those held in perpetuity, and at low rents.* A tenant-at-will often does his best, because he knows that he must farm decently or quit; a tenant secure in his holding can set his landlord at defiance, scratch a few fields, fatten a few pigs, and go to sleep. The Devon Commission, in particular,

abounds in instances and proofs. One witness says:—"In this district long leases have proved injurious to the condition of the tenants and the cultivation of the land. The tenant having secured a long term, procrastinates, gets into lazy habits, neglects his business, goes on contracting and impoverishing, until his land is exhausted and covered with paupers—himself the greatest." And he goes on to detail four cases of the sort, all on his own property. Another witness says:—"I know a farm which is upon lease for 999 years, and there is not such a badly managed estate round the country, nor one on which the people are so wretched." A third:—"On the estates let in perpetuity in this barony, the tenants generally are the poorest in the neighbourhood, have subdivided their farms to a great extent, and cultivate them very badly." And so on *ad infinitum*. The testimony of Judge Longfield and other friends of a fair tenant-right before Mr. Maguire's Committees all points in the same direction. What Ireland and the Irish peasant really need is the very opposite of the treatment Mr. Butt and the *Spectator* recommend.

We have now to notice a point on which these two authorities diverge. The *Spectator* would permit subletting and subdivision to the new proprietary, or quasi-proprietary, it would create by its "permanent settlement." Mr. Butt, more awake to the danger, and enlightened by some acquaintance with his countrymen and the experience of the past, would prohibit it, or give the landlord the absolute right of prohibiting it. It would come to precisely the same thing. No one should know better than Mr. Butt that however you may *prohibit* the practice, you cannot *prevent* it. Lord Dufferin (*Irish Emigration*, pp. 96-114) collects quantities of convincing evidence showing that the strictest covenants against subletting have always proved inoperative. They simply cannot be enforced. Even if a tenant is withheld from granting a lease or agreement to a sub-tenant, he cannot be prevented from dividing his farm among his children or friends, or allowing them to squat upon it and run up a miserable cabin on each separate field; and this, in fact, is the practice followed—with what evil and ruinous results no one is more aware than Mr. Butt. This practice is, in truth, the master mischief of Irish agriculture, that which, more than any other cause, brought Ireland to its present wretched state of overpopulation and destitution, that which culminated in the famine of 1846. Yet it is this which the recommendation of the *Spectator* would inevitably renew and multiply. It is impossible to describe the practice and

* It cannot be said that the scheme of "fixity of tenure" has not been fully tried, and is always self-condemned; for it is calculated that *one-thirteenth* of the soil of Ireland is thus held in perpetuity, and that this portion is always the worst farmed.

its fatal consequences as fully as would be desirable within our limits; but we must give a few lines to make its gravity in some measure understood.

The average Irishman, every Irishman nearly who is not exceptional or placed in exceptional circumstances, has three characteristics. He has not only an eager desire for land, amounting in many classes to an absolute craving or passion, but he has almost as strong a wish to be a *landlord*, and to have tenants under him. He greatly prefers the *otium cum dignitate* of receiving rents to the incessant labour of cultivating his own farm. Hence, as soon as he obtains possession of a holding of adequate size on a tolerably secure tenure, especially if in perpetuity or on a long lease, his invariable practice is to sublet, and probably in small lots, all that he does not need for the maintenance, according to his standard of maintenance, of himself and his family. But, besides this tendency, the Irishman is both gregarious in his tastes and a man of strong family affections; he likes to have those he loves about him; he cannot find in his heart to deny to his children the gratifications in which he has indulged himself; and therefore as they grow up and wish to marry (and most of them marry very early, both from wish and from priestly influence) he allots them each a few acres of his farm, and allows them to run up a miserable cabin in a corner of it. He does this for each in succession, and they in the next generation follow his example, till *morcellement* can be carried no further. This, moreover, is not all: the Irishman in his way is a philosopher—of the Epicurean school; he is contented rather than ambitious, satisfied with little, desirous rather to enjoy life than to rise in life; the very realized ideal of the poet's lines:—

“Happy the man whose wish and care,
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.”

Sociable, pleasure-loving, indolent, good-natured, inclined to live in the present rather than the future, his wants and requirements diminish rather than increase; and as long as he is safe from ejectment, and is among friends and connexions, he can be happy with the minimum of comfort and subsistence, and that minimum, and the area of land that will yield it, grow ever smaller and smaller. From these three tendencies and characteristics proceed subdivision of farms, inordinate increase of population, spreading poverty, a continuous lowering of the standard of plenty, comfort, and decency, miserable cultivation, reliance on potatoes, ill-paid or unpaid rents,

excessive amount of those rents, evictions, famines, discontent,—in a word, all those evil consequences which so long contributed to make Ireland what it was, and what it is only now beginning to cease to be. Those who are not aware that this is the case, and that these are the consequences, wherever there has been security or perpetuity of tenure, can have taken no pains to master the subject, for the means of informing themselves are abundant enough and easy of access; and if they are writers and public instructors their wilful ignorance is culpable dereliction of duty. If they believe that the security and perpetuity of tenure which they now advocate and would extend over the whole country, and confer on the whole people, will not produce in the future the same fruits it always has produced in the past, they are at least bound to give us some reason for the faith that is in them.

Of the extent and universality of the practice of subletting or subdivision, and of the utter failure and futility of all attempts made to prevent it, both the Devon Commission, Mr. Maguire's Committee, Sir George Lewis's pamphlet on Irish disturbances, and Lord Dufferin's two instructive *brochures*, contain the most abundant evidence and exemplifications. Lord Devon's inquiry about twenty-five years ago found 16, 20, 50, tenants or sub-lessees on farms let sixty years previously on long lease to a single farmer, often where the lease contained stringent provisions against the practice. Every tenant, as a rule, divided his land among his sons, till *ten* families were found subsisting, or trying to subsist, on *six* acres. In one case, the year 1747 saw sixty-three tenants on a given area,—a few years since there were 419 tenants and 274 cottiers. In 1747 each tenant had 110 acres; in 1847 the average was only 16 acres. On Lord Dufferin's property are two estates, which, in 1745, were let in perpetuity, the one to six, the other to seven tenants; the six farms are now twenty-five, and the seven have become twenty-seven. In both cases the sub-rents levied are higher, and the land in far worse condition than in the adjoining districts. In another instance, mentioned by Mr. Trench, where their were originally thirty-eight tenants on 44,000 acres, there were in 1841, 8000 tenants and 44,000 souls. Another case given in the Report of the Devon Commission, showing the subdivision effected in a single generation, by which two tenants have grown into twenty-nine, and 205 acres into 422 lots, may serve to complete the picture. It is a striking instance, but not an exaggerated one, of an almost universal fact.

But the scheme of Mr. Butt and the *Spectator* for contenting and redeeming the peasantry and tenantry of Ireland by rendering them secure and perpetual holders of their farms, which, if it were really operative, would infallibly produce the consequences we have just described, a few moments' further consideration will show could not practically be made to operate at all so as to secure the objects they have in view, and which constitute its sole recommendation. In the first place, what reason is there for believing that content and loyalty, and the peace which is to follow in their train, would be the issue of a system which must create, in a single generation probably, certainly in two, a swarming, unimproving, miserable population, ill-fed, ill-housed, and always on the verge of destitution—such, in a word, as the famine of 1846 fell upon? But, in the second place, it would be impossible to carry out the system in effect,—for one simple reason. Both Mr. Butt and the *Spectator* of course enact that there shall be the power of ejectment for non-payment of rent, if for no other cause; and the latter authority, as we saw, contemplates an immediate enhancement of the present rents in order to provide the sinking fund required. Now an immense preponderance of evidence shows that, even at present, ejectments for any other cause than non-payment of rent are rare in the extreme; yet ejectments, we are assured, are deplorably numerous. The fact is that existing tenants are frequently in arrear, are perpetually unable to pay at all, and they would be so under any system, and would be so of course increasingly when their rents were raised. Were the scheme proposed to be carried out, not a year would pass over our heads before some of the newly-established permanent tenants would have to be dispossessed for non-fulfilment of their one condition of tenure; the first two years of bad harvests would see evictions deplorably numerous; and before ten years were gone, what with default of rent, ruin in consequence of borrowed money, sale of right of occupancy by emigrating or despairing or drinking farmers, probably half the land would have passed back into the hands of the landlords or of other purchasers.* The energetic, the

frugal, the skilful tenant, the man possessed of a little capital, a little ambition, a little science, would thrive, as he does now. The indolent, the impoverished, the careless, the convivial tenant, would soon be in arrear with his rent, and be forced to forfeit his holding, just as he is now; and, as now, the latter class would be the many, and the former class would be the few. And the evicted, though obviously evicted only for their own default, and as a consequence of their own incapacity, would be just as discontented as they are now; would hate England, and abuse the English Government as the source of their misfortune, precisely as they do now. That any one who knows the average Irishman, his qualities and his characteristics, his agriculture and his habits, can bring himself to believe that he will for a series of years pay a fixed rent without fail, or that if he be owner he will not sell his land, or so subtil it as himself to become an evictor, and that matters will not thus soon fall back into the old vicious routine, with increased numbers to suffer from it, does seem to us a strange example of what Dr. Johnson calls "the triumph of hope over experience."

One final objection yet remains to be noticed, an objection applying to the wisest and fairest form that can be devised of the scheme for regenerating Ireland, by rendering her farmers permanent and irremovable occupiers of their tenancies. It is, that the area of the country would not suffice for the purpose. The main proportion of the population lives on the land, and subsists by its cultivation. The *borough* population of England is 44 per cent. of the whole; that of Ireland is only 14 per cent. The proportion living in *towns* (of 2000 inhabitants) in England is 61 per cent.; in Ireland (in towns with 1500 inhabitants) it is only 20 per

eviction is subject to redemption by the tenant at any time within six months. This privilege I propose to abolish, and to make the eviction absolute at once.

"I propose to bind the tenant to proper cultivation of the farm, and to the maintenance of all improvements; and, in the event of his failing in either of these conditions, he incurs, in like manner, the forfeiture of the interest which the Statute confers upon him."—*Fixity of Tenure*, p. 5.

* In discussing this question, we have been anxious to confine ourselves strictly to the consideration of what could be best for the tenants and the peasantry,—what would really conduce to the well-being and content of "the people." But those who are disposed, as all fair-minded persons will be, to regard the equity and justice of Mr. Butt's proposal as concerns the landlords, may see its enormity most ably and temperately exposed in Lord Dufferin's *State of Ireland*, p. 29 *et seq.*, as well as Judge Longfield's and Mr. O'Connell's indignant denunciations of the scheme.

* We have here greatly understated the case, for on looking further we find that Mr. Butt would eject these "fixed" tenants not only for failure to pay the covenanted rent, but for bad farming also:—

"The interest in the soil thus conferred upon him he should retain only so long as he proves himself a punctual and improving tenant. Non-payment of the rent should be followed by forfeiture of his interest. I propose to make the ejectment for non-payment of rent an absolute one. At present the

cent. The *country*, or agricultural population of Ireland, the numbers to be provided with land, must therefore be taken even now, reduced as it has been, at 4,500,000, or 900,000 *families*. Now, most of the witnesses examined specify twenty or thirty acres as the least which can be farmed to advantage, so as to enable the occupier to live in decent comfort, and to pay regularly a fair rent; to make him a safe and desirable man, in fact, to give a lease or a permanency of any sort to. Several men of experience, and well-disposed towards the tenant, place it a good deal higher, but of course much depends on the quality of the soil. If we take the minimum at twenty-five acres of *average* land, we shall certainly not be overstating the size of farms that is desirable. But the entire surface of Ireland cultivated, or capable of and able to repay cultivation, putting aside towns, water, bog, and irreclaimable waste, is only 15,000,000 acres; and this, if the *whole* were divided among the 900,000 families, would only allow seventeen acres to each instead of the needed twenty-five. The plain fact, notorious in spite of all attempts to blink it, is, that in Ireland far too large a proportion of the people are dependent on the soil. She needs other resources, other industries, other occupations. And one word in conclusion on a cognate subject before quitting this part of our question. Those who point to France, Belgium, and Switzerland, as examples of the good effects of peasant proprietorship and subdivision of land occupancies, are apt to leave out of view three or four very relevant and significant facts:—*First*, That all three countries are eminently manufacturing ones, and that a very large proportion of their inhabitants subsist wholly or mainly on a variety of non-agricultural pursuits. *Secondly*, That in France the population of the rural districts does not and cannot be allowed to increase; in several parts it is even diminishing; the surplus flock into the towns. *Thirdly*, That in Switzerland large numbers leave the country for many years to seek their fortune abroad, and return home enriched men to enjoy it. *Fourthly*, That both in Switzerland and France the natural increase of the population is artificially checked and discouraged, as indeed in all countries of peasant proprietorship and *morcellement* it must be. And, *finally*, that in France, the land *par excellence* of subdivided holdings, more than half the proprietors are both indigent and indebted to the extreme.

That the condition of the mass of the Irish people has enormously improved in the course of the last thirty years, that this improvement has been continuous and marked,

notwithstanding the apparent check given to it by three wet seasons in succession, that this improvement has been contemporaneous with the consolidation of farms that has taken place and the restoration of much land to the sort of crops for which it was best adapted, and has been in no small degree traceable to that process, that the wages of all kinds of labour have risen from 25 to 60 per cent., however Mr. Butt and Lord Dufferin may differ as to their precise amount, and that the extraordinary emigration which has continued for so many years, has been a main and indispensable agent in these changes for the better, though some persons may regret its extent and its consequences on political or sentimental grounds,—these are points as to which there is and can be little controversy. That the introduction and extension of manufacturing industry, especially of the woollen and the cotton trade, is needed to supplement and aid the progress that has been already made there can be no question. If there were a brisk demand for manufacturing labour land would be less run upon, competition would become less keen and bitter, and rents less excessive and unpayable. That emigration will continue with little diminution it is impossible to doubt, in the face of the fact that half a million of money yearly is remitted from the Irish in America to the Irish in the old country, in order to assist it. Nor till manufactures are largely introduced, and till the number employed upon the land is reduced to that really required for its thorough cultivation, is it easy to see that the annual expatriation of 100,000 redundant hands and mouths can be other than a blessing both to those who go and to those who stay; though we may fully sympathise with the emigrants who are forced (as so many Scotch and English and Germans are forced likewise) to leave their native land in search of plenty and prosperity. It is necessary simply to recognise the truth, that for all people, except under the rarest circumstances, it is impossible in the Old World both to multiply *ad libitum* and to stay at home. To all who are disposed to repine at the necessity, as it bears upon the sister isle, we recommend the perusal of Mr. Maguire's most interesting, wordy, overflowing, suggestive, but one-sided book, *The Irish in America*. It is true that he sees everything Irish *en beau*, that he writes as if the Irish emigrants were not only the *élite* of settlers and of humanity, but far the most prosperous and successful; that he ignores, if he does not altogether misrepresent, the estimate formed of his countrymen in America and the feelings with which they are regarded by the natives

of their adopted country. But his work brings out two most important points in the clearest light, and in strong, and apparently quite unintentional, relief. The first of these is, that the Irish do not change their nature, nor greatly the lot which that nature entails upon them, by merely crossing the Atlantic, showing pretty clearly that it is not solely English misgovernment or English injustice which is answerable for their misfortunes at home. They succeed or they fail in the New World just as they display those qualities and retain those habits which have brought them success or failure in the Old World. Where they are frugal, energetic, industrious, and sober, they get on splendidly. Where they are improvident, reckless, convivial and inclined to drink, they always go to the bad. Where they go at once into the interior, and take to farming or farm-labour, they prosper and rise in the world as fast as others. Where they linger in cities, live on odd jobs, or as navvies and dockyard labourers, they usually remain nearly as wretched as in Ireland, and constitute the lowest portion of the population,—discreditable to the land they have quitted, a mischief, an embarrassment, an evil element, and a bad example in the land they have adopted. Wherever the Irish are in a degree isolated, and scattered among natives or English and Scotch settlers, they seem to adopt their habits, and character, and mode of life. Wherever they congregate together in considerable numbers, there, as a rule, they remain Irish still. In the mines and ironworks of America, as in Ireland and England, they too often constitute the turbulent, unmanageable, combining, "striking," disaffected portion of the workmen. In New York—there especially, though not there alone—they are a source of great injury to the best interests of the city and the State, not liked, not respected, but ruthlessly used and duped. Mr. Maguire draws a deplorable picture of their wretchedness, but he says not a word of their rough proceedings or their political operation. We are left to learn this from other and from native sources. It appears, from two remarkable articles in the *North American Review*, that in the great metropolis of the United States, the "foreign vote"—nearly all Irish—constitutes 60,000 out of 100,000, or a decided majority; that these usually vote together, and have therefore become a power in all elections, must be considered, must be won, must be managed, must be *bought*, in a word;—that there, as at home, they are fond of politics, and a most evil influence in politics, and that to these men, and to the newspapers which are chiefly in Irish hands, some of the worst features, and

much of the lamentable degradation of American political life is traceable. They elect the judges in New York, they elect the municipal council,—sometimes, indeed, they become councillors, and share in and divide the spoil; and what sort of men the judges and councillors there are, the two articles in question, well known, never controverted, and from purely American sources, will enable our readers to understand. Anything more corrupt, unscrupulous, shameless, or pernicious, it is not easy to conceive. Nor are the men they send to Congress or the State Legislature much better.

The other reflection strongly impressed upon us by the perusal of Mr. Maguire's glowing, and we have no doubt strictly correct, description of the prosperity of Irish settlers in Canada and the United States, the former especially, is wonder how any friend to his countrymen can wish to keep them at home. To go from Ireland to Nova Scotia, to Illinois, or the banks of St. Lawrence, would seem to be like stepping (through a temporary but very brief *mauvais pas*) from Purgatory to Paradise, from penury to wealth, from starvation to abundance. Nearly every man had the same tale to tell. "I landed at Halifax or New York eight, ten, sometimes only five years ago, without a shilling, or only with an axe; I went up country, worked for wages till I could purchase a few acres of my own; laid by, and struggled hard; and now I have a good house and a comfortable farm, all my own property, of 200 or 300 acres, am worth £2000, £3000, £5000; and every one of my sons can be certain of doing just as well." Yet these men when in their native country had, as a rule, only a miserable holding of three or five acres—for which they were often unable to pay rent—a wretched cabin, no hopes, and no ambition. Now compare for a moment the average, the *certain* prospect, which awaits the sober and industrious Irishman who emigrates to America, with the best prospect that he could dream of at home, were he ever so sober and industrious. Suppose Ireland "governed in conformity to Irish ideas," tranquil and prosperous almost beyond rational hopes, manufactures introduced, wages trebled, "fixity of tenure" conceded, what would be the brightest possibility within reach of the ordinary Irishman? To earn 18s. a week, to hold ten acres of not very rich soil, to feel that his sons, if they did not emigrate, could have only five or three, to live in a cabin, comfortable perhaps according to his notions of comfort, to forget the future, or, if he remembered it, to remember it with anxiety. What lies before him ten days further west? In a very

few years a position as landed proprietor, a career, a political career if he desire it, yearly increasing wealth, absolute plenty and comfort, and perfect freedom from all anxiety either for himself or his children. What country in the Old World, what government in Ireland, though "native" to the core, could offer him anything like this? And wherein lies the secret of the marvellous contrast? Not in government, not in race, not in religion, not because he is oppressed in the one country and free in the other; but simply and solely in two facts, which no people and no sovereign can alter: that in Ireland men are redundant, and that in America they are scarce; that in the Old World labour can be had for a shilling a day, and land only for £50 an acre; whereas, over the water, labour commands five or eight shillings a day, and land can be bought for five shillings an acre—or less. In one case *one day's* work can purchase one acre; in the other case not *three years'* work.

That emigration from Ireland has not, thus far, gone on too fast is certain, for as we have seen, there are still 300,000 families more than are needed for the cultivation of the soil, and the manufacturing industry that should absorb them has not yet been established, and shrinks from so restless and turbulent a land. Whether it may not be found in a few years to have gone far enough,—and to be still going on when we might, under altered circumstances, wish to check it,—is another question, and a grave one, which has not received the attention it deserves. There is one feature especially in the emigration that calls for particular notice, and that is, *the age of the emigrants*. The population statistics of Ireland are not yet perfectly accurate, but the *natural* annual increase—*i.e.*, the excess of births over deaths—may be stated at about 50,000, while the average annual emigration is about 110,000, showing a balance of decrease of 60,000. Now, if this number consisted of old and young alike, or equally of all ages, the drain would be no greater than appears on the face of the figures, and might well be borne. But it is not so. It consists of the breeding ages; those who go are precisely those from whom the population is recruited—namely, those between 20 and 40, and to a great extent young couples recently married, or beginning to have young families. It is obvious that if every year we were to export all who married at the age of 20, and to do this for twenty years, the country would speedily be depopulated, though an equal number of those between 40 and 50 would entail no such result. In the one case we export only the actual number of emi-

grants; in the other case we export not only themselves but all their future progeny. Now, we have no means of stating with certainty the ages of the emigrants each year, but we know enough to be sure that they are mainly of the class referred to, and that our conclusion is confirmed by the analysis of the population that remains. Thus, of the emigrants from Irish ports for the five years between 1851 and 1855, *fifty-one* per cent. were between 20 and 40 years of age, and 26 per cent. between 10 and 20,—*i.e.*, we may say at least *sixty-five* per cent. were of the breeding ages. In 1865, of Irish emigrants sailing from all ports, 65 per cent. were between 15 and 85 years of age,—or we may say 70 per cent. of the breeding ages. This has already told on the population at home, for the proportion between 20 and 40 years of age, which is 30 per cent. in England, is only 27·8 per cent. in Ireland; and in comparing the census returns of 1861 and 1861, we find that while there is an increase of 134,000 of those under 5 and over 55 years, there is a decrease of 886,000 of those between those ages. It may, therefore, be expected, as this process has now been going on for twenty years, that ere long we shall perceive a marked diminution in the state of national increase, and that the births will cease to exceed the deaths in the same ratio as at present.*

Of sundry minor schemes, many of them mere modifications of the larger ones, for setting Ireland to rights, we have left ourselves no space to speak, nor perhaps is it necessary; but we may just notice in passing the recommendation of the writer, "Philo-celt," who, in the columns of the *Daily News*, has often been an eager antagonist of Lord Dufferin. This gentleman, while utterly repudiating Mr. Butt's plan of "fixity of tenure," as sure to prove a mere aggravation of Ireland's evils, advocates the creation of a "peasant proprietary" as the real cure (January 14). He would abolish primogeniture, bring land freely into the market, and sell it in small lots adapted to the means of really qualified purchasers, *how* small he does not say, but we may assume not in smaller ones than, as all witnesses agree, admit of being farmed with advantage. Now, without going into the question of the social and economical effects of peasant-proprietorship, a subject which has been discussed *usque*

* The Irish Registrar-General's Reports, were the figures complete and trustworthy, would strongly confirm the above results. They give the birth-rate in Ireland as one in 40; in England it is one in 28. But the system of registration has been too recently established in Ireland to enable us yet to trust the records.

ad nauseam, and on which a vast amount of information, collected from various sources, is contained in Lord Dufferin's second pamphlet, we may remind "Philocelt" of two or three facts which he appears to have overlooked. The first is, that the abolition of primogeniture, or any artificial scheme like Mr. Bright's for making the soil of Ireland change hands by purchase, can scarcely be necessary, when within a very few years sales, for the most part *bonâ fide* sales, to the amount of upwards of £30,000,000 have been effected by the Encumbered Estates' Court; that, according to a statement made by the Solicitor-General for Ireland in 1861, when only £28,000,000 had been sold, more than *five-sixths* of the proceeds had been paid by Irish purchasers; that more than a sixth of the whole area of the island, or upwards of 3,200,000 acres, had thus been disposed of, and disposed of so as to effect a very considerable subdivision of the larger properties; 8547 estates having, at that date, been conveyed to 8364 purchasers, and, as far as we can make out, in 11,024 lots, which gives an average of 300 acres, and of course implies that many lots must have been of far smaller area. The average number of the sales effected in the last three years has been 340, and the average price paid for each lot about £3800.

It appears, however, that new evils are arising, as they were certain to arise in Ireland, from that very plan of selling in small lots to suit purchasers which "Philocelt" advises as a remedy:—

"A very acute observer" (writes Lord Dufferin), "the agent of an estate in the north of Ireland, though himself a native of the south, thus signalizes the dangers which are already becoming apparent from the minute division of property now promoted by sales in the Encumbered Estates Court:—

"I have several times mentioned to you the evils likely to arise from the sales in the Landed Estates Courts. Under the original Encumbered Estates Court, properties were brought to sale in large lots, suitable only for the purses of moneyed men, and accordingly they were purchased at such a price as enabled the buyer to let the lands at fair rents to the tenants. After a time the demand for land in small lots became so great, owing to many of the farming class returning with money from the gold diggings, etc., etc., that persons having the carriage of sales at once decided on making the 'lots to suit purchasers,' and in almost every instance the landlord class of gentry were, and still are, beaten out of the market; the large prices given by the class I have mentioned, being such as to reduce the interest on the outlay in several instances which I could mention below two per cent. . . . The buyer is not of the standing in life to care for the

comforts of those under him; his income is small—much smaller owing to the high price he gave for the lot. . . . The reason I mention middle men is that I see daily a class of men becoming landlords, in consequence of the sale of small lots in the Landed Estates Court, who are in every respect similar to those men."

Professor Cairnes has made the same observation:—

"There is, however, a partial counter-current, of which I have not seen any public notice. A class of men, not very numerous, but sufficiently so to do much mischief, have, through the Landed Estates Court, got into possession of land in Ireland, who, of all classes, are least likely to recognise the duties of a landlord's position. These are small traders in towns, who, by dint of sheer parsimony, frequently combined with money-lending at usurious rates, have succeeded in the course of a long life, in scraping together as much money as will enable them to buy fifty or a hundred acres of land. These people never think of turning farmers, but, proud of their position as landlords, proceed to turn it to the utmost account."

The *Economist* newspaper in last November contained perhaps the best practical suggestion as to the method of proceeding which has yet, so far as we know, been put forth. It recommended "experimental legislation:—"

"Why," it asks, "when we cannot *know*, should we not *try*? Why, whenever practicable—and it constantly is perfectly practicable—should we not ascertain the effect of a measure about which we doubt and doctors disagree, in one or two districts, instead of introducing it blindly over the whole country? Why, of two rival schemes for correcting a great mischief or rectifying an admitted grievance—neither of which schemes seems perfect, and each of which has yet much to recommend it—should we not try one scheme in one place, and the other scheme elsewhere? A wise and modest physician when dealing with a new remedy or a new disease—or with diseases and remedies which he is conscious he only imperfectly understands—does not administer the same medicine in the same doses to all his patients, but gives one drug to one and another to another, or ten grains to one and five grains to another, and then watches their operation, and determines upon his ultimate and general mode of practice, according to the ascertained result. Why do the physicians of the State so seldom dream of acting in a similarly rational fashion? Why, in a word, being ignorant and devoid of the gift of unerring foresight, are we not more tentative and experimental in our legislation? There are surely scores of instances where we might be so, easily, safely, and with manifest advantage; and the amount of political wisdom and experience we might accumulate by such a course of action is incalculable.

"There is one question especially which is now pressing upon us with unprecedented urgency,—which will admit of no delay, no trifling, and no blunders,—which is singularly grave, singularly difficult, singularly complicated by the fierce passions engaged on both sides of the controversy,—the solution of which depends, or ought to depend, mainly on the results which would flow from the adoption of this or that principle or scheme, while yet those results are peculiarly difficult to foresee, or at least are matters of much discrepancy of opinion among those concerned as well as among grave, impartial, and observing politicians,—a question, therefore, especially fitted for decision by experiment—by such fair, limited, adequate experiment as is practicable, safe, and uncommitting. We mean the Irish land question. Lord Dufferin, in his address to the Social Science Association at Belfast the other day, threw out a wise and prolific suggestion on this subject, which well deserves most deliberate consideration by our statesman. Politicians differ *toto cœlo* as to the way in which this great question ought to be decided, but they all agree that, till it is decided one way or the other, there will be no tranquillity in Ireland and no comfort for England. Some argue that it is but just that the land should be owned in one shape or another by the people who live upon it and cultivate it;—that this conviction and the passion for property in land are so deep-rooted and so fierce in the Irish peasant, that yielding to them will loyalize and pacify him at once, and that nothing else can;—that 'fixity of tenure' or actual ownership would develop in him, as by magic, those virtues of industry, forethought, good husbandry, abstinence from undue reproduction, in which he has hitherto been so deficient;—that, in short, *la petite culture* and peasant proprietorship are the remedies for the woes of Ireland, and the true mode of inaugurating her prosperity and developing her resources. Others take precisely the opposite view:—they argue that 'fixity of tenure' cannot be granted or insured, because it involves and implies regular payment of the stipulated rent, and that the Irishman will constantly fail in this, and thus necessitate ejection or distraint, and its consequent irritation, disloyalty, and outrage;—that the Irish peasant, if fixed in his small holding, would increase and multiply as he did in the cottier times, and thus get the country once more overrun with multitudinous paupers as before; that if he became owner in fee-simple, he would instantly sublet his farm in smaller lots, on which tenants could not live, or could live only in wretchedness;—that the Irishman, left to himself, is essentially and incurably a bad, unscientific, unimproving, and exhausting farmer;—and that to hand over the soil to him as he desires in small properties or holdings would be simply to sink back into the Slough of Despond from which the country is only just emerging, and to begin to tread the old vicious and fatal circle once again. We have, of course, our own distinct opinions on the subject; but why should we not, in place of idly speculating, practically ascertain which anticipations are

correct? Why should not the Government—which has taken, which has been forced to take upon itself so many strange functions in Ireland—purchase encumbered estates, or the estates of willing sellers, on a great scale,—say half a province, or three or four counties, such as Donegal, Mayo, Galway, and parts of Limerick and Cork? Why should it not then proceed to let one portion in suitably-sized farms to suitable tenants, at reasonable and remunerative rents, with such precautions against subletting as are equitable and could be readily enforced, and with only such provision for enforcing payment of rent by process of eviction as is obviously indispensable; and thus try the Hindu Ryotwar plan, or the Irish 'fixity of tenure' plan, on a scale which would render the experiment a fair and conclusive one? Why should it not further sell out and out, with a simple Parliamentary title, other portions of its acquired territory, to such Irish purchasers as had means of purchase or could give adequate security, and then leave them to 'do what they will with their own?' Probably not a generation, perhaps not half a generation, would elapse before all men might satisfy themselves, not only which set of political prophets had shown the sounder wisdom and the juster appreciation of the Irish nature, but which scheme—absolute ownership, or fixity of tenure with a determinate yearly payment, or the existing landlordism and tenant farming—was best adapted to the country and the people,—and during that generation or half-generation, at least, we might look for peace. And a generation of peace might be the salvation of Ireland: it would, at all events, be a blessing and a novelty. And during that generation we should have had three agricultural experiments working side by side—*la grande culture*, under wealthy and powerful and enterprising landlords,—*la petite culture*, under controlled tenancy,—and peasant proprietorship in its unrestricted form;—so that we should be unteachable indeed if we could not draw irrefragable conclusions from the spectacle."

A few parting words by way of summary. We have tasked the reader's patience by an undeniably long article, because we have had to travel over much ground, but we have been far briefer than we should have been had we ventured to adduce proofs and testimony in support of the several propositions we have laid down. But this would have made our article absolutely unwieldy, and we can only affirm that we have, to the best of our belief, made no statement that is not amply borne out by the several irrefragable authorities to which we have referred. As to the widespread discontent and disaffection of the Irish at home, and the bitter and fanatical animosity of a large number of those who are settled in America, there can, we fear, be little doubt. As little doubt can there be that these sentiments, though partly traceable to, and in a great

measure justified by, the conduct of England toward Ireland in former times, have no warranty whatever in our present attitude or behaviour, or in any with which we can be fairly charged for eight-and-twenty years—with the single exception of the Church Establishment, which, though a wrong and a grievance, is notoriously not the source of the disloyalty or misery we lament. Least of all can it be doubted that this bad feeling, which might otherwise have died out under the many proofs of English anxiety to do justice and relieve distress, and under the indisputable improvement which has been effected in many parts and in most respects, has been sedulously fostered by foreign enemies, by malignant friends, by leaders of the populace who seek for nothing short of revolution, by perverse and shallow politicians whose nostrums and denunciations are among Ireland's greatest dangers and saddest symptoms. Nor does it seem to admit of question that of the several objects aimed at, and the several demands made on behalf of Ireland, by those who arrogate to themselves the exclusive title of her friends, some are simply impossible, others futile and irrelevant, others again utterly pernicious and suicidal; that in a steady maintenance of the just rights of property, and a strict discharge of its duties, and not in an invasion of the one or a transfer of the other, is the future good of the country to be sought; that in continuous, but natural and unstimulated emigration, and in the restoration of the land to that mode of culture for which soil and climate are obviously best adapted; *i.e.*, in the very processes which are now going on, and which so many speculators lament, lies the surest road to prosperity and comfort both for those who go and those who stay; and that if only Ireland were permitted by her wretched children to have a single generation of tranquillity, the healing work would be completed and sealed by the introduction of commerce and manufactures. Let us not be driven from the sound course on which we have entered either by despair at the slow processes by which only salvation can be reached, or by the impatience and turbulent discontent of those who cannot wait for the future because they suffer so severely in the present, or by idle doubts of the correctness of our policy, merely because it is inadequate to undo in half a generation the consequences of ten generations of blunder and misrule. There is no panacea for Irish woes; there *can* be no sudden cure, no magic nostrum, no infallible antidote, for evils which are deeply rooted in history, more deeply rooted still in the character and habits of the people. "Exceptional legisla-

tion for exceptional evils" if you will, provided you can prove that it will mitigate and not aggravate those evils; but, *failing such proof* (and such proof always has failed most signally), there is nothing for it but perseverance in plain work and discharge of ordinary duties, the enforcement of equal laws, protection to landlord and tenant alike, and, if possible, the restoration of tranquillity by the most prompt and reliable administration of justice,—and then to await the result (giving time for such result to come) with untiring patience, but with no sanguine hopes. Meanwhile, in our conception, those are the worst enemies of Ireland, and among the worst citizens of England who persist in dangling before the eyes of a deluded and fanatic people either the phantom of independence or the vision of repeal, or the still more fatal hope of a division of the land among the peasantry, in any shape, under any disguise, or by any means. It is in abandonment by the Irish of Irish faults and of Irish dreams, and not in such sedulous fostering of both as it is now becoming the fashion to recommend, that rescue and redemption must be sought. It is most desirable that the actual state of the case should be declared in the plainest and most uncompromising language both to Ireland and the world. Every proclivity towards, or attempt at, separation, all Englishmen and Scotchmen, and at least one-third of Irishmen, are resolved to put down, by the strong hand, at all hazards, at any cost, and with any necessary sternness. It is indispensable that we should do so; it is certain that we shall do so; it is at once our duty, our policy, and our right. Repeal we will not even discuss; it has already been discussed *ad nauseam* fully and fairly; nine-tenths of us will listen to it no longer. "Fixity of tenure," legislative expropriation of landed proprietors in favour of peasants or cottiers, in any shape, we may be confident will lose advocates the longer it is argued and examined. "To govern Ireland in conformity with Irish ideas"—that is with the ideas of the mere Celtic and unreflective majority—is simply impossible; it is idle to talk of it; it would be fatal to attempt it. Those who persist in repeating the parrot-phrase are mere hinderers of work, postponers of the day of real practical progress and education. The language of statesmen to Ireland should be:—"We will rule you justly, beneficially, forbearingly, to the utmost of our power; we will not leave you the ghost of a genuine grievance; but we will never let you go; we will never undo the Act of Union; you shall share for weal or woe in all the privi-

leges and in all the obligations of the common empire; and you shall not be given over to be irretrievably ruined by the crude conceptions or the futile dreams or the bitter passions of the least cultivated, least advanced, and least energetic portion of your people. Cease to cry over spilt milk; accept the irreparable; renounce the unattainable; and all may yet be well,—and be well speedily."

One word in conclusion,—which perhaps might have been more fitly placed at the commencement of this paper. The general impression now prevalent in the public mind, and traceable mainly to that outbreak of chronic discontent, aggravated by foreign exacerbations which calls itself Fenianism, — that Irish wretchedness, destitution, and social disorder are increasing, and have at length reached a pitch which necessitates immediate and decisive action,—is, we believe, entirely erroneous, and is contradicted by every unquestionable fact which can be adduced and established. All statistics, as well as all observation, show that Ireland is improving, and improving rapidly, and needs nothing but steadiness, time, and repose. Wages are rising, and have risen greatly, and are nearly as high in most places as they are in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, while the cost of living is much lower. Indeed, there is much reason to believe that, at the present moment, we have severer distress in England than in Ireland. Even during the last three years—two of them, at least, bad seasons—improvement has been going on. The number of acres under tillage has increased in proportion to the population (*i.e.* *per head*) fifty per cent. since 1847. The aggregate value of the crops has risen since 1860 *twelve* per cent.; the number and value of live-stock *twenty-five* per cent.; crime has decreased *thirty* per cent.; pauperism (since 1863) *eleven* per cent.; emigration *forty* per cent.; lastly, the number of families living in mere

mud one-roomed hovels decreased *sixty* per cent. between 1841 and 1861; those decently housed remained the same; those well housed increased *thirty-three* per cent.* In the face of these facts, to cry out, as we are doing, that "something must be done at once," and to be prepared, as we are, to do something very rash, is not creditable to our honesty or good sense; and statesmen, and Liberal politicians more especially, should set themselves to quiet the clamour, not to swell it, or to make political capital out of it.

P. S.—Since this article was in type, Earl Russell and Mr. Mill have given to the world their respective notions on Irish questions. The views of the two eminent Liberal politicians are, as might be expected, utterly divergent on the Land Tenure question; and the Peer has as decidedly the advantage in wisdom and in temper as the philosopher has in mere force and incisiveness of style. The member for Westminster scarcely alludes to the Irish Church at all; he simply *assumes* its abolition as a settled point, and almost a *fait accompli*. The retiring Premier puts it prominently forward, but proposes to deal with it in a fashion that will scarcely find favour with our readers,—*viz.*, by endowing all three sects with the temporalities of the existing Establishment in proportion to the members of the several adherents. Earl Russell adopts unreservedly the principles we have here advocated as to Land Tenure; Mr. Mill not only gives in his adherence to the "Perpetual Settlement" scheme of the *Spectator*, but insists on its instantaneous and submissive acceptance, with an intemperate and dictatorial vehemence that, coming from so great a master of reason and of thought, is absolutely startling. Mr. Mill absolutely mixes too much passion in his advocacy to be a safe guide; he is more prone to have his hobbies and hisrotchets than so leading a philosopher ought to be—and peasant-proprietorship has always been one of these. But he brings no new facts or arguments to strengthen his recommendation, and of old facts and arguments he ignores some and mistakes others. He treats Fenianism as a universal feeling among the Irish, and as the most formidable outbreak of disaffection we have seen; whereas it is notorious that no one of the least social weight, capacity, or consideration has joined it; that it is confined almost exclusively to the most ignorant classes; that in this respect it differs from every previous outburst of disloyalty; and is therefore the feeblest and the least alarm-

* The degree of improvement in house accommodation in Ireland is better measured by relative than by absolute figures. The percentage of families living in houses of the first and second class, and in those of the third and fourth—the fourth being mere mud cabins with one room, and the third larger and roomier, but still built of mud—was as follows at the dates given:—

	1841.	1851.	1861.
First and second class, .	19 per cent.	28 per c.	33 per c.
Third class,	39 "	49 "	49 "
Fourth class,	42 "	23 "	18 "
	100	100	

It is scarcely possible to have a better test, or a more encouraging picture of an advance in the social condition of the poor.

ing, as well as the most irrational of any. He argues that we must abolish landlordism at once and altogether, and make the cultivators the owners of the soil, because "the Irish" demand it, and it will be satisfied with nothing less. But he takes no trouble to define who "the Irish" are, or to consider the fact that a very considerable portion—and certainly the most energetic and thriving portion—earnestly deprecate his sweeping scheme; nor does he deem it worth a philosopher's while to reflect what might turn out the probable operation of his remedy

if the Irish should prove less like the French than he chooses to believe, and should obstinately refuse to limit themselves to two children for each married couple. It is painful to say so of a man whom we have always been trained to reverence and admire, but we cannot but feel that in tone, temper, and argument Mr. Mill's pamphlet is unworthy of his well-earned reputation, and must greatly add to the difficulty of settling the question on a sound basis, by lending the sanction of so great a name to so mischievous a project and to such delusive and disturbing hopes.

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ART. I. — A LIBERAL EDUCATION —
SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES.

1. *Suggestions on Academical Organisation, with especial reference to Oxford.* By MARK PATTISON, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Edinburgh: 1868.
2. *Essays on a Liberal Education.* Edited by Rev. F. W. FARRAR, M.A., etc. etc. London: 1868.

MR. THACKERAY was fond of contrasting, with a whimsical regret, the dulness and the torments endured by children of his time with the varied felicities daily multiplied for the present generations of youth. He might have carried the contrast further; for now it seems as if not only the years of childhood are to be made happy with tales of wonder and lovely pictures,—the days of school-time are to be no longer laborious, our universities shall become scenes of occupations which are but pleasant play. In the approaching scholastic millennium, already present to the kindling imagination of Mr. Farrar of Harrow, idleness will disappear from our academic groves; they will be thronged with eager and happy seekers after knowledge. All difficulties are to be removed from present work; new studies of strange attractiveness are to arise. What these are to be is not perhaps stated with quite that precision that might be wished; but they will certainly possess such a charm that youths who now turn away from Shakespeare and think Scott "slow," will, for their sake, forswear racquets, and take no pleasure in cricket or boating. It is a roseate picture—to the elders of the community perhaps rather exasperating. We can fancy a morose man, who in his youth had suffered

much at pedagogic hands, filled with envy at this fair prospect for his successors. Why should he have been born so soon? Why should his early days have been embittered with grammars and lexicons, when now it turns out that Greek and Latin are not good for anything; or if, that they can be learned without any trouble?

The fulfilment of these high hopes seems to be made dependent on the downfall of classical studies from their present eminence—one of those questions which is sure to turn up from time to time. Long ago, Locke and Dr. Samuel Clarke successively attacked the abuse of classical learning in England; more recently, the vigour and wit of Sydney Smith was brought to bear against it; and within the last few months the controversy has started up in all the freshness of youth. In his late address at St. Andrews, Mr. Mill delivered the most judicious and most powerful vindication of classical studies which our time has heard. More recently, Mr. Grant Duff, at Aberdeen, carried away by no unworthy theory indeed, but yet by a theory quite impracticable, advocated an encyclopædic training, which should aim at giving a knowledge of everything; and last winter, Mr. Lowe devoted all the skill and all the resources which a classical education can give, to disparage the study, not only of the classical languages, but of the whole life of antiquity. Mr. Lowe did not limit his attack to our present *methods* of teaching. Had he done this, he would have met with general sympathy; for it is in vain to defend a system which would educate young men up to the age of two or three and twenty, as if they were all to be clergymen or editors of classical authors. But Mr. Lowe has gone much further than

this. He has disparaged the study of ancient literature, ancient history, ancient ethics; and here he will encounter the opposition of men who are no bigots in the cause of mere scholarship, but who are persuaded that the study of the life of antiquity through the medium of the two great languages of antiquity affords the surest basis for a rational and elevating education. And at this present time, it is fitting that such opposition should be frankly given, for the just claims of classical studies are in some peril. The reaction shows signs of going too far. Our education is in danger of being lowered to material ends; the narrowing effects of a training exclusively scientific are beginning to appear.

Mr. Lowe put forward four "principles" which he maintained to be subversive of classical studies. The first of these, *i. e.*, that we ought to know things rather than words, is a tinkling and unmeaning phrase, unhappily echoed by several authors of *Essays on a Liberal Education*, which, when Mr. Lowe used it, was demolished even by the utilitarian *Times*. His second, *i. e.*, that we must teach things practical rather than things speculative, has been seldom better answered than in the following passage from a very forcible lecture on Classical Teaching, by the Professor of Latin in the University of Edinburgh:—

"Is it true that our speculative or critical faculties, and our intellectual sympathies, are of such little consequence—harmless contributions perhaps to the amusement of idle men—that their education may be left to the casual intercourse of society? Is it not the case that we cannot read an article in a newspaper or review, we cannot listen to a speech or a sermon, we cannot hold a serious conversation with any one on any subject worth talking about, without having to exercise whatever speculative capacity we may have, and to bring into use whatever speculative opinions or sympathies we have formed for ourselves, or have taken unquestioned from the current speech of society? We live in a world not of words and things only; but also of speculations; and if we have not educated our faculty of originating, or at least of judging of speculations, we are at the mercy of any socialist, rhetorician, or fanatic who may be kind enough to take upon himself the office of forming our opinions and stimulating our feelings on the most important subjects of human thought. It is because I believe that liberal, as distinct from popular and professional education, should be speculative rather than practical, should develop the highest capacity of human thought and sympathy, that I so strongly urge upon you the claims of classical study."

Mr. Lowe's other two principles may be easily disposed of. One—that a knowledge

of truth is better than a knowledge of falsehood—is most fallaciously brought to bear on the present question, by contrasting English history with Greek mythology; the other—that a knowledge of the present is better than a knowledge of the past—is a fallacy in itself. Indeed, throughout the whole of this celebrated address, we meet with arguments and illustrations to which a man like Mr. Lowe should never have stooped. To say that the teachings of ancient history can have no value for us because the idea of representation was then unknown, is like depreciating the study of ancient ethics because the speculations of their philosophers were without the light of Christianity. Whereas the truth is, that as the absence of Christianity gives a peculiar interest and instructiveness to the study of ethical speculation, and, indeed, to the whole life of antiquity, so does the want of representation to the study of ancient politics. Contrasts can teach not less forcibly than similarities. And that narrowness of judgment, to which History is the best antidote, is more surely cured by a knowledge of institutions different, in some essential, from our own, than of institutions wholly or nearly the same. Again, if Mr. Lowe is serious in his position, that the writings of M. Prévost Paradol or M. Sainte-Beuve are not less "beautiful and refined," and will "exercise taste" not less perfectly than the masterpieces of Greek literature; or in his contention that Greek history is of little value, because the Greek States were so very small while we are so very big, we can only wonder; argument would be quite useless: and while from ignorant men disparagement of grammatical studies, on the ground that "Homer did not know the difference between the nominative and accusative case," may be set aside as merely silly, coming from a man of Mr. Lowe's knowledge it must be condemned as wilfully fallacious and misleading. But worse than these extravagances are Mr. Lowe's perversions of fact. He has given a picture of English education, with especial reference to Oxford, which, as a representation at least of the Oxford of the present day, is ludicrously incorrect. It is not true of Oxford now that a man need not know anything of arithmetic: that science forming a leading feature in the examination for Little-go. It is not true of Oxford now that men of high attainments would fail to obtain honours because they could not write Latin verses: the highest honours in Oxford, and the most valuable prizes, *i. e.*, the fellowships, may be got without writing a single line of verse. It is not true of Oxford now that men are taught to

draw no distinction between the authority of Cornelius Nepos and the authority of Thucydides. It is not true of Oxford now that her students "are taught nothing, and need know nothing," of the feudal system and the polity of the middle ages; on the contrary, a school of Law and Modern History has existed in Oxford for more than twelve years, which, popular from the first, has increased in popularity every year, while the whole wealth of All-Souls has been appropriated to these studies. Mr. Lowe, when receiving his degree at Edinburgh, was pleased to express his regret that his own university had never conferred upon him a similar honour. We must say that a man who makes an attack on a university, based upon such wilful ignorance of her real state, can hardly expect any favour at her hands. But worse than fallacies, worse than clap-trap, worse even than misrepresentation, was the tone of Mr. Lowe's address as a whole. It was clear, hard, and ignoble; deficient in breadth of view; regarding only the practical and the material; utterly ignoring the highest side of human nature.

Mr. Lowe's views are so extreme as to stand quite apart. Educational matters engross at present a great share of the public attention, but few, even of the most zealous reformers, go the length of the great Adulamite. Thus the volume called *Essays on a Liberal Education* attracted considerable notice, but more from the position of the writers than from the novelty of the views therein contained. For, while the conclusions at which the writers arrive are, as a rule, sensible, they are not new. We do not think they get beyond—we doubt whether the controversy has at all advanced beyond—an article of Sydney Smith's, written some sixty years ago, and called "Too much Latin and Greek." That sound philosopher was heartily opposed to the over-estimate of classical studies prevalent in his day.

"Attend, too, to the public feelings—look to all the terms of applause. A learned man! a scholar! a man of erudition! Upon whom are these epithets of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government, thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe, to men who know the properties of bodies, and their action upon each other? No; this is not learning; it is chemistry, or political economy—not learning. The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of scholar, is reserved for him who writes on the *Cælle* reduplication, and is familiar with the Sylburgian method of arranging defectives in ω and μ . The picture which a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, draws—his *beau idéal* of human nature—his top and consummation

of man's powers—is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent, but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself are the detection of an anapæst in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over, and the never-dying Ernesti had failed to observe. If a young classic of this kind were to meet the greatest chemist, or the greatest mechanician, or the most profound political economist of his time, in company with the greatest Greek scholar, would the slightest comparison between them ever come across his mind? Would he ever dream that such men as Adam Smith and Lavoisier were equal in dignity of understanding to, or of the same nullity as, Bentley and Heyne? We are inclined to think that the feeling excited would be a good deal like that expressed by Dr. George about the praises of the great King of Prussia, who entertained considerable doubts whether the King, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in μ ."

But Sydney Smith was too wise to rush into the other extreme. Though writing at a time when the pretensions of scholarship were tenfold what they are now, his admirable sense could not be led into the extravagances of Mr. Lowe. On the contrary, in this very essay he expresses a "sincere hope that classical learning will always be held in great honour in this country;" and he denounces any system of education from which classics are excluded as "radically erroneous, and completely absurd."

The substance of the *Essays on a Liberal Education* may be fairly given in two propositions:—(1.) That our method of teaching Latin and Greek must be changed; (2.) That certain other subjects must be added to the present teaching of our universities and schools; and not only must be added, but must be put in their proper place, and receive their due recognition. From neither of these propositions will many men be found to dissent. The first of them conflicts with the prejudice, dear to the English mind, that difficulties are not inevitable evils, but are to be cherished for their own sake. "If the English were in a paradise of spontaneous productions, they would continue to dig and plough, though they were never a peach nor a pine-apple the better for it." It is the theory of the pure scholar that we must learn the classical languages as a mental discipline only, with no aim beyond—that the instrument is to be cherished rather than the end—the difficulty preferred to the reward—the mere vehicle studied, heedless of the wisdom and the beauty which that vehicle might convey to us. Mr. Clark, in the *Cambridge Essays*, lays it down that "it is a strong recommendation to any study that it is dry

and distasteful." Now, in educational matters at least, no idea can be more pernicious than this. For, as Locke has pointed out, the true mode of teaching is to remove difficulties as fast as may be :—

"In teaching children, this, too, I think is to be observed, that in most cases, where they stick, they are not to be further puzzled, by putting them upon finding it out themselves. . . . This wastes time only, in disturbing them; for whilst they are learning, and apply themselves with attention, *they are to be kept in good-humour, and everything made easy to them, and as pleasant as possible.*"*

Doubtless our teaching has improved in this respect. That most afflicting absurdity, for example, of learning Greek through Latin, has ceased many years ago. Still, there is vast room for improvement. Are boys still forced to commit to memory innumerable lines of indifferent Latin, and worse verse, at a time when they can barely scan or construe them, in order to acquire a knowledge of the gender and quantity of Latin words? How much of this sort of thing now goes on we do not certainly know; but we gather from Mr. Bowen that grammar is still a medium for great torment. This gentleman has taken up what seems to us the greatest question of school reform, *i. e.*, the reform of our grammatical teaching; and the only criticism we would make on his vigorous essay is that he does not tell us with sufficient precision how far he would go. Would he adopt the Hamiltonian method in its entirety? Or would he make the school-grammar a mere skeleton, as it were—not teaching it in the abstract, but only in illustration of the concrete example? We rather apprehend the latter to be his plan. "Plunge boys at once into the *Delectus*," he says; "make your accidence and syntax a result instead of a basis." In this we heartily concur. Mr. Bowen has hit upon a truth of importance, when he says that the Latin grammar is simply too hard for boys. High grammar—and grammar as we now teach it is high grammar—ranks in abstractness, and therefore in difficulty, with metaphysics, and far above ordinary logic. Such instruction to boys is worse than useless; it puzzles and disgusts them. This is conspicuous in the teaching of English grammar in our Scotch schools. Owing to the poverty of that grammar as such, English grammarians have been compelled to "poach on the province of the metaphysician and the logician."† Thus the

Scotch Assistant Commissioners report that the English grammar taught in our schools cannot fail to be "perplexing and distasteful to any scholar."* The text-books are filled with an elaborate nomenclature expressing abstract ideas quite beyond the boy's powers of apprehension. The truth is, the facts of grammar may be learned at school; the science of it must be studied afterwards. In appreciating this distinction the French schools have advanced beyond the English or German.† But in either aspect grammar is best taught by those languages which have "distinct forms for the greatest number of distinctions in thought," and in this the classical languages are unrivalled. Therefore we would teach one good grammar only—the Latin grammar,—and simplify that to the utmost. Science should not be forced upon the schoolboy, all unprepared to grasp grammatical ideas. The two great objects to be kept in view are—to gain time, which may be given to other subjects, and to make classical study easier, and therefore more attractive. Both objects would be advanced by a vigorous reform of our grammatical teaching. They would be not less advanced by the abolition of our dismal treadmill of Latin and Greek vers-making. Against this deformity in our educational system, Mr. Farrar has directed his loudest thunders. We heartily sympathize with his object, and we cannot think success far distant. Harrow has taken the lead among our schools, and the rest will soon follow. Mr. Farrar, in his accustomed strain of fervid rhetoric, calls the universities to action :—

"Let the colleges, then, boldly loosen these gilded and fantastic chains, which were formed in an age of logomachy, and tightened in an age of artificiality and retrogression. Let them determine more decidedly, and avow more distinctly, that verses are not essential for scholarships or for honours."

Cambridge, we believe, yet lags behind in this matter; but at Oxford, as we have already said, the highest honours, including fellowships, are attainable without vers-writing. The cause of common sense has of late made considerable progress; and notwithstanding Mr. Farrar's indiscreet advocacy, we believe it will go on and prosper.

The second proposition into which we have ventured to analyse this volume of essays, is that the present teaching of our schools and universities should have greater width and

* Locke on Education.

† See Report by Mr. Ross, Rector of the Arbroath High School.—*Scotch Commission Report*, App. p. 216.

* Report, p. 119.

† Mr. Arnold's Report to the Schools Commission, p. 304.

elasticity. When Mr. Farrar enumerates as "among the studies," we must add to the present subjects, "comparative philology, history, modern languages, the Hebrew language, and the language and literature of our own country, and, foremost, the study of science," we cannot but feel that this vague and rhetorical way of writing is not calculated to advance a good cause. The evil of overburdening the minds of youth is too serious, and the cry against "cram" is too easily raised, for this dashing style of attack to be at all safe. Therefore, the more heartily we agree with Mr. Farrar in his main object, the more is it necessary, for the sake of the object itself, to protest against this exaggeration; and especially against a tendency, plainly discernible in Mr. Farrar's writings, to recommend the teaching of a great variety of subjects—to confuse education with the imparting of knowledge. The "general information" theory of education is like the feeding of Strasburg geese: one organ, the memory, is unduly developed, to the great detriment of the general system.

But we get some comfort when we turn to Mr. Sidgwick, and see what are the "practical changes," which he gives as the result of his elaborate essay. They are merely to the effect that "a course of instruction in our own language and literature, and a course of instruction in natural science, ought to form recognised and substantive parts of our school system." And, he adds, more stress should be laid on the study of French. It will be observed that this does not involve bifurcation, that is, the separation of the school into modern and classical departments. In fact, this plan, though it has been tried at all the great schools of late foundation, has not been found to answer. It has proved unpopular with parents, because they have been reluctant so to educate their boys as to preclude the possibility of their eventually going to the universities; and it has been found impossible to prevent the modern side from degenerating into a mere refuge for the idle and the dull. In the recent Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission* the bifurcation theory is not recommended. It was discountenanced also by the *Public Schools Commissioners*; and we gather from Mr.

Arnold's report to the Schools Inquiry Commission that it cannot be said to have proved successful abroad. The difficulty then is, has a boy time to learn these new subjects in addition to what he learns now? We cannot doubt that he has. And, moreover, it is presumed that time will be gained by changes in our present school system. Our teaching of grammar, as has been shown, may be simplified; our teaching of verse-making may disappear; and Mr. Sidgwick would catch another year or two by postponing the study of Greek till the age of sixteen, or perhaps rather fifteen. We believe this latter step might be taken with safety, and without any detriment to the study of Greek. It would fit in, too, with the views of the Schools Commissioners, who would confine the teaching of Greek to what they call education of the first grade, that is, to education which goes on to eighteen or nineteen years of age. But even without this last measure natural science may be introduced into our school teaching without fear. The Schools Commissioners give the whole weight of their authority to the support of this opinion:

"Whilst recommending that natural science should be taught in all schools within our province, we do not suggest that it should displace any existing subject held to be of importance. We believe that an amount of knowledge of natural science may be acquired in schools side by side with classics, mathematics, and modern languages, which may be of the greatest advantage to young men proceeding to the universities, or to professional training, or directly to the business of life. Probably some slight modification of the existing arrangement of studies in classical schools may be called for; but we are under no apprehension that the classics will suffer in consequence. On the contrary, we have good reason to know that natural science may so quicken the intelligence and increase the mental power of boys as greatly to contribute to their advancement in other studies. In the City of London School, where there are upwards of 600 boys, all the boys are taught natural science; and while some of them through means of this instruction have carried off distinctions in several of its branches at the University of London and South Kensington, it has not been found to prevent them from achieving the highest honours in classics and mathematics at the Universities of Cambridge and London."

The Public Schools Commissioners express similar views, and Mr. Mill speaks so powerfully on this point that we make no apology for quoting him at some length:—

"I am amazed at the limited conception which many educational reformers have formed to themselves of a human being's power of acquisition. The study of science, they truly say, is indispensable: our present education

* As we shall have occasion to refer to both these Reports, it may be well to give the names of the Commissioners. The Public Schools Report (1864) is signed as follows:—Clarendon, Devon, Lyttelton, Edward Twissleton, Stafford H. Northcote, W. H. Thompson, H. H. Vaughan. The Schools Inquiry Report (1868) is signed:—Taunton, Lyttelton, W. F. Hook, F. Temple, Anthony W. Thorold, Thomas Dyke Acland, Edward Baines, W. E. Forster, P. Erie, John Storrar.

neglects it: there is truth in this too, though it is not all truth: and they find it impossible to find room for the studies which they desire to encourage but by turning out, at least from general education, those which are now chiefly cultivated. How absurd they say, that the whole of boyhood should be taken up in acquiring an imperfect knowledge of two dead languages. Absurd indeed, but is the human mind's capacity to learn, measured by that of Eton and Westminster to teach? . . . If all the improvements in the mode of teaching languages which are already sanctioned by experience were adopted into our classical schools, we should soon cease to hear of Greek and Latin as studies which must engross the school-years, and render impossible any other acquirements. If a boy learnt Greek and Latin on the same principle on which a mere child learns with such ease and rapidity any modern language, namely by acquiring some familiarity with the vocabulary by practice and repetition, before being troubled with grammatical rules—these rules being acquired with tenfold greater facility when the cases to which they apply are already familiar to the mind; an average schoolboy, long before the age at which schooling terminates, would be able to read fluently and with intelligent interest any ordinary Latin or Greek author in prose or verse, would have a competent knowledge of the grammatical structure of both languages, and have time besides for an ample amount of scientific instruction. . . . I will say confidently that if the two classical languages were properly taught, there would be no need whatever for rejecting them from the school course, in order to have sufficient time for everything else that need be included therein.”*

Therefore, the first proposition with which we started, namely, that the teaching of our schools must be improved, is the beginning of all reform. If we fail to do this, we shall accomplish nothing; if we succeed in this, to make room for a broader course of study will be found easy. Hence, of all the essays in this book those of Mr. Farrar and Mr. Bowen are of the most immediate practical importance. The abolition of verse-making save in particular instances cannot be far distant; but the subject which Mr. Bowen has taken up is of greater difficulty and far wider scope. We may venture to express a hope not only that he will persevere, but that other practical educationists will come to his aid. To change our whole mode of teaching grammar, though of vital moment, is no light task. It implies the creation of a new educational literature. It implies the downfall of the prejudices that there should be a universal text-book for the teaching of grammar. It implies therefore, the active and continuous exertion of able, liberal, and experienced men; and it is a

sanguine hope that such will arise in great numbers from the present generation of school-masters. We dwell upon this the more earnestly, because we can discern in some quarters a disposition to put the cart before the horse, and introduce new subjects before room has been made for them by improvement in the teaching of the old. This is but to shirk the whole question; and will surely lead to the half recognition and eventual degradation of these new subjects. They will come to be regarded as mere amusements, or as work to be “knocked off” in deference to popular prejudice. No immediate advance, however, can be hoped for in this direction without the co-operation of the head masters of our public schools. Unless they join heartily in the movement little will be accomplished by the individual efforts of assistant masters. But at this present time there are not wanting grounds which encourage the expectation that assistance will come from this quarter. It is a thing as cheering as unusual to see the head master of Eton inaugurating important reforms.

It is no part of our purpose to set forth the advantages of the study of science. We are content to assume these; and would refer all who retain any lingering doubts on the subject to an eloquent and convincing article in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*.* The value of scientific instruction in respect of the mere information which it gives, this writer, agreeing with Mr. Mill, does not think great. In fact, he disparages the “useful-knowledge,” view of science altogether. This knowledge, if it is good for anything, may easily be acquired by a man for himself; but should never be given to a boy under pretence of education. Far better the modesty of conscious ignorance. But so to teach science as to impart the scientific habit of mind is a very different thing. Thus taught it gives a mental discipline which neither language nor philosophy can give; it can best train us how to reason from the known to the unknown; it fosters “wakeful attentiveness of the senses, and scrupulous sincerity of mind.”

But to teach science on the general-knowledge theory is very easy; to teach it in this latter fashion is very hard; so it is no wonder that we are met by the preliminary difficulty of determining what sciences shall be the subjects of instruction. Mr. Sidgwick would seem to recommend physics (rather a wide word) and chemistry; and the Schools Inquiry Commissioners, without hesitation, fix upon experimental physics and chemistry,—though we think they had bet-

* Inaugural Address at St. Andrews.

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 246.

ter have refrained from the dangers of a reason: "inasmuch as they constitute the common platform of all the rest." Surely it is impossible to say this of chemistry. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, in the *Essays*, objects strongly to chemistry, because, "as an exercise in reasoning, it is very deficient," and because "it is of all subjects the most liable to cram, and the most useless when crammed." He gives the preference to botany and experimental physics. The Quarterly Reviewer, again, objects both to chemistry and botany, advocating experimental physics and mechanics. Geology and physiology are rejected by all. It is plain that much consideration is required here before any definite conclusion can be arrived at. There is, however, one error worthy of remark, into which both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Farrar have fallen. They think that boys should not only be taught accurately one or two sciences, but also several superficially. Mr. Wilson quotes with approbation the report of a committee appointed by the Council of the British Association to consider the best means for promoting scientific education in schools, which lays it down that boys should not only attain "a thorough knowledge of the facts and principles of one science," but also "a general acquaintance with what has been said or written about many;" should know "the simple facts of astronomy, of geology or physical geography, and of elementary physiology;" and Mr. Farrar would require from a boy leaving school, *inter alia*, "that he should be acquainted with the nature and greatest results of the sciences in general." Mr. Farrar's use of the English language is not such as to justify criticism on the assumption that he expresses accurately what he means; but precision may be expected from the Committee of the Royal Association; and we must say we do not like the opposition, in their Report, between a "*general acquaintance*," and a "*thorough knowledge*." It is quite true, as Whately long ago pointed out, that general knowledge is not necessarily superficial knowledge. We may know the leading truths of a subject thoroughly, and so gain a conception of it as a whole: this is to have a general knowledge of that subject; and that knowledge is not superficial, though we may be quite ignorant of details. If the Report means no more than this, no exception need be taken to it; only thus far, that we doubt whether knowledge of this nature can be well communicated by teaching to schoolboys. It is rather knowledge of a kind which a man gains for himself in later life, and which he can only gain if his mind has been trained to distinguish

between what is thorough and what is superficial, that is, if he has had a sound education. At all events, in order that science may soon obtain, and securely hold, her due place in our school-teaching, don't let us begin too violently. If one or two sciences are thoroughly taught as a part of the curriculum, we need have no fear that the sciences in general will fail to receive their due recognition. At present we think it is of more moment to bear in mind this recommendation of the Commissioners:—

"The great object, especially with boys sufficiently forward to be capable of exact scientific teaching, should be to secure thoroughness of knowledge as far as it goes; the important distinction between *elementary* and *superficial* knowledge should be upheld as rigorously as it is by the most notable teachers of grammar and mathematics."

Mr. Mill thinks that physiology might be included at least in the university course. This suggests the idea, whether it would not be possible to give boys some latitude of choice as to the sciences they may learn. May not the sciences be distinguished into two classes, according as they do or do not involve mathematics? For example, what is taught in the natural philosophy classes of the Scotch universities is, we apprehend, for the most part, applied mathematics. On the other hand, are there not many of the sciences of experiment or observation—such as chemistry, botany, zoology, etc.—which can be pursued without any mathematical knowledge? Can no use be made of this distinction educationally? A certain amount of mathematics, perhaps, should be required from all. But surely no one would advocate forcing boys into the higher mathematics who show a decided inability for the study? Now, while the sciences to which we refer do not afford us the same perfect types of reasoning as the mathematical sciences, they teach us how to reason by experiment, that is, from experience,—perhaps the more valuable lesson of the two; while their power in cultivating the faculties of observation is all their own. It rather seems to us as if some liberty of selection would, in this, be attended with good results.

There is also a difference of opinion, though not indeed so wide, as to the place which the teaching of English should occupy in our system. We confess to the belief—not, we hope, the offspring of national vanity—that in Scotch education this problem has been to some extent solved. At our best schools, instruction is given in English composition, with readings from good authors; and when the boys go to the universities no

long time elapses before they get the best kind of English teaching in the classes of logic and moral philosophy. Besides this, at two of our universities, Glasgow and Edinburgh, there is now a chair of English literature. Mr. Johnson, one of the Essayists, thus expresses himself:—"The use of the English language by itself has been, if I am not misinformed, tried and found wanting in Scotland and in New England; the fruit of essay-writing has been shallow and tasteless fluency." We do not know whence Mr. Johnson has obtained his information as to New England; certainly Mr. Fraser's Report to the Schools Commission does not justify this criticism. But he is in error as regards Scotland. In the first place, the English language by itself is very rarely taught in Scotland. Latin rightly holds the place of honour among our school subjects; and, in the second place, while it is true that the value of English teaching, to a greater extent than any other subject of instruction, must depend on the capacity of the teacher, yet we see no reason to believe that English well taught, beginning with reading and dictation and rising to recitation and composition, must lead to shallow and tasteless fluency. The Schools Commissioners are nearer the truth when they say that the results of our English instruction are excellent.

We may safely conclude that English taught in this fashion should form part of a liberal education. It does not at present do so in England; and its introduction has been strongly advocated by many of the witnesses examined by the Schools Commission, especially by Lord Harrowby and Mr. Daisent. Mr. Thring of Uppingham assured the Commissioners that he had succeeded in introducing it without injuring the classics at all. Professor Seeley, in his evidence, takes a somewhat different view. He would teach English to boys, not grammatically, as a language, but, to use his own words, "artistically, rhetorically," aiming not so much at "precision and accuracy," as at "brilliance and elegance." The great objection which the Commissioners state to this is the difficulty of finding fit teachers to use such a method. In schools we should think this difficulty quite insurmountable. "Average teachers," they truly say, "will be, after all, average men, with little perhaps of brilliance or elegance in their nature; and it may be questioned whether much would be gained by setting before them so high, and in many cases, perhaps, unattainable an aim." Moreover, there would be a danger of giving boys a positive distaste for the masterpieces of English literature, by

associating these in their minds with the idea of task-work. This is no imaginary danger. The feeling operates strongly now in the case of Latin and Greek authors; it would be unfortunate were it extended to those authors to whom, after all, we most frequently turn in after life for pleasure and instruction. And, after all, it can hardly be doubted that the most thorough and scholarly knowledge of English can be gained through Latin. We cannot concur with Mr. Sidgwick in thinking it "a grotesque absurdity" to say that *Paradise Lost* must lose its characteristic charms to the non-classical reader. On the contrary, this seems to us eminently true. And if acquaintance with the classics is thus useful to the general reader, it is essential to the historical student of modern authors. A thorough knowledge of our own literature must be a historical knowledge; and that can only be gained by going to the source. And surely that knowledge need not of necessity be pedantic. Assuming the classics to be so taught as not to instil a hatred of all literature, why should an acquaintance with them make men insensible to "brilliance and elegance" in English? Intelligent teaching of the *literature* of Greece or Rome can hardly fail to inspire some love and appreciation of our own. As a consequence of such teaching, all who have any taste for letters will readily gain for themselves a familiarity with English authors, and a knowledge of English literature; those who have not this taste, will never do so—no, not if they were drilled over Milton and Jeremy Taylor every day in the year, to the exclusion of all other instruction: the only result of that would be that positive hatred would take the place of ignorant indifference.

This long survey, then, leads us to the conclusion that the highest authorities agree with the propositions which we ventured to give as the substance of the *Essays on a Liberal Education*. But, in the interests of educational reform, it is impossible to leave that volume without expressing our strong sense of its many faults. And this is the more necessary, because there can be no doubt that the extravagances with which it abounds will be found powerful weapons in opposing the beneficial changes which it advocates. There are not a few extreme views in this volume, which, if put forth seriously, are, in our opinion, clearly wrong; if they are exaggerated with a view to effect, this is unskillful pleading. Valuable reforms should be urged with temperance, especially in the face of a prejudiced and vigorous opposition. In the first place, we think the idea a

mistake. Changes such as those we are discussing should be advocated on some organized plan, the end or ends should be clearly stated, and the efforts of each laborer should be distinctly directed to that end. Nothing of this sort can result from a disconnected series of essays; each writer dealing, as his own fancy may dictate, with some one of the thousand subjects which are embraced in the word Education. The natural consequence of this plan, or rather of this want of plan, is what we find here—repetitions, inconsistencies, contradictions; and, above all, a failure to produce any impression on the mind of the reader as to the result of the whole argument. An editor might have, in some measure, removed these evils by a clear summing-up in the shape of a preface; but, in a greater or less degree, they are inseparable from the original scheme. Nor is it possible to say that we forget this error of design in perfection of execution. No good that we can discover is served by the dilution of Hallam with which Mr. Parker of University begins the volume, or by the pages of commonplace with which the inevitable Lord Houghton ends it. One unconscious service this volume will doubtless render to the anti-classicists. It will shake the traditionary belief that a knowledge of the classics tends to give a good English style. All these gentlemen are presumably good scholars; yet they do not uniformly write pure English, or even always in good taste. There are frequent inelegancies; sometimes a forced humor; and very often a turgid and tumultuous style of writing—singularly out of place in treating of such subjects, and especially so from critics who censure “ungracefulness” in Thucydides, “unshapely work” in Lucretius, and talk of the “monstrous fatuities which disfigure *Æschylus*.”* The faults which we remarked as incidental to the scheme as a whole, appear in many of the essays—vagueness; a want of precision of object, and a consequent want of application in the arguments used; and self-contradictions. Thus for example, even Mr. Bowen does not bring us up to a distinctly stated result as to the method of teaching grammar; it is impossible to find out exactly what place in education Mr. Hales would claim for English; the only definite suggestions (so far as we can discover) which Mr. Johnson makes for improving the “education of our reason-

ing faculties,” are “to substitute the French for the Latin language as the vehicle of youthful thought, and to resort to French instead of English books for the study of the rudiments of science and philosophy”—neither of which suggestions seems very reasonable. Why French writers, admitted by Mr. Johnson himself to be inferior to the best English writers, are to be preferred for the study of anything, Mr. Johnson does not explain; and, with great deference, we should have imagined that English was the proper vehicle for the thought of youthful Englishmen. It is extravagant too in Mr. Johnson to lay it down, seemingly as an indisputable proposition, that French writers “are wiser than the ancients;” we should rather hold it an evil seriously counterbalancing the advantages of knowing French, that the study of that language may popularize among us French ideas, especially on politics.

The greatest number of these faults, and in their most striking development, will be found in the writings of the Editor—both in his essay in this volume, and in his lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, and published in the *Fortnightly Review* for March. Mr. Farrar’s object is so good, the strength of his convictions and his sincerity of purpose so apparent, that to speak of him in any language but that of approval is an unpleasant duty. But, as we have already said, the more we are satisfied of the importance of the subject he has taken up, the more imperative does that duty become. For we are firmly persuaded that a worse leader for this great educational movement could not have been selected; and we come to this persuasion at once from the want of any directing and harmonizing power in the editorship of this volume, and from the exaggeration of statement, confusion in thought, and weakness of reasoning which characterize his own writings.

His object in the essay is to abolish, or at least curtail, verse-writing as a part of our school training; his object in the lecture is to expose the faults of our present school system generally. Both objects are good, but they are intemperately urged. For success in neither was it necessary to indulge in disparagement of all classical learning; on the contrary, by so doing he imperils the success of his special aims. Besides, this disproportion of means to ends leads him into serious error; especially, it leads him into a very fallacious use of authority. He can quote great names against verse-writing, and in condemnation of our present school-teaching,—Thirlwall, Macaulay, Mill, and Jowett. But then in the next page he soars

* Want of space prevents our supporting this criticism by quotations. But the reader is referred to pp. 234, 236, 237, 286, 302, 305, 307, of the volume of Essays; and to Mr. Farrar’s lecture, republished in the *Fortnightly Review*, *passim*.

into diatribes against classical learning in general, from which none would dissent more heartily than these very men. Now this is deceptive. We do not for a moment mean to accuse Mr. Farrar of wilful deceit; but his method exposes him to the charge of so representing his authorities as to leave the impression that they go with him further than they really do. His weakness in argument is shown mainly by his arguments being too strong. They are more extensive than the conclusion he wishes to arrive at. They would carry him a great deal too far. Thus we have the threadbare folly about Keats knowing no Greek, as if a system of education could be organized on the theory that all schoolboys are such as he was. Then, again, as an argument against verse-writing, we have the following:—"Among our best and finest writers are those who have drunk simply and solely at the pure wells of English undefiled. Is it conceivable that Shakspeare or Burns would have written as they have written, if they had been drilled for years in Latin verse?" We cannot answer this question, though we certainly see nothing "inconceivable" in an affirmative reply. But surely Mr. Farrar must see that he has proved too much. What he wishes to prove is, that boys can have a sufficient knowledge of Greek and Latin without writing verses. What he does prove, if he proves anything, is that men will be more likely to write like Shakspeare or Burns if they are ignorant of Greek and Latin altogether. There is no more dangerous error in controversy than this. It rouses enemies, and it shows them where to strike with effect. Again, in his lecture, Mr. Farrar's object is to improve our school-teaching, and the bulk of the lecture is taken up with reiteration of his preference, "if he must choose," of science to Latin and Greek. But why introduce the idea of this choice at all? Who forces it on him? Is not the object of the whole volume to show that there is no need for any such choice; that, by improvements in our method, we can make room for science without any injury to classical study? If this can be shown, as we believe it can, we conciliate those who hold to the belief that the classical languages are the best basis of a sound education. These men are in a numerical majority, and are not surely so weak in weight of authority, or in mental power, that their opposition should be needlessly provoked; and by adopting this line of argument not only do we conciliate opposition, but we can quote in our support the authority of both the Commissions, to which we have so often referred. And then with what

reasonings does Mr. Farrar justify his preference! We give one specimen:—"Which was the happier, Linneus falling on his knees to thank God for the golden splendour of a field of furze, or St. Bernard travelling all day long by the Lake of Geneva, and asking in the evening where it was? And which is likely to be the happier, the youth who goes to bed with his thoughts reeking with Juvenal and Aristophanes, or he who, in the sweet air and blessed sunshine, has been taught to regard the world around him as a Sibylline leaf, inscribed by God's own finger with revelations of His laws?" It is almost idle to point out, that this contrast is entirely of Mr. Farrar's own making; but it is melancholy to see any one stooping to this old cant about the indecency of classical writers. Mr. Farrar is strong for a knowledge of French history and literature. Can this be given, and yet the mind of the student kept untainted with evil? If we must choose—to adopt Mr. Farrar's own style,—we think the mind may just as safely "reek" with Juvenal and Aristophanes as with Rabelais or Voltaire, to say nothing of modern writers.

When ill-directed and insufficient argument fail, Mr. Farrar falls back upon assertion and declamation. Thus, in the essay, we have the well-worn cry of "things, not words," coupled, as usual, by the equally well-worn observation, that the Greeks knew no language but their own. Both are given again in the lecture; and yet Mr. Farrar, when he wrote that lecture, had Mr. Mill's Address before him, (for he quotes it), in which it is shown—(1.) That words, in a sense, and an important sense, are things; (2.) That the study of language has perhaps its highest value in that it frees us from the tyranny of words—one of the deepest causes of human error; and (3.) That from the want of this study, the greatest intellects among the Greeks are continually led away by words, mistaking the accidents of language for real relations in nature. It would have been satisfactory if, instead of this vain repetition, Mr. Farrar had attempted to grapple with Mr. Mill's reasonings. Lastly, we must give an example of Mr. Farrar's declamation; and we take not by any means the most perfect, but the shortest:—

"Why, when Christianity has been in the world for nigh two thousand eventful years,—while all that time philosophy has been waving her torch in the dimmest caverns of human speculation,—while the thoughts and actions of men are hourly thrilling from continent to continent on the wings of electric fire,—while navigation has been girdling the earth with a

hundred bands, and has flung open to us for three centuries the golden doors of the Western Continent,—while Science has gone so far on her triumphal march with an unimaginable growth of strength and stature at every stride, it would be strange indeed, it would indeed be a deplorable stigma on the feebleness and imperfection of humanity, if the modern literature of a scientific and Christian world did not contain 'streams from that unexhaustable fountain of wisdom' far wider and far deeper than any which flowed in the two languages of a long-vanished Paganism, of which even the younger has ceased to be spoken for thirteen hundred years."

With what a different effect of conviction, to say nothing of the relief in point of style, do we turn from all this to the thoughtful precision of such a passage as the following, from Mr. Mill's *Dissertations*:—

"Not only do these literatures furnish examples of high finish and perfection in workmanship, to correct the slovenly habits of modern hasty writing, but they exhibit, in the military and agricultural commonwealths of antiquity, precisely that order of virtues in which a commercial society is apt to be deficient; and they altogether show human nature on a grander scale, with less benevolence but more patriotism, less sentiment, but more self-control; if a lower average of virtue, more striking examples of it; fewer small goodnesses, but more greatness and appreciation of greatness; more which tends to exalt the imagination, and inspire high conceptions of the capabilities of human nature. If, as every one may see, the want of affinity of these studies to the modern mind is gradually lowering them in popular estimation, this is but a confirmation of the need of them, and renders it more incumbent on those who have the power, to do their utmost towards preventing their decline."

Or to the simplicity and moderation of this, from Mr. Arnold—

"To know himself a man must know the capabilities and performances of the human spirit; and the value of the humanities, of the science of antiquity is, that it affords for this purpose an unsurpassed source of light and stimulus. Whoever seeks help for knowing himself from knowing the capabilities and performances of the human spirit, will nowhere find a more fruitful object of study than in the achievements of Greece in literature and the arts during the two centuries from the birth of Simonides to the death of Plato; and these two centuries are but the flowering point of a long period, during the whole of which the ancient world offers, to the student of the capabilities and performances of the human spirit, lessons of capital importance."*

Or the weight of this authority—

"The languages of classical antiquity are almost indispensable helps to all sound acquirements in politics, jurisprudence, or any of the moral sciences. They are also requisite for the formation of those elevated sentiments and that rectitude of judgment and taste which are inseparably connected with them."*

There is one other fallacy connected with this subject which we must notice, though very shortly, and the rather because it receives some countenance from Mr. Sidgwick and has been distinctly upheld by a recent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. It is, that an adequate knowledge of ancient literature and ancient life can be gained from translations, and from modern writings. That we can thus gain a certain knowledge of them is true, but that knowledge is, in no sense of the word, education, nor is it very valuable in itself. It is no use talking of translations. The argument on that point never gets beyond the everlasting reference to Keats. But the other branch of the fallacy is sometimes strongly pressed. Now, in the first place, the student of antiquity is forced to interpret the original writer for himself, and this is no slight matter. The mental discipline to be derived from following the sequence of thought in a page of Thucydides or Tacitus is a very different thing from finding the result given in a few sentences by Grote or Merivale. And when we add to this the value of the thought itself, the difference becomes yet greater. For then we find that, by such studies, not only do we gain the mental discipline above alluded to, not only do we familiarize ourselves with some of the most perfect examples of literary art, but we enrich our minds with wise thoughts and keen observations, which it is not the province of modern writers on antiquity to respect, and which, though elicited by states of society widely differing from our own, nay, sometimes because of this very difference, are fraught with lessons of capital importance for our own time. In the second place, we do not know that knowledge gained from modern writers is true. We do not learn what the Greeks and Romans were; we learn what some modern writer thought they were. This is so plainly true with regard to their philosophical writings as to require no illustration; but it is hardly less true of their history. And it is hardly necessary to mention the names of Mitford and Grote, of Arnold and Mommsen, to show how very different the ideas of modern writers may be. Nor can it be maintained that such writers will correct each other; for the reader whom we are supposing has

* Schools Commission Report, vol. vi. p. 593.

* Austin on Jurisprudence, iii. 368.

no test to which he can bring them. He will be at the mercy of the author who writes most effectively, or of the author whom he has first read. The student who can go to the originals is in a totally different position. Yet again; as Mr. Mill has pointed out, it is no small part of the worth to us of classical knowledge, that so we can read history in the original sources. Some of our ablest historians assure us that to do this, and to know what contemporaries wrote, is alone real historical study; all else is but to take on trust the theories and opinions of other men. Still further, these original sources, fortunately for us, often deal with the most important epochs of Greek or Roman history, and are of such compass that we can easily grasp them. Hence it would appear that the study of them combines, in a perfection altogether its own, the leading conditions of true historical research. The reader of Thucydides, for example, studies a contemporary record of an epoch in Grecian history most fertile in political lessons, and the record is so brief that he may easily master the whole. He will know how the events were regarded at the time; how the actors at the time were judged. His reason will be exercised on the original materials; his imagination will gradually form a picture of the period, to which, as he reads on, each new detail will add some striking feature or some richness of colouring; and he will thus gain an historical training and historical knowledge which could never be his were he forced to accept untested the picture which has been drawn for us by Mr. Grote. If this be thought too favourable an instance, take a book of a very different stamp, and which illustrates a more complex period of history—Cicero's Letters. From these letters the student will hardly be able to form a conception of the time so complete or so true as from the Greek historian. He will there find much that is erroneous, the natural result of political passion and prejudice. This he can correct by the opinions and arguments of other writers. But he will thence gain an insight at first-hand into the events and characters of that day which no other source could supply; which will afford him the means of testing modern writers; which will not leave him at the mercy of every new theory; which will lead him to receive with caution the estimate of the empire now so favoured by French historians,—to distrust Mommsen's condemnation of the last republicans of Rome.

Space forbids our enlarging on the manner in which Greece and Rome are mixed up with our language, civilisation, and social economy. The argument is well-worn; but

not on that account the less weighty. Without some knowledge of this we should be trammelled with the ideas of feudalism, or else break loose from the past altogether. The Schools Commissioners do not hesitate to say, that without this learning many of our classical authors must be but "half intelligible;" and Professor Jowett, whom no one will regard as too rigid a conservative, "thinks that Greek and Latin are in such endless ways entwined in modern language and civilisation, that it is difficult to say that a person is a perfectly educated man who does not know something about them."* Yet the life and languages of the ancients, though thus "entwined" with our own, are widely dissimilar. And herein is their peculiar value. Modern nations are too much like ourselves; Oriental nations are altogether remote and apart: Greece and Rome alone present this strange combination—are unlike us, yet closely connected with us. The solution of the whole question must be a compromise. The humanists must improve their method, and widen the scope of their teaching. On the other hand, the realists would do well to abate not a little of their high claims. For if the battle has to be fought out to the bitter end, the humanists will come off victorious. Education, says Newman, is the preparation for knowledge, and it is the imparting of knowledge in proportion to that preparation. This leaves the question what that knowledge must be; and to that we would answer, a knowledge of man. To know the external world is a great thing; but to comprehend the capacities of the spirit of man is a nobler learning. To stimulate the observing faculties is well; to cultivate the taste and the feelings is yet better. The Schools Commissioners put this very strongly:—

"The human subjects of instruction, of which the study of language is the beginning, appear to have a distinctly greater educational power than the 'material.' As all civilisation really takes its rise in human intercourse, so the most efficient instrument of education appears to be the study which most bears on that intercourse, the study of human speech. Nothing appears to develop and discipline the whole man so much as the study that assists the learner to understand the thoughts, to enter into the feelings, to appreciate the moral judgments of others. There is nothing so opposed to true cultivation, nothing so unreasonable as excessive narrowness of mind; and nothing contributes to remove this narrowness so much as that clear understanding of language which lays open the thoughts of others to ready appreciation. Nor is equal

* Evidence before Mr. Ewart's Committee.

clearness of thought to be obtained in any other way. Clearness of thought is bound up with clearness of language, and the one is impossible without the other. When the study of language can be followed by that of literature, not only breadth and clearness, but refinement becomes attainable. The study of history in the full sense belongs to a still later age; for till the learner is old enough to have some appreciation of politics, he is not capable of grasping the meaning of what he studies. But both literature and history do but carry on that which the study of language has begun, the cultivation of all those faculties by which man has contact with man."

Fair terms of compromise are, as we have above shown, suggested by Mr. Sidgwick; and the recommendations of the Schools Inquiry Commission, and of the *Public Schools Commission*, lead to a very similar result.

When we come to consider the question of a liberal education in connexion with our universities, we are relieved to a great extent from the task of determining what subjects that education should embrace. For the university can, with propriety, allow the student great freedom of choice. The school education, being compulsory, and (with a few peculiar exceptions) the same for all, must be determined upon with anxiety and care. But university teaching should have an elasticity which to school teaching could not be allowed. If the universities get boys well grounded in their school-training, they may permit them, in what remains of their education, to follow the bent of their own inclinations. The very name suggests this—a place for the diffusion and extension of all branches of knowledge. Therefore, when we turn to universities we find ourselves concerned more particularly with the rearrangement of subjects of study; and with the reorganization of the body with a view to its full efficiency.

In the case of our Scotch universities, the former of these is the more pressing point. Not that the constitutions, as fixed by the Act of 1858, are at all perfect; but we can hardly say that any change is imperatively required. With regard to our teaching the case is different. This Journal has before expressed an opinion that the regulations of the Commissioners appointed under that Act, as to teaching, and as to degrees, were not satisfactory.* The experience of the last few years has strongly confirmed that opinion. There is with us a want of that breadth and elasticity which we have just mentioned as a fitting feature in a university system. The paths of study by which

our students are permitted to obtain degrees in Arts are few. They are debarred from history, from law, from the experimental sciences (practically), from philology, from anything like an intimate knowledge of the life and literature of antiquity. Besides this, from our pass-men we require too much. This indeed necessarily results from denying them freedom of choice. We impose a definite course of study, leaving no room for natural predilections to assert themselves, and then, in order to escape the charge of narrowness, we make that course too extensive. Our pass-men cannot graduate without attendance on lectures for four, or, when the school training has been unusually good, for three years. The consequence of this is that graduation is not general, except with students who propose to enter a profession in which a degree in Arts is either absolutely required or saves an examination. Graduation among men not destined for such professions is not more common than it was before the Act—nay, it is less so, for the disposition to enter active life at an early age is growing in society, and requires strong inducements to counteract it. Hence the separation between our universities and the bulk of our community is becoming greater; hence too we have constant proposals for adding various branches of study to the curriculum. But to make additions in this way would not meet the evil, it would rather increase it; the whole scheme must be recast. The true theory is to require a sound basis as essential—which we would hold to be Latin in the case of every one; Greek and Latin in the case of all who sought honours; that is, who aspired to a liberal education; and, thereafter, to make the choice of subjects as wide and as free as possible. Especially does the limited curriculum bear hardly upon honour-men, for in proportion as men are willing to study subjects thoroughly should the range of subjects be extended. And even in the subjects which are open men get small encouragement to effort. The honours awarded are a farce. Nobody hears of them, or cares for them; nobody ever will care for them until they are granted by the four universities acting together. Still more preposterous is the regulation that requires students who propose to go in for honours in any subject, first to go through a pass examination on that very subject. The effect of this is, that before a man can become a candidate for honours at all he must pass an examination in seven different departments! Anything more entirely impotent for good than this, anything more certain to do mischief, it is impossible to conceive. Small wonder, indeed, that our

* *North British Review*, No. 78.

Scotch honours are not in much request. The Commissioners never seem to have reached that very elementary academical truth—the difference between pass-men and honour-men. The former may be treated, perhaps, somewhat roughly; their studies may be prescribed to them with a certain degree of rigour. But the latter are the life-blood of the university; they should be fostered by every means in our power, especially by setting before them some worthy distinction, and by giving them the utmost freedom of choice in their studies. The great problem to be solved is how to turn pass-men into class-men. The Commissioners, on the contrary, would seem to have done all in their power for the discouragement of the latter. And the worst of it is that the universities are prevented from making any alteration, even in such matters as the teaching they are to give, and the degrees they are to confer, without the sanction of the Privy Council.

The result of all this—of these varied studies, and of these repeated examinations on different subjects—is to increase what may be described as the hand-to-mouth system of Scotch universities—taking up one subject after another, the new one driving out the old. Examinations may be so arranged as merely to require the cramming up of a certain amount of forgettable matter. Very different is an examination at the close of a complete course of study—the supplement of the whole curriculum. That not only affords to the student the advantage of proving with what industry these studies have been pursued; it brings to him a real benefit; it is, in the words of Dr. Arnold, “the only means of making distinct to him his knowledge and his ignorance.” In our system we have rejected the good examinations and chosen the bad. Hence a want of thoroughness in anything becomes the rule. And classical studies suffer most, because they come first in the curriculum, and are therefore likely to be soonest forgotten. So far as they at least are concerned, the danger is not imaginary. The decay of classical learning in Scotland is a subject of general complaint. Greek, perhaps, at no time has crossed the Tweed in any great force; but the time is not far distant when Latin scholars in Scotland were neither few nor weak. Unfortunately there is a great change now. The want of classical learning, and the consequent want of culture generally, even in the learned professions, is very striking. It can be remarked in many ways—conspicuously in the style of writing now so common in Scotland. At no distant date beauty of style was a characteristic of Scotch writers.

But now we look in vain for anything resembling the “perfect composition, the nervous language” of Robertson, or the “careless inimitable beauties of his friend and rival,” which made Gibbon close the volume with “a mixed sensation of delight and despair!” The eloquence of our pulpit is turgid and tawdry. Even men whose training and habits might be supposed to have taught them some impatience of “tall talk,”—lawyers, professors, judges,—too often indulge in a tumultuous rhetoric suitable only for a debating society. And there are worse faults prevalent among us than rudeness or gaudiness of style. Real cultivation of mind not only brings with it a certain urbanity and propriety of speech, but it gives a tone to the mode of thought. It enriches the mind with an experience which makes us take up great subjects with a certain gravity and dignity. It causes us to handle ideas with a due appreciation of their true bearing—not stolidly rejecting them on the one hand, nor on the other treating them with an easy-going frivolity. It gives, in a word, a tone of reality to the mind. These qualities are not conspicuous in the angry and sterile discussions which are daily waged round about us.

How far our Scotch schools supply a sound basis for a liberal education it is hard to say. In certain branches, English for example, they are in advance of the English schools. Mr. Fearon, who has reported on them to the English Commissioners, has formed a high estimate of their excellence. But this gentleman does not seem to us to have supported by adequate facts the flattering estimate he expresses of the Scotch system. The enthusiastic language of his general Report is not borne out by the details of his special reports on particular schools. He once, indeed, says in a note that he can perceive some “important defects” in our burgh schools. But he gives us no idea what these defects are, and a sentence thus hidden in a note cannot do away with the mischief which will result from what we may almost call the confessedly erroneous tenor of his Report as a whole. Certainly his conclusions are very different from those which are arrived at in the thorough and elaborate Report by Messrs. Harvey and Sellar to the Scotch Commission. These gentlemen, judging from an infinitely wider induction, come to much less favourable conclusions, which, both in their general and their special reports, they have expressed in temperate language, but yet with a firmness becoming in the discharge of a public duty. They are at variance with Mr. Fearon as to many important points—the organization of our schools, the mode of promotion, the

value of the subjects, and the excellence of the methods of instruction,—especially, for example, as to the merits of the English teaching in our schools. Moreover, the general tone of Mr. Fearon's report is not calculated to inspire confidence. The style in which he has thought fit to compose an official document, and the flights of sociology into which he soars, are perhaps matters between him and the Commissioners. They may possibly approve as good style in a document of this sort, a contrast between "fat, easy pass-men" as teachers in England, and the ideal Scotch master (happily an ideal quite of Mr. Fearon's imagination) "gaunt, muscular, and time-worn, poorly clad and plain in manner and speech, but with the dignity of a ruler in his gestures, and the fire of an enthusiast in his eye;" they may sympathize with his conviction that in the examination of a few school-girls we are to hail "one of the greatest social improvements of our day,"—even with his half-expressed opinion that women should be admitted to our universities; and they may share his aspirations after a time when "a generation shall be produced among whom poverty is no shame, and honest labour with moderate gain be thought a worthy mode of existence." Perhaps with these things we have no concern. But, in the name of the public, we have a right to complain of the language in which Mr. Fearon has thought fit to express his social views. Facts plainly germane to any educational question, must of course be stated, however unpleasant; but they should be stated with a certain gravity and reserve. We cannot think it right, in a document of this sort, to describe the middle classes of England as "not yet sufficiently *civilised* to make the necessary efforts or sacrifices" for education, still less to speak of them as "those barbarians, those very uncultivated rich or substantial people, whom one sees every summer lounging at the Welsh and North-country sea-side towns, or hurrying through the Continent." Mr. Fearon was required to report upon the teaching in nine Scotch schools, not to denounce his fellow-countrymen, like a Hebrew prophet of old or Mr. Matthew Arnold in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Moreover, we distrust Mr. Fearon's praise of Scotland, both socially and in an educational point of view, not only because of his very limited experience, but also because he always contrasts us with England. We don't like this comparative style of criticism; it irritates the one side and puffs up the other. At all events we cannot defer to it, as coming from a man who only spent six weeks in one of the contrasted countries, during the greater part

of which time he must have been engaged in schoolrooms, or in looking over papers. We regret to speak thus of Mr. Fearon's Report, and only do so because it has attracted some attention, and we fear that his hastily formed, and too strongly expressed opinions, may prove obstacles to essential reforms. Already we suspect that they have done harm by inducing the Scotch Commissioners in their Report to preserve an uninteresting and colourless neutrality between his enthusiasm and the cooler judgments of their own Sub-Commissioners.

When we come to the English universities, we enter on more debatable ground. For such is the position of these great bodies, that changes cannot take place in their constitution, or even in the subjects of their teaching, without affecting in a greater or less degree the whole of English society. Some of the points, too, which yet remain to be determined with regard to the English universities, such as the application of endowments and the maintenance of tests, take us directly into the region of politics; we seem to change the pure air of the Academe for the more stimulating ether of political life.

Curiously enough, Cambridge, more liberal than Oxford in the matter of tests, is less advanced in some other respects highly important in an educational point of view.

The best Cambridge men, so far as we can observe, are agreed that verbal scholarship and pure mathematics occupy too exclusive a place among Cambridge studies. The extension of the range of study is a matter which may generally be left to the university itself. But in the present case this is mixed up with other changes, urged with great force by Professor Seeley, and as to which we are not sanguine of any voluntary action on the part of the university. These are, first, that the names in each class of every tripos should be arranged alphabetically instead of in the order of merit; second, that the fellowships should be thrown open to the whole university; and third, that instruction should be given by the university independently of the colleges. The first of these seems on all accounts desirable. Not even the most competent examiners can, with anything like certainty, arrange men in the order of merit, and far too much depends on what can but imperfectly be done. Besides, the system of so doing brings the idea of competition into a prominence unbefitting the dignity of learning, and thus, to use Professor Seeley's language, vulgarizes the studies of the place. Examinations are at best a necessary evil; in examinations conducted on this principle of men racing

against each other, all the evil is intensified.

The abolition of the order of merit in the tripos would necessitate this further change, that fellowships would not be given as the result of the Senate-house examination, because the respective merits of individual men would no longer be ascertainable from the lists. Each college would, therefore, hold special examinations for fellowships, and that system once introduced, the absurdity of limiting the field to in-college men could not long be maintained. The narrowness incidental to a close collegiate system would be modified by the introduction of men from other colleges; and the studies of the place might be more easily extended if the great rewards were no longer exclusively reserved for eminence in classics and mathematics, but could be conferred, at the discretion of each college, for attainments in any department of literature and science. With regard to both points the experience of Oxford gives strong testimony. The great mischief of the present system seems to be, that the examinations of the Senate-house have too much power. Cambridge, Professor Seeley happily says, "is like a country invaded by the Sphinx: to answer the monster's conundrums has become the one absorbing occupation." Thus the "vulgar competition" is fostered, and the teaching is narrowed so as to bear only on the mathematical and classical tripos. And the system tends powerfully to keep up this narrowness. When so much depends on an examination, examiners naturally prefer subjects which best enable them to arrive at a decided conclusion. Hence the preference given to these two subjects, and hence, in classics, the value set upon felicity in translation, so utterly disproportionate to the value set upon a knowledge of ancient literature or ancient history.* If these examinations were for honours alone, and had no other consequence, the range of subjects might be widened with comparative ease. Fellowship examinations differ, or ought to differ, from the university degree examinations in many important points—often in the age of the examined; always in the nature and objects of the examination. Professor Seeley has made out a stronger and a clearer case than has been made out by any of the essayists; and it is matter for regret that, so far as we can judge from the evidence given before Mr. Ewart's committee, the feeling in Cambridge is on the whole opposed to his views. So much the greater is the ne-

cessity for legislative interference. Trinity, however, has taken an important step. It has thrown open the scholarships; and Mr. Hammond seems to have no doubt that the fellowships will soon follow. And if Trinity finds the present system of restriction irksome, much more must the small colleges. Moreover, as will be seen afterwards, a change in this Cambridge custom (for it is only a custom) is quite essential to the proper working of the lodging-out system.

So far as having some division of labour among the fellows of the same college, and so far as opening lectures and out-college men, the best colleges in Oxford have done something even in the direction of Professor Seeley's third and most radical reform. That she has so advanced at all is plainly owing to the superiority of her fellowship system over that of Cambridge. But this point really involves the whole position of the university towards the colleges, not only as regards instruction, but as regards the use of endowments; and that again really embraces every aspect of university reform. We can only touch on a few of the leading topics in this wide field, and we shall confine our observations mainly to Oxford. The reasons for this are obvious. Firstly, such questions are more keenly agitated at Oxford than at Cambridge; secondly, two recent works on university organization have special reference to Oxford; thirdly, Oxford has, as we have said, advanced further than Cambridge, and therefore has opened up more topics for discussion; and fourthly, whatever applies to the one university will, with but slight modification, apply to the other.

Fifty years ago Sydney Smith could write with truth—"A genuine Oxford tutor would shudder to hear his young men disputing upon moral and political truth, forming and pulling down theories, and indulging in all the boldness of youthful discussion. He would augur nothing from it but impiety to God and treason to kings." In 1867, Mr. Mill, with equal truth, pronounces a very different judgment—"The old English universities, in the present generation, are doing better work than they have done within human memory, in teaching the ordinary studies of their curriculum; and one of the consequences has been, that whereas they formerly seemed to exist mainly for the repression of independent thought, and the chaining up of the individual intellect and conscience, they are now the great foci of free and manly inquiry to the higher and professional classes south of the Tweed."*

* This is well put by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, February 1868.

* Inaugural Address at St. Andrews.

This high praise is, in an especial degree, true of Oxford. Within the last ten or twelve years that university has so extended the range of examination as to include many subjects of study; and this to the advantage of the pass-men, and, what is of infinitely more importance, to the great increase of the honour-men. In schools, the "bifurcation" principle is, we think, objectionable; but the case is quite different with universities. Liberty of divergence is there practicable without breaking in upon any system of forms or classes; the teaching is ready at hand, and the men are presumed to have acquired the necessary foundation before they come up. This last condition can, of course, be easily tested by an examination. Oxford has endeavoured to carry out the idea of studying natural aptitudes, and so bringing out whatever taste for study may be in a man. After passing moderations, which may be after about a year's residence, an honour-man has his choice of four divergent schools: the school of *Literæ Humaniores*; of Mathematics; of History, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy; and of Natural Science. On the whole, this latitude has worked well. "I believe," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "industry has unquestionably increased, and many students who would have been flung aside as hopeless by the old system have done well in the new schools."* Professor Jowett expresses himself even more decidedly:—"I believe that the present system, with two or three alterations, would do all that is required with regard to the study of other subjects."† One change, however, is obviously necessary. The examination called moderations should come sooner. Moderations are really school-work. Professor Jowett would not only put moderations earlier, but would extend the range of them, and would allow honours therein obtained to count as equivalent to a year's, or a year and a half's residence. This might in some cases be a valuable privilege; but we venture to think it a secondary matter compared with allowing moderations to be passed early. The length of residence *required* is not too great for honour-men. The present evil is that, owing to the lateness of moderations, men have not sufficient time, after they are freed from that examination, to give to the work of the final schools; and are thus compelled to put off their degree till the very latest term at which they can obtain honours. On the other hand, if they could devote themselves at an earlier period to their degree studies, the residence might

in many cases be shortened, and going in for honours in two of the final schools become more frequent. With these alterations, we should feel disposed to leave the present Oxford system of examinations as it is—to be gradually modified, of course, by the wider experience which the next few years will give. We should deprecate any sudden subversion of the present order of things, with the view of substituting therefor a system, more complete perhaps and more symmetrical, but the introduction of which, in the present state of Oxford, might affect her whole future in a way no man can foresee, but which it would then be beyond our power to check.

It is with no small regret that we find ourselves here at variance with Mr. Pattison. His *Suggestions on Academical Organisation* cannot be read without pleasure and admiration. They are, in some ways, the most valuable contribution made of late years to educational literature. Candour, thought, and extensive knowledge, are apparent on every page. Yet we venture, with all respect, to differ from his views on two points—the arrangement of the examinations, and the disposal of the endowments of Oxford. Mr. Pattison's aim is to introduce a more scientific teaching than at present obtains in Oxford; and, from that point of view, he specially objects to the school of *Literæ Humaniores*. What that school is, he thus states himself:—

"The present practice is for the candidate to offer a list of six to eight books—viz., Aristotle—*Ethics*; Plato—*Republic*; Thucydides (the whole); Herodotus (the whole); Livy, 1-10; Tacitus (a portion). To these are sometimes added, Bacon—*Novum Organum*, I.; and Butler—*Sermons*. It is not usual to name any logical author; logic is examined in as a subject, which the candidate learns from books or from lectures, as suits him best."

But this list of books gives a very imperfect conception of the examination. Close and correct translation of the text is indeed exacted. Accurate knowledge of the special matter of the books is also required. But there is much beyond this. The historical books afford occasion not only for questions on the details which these books record, but for questions which test historical reading of a varied extent and a philosophical character. And then there is the "history of philosophy," and the logic papers, in which questions are set ranging over a very wide field of speculative philosophy. In short, the school may be roughly said to test exact translation, speculative power, and historical power. Mr. Mill's praise of the English

* *Oxford University Organization*, p. 27.

† Evidence before Mr. Ewart's Committee.

universities, above quoted, has special, if not an exclusive, application to this school.

Mr. Pattison's objection is a want of scientific exactness. Yet he objects with hesitation and reluctance. That this school has done—nay, is doing—good service, he frankly admits; it "possesses a high educative power;" it "takes a powerful hold, and moulds the man towards a fine ideal." These might be considered hasty sentences; but in two distinct passages Mr. Pattison records his deliberate judgment on this point:—

"I do not believe that there exists at this moment in Europe any public institution for education, where what are called 'the results of modern thought,' on all political and speculative subjects (the philosophy of religion, perhaps, alone excepted), are so entirely at home, as they are in our honour examinations in the school of 'Literæ Humaniores'—the examination, be it observed, not as prescribed by statute, but as actually worked."

"So far from underrating the Oxford training, I believe it to be the best to be had at this time in Europe. When it is attacked by scientific men without culture, or positive philosophy which ignores the world of imagination, it is right to point out how much more complete our scholastic curriculum is than anything which is proposed in its place."

It is surely no light matter to overthrow a system on which such a judgment can be with truth pronounced. And we regret that Mr. Pattison should have proposed this at the present time. We regret he should have made it possible that the weight of his authority, justly great, can be cited in favour of cutting out philosophy from the final classical school. He has made this possible. His object, indeed, is only that philosophy may be more profoundly studied. But that is not the object of those who will now claim him as their auxiliary. The priestly party in Oxford are struggling hard to exclude philosophy from the classical school, in pursuance of a deliberate purpose to "cretinize" the whole education of the place. They wish to exclude moral philosophy; or, if that is not possible, to make it, as they think, harmless by the rejection of the best text-books;—in a word, to bring us back to "the safe and elegant imbecility of classical learning," which sixty years ago moved the wit and wrath of Sydney Smith. They will not succeed without a struggle.

"Moral philosophy has hitherto been the most characteristic study, and the pride of Oxford; and there can be little doubt that Oxford students have owed to it qualities, interests, and sympathies, which, in spite of some notable educational defects, have made a remarkable number of them in their generation leaders of men."*

The aim of the clerical party is, if they cannot get rid of this study altogether, at least to put it in a school by itself, to reduce the classical school to its old narrowness, and to make it the popular school, by securing to it the disproportionate share it now enjoys of the university endowments. Thus they hope freedom of thought may be discouraged, and finally banished. They wish to restore the days when Adam Smith was censured because he was found reading Hume's treatise on Human Nature. A writer in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* hardly attempts to conceal this. His great objection to the philosophy of the schools is, that it makes men read Mill and Lewes. Imagine a university which desires to reform its teaching by putting the works of Mr. Mill in an *index expurgatorius*!

It is hardly perhaps a conclusive argument against Mr. Pattison's scheme that it is capable of being tortured into the support of views widely different from his own. We must add, therefore, that we object to the scheme on its own merits. We think he begins the "specialisation," as he calls it, of studies too soon. The result is that, according to his scheme, a man who chooses the faculty of Language and Literature is shut out from the study of history and of moral and social science—these latter falling under the faculty of Law. We humbly think this a great mistake. Exactness of knowledge will be dearly purchased by narrowness. We confess to a liking for the free, if somewhat vague, discursiveness of the present school. Nor do we quite appreciate the force of Mr. Pattison's objection, that men answer the questions "out of" Maine, or Austin. Why should they not? Can they, at that age, be much better employed than in reading such books, and in so mastering them as to be able to apply the speculation they find there readily and appropriately to cases set before them?

The question of age is important in this matter. Under a good system the B.A. degree should, as a rule, be taken at twenty-one. Scientific training must come after that. Those who devote themselves to a life of learning will acquire it without difficulty; others must find it as best they can in their professional pursuits; many will never get it at all. It is undoubtedly to be said with truth for English universities, as compared with the German universities, that they want Science. But we would supply this want after the Arts course had been concluded. This is the old theory of uni-

* Mr. Goldwin Smith's letter to the *Manchester Examiner*, May 2.

versity teaching, and we believe the true one. And so we should retain the characteristic in which, according to Mr. Pattison himself, we are superior to the German universities and all others—our educating powers. The philosophy taught in this school is really as thorough and as exact as men at that age can well acquire. The notion which prevailed in old days of twisting Plato or Aristotle into a sort of accordance with Butler has been long exploded. The *History of Philosophy* is now the leading idea in the schools, and that affords security against any such absurdity. Again, to divorce history from the classical school would be not less fatal than to banish philosophy. It seems to us beyond dispute, that for the cultivation of the historical faculty, setting altogether aside the merits of the writers, the study of ancient history is far excelling. Modern history is too extensive, too unsystematic, too much beset with the ideas of the day, to form a sound basis for academical training. After the historical sense has been educated it is all very well. And hence at Oxford, men who have taken honours in the school of *Literæ Humaniores* always show the most conspicuous excellence in the school of Modern History and Law. Ancient history is good as a means of instruction and of education for many reasons. As a rule, the vital crises in the destinies of nations only are studied; the materials are such as can be mastered by any one for himself; and, most important of all, in ancient history the great forces of society are seen working in their simplest form—not fettered or complicated by any system of nations. On the whole, then, we are clear for leaving the school of *Literæ Humaniores* as it is:—

“Severe strictures have been recently passed on the School of Moral Philosophy as too showy, ambitious, and vaguely comprehensive. The authors of these strictures, however, seem to have in view some intensely scientific and coldly critical idea of education, the superiority of which, I venture to think, is not established; there is a life of the mind, which gives all imparted knowledge life, and which is not to be awakened by mere criticism, or even by mere science. Nor does it seem to me a decisive proof of the unsoundness of knowledge that it is derived partly from oral teachers, and not entirely from books; Physical Science itself being to a great extent orally taught. I can only say of the Philosophy School that it has produced many men able in the estimation not only of philosophers but of statesmen; and if a portion of the talent which it has trained has been taken up by the public journals, this is deplorable and discreditable to the University only on the theory that we are a community of intellectual monks, to whom it is

degrading and contaminating to do anything for the world without.”*

We would urge strongly the changes above mentioned with regard to moderations. We think also that a greater breadth and elasticity might be made to characterize the final examination. Especially, for example, a more prominent place might be given to Political Economy. And, with a view to that scientific teaching, the want of which is an undoubted blot on our system, the Faculties might in some measure be restored. Some scientific study of Law and Medicine might with advantage precede the practical lessons of London. Oxford has been so long and so closely connected with the English Church, that any development of the theological faculty seems to be given up as hopeless. This is, indeed, a necessary consequence of such connexion. Identification with a church is the certain degradation of theology. Yet it is hard to abandon the hope that Oxford may yet so come to the knowledge of her true greatness as by the encouragement of free and fearless theological study to seek for us some resting-place in a time of religious doubt, some sure footing in the face of an impending religious revolution.

With the more serious views of university duty which have of late years obtained, the position of the pass-men has come to be regarded as a pressing and a difficult question. The new schools have decreased the number of pass-men; but possibly the idleness of those who remain has been intensified; certainly it has attracted more general remark and franker condemnation. Mr. Pattison and Mr. Goldwin Smith concur in the opinion that the pass examinations ought to cease; thinking that men who are unable, after reasonable effort, to reach the lowest standard required for honours, are out of place in a university at all. Mr. Fowler of Lincoln seems to have very nearly reached the same conclusion; Mr. Roundell, when examiner, addressed a letter to the Vice-Chancellor complaining of the pass-men in the school of modern history of law; and, so far as the evidence is before us, every examiner in every school entertains a similar opinion.† Mr. Goldwin Smith thinks they derive no good from their residence at Oxford; but on the contrary much harm:—

“Elsewhere they may be useful and prosperous; but in a place of intellectual pursuits for which they are not fitted and have no taste, they are exposed to very dangerous influences,

* Mr. Goldwin Smith on the Re-organization of Oxford.

† Evidence before Mr. Ewart's Committee, *passim*.

without, as it seems to me, any countervailing advantage. The society in which they live being merely that of men like themselves, can hardly improve or refine them; while they are liable to contract habits of selfish luxury which may cling to them through life. Their reading, being carried on without interest in the subject, without ambition, because without hope of success, and generally under the rod of an impending examination, only serves to disgust them with books; the papers which it is necessary to set them at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two are a humiliation in themselves; and to this humiliation is added, in a large proportion of cases, the disgrace, at some period or other of their career, of a pluck.*

And to this we would add, that their presence has no small influence for evil upon others. The great object is to make the university a place of study; that object is more or less defeated by the existence in the university of such a class as the present pass-men. It would seem, however, an odd beginning on University Reform to dismiss at one swoop about half our students. And it would be wrong to do so suddenly. The true way, as we have said before, of turning pass-men into class-men, is by extending the range of study. Oxford has done much in this way; perhaps she may do yet more. It might be that, if less were required of pass-men at one time, if they were free from Greek and Latin earlier in their career, and if more English subjects were given them, a greater proportion of them would take to work. All a university can do is thus to adapt education to various capacities, and so call out any natural aptitudes which may exist. A statute for altering the pass examination is, we believe, at present under consideration at Oxford. But reform in this point must be brought about by the schools. The university, however, can urge on the schools by instituting an entrance examination—not, as at present, an examination which each college can manage as it pleases; but an examination conducted by the university. The results will be, first, that men really unfit will be excluded; and, second, that the schools will be shamed into some effort to send up fewer unfit men than they do at present. In order to achieve this, their first endeavour must be to discourage the present mania for athleticism. It is some years since this plague entered into our literature; we do not remember which was its earlier, we cannot decide which is its more offensive form; whether when tempered with Christianity or when in its native brutality—as represented by Mr. Kingsley, or by the

author of *Guy Livingstone*. Now it has spread over all society. At college it makes the whole summer term useless; at eleven, says Mr. Pattison, the drag comes round, and work is at an end. But it is at school that the remedy must be applied. They have fostered this mischief; and it is theirs now to check it. But the other day, all Harrow, past and present, was stirred up on the question of a new cricket-ground. Perhaps it was required; but, without being very scientifically disposed, we should rather have seen a subscription got up for a laboratory. Parents are eminently absurd in this matter; but they are infected by the tone of the schools. It lies with the head masters of our public schools to take the initiative in repressing this pernicious craze.

There is no aspect of University Reform more interesting to the community at large than the question how the endowments of Oxford and Cambridge should be administered. At Oxford, about 80 scholarships, amounting on the average to £65 per annum each, are open to competition every year; and about 30 fellowships, which we may safely average at £250 per annum each; and the revenues of many of the colleges are largely increasing. This is independent of unincorporated and school exhibitions in connexion with the colleges, which may be taken at about £40,000 a year. And Cambridge has, if not quite, yet very nearly as much to give. To what purposes can this wealth be best applied?

Mr. Pattison has suggested an elaborate scheme, for the purpose of which he would divert these scholarships and fellowships from their present application. We will consider this scheme presently; but Mr. Pattison urges two special objections against the scholarships which must be met first. He maintains, first, that in principle they are a mistake; and, second, that in fact they have been a failure. To endow a professor he holds to be as necessary as to endow a minister of religion. But "to attract pupils round the professor by largesses of money is as little allowable as to pay people for going to church." The illustration is ingenious, but unsound. Setting aside the fallacy so cleverly insinuated by the word *largess*, what real analogy is there here? People don't require money to go to church. However poor a man may be, church-going will make him no poorer—will in no way interfere with his labouring to become rich. But money is very much required to enable a man to reside at college from eighteen to twenty-one. Devoting himself to study for those three years must make him poorer—at least in this sense,

* Mr. Goldwin Smith on the Re-organization of Oxford.

that it will make it an impossibility for him to labour in order to become rich, or even in order to live. But Mr. Pattison has a further objection. These paid pupils, he says, hurt the teacher. *He* must be endowed. But all endowments tend to induce supineness; and if you provide the Professor with pupils by paying them to attend him, you increase this tendency. Mr. Pattison's plan, therefore, is first so to endow the professor as to expose him to this temptation, and then to stimulate his energies by giving him only rich pupils, or none at all. Again, surely this principle of Mr. Pattison's is inconsistent with his general scheme. For, as we shall presently see, he does not propose to endow teachers as such. He would devote the fellowships to the support of men engaged in study; he is never weary of repeating that men in Oxford are to be for ever, and above all things, learners. If this be so, how can he draw any distinction between learners at one age and learners at another? How can it be right to give a learned man of thirty £800 a year that he may become more learned, and wrong to give a clever boy of eighteen £65 a year in order that he may attain to learning? The history of universities justifies the one system not less than the other. If either is open to attack on practical grounds, it is that which Mr. Pattison upholds. Experience has amply proved that to bestow endowments on men merely *because* they are poor is mischievous in a high degree; but it has proved not less amply that to enable men who show a capacity for learning to acquire it, despite their poverty, is a thing good and profitable for themselves and the country.

But further, Mr. Pattison says the scholarships have been a failure. They have not done what was expected from them: they have not brought the university within the reach of poorer men than came to it before. This is too broadly stated. In our own small experience we have known several instances of men going up to Oxford of late years who could never have done so but for the open scholarships. And we believe that the number of such men is increasing. But, to a certain extent, Mr. Pattison is correct in this. The scholarships have not penetrated so deeply into society as the reformers of 1852 expected; nor is the reason hard to find. It is in the monopoly of the college system. Under that system when a man gets a scholarship of say £80 a year, he requires at the very least as much again before he can avail himself of it. Now, such a boon is of course no gain to the poor man. Allow a man to live where and how

he pleases, and he will live easily on £80 a year; force him into a college where a certain rate and manner of living is kept up, and this becomes impossible. Therefore, the present system can only attract to Oxford those who are able to supplement the scholarship by a considerable expenditure of their own. The remedy, as has been before urged in this Journal, is to allow students to live as and where they please.* In this matter, moved perhaps by the evidence laid before Mr. Ewart's Committee, more probably by fear of a Reformed Parliament, Oxford has recently taken a step which all Liberals regarded with surprise and pleasure. Last term a statute passed both the Council and Congregation, allowing students to "lodge out" in connexion with a college or not, as they please. There are certain provisions regarding superintendence which seem unnecessary, and may be vexatious; but on the whole, the measure is a liberal and a fair one; and imposes no tests of poverty or other offensive restrictions.

Doubtless this is a great advance; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the statute will pass safely through Convocation. It is impossible to say that it will be immediately productive of any marked results. Certainly Dr. Pusey's fears of seeing Oxford crowded with troops of obstreperous young men, eager for immorality, will not be realized. Yet we cannot but hope that this wise concession will attract to Oxford students of a different type. It will offer to them many inducements. First, it will give them the power of living as economically as they can, without submitting to the irksome restraints of a "poor" college, or stooping to the ignominious position of a servitor in a rich one; second, it will allow them freedom of choice as regards their instructors; and third, it will enable such of them as are Dissenters to enjoy an Oxford education without being brought under the ecclesiastical influences of the place in their fullest force. But to give this scheme fair play, there must be a change introduced with regard to the endowments, and especially the scholarships. It will be of little avail to invite poor men to come up and live in Oxford lodgings, if they are to be debarred from all scholarships and exhibitions. Therefore the rule that requires a scholar to belong to a college in the sense of living in the college, and being liable for its expenses, must be relaxed. In principle, as Mr. Jowett says, the right course would be to make all the scholarships university, and not college, scholarships; but if this be thought too violent a change,

* *North British Review*, No. 91.

then at least the colleges must be coerced into allowing any one who may gain a scholarship to continue out of college if he should think fit. In this way, it might be hoped that the universities would be enabled to draw their students from a larger area than at present,—from the whole community, in a word, in place of from a small section of it. At present the universities command what may be roughly called the upper hundred thousand at most. The object is to bring them into connexion with all classes of society. It would be a great thing if it could be said with truth that any boy of unusual ability, however lowly his position, would find no difficulty in winning for himself a university education. By a proper system of our national schools and grammar schools, and by bringing our scholarships freely to bear on these schools, this seeming dream might be realized. And here, as the Schools Inquiry Commissioners have pointed out, we find a strong argument for retaining Latin, even in schools of the lowest grade. If we abandon Latin in the elementary schools, we make a clear breach between those schools and the universities. No boy going to such a school, however great his ability, could have any chance of rising to the highest education the country can give. To make this possible, there must be a chain connecting the highest with the lowest grade of education. To maintain such a connexion is matter of the highest moment; and it is necessary to its maintenance that Latin should be retained as the basis of education generally.

But here we encounter Mr. Pattison's ideal university, the existence of which would be quite destructive of these pleasant fancies. "We must do nothing less," he says, "than ask that the college endowments be restored to their original purpose—that of the promotion of science and learning." They must be devoted "to the maintenance of a professional class of learned and scientific men;" "trading teaching" of any kind is to be abolished altogether.

It may be our own fault, but we fail to gather from Mr. Pattison's book any precise statement of what he conceives to be the true position of a university with reference to education. It seems, however, pretty clear that he thinks education a very minor duty. His great aim is the creation of a body of men who may, if they so choose, "recline at ease, careless of mankind," but who are expected to be actively devoted to learning and science. Teaching at best is to be an accident. And, in order to realize this Utopia, he "cantons out" the various colleges for the encouragement of special studies—giving up Oriel to Moral Science, Queen's

to History, All-Souls to Law, Corpus and Merton to the Physical Sciences.

It is never satisfactory to oppose any elaborate plan of reform on the ground that it is impracticable. Mr. Pattison's plan seems to us hopelessly impracticable; but there are weighty considerations which seem to show that it is also undesirable. As Mr. Goldwin Smith has pointed out, thus to fix the endowments which are to encourage different studies without, is to pre-suppose a knowledge of the future requirements to learning and science which we do not possess. The true method is, for those in whose gift the endowments are, to apportion them from time to time among those studies which, in the state of learning throughout the country, may appear deserving of a foremost place. Thus a varied range of study is secured; and that range may be so modified as to suit the changing requirements of the time. Another practical difficulty is—who are to elect to these professor fellowships, or whatever they may be called? Election by examination is of course out of the question; and the nature of the office is such that there can be no definite standard of excellence to guide selection. To elect men who are to discharge fixed duties—the duty of teaching for example—is not easy; but to elect, on any satisfactory principle, a large body of cultivated sinecurists, would be simply impossible. To what electoral board could we with safety intrust such a power over the studies, the speculations, the fortunes of the intellect of the nation? A third practical objection is, that these sinecures will produce no good result. It is thought, of course, that men who enjoy them will devote themselves zealously to the advancement of learning, will live laborious hours, shunning delights, or, what is much harder, overcoming laziness, without stimulus, without hope of reward. But whence do we get this sanguine expectation? Does human nature suggest it? Does experience justify it? Dr. Johnson frankly declared that no man would work except from necessity, and we suspect he was right. Certainly men cannot be trusted to work laboriously and continuously from love of truth alone. They are rarely so single-minded. It may be too much to say that human nature is, on the whole, moved by low motives; but assuredly the motives which have most power over it are very various, and not always the highest. And experience confirms this less sanguine view. The history of our chapters, of the headships of houses, even of our professorships, gives us little encouragement to hope that by establishing another great body of sinecurists we shall improve education, advance learn-

ing, or even secure that result, so longed for by some, the perpetual publication of learned books.

Lastly, we venture to doubt whether this idea of providing literary leisure for eminent men is the true idea of a university. History does not sanction it. Even in the earliest times, when the universities were rather places of study than places of education, the endowments were given for the support of students during a long course of study, beginning at an early age, and protracted till the doctor's degree. Such an application of them is no precedent in favour of Mr. Pattison's theory. Nor did the universities ever willingly neglect the duty of education. Did not they assume it whenever opportunity offered? Were not their proudest days when they numbered their students by thousands? Above all, Mr. Pattison's plan is singularly ill-adapted for our time. There is no necessity now-a-days that learned men should be withdrawn from a turbulent society, and secured in quiet and leisure within the precincts of a university. Men in active life are not necessarily divorced from the pursuits of literature or science. There is no incompatibility between that life and such pursuits; and if in some quarters there is a belief in such incompatibility, the oftener that prejudice is refuted the better. It is in training able men for the world, in enabling them to dignify and liberalize their daily avocations by the influence of true culture, that the universities will discharge their highest duty to the present generation. To relinquish or limit the educational functions of the universities is to break off all connexion between them and the world. Nothing could be more unfortunate. Even in the mediæval times secluded study was never the whole being of the universities. For the clergy were then a great intellectual caste; in their hands was all education and every profession, save that of arms; and so through them the universities had no slight connexion with, and no small influence upon, the conduct of affairs. Mr. Pattison's own description of the university men of those days is that they were "keen-minded men, who were daily passing out into the world to take the most responsible business of political life or ecclesiastical government." Now this monopoly has passed from the clergy. Lawyers, physicians, statesmen, even the "philosophers" of the press, whom our Premier so tastefully sneers at, have come into the place of the mediæval priesthood; and should our universities be asked to let go their hold over these classes of society? They have a hold now, not only

by devoting themselves to education, but also by the substantial rewards which they can bestow on ability. Through their scholarships and fellowships the universities exert an influence over the whole country.

These views were some time ago urged in this Journal in a passage which Mr. Pattison quotes with disapproval.* It was there suggested that, allowing for the changes of time, the Universities might in part be to the present day what the Church was to the middle ages, and what the Church, in some measure, then made the Universities—an avenue into life. In spite of Mr. Pattison's argument we retain that idea. We cannot think that to devote some portion of their endowments to the furtherance of this end is misappropriation of them. Not every man will do most for learning and science if shut up in a cloister at Oxford. Many will give more and better work while busied in active life; and by enabling such men to enter on their various careers the university will be found to consult truly for the advancement of these pursuits. We are speaking now of the direct effect of the two courses; the indirect benefits arising to cultivation in general from the universities thus supplying able men to the professions need not be enlarged upon.

On all these grounds, therefore, we dissent from Mr. Pattison's scheme. We cannot think it either sound in principle, justified by experience, or likely to be beneficial in its results. But while we retain our opinion that a portion of the university endowments may be with propriety applied in furthering the early studies of professional life, we are far from thinking the present way of working the fellowships satisfactory. Before the Commission of 1854, it was matter of reproach to Oxford, that, with all her wealth, she offered no position worthy of an able man who desired to devote himself to teaching, especially if he should also desire to marry. The Commissioners failed to remove that reproach. They instituted one or two good professorships, and that was all. The time has now come when the whole fellowship system must be re-arranged, and the principle on which that arrangement should proceed is not doubtful. It has been stated by more than one of the leading witnesses before Mr. Ewart's Committee. The fellowships must be divided into two classes—one Prize fellowships, the other Teacher fellowships. The former would be elected to as at present, would be smaller in amount, say £200 a year, and should (we think) be terminable. The Teacher-Fellows should be

* *North British Review*, No. 91.

appointed at any age, and not by examination, at least not necessarily. They should have larger incomes, and should hold their fellowships as long as they are engaged in tuition. There are minor differences between some of the witnesses, but such an outline as the above is concurred in generally. All agree that under this system, requirements of celibacy or of taking orders should disappear. To this we would add an increase in the endowment of the principal professorships, and then the teaching of the university would be adequately provided for. But to give this system fair scope, the college monopoly must be abolished. The Teacher-Fellow should be allowed to take pupils from any college. Already, as we have said, this system of interchanging has made a beginning in Oxford. Balliol and New College have, we understand, established it. The importance of this change it seems difficult to over-estimate. When it comes to prevail in the University generally, the teaching of the place will be animated by a new life. The ridiculous idea that each college must be sufficient in itself, and consequently that some twenty-four complete systems of instruction can all go on at once, leads surely to bad learning and bad teaching. The pupil, forced to pay for lectures he does not want, and, worse, forced to attend them, does so with reluctance, and without profit; the teacher, secure from rivalry, deprived of interest, is urged by no more powerful motive than a sense of duty. On the other hand, undergraduates will readily attend and zealously work for lecturers whom they have chosen for themselves; a salutary stimulus will be applied to the teachers; and men with powers of communicating knowledge will no longer feel themselves condemned to a dreary treadmill, but will have before them a field of labour in which distinction may be honourably won. To accomplish these and other necessary changes, the Legislature must give us an Executive Commission, wielding powers as least as extensive as the Commission of 1854,—a measure which would be heartily welcomed by all the intelligences of Oxford.

It is impossible to conclude this article leaving untouched the subject of Tests. Mr. Coleridge's Bill will probably pass any future House of Commons—will certainly encounter bitter opposition elsewhere. The purpose of the Bill may be stated in a sentence. It opens all the degrees, except those in divinity, without requiring any signature to the Thirty-nine Articles, or to any other formula of faith; and it deals in the same way with professorships and fellowships. As things are at present, there are certain

minor differences between Oxford and Cambridge, into which we cannot enter; but the practical result is the same in both, *i. e.*, that those who will not sign the articles, or declare their conformity to the liturgy of the Church of England are shut out from all power and all share in the endowments. This is the state of matters which Mr. Coleridge's Bill proposes to remedy, and which the English clergy are banded together to defend.

These tests are upheld mainly on two grounds; first, that they protect the Christian religion; and, second, that they protect the English Church. Of these, the first is a good end, but is not accomplished; the second is a very bad end, and is accomplished only too well. The first ground is always stated vaguely, and, as stated, is fallacious. For these tests cannot protect the Christian religion in any true sense; they can only protect certain forms of belief—the Christian religion according to the Church of England. But whether we take the expression in its wider or its narrower sense no tests will accomplish this end. There is nothing so difficult as to bring to book these excited defenders of the faith. They seem incapable of definite statement. Two deputations, one from Oxford and one from Cambridge, as a rule consisting of men occupying, indeed, imposing positions, but taking little part in academical work, and utterly without academical knowledge, have appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury on this, as they call it, "vital religious question." But they assume such to be the nature of the question, without any attempt to prove that it is so. We seek in vain to learn from their fervid denunciations how the abolition of these tests can affect true religion in any way whatsoever.

In what way do they protect religion? In the case of the teachers of Latin, or Greek, or science, no protection is needed. They have no right to touch upon religion; and, in point of fact, they never do so, whether they are bound by tests or not. Under the present system, no such teacher would be tolerated, were he to inculcate religious opinions of any kind; and why should it be assumed that, under a more liberal system, such teachers will eagerly proceed to attack religious opinions of all kinds? Certainly the very last men to do so would be those who are now excluded. The man indifferent to all forms of religion will probably sign the test with a smile or a sigh according to his temperament; the man strongly attached to some one form of religion will not, as a mere point of honour, give in his adhesion to another. Neither,

we believe, would abuse his trust by enforcing his peculiar views; but certainly the latter would not be the more likely to do so. Our Scotch experience has proved the truth of this beyond doubt. But by these tests the man who has no strong convictions is made welcome, the conscientious man is kept out. And this is exactly what the clerical party desire. They prefer, and always have preferred, indifference or dishonesty to heterodoxy, or what they consider such.

But then we have the cry about the religious teaching of our universities. It is difficult to believe that any one who knows anything of our universities can use this argument, or rather re-echo this cry, honestly. For the plain truth is that, excepting theological lectures for men going into the Church, there is no religious teaching in our universities. At Cambridge, men are required to construe the Gospels, and to answer questions in Paley's *Evidences*. At Oxford, they must construe the Gospels, have some vague knowledge of Old Testament history, and be able to stumble through the text of the Articles. But this may be avoided by any one who chooses to declare himself not a member of the Church of England. At Cambridge, we believe, the colleges give no religious instruction at all; at Oxford, they afford what may be requisite to prepare men for the arduous examination above described. How can any one seriously call this religious instruction? Still more, how can any one seriously maintain that, whatever it may be called, it will be in the least affected by the admission of Dissenters to fellowships and the M.A. degree?

But the real argument yet remains, that these tests protect the Church of England. Doubtless they do so, after a fashion, and for a time; but the fashion is degrading, and the time will be short. Apart, however, from these considerations, the answer to this argument is short and plain—the Church of England has no right to protection from such a source. Historically, the universities are not hers, but the Church of Rome's. Legally, they are lay corporations, subject to the control, and at the disposal of the Legislature. In reason and justice they are modern places of learning and education, where all men, without distinction of belief or nation, should be welcome. When they belonged to the Church of Rome they were, if not regarded as national property, yet in truth devoted to national purposes. When the great overthrow came, the ecclesiastical policy of the Tudors, perfected by that of the Stewarts, took the universities from the

ancient Church, and forgetting to what ends that Church had used them, delivered them over to a section of the people. To quote the powerful words of Mr. Goldwin Smith—

“These tests are the vestiges, the last lingering vestiges, of an age of religious tyranny and oppression of conscience,—an age when the best of Christians and of citizens, guilty of no offence but that of loving the truth, and desiring to impart it to their brethren, were treated as felons, harassed, fined, thrust into noisome dungeons, and kept there till they died, at the instigation of ecclesiastics who dishonoured the Christian name, and by the hands of politicians, who equally dishonoured it, and who in many cases had no convictions whatever of their own; when the Eucharist itself, the bond of Christian love, was prostituted to the purposes of political hatred with the approbation of a so-called Christian clergy, though with a profanity worse, because deeper in its nature, and polluting holier things, than the impieties of the ignorant heathen; when in Scotland, many a peasant, merely for worshipping God in the way he thought the best, was shot down by a godless soldiery hounded on by bishops styling themselves the successors of the Apostles; when Ireland was oppressed by a penal code which bribed the child to apostasy by enabling him, as a reward, to strip his father of his property, and not only of his inherited property, but of that which he might himself acquire; when immorality and infidelity went hand in hand with spiritual slavery; and, while Baxter and Calamy lay in prison for their convictions, obscene plays were being acted in the harem of a Defender of the Faith, who lived a careless infidel, mocking at morality and God, and who died a craven infidel, calling in his panic for the vaticum of superstition. Is not that age, with all that belonged to it, numbered with the past? Are not its practices disclaimed even by those who have not yet eradicated its sentiments from their hearts?”*

But here is the whole matter: such practices are indeed disclaimed by the lips, yet these sentiments still rule in the heart. The clergy of our day can no longer torture or shoot the Dissenter; but they can still keep him in a position, if not of degradation, at least of inferiority; can still exclude him from educational privileges and academical prizes. See to what the contest is now narrowed. It is no longer a question of religious teaching. That was disposed of when Catholics and Dissenters were admitted as students. It is a struggle to prop up the Church by the influence and the wealth of great national institutions. The spirit in which the contest is carried on may be learned from a recent occurrence. At

* A Plea for the Abolition of Tests.

Merton College one half of the fellowships are clerical. This has been found most injurious; and that society, by an almost unanimous vote, applied to their visitor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, for his concurrence in a proposal to limit the clerical fellowships to one-third. The Archbishop refused his sanction—"in the interests of the Church." We read without surprise that the society felt itself aggrieved by that decision, thinking that "the duty of the visitor, as the guardian of the educational interests of the College, had been made subordinate to the supposed interests of his ecclesiastical capacity;"* but we are surprised that the society should have expected any different response. Of what avail is it to reason with these men of the interests of the universities, or of justice to the nation—to remind them that Trinity has lately seen two Senior Wranglers in succession leave her walls, to show what a mockery are schemes of university extension, so long as you exclude Dissenters from the great prizes of the place, and give them but an inferior degree? Against all such reasonings the clergy stand up valiantly *pro aris et focis*—for their loaves and fishes.

It is an edifying spectacle. At no time, we think, had the Church of England so slight a hold over the educated laity as at present. The mob of titled fanatics who the other day hooted down Dean Stanley can give her no real support. But they may hurry her to destruction. The alliance of Mr. Disraeli's "heated imagination" is a thing for laughter. But it is matter of sad and serious earnest that there is at this present time a desperate rally on the part of the old Tory section of the English Church. They see their ascendancy passing away, and they are banding themselves together for a fierce struggle to regain it. They have chosen their time unwisely. The most marked characteristic of our age is an indifference not only to the Church of England, but, in a measure, to all recognised forms of belief. But while we are thus breaking with tradition and authority, we are keenly alive to truth and justice, we rest our hopes for the future on intellectual progress. And it is at such a time that this Church of yesterday would arrogate to itself the majesty of the Vatican, will spare no effort to maintain in Ireland the greatest ecclesiastical iniquity in Europe, and to banish from our universities all freedom of thought and breadth of culture! Men are beginning to ask how it is that the bulk of the Established clergy are always opposed

to peace and freedom and right; and the question is full of danger.

If the Church would only learn in this her day! But her destiny is not our present concern. Our care now is that the universities be kept free from the stains of this ignoble strife,—that the marks of old struggles which yet cling to them be taken away. Mr. Goldwin Smith fears lest he should seem to dream, were he to tell what the career of our universities might be. It is a foolish and false thing to say that the Dissenters are hostile to them. Dignified in their wealth, venerable in their antiquity, appealing to every feeling of romance, every sentiment of beauty, they cast a spell over the imagination even of those who are shut out from them, and rule in their hearts with a charmed way. The Dissenter longs to share their spirit, to breathe their atmosphere; he looks on them with admiration, even with pride; and if here and there some expressions of indignant envy may be heard, who can wonder? The more profound this admiration, the keener the sense of the wrong which has been inflicted. Striving, then, to fulfil their high destiny, the universities will meet no slow response from all classes of the community. What that destiny may yet be, accomplishing itself not in England alone, but in all the great communities which speak the English tongue, and not by teaching only, but by directing and controlling the teaching of others, we can hardly venture to imagine. Such fancies may seem fond. Yet we will not part with the hope that they may be one day realized. But if the splendour of that day is ever to dawn, "the pestilential coils of party in which the university has lain for three disastrous centuries choked, paralysed, isolated from the nation, must be untwined; the party ostracism which decimates her administration must be brought to an end; academical aims must prevail over political and ecclesiastical aims in her councils, and those councils must be freely opened to all who can serve her well, and who will serve her for herself."

ART. II.—1. *Mirido, Pouemo Prouvençau de Frederi Mistral*. Avignon, Marseille, Nice, Paris. 8^{me} Edition, 1864.

2. *An English Version of Mirido*. By C. H. GRANT. Marseille, Avignon, etc., 1867.

About twenty years ago the son of a poor gardener of St. Remy, in Provence, proud

* Evidence before Mr. Ewart's Committee.

of some schoolboy verses in correct school-French, dedicated them to his mother, and when he proceeded to read them to her, was shocked to find that the old Provençal woman did not understand them. The *patois* of southern France, in truth, is much nearer to Spanish and Italian, or to their common mother, Latin, than it is to the French of Paris. How Joseph Roumanille, the native of St. Remy, should only then and thus have discovered this, is not of much consequence. But the fact is, that along all the French sea-board of the Mediterranean, across all the fair provinces of Guienne and Gascony, Languedoc, Dauphiné, and Provence, all the way from the Pyrenees to the Alps, the spoken language is that *patois* to which its modern cultivators give the time-honoured name of Provençal; and few of the natives of the degree of farmers, labourers, tradesmen, understand any other. All through that country a traveller is met with "We don't speak French," as in our West Highlands the natives have "no Saxon." Joseph Roumanille, loving his old mother at St. Remy, was also full of love for the country of his youth and the language in which he had lisped his first prayers; and he dedicated his talents to the same task that inspired Burns to wish—

"That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

Roumanille was no dreamer. He had energy and perseverance to make a fair beginning of the revival of Provençal literature. He caught the tone of his countrymen. Mistral describes him as one

"who mingles
In his harmonies the people's tears,
The laugh of maidens, and the flowers of spring."

He has spoken sweet, innocent words, sung chaste and holy songs, to his own people, in their native language, that despised tongue—*nòsto lengo mespresado*—which had hitherto been the vehicle of no literature higher than a coarse ribaldry. He has rescued his mother-tongue from that degradation, has spread innocent delight through the farms and villages of Provence, and he has had his reward in seeing his patriotic undertaking carried forward with enthusiasm by a worthy school of followers and rivals.

Avignon, the old city of the Popes, a place full of historical associations,* is the

* There is a little Museum of Antiquities at Avignon, full of tombs of the old colonists of Mas-

centre of the Provençal movement, and from the press and the book-stalls of Avignon have already gone forth some remarkable literary efforts in the revived *patois*. These authors and their works were noticed in a late number of the *North British Review*, and the attention of the reading public was called in particular to the *Mirèio* of M. F. Mistral, to which we propose to dedicate this paper. Mistral is the greatest of the new Troubadours, and *Mirèio*, his own favourite,* is the most successful and popular of his works. The poem is now in its third edition.

It would seem that the pastoral or idyl thrives best in *patois*. Without going back to the Doric of the Greek shepherds, and eschewing the vile affectation of rusticity in

allia, with Greek inscriptions and sculpture as fresh as if carved yesterday. The contents are sepulchral urns, lachrymatories, and many vessels of many-coloured glass and unknown use. The sculptures are chiefly of the crowd of guests assembled at the funeral feast. These tombs are found round Avignon, and all down the Rhone valley. To all collectors of ancient coins and *bric-à-brac* Avignon is an attractive resort. The magnificent remains of the palace of the Popes, the church—which some will have to be of ancient Roman masonry,—the city walls, more picturesque from their decay, would detain more travellers, if all the world were not rushing by the great rail to Marseilles, *en route* to Algeria, to India, "on business."

To such "measurers of sea and land" it would be useless to suggest the interests of Vaucluse, of the Pont-du-Gard, of Nîmes, Arles, Orange, bringing Rome and its magnificence face to face with you. Still less would it avail to whisper that a walk on the *Rocher des Doms* on a spring evening, with the noble rivers joining at your feet, while the setting sun lights up the old towers and the Banksia roses clinging to their walls, and the *Arbres de Judée* dazzle the eyes with the blaze of their blossom—such a walk, always with a good companion, and amid the music of innumerable frogs, is a thing never to be forgotten.

We don't take up the cudgels against Murray and the Guide-books, who rail at the wind there, and rake up some old scandalous doggerel of—

"*Avenio ventosa,
Sine vento venenosa,
Cum vento fastidiosa!*"

We can afford to laugh at such libels, and offer a translation *ad libitum* :—

Old Avignon's the place for wind!
And ague there you'll often find;
But blow the wind, or shake the fever,
We'll sing—Old Avignon for ever!

The northern man, tired of his long winter, dreading the severe punishment of his northern spring, may do worse than make his tryst to meet the sun and the swallows on the Rock of Avignon.

* In his dedication to Lamartine he says

"*Es mon cor e mon amo,
Es la fleur de mis an.*"

'Tis my heart and my soul,
It is the flower of my years.

some of our English pastorals, we have the best example among ourselves. Burns was far greater when singing the simple language of the Kyle ploughman, in his shepherd plaid, by the banks of the Doon, than when living the conventional life, and using the book-language of his patrons and patronesses in Edinburgh. He felt himself more a man, more a true poet, when, like his own immortal "Tam-o'-Shanter," buffeting the rough weather, and—

"Now crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Now laudin' fast his gude blue bonnet."

It is true that Burns had an advantage over those Provençal poets, and indeed over other writers in a provincial dialect. Burns's song, in the broadest Scots, was something else than vulgar then. In his day, not a high-born dame of Scotland but had heard that language in her nursery, and learnt to love the sweet sentiment as well as the melody of our old ballads from her nurse, long before she was called to weep over the tender verses of—

"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?"

The educated classes had not to look back to Barbour, or even to Dunbar and Lindsay, for the Ayrshire ploughman's dialect. The rhythm was familiar. Was it not the ring of the Border ballad of love and war, as it was still sung by the blythe milkmaid and the crone at her wheel! Even the broad musical Saxon tongue was still the common language of the nursery, and of the never-forgotten companions of nursery days. Feeling that our own partiality should put us out of court, we call in the authority of Longfellow, who, speaking of his own version of *Jasmin's* pretty pastoral, the "Blind Girl," says—

"Only the tongue of Lowland Scotland might,
Rehearse this little tragedy aright."

We accept the testimony of the pure English poet, though it may have an unconscious bias from associating the language with the genius of Burns.

Now, something of Burns's advantages the knot of Provençal enthusiasts claim to have. They pretend to resuscitate an ancient poetical language—the *langue d'oc*,—the speech, a thousand years ago, of the Princes and Counts of the court of Toulouse, where the constitution was not merely, as was said later of France, "a despotism tempered by songs," but where songs were paramount to politics and the constitution. It is not a mere romance. For several centuries, in all that country, kings and queens, knights and

soldiers thought it their highest honour to make verses, and to sing them. Love and song were the business of life; and lords and ladies held debates about the tender passion, the philosophy of love, with as much gravity as serious people now throw into a dispute about church music. But that language, cultivated by the old Troubadours, and fixed by them, was gone; either quite forgotten, or preserved only in the mouth of the uneducated peasant, who has handled it roughly and degraded it to vile uses. It was gone as thoroughly as the Latin of the Roman *Provincia*, as the Greek in which St. Césaire preached to the people of Marseilles in the sixth century.

Has the character of the people as much changed? It is hard to say. The people are still peculiar; very different from the Gauls of midland France. Tradition, or belief of ancestry, does not go for much in national character. But the shepherd of the Gardon, who has never heard of the Greek colonists who settled Massilia, for whom Theocritus may have invoked the Sicilian Muse two thousand years ago, does not look without emotion on the marvellous aqueduct that spans his native valley, on the remains of Roman art scattered round Arles and Nîmes, telling the tale of imperial power and colonial civilisation. He does believe that his forefathers had something to do with those stupendous monuments. Tradition is something real when vouched by such evidence.

Actual "race" and blood descent will have more influence than the traditionary belief and pride of ancestry. Why should we doubt that it will affect the character as it is known to affect the physical constitution of animals and mankind! We Britons are ready enough to fancy the stout Anglo-Saxon strain cropping out in the uttermost parts of the earth. Those Greeks, be they Dorian or Ionian, capable of such early civilisation, of so poetical a temperament—those middle-age Troubadours, living in an atmosphere of church and chivalry and song, may perhaps have influenced the character of the present people who inhabit their seats—a people addicted to music, of a very poetical temperament, religious to extreme superstition,—sober, gentle, slow, almost dull—yet so easily excited to dangerous excesses.

It is possible, then, that the peculiar character of the people, like their language, may be traced to their historical ancestry. That may be one element. Another is more certain. About their climate there can be no mistake. It is still the sunny land of love and of song, where the blood bounds with a wilder throb of passion, where the

rudest music has the effect of the tarantula, and the common air breathes sweet and wooingly through the mulberry leaf and the almond blossom.

The French critic, like the French policeman, is all for centralization and submission to "the authority" in all things. He sees no advantage in reviving a language dead or doomed to die. He has not much sympathy with the wish to speak to that fine impulsive people in the only tongue they understand, to save them from the polluted ribaldry of their familiar songs, and to give them the use and the delight of a homely literature of pure thoughts, not unmixed with humour and gaiety. If the people are capable of appreciating something above their coarse *virolays*, let them learn French! If their authors feel the power of the true artist, let them write to intelligent men in French! We poor insulars may be pardoned for cherishing a different opinion. Without fighting the battle of suppressed nationalities, we submit that the Avignon revivalists have done well in writing pastorals and tales and songs in the language of their countrymen, simple *patois* though it may be. We are prepared to maintain that there are good reasons for writing popular poetry in the language of the people, and there are special reasons against writing it in French.

Of modern languages, perhaps French is the least suited for pastoral or idyllic composition. Its very perfections, which none but a Parisian can hope to master, are against such a use. Its sharp precision, the unyielding accuracy of its grammar, its intolerance of colloquial "vulgarianisms," of incomplete sentences, of childish prattle, all join to make the polished language unfit for the talk of ideal shepherds and ploughmen. May we say further, there is a want of frank, natural, kindly, old-world expressions in its vocabulary, and of full rich tones in its speech. French is best adapted for the life of cities. It is the special language of science. It is admirable in the witness-box, more excellent and admirable in comedy, and in familiar letters,—especially ladies' letters—and indeed generally in the conversation and intercourse of educated people. But it is not a poetical language, as compared with English or German, nor a musical speech, when compared with Italian or Spanish or Lowland Scotch.

But this is not a question of comparison of languages. The simplicity which unfits the Provençal *patois* for expressing the loftier or more subtle thoughts of educated men, recommends it to the ear of the peasantry of southern France; and any language is worth

cultivating that is spoken by millions—any language that is the sole speech of a people. It is hardly possible to confer a greater boon on a people situated like these *patois*-speakers of the South, destitute of anything worthy of the name of literature, than by opening to them, in their own tongue, a wholesome literature, full of innocent, generous, tender charities, sympathizing with their rude but well-realized feelings of religion, and brought home to their common occupations and daily use.

Perhaps it would have been better if the adventurous champions of the new or restored language had banished French readers entirely from their thoughts, and French translation from their pages. When Burns, under the full *afflatus* of the Muse, sang to his peasant-love, his bonnie Jean, or told a tale to his neighbours that was destined to immortality, he despised for the nonce Edinburgh critics, and took no thought of Homer and Virgil. What would have been his answer, had Creech proposed to print "Tam-o'-Shanter" with an English version *en regard*? Undoubtedly those Provençal enthusiasts at first meant their songs for the shepherds and peasants of the Rhone valley; but, bolder grown, they strike for the honour of Provence and its literature as worthy to rank with French. In other words the poet who prints at Avignon, though he loves his beautiful province and its people, has an *arrière-pensée*—"what will they think of me at Paris?" Perhaps no Frenchman can overcome that feeling. Moreover, M. Mistral is a scholar and a classic. In the first lines of his pastoral he professes himself "*umble escoulan dou grand Oumero*;" and he shows in some places too plainly that he is imitating his great master. His pastoral poem would have been more successful if he had written for the Provençals rather than the Parisians, and banished Homer quite from his thoughts for the time.

But the convenience of the Paris public demands a translation; and it is only part of the evil that M. Mistral encumbers his racy Provençal poem with a literal French prose version, like a school Horace with "Smart" *vis à-vis*, if, as the French critics tell us, the work bears marks of the original Provençal being out and carved to suit the French translation.

But now we have done of our critical growl. In truth the faults we have found are not so much the author's, as arising out of the circumstances which he has to contend with; and shall now endeavour to make our English readers in some degree acquainted with his very singular and very charming poem. In one particular, M. Mistral has

had rare good fortune. He has found among his own countrymen, even in the great trading city of Marseille, a gentleman well versed in Provençal, perhaps to the manner born, in every respect worthy to render into English this remarkable poem. Mr. Grant evidently appreciates the beauties of the original, yet with infinite taste forbears from any embellishment of his own. His natural unaffected English, following the order of the original where possible, becomes really musical, and contrasts, to our mind, favourably with the French prose which M. Mistral has joined to his Provençal poetry. For the most part we propose to use Mr. Grant's translation in the specimens we shall require for making the poem known to our readers. We say, for the most part, but having said so, we shall not consider ourselves bound to follow Mr. Grant in every instance, nor to break our narrative by stating when we leave his translation for one we prefer.

The scene of M. Mistral's pastoral is not in the most beautiful spot of the Provençal Arcadia. At the mouth of the Rhone, on the left bank, is a district some twenty or thirty miles broad, of wild, rugged land, that seems in some remote prehistoric age to have been overspread with the *débris* brought down by the two great rivers from their Alpine valleys. The natives called it the *Crau*, and M. Mistral, willing to keep up the connexion with the Greek colonists, derives the name from the Greek *κραῖνος*—*arid*. The books tell us that it is part of the old *campi lampidei*. It is pastured by wild, shaggy cattle and sheep, and only in a few spots is capable of tillage. One of these oases is cultivated from the *Mas de Falabrego*, that is, the farm-steading of the lotus or nettle-tree. You can tell it at a good distance by the fine old olives, and hedges and alleys of almonds and vines. It is one of the best properties in the Crau. Master Ramon, its possessor, has six ploughs at work, and the plough marks but a small part of the produce of a farm in that land of the silk-worm, of the olive and almond, not to speak of the grape, and all manner of fruits. The farmer is as proud of the land he has reclaimed with the sweat of his brow as Tennyson's northern farmer was of stubbing Thornaby Waaste. His daughter, Mireio, is the heroine of the tale. The author translates her name into French, Mireille, and we beg leave for the present to call her Muriel. She is the prettiest girl, and promises to have the best dower in the Crau.

For such a girl there is no lack of suitors.

"Vengue lou tams que li vioneto
Dins li pradello frescouleto
Espelisson a flo—"

Come the season when the violets in the meadows so fresh blow in bunches; when the sea calms down her angry bosom, and her billows gently heave! in that sweet season come three suitors for fair Muriel's hand. First is Alári:—

"Vengué proumié lou pastre Alári
Dison qu'avié milo bestiarí. . ."

They say he had a thousand sheep that grazed the rich sea pastures all the winter through. In summer he went with his flocks to the Alps, but when the snow came on the hilla, you should have seen the rich flock passing down from the glons of Dauphiné to pasture on the broad plain of the Crau!

"You should have seen this multitude
Defile into the stony road;
The early lambkins heading the whole band,
Come on in merry throngs,
The lamb-herd guiding them: then come
The asses with their bells, in pairs, their
foals beside,
Or in disorder trotting after them.

Captains of the Brigade
With horns turned back;
Next come on abreast, jingling their bells,
And with looks askance,
Five proud buck-goats with threatening
heads.
Behind come the mothers
With their little mad-cap kids."

After march the rams, the sires and leaders of the flock, with muzzles in the air. You know them by their great horns thrice twisted round their ears. At the head of the flock goes the head-shepherd, his plaid about his shoulders; and then in a cloud of dust, hurrying and hustling, come the ewes, answering with their bleating to their bleating lambs; the woolly wedders slowly follow.

From break to break the shepherd boys are heard to their dogs shouting—*a la vouste!*—(*far yaud!*) Then comes the flock immense, all pitch-marked on the sides. Apart the yearling ewes, the two-year-olds, and ewes from whom they have taken their lambs, and the twin-breeders that wearily their heavy burdens bear along.

And all these sheep and goats are Alári's—all young and old and fair and foul. And when before him they defile, and march past in hundreds, his eyes sparkle, and as a sceptre he grasps his maple cudgel. When to pasture going, followed by his large white sheep-dogs, his knees in leather leggins but-

toned, with looks so calm and brow so wise, you would take him for the beautiful King David, as at even to the wells of his fathers he went in his youth to water his flocks.

Alári, with his flock and his noble presence, is too Homeric a figure to suffer any degradation. He should not imitate Virgil's shepherd boys, and offer Muriel a box-wood bowl of his own carving, all cut with his own shepherd knife! He should not occupy his leisure in carving castanets and sheep-bells and collars. It savours too much of the drawing-room shepherds of Watteau. The bowl might be a masterpiece worthy of Alcimedon, but that was not the way for the noble shepherd Alári to woo his love. Perhaps Muriel thought so. She examined the bowl and admired the figures carved upon it—three nymphs wakening a sleeping shepherd by putting a bunch of grapes on his mouth—and then she tells Alári to take back his bowl, and she goes off with a bound, crying, "Shepherd, your offering is very pretty, but my lover has one more beautiful."

"Moun bon-ami n'a 'no plus bello!
Soun amour, pastre! E quand me bélo,
O fau que baisse li parpello,
O dins ién sènte courre un bonur que me
poun. . . ."

"My lover hath one more beautiful!
It is his love, shepherd! And when on me
he looks
Needs must I close my eyelids,
Or else a bliss runs through me that destroys
me."

"Then like a sprite the maiden vanished.
Alári the shepherd wrapped up
His goblet carefully again, and slowly, in
the twilight,
Departed from the farm, disturbed to think
A maid so fair so much in love should be
With any one but him."

The next of Muriel's suitors is Veran, from Sambuc, in the great salt marshes, where he has a hundred mares, all white, cropping the reeds of the marsh—a hundred white mares, with manes uncut and wildly floating. Doubtless they are the horses of the sea, broke away from the car of Neptune:

"For when the sea moans and scowls,
When ships part their cables,
The stallions of Camargue neigh for joy,
And snack like whipcord
Their long hanging tails,
And paw the ground,
And feel within their flesh
The trident of the terrible god
Who raises the tempest and the flood,
And stirs from top to bottom the depths of the
sea."

This Veran, the master of the fiery steeds, comes proudly, with long white frock, of the fashion of Arles, thrown over his shoulder, with belt chequered like a lizard's back, and hat of wax-cloth, shining in the sun. Of old his grandsire had lent his wild teams to tread out the corn on the threshing-floor of the Falabrego Mas, and now he approaches, not the maid herself, but Muriel's father, Master Ramon, and claims acquaintance. He tells of his great stud and ever-increasing store, and offers himself as the old man's son-in-law. Master Ramon hears, well pleased. He soon tells Muriel. The poor girl hears him, pale, and trembling with emotion, prays her father not to think so young to send her from him. She reminds him how he has told her, that before one marries one should know and be known. Her mother comes to her aid, and the lord of the wild horses retires with a smile,—“For I tell you,” says Veran, “a Camargan stud-master knows the bite of a mosquito!”

In the course of the same summer comes a third suitor, Ourrias, “*lou toucadou*,” “the brander”—the cattle-brander of the *Souage*, the desert beyond the river. Black and fierce are the famous cattle of the *Souage*; and there, in midst of his herd, born there, brought up with his oxen, Ourrias was like them in shape, in the savage eye, and in blackness. Between his eyes he has a scar, got in a famous bull-fight, a single combat, hand to horn, with a savage bull, at a great branding, still remembered in Camargue.

The mighty “brander” finds Muriel at the well alone, with sleeves and skirt tucked up, washing her cheese-forms. Saints of Heaven! how beautiful she was! (*Sainte de Dieu! comme era bello!*) her little feet in the clear water dabbling!

“Good day, fair maid,” said Ourrias, “if you don’t forbid me, I will give my white beast a drink at this clear well.” “Oh!” said the girl, “the water never fails here. You may let her drink as much as you please at the dam-head.” Then follows a dialogue of sharp repartee, which ends with Muriel sending the black brander about his business. And now—

“The shadows of the white poplars are lengthening,
The Ventourese breeze is freshening;
Still has the sun two hours of height;
The weary ploughmen are turning their eyes
To him from time to time, and wishing
That eve would come, that they might meet
their wives
Ou the threshold.”

That was the time that Ourrias the brander

left the spring, revolving in his mind the insult he had received from Muriel. His head was in a whirl, and from time to time the rush of gathered rage sent the blood of shame to his brow. Across the fields he gallops, furious, muttering his wrath. He could have fought with the pebbles of the fields. He could have charged the sun with his spear!

In this mood "the brander" meets with a foe to vent his rage upon; but for this new and chief person of our simple drama we must turn back some leaves.

The hero of our tale, Muriel's love, is no lord of mighty flocks and herds, no prince in disguise; M. Mistral is incapable of that vulgarity. Vincent is the son of a poor cottager of Valabrego, on the left bank of the Rhone, and he and his father earn their bread by making baskets,—the large crates used in the husbandry of olives and almonds, of mulberry-picking and vintaging. We introduce them in a musical stanza:—

"De long dóu Rosa, entre li pibo
E la sausetò de la ribo
En un paure oustaloun pèr l'aigo rousiga
Un panieraire demouravo
Qu' emé soun drole plét passavo
De mas en mas e pedassavo
Li canestello e li panié traucà."

"Among the willows by the river side,
The Rhone with poplars bordered,
In a poor damp mouldy hut,
A basket-weaver dwelt,
Who, with his son,
At times went round from *mas* to *mas*,
And patched old cribs and baskets full of holes."

One evening—it is the opening of our pastoral—the basket-makers, father and son, seek shelter at the *Mas* of Falabrego, where wanderers are not rejected. They have their supper with the household, servants and family, all at one stone table. Muriel, active and graceful, seasoned a dish of beans with olive oil, and, running, brought it to them.

Muriel is not quite fifteen—a true Provençal! Her brown cheek shows the ripening of the sun, and her bright, honest face and sparkling black eyes would banish sorrow. About her head her glossy black tresses fall in wavy curls. Twin peaches not fully ripe her rounded bosom seems. Somewhat shy she is, yet merry, laughter-loving.

Much pressed by all, chiefly by Muriel, and cheered by a goblet of Crau wine, the old basket-maker sings a song of the sea. Old Master Ambroi had sailed and fought with Suffren, and he fights his battles and beats the English o'er again, in song, like a true *taç*. Then the labourers, delighted

with the old sailor's song, from table rose, and went to lead their six yoke to the stream; and while their males are drinking, they beneath the branches pendent from the trellis still keep humming the old Valabregan's song. Meanwhile Muriel sits and talks with Vincent, the young basket-maker.

Vincent is sixteen, with cheeks as swarthy as you please,—but darkish land is known to yield the finest wheat, and black grapes make the wine that sets all dancing:

"Certo, acó 'ro un beu drole e di miéu estampa."
"He was, I assure you, a handsome boy in face and figure."

Muriel and he talk of their lives and daily labours. She envies him for travelling about and seeing so much. "Oh! what ancient castles and wild places you must see! What places of pilgrimage and holy saints! While we, we never leave our dovecot!" So encouraged, he tells of his wanderings—of the path through the olives all draped with flowers, when the whitened orchard loads the air with their perfume—of hunting the *cantharis*—of picking the gall-nuts from the oak—of getting leeches in the good old way, by wading till the wader's leg is covered with the blood-suckers—and other gipsy-boy trades. But above all, he tells her of the wonders of *í Santo*, the shrine of the "Three Maries" of Carmagne, where there is such divine music, where all the people bring their sick to be cured, where the blind receive their sight. "Ah! young lady, should ever misfortune overtake you,

'*Courrés, courrés, í Santo! aures leu de soulas*,'

Run, run to *í Santo*. There you will have solace!" Then he changed the strain, and described with vivid words and gesture a foot-race at Nîmes, in which he had himself run and been defeated. Muriel and Vincent sat close together. She was never tired of listening. "Oh, mother! sleep is for winter! Now the nights are light, too light to sleep: let's listen, listen to him! I could pass my evenings and my life in hearing him!"

Another day of spring, when the mulberry was in leaf, and all the girls of Provence were picking its leaves in baskets and sacks for their silk-worms, Muriel, as she climbed a mulberry-tree, saw Vincent passing, and called him. He asks leave to help her in stripping the branches, and the pair of children are soon busy picking leaves, taking a bird's-nest, and making love in simple, innocent, charming prattle. In the midst of their talk the branch on which they were sitting broke, and both fell to the ground in each other's arms. Vincent eagerly asks if

Muriel was hurt. No, the fall had not hurt her; but something was the matter, something tormented her—took away sight and hearing, and sent her blood bounding through her body. Poor Vincent makes guesses at the cause of her disturbance. Was it fear of her mother chiding for idleness? Was it a stroke of the sun? "No, no! it is none of these that ails me. My breast can hold it no longer. Vincent! Vincent! must you know it?—I love you, Vincent!"—" *De tu sius amouroso*." Vincent is at first incredulous—that the princess of the Mas should love the poor basket-maker! But the Provençal girl scorns the difference of fortune. "What matters it to me whether my lover be a baron or a basket-maker?" and her lover answers to her passion in a fine rhapsody. There is nothing he would not do for her—nothing she could desire that he would not get for her. If she wished the bright star above them, he would rush through seas, woods, torrents, nor fire nor sword should stop him; to the tops of the peaks touching the heaven he would go, to seize it, and, on Sunday, he would hang it on her neck. The passionate girl heard him, nothing loath, and no doubt the eloquence came bettered from his lips—for he was a beautiful young fellow, full of life and vigour and confidence in himself, though estimating his love so far above him. It is the passion of the South, with the innocence of childhood and of simple manners. In the whole scene there is nothing to raise a blush, nothing to require even the thin veil of the uncouth *patois* to gain admittance to modest ears. The youth had ventured once to clasp the maiden to his breast—had ventured one kiss,—when a shrill voice, the voice of an old woman, is heard in the alley,—“Muriel, the silk-worms will have nothing to eat at mid-day!” Like a covey of sparrows when a stone is thrown among them, the lovers separate—she to the *Mas*, without a word, with her gathering of leaves on her head; he stands immovable, and watches her from a distance, as she ran swiftly across the fallow.

Such was the person whom the savage Ourrias encountered as he rode from the well at the Mas, galloped over the fields, raging, ready to fight with man, or bull, or devil, with the stones on the fallow, or the moon in the sky. He had no reason to suspect that Vincent was his favoured rival, but he was going in the direction of the Mas, he was at least acquainted with its inhabitants. At any rate he was a victim to vent his rage upon. “I suppose it is you, you ragged barefoot,” he cried, “who have bewitched that foolish girl of the Mas?” and then he spoke insultingly of Muriel, and

sent contemptuous messages to her. Vincent was roused to madness, and both men were ready for battle, but they spent some time in the preliminary war of words, after the fashion of the old world, when men about to fight loved to whet the appetite for the feast of battle with threats and boasts, which we moderns—perhaps more correctly, we English—have banished even from the most plebeian encounters. Ourrias screams and howls with rage, and our hero is not silent. The war of words over, they rush together like two bulls. The ground shakes, the pebbles fly from under them. Vincent is light and quick, and plants the first effective blow, but when he was following it up, Ourrias catches him with his huge fist, and fells Vincent to the earth. Then more boasting. Then Vincent is up, and they rush together and grapple—like Scotsmen—like Lancashire men,—it is a fierce wrestle more than a boxing-match. In their fury they scratch and bite:—

“*Dién! quanti cop Vincen i'ajounglo!*
Diéu! quanti bacelas mando lou bouvatiè!”

“Heavens! how Vincent peppers him with blows! Heavens! what awful hits the herdsman deals! His club-like fists crushing, smashing!”

It is the battle of two of Homer's heroes. And again it is the fight of Dares and Eutellus.

Tired of storming round and round him, Vincent puts down his head and makes a rush full at his stomach. Then as he bent—

“The puissant herdsman seized him by the small, and in Provençal fashion tossed him o'er his shoulder like a shovel of wheat, into a field a far way off.”

But the youth rises, claims a third round, and—

“At the risk of perishing, on the Camargan savage rushes, and a blow delivers him, a straight-out-from-the-shoulder blow, fair in the stomach. The Camargan staggers, feels for something to support him, to his misty optics all seemed turning. Icy cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Then upon the stony plain, and with a falling tower's crash, great Ourrias falls! Into deep silence all La Crau was hushed.”

Vincent places his foot on his breast, but, after a time, dismisses him with a jeer, vanquished. The savage brander skulks away and mounts his horse, which he had tied to a tree, and then—

“Chafing, storming, cursing all around! What is he seeking? Aie! Aie! he stoops. Now he has found it! Now he brandishes his trident savagely, and rushes right upon Vincent.”

"Say your prayers," thundered the traitor. Vincent fell under his huge spear as he looked a last look at the white dwelling of his love. The brander gallops off, scattering the pebbles as he flies. "To-night," he says, "the Crau wolves will have a feast!"

Yet, not without compunctious visitings the traitor rides away from the scene of his murder, and coming to the river bank, hails a boat to take him over. Three fishers in the boat take him on board, and his mare swims at the stern. "Ho! master pilot, have a care! your boat is shaky!" "I have noticed it just now."

"Pourtan un marrit pes, vous dise,
Responde lou pilot, et piéi digné plus ren."

"We have a wicked freight, I tell you," the pilot said, and no word then said more."

But when the boat pitched and staggered, and took in water till she was like to sink, said the pilot again—

"As tua quaucun miserable!"

"Villain, you've murdered some one!"

At last the pilot gets communicative. The Rhone is full of phantoms to-night, and ghosts and spiritual appearances; for it is St. Medard's night, when the souls of the drowned revisit the earth, taper in hand, searching, searching, seeking for any good deed of their past life, any act of faith that may open the gate of Paradise to them. There are ghosts of fishers—

"Fishers who caught the lamprey and the perch, and now have food become for perch and lamprey. Now behold another troop defiling. All disconsolate on the shingle, they are maidens fair and loving, who, abandoned by their lovers, in despair besought the Rhone for hospitality, and in the river drowned their grief immense."

"Desesperado

An demanda la retirado

Au Rose, pér nega soun immenso doulour."

"There is a band of atheists, traitors, murderers. These also seek some saving deed, but in the gravel of the river find but heavy sins and crimes, in shape of stones, 'gainst which they stumble with their naked feet. . . . Beneath the roaring wave, Heaven's pardon these shall seek in vain, for ever."

Here Ourrias clutched the pilot's shoulder. "The boat is filling!"

"The bucket's there," replies the pilot quietly. And Ourrias sets to bale with all his might. And he toils bravely: *but that night the spirits of the river danced on Trincataio bridge.*

Courage! bale, Ourrias, bale! The mare tries to break her halter. "What is it,

Blanco? Art afraid of the dead? said her master, his own face white as chalk, and his hair on end. And silently the water rises, rises to the gunwale, plashes over!

"Captain, I cannot swim! Can you save her?—save the boat!"

"No! In the twinkle of an eye she'll sink; but, from the river's bank a cable will be heaved us by the dead—that procession of ghosts that frighten you so." And as he spoke down went the boat in the Rhone.

In the dark distance, the pale lamps trembling in the hands of the drowned send a long ray as bright as lightning from bank to bank, and as you have observed a spider spinning her thread in the sun, and then gliding along it, those fishers, who were spirits, caught the brilliant beam and alid along it. From the middle of the gurgling water, Ourrias, too, stretched his hands to seize that cable; *but the spirits of the river that night danced on Trincataio bridge,*—and down went the assassin to the bottom!

A passage like this suffers from the condensation necessary here. But even in our bald rendering, relieved here and there by Mr. Grant's version, the whole episode of Ourrias seems to us highly vigorous and picturesque. In the closing scene, the supernatural is not employed till the mind of the assassin, equally with the mind of the reader, is worked up to the pitch necessary for receiving such impressions. None of Scott's ghostly scenes are so fine or so natural. The *diablerie* of "Tam-o'-Shanter," though perfect in its kind, is pitched on a lower key.

But, after all, Vincent is not killed outright. He is found in a miserable state by some swineherds returning from the fair of St. Chamas the Rich, and borne by them to the nearest dwelling,—the Mas of Falabrego. The bliss of the wounded knight, tended by his lady love, the ecstasy of recovering health in her company, are not for him, however, or they must be supplied by the reader's imagination. M. Mistral prefers an unmeaning visit of the lovers to a witch's cavern,—a very foil to the scene we have just described. Vincent recovers and returns to his father's hut, from whence the presumptuous youth sends his father on an embassy to the Mas of Falabrego.

The old basket-maker arrived on St. John's Eve, along with a gang of reapers, who were to begin cutting next day; but first they had their feast at Master Ramon's board, and then they went, as befitted, to heap and trim the balefires proper on that night. Ramon the farmer, and Master Ambroi, are left together at table. The

ambassador tells his tale cunningly in the third person, and asks advice. Ramon has plenty, and all for stern coercion. If a father is a father, he should make himself obeyed. When we were young, had any son opposed his father's will, it's more than like his father would have killed him."

"Mais afebrido e blavinello
L'enamourado pichounello
Ven alor a soun paire. Adonc me tuarés
O paire! Es ién que Vencén amo
E, davans Dién et Nostro Damo,
Res antre qu'én n'aura mon amo!
Un sillenci mourtau li prengué tonti tres."

Fevered and pale, the impassioned girl interrupts her father, "You will kill me then, my father. It is me that Vincent loves, and, before God and Our Lady, none but he shall have my heart!" A dead silence held all three.

Her mother first gives Muriel a good scold. "You have refused Alári with his thousand sheep, and Veran the great stud master, and Ourrias so rich in cattle! Well—be off! Tramp with your beggar-love from door to door. Go! join the gipsy troop, and boil your porridge-pot upon three stones under a bridge."

But her father was even more furious. She should not go though he should chain her, or put a hook in her nose like a wild animal! "Though I should see your cheeks grow pale and wear away with sorrow—fade like snow upon the hill-sides under the hot sun, yet you shall stay. You shall never see your beggar more!" And he struck the table a blow with his fist that made it tremble. As a vine its over-ripe grapes sheds to the wind, pearl by pearl Muriel sheds her tears.

* The old farmer then turned upon Master Ambroi. "And who knows, you old traitor, but you and your young beggar have woven this plot together in your hut?"

But now Ambroi is roused.

"Malan de Dién! cridé tout d'uno
Se l'avén basso la fourtouno,
Vnei aprenes que pourtan lou oor aut!"

"God's mischief!" cried he all at once; "if our fortune is low, you shall know this day that we carry our hearts high. I am yet to learn that poverty is vice or stain. Forty years I have served my country. Scarce could I a boat-hook handle when I went as a ship-boy in a man-of-war. I have seen the empire of Melinda, and heard the cannon roar with Suffren in the Indian war. As a soldier too I have traversed the globe, done my duty in the mighty wars of the great Captain who rose from the South and scat-

tered destruction from his hand over Spain and to the steppes of Russia, till the world, at the sound of his drum, shook like a tree of wild pears; and in the horrors of boarding, in the agony of shipwreck, the rich have never done what I have. But I, child of poverty—I, who have not in my native land a corner to put a plough in—for my native land I have bled and suffered for forty years, but no one remembers it!"

"What would the old grumbler have?" said Master Ramon; "I too have heard the bombs rattle, filling with thunder the valley of the Toulon folk. I have seen the bridge of Arcola fall, and the sands of Egypt soaked in blood! What then! When we returned from those wars we set ourselves to work like men, to dig and scarify the ground. We were at it tooth and nail. Our day began before the sun was up, and the moon has caught us hanging over the hoe. They say the earth is generous, but it is like the walnut-tree,* it must be well beaten first! Ah! if one could count the knooks and drops of sweat each morsel of this ground has cost me to reclaim! By Saint Anne of Apt! and am I to hold my peace? or, like a satyr, toil and moil always; eat my siftings, that the homestead might grow rich—that I might with honour stand before the world; and then I am to give my daughter to a beggar haunting the hay-lofts! Go, in the name of thunder!—keep your dog; I will keep my swan!" Such was the rough talk of the farmer. The other old man, rising from the table, took his cloak and his stick, and said but two words:—"Adieu! may you never have cause to rue this day!"

And as he left the Mas, his path was lighted by the fires of St. John's Eve, round which the reapers were dancing the farandole, and shouting, "St. John! St. John! St. John!"

And what of Muriel? In her sombre little room, dimly lighted by the stars, she on her bed is lying weeping, with her brow between her hands: "Oh! tell me, our Lady of Love, tell me what to do!" (*Nostro Damo d'Amour, digas me que farai!*) Oh! cruel fate! Oh! father hard who treads me under foot! If you saw my heart-break and trouble, you would have pity on your child—me whom you called your darling!"

While thus upon her bed the lovely child laments, her heart consumed with love, with fever throbbing, while she recalls the spring-

* In the original, *avelano*, the hazel. It seems to stand in the Provençal adage like our English slander against the spaniel, the woman, and the walnut-tree.

time of her love—bright moments, happy hours,—she remembers too Vincent's counsel: if mischief or misfortune come, run, run to "the Saints" for solace! Now has misfortune come. "Let me go! I shall return content." Then from her little white crib sliding she descends the wooden staircase stealthily, carrying her shoes in her hand, removes the heavy door-bar, recommends herself to the good Saints, and rushes out into the dark night. She makes her way through servants and shepherds unperceived; the dogs know her, and are quiet. She had to travel right across the rugged plain of Crau; to cross the Rhone, and through Camargue to the chapel and shrine of her patrons (*è Santi*) the Three Maries.

"Ni d' aubré, ni d'oumbro, ni d'amo!"

"No tree, no shade, no living soul."

"Under a sun of June Muriel flies."

(*Lampo, e lampo, e lampo*) runs, and runs, and runs."

As the sun rose high the heat was dreadful. Sinking with thirst she called on good St. Gént:

"Lou bon Sant Gént, de l'empirèio
Entemdegne prega Mirèio."

The good Saint Gént, from the empyrean, heard her prayer, and suddenly she beheld a well, an old well with a stone cover, shrouded in ivy. And then there is a charming episode of a little boy sitting and playing by the well, and singing to the basket of snails which he had gathered; but we have not room for this pure and graceful idyl. The child is good to Muriel, and takes her to his father's hut, a fisherman on the Rhone, and tells her, by the way, of the marvels and grandeur of Arles, and of the sea, which the maid of the Crau had never seen. At length, said the boy, "see, yonder! there is the canvas of our hut moving in the wind. Look! on the white poplar which shades it my little brother is climbing. He is hunting grasshoppers, or maybe looking out for me. Ah! now he has seen us. My little sister, Zeto, who lent her shoulder to help him up, turns; and you see her running to my mother, to tell her to prepare the *bouillabaise*;"—and then the hearty playful welcome of the honest fisher! It is a bit of pure Arcadian, unspoilt by affectation.

But Muriel has half her journey still before her. Next morning the little boy rows her across the broad Rhone, and saw her jump ashore. Then, handling his sculls, "he backed with one, and with the other pulled his boat's head round." Over the desert of Camargue, through the treeless,

burning desert, through the marshes crusted with salt, through the rank fen herbs, the home of gnats, through the delusion of the mirage, under a fiery cloudless sky, poor Muriel flies, with Vincent in her thoughts. At length the relentless sun pierces her brow as with arrows, and she falls death-stricken on the sands. A friendly swarm of gnats find her prostrate, and sting her poor hot hands, and all her neck and brow, till she is forced to crawl forward, and arrives at the chapel of the Saints of the Sea. There she casts herself down on the pavement, and has strength to pray: "Oh! Holy Maries, who can into smiles change bitterest tears, I am a maiden young, and love a youth. Handsome Vincent!—him, dear Saints, I love! I love with all my heart! I love him! I love him as the brook loves to run! as the bird loves to fly! And they would have me extinguish this cherished fire, which will not die; and they would have me tear up the almond-tree! Oh! Holy Maries, who can change our tears into flowers, quick incline your ear to my grief!"

The poor child, gasping on the flags, her head bent backward, her eyes wide open, seems to see heaven open, and three women, divinely lovely, in white shining robes, descending down a path strewn with stars. "Poor Muriel!" they say, "take comfort. We are the three Judean Maries. We are the patron saints of Baux. Your complaint ascended to us ardently as flames of fire. Your faith is great, but your prayer distresses us. You would drink at the fountains of pure love foolishly before death! Where have you seen happiness in this world below? . . . This is the great saying that man forgets—Death is life! (*La mort es la vida*.)

"The meek, the simple, and the good are blessed. With favouring gales they wing their way to heaven quietly, and, white as lilies, leave a world where the saints are stoned.

"Oh Muriel! could you but see how full of suffering is your nether world, how poor and foolish your passion after matter and your fears of the grave, unhappy lamb! you would bleat for death and forgiveness. But the seed-corn must decay before it shoots. It is the law (*Es la lei*). We too, before we had our beams of glory, had drunk of the bitter cup."

And then the three Saints of the Sea tell their earthly history, of their leaving Jerusalem after the ascension of our Lord; while the people of Judea were still lamenting—

"Ah lou plagnien dins la Judéo
L'ou beu fustié de Galiléio
Lou fustie de peu blound!"

"Ah they mourned in Judea the handsome carpenter of Galilee, the carpenter of the fair hair!"

They tell of their miraculous voyage—a crowd of men and women, without sail or oar. Martial and Saturnin, and Trophimus and Maximin; Lazarus and his sister Martha, and the Magdalen; Eutropius and Sidoneus, and Joseph of Arimathea, and Marcellus and Cleon; and of their being cast ashore in the marshes of the Rhone. At Arles they were struck with horror at the Pagan rites in honour of Venus. The people singing—

"Canten Venus la segnonresso,
La maire de la terro e dou pople Arlaten."

"Venus they sing, the lady, mother of the earth and of the people of Arles."

Then Trophimus, with the mere name of Christ, tumbles the statue of the goddess from her pedestal. The enraged crowd is appeased by the serene face of Trophimus, as if already encircled with a glory; and by the beauty of the Magdalen, more lovely than their Venus. The Provençal poet, writing to his countrymen, speaks to their senses. It is the beautiful Jesus with the fair locks!—the Magdalen more lovely than the Pagan Venus!—Magdalen, whom angels peeped through the chink of her cot to look at, and when she let fall a tear, gathered it and placed it in a golden chalice. But we do not care to criticise such painting with Protesting coldness. When all Provence and Languedoc had been brought to the true faith by that shipful of Saints, the three Marias found their rest on the wild shore of Camargue. Their tomb was long forgotten, till they revealed its situation to the last king of gay Provence. King René handed down the reverence of the Saints of the Sea to France.

The Saints bid adieu to Muriel, and ascend to prepare, against her death, the roses of the snow-white robe for the virgin, the martyr of love (*vièrginenco e martiro d'amour*). Their words fade in the distance—

"As when at eve, harmonious, the sounds of bleating goats, of shepherd's pipe, of songs of love, along the serpentine Argens banks, over the hills and fields, along the lanes, grow faint and die among the mountains brown, and night and melancholy come (*e tén l'oumbro omé la languissoun*), so their words fainter grew and fainter, from cloud to cloud of gold—seemed the last note of some church hymn, or like a far-off strain of music floating o'er the ancient church, swept by the breeze—and Muriel seemed to sleep."

There her parents find her. The hard old father is quite broken.

"Mirèio ma bello mignoto
Es ién que sarre ta manoto
Jéu toun paire."

"Muriel, my pretty darling! it is I that press your hand, it is I, your father. . . . Oh Saints, let her live, she is so pretty, so innocent, such an infant! Take my life instead. Send my old bones to dung the mallows!"

They move her to the upper chapel to catch the sea-breeze, and there her quick sense tells her her lover is come. He too had hurried madly over the fatal plain, so fatal to his love, and finds her dying. He raves wildly. "What have I done to be so punished? Have I cut the throat of her who suckled me? Has any one seen me light my pipe at a lamp in a church, or drag the cross through thistles like the Jews? It wasn't enough to refuse her to me, but they must make a martyr of her!" Then he embraced his love. "*E'mbrassé soun amigo*."

The Saints breathed over the dying girl a little strength, and her face flushed with a sweet joy, for the sight of Vincent was to her pleasure unspeakable. "*Car de réire Vincèn i agradé que nounsai*."

"Tell me, love," said she, "do you remember that time when we were sitting together talking under the trellis, you said to me, if any misfortune come, run quick to the Sainted Marias, and soon will you have solace. Oh, dear Vincent, that you could see into my heart as in a glass. Of solace! of solace my heart is running over!" (*De soulas, de soulas, n'en regounflo moun cor*!)

"My heart is a spring running over of delights of all sorts—graces, pleasures—of all I have abundance. I see, I see the choirs of God's angels!" Then again she is rapt in ecstasie vision, and passes into a sweet delirium. "Would," said Vincent, "I had seen the Saints who cheered her. Oh! I would have said, Queens of heaven, our only help remaining, take my eyes from my head, my teeth from my mouth, the fingers from my hands. But her, my little fairy! oh, give her back to me in health!"

"Mai elo, ma bello fadeto
Oh! rendés-me-la gaiardeto!"

It is evening; they give her the last rites of the dying. All is still. In the chapel nothing is heard but the Oremus of the priest.

"Against the wall the setting sun his horizontal last beams casts, and slowly come the sea's long waves, and dully break upon the beach—her parents and her lover knelt sobbing around her."

Muriel speaks again—"The time of part-

ing is at hand—quick! shake hands! Lo, the glory waxes on the Maries' brows. Already, along the Rhone the rosy-hued flamingoes are assembling, and the tamarisks in bloom beginning to adore. Oh blessed souls! they beckon me to go with them. They whisper I have nought to fear, their bark to Paradise will take me straight, and they the constellations know." Then the old father broke out in a piteous wail,—
 "What boots it to have grubbed up all that wild wood, my darling! What use is it if you leave the house? All my courage came from you. The heat struck down, the fire of the turfs parched me, but the sight of you carried off both heat and thirst."

She said to him, "Good father, when you see a moth fluttering round your lamp, that will be me. The Saints are on the prow waiting me. Yes, dear Saints! wait but a single instant. I cannot go fast, I am so ill."

Then breaks out the mother:—"It is too much! you shall not die! Stay with me! you must! Then, when you're well again, my Muriel, we will go together and carry a basket of pomegranates to your aunt Aurane. It isn't far!"

"No, it isn't far, good mother, but you will go alone. My mother, give me my white dress! See you the white and splendid mantles the Maries wear! the snow on the mountains is not so bright."

Then it was the swarthy basket-weaver that spoke;—"My all! my beautiful! thou who hadst opened for me your fresh palaces of love! thy love! my flowering almond. Thou, thou, by whom my poor clay brightened as a mirror,—thou, the pearl, of Provence,—thou, the sun of my young life!—shall it be said that you, great Saints! have seen her in her agony, and embracing your sacred lintels in vain!"

The maid replied, all softly (*plan-planeto*):—"O my poor Vincent! what is it you see? Death,—that deceitful word! what is it? A cloud which vanishes with the knell of the bell! a dream that wakes us at the end of night. No! I do not die! with ready step on the bark I mount! Adieu! Adieu! Now we are at sea. The sea—the beautiful rippling plain is the avenue to Paradise. The blue sky meets the sea all round. Aie! how the water rocks us! Among so many stars hung up there, I shall soon find one where two loving hearts can love at freedom. Saints! Is that an organ playing in the distance?" And the dying girl sighed and turned her brow as if to sleep.

A smile was on her face as while she spoke; but she was dead.

We know nothing more. Vincent pro-

poses to die, and be buried with his love. He asked to have one grave for both in the sand, where, beneath the trembling water, she at his ear may still speak to him of her Maries:—

"Aqui ma bello a moun auriho
 Tant-e-piéi mai de ti Mario
 Me parlar."

Whether his wishes were fulfilled our author saith not.

Such is the simple story of rustic love, round which M. Mistral has thrown the graces of genuine poetry. Like a true artist, he has dashed in some pictures of the rural life and occupations of his dear countrymen, not less poetical than they are absolutely true—the labours of the field, relieved with the pleasure which in that happy climate the mere cessation of labour gives; the song, the dance, the rustic feast, are there not ideal—not like the deluding festivities of English cottagers, admitted one day of the year to the Squire's park in holiday suits to make their obeisance. Some of our extracts show with what taste M. Mistral has discarded the scenic dresses and adornments that disfigure our English and some Scotch pastorals. He has painted his countrymen as they are—in the simplicity of nature—an uncultivated but impressible and poetic nature, not readily passing into vulgarity or falling into childishness. His shepherd of the Alps is a real shepherd; his Veran, the master of the wild white horses, dressed up to the dandy standard of Arles in blouse and glazed hat, is not thereby spoiled for the purposes of Art. How true to nature is the sweet heroine herself, with her airs of spoiled daughter, rural beauty, heiress, village queen! Her impertinences to her suitors, even her burst of rebellion against her parents, we forgive them all for such sweetness of charity, such a faleness of passionate love, such a present sense and feeling of religion, as are to be found nowhere else in literature except in some of Shakespeare's characters, where, as here, we find the truth of real passion—the passion of the South—sudden, absorbing, consuming, freed by its very intensity from any taint of coarseness.

Before parting with this little volume we wish to give a fair representation of Mr. Grant's rendering of Mistral. We have already spoken hurriedly of the heroine's flight across the Crau. Taking it in the middle, here is Mr. Grant's translation:—

... All alone
 In the vast scorching wilderness;
 With neither spring nor pool

To slake her thirst—she slightly shuddered.
 "Great St. Gent!" she cried, "O hermit
 Of the Bausset mountain! handsome
 Youthful laborer, who to thy plough
 Didst harness the fierce mountain-wolf!
 Divine recluse, who the hard rock didst open
 For two jets, of water one, and one of wine,

To flow and quench thy dying mother's thirst!
 Like me thou, while they slept,
 Thy family desertedst, and thy mother
 Found thee all alone with God
 Among the Bausset gorges. As she was
 I am. So open for me, good St. Gent,
 A spring of limpid water; for my feet

Are blistered by the hot and stony ground,
 And I am dying of thirst!"
 In the empyrean good St. Gent
 Mirëio heard. Accordingly she soon
 Perceived a well with a stone-cover
 Shining in the distance. Like a martin
 Through a shower of rain, she through

The flaming sunbeams flew to it.
 It was an ancient well with ivy overgrown,
 At which the flocks were watered.
 By it, in the scanty shade
 One of its sides afforded, sat
 A little boy at play. Beside him
 Was a basket full of small white snails.

The child was one by one withdrawing
 With his little brown hand from the basket
 The poor little harvest-snails and singing to them—
 "Snailly, snailly, little nun!
 Quickly come out from your cell,
 Quickly show your little horns
 Or I'll break your convent-walls."

The lovely Crau maid who had dipped
 Both lips and face into the bucket, looked up,
 With her rosy visage flushed with running
 Now, and said,—"Why little one!
 What are you doing here?"—A slight pause.—
 "Picking snailies off the stones and grass?"—
 "Thou'st rightly guessed," the child said.

"See how many I have!
 I have harvest-snails, nuns, and *plattello*."
 —"And you eat them?"—"I? not I!
 On Fridays mother carries them to Arles
 To sell, and bring us back delicious soft bread.
 Hast thou ever been to Arles?"
 —"No, never."—"What! hast never been to
 Arles!"

"I speaking to thee have!
 Ah! poor young lady! If thou knewest
 What a large town Arles is!
 How Arles spreads and covers
 All the wide Rhone's seven mouths!
 Arles has sea-cattle grazing on the islands
 Of her lakes! Arles has sea-horses!

In one summer Arles yields corn enough
 To keep her seven years. She's fishermen
 Who bring her loads of fish from every sea
 And river. She has mariners who go
 And brave the storms of distant seas!"
 Thus marvellously glorying in
 His sunny mother-land, the pretty boy

Told of the blue sea varying rough and smooth,
 Of Mount-Majour that feeds the mills

With hamperful of olives soft,
 And of the bitterns booming in the marshes.
 But, O charming nut-brown city!
 He'd forgot to tell of your supreme
 Phenomenon. The child forgot to say

Your sky, O fertile land of Arles!
 Dispenses to your daughters beauty pure,
 As it does wings to birds, aroma
 To the hills, and grapes to autumn.
 Meanwhile pensive, inattentive,
 Stood the country-maid. She said at last,
 —"Bright boy, before the frog is heard to croak

Upon the willows, I must be across
 The Rhône, and left there to the care of God."—
 "*Pecaire!* thou hast fallen on thy feet."
 The little fellow answered;—"we are fishers,
 And to-night, dressed as thou art,
 Thou'lt sleep with us beneath the tent,
 Pitched at the foot of the white poplars;

And, at dawn to-morrow, father
 Over in our boat will put thee."—"No!
 I'm strong enough to wander on to-night."
 —"Forbear! dost thou then care to see the band
 Escaping plaintive from the *Il î!*"
Trau de la Capo! If they meet thee, down
 Into the gulf they'll drag thee after them"

—"Trau de la Capo! what is that?"—
 "While walking o'er the stones,
 Young lady, I will tell thee." He began.
 "There was a treading-floor that groaned
 Beneath its weight of sheaves. Thou'lt see
 The spot to-morrow by the river side.
 For a whole month or more the piled-up sheaves

A round of Camargue horses trod
 Unceasingly. Not e'en a moment's rest
 Had they. Their hoofs were aye at work.
 And on the dusty floor were heaped
 Mountains of sheaves still to be trod. They say
 The sun was so intensely hot
 The treading-floor glowed like a furnace.

Wooden pitchforks pitched in unremittingly
 More sheaves. The beardy ears
 Were shot like cross-bow arrows
 At the horses' muzzles,
 On St. Charles' as on St. Peter's day
 The Arles bells rang and might ring.
 Neither holiday was there nor Sunday

For the harassed steeds. But aye
 The weary tramping, aye the pricking goad,
 And aye the husky shouting of the keeper
 In the fiery gyrating turmoil.
 Miserly as hard, the master
 Of the white corn-traders actually
 Muzzled them. Our Lord's day in August came.

Upon the heaped-up sheaves the beasts
 As usual coupled, were still treading,
 Bathed in foam, their livers sticking
 To their ribs, and muzzles slobbering;
 When lo! a blast of cold wind blows in,
 Il a blast of the *mistral*, and sweeps
 The floor! The greedy eyes of the despisers

* Mr. Grant, in translating for the English reader,
 not unnaturally writes to the English eye. The ex-
 clamation in the original is *Ai! Ai! Ai! Ai!* The
 forefathers of the little fisher of the Rhone two thou-
 sand years ago, if they troubled their heads with
 spelling, would have written it *ai! ai! ai! ai!*

Of God's day into their sockets sink.
The treading-floor quakes horribly and opens
Like a huge black caldron. Whirls the piled heap
Furiously. Pitchforkers, keepers,
Keepers' aids, unable are to save it.
Owner, treading-floor and van, van-goats
And mill-stones, drivers, horses, all

Are in the fathomless abyss engulfed ! "
—" You make me shudder," says Miréio.
—" Ah ! but that's not all, and may be
For a little fool thou takest me.
But by the place thou'lt see to-morrow,
In the water playing, carp and tench,
And hear marsh-blackbirds singing on the reeds.

But when our Lady's day comes,
And the fire-crowned sun to the meridian
Climbs, then lie down softly and with ear to ground
And eye upon the water, thou shalt see
The gulf from limpid darken with the shadow
Of the sin ; and gradually thou'lt hear
A humming sound as of a fly's wing

Rise up from the troubled deep.
Then t'will be like the tinkle of small bells ;
And then thou'lt hear among the weeds
A tumult horrible, like voices
In an amphora. "Twill next be like
A sound of weary trotting on a hard
Dry sonorous surface ; horses trotting,

Very lean, and that a swearing shouting
Keeper brutally insults.
But as the holy sun declines
The blasphemous sound arising from the gulf
Grow gradually faint,
The limping stud are heard to cough,
The tinkle ceases of the little bells

Among the weeds,
And on the tops of the tall reeds
The blackbirds sing again."—
Thus chatting, walked the little man,
Basket in hand, before Miréio.
With the sky the mountain was now blending
Its blue ramparts and its yellow crests ;

And as the sun receded with his glory,
He the peace of God left to the marshes,
To the Grand Clar, to the olives
Of Vaulongo, to the Rhône extending
Away yonder, to the reapers who unbend
At length and drink the sea-breeze.
—" Now," the little fellow cries, " Young lady !

Look ! there's our pavilion's canvas fluttering
In the wind. The poplar-tree that shelters it,
See ! brother Not is climbing. He's cigalas
After, or may be, he's looking out for me.
Ah ! he has seen us. Sister Zeto, who
Was lending him her shoulder, has turned round ;
Away she runs off to advise our mother

She may set the *bouïabaisso* * on at once.
So now there's mother stooping for the fresh fish
At the bottom of the boat."—Then as the two
With equal haste were nearing the pavilion,
Cries the fisher—" Wife, our Androun soon
Will be the pink of fishers, for already,
See, he's bringing us the Queen of eels ! "

* The cosmopolitanism of cookery is wonderful !
This name for water-zouthee, from the *bouts de*
Rhône, turns up again at the very extremity of the

ART. III.—*Histoire de Saint Louis*. Par
FÉLIX FAURE. Paris, 1867.

VOLTAIRE said of LOUIS IX., "*Il n'est pas donné à l'homme de pousser plus loin la vertu*," and Voltaire can hardly be expected to be prejudiced in favour of a king considered by the Church of Rome as a fit subject for canonization. The only rival, from a moral point of view, perhaps in all history, who can be found for Saint Louis, is Marcus Aurelius. Both were perfect representatives, the one of a religion, the other of a philosophy, which enjoined the practice of self-abnegation to an almost superhuman extent. But history, as a rule, may be said, like children, not to evince any extravagant attachment to those held up as paragons of exemplary conduct. She is more fond of associating herself with the *grands scélérats* of all ages—the Borgias, the Catherine de Medici, the Richards III., and Philips II. ; and to say the truth, unless the paragon happens to be born in an age of revolution and trouble, his life is not likely to have much to do with those tragic vicissitudes and episodes of terror which rouse the wilder emotions into activity. And the reign of Saint Louis especially, so far as France is concerned, could, without his Crusades, hardly be made very attractive reading by any expenditure of human art. Happy, it has been said, are the people who have no history ; and France, from the date of the battle of Taillebourg in 1242, down to the end of the reign of Saint Louis in 1270, was in the enjoyment of profound peace. The only history of the country consists in a record of the yearly journeys of the King from town to town, vigilantly looking after the interests of his people,—of his administrative and legislative reforms, and in long accounts of the immense expenditure of his inexhaustible charities,—none of which subjects offer very attractive material for readers fond of stimulants, and not given to special habits of study. One portion of the achievements of his reign would indeed be of the highest interest to the student of art, if its history could be fairly exhibited—the progress of ecclesiastical and civil architecture,—since the pointed-arch style reached its perfection in this reign. Saint Louis was the Augustus or the Pericles of the so-called Gothic style ; the marvellous cathedrals of Amiens, Bourges, the choir of Beauvais, and many other masterpieces of ecclesiastical structure ;

langue d'oil, in *Bouillabaisse*.—See *Life in Normandy*, by Mr. Campbell.

such choice *bijoux* as the Sainte-Chapelle, built as a reliquary for the crown of thorns, procured from the Emperor of Constantinople; a countless number of abbeys, convents, hospitals, and fine specimens also of pointed-arch civil architecture;—were either completed or commenced in the reign of Saint Louis. To use the picturesque language of the Sire de Joinville—"As the transcriber illuminates the book which he is writing with gold and azure, so the said king illuminated his kingdom with the fine abbeys which he built there, with Maisons-Dieu and the monasteries of the Preachers (the Dominicans), and the Chartreux (the Franciscans), and other religious orders."

But it is as the last of the Crusaders that Louis stands in the most romantic light before posterity, and that history finds a tragic and sentimental interest in his life. The Crusades, which began with Godfrey de Bouillon, ended with Saint Louis—both men of the grandest types of humanity, and the difference of which well illustrates the progress of ethics and religion during the two centuries and a half which intervened between them.

If it were not for the precious record which has escaped oblivion—the life-like and charming narrative of the Sire de Joinville,—we should have a very imperfect acquaintance with the real character of Saint Louis; and as it is, notwithstanding their close intimacy, and the delightful example of how a king and a hero can be familiar with a subject and yet retain his veneration, it is clear that Joinville was not capable of entirely comprehending the elevation and nobility of the King's mind, and that Saint Louis exercised a good deal of reserve towards him in the innermost convictions and highest aspirations of his soul. The piety of Saint Louis, like all true piety, was in the highest degree modest and sensitive; and he forbore to make any display of it, except so far as he thought it for their own and the public good. He showed, in the unforeseen way in which he proclaimed both his Crusades, that he knew how to keep his own counsel up to the very last moment in matters in which his whole soul was engaged; not that he was in any degree morose, or naturally reserved—on the contrary, his disposition was constantly cheerful; what pleased him especially in Joinville was his gay and frank nature; and he laughed at his blunt repartees, even when they did not coincide with his own sentiments, in the greatest good-humour. But on one occasion he said to him—"Je n'ose vous parler, à cause de l'esprit subtil dont vous êtes doué, de chose qui touche à

Dieu." Joinville was a pious man, but this speech characterizes the difference which existed between him and the King. The light smart nature of the good-hearted Champenois feudal chief was not un congenial to Louis, but it was not one to which he would be likely wholly to unburthen himself of his inmost deliberations.

One anecdote portrays well the friendly familiarity which existed between the King and the Seneschal. When they were both at Acre, in Palestine, a number of Armenian pilgrims came to De Joinville and asked him to show them "le saint roi." De Joinville went and found the King sitting on the bare sand in his tent, leaning his back against the tent-pole, and said to him, "Sire, there are some people here from Armenia in pilgrimage, to Jerusalem, and they want to see 'le saint roi;' but as for me, I do not desire yet to kiss your bones"—"*Et le roi rit moult clairement et me dit de les aller quérir.*"

Saint Louis, indeed, could be familiar with all, even with mendicants, without losing his dignity; and as for a "*prud-homme*," meaning in the language of the time a "valiant and true man," he always rose from his seat to welcome him when he entered his presence. To his most familiar friends he signed himself in writing Louis de Poissy, having been born at Poissy, on the 25th of April 1215. He set indeed small value on his kingship compared with his membership by baptism in the Christian community. "Bel ami," he said finely to one of his nobles whom he admitted to his intimacy, "je ne me considère que comme un roi de la fevè dont la royauté ne dure qu'au soir."

Saint Louis, both by birth and education, owed most of his fine qualities to his heroic-minded and pious mother, Blanche of Castille, who became a widow by the death of the feeble-minded Louis viii., in consequence of the fatigues of the siege of Avignon, when Saint Louis was of the age of six. Blanche was grand-daughter of Henry ii. of England, and of Alphonse viii. of Castille. Thus Richard Cœur de Lion was his great-uncle. And since Philip Augustus, his grandfather, married Isabella of Hainault, descended from the last of the Carlovigian princes, Saint Louis, had not only Hugues Capet, but Charlemagne, Alfred, and William the Conqueror, among his ancestors.

Blanche of Castille told her son one day that she would rather see him dead before her than know he had committed one mortal sin, and the education she gave him was in accordance with this precept. As a boy, Saint Louis was remarkable for his

fine features, his fair and delicate complexion, and his abundant blonde hair; but later in life his delicate constitution, his daily austere religious practices, and the fatigue and sufferings of the first Crusade, made his cheek thin and pale, and his form spare, and gave him an air of premature age. The expression of his face was one of habitual sweetness, so that after death, when stretched on the sands of Carthage, he seemed to smile on his beholders. His infancy and youth were spotlessly pure, and his religious habits were early formed, at a time when the daily life of princes partook of all the severity of the cloister. A prince of regular life—was not only present every day at mass, but followed all the canonical rites from matins to vespers; read daily not only his breviary, but the works of St. Augustine, St. Cyprian, St. Anselm, and other doctors of the Church. The education, then, of Saint Louis was of a cloistral kind. He got little of what we now call secular and scientific training; he thought, up to his latest hour, that Cairo was the ancient Babylon; and his biographer mentions that he was never given to singing profane songs, but preferred the chanting of Latin hymns, of which *Ave Maria Stella* was his favourite.

He learnt, in common with the noble-born youths of his time, all the exercises of chivalry, and the chase with hound and falcon, but never conceived any great passion for the latter, and remarked in later days, when he heard that observations were made of the time he devoted to his religious duties, that if he spent daily twice the time with dice or in the forest, no one would have thought it extraordinary.

In those turbulent times, when the feudal chieftains were still fierce and impatient of any power superior to their own, the accession of a young king of six, with a widowed mother, a stranger in the kingdom, seemed a splendid opportunity for making all possible aggressions on the royal power, and the coronation of the young boy-king offered few circumstances of good augury. Scarcely any of the great barons attended, to avoid paying homage to the child, whom they intended to despoil to the utmost of their power. And shortly after the coronation ceremony at Rheims, when Blanche was at the royal castle of Montlhéry, some of the great feudal chiefs made a plot for seizing the Queen-mother and her son. But the prestige of feudalism had received a deadly blow at the great battle of Bovines, a year before the birth of Louis. The burgesses of the towns, who received their privileges from the crown, and hated the

social oppressions of the great barons, were warmly attached to the royal cause; and when Blanche sent word to Paris that she was afraid to come there, because the great barons threatened the road, the whole of the citizens turned out in arms and lined the way from Montlhéry. The memory of this devotion of the people to the royal cause in his boyhood sank deep into the heart of Louis; he spoke of it with affection to his latest day, and he never ceased to love his people as his children. "Beau fils," he said to his eldest son in 1259, "je te prie que tu te fasses aimer du peuple de ton royaume, car vraiment j'aimerais mieux qu'un Ecosais vint d'Ecosse et gouvernât le peuple du royaume bien et loyalement que si tu le gouvernasses mal appertement."

It might indeed have fared ill with the boy had he not possessed such a mother as Blanche of Castille; and the two are inseparably connected in history. She was beautiful, high-minded, able in government, and of spotless reputation. Not seeing any one in whom she could trust to direct the affairs of her son, she assumed the Regency herself; she managed the affairs of the royalty so dexterously, that she again and again dissolved or broke up by force factious leagues of the rebellious feudal lords; even after Louis became of age, his reverence for his mother was such that he disturbed her position as little as possible; and up to her death, which happened when her son was in Palestine, she continued to be the Regent of the kingdom in fact, if not in name.

She married Louis at twenty to Marguerite, the daughter of Raymond, Count of Provence. Marguerite was seven years younger than her husband, was beautiful, high-spirited, and generous; and the marriage was an admirable one, though the jealousy of Blanche, who was fearful of her influence over the son she had watched over and adored, was a great trial to both Marguerite and her husband. And when Blanche of Castille died, and Louis shut himself up at Acre in private sorrow for two days, Marguerite also showed signs of great sorrow; but on being asked what cause she had to grieve, confessed she mourned not on her own account, but out of sympathy for her husband.

The events of the reign of Saint Louis may be divided under five heads:—

I. His repression of the rebellious spirit of the great feudatories, in pursuance of the policy tending to the consolidation of the French monarchy, commenced by Louis le Gros, carried on by Philip Augustus, himself, and Philip the Fair, and completed by Louis XI.

II. His relations with England, in connexion with the English possessions in France.

III. His position as neutral in the great quarrel between the Popes and the house of Hohenstauffen.

IV. His legislative and other reforms in the internal government of France, and his character as Sovereign.

V. His conduct as chief of the two last great Crusades proclaimed in Europe for the defence of Palestine.

As for the great feudatories, after raising endless troubles in the kingdom during the whole of the minority of Louis, they made a final great effort to override the royal power in a league headed by the Comte de la Marche and the Comte de Toulouse, and backed by our Henry III. and thirty hogsheads *d'esterling*. But the league was utterly broken up at the great combat of Taillebourg and the battle of Saintes, conducted by the King in person, then twenty-seven years of age. The young Sovereign displayed great personal valour, and made good on that occasion the words which he spoke at fourteen, when advised to retire from an impending conflict, "*Jamais ne combattrait-on ses hommes, que son corps ne fût avec.*"

The difficulties between England and France were relative to the confiscation of the French possessions of John by Philip Augustus. Henry III., after waging a long desultory warfare, and assisting the rebellious outbreak of the great French barons, accepted terms of peace offered by Louis, and renounced all claim to Normandy, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, and Poitiers, and to the homage of other provinces, but was confirmed in possession of Limousin, Quercy, and Périgord, on condition of doing homage to the French King, which he rendered at Paris in the orchard before the royal place near the Pont Neuf, on the 6th of December 1259, bareheaded, without cloak, sword, or spear, and on his knees, with his hands between those of his *suzerain*.

In the great quarrel between the inflexible Innocent IV. and the elegant sceptic Frederic II., who wrote Provençal poetry, kept Mohammedan *Bayadères*, and wondered that God should have preferred the barren rocks of Judea to the neighbourhood of Naples, the mild, conciliatory, and Christian spirit of Louis was unable to effect any arrangement. He endeavoured in vain to mitigate the unforgiving obduracy of Innocent IV. towards the enemy whom he had twice excommunicated, and even deposed,

in the Council of Lyons, so far as an ecclesiastical deposition could go. But Louis was the true representative of the Christian on earth, in contrast to the obdurate and angry priest, when in his interview with him at Cluny, he suggested that Scripture bids us forgive not only once, but seventy times seven, and Innocent threw back his head in scorn. The Pope had been anxious to engage Louis on his side, and even to obtain the King's permission to hold in France the council subsequently held at Lyons, then a free city. He got up a great scene at Cîteaux, at the famous monastery, where five hundred monks fell at once on their knees before Louis to implore his hospitality for the Pope. But Louis, religious as he was, always was able to withstand priestly influence, and escaped the trap by saying he was willing *si tel était l'avis de ses barons*; and the barons were by no means willing to have the Pope and his devouring host on their territories.

The improvements introduced by Saint Louis into the internal administration, law-courts, and judicial procedure, were of immense importance, founded on principles in maturity or in germ which necessarily resulted in an entire change of feudal society, with immediate abolition of its worst abuses. He extinguished the right of private war as far as his authority extended, he suppressed the most barbarous custom of feudalism—the judicial duel, and he improved the administration of justice to such an extent, that the people said commonly, so fine a state of things had not been known since Charlemagne. But the most important of all the measures which he introduced was the formation and management of a trained body of lay lawyers, versed in the study of that body of "written reason," the Roman law, in spite of the vehement opposition of both ecclesiastic and feudal dignitaries, who foresaw the total destruction of their own jurisdiction in the ominous introduction into public life of a body of non-noble functionaries, looking to the Crown for advancement, as subtle as the clerical canonists themselves in dispute, and endowed with a learning and a facility in the arts of reasoning and distinguishing which drove the ignorant barons in disgust from their own Courts, to leave them under the control of men whom they despised. The decrees and ordinances of Saint Louis were collected later in that famous body of mediæval law known as the *Établissements* of Saint Louis, and which occupies so important a chapter in the history of French jurisprudence.

But Saint Louis was not content with

mere law reforms which judges might administer, he himself formed a last court of appeal for his subjects; he was always on horseback, travelling from one part of his dominions to another, and wherever he went all had free admission to his person, and one of the most gracious pictures in all history is that of Saint Louis, sitting day by day after mass, in patriarchal fashion, with his back against an oak, at Vincennes, and his council around him, giving orders that all, rich and poor, who had any grievance to complain of, should come and state their case in person before him, and redressing the errors of justice as well as the wrongs of those prevented from appealing to it.

But even his love of justice was exceeded by his charity, which was inexhaustible, and it is difficult to understand how he was able to exercise it in such boundless fashion and yet have his treasury always full. Whenever he went he visited the poor as friends; he entered leper-houses and hospitals, made inquiries after impoverished gentlemen, pensioned poor widows, gave dowries to poor girls, and fed hundreds daily from his table.

He shrunk from no form of contagion and no object of disgust; he fed the leper and the blind with his own hand, washed the feet of the mendicant, and embraced the sick, the diseased, and the homeless, on the hand and the cheek, in reverence for the sanctity of affliction. One of the most exemplary instances of the incredible delicacy and fortitude with which he practised this virtue, was under the walls of Sidon, where he assisted with his own hands to bury the bodies of the workmen who had been slain by an invasion of Saracens while engaged in repairing the fortifications. The bodies were in the last stage of decay when he arrived at the town, and he alone walked among the putrefying corpses, and lifted them in his hands with a serene countenance, and without a sign of disgust or inconvenience. In fact, he saw in the poor and afflicted of every form the image of Christ, and the words "What ye shall do unto the least of them" never were put in practice with such devotion and self-sacrifice. Many of the maxims by which he regulated his life have been recorded from his lips by Joinville, and give an admirable notion of the delicacy of his conscience: "Voulez-vous," said he, "être honoré dans ce siècle et avoir paradis pour mort? Gardez-vous de faire ou de dire rien que, si tout le monde le savait, vous ne puissiez avouer: J'ai fait cela; j'ai dit cela."

The ascetic side of his character is the

one which we have now the most difficulty in sympathizing with. It appears he was at one time willing to withdraw into a monastery, if he could obtain the consent of his wife; but she extracted from him a promise never to speak of such a project any more. He got up at midnight to say matins in his chapel, and yet rose before daybreak in winter to join the chants to the Virgin; after the service was done he often remained in the cold chapel, prostrate, with his head on the pavement, absorbed in long prayers. Every morning he heard two masses,—one for the dead and one for the day,—besides other religious exercises in the course of the day and in the evening.

His fasts were frequent and severe, he wore haircloth, and he went often barefoot, but generally with shoes with the soles removed, not to attract attention, and he always carried about with him a small scourge, with five knotted cords, in an ivory box, which it was the duty of his confessor to administer to him; and he made presents of similar boxes to his children and his friends. His bed was made of a few planks, with a thin mattress of cotton, with a piece of common stuff for covering; and after his return from Palestine he never wore any gold ornament, nor anything gilt, not even his spurs, and his dress from that time was so plain that he thought it his duty to indemnify the poor of his household, who considered his worn-out raiment as their perquisites.

He used every known device to stimulate his piety, and it seemed the grace of God was removed from him if he was unable to shed tears at the contemplation of Christ crucified, and cried, "O sire Dieu! je ne requiers fontaine de larmes pas, mais me suffiraient petites gouttes de larmes pour arroser la sécheresse de mon cœur."

It was not possible for a king endowed with this intensity of faith not to join in all the enthusiasm of the time for the Crusades, and to feel more deeply than any for the calamities which then fell upon the Christian colonies in the East. He had long contemplated a Crusading expedition, when a severe illness came upon him, and his deliberations on the subject took the form of a public vow.

His health which was always weak, had never completely recovered from the fatigues of the campaign of 1242, and, during one of his last journeys about his kingdom, two years later, he fell dangerously ill of dysentery at Pontoise. As soon as it was known his life was in danger, the public consternation was universal. The people were struck with terror at the thought of

losing their young Sovereign, whose reign promised to be a new epoch of peace and justice upon earth, and bishops, abbots, and barons, and all who had access to the Court, rushed to Pontoise. In all churches the reliquaries were uncovered and the bones of saints exposed to public adoration, and the altars were crowded with suppliants. The malady of Louis grew more virulent, and he was prepared to die. He called his chief officers of state and his barons about him, thanked them for their good services, and besought them to serve God with the same zeal as they had served himself. He then fell into a lethargy and was thought to be dead, and the Queen-mother and the Queen were entreated to leave the apartment. Two ladies were left with him; the one was for preparing him for burial, but the other contested the fact that he was dead. While they were in dispute he sighed, stretched himself, and uttered, in a ghostly voice, "*Vistavit me per gratiam Dei. Oriens ex alto et in mortuis servavit me.*" He sent immediately for the Bishop of Paris, Guillaume d'Augervigne, who came to his bedside, accompanied by the Bishop of Meaux, and demanded to receive the cross, and took the vow of a Crusader. "*Quand la bonne dame, sa mère,*" says Joinville, "*sut qu'il avait recouvert la parole, elle eut une telle joie que plus grande n'était possible; mais quand elle la vit avec la croix sur la poitrine elle fut ainsi transie, que si elle l'avait vu mort.*" Every effort was made to dissuade Louis from his intention, even Guillaume d'Augervigne, one of the most learned of the University doctors, learned by the side of Thomas Aquinas, he who had given the King the cross, endeavoured to persuade him that his duty to his crown released him from a vow taken in the extremity of sickness, when his mind was not in a sound state. "You say," said he, "that the weak state of my mind was the reason of my cross. Well, then, in that case I do as you wish, and give it back willingly into your hands." The joy of all those present was immense, until the King gravely said, "My friends, of a verity I am now neither deprived of my sense or my reason. I am no longer sick. I am perfectly self-possessed. And I demand now to have my cross back again; for He above, who knows all things, is witness that nothing which can be eaten shall pass my lips until I have the cross again on my shoulder." The bystanders cried, "It is the finger of God!" and no one afterwards ventured to dissuade him from his design.

The *Recouvrance des Saints Lieux, La*

Guerre du Seigneur, Le Saint Voyage d'Outre Mer, had, indeed, long occupied the secret thoughts of the young King. Writers of the last century, and others of those who follow in the track of thought of their predecessors, have condemned the Crusades of Saint Louis as forming the most blameworthy episodes of his career. A deeper philosophy, however, will take a different view, and the chief of the Positivist school, M. Littré, one of the most learned and accomplished writers in Europe, passes another judgment on the Crusading side of Louis's character and on the political merits of the Crusades themselves.

Leaving aside what in the present time may be called the sentimental view of the question, as to whether it is honourable for Christianity to permit a country, hallowed above all others by sacred associations, to remain permanently in the occupation of the champions of a hostile creed, it may be argued that the Crusades preserved Europe from the fate of Greece and of Spain; that they checked the flood of Mussulman invasion to the East, and prevented it from overrunning Europe. At the time of the first Crusade, the whole of Asia was in a terrible state of commotion and disorder. The Mohammedan power was shared between two races—that of Mongolian origin, and that of the Arabs. The fury of conquest inspired by the religion of Mohammed had abated in the latter after their great defeat on the banks of the Loire by Charles Martel, and they had settled down in the countries they had overrun, and reached a high degree of civilisation and refinement. But these were, in their turn, assaulted by the later converts to Mohammedanism—the barbarous Seljukian Turks and Tartars, who came pressing up from the depths of Asia in interminable hordes of ravagers, carrying destruction and massacre wherever they went. The Grecian Empire was overrun in Asia Minor, and Asia Minor was lost. The Greeks themselves felt imperilled in Constantinople, and cried piteously to all Europe for assistance; and unless what might have well seemed an impossible coalition of force could be brought to stem the tide of barbarian ravage, the Greek Empire would have fallen four centuries at least before it did, and the road to Europe would have been laid open. Europe was on the eve of an immense invasion, far worse than that of the Arabs, and what hope could reason discover of uniting the nations of Europe to oppose an effectual resistance? Europe was at that time a sort of Christian anarchical republic, plunged in the deepest ig-

norance, divided into an infinity of interests, and perpetually distracted with the thousand wars which its thousand feudal chiefs were carrying on against each other. The greatest political genius of all time might have appealed in vain to the incongruous multitude of feudal despots and vassals and serfs, to unite together for political purposes. But that which a Charlemagne or a Cæsar would have been unable to perform, was done by Peter the Hermit. He appealed to the one principle which was capable of uniting them, the Faith common to all,—and Europe and Christian civilisation were saved.

That these expeditions were for the most part miserably conducted, that there was a stupendous loss of life for two centuries and a half, that the great part of those engaged there were mere blind instruments in the hands of Providence, proves nothing. The object aimed at was not impossible, for it was achieved—the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre; and if the prize of the valour of the first Crusaders was subsequently lost, it was more owing to the follies, intestine divisions, and decay of faith of its Christian defenders, than to the strength of the Mohammedans, and their superior skill in warfare.

The religious fervour of Saint Louis must not be measured by the tepid devotional regularity of our own time; with him *La gloire de Notre Seigneur* predominated above all earthly considerations, and to that he was prepared to sacrifice at any moment his repose, his life, and his crown; and it was by a singular dispensation of Providence that at the time when mediæval faith was waning throughout Europe, he should appear before history as its last and most perfect representative.

At the time when the French King took the cross, his religious sympathies and his imagination had long been excited to tragic intensity by the deplorable news brought to Europe of the condition of the Christians in the East. The Latin empire of Constantinople was verging to its fall; and its last Latin Emperor had been parading his sorrows through all the courts of Europe. And the terrible invasion of the Tartars under Djinghiz-Khan and his successors seemed to menace not only the destruction of Germany, but even that of Paris and London.

This mediæval Attila burst forth from the steppes of Central Asia with his Mongol hosts. He overran China, he devastated all the great cities of Central Asia so horribly that each was a mere necropolis, in which corpses lay by hundreds of thousands. In

the words of Gibbon, they “ruined the whole tract from the Caspian to the Indus, adorned with the habitations and labours of mankind, in such a way that six centuries have not been sufficient to repair the ravages of four years.” This flood of destruction came rolling onwards. Moscow and Kiew were laid in ashes. The sons of Djinghiz carried on the work of their father. The right wing of this enormous host were, bringing massacre and ruin on the Slave nations and all Eastern Europe, while their left wing was menacing Bagdad and Syria. Poland and Hungary were invaded in 1258; and the entry of the savage host into Bohemia and Moravia seemed to lay open the heart of Europe. This monstrous crowd of ravagers advanced with a savage hilarity to the conquest of the world, giving out with barbarian gaiety divers reasons for their march. Now they said they were going to Cologne, to take back the bodies of the Three Kings to Asia; now they were going to finish their military education in France, or to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. The princes of Germany, with the Elector of Saxony, with the Emperor Frederic II. at their head, cried clamorously for help.

In all Europe the fear of the Tartars weighed heavily on all hearts; the weaver in France ceased to ply his loom in the face of impending destruction. Matthew Paris tells us that in England the price of herrings fell, because the sailors of Norway and Holland were afraid to leave their homes unprotected, and there was consequently less demand for the usual supply. In most of the countries of Europe there was a prayer added to the litany, “*A furore Tartarorum libera nos, O Domine*,” and of the state of things in France, an idea may be formed by an anecdote, related also by Matthew Paris. “*What shall we do?*” said the Queen-mother in anguish to her son; “the march of the Tartars announces our ruin and that of the Church.” “My mother,” replied Louis, “if they come here, either we will send them back to Tartarus, or they will send us to heaven.” This was called a “*belle et louable parole*” in those simple days, and comforted men’s hearts on all sides. A victory of the Germans, however, on the banks of the Danube, and internal dissensions among their chiefs in Asia, arrested the march of the Tartars in Europe; nevertheless, the fury which was then arrested westwards was let loose upon Palestine, and the remaining establishments of the Franks in Syria.

Jerusalem, as is well known, was virtually lost to the Christians by the conquest of

Saladin in 1187. Nevertheless, Frederic II. during his Crusade, by astute diplomacy, and by taking advantage of the dissensions and jealousies of the Mussulman potentates in the East, had recovered possession of the Holy City in 1229. But the situation of the Christians in the East in the midst of the interminable warfare with which the Sultans of Cairo, Damascus, Aleppo, Emessa, and other towns, disputed for the fragments of the empire of Saladin, was still most precarious, and the invasion of the Tartars made matters still worse. A Crusade had been organized ten years after that of Frederic II. for the support of the Christian dominion in Syria under Thibaut, the celebrated Troubadour king of Navarre, and Count of Champagne, in co-operation with Richard Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III. and nephew of Richard Cœur de Lion. The military results of the expedition were not very successful, and the treaty which was then concluded was fatal to the Christian establishments in Palestine. The Franks still held possession of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and the route to Jaffa, of Cæsarea, Acre, Tyre, and other places on the coast, and their alliance was sought for equally by the Sultan of Egypt and by the league of the Princes of Aleppo, Damascus, Emessa, and Hamath, with which the former was at war. The Grand-Masters of the military orders of the Temple and the Knights of St. John, and the barons of Palestine, concluded an alliance with the Princes of Syria, as best suited to their interests, in 1244. The Sultan of Egypt, alarmed at this formidable coalition, called to his aid the Kharismian Turks, a nation who had been driven from Persia by the hordes of Djinghiz-Khan, and were now in a nomad state on the borders of Syria, waiting, like hungry beasts driven from their usual haunts by a deluge, for something to devour. The Sultan of Egypt proposed to this horde of barbarians to unite together in a common effort to crush the Mussulman and Christian sovereigns of Syria.

The Kharismians seized at the offer with avidity; they set themselves at once in motion to effect a junction with the Sultan of Egypt, who advanced from Gaza. They invaded the kingdom of Jerusalem by the side of Tiberias—burning, destroying, and massacring everything in their route, after the usual fashion. The majority of the Christian population of Jerusalem resolved to fly before the coming storm, and wait for better times; but on their march to Jaffa they were decoyed back by a stratagem, overtaken in a second flight, and

seven thousand Christians were slain in the mountain passes between Jerusalem and Jaffa. Jerusalem itself was ravaged with fire and sword. The Kharismians burst into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and murdered the Christians before the altars, and in the Holy Sepulchre itself, ripping up and disembowelling men, women, and children. They destroyed the tombs as well as the altars, and the bones and bodies of Godfrey de Bouillon, with his companions and successors, were torn from their graves, and, together with all the relics of the saints, either burnt or cast out on the heaps of refuse at the gates of the city. Such was the manner of the final loss of Jerusalem to Christianity. And not long after, the Christians suffered another terrible disaster in the loss of the great battle of Gaza, which was fought in company with Malek Mansour, the Sultan of Damascus, against the Sultan of Egypt, and in which an entire army was annihilated. The Sultan of Egypt having got all the use he could out of his Kharismian allies, quarrelled with them about the division of the spoil, allowed them, in their turn, to be annihilated by Malek Mansour, who collected a fresh army and gave battle under the walls of Emessa; and the Kharismians now disappear in history.

Such was the state of Syria when Louis IX. undertook his Crusade. His earnest and pious soul had long felt the most genuine desolation at the miserable condition of the kingdom of Jerusalem, founded and maintained at the cost of such an extravagant expenditure of Christian blood, the object of all the most ardent devotion of the time, and he foresaw that its absolute extinction could only be averted by another great sacrifice on the part of Christendom.

But he has been censured not only for undertaking the Crusade at all, but for having directed it towards Egypt. Such, however, was not the opinion of Leibnitz, who addressed a most remarkable memoir to Louis XIV. on the advantage which would ensue to France and to Europe from the conquest of Egypt, and proposed anew a sort of Egyptian Crusade in the seventeenth century; nor of Napoleon, who acted on the conviction that the occupation of Egypt was the most effectual way to the establishment of a permanent Eastern dominion.

The Sultan of Egypt at that time was Malek-Saleh-Negour-Eddin, an Ayoubite prince, grandson of the celebrated Malek Adhel, the brother of Saladin, and son of the Sultan Malek Kamel, who defeated Jean de Brienne at Mansourah; and he

was the most powerful Oriental potentate of his time. It was the Egyptian power which had conquered Jerusalem from the Franks; and to strike at the heart of that was the surest way to effect the liberation of Palestine.

The preparations for the Crusade were made by the King with great care and foresight. Louis did all in his power to leave his kingdom in a state of well-ordered security, and he was the less solicitous about the prejudice which might be caused by his absence, on account of his confidence in the vigour of character and political capacity of the Queen-mother. His chief anxiety was the pacification of Christendom, and he did his utmost, but in vain, to reconcile the Pope with Frederic II., for open war was now being carried on between the two, and the Pope had even excommunicated and deposed the German Emperor, and preached a crusade against him contemporaneously with that forming under Saint Louis.

The French King appointed Cyprus for the general rendezvous of the armament. He hired a Genoese fleet to convey him to Limisso, a southern port in the island, and he gave directions for collecting in its neighbourhood enormous stores of provisions, of wine and corn and barley, purchased in all the most fertile countries of Europe, which were so faithfully executed by Thibaud, Count of Bar, and Hubert de Beaujeu, Connétable de France, that when the Crusaders arrived off the coasts of Cyprus they found mountains of grain piled up on the sea-shore; and his foresight even went so far that he had prepared not only the necessary materials for the construction of siege-towers, catapults, and military engines of all kinds, but every sort of agricultural implement for the permanent occupation of Egypt.

All the most illustrious nobles of France naturally took the cross likewise; he was accompanied by his wife Marguerite, and his brothers Robert Comte d'Artois, Alphonse Comte de Poitiers, Charles Comte d'Anjou and Provence, whose wives also shared the perils of the expedition "*d'outre-mer*" with their husbands. His parting with his mother, who had protected his childhood, and with whom he had lived on terms of unalloyed affection, heightened by veneration for her piety, and by the admiration and gratitude which he owed her for the prudent administration of his affairs during his minority and afterwards, was necessarily an immense trial on both sides. Blanche felt a presentiment that she should see her son no more; she fainted twice at

the final interview. "*Beau très doux fils,*" she said to him, "*beau tendre fils, jamais je ne vous verrai plus! Le cœur me le dit bien.*"

After passing the winter at Cyprus the French armament put to sea from Limisso, and arrived in sight of Damietta, which was announced by the pilot of the first vessel crying, "*Que Dieu nous aide, que Dieu nous aide, nous voici devant Damiette!*" and the King gave orders to make preparations for landing.

The Egyptian troops were drawn up on the shore expecting them, under the command of Fakreddin. He was an able general of the Sultan, who himself was very ill, and on the point of death.

"When the good King Louis," says Joinville, "saw that the *enseigne Saint Denis* (the *Oriflamme*) was on shore, he no longer waited for his boat to approach nearer the land, but he threw himself into the sea, and the water reached up to his shoulders; then he went straight towards the '*païens*,' with his shield on his neck, helmet on head, and lance in hand." As soon as the French knights leapt on shore they knelt and formed in a line, with the points of their triangular shields fixed in the sand, with the butt-ends of their lances on the ground, and the points turned towards the enemy. The Arab and Turk cavalry—the Mamelukes tried to break their line, with several charges, but failed, then became disheartened and retreated.

The French army gained at the outset an unhopèd easy advantage in the capture of Damietta, which had thirty years ago withstood for fifteen months such a terrible siege by the Crusaders under Jean de Brienne. The town was evacuated by the cowardice of its defenders, and the campaign opened under the most brilliant auspices. The Moslem troops were cowed and disorganized, and had Saint Louis been a great general, and known the value of time, he might have been in Cairo in three weeks; but this first success was the only one of the campaign; the chiefs of the army were afraid of advancing through the low flat regions at the mouth of the Nile, where the army of Jean de Brienne had been surprised by an inundation; the river itself they regarded with superstitious dread, believing it flowed from Paradise; and the King and his barons remained waiting for reinforcements at Damietta, watching with apprehension every rise in the level of the stream, and consuming their provisions. They did not begin to move from Damietta till after the arrival of his brother Alphonse de Poitiers with the *arrière garde* of the Cru-

sade. Queen Marguerite and the rest of the ladies were left at Damietta, while Louis with his army marched to Mansourah.

The French host were fatally slow in advancing, and took thirty-one days to reach Mansourah, at a distance of about sixty miles from Damietta. To relieve Louis, however, somewhat from the responsibility of the bad conduct of the expedition, it must be remembered that a feudal host was one of the most unmanageable kind of armies ever invented; there was no subordination, no regular organization, no general system of discipline on the unwieldy mass; the feudal chieftains held themselves, if they pleased, entirely independent of general orders, and even their *chevaliers* might, if displeased, threaten to abandon them at any moment.

At Mansourah it was necessary to cross a branch of the Nile called the Thanis, and there the calamities of the Crusaders commenced. They had provided no means of making a bridge, and they began, under the superintendence of the King, to construct a causeway for the purpose of passage. The Saracens on the other side of the river were drawn up, and used every device of missile-weapon and Greek fire to impede the construction of the *chaussée*. Moreover, they worked on their side so as to cut away the bank in precisely the same measure as the causeway advanced on the opposite side, and make the distance of water to cross over remain undiminished. The Franks consumed a month and a half over these operations—the two armies face to face on the opposite banks. At last a Bedouin offered, for a reward of five hundred *bezants d'or* to guide the Franks to a ford. His offer was accepted; the King verified the fact that a ford, distant four miles from his camp, and lower down, was passable. Assisted by a council of war, Louis made the wisest possible regulations for passing the host safely over at daybreak on the 8th of February. His brother, the Comte d'Artois, solicited the honour of being allowed to cross the first. This was the favourite brother of the King, who, however, was well aware of his reckless and impetuous spirit, so he demanded a formal oath from the young man that he would observe all his instructions and not advance without orders. This the Count took, swearing by the Holy Gospels that he would obey the King's word in everything, and, as a last precaution, Louis ordered that a body of the Knights-Templars should, on the other side, precede his brother's own troop.

The Comte d'Artois had no sooner received permission than he dashed into the

ford, followed by his knights and men-at-arms, the Knights-Templars and Hospitalers, William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, and his English followers, and all the *avant garde*. The ford was found to be more difficult than they expected; they had to swim their horses, and the obscurity of the hour before daybreak increased their danger. The Saracen general, Fakreddin, was aware of the existence of the ford, and placed there a guard of three hundred horsemen. Nevertheless, the Comte d'Artois and the vanguard passed over with small loss, and the Saracen cavalry, taken by surprise on the opposite bank, fled without resistance. Flushed with the excitement of his successful manœuvre, and wild, we may suppose, with sudden excitement after being cooped up so long in camp in inaction, the hot-blooded young Count, instead of observing the oath he had sworn, wheeled sharp round to the left, mounted the right bank of the river, and led the vanguard on his own sudden impulse and authority in full charge against the Saracen camp, opposite to which they had so long remained in check on the side of the river. The attack in early dawn took the Saracens entirely by surprise, and the Franks were complete masters of the camp, and cut to pieces the Saracens, with their general, who was aroused in astonishment from his slumbers. So far, the disobedience of the young Prince had a happy result, and had he stopped there, and awaited the King, or assisted from his position, now in front of the Christian camp, the remainder of the army to pass over, the campaign might have had another issue. But maddened with his morning's work, Robert was raging for something fresh to do; the demon spirit of war was working in his hot blood, and it was impossible to hold him; he insisted on pushing straight on for Mansourah. In vain did the Grand-Master of the Temple, Guillaume de Sonnac, try to check his wild courage, saying that he had already departed from the King's orders, though, to soothe him, he said he had done one of the finest deeds of chivalry that ever was performed—"dans la terre d'outre mer," he warned him that if he advanced further, the enemy, the main body of whom were at Mansourah, would recognise the smallness of his troop. Robert replied, his language—"sentait le poil de loup"—alluding thereby to the scandalous rumours that the Knights-Templars had too often underhand dealings with the wolves, the Saracens. In vain did William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, put in a word of remonstrance. Robert replied to him in insulting terms, in which he made

use of a favourite mediæval scoff against the English, that they were "men with tails"—"*hommes à queue*." "Count Robert," replied William Longsword, "I can face death without fear, and we will both be presently where ye shall not dare to come near the tail of my horse." In vain, moreover, did the knight despatched by the King for that purpose enjoin Robert to wait where he was. He replied he had already put the Saracens to flight and he would wait for nobody; and, setting spurs to his horse, he galloped straight towards Mansourah, followed by the vanguard, all of whom were taunted into following the young madcap to the death. The troop, barely fifteen hundred in number, galloped into Mansourah. The Saracens were so terrified that they thought the whole Christian army was with them, and they fled on all sides from their path, and Count Robert rode with his troop right through the town to the far side, to the banks of the Nile. But their number had been counted by Bibars Bondocdar, the chief of the Baharite Mamelukes, a commander of great skill and courage, who became ultimately Sultan of the Mameluke soldiers in Egypt. He rallied together a body of his soldiers, and cut off the retreat of Robert and his followers. The whole French vanguard was shut up in the town, exposed to a population who took heart on becoming aware of the small number of the assailants. The Crusaders were assailed on all sides with projectiles hurled from the housetops, with missiles of every kind. Crowds of fresh soldiers pressed upon them in the narrow streets, where they found it impossible to manœuvre their tired horses, and after a bootless struggle the whole vanguard was massacred nearly to a man. A crowd of the best nobles of France were cut to pieces. Two hundred and eighty Knights-Templars perished. William Longsword, with three hundred English knights, fell there likewise; the standard-bearer wrapping himself in the English banner as he fell by the side of the young French Prince, whose surcoat of blue velvet, strewn with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, made the Saracens think they had killed the King himself.

This senseless temerity of the Comte d'Artois ruined all the plans of the King. He had crossed the ford with his cavalry alone, with the Duke of Burgundy and the infantry still on the other side, occupying the Frank camp, when, advancing to the support of the vanguard, of whose danger he had been informed, he found himself attacked by the whole Saracen army, and a battle of a most tumultuous character en-

sued. After a day's incessant fighting, after the King himself displayed prodigies of valour, and after the Duke of Burgundy had succeeded, by using up all the materials and engines in the camp, in completing the causeway, and passing some of the infantry over, the Saracens were put to flight, the Franks remained masters of the field, and the King slept in the Saracen camp; but it was one of those victories which are as bad as a defeat. All agreed, however, that the coolness and intrepidity of the King saved the army; and the instinct and rapidity of view of a commander never deserted him during the whole day. As soon as he found a general action was inevitable, he mounted on a slight eminence to take the survey of the field, and see what resources the ground offered. His intrepid mien and coolness struck all with admiration. "*Jamais*," writes Joinville of that day, "*je ne vis si bel homme armé, il paraissait au dessus de ses gens depuis les épaules jusqu'en haut, un heaume doré sur sa tête, une épée d'Allemagne en sa main.*" After the battle, the prior of the Hospitallers, wishing to know if the King was aware of the death of his brother, came and kissed his hand, still gauntleted, and asked him if he had news of the Comte d'Artois. The King replied "he had news; his brother was in Paradise." The prior then, to turn the King's thoughts in another direction, spoke of the battle he had won—"Et le roi repondait que Dieu fut adoré de ce qu'il lui donnait et lui tombaient les larmes des yeux fort grosses." 8th February 1250—Louis now established himself *à cheval* on the canal of the Thanis, some of his infantry still remaining in the French camp on one side, under the Duke of Burgundy, while he himself occupied what had lately been the Saracen camp on the other, with the rest of the infantry and his cavalry. He caused his chief officer of engineers, Josselin de Cornaut, to complete the bridge, and fortify it with a barbican, and to surround the camp with palisades made of the materials of the Saracen engines found in the camp. But the French army was virtually in a state of siege, subject to incessant attacks of the Saracen army, to whom the arrival of their young Sultan, Malek Moadam, from Mesopotamia, to take possession of the sovereignty (since Negour Eddin was now dead), gave a fresh audacity and spirit. Tremendous conflicts took place almost daily on all sides of the camp; but the chivalry of France were not accustomed to remain on the defensive, and were ill calculated to sustain patiently that kind of warfare; and, moreover, they had lost the greater number

of their horses in the terrible *mêlée* of Mansourah, and were obliged to fight on foot, contrary to their habits and education. The disaster of the Comte d'Artois affected all with gloomy presentiments of worse dangers to come; and their besieged position became before long intolerable. They were pent up in camp beneath the burning sun of Egypt, by the side of a canal whose water became in a short time a dead mass of putrefaction from the quantity of dead bodies, the slain of Mansourah, which the Saracens threw into it, and which accumulated in floating putrescence against the causeway and the bridge, until they stretched right across the river for the length of a stone's-throw. Louis set a hundred of his camp-followers to free the river of this horrible mass of corruption—to bury the Christian bodies, and set the Saracen corpses floating down the stream; but before the wish could be accomplished, scurvy and pestilence and frightful disease raged through the host. To make the sanitary condition of the army still more deplorable, Lent came on. The whole army observed the rules of fasting as strictly as if they were not in campaign, and took to eating freely of the fish of the Nile, which they called *barboles*, which were attracted to the foul water in inexhaustible quantities, and voraciously fed on the putrid flesh of the floating corpses. The privation from proper nourishment, their foul diet, the pestilential air heated by a burning sun, added dysentery and fever to the former maladies; and the whole camp became a hospital of sick and dying men. Those who remained unaffected by disease were not sufficient in number to inter the dead and attend to the sick. Hardly a tent but showed signs that a corpse was within, and preparations for burial. From twenty to thirty funeral processions were to be seen at once leading the corpses to the camp-chapels, or taking them to the place reserved for burial; and soon the lack of knights and men-at-arms was so great that scullions, varlets, and camp-followers had to take the weapons of their masters, and supply their place in the field and on guard. The King bore up so well against this accumulation of evils, though attacked with dysentery himself,—his cheerfulness and suavity were so great,—that sick men about to expire asked, as a last hope and resource, to be able to see the countenance of the King. The Saracens were perfectly aware of the state of things inside the French camp, and desisted from their attacks, trusting to plague and pestilence to accomplish the destruction of their enemies; while they

contrived to enlist another minister of destruction in their service—Famine; for they managed now to transfer a fleet of ships, by means of levers, from one branch of the Nile to that in which the Frank fleet, up to the present time, had accompanied the Frank army, and kept open communication with Damietta. They attacked the Christian fleet as it was carrying large supplies of provisions to the camp, and captured eighty galleys; and after this the Franks were almost completely invested by land and water. By the 27th of March, six weeks after the battle of Mansourah, famine in all its horror was felt in the army. The most unclean things were used as food; and those who could afford it had to pay for food nearly its weight in gold. Joinville says that an ox would sell for 80 livres, which in present value of English money would amount to about £280. Beneath this intolerable series of calamities, the Frank army dwindled away to six thousand men, the sole relics of the thirty thousand who had left Damietta.

At length it seemed that the only chance of saving the remnant was by retreat. Malek Moadam, convinced that he had his enemies wholly in his power, refused all offers of treaty, and Louis evacuated his camp on the 5th of April, at night,—leaving his tents still standing to deceive the enemy; but the Saracens got wind of his intentions, and by a miserable fatality, Joselin de Cornaut, his brothers, and others, who were the engineers of the army, omitted to carry out the King's instructions, and destroy the bridge of boats uniting the two banks of the canal, so that road was left open to their enemies. The rear guard of the retreating Turks were harassed during the first night of their retreat by frequent assaults. The King himself was one of the last to leave; he might have escaped by the river, if he had so chosen, and he was besought to do so; but he determined to partake of the fate of his army, and although in a state of pitiable debility, he continued to command the retreat up to the time of his being made prisoner. When day appeared there was a general attack of the Saracens in pursuit, on the rearguard, and the King was several times in danger, and was only preserved by the great bravery of two of his chevaliers, Geoffrey de Sargines and Gaucher de Châtillon. "*Sargines*," said the King afterwards to Joinville, "*me défendait des Sarrasins tout ainsi que le bon serviteur défend des mouches le hanap (cup) de son seigneur.*" This little troop of the rearguard, with the King in their midst, fighting at every step, reached

at last Minie-Abou-Abdallah, an Arab village seated on a small eminence. The King could no longer sit on horseback, and it was determined to make a short stand here, to give him time to recover. The King was carried, in a miserable state, into a house in the main street, while the wife of a citizen of Paris took his head upon her knees. Gaucher de Châtillon undertook the charge of defending one end of the street alone, against the pursuing Saracens, for his own knights were fighting elsewhere. The Saracens shot arrows at him so thickly after each furious charge, that, as Joinville says, he had to pick out the arrows from time to time, "*il se défilait*," after which he would raise himself up in his stirrups, extending his arms and sword, shouting for his men, "*à Châtillon, Chevaliers ! ou sont mes prudhommes*." He was killed at last, but the Saracens preserved his sword as that of the bravest of the Christian chevaliers.

Such acts of desperate valour failed, however, to prevent the King from being obliged to surrender at discretion at the village of Minie-Abou-Abdallah. The eunuch Gemal-eddin took possession of his person,—his brothers, the Counts of Anjou and Poitiers, and the whole of the rest of the Crusaders, including the sick and the wounded, who had been embarked in boats on the river, were also taken prisoners, and the whole of them were conveyed back to Mansourah, where the King was lodged in the house of a scribe, Fakr-Eddin-Ben-Lokman, loaded with chains, and placed under the surveillance of the eunuch Sahib. The saintly courage and patience of the French King passed during his captivity through terrible trials, but it arose superior to them all. He was still so weak that the only servitor, Isambert, whom he had with him, was obliged to serve him like a child; yet his Moslem conquerors loaded him at first with chains. Isambert afterwards deposed, however, that no indignities extorted from him the slightest symptoms of vexation or impatience, and the Sultan, on reflection, concluding that he had everything to gain in the way of ransom, and nothing to lose by the preservation of his captive, changed his system, released him of his chains, gave him clothes, and allowed him the company of his confessor.

The captivity of Louis lasted a month, but it was a month every hour of which was full of pathetic and tragic incident. The Sultan, Malek Moadam, was naturally anxious to make the most out of the glorious spoil which the fortune of war had given into his power, and proceeded at first

to treat his illustrious captive with all the arrogance of an Eastern despot. But he was little aware of the strength of soul which animated the weak body of his illustrious captive. His first demand was for all the expenses to which the Crusade had put him; the surrender of Damietta and of all the Christian fortresses in Palestine, in return for the ransom of the French King and his army. These were peremptorily rejected. The Sultan was furious at an opposition which seemed unintelligible; he commenced, however, with fresh negotiations, for his own circumstances made him eager to get the Franks out of the country. Meeting again with opposition, he threatened to lay Louis in the *barnicle*, a horrible kind of torture, something like the boot applied to the whole body. Louis replied to the Sultan's envoys who announced the menace, "*Qu'il était leur prisonnier, qu'ils pourraient faire de lui à leur volonté*." The emirs were confounded at his serenity, and replied, "You are our prisoner and our slave, and yet you behave exactly as if you had us in irons."

The Sultan at length offered terms which Louis accepted. They were these:—The surrender of Damietta was to be made, and a million of golden bezants to be given for the ransom of Louis and the remainder of his army, and for the ransom also of all the Christian slaves then in Egypt, amounting to about thirty thousand. Without this latter concession the French King would enter into no arrangement. It would be some consolation to his reverses to know he had not left a Christian in bondage in Egypt.

When the Sultan made the offer of these terms Louis said, "*Je payerai volontiers les cinq cent mille livres pour la délivrance de mes gens, et je donnerai Damiette pour la délivrance de mon corps : car je ne suis pas tel que je me doive racheter à prix d'argent*." Malek Moadam was so struck with admiration at this reply that his Oriental pride would not allow him to remain without some response and generosity. He exclaimed, "*Par ma foi, largo est le Franc, quand il ne marchande pas sur une si grande somme de deniers : or, allez lui dire que je lui donne cent mille livres pour payer la rançon*." The ransom thus paid in money was four hundred thousand livres, five hundred thousand livres being equal to one million of golden bezants, which is about two millions of English pounds sterling.

But Malek Moadam had been vehemently anxious on his side to complete some arrangement with Louis, and get the French

out of the country, for special reasons of his own. He was meditating a *coup d'état*, and was eager to get possession of Damietta, and be free of all foreign trouble, to effect his purpose. He was however only hastening his own destruction. This young man, elated with his recent accession, of luxurious habits, fresh from Mesopotamia with a band of young Syrian favourites, chafed under the pressure which the Mamelukes and the ministers of his father put upon him, and he was madly impatient to suppress the turbulent soldiery and dispose of dignitaries who beset the throne, and while the French difficulty was still to be dealt with this was impossible. The Mamelukes, on their side, with Bibars Bondocdar at their head, were perfectly aware of his intentions, and, kept informed of all his transactions with the French King, only waited for a favourable opportunity to assassinate him. Such an opportunity occurred while Malek Moadam was on his road to Damietta with his royal captive, to fulfil the terms of the treaty. Bibars Bondocdar and his ferocious associates murdered the Sultan and took possession of supreme power, and thus founded the Mameluke dynasty of Egypt, whose tombs on the margin of the desert near Cairo form such a graceful series of objects when viewed from the Citadel. Thus the Crusade of Saint Louis was intimately connected with the extinction of the Saladin dynasty in Egypt, and the French King had full experience of the tragic vicissitudes of Oriental power, for not less than three Sultans and one Sultana, during his stay in Egypt, held supreme power in the capital.

The blood-stained assassins of the Sultan did not fail immediately to exercise their power on their captive, but he showed so sublime an aspect before their ferocious menaces that it was said they deliberated among themselves whether they should not offer him the sovereignty; at all events such a scheme was talked of. "Il me demanda," says Joinville, speaking of subsequent years, "si je croyais qu'il eût pris le royaume de Babylone (Cairo) s'ils le lui eussent présenté, et je lui dis qu'il aurait fait une grande folie, vu qu'ils avaient tué leur seigneur. Et il me dit que vraiment il n'eût pas refusé." This reply reveals the innermost soul of Saint Louis more than anything else on record, except his dying speech at Carthage. He would have led a life of exile, and sacrificed his crown and all the world holds dear; he would have trusted himself to the mercies of these ferocious assassins, in the hope of Christianizing Egypt.

According to Oriental notions, the death

of the Sultan made void all previous negotiations; but after some difficulties the same stipulations for a treaty for peace were agreed to on both sides, and the emirs, who now held the government, still proceeded to Damietta with their captive.

Scenes however of great violence took place in the arrangement. It was stipulated that the parties to the treaty should take reciprocal oaths, and the emirs wanted the French King to swear, that if he violated his oath he would be "as shameful as the Christian who denied Christ and spat upon the cross." "Jamais," said Louis, "pareilles choses ne sortiront de ma bouche." The emirs suspected bad faith in this objection, and were furious. They threatened to make the head of the patriarch of Jerusalem, who was present, fly off upon his knees, to put the King to torture, with all his barons; but Louis never blenched, and they allowed him to take his oath as he pleased. "C'est le plus fier Chrétien," they said, "qu'on eut jamais vu en Orient."

But the trials and suspense of captivity reached a climax at the very last moment. How was it possible to guard against the bad faith of these Mameluke assassins? They might get Damietta, get the ransoms, and yet retain all the prisoners. To prevent this, the King stipulated, *firstly*, that immediately after the surrender of Damietta all the prisoners should be set at liberty, with the exception of his brother the Comte de Poitiers; *secondly*, that 200,000 livres of the ransom should then be paid, and the Comte de Poitiers set at liberty; *thirdly*, that the remaining 200,000 livres should be paid after his departure, on condition that the sick of Damietta, and the Christian stores and property there, should be faithfully respected, and that all Christian slaves in Egypt be given up.

The King was lodged in a tent at the gate of Damietta, and Damietta was surrendered early in the morning, when the emirs immediately began to discuss whether all the prisoners should not be put to death. The debate lasted the whole day, and the only circumstance which saved the French prisoners was the foresight of the King in having the money removed to a ship in the harbour.

In the early morning the Moslem standards were seen floating from the towers of the city, and hour after hour of the day advanced and not a captive was released. The Queen, indeed, and her suite were embarked. But the King was waiting alone in his tent at the gate, and the captives were watching from the galleys, till the broad sun of Egypt was sinking down into the

waters of the Nile, without having been supplied with food the whole day, and the anxiety of all was of course unspeakable. Indeed, at one time the galleys began to remount the river to Cairo. The death of the King and of all had been resolved upon by the emirs in council.

The chief advocate for the violation of the convention was Heman-Eddin, one of the most influential of the emirs, who had been so struck with the mien and resolution of the King, with the proof of his invincible devotion to the Christian faith, that it seemed to him madness and folly to release so redoubtable an enemy of the Mohammedan religion, and he endeavoured to convince his colleagues of the expediency of putting to death the French King, and the flower of the chivalry of France, now in their power, and abandoning the ransom. A long and violent discussion occupied nearly the whole day, and if the 200,000 livres had not been in the ship riding at anchor in sight, Saint Louis would then have ended his career. But at last the cupidity of the majority, and especially of Egg-Eddin-Aylek, who had been chosen regent, and would have the largest share of the ransom, prevailed, and it was determined to fulfil the convention.

The respect of the Saracen multitudes for the King, however, was displayed on his departure. 20,000 armed with their scimitars formed an escort of honour to the seaside when he embarked on board a Genoese galley. But there was yet again a terrible moment of suspense, for the King, faithful to his promise, and contrary to the advice of his barons, paid the whole of the ransom-money before his brother the Comte de Poitiers was released. So jealous was he of his good faith, that when he was told the last 10,000 livres were delivered, and Monseigneur Philippe added in a jocular way, "I think we have cheated them of a scaleful!" he turned on him a very severe and angry face, and only relented when he was told that the whole sum was really and fairly delivered to the emirs. Then his galley left and transferred him to the larger ship which was to take him; but both on the way to the vessel and on board he watched anxiously for some sign of his brother. All shared the King's anxiety, till a small boat was seen in the dark leaving the shore, and as it came nearer the form of the Comte de Poitiers was distinguishable. "*Allume, allume,*" cried the King to the sailors, giving the word for lighting the signal for departure, on board his vessel. The little fleet, bearing the mournful remnant of the mighty armament which a year

ago had so proudly approached Damietta, spread its sails for the coast of Palestine.

The first intention of the King had been to return to France, but the violation of the terms of the treaty by the Egyptians at Damietta, who had burnt the stores and murdered the sick, and burnt their corpses, piled up with the salt pork of the French provisions, determined him to go to Acre, to watch over the execution of the unfulfilled part of the convention, one of whose provisions was that no military operations should take place in Palestine for ten years.

The passage from Damietta to Acre occupied six days, and first Louis arrived there on the 14th of May 1250. After the first feelings of relief at finding himself again at liberty, his reflections were inexpressibly mournful. Exactly one short year had elapsed since, with a splendid army of sixty thousand men, in magnificent array, he had set sail from Cyprus. And as he sat on the poop of his vessel, and saw his knights around him in a half-clothed condition, and his foremost barons in squalid and tattered raiment, and thought of the thousands of true hearts now mixed with the soil of Egypt, it was impossible not to feel the anguish of the contrast. Above all, he mourned for the loss of his affectionate and impetuous brother Robert, the chief cause of his disaster, and contrasted his warm and impetuous nature with that of the cold-blooded and scheming Charles d'Anjou, the disciple of Simon de Montfort, for whose ambition France was to pay the bloody penalty of the Sicilian Vespers, and who sailed now in the same ship with his brother, leaving him to his solitary reflections, and playing at games of chance with Nemours. This passion for play at such a time seemed so indecent to the King, that at last, as Anjou one day was playing at "*tables*," backgammon, with his fellow-passengers, he seized the board and the dice and threw them into the sea, and this—the only instance of impatience on record of him—bespeaks the inward conflict of his emotion. It was, however, during this voyage that he contracted his friendship for the Sire de Joinville, who sat at his feet discussing the events of the Crusade, clothed in one wretched garment, the only one now remaining out of all his equipment.

Saint Louis remained yet four years in Palestine, in spite of urgent entreaties to return to France. He considered it was not for his honour to leave Palestine in a worse state than he found it, and he had also especially at heart the release of the thirty thousand prisoners of Egypt. Month by month whole shiploads of released cap-

tives landed on the quays of Acre, who blessed the French King for their liberty; and he set actively to work to restore the fortifications of the Christian towns on the sea-coast, often assisting with his own hands in the operations. He showed considerable diplomatic ability in dealing with the great Mussulman Powers; and the emirs of Egypt having violated their engagements, he made a treaty with the Sultan of Damascus, by which he might, if he had been supported by any fresh levies of European troops, have been put in possession of Jerusalem; but he lacked entirely support either from the Pope, still pursuing his plans of aggrandizement at the expense of the race of Hohenstauffen, or from the other Powers of Europe. He was enabled to make a pilgrimage to Nazareth, and might also have made one to Jerusalem, but he was dissuaded from doing so, on the ground that it would be a bad precedent for one of the chief kings of Europe to visit it in the hands of the Infidels. The death of his mother, Blanche of Castille,—called by a chronicler *la dame des dames de ce monde*,—in 1252, affected him necessarily very deeply, and two years later, since he was urgently pressed again to return on account of the state of affairs in France, he appointed the valiant Geoffrey de Sargines as his lieutenant in Syria, and set sail from Acre on 25th April 1254, which happened to be his thirty-ninth birthday. His voyage was protracted by contrary winds to the length of eleven weeks. In the first week he gave an example of a fine act of humanity, in refusing to leave his vessel, which was in danger of sinking, rather than endanger the lives of the rest of the passengers. He landed at Hyères on the 8th of July, but did not reach Vincennes till the 5th of September; such was the rate of mediæval travel. After rendering thanks at the shrine of St. Denis, the patron saint of the kingdom, on the following day, he entered Paris with his Queen, and the three children born during the Crusade, on the 9th. Wherever he had to pass he was received with signs of devotion and attachment; but the signs of fatigue and suffering were too visible on his countenance for the manifestations of joy to be exuberant, and one circumstance especially people saw with grave apprehension,—the cross still attached to his shoulder, denoting his intention of undertaking another Crusade.

The interest of the second Crusade of Saint Louis is inferior to that of the first, and the vivid narrative of an eye-witness such as Joinville is wanting to us, for Joinville refused to follow his master on another

Crusade. His experience of the last was quite sufficient for him, and on this occasion he took a sager view of his duties to his people. He found, he says, his people had suffered by his absence during the former expedition, and concluded that he should provoke the anger of God,—“*qui donna son corps pour sauver son peuple*,” if he imperilled his life anew, “*au mal et au dommage de sa gent*.”

The same motives, however, actuated Saint Louis in the second as in the first Crusade. The footing of the Christians in the East was more precarious, and their condition more intolerable than ever; and it was evident that unless a mighty effort were made, the last Christian colonies on the coast must be abandoned, and Palestine abandoned for ever to the followers of Islam.

In the fifteen years which intervened between the two Crusades, while Saint Louis was governing his kingdom in peace, and giving it such a degree of order, prosperity, and tranquillity as it had never known before, a series of horrors, invasions, and massacres had again desolated unhappy Palestine. The Tartars had again swept westwards under their Khan Hologou, and destroyed utterly the remains of the Saladin dynasty at Damascus and Aleppo, and overrun all Syria. But such Mongol hordes were never more than mere emissaries of destruction. After ravaging the earth, these Tartars disappear from history, as the Kharismians had disappeared; and the chief result of their invasion was to increase the power of Bibars Bondocdar, now Sultan, by the removal of every Mussulman rival.

After a series of assassinations and revolutions, Bibars Bondocdar, the Mameluke chief, who had murdered Malek Moadam during the captivity of Louis, became the supreme lord of the East. The methods by which Bibars Bondocdar became minister of supreme power in Egypt necessarily bespeak his character. He was the most active, able, perfidious, and ferocious enemy with whom the Christians had yet had to contend. In 1265 he surprised Cæsarea, and took it in six days. Fortress after fortress of the Franks fell into his power. The valiant lieutenant of Louis, Geoffrey de Sargines, sent him back three separate times from the walls of Acre; but Saphet, the chief fortress of the Templars, fell into his hands. He ravaged the environs of Tripoli and Tyre; he laid waste the Christian kingdom of Armenia; he took Jaffa; and finally, carried by storm, in three days, the great city of Antioch—the proudest conquest of the first Crusaders, which had

ever since remained a Christian principality; the city was delivered to the flames; seventeen thousand of its defenders were slain by the sword, one hundred thousand prisoners reduced into slavery, and the mighty capital, formerly styled the Queen of the East, was turned into a wilderness and a solitude.

The news of this terrible calamity convulsed all Europe; and it was not possible but that Saint Louis, who was the veritable incarnation of all the best aspirations of chivalry and mediæval Faith, should feel his inmost soul stirred at the intelligence, and resolve once more to court the crown of martyrdom rather than resign tamely the last relics of the sacred possessions of Christendom to the murderous grasp of the Mameluke chief of Egypt.

The armament, which was intended still to proceed ultimately to Palestine, was allowed by Louis to be diverted to Tunis, by representations from two widely different and even hostile sources, in both of which he was deceived. Charles of Anjou was now monarch of Sicily, to the crown of which Tunis had been tributary; and he was endeavouring to restore his supremacy. The Sultan of Tunis, Mohammed Mostanser, on the other hand, to prevent the possible intervention of the powerful brother of Charles, and to gain his favour, had sent ambassadors to his court, and declared, among other things, that so far from being hostile to Christianity, there was nothing he wished so much as to embrace the religion, were he not prevented by fear of his powerful neighbour in Egypt. This clumsy device of the Tunisian Sultan had just the contrary effect to what he intended, for it determined Louis to follow the persuasions of his brother of Anjou, and to go to Tunis. The notion of converting the Tunisian sovereign and his people to Christianity, and re-establishing the Christian Church triumphantly on the shores of Carthage, where it had such a glorious existence in the days of St. Augustine and St. Cyprian, was likely, above all, to inflame his pious imagination. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "si je pouvais être le parrain d'un tel filleul." The simplicity and ardour of the faith of Saint Louis were especially remarkable in its indestructible ready belief in the possibility of extending the pale of Christianity, not by the sword alone, but by conversion. He believed in the expansive vitality of his religion as firmly as a saint of the first ages of Christianity. While in Palestine, he sent a mission to convert the Tartars; he made many attempts at conversion among the Moslem when in Palestine, and was in some

cases successful. He regarded his converts with especial affection—brought them to France with him, and provided for their maintenance both during his lifetime and by will. If he made the speech which Joinville reports, and which Gibbon chuckles over in a note, that the only method of argument with an Infidel was *mettre l'épée dedans le ventre aussi loin qu'elle pouvait entrer*, he never acted upon it; and in his last moments he was heard continually murmuring to himself, "Pour Dieu! étudions comment la foi Catholique peut être prêchée et plantée à Tunis. Oh! quel est l'homme propre à cette œuvre."

Thus the last glorious, if impracticable, desire of Saint Louis was the preaching of the Gospel on the shores of Africa.

However, he became well aware of the insincerity of the Sultan of Tunis before he reached the coast of Africa; but the persuasions of the Comte d'Anjou, and of other Crusaders, who believed the city was extravagantly rich, and would afford enormous spoil at an easy cost, prevailed in his council.

He disembarked his army at Tunis in the middle of one of the hottest months in the year, July 1270, when the fierce sun leapt back from the burning sands and torrid soil in intolerable radiance, and made the air a quivering burning flame.

The enfeebled constitution of Saint Louis sank in a month under the same trials and maladies which had overwhelmed him in his first Egyptian campaign,—two of his sons having preceded him to the grave. As for the expedition, it met with the same easy successes on their landing as the previous Crusade, with the same faults, the same delays, and the same maladies to impede its progress during the short time it remained on the soil of Africa, from which the Crusaders ultimately retreated, after making an advantageous treaty of peace with the Sultan. The chief error of the conduct of the expedition was in waiting for the Comte d'Anjou, who had made conditions that active operations should not commence till his arrival, and he arrived only in time to find the body of his brother, from whose lips the last sigh of parting breath had just ascended in prayer, stretched, as he desired to die, on a bed of ashes, with his arms crossed upon his breast.

When Louis knew that the fever which consumed him was fatal, he called for Philip, the only survivor of the three bright sons who had accompanied him, and he took from his prayer-book—*Son livre d'Heures*,—the paper of instructions he had written for his guidance, and prayed him to observe

them as his last will and testament. These instructions, known as the *Enseignements* of Saint Louis, contain the wisest and most pious counsel ever dictated by monarch to his successor. No saint ever died more saintly. In the last stage of weakness he found strength to arise and kneel as he took the sacrament. Among the last ejaculations he cried frequently, "*Esto, Domine, plebis tue sanctificator et custos.*" In the even before his death he was heard to cry aloud, "*Quis nobis in Jerusalem!*" and again, "*Introibo in domum tuam, adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum!*" Then he prayed for the people of his expedition, and his last words were, "*Père, je commets mon esprit en ta garde.*"—August 25, 1270.

A sound of clarions and trumpets was heard at the same moment. It announced the arrival of his brother, the King of Sicily, in the port of Carthage. He came immediately to the King's tent. His iron nature broke down at the sight. He fell at the King's feet and passionately kissed them, and could only say, with heaving breast and agonizing sobs, "*Monseigneur! Mon frère!*"

If human existence is not merely earthly and animal, no one can say that the life of Saint Louis was a failure, or that he was not happy, even to his death. His saintly virtues hallowed the kingly institution in France as it was emerging from the rude chaos of feudalism; royalty became a religion, and the mystic aureole which he wore in the popular imagination descended to crown the heads of each of his descendants; an aureole of which it took the turpitude of a Louis xv. to dim the brightness, and which was extinguished only in the blood-torrents of the guillotine. The royalty of France perished with the exhortation—"*Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel.*" He was one of the chiefest of the sons of light, and would make no pact with darkness. He showed that it was possible for a sovereign and a politician, of no surpassing genius, to act, privately and publicly, according to the dictates of the loftiest code of principles conceivable by human intelligence, without the aid of statecraft or duplicity, and such is no small triumph for humanity. Base that nature must indeed be who can pass by him in history and not do him reverence. The facts of his life speak for themselves, and require no eulogy; for praise which would be hyperbolic in other cases, would here fall short of the truth. It may be objected, however, that the severity of his laws for some offences, and especially for blasphemy, forms a blemish upon his character and his

reign. But he expressed himself his willingness to be subject to the legal punishment, provided he could banish blasphemy from his kingdom. And it must be remembered he himself lived a life of such self-denial as would be intolerable to ordinary men. As for his general kindness to his subjects, one example is sufficient: during a season of scarcity in Normandy, the royal waggons, which usually came up from Normandy loaded with tax-money, in that year went down to Normandy loaded with money given out of the Royal treasury for distribution. He was respected by all neighbouring nations as the great peacemaker in the quarrel between Henry III. and his barons. They submitted the matters in dispute between them to him as arbitrator; and all Europe re-echoed the words uttered by the Pope in the Bull of Canonization: "House of France, rejoice to have given to the world so great a Prince! People of France, rejoice at having possessed so good a King!"

ART. IV.—1. *The Law of Creeds in Scotland: A Treatise on the Legal Relations of Churches in Scotland, Established and Not Established, to their Doctrinal Confessions.* By ALEX. TAYLOR INNES, M.A. Blackwood and Sons.

2. *An Address on the Connection of Church and State.* Delivered at Sion College on February 15, 1868. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Macmillan and Co.

DEAN STANLEY'S eloquent address and Mr. Innes's learned volume may fairly be noticed together, because they deal with the same general subject, the relation of Christian Churches to the Civil Power, and because the subject as a whole is one that is daily assuming a higher importance, and will probably in some of its aspects occupy at intervals the attention of the country and the Legislature for some time to come. It is true the two writers deal respectively with very different branches of this wide subject, the aim of each being widely different from the other. But they have points of connexion, and Dean Stanley has emphasized these points by quoting largely from Mr. Innes's pages, and speaking in the highest terms of his volume. After his longest extract from the *Law of Creeds*, extending over some pages, Dean Stanley says—"I cannot quote this work without

expressing very strong admiration of its learning, ability, and (with a very few exceptions) impartial statement of the whole question discussed in this address." Dean Stanley's references, quotations, and eulogy have indeed had the effect of making Mr. Innes's work better known in England than it had previously been. In Scotland, as was natural, the volume has excited a good deal of attention and discussion, especially in relation to the legal principles it brings out directly affecting the future of the Established and Non-Established Churches of the country. Its special merits have also been recognized on the other side of the Atlantic, the volume having been referred to as an authority in a recent ecclesiastical case before the American Courts. But in England it had hardly attracted the notice that might perhaps have been expected, considering the completeness of Mr. Innes's legal and historical review, and its direct bearing on questions of urgent public interest. This is due in part probably to the limitation of the title, suggesting that the law of creeds was exhibited only so far as it had been elaborated in the Scottish Courts. The volume, it is true, deals primarily with Scottish cases, but the author's plan is so comprehensive that it includes in the notes and appendices a briefer review of the English cases in which questions affecting religious creeds have been legally discussed and judicially settled. Dean Stanley's address sufficiently indicates this, and will thus help to secure due attention to the important facts and arguments of Mr. Innes's volume, in the period of prolonged ecclesiastical excitement and discussion on which the country is entering.

Seven years ago, when the attention of Parliament and the country was wholly occupied with Mr. Gladstone's great Budgets, more than one far-seeing observer of public events ventured to predict that at no distant interval religious questions would come to the front, and that after marked periods of social, economic, financial, and parliamentary reform, we should enter on a period of ecclesiastical discussion, excitement, and legislative change. This prediction has been verified with unexpected rapidity—the discussions on the Irish Church during the present session having dwarfed to comparatively insignificant proportions the unfinished work of parliamentary reform. But the approach to this vital question was heralded in past sessions by successful motions in favour of abolishing or relaxing ecclesiastical imposts, oaths, and tests. The same general current of opinion is reflected in the numerous ecclesiastical

congresses, synods, and assemblies that have been organized within a recent period, as well as in schemes of union and disunion within and without the National Establishments—proposals for intercommunion between Non-Established Churches in Scotland, and sectional societies formed within the English Establishment, tending to break up the Anglican communion into cliques, the most aggressive of which, in the irony of fate, calls itself Catholic. While it is difficult to define exactly the course which future discussion and consequent action may take, all effective movement in the matter must touch one of the three central relations of Churches—to the State, to their Creeds, or to each other. There is no doubt a close connexion between these various aspects of ecclesiastical life and organization, especially between the two first. In one sense all Churches are connected with the State, or rather with the civil power, as the voluntary governments of Non-Established Churches produce temporal effects, and the Courts in disputed cases inquire into the civil results of ecclesiastical action, and decide authoritatively on the questions at issue. This necessary relation of free religious societies to the civil power, which is brought vividly out in Mr. Innes's volume, seems to have misled Dean Stanley as to their true relation to the State, and, as we shall presently see, to have somewhat confused his argument on the relative advantages and disadvantages of a State connexion. But the amenability of all Churches to the law of the land, and the adoption of one by the civil power, as the religion of the State, are things totally distinct, which ought to be kept apart, and which only rhetorical haste or oversight could confound. It is this latter relation alone, the adoption of a particular Church by the civil power, that constitutes the connexion of Church and State, in the ordinary and technical sense of the phrase, and it is this alone which is the immediate subject of the Dean's addresses. He undertakes to defend the connexion of Church and State in its present form, and with its existing incidents, and he does so with characteristic eloquence and ability. The address must indeed, we should imagine, have produced a very favourable impression on its original delivery, as it exhibits in the happiest combination all the writer's well-known graces of style, affluence of historical illustration, liberality of view, elevation of feeling, and enlightened zeal on behalf of religion and learning. The argument is, moreover, of great interest, and in some parts striking from its freshness and novel-

ty. Dean Stanley puts in a clear and effective light many of the undeniable advantages belonging to a religious Establishment, such as that of securing a regular amount of religious instruction in all parts of the country, especially in those parts where it is least likely that such a provision would be made either by the people themselves or by the missionary efforts of Voluntary enthusiasts. Again, he insists with much force and relevancy on the advantages in cases of heresy of having ecclesiastical standards interpreted by an unbiassed judicial tribunal, by learned and accomplished laymen familiar with the general maxims of jurisprudence as well as with the forms of legal procedure, and trained to the exact interpretation of legal documents. He dwells also on what some may perhaps be disposed to consider a more doubtful advantage,—the opportunity which a State Church gives for the gradual growth of religious opinion, and that “free expression of religious belief which is indispensable to any healthy development of religious action.” He refers under this head to the fact that the interpretation of the English formularies by the judicial committee of the Privy Council has not only been favourable to freedom, but had allayed temporary excitement, and been subsequently acquiesced in even by those who at the time regarded it with the utmost alarm.

These considerations, in support of his general argument, though stated with a felicity of language and illustration that gives them a certain freshness of interest, are in the main well known and generally accepted. But in other parts of his address Dean Stanley ventures boldly on novelties of argument and historical parallelism which on first reading them excite a feeling of surprise, and almost of bewilderment. This is especially true of his attempt to turn the tables on the opponents of an Established Church, by asserting that the connexion of Church and State is the nearest approach which in our complex society can be made to the original and essential idea of the Christian Church. After adverting to the most common objection to a State Church, which he erroneously attributes to Scottish Free Churchmen as well as to English High Churchmen, “that there is in the nature of ecclesiastical affairs something that makes it unlawful for lay or secular persons to approach them,” Dean Stanley adds:—

“If we revert to the origin of the Christian Church, we shall see that the fundamental idea of the Church in the New Testament is the reverse of this. It is that of a body in which the officers, of whatever kind they

may be, bishops, presbyters, or deacons, are ministers—that is, servants of the whole community. . . . In whatever way the control of ecclesiastical affairs by the laity, or rather by the whole community, is exercised, there can be no question that it is in them that by the New Testament and by the first ages of Christendom the supremacy over the Church was vested. They elected their ministers. They chose their own faith, they moulded their own creed, they administered their own discipline, they were the Ecclesia, the Assembly, ‘the Church.’”

This is no doubt perfectly true, but a less sanguine reasoner would hardly have offered it as a conclusive argument in favour of a State Church, or have ventured to say that in modern times the most perfect analogue of this primitive Christian society is a system which reduces the Christian laity to a cipher, their functions being wholly absorbed by the Monarch. This fundamental and fatal change is frankly confessed by Dean Stanley himself.

“After its conversion,” he says, “the State, by a natural instinct, assumed those functions of the old Christian democracy which were felt incompatible with the changed condition of things. By the sovereigns of the State the chief ecclesiastical officers were appointed, as formerly, by the tumultuous gatherings in the market-place. By them the Christian laity were represented in the Councils, as once by the ‘brethren,’ even after the claims of a distinct hierarchy had sprung up. And so it must emphatically be in such a country as ours.”

To those unfamiliar with the theory which makes Church and State but different names for the same thing, and regards the will of the Sovereign as identical with the mind of the Church, this curious historical parallel will probably appear little better than a daring paradox. Nor is the parallel much improved when, in a constitutional country like our own, the legislative powers of Parliament are added to the executive control of the Monarch. For Parliament has no initiative in the fundamental questions of religious faith, discipline, and practice, and from its very constitution can have none. According to Dean Stanley himself, indeed, the State has neither the right nor the power of discharging the vital functions which he assigns to the primitive Church. It cannot choose its faith, mould its creed, or in any way administer Christian discipline. Nay, its disability in these respects he regards as a positive advantage, as constituting one of its strongest claims to the confidence and support of the Church.

“The State, it has been often said by way of objection, cannot enter into the detailed

dogmatic belief of particular sects. It must be latitudinarian; it must, as in Great Britain, recognise the possibility of different forms of Christian belief, as of Presbyterianism in Scotland, Anglicanism in England, Roman Catholicism in Ireland; it must, as in France and Prussia, recognise as national both the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Church. This, however, is one of the best arguments in its favour. It is the ground of the comprehensiveness of the Church of England."

This may be so, but it certainly does not help to support the alleged analogy between a State Establishment and the early Church. In the early Church, the Christian laity, united in faith and practice, did everything,—had, as Dean Stanley says, the absolute control of ecclesiastical affairs. But in the Establishment he defends the ecclesiastical power of the laity is paralysed, the higher functions both of clergy and laity, all functions, indeed, except those of the local executive, being claimed and exercised by the State. The higher officers of the Church are appointed by the Crown, while Parliament, the only fountain of ecclesiastical legislation, to say nothing of its Jewish and Quaker members, is divided into sections of Romanists, Congregationalists, and Unitarians, as well as of Presbyterians and Episcopalians. The English Establishment, with all real power thus centred in the Crown, and an ultimate appeal to a divided and indifferent Parliament is no more like the early Church, where the "multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul," and all equally shared in the management of affairs, than the English institution of property, favouring the accumulation of enormous possessions in single hands, is like the economic system of the Church at Jerusalem, whose members "had all things in common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all as each man had need." The characteristic fact about the early Church is, as we have seen, the supreme power of the laity, while the characteristic fact about the English Church is that the laity have no power at all. For, as Baron Bunsen justly says, writing to Dr. Arnold about the theory Dean Stanley defends, and which he received from his old Rugby master, "it will always remain a miserable and unchristian fiction to say that the people are represented in Church government by the sovereign.* The truth is, that the alliance of the Church with the State involves a complete departure from the early maxims and principles of Christian polity. But after all, it is very

much a question of Christian expediency as to what particular organization of the Church will best accomplish the work it has to do in the world. And the connexion of the Church with the State must in the last resort be defended on its own merits. It has, undoubtedly, been attended with advantages in time past, and so long as it retains these it will probably be secure for some time to come. But it is no use attempting to rest the institution on a false historical basis, or to support it by irrelevant and paradoxical analogies. Such fallacious props weaken instead of strengthening the cause they are intended to support. As Whately points out, a bad argument is usually much worse than no argument at all, because when refuted, instead of going for nothing, as it ought to do, it prejudices the cause in the reader's or hearer's mind by suggesting that it shares in the worthlessness of its rotten supports.

Indeed, striking and effective as Dean Stanley's address is in many parts, it will not bear very close or critical examination, and is, in important respects, unsatisfactory as a whole. As it appears to us, he not only overstates, and in some places misstates, the general argument, but even understates it. And this imperfect treatment arises very much from taking a too purely historical view of the whole question, from looking at the external and legal aspects of the institution almost to the exclusion of its vital element, moral conditions, and practical results. This partial point of view constitutes at once the strength and the weakness of the address,—its strength, because it invests the institution with the impressive and majestic associations of a glorious past; and its weakness, because it fails adequately to appreciate the motives and principles that are acting around us as living and powerful forces in the present. One illustration of this feature of the address occurs at the very outset, in the attempt Dean Stanley makes to diminish the authority of the objections he has to combat. After saying that the connexion of Church and State is assailed by a formidable combination of Nonconformists, philosophical Liberals, and High Churchmen, he refers each class of objection historically to a mere temporary feeling, losing sight altogether of the fact that the temporary feeling may have been grounded in reason, and thus have involved some principle of permanent importance.

"Before entering on the question itself, it may be worth while briefly to indicate one circumstance in the growth of these objections, which somewhat diminishes the prestige that

**Memoir of Baron Bunsen*, vol. i. p. 392.

they would otherwise possess. That circumstance lies in the fact that in the first instance they all, as I have pointed out, had their rise in a temporary and transitory sentiment. The first beginning of the Nonconformist hostility to the connexion of Church and State arose, not from any scruple as to its abstract lawfulness, but from the antipathy of the Scottish Covenanters to any government which would not take the Solemn League and Covenant, and therefore to the Government of 1688, and from the natural irritation of the Puritan Nonconformists against the persecuting Acts of 1662. The objection of the Liberal school in great measure arose from a just dislike of the Pope's temporal sovereignty—an institution which, so far from being identical with what is properly called the connexion of State and Church, is an example of the opposite principle, that of guarding the separate powers of the clergy by special guarantees against the ordinary course of human and national law. The origin of the High Church objection, in like manner, arose, in the first instance, not so much from the tenets of the High Church party, who in Laud's time maintained the connexion with considerable energy, as from the resistance of the Jacobite clergy to the Dutch and Hanoverian dynasties, and afterwards, at the time of the Oxford 'Tracts,' from the alarm awakened by the suppression of the Irish bishoprics. In each instance, the vehemence of the feeling was continued after the occasion had passed away. But it has meanwhile taken the form of an abstract principle, threatening to undermine institutions very different from those which first engendered the sentiment."

With regard to the Nonconformists, there is no doubt that they were irritated by the hostile legislation of 1662, but every impartial historian has recognised that it was something more than temporary irritation that led two thousand clergymen to abandon their livings in the Church, and voluntarily accept a life of poverty, hardship, and destitution outside her communion. In theory, it is true, they were not in the least opposed to the connexion of Church and State, but the legislation of 1662 brought out the fact that in the matter of creed the State may so far encroach on the rights of conscience as to render the connexion impossible. They gave up a lucrative State connexion for the sake of holding in its purity what they regarded as important religious truth. It will scarcely be denied, even by the most adverse critic, that the conduct of these divines was a memorable instance of constancy to conviction, and of self-sacrifice. This is indeed admitted on all hands. "When the Day of St. Bartholomew came," says Hallam, "about two thousand persons resigned their property rather than stain their consciences by compliance, an act to which the more liberal Anglicans, after the bitterness

of immediate passions had passed away, have accorded that praise which is due to heroic virtue in an enemy." And there can be little doubt that the Act which excluded these clergymen from the Church was specially designed to test, and if possible to tarnish, those virtues of integrity and conscientiousness for which they were distinguished. This design is apparent in the slight changes made in the Liturgy just before the passing of the Act which enforced subscription, "*Ex animo*, to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer." "The Puritans," says Hallam, referring to these changes, "having always objected to the number of Saints' Days, the Bishops added a few more; and the former having given very plausible reasons against the apocryphal lessons in the daily service, the others inserted the legend of Bel and the Dragon for no other purpose than to show contempt of their scruples." The object was to supply an arbitrary test that should compel them to renounce their religious offices, or retain them only at the cost of their moral integrity. Had they possessed a tithe of the moral pliancy so common in some periods of Church history, they might easily have retained their benefices. No doubt the Dissenters of to-day are widely removed both in faith and practice from these Nonconforming confessors of two hundred years ago, and, amongst other changes, a large proportion of them have come to object on principle to the union of Church and State. But this growth of opinion is very much founded on the experience of the early Nonconformists,—on the fact, that at an important crisis in Church history the Government deliberately legalized what their ancestors regarded as religious error, and the growing inference thence arising that in the nature of the case the State is unfit to become the arbiter of religious truth.

Then, again, the Free Church, who represent previous secessions from the Established Church of Scotland, gave up their livings on a question of Church-government. The legal and political struggles that preceded the Disruption brought clearly out the fact that a continued connexion with the State was incompatible with what the evangelical party regarded as the essential rights of the Church on questions of internal order and administration. At the time of leaving the Kirk, the whole body of Free Churchmen were still theoretically strongly in favour of connexion with the State, as many no doubt still are, but subsequent reflection and experience has helped to convince them that on their terms it is impossible to reduce the theory to practice.

Many at least have discovered that a State connexion involves, as Dean Stanley insists, State government, administration, and control. The High Churchmen, too, who now object to a State connexion, do so avowedly on the double ground occupied by the Non-conformists of England and the Free Churchmen of Scotland. They feel that the connexion restricts the freedom of action in relation both to creed and government, which they regard not only as an inherent right of the Church, but as essential to her well-being. And though in theory strongly in favour of a State connexion, they also begin to perceive that it can only be realized under conditions which are fatal to the ecclesiastical freedom and independence which they claim for the Church. In this respect they have hardly anything in common with the Nonjurors, whose difficulties were political, arising out of a particular theory of monarchy, rather than ecclesiastical or religious. The primary question with them was as to the person of the true monarch, not as to the powers which the Monarch or State exercised in relation to the Church. The latter, however, is the only question with High Churchmen, who in these days are becoming impatient of State control, and it certainly is not historically accurate to say that this particular form of objection arose in the first instance "from the resistance of the Jacobite clergy to the Dutch or Hanoverian dynasties."

But Dean Stanley, as it seems to us, makes the greatest mistake of all, in endeavouring to discredit the philosophical objection, or the objection of the Liberal school to State establishments of religion by a brief and wholly inadequate reference to its origin. Besides the reference to the objection of this school in the passage already quoted, Dean Stanley says on the previous page that "it received a strong additional impulse at the French Revolution of 1789, and fortifies itself by the example of the United States." In a very able address expressly devoted to vindicating the connexion of Church and State, this is the only direct notice of perhaps the most powerful objection to the connexion, almost the only reference to the growing conviction in favour of religious equality, which is one of the most active and dominant political forces of the present day. That it should be a modern objection, only rising into effective recognition at a comparatively recent period, may no doubt diminish its prestige with those who take a purely historical view of the subject. But in itself it may have all the greater force and cogency on that very account, as the offspring of advancing general

intelligence, deeper political insight, and an enlarged conception of public justice. The whole movement of modern thought, the whole direction of modern progress, tends indeed to confirm this view. We cannot but think, therefore, that Dean Stanley would have served the cause he has at heart much better, if, instead of slighting this objection off by mere allusion to its supposed origin, he had looked it steadily in the face, and endeavoured to meet it on some broad grounds of public interest and national policy. If the existing Establishments are to be successfully vindicated, this at least must be done. The objection of the Liberal school must be fairly met and dealt with on its own merits. The objection rests, as we have said, on considerations of public justice. The Liberal school hold that it is fundamentally at war with the equitable and even-handed dealing that ought to characterize the action of a State, for it is to recognise and support some partial religious expression of the community, and extend to it honours, dignity, and emoluments, from which other religious sections are excluded. The injustice is of course aggravated in proportion as the excluded sections approach, equal, or exceed the section that is the exclusive object of State patronage and support. It is felt to be at least anomalous, that in a free and constitutionally governed State, the wealth and power of the whole community should be employed to dignify and enrich the clergy of a single communion, while the clergy of other communions, in many cases perhaps equally pious, learned, and able, are shut out from State recognition and support as well as from the social and official status this recognition gives. Now, whatever we may think, on historical or other grounds, of this way of putting the case, there is undoubtedly real force in the objection, and it is one that is working very powerfully in almost all directions, and in minds of a widely different type, at the present time. It is indeed politically by far the most formidable objection by which the connexion of Church and State is assailed. It has already virtually destroyed the Irish Establishment, and it must in the end be equally fatal to any Establishment that at all approaches the political and social position of that so-called missionary Church. Neither the Scottish nor the English Establishment is in the position of the Irish, and the ultimate application of the principle of religious equality to them will largely depend on the degree in which they continue to attract to themselves public confidence and respect. In the light of recent events it cannot be denied, however, that these in-

stitutions are on their trial, and that if they are to retain the position they have hitherto enjoyed, it can only be by identifying themselves with national interests, in the largest and most comprehensive sense of the term. In this point of view nothing could be more short-sighted, and even suicidal, than the attempt made by some of the leaders in both Churches to defend the Irish Establishment at the very moment when it is righteously condemned not only by the country at large, but by the reason and conscience of mankind. They have so far done their utmost to discredit the principle of Establishments in the eyes of the nation, by identifying it with the injustice and oppression of the Irish Church. But we do not believe that this short-sighted action of bigoted or panic-stricken prelates and ecclesiastical leaders at all fairly represents the intelligence and sense of public justice, the liberality and patriotism of the communities in whose name they speak. And we do not see why, after the present crisis is past, the Establishments north and south of the Tweed should not learn the lesson it teaches, and by frankly identifying themselves with the higher aspects of national life and progress, and entering on a course of enlarged usefulness and activity, avert the fate which threatens the sister institutions across the Channel. The Scotch Church represents the religious convictions of the country, and with a fresh infusion of energy, liberality, and public spirit in her corporate and local action, will probably be secure in public support. The English Establishment is strong in the affection and respect of large and influential sections of the community, and if it takes its place in the van and not in the rear, of national enlightenment and progress, its connexion with the State will hardly be seriously assailed, and its position as an Establishment may be regarded as tolerably secure. To this end, it is essential, however, that it should become more national and less sectarian in its aims; that it should seek to represent the opinions and convictions of the laity, and become more truly catholic and less exclusively clerical in its corporate action. In particular, it is absolutely essential to the future of the English Church, as an Establishment, that it should seek to conciliate the support of opinion outside its own communion by assuming a friendly attitude toward the Non-Established Churches of the country. The Wesleyans and Congregationalists divide with the Established Church the wealth and population of the land; and it is as certain as any proposition in practical politics can be, that an Establishment diminished in

numbers and in the range of its activities to a sect, and maintaining a hostile attitude toward other sects, can never permanently hold at the national expense a position of exceptional privilege, dignity, and emolument. It is thus the true policy, as well as the duty of the Established Church, to enter into more cordial relations with the Dissenters, and unite heartily with them in the removal of political disabilities, and the redress of any public grievance of which they have still to complain. Dean Stanley fully recognises this duty, and towards the close of his address makes some valuable practical suggestions with the view of establishing a better understanding with Dissenters. Referring to the objection that State recognition involves an unfair and injurious amount of social disparagement, he says:—

“I am not sure how much this exists; but, as far as it does exist, we ought all to grant that it is an unmixed evil, which ought to be recognised as such by none so keenly as the clergy of the Established Church, or with so earnest a desire for its disappearance. . . . Let us hope that this estrangement, which has doubtless of late years already diminished, may altogether cease, and that we may more and more learn to treat our Dissenting brethren as our friends, our equals, our allies—in one word, as ‘Nonconforming members and ministers of the National Church.’”

The suggestions he makes are in favour of a community of pulpit exercises, that clergymen of Non-Established Churches should be freely admitted to the pulpits of Established Churches; the including of Nonconformists with Churchmen whenever the time shall come for revision of the authorized version of the Scriptures; and the free admission of Nonconformists to the Universities. These are steps that would undoubtedly tend to remove the feeling of estrangement between the two great divisions of the religious community, and thus to strengthen the position of the Established Church. The necessity of such a movement has also been recognized by some leading members of the High Church party, and informal conferences have, we believe, already taken place between dignitaries belonging to this section and clergy of the Non-Established Churches, as to the best means of establishing more cordial relations between the divided religious elements of national life. One direct means of accomplishing this end would be the full recognition of Dissenters' right to share in the advantages secured to the country by its national endowment for the purposes of education. And when feelings of active hostility and irritation are in this way removed, there are advantages connected with an Establish-

ment that would probably commend themselves to the mind of enlightened and liberal-minded Nonconformists. One of the chief of these is barely adverted to by Dean Stanley, and in this respect we think he has understated his case. This is the opportunity and the facilities which a State Church affords for the production of learned, meditative, and philosophical religious works of permanent value to all religious sections of the nation. It can afford to the higher order of intellect within its communion the learning and the leisure necessary to the production of such works as the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, *The Religion of Protestants*, *The Intellectual System of the Universe*, and *The Analogy of Religion*. These works, rising above the dogmatics of particular sects, are a permanent gain to the whole Christian thought. They represent services that are in the truest sense national, and one of the main benefits of an Establishment is that it produces in this way men who add to Christian literature by producing standard works in theology and philosophy, in Biblical history and antiquities, exposition and criticism,—such men as Chillingworth and Taylor, Cudworth and Barrow, Clarke and Butler, and, in our own days, not to mention other names, Dr. Arnold and Dean Stanley himself. Voluntary Churches more usually employ the higher intellect they possess in the active working of their own system, and in the case of the larger, more influential, and wealthy of these Churches, the results of the system are no doubt in many respects excellent. Voluntary activity produces a large amount of zeal, enthusiasm, and liberality, keeps alive the sacred fire of personal piety, is favourable to the development of strong, if not in all cases the most enlightened, patriotism and public spirit, secures a creditable amount of training for its clergy, and diffuses an active spirit of inquiry and a certain amount of literary interest and culture among the laity. But Voluntaryism as a system has hitherto been less prolific in standard theological works, in contributions to the highest order of Christian literature and learning. And there are reasons, in the nature of the case, why this should be so. The energies of Voluntary communions are almost of necessity tinged with a certain sectarianism, and even the larger minds in these communions tend to attach an exaggerated value to denominational differences, and to dwell on these rather than on the higher aspects and expanding relations of Christian truth and duty, in which all Churches are alike interested, and in which all Protestant Churches fundamentally agree. They thus produce comparatively few distinctively re-

ligious works, works of theological science and Christian philosophy, which are of standard value or national importance. And so far as Established Churches continue to render national services of this order, they have a strong plea to urge in support of their position, or at least in favour of the higher interests of Christian thought and learning being in some way provided for by the nation.

It is, however, natural and right that those specially interested in the future of these Churches should at least contemplate as calmly and dispassionately as may be the other alternative of disestablishment. Towards the close of his address, Dean Stanley touches on this question, and his way of dealing with it illustrates afresh, we cannot help thinking, the one-sided and confusing effect of taking a too exclusively historical or external view of the subject. He is so absorbed in admiration of the English Establishment as almost to lose sight of the English Church, and wrapt in the contemplation of the historic glory connected with the legal institution, seems to imagine that, if it falls, all is lost. He seems really to feel the carefully stimulated and purely histrionic alarm Mr. Disraeli recently expressed, that if the English Church ceased to be connected with the State it would at once break into a multitude of denominations, or be absorbed in other communions. He says:—

“It may be that we shall live to see the triumph of the triple alliance between the descendants of the Puritans, the descendants of Rousseau, and the descendants of Laud. It may be that we shall see this venerable growth of English history uprooted, the parochial system swept away, the National Church broken into fragments, the cathedrals and parish churches closed, Westminster Abbey sold to the first chance purchaser for what its stones are worth; the Episcopalian clergy left to the tender mercies of irresponsible Bishops, the Presbyterian clergy to the equally irresponsible tribunals of Presbyteries and General Assemblies; the nation at large cut off from any control over the greatest and most sacred of all its interests; the true voice of the laity and of the Church silenced in its greatest and most powerful organ; the nation ceasing to recognise the loftiest and purest of all the missions entrusted to it. This, and nothing less than this, will be a true and complete separation of Church and State. This may be, and out of this chaos our children may be called laboriously to construct a new order of things. But, till the fatal hour be come, I, for one, am prepared, as an American Bishop, impressed with the evils of his own system, recently urged us, ‘to fight for our present constitution, to the moral death.’”

This is a part of the eloquent peroration, which it is impossible not to admire for its

graces of style and chastened enthusiasm. But, like most perorations, the substance will hardly bear close examination. Though we perhaps ought not to be critical on what is after all very much of a rhetorical flourish, still, as in a matter of this nature accuracy is of some importance, we must say that it contains a considerable, though perhaps an excusable, amount of confusion and exaggeration. However zealous he may be on behalf of a State connexion, Dean Stanley certainly shows but little loyalty as an English Churchman in suggesting that the only unity his Church possesses is that imposed on it by an external force, and that the moment this pressure is relaxed its discordant elements will fly asunder or resolve themselves into sectarian atoms. What the position of the English Church would really be if separated from the State, is, however, a most important question, to be discussed in a spirit of sober foresight and reflection, and with something of legal exactness, rather than painted in vague and highly coloured rhetorical generalities. The question has already assumed a practical shape in relation to the Irish Church, and been partially discussed in the journals of the day. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, taking very much the outside view which Dean Stanley takes, recently argued, with some plausibility, that in the case of the Irish Church disestablishment would be simply destruction. He identifies the Church Establishment with the Church, and imagines that because the one is the creation of the law, so also is the other. The main points of his argument are as follows:

"The Church and State are not two independent things, one of which has imposed upon the other certain regulations which may be removed, and if removed would leave the Church standing. The regulations are the Church, in so far as the Church is a definite, tangible institution—in so far, that is, as it is a body of men bound together by positive, definite human law, capable of being enforced *in inertos*. . . . The difference between other ecclesiastical bodies and the Established Church 'is that in the one case the affairs of the Church, such as its terms of membership, its form of government, and its creed, are determined by law, whilst in the other they are determined by a contract, which is recognised and enforced by law. Hence it is obvious that when you disestablish an established Church you destroy it. The law is its bond of union. Take away the law, and it has no bond of union. . . . Suppose that to-morrow by a sweeping Act of Parliament the Church of England were utterly disestablished; suppose the Act of Uniformity were repealed, the Ecclesiastical Courts shut up, the Convocations of Canterbury and York abolished, the legal rights, powers, and characters of all bishops, rectors, vicars, and other

ecclesiastical persons destroyed, where would be the Church of England?"

It would be impossible, perhaps, to take a more exclusively external view than this; and though the argument proceeds avowedly on legal grounds, and refers to legal incidents, it is in its way quite as extreme in exaggerating the results of disestablishment as Dean Stanley's rhetorical peroration. The other side of the question is put with great clearness and force by a writer in the *Daily News* :—

"This argument seems to us to rest on a fallacy of observation. People have been so long accustomed to the great and conspicuous powers with which the Church of England has been invested by its connexion with the State, that they lose sight of those equally real powers which belong to it as a religious society. By the side of the material sanctions of the law, the spiritual sanctions of the Church naturally slip out of notice. When excommunication means fine and imprisonment, it is easy to forget that it also means exclusion from the sacraments; but when the civil consequences of spiritual penalties are removed, the latter are once more reckoned for as much or as little as they are worth. Let us suppose some other religious body, such as the Roman Catholic or the Wesleyan, to be established in England, and the case will become clearer. Upon this hypothesis the law would be a bond of union to the Roman Catholics or the Wesleyans, just as it is now to members of the Anglican Church. But though it would be the most obvious and ordinary bond, it would not be the only one. If the Church were disestablished there would remain a body of persons holding a certain relation to the Pope, and organized in a certain way under his authority, or a body of persons united in classes and circuits under leaders chosen in a prescribed method; and these organizations would continue, and bind those subjected to them *in foro conscientia*, although the law no longer supplied any external motive for adhesion to them. In what does the case of the Church of England differ from either of these? If she were disestablished to-morrow, there would still be archbishops and bishops, rectors and curates, clergy and laity. No doubt, the purely spiritual machinery of this organization would be found rusty from disuse, and much of it might be very ill adapted for the new work it would have to do. But, for all that, it would be an organization, not a chaos; and the constructive contracts arising out of such an organization would, we believe, be capable of being enforced by law. Disestablishment would not shut up the Ecclesiastical Courts, or abolish the Convocations of Canterbury and York, any more than it would abolish the Wesleyan Conference or prevent a Roman Catholic bishop from expelling a priest who had incurred such a sentence by the canon law."

The whole detail of cases and exposition of the law in the second part of Mr. Innes's

volume, dealing with the legal relation of Non-Established Churches to their creeds, abundantly proves that this is the more accurate representation of the matter. If the Church were disestablished to-morrow, her existing standards would still remain, and in disputed cases they would still be of legal value and efficacy in Courts of Law. It is true they would no longer be incorporated with the Statutes of the realm, but they would still be authoritatively referred to as defining the nature of the contract which the Court would assume to exist between the Church and its officers. Though no longer of direct legal obligation, the articles and formulas would retain all their moral force; and where their moral efficacy failed, they would still have an indirect legal value as supplying authentic materials for guiding the decisions of the Civil Courts. The law would therefore still be supreme over ecclesiastical as well as over civil cases. The chaotic vision of irresponsible bishops and presbyters, revelling unchecked in the license of arbitrary power, is a dream of Dean Stanley's excited fancy. Whether the Church were established or not, a clergyman would still have the protection of the law, if he were unjustly deprived of his living by an ecclesiastical sentence, the only practical difference in the case of disestablishment being that the law would be put in motion after the ecclesiastical verdict of heresy or disorder had been pronounced, and not, as now, in order to obtain it. All this, moreover, is admitted, and even insisted on by Dean Stanley himself; and hence the confusion we have adverted to in the statements made in different parts of the address. When expatiating on the advantages an Establishment possesses in having an ultimate appeal to the civil power in all cases, he speaks as though the members of Non-Established Churches had no protection from the law at all, as though in cases of personal grievance or injury their officers had no power of legal appeal or redress. "The one thing," he says, speaking of Non-Established Churches, "which these several societies in common need and dread, is the just and equal administration of law to all classes;" and this is represented as the peculiar and exceptional advantage of an Established Church. The same view is of course involved in the passage we have quoted as to the results of disestablishment. But in another part of the address, dealing with the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in meeting the objection that a lay tribunal is unsuitable as an ultimate court of appeal in ecclesiastical cases, Dean Stanley speaks as though there were no

practical difference between Established and Non-Established Churches in this respect, all being equally amenable to the law.

"It may be observed that decisions of this kind, though they constitute the chief point against which the missiles of Liberationists, whether inside or outside the Church, are directed, yet are the very point of contact between the State and religious convictions, in which almost every ecclesiastical community is equally concerned. No question of interpretation of doctrine, in regard to property, can arise in any religious body in England which may not eventually be brought before a tribunal of this nature for its settlement. It is the only tribunal in which all the contending parties will acquiesce. The only difference, in this respect, between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Nonconformists on the one side, and the Church of England on the other, is that the Church of England, in its Articles and constitution, openly acknowledges the principle which the others admit indirectly. When Cardinal Wiseman taunted the Church of England with having appealed from the High Priest's hall to the Hall of Caesar, he might have remembered that this was exactly the course gladly pursued by the Apostle Paul before Festus, and that the judgment-seat of Pilate, the Roman magistrate, was the one opening of escape from the dark and iniquitous judgment of the High Priest Caiaphas. He might also have remembered that it was an appeal which he himself, willingly or unwillingly, must have made had a question in regard to property arisen, touching that large class of doctrines which one half the Roman Catholic world regards as lawful, the other as unlawful within their Church.

"The only Protestant community which seems to have succeeded in making the ecclesiastical tribunals absolutely irresponsible is that of the United States. There, by an ingenious system of distinguishing between churches and corporations, St. Paul's right of appeal seems to be almost entirely barred—I say almost, for even there the complex definitions of the American law appear to have left a loophole, through which in some future time the right of individual members or ministers may be protected."

Here Dean Stanley fully recognises the truer legal doctrine with regard to Non-Established Churches, and turns to good account the facts and arguments brought out in Mr. Innes's volume. But the passage conflicts hopelessly with those in which he represents Non-Established Churches as virtually excluded from the operation of the law, as well as with that in which he depicts in such lively colours the chaos which disestablishment must produce. According to Dean Stanley himself, if the Church were disestablished to-morrow, there would still remain that direct contact between the State and religious convictions in which almost

every ecclesiastical community is equally concerned. Even then no question of interpretation of doctrine in regard to property could arise which might not eventually be brought before a civil tribunal for its settlement. The chief, if not the only, difference would be, as we have said, in the one case of prosecutions for heresy, which could no longer be initiated in Civil, or rather in the National Courts. After all, however, as Dean Stanley himself suggests, this would make but little practical difference, as ecclesiastical verdicts of heresy are usually attended with material results, and the Courts would undertake to review the civil effects of ecclesiastical action, and thus indirectly to determine the validity of the ecclesiastical verdict. The clergy would not therefore be left to the tender mercy of irresponsible bishops, but enjoy, as they do now, the protection of the law in all ecclesiastical cases affecting their material interests. So much for the legal aspects of disestablishment. With regard to the moral results of such a step, it is of course more difficult to say precisely what these would be. It is at least possible that, if her connexion with the State ceased, the English Church might break up into two, if not into three separate communities. But there are some considerations which seem to render this a less probable contingency than it might at first sight appear. Foremost among these perhaps is the strong desire for union among related ecclesiastical organizations, which is a marked feature of the time. The movement is apparent among the Presbyterians of Scotland as well as among the Episcopalians, not only of the British empire, but of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Lambeth Synod, though hardly attended with any practical results, was morally significant in this respect, as indicating the desire for union animating all sections of the Episcopal Church. And this feeling would probably operate to check the divisive counsels and courses of even the most aggressive and sectarian sections of the Anglican Church. The ardent ritualists, for example, who strain most impatiently at existing restrictions, if the connexion with the State ceased, and they were free to leave the Church themselves or to expel any considerable section of their brethren, would probably be less disposed to take either of these courses than might naturally be supposed from present appearances. For the sake of preserving the unity of the body a considerable latitude both of opinion and practice would probably be allowed in the Non-Established Anglican community.

The growing feeling in favour of simpler articles of belief would also in the end work

in the same direction. This touches on the second essential relation of Churches we have adverted to—the relation to their creeds. This also is gradually acquiring prominence as an ecclesiastical question. Under some one or more of its many aspects the subject may be said to excite the earnest attention and inspire the monitory utterances of the more thoughtful and liberal minds of almost every religious communion. The movement in favour of more catholic terms of ecclesiastical union, though of comparatively recent origin, is moreover marked by a range and depth of reflective power that must in due time produce appropriate fruit. As the direct offspring of awakened religious life, it is hardly surprising that the discussion about creeds should have turned, in the first instance, on their ethical and ecclesiastical rather than on their historical and legal bearings. The purely legal relation of Churches, Established and Non-Established, to their doctrinal standards, though of primary importance as regards the future, has hitherto been much neglected. Although the materials for such a legal review have accumulated in considerable abundance during the last half century, they have never yet been brought together in a convenient and accessible shape, much less turned to scientific account by competent analysis and criticism. At most they have been only partially used for temporary and controversial purposes. Before the appearance of Mr. Innes's volume no one had attempted to give, in the shape of an impartial digest of all the cases that had come before Civil Courts, a clear and simple exposition of the principles established in this obscure but important department of jurisprudence. Mr. Innes's *Law of Creeds* accomplishes this not only for the first time, but in a manner so satisfactory and complete that it must become the text-book of the subject among the members of the author's profession as well as ecclesiastical reformers, statesmen, and politicians of all schools. It is true that the work refers primarily to Scotland, but the author reviews in the course of his exposition the law of the whole subject. It is thus fitted to be of special use to public men who, as members of the Legislature, or in other posts of responsibility, may have by and by to deal officially with some of the questions raised in the legal discussion of the subject. Apart from its professional value, the volume has characteristics that will attract all thoughtful readers interested in such questions. The legal analysis of cases is preceded by a brief but instructive history of the more celebrated Scottish Confessions, while the exposition is throughout illuminated and vitalized by

apt references to the central facts of Church history and current religious life. The style throughout too, is clear, sinewy, and forcible. While the style and method of treatment thus naturally interest an intelligent reader, the fulness of knowledge, candour, and fairness, apparent in every part of the work, will inspire him with confidence in the writer's judgment. In the professional parts of his work, indeed, Mr. Innes illustrates the best qualities, not only of the legal but of the judicial mind. He displays much of the penetration and impartiality, the power of sifting evidence, weighing arguments, and coming to a conclusion in harmony with the preponderating facts and reasons, which in estimating difficult and complex questions are the cardinal requisites of a sound decision. It is not easy for an educated man in Scotland to write on ecclesiastical questions without betraying some bias, or being more or less consciously influenced by sectarian sympathies. But we must in fairness say that Mr. Innes's work is singularly free from this disturbing element. In order, however, to guard fully against unconscious misrepresentation, Mr. Innes has given, in the shape of appendices to each chapter, all the documents—creeds, statutes, and decisions—which are summarized or estimated in the text. In his historical sketches, especially in the early chapters, tracing the origin of the Scotch Church and its creeds, Mr. Innes shows the possession of a fine historical faculty, a power of placing himself at the point of view of a past age, and realizing in a vivid yet dispassionate manner, the motives, spirit, and aims of rival theologians and reformers, in a period of intense and turbulent ecclesiastical conflict.

But the volume has other and stronger claims to attention than those arising from its legal acumen and fruitful historical research. The most interesting feature of the whole exposition is to be found in the brief but pregnant hints the writer gives as to the deeper problem underlying the mere legal discussion of the relation of Churches to their creeds, so far as it has hitherto proceeded. He deals in a philosophical spirit with the fundamental principles of ecclesiastical organization and religious life, and sagaciously anticipates the profounder questions as to their relation which must ultimately be raised, and the answers to which will largely determine the future of Creeds and Churches on both sides the Tweed. It is true that the references to these larger questions appear in an unobtrusive form, being relegated very much to the notes, and only occasionally touched upon in the text. But quite enough is said to show the intimate connexion be-

tween the past and the near and more eventful future of Churches and Creeds. And it is this direct bearing of the legal and historical review upon current and approaching questions of the greatest moment, that will perhaps most of all attract intelligent readers interested in the subject to Mr. Innes's book. The real question which the book discusses is how far can Churches change their creed, and this in a critical age like our own—an age of theological inquiry and ecclesiastical transition—must sooner or later become one of absorbing practical importance. The way in which the whole subject is regarded by reflective men of earnest religious character, is well represented by the Duke of Argyll in his recent address at Glasgow:—

"There is, indeed, a question of great difficulty and vast importance, sir, what is the nature and kind of opinion in theology which justifies and calls for the forming of a separate communion? Our ideas on this subject are very much formed on the historical event of the Reformation, and perhaps on a few of later years. But those events themselves have generally been determined by causes with which a deliberate consideration of principle in this matter had very little to do. The necessity which had arisen from an entire revolt from the Romish system, compelled, or seemed to compel, men to review the very foundations of Christian theology, and to draw up new and elaborate definitions of belief. The relation in which these stand to modern thought is one of the great difficulties of our time. There has been a drift—a slow, gradual, and in its progress, an immovable drift of opinion, separating more or less the present generation from the conception of the time when these confessions and articles were composed; and probably there is not one of the leading Churches of the Reformation, whose members could cordially unite if their common confession had now to be drawn up for the first time. Their creeds and articles remain unchanged, not for the most part because of the general agreement they secure, but because of the greater disagreement which any modification would occasion. They cannot be touched, because different parties would desire to alter them in diametrically opposite directions. Some parts of these creeds—generally, we may hope, the more essential parts—are indeed held, and held as firmly as before; but other parts are held, if held at all, with less of emphasis and belief; while there are generally some portions over which we pass, or desire to pass in silence."

When this is the way in which religious minds of a somewhat dogmatic and conservative type regard existing doctrinal confessions, we may be quite sure that the question, how far Churches can change or modify their creed, will soon become a practical one. The answer to this question given in Mr. Innes's volume refers primarily, and through-

out the more formal discussions, to Scottish Churches; but the legal principles established in the case of these northern Churches, and especially of the northern Establishment, apply with equal force to the Churches and Establishment of the southern portion of the empire. Nor is it a disadvantage at the present moment that the subject should be studied, in the first instance, from a Scottish point of view. The history of the Scottish National Church, in particular, is full of instruction to the English Establishment, in view of the serious crisis which the conflict of extreme sections within her pale must sooner or later almost inevitably produce. The signs of this approaching crisis are sufficiently apparent in reiterated demands for a revision of the Church standards on the one side, and in uncompromising protests against any State interference whatever on the other. Any proposal for altering the existing standards of doctrine or discipline raises at once the question of Church authority, and High Churchmen on either side of the Tweed have always taken the loftiest ground on this question, demanding for their respective Churches perfect freedom and independence of ecclesiastical action. Moderate Churchmen, on the other hand, perceiving the limitations to this action which a State connexion reposes, are willing enough to recognise the claims of the civil power, and to unite with it in carrying out needed ecclesiastical reforms. As the time for action approaches, however, as the call for some long deferred but necessary change becomes more imperative, the prospect of a collision between the rival sections naturally increases; and that is undoubtedly the danger threatening the English Church at the present moment. It is impossible to read the proceedings of the Church Congress at Wolverhampton last autumn, or follow at all the current movement of ecclesiastical controversy, without feeling that the rival parties within the Church are rapidly defining their position, and preparing for a decisive issue. Lord Lyttelton, as the representative of liberal Churchmen, claimed for the Church, in concert with the Legislature, the right of dealing freely with its articles, liturgy, and ritual, of modifying or altering them so as to meet the requirements of Christian thought and life. He specifies in detail some of the changes in creed and ritual which he regards as essential to the welfare and prosperity of the Church. Amongst these are important omissions in the Athanasian Creed, and the modification of its language, alterations in the baptismal service, and a revision of the Articles, so as to get rid of their technical and scholastic language.

He protested vigorously against the doctrine of ecclesiastical immobility held by extreme sections in the Church, and at times regarded with too much favour even by an organization so comparatively liberal as that of the Church Congress. "He had always thought," he said, "one of the slight indications of weakness in that vigorous, healthy movement was, that some seemed to think it necessary to lay down the principles of adherence in every respect to the letter of the Church's formularies. He would claim for any National Church entire liberty to consider any question of Christian doctrine or discipline. He considered that the limit of such doctrines ought not to be so laid down as to be beyond the touch of revision. The Churches should be left free to judge for themselves at all times as to what should be. He particularly dissented from the view of those falsely-modest, over-timid, and somewhat faithless persons, as he considered them, who represented the English Church at the present day, as less able than the Church of the Reformation or the Caroline period to deal with such questions." But while claiming this right, he is too moderate and sensible a Churchman to lose sight of the conditions under which alone it can be exercised by a National Church. "With respect to the liberty of action," he said he "did not to go the length of meaning that the Established Church should do anything in pursuance of that liberty which was not binding in law, and which was without the concurrence of the State." Archdeacon Denison, as a High Churchman, naturally rejects this view *in toto*; while the extreme High Church journals, in anticipation of Parliamentary action, call upon the clergy beforehand to reject, in the most summary and absolute manner, any legislative interference with the services or ritual of the Church. The *Christian Remembrancer*, for example, after solemnly exhorting the clergy to maintain a strong position of independence "utterly regardless of temporal consequences," adds:—

"An Act-of-Parliament-altered Prayer-Book may be set at naught by the clergy with a clear conscience. We ought also to add that the present constitution of Parliament itself, and the prevailing temper of the times, make it their bounden duty to resist any such law, if they would not be stripped, not only of doctrine and discipline, but of decency and self-respect, and become such a Church as would be deservedly hissed off the stage of the world. Let not a rubric be touched."

Utterances equally strong, and even stronger, are to be found in the weekly organs of the ritualistic party. Nor is the protest on either side confined to words. In

some places extreme ritualistic practices have been introduced since the Report of the Commissioners was issued, and avowedly as a practical reply to its recommendations; while Lord Shaftesbury's Bill of last session, and his recent inquiries in the House of Lords, sufficiently show that the opposite party are not disposed to retire from the struggle.

But this conflict between the High and Low parties in the English Church, which is only now beginning to assume a practical shape, and work towards a definite issue, has run its appointed course, and worked itself completely out in the Scottish Church. After a long but somewhat intermittent struggle of nearly three hundred years, it was finally settled, a quarter of a century ago, by an authoritative definition of the points at issue—a formal enunciation of the State's claim to supreme control, as temporal head of the Establishment, and the consequent withdrawal from the Church of the large party that had persistently rejected and denied that claim. But unless special attention is directed to it, the example is hardly likely to be studied amongst ourselves, as it deserves to be, because the force and even the relevancy of the analogy between the past conflict in the North and the coming conflict in the South are to some extent obscured and disguised by accidental circumstances. In the first place, the High Church party in the Scottish Church was always low or evangelical in doctrine, while the same party in the English Church is universally high in doctrine, inclining to the sacerdotal theory. In the second place, the great struggle in Scotland turned not on points of doctrine and ritual, which are the main battle-ground in England, but primarily on a point of Church order, and afterwards, as arising out of this, on the question of Church authority and independence. But these points of local variation do not affect the substantial oneness of the two parties, grounded on their ecclesiastical affinities. For all practical purposes, the doctrinal difference between the two parties is unimportant, in view of the ecclesiastical identity; for the ultimate issue between the High Church party and its opponents in any establishment must be an ecclesiastical one, must turn on questions of Church jurisdiction, authority, and independence. The High Church party, both in Scotland and England, agree fundamentally in holding that the Church possesses an exclusive jurisdiction in spiritual matters, and that in these matters therefore it is superior to the State, and independent of its control. There striking agreement also taken in the

means to vindicate this position in the course of the conflict on either side of the Tweed. The recent Lambeth Conference takes ecclesiastically the position occupied by the Non-Intrusionist party in the Scottish Church before the Disruption, 1843; and the prelates who sympathize strongly with the movement, adopt in their official addresses the very language and watchword that were continually in the mouths of the Scottish High Church party on the eve of their secession from the National Church. Even so comparatively moderate a prelate as the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol says, in his last charge, that the time had come "to draw a distinct line between two things essentially different—a Church in union with the State and a Church professing a State religion;" and towards the close of his address denounces as a fallacy and a heresy the assertion "that the English clergyman receives his pay from the State, and is a minister of the State as well as the Gospel." But this is precisely the language used by the leaders of the Free Church of Scotland during the last days of their connexion with the National Establishment. They insisted with passionate earnestness that the Church was in union with the State, but not controlled by the State; and this is the very point on which the final verdict went absolutely against them. In view of similar claims now made by High Churchmen in England, Mr. Innes's summary of this final verdict is of special interest and value. He says, referring to the judgments of the Courts in cases in which the grave question was brought to a legal issue—

"It had been already laid down that the individual minister or presbytery, while remaining in the Church of Scotland, could not, under that Church's sanction, abandon the temporalities, and so be free from statute in spiritual and pastoral matters; and the principle seemed to imply that the Church itself, or its majority, was equally powerless to do so. It was now decided, not only that the acts of majorities of Church courts refusing to obey the law were invalid, but that the acts of the minorities obeying it should be valid and sufficient. And so when the Claim, Declaration, and Protest of 1842 pledged the Church (not to rescind the compact, for the Scotch theory never acknowledged that a compact affecting proper ecclesiastical functions was, or could competently be made, but) to abandon the temporalities of the Establishment as its conditions were now fixed, and when the Protesters of 1848 claimed to be the Church of Scotland stripped of its temporalities, the Crown at this crisis threw its authority into the constitutional doctrine which its supreme courts in Scotland had for years consistently maintained. The Queen's

letter to the General Assembly of 1843 declares:—

“The Act ratifying the Confession of Faith and settling Presbyterian Church government in Scotland was adopted at the Union, and is now the Act of the British Parliament. The settlement thus fixed cannot be annulled by the will or declaration of *any number* of individuals. Those who are dissatisfied with the terms of this settlement, may renounce it for themselves; but the *union of the Church of Scotland with the State is indissoluble* while the Statutes remain unrepealed which recognize the Presbyterian Church as the Church established by law within the Kingdom of Scotland.”

“The royal hands thus laid the topstone on the legal doctrine so laboriously built up. The more these memorable decisions are studied, the more does it appear that a real definition, disruption, and separation has by them been effected between the two principles that struggled for centuries in the womb of Scottish history. The Nationalism of Knox might mean either of two very different theories. He was scarcely in his grave when the struggle between the two began; and perhaps the strangest thing of all is that it was not till 1843 that it was decided that it did *not* mean merely the recognition by the State of an independent Church of Scotland, possessing, by divine appointment, an exclusive jurisdiction in spiritual matters. These decisions *tend* at least to a nationalism of quite another kind—not now the casual coincidence of two independent bodies, the temporary concordat of two equal powers; but, rather, the essential and indissoluble connexion of the most sacred function of the State with the State itself; or, perhaps, the essential and indissoluble dependence of the noblest institute of the State upon that national power which gives it existence and authority. Knox was not content to have a Church of Christ in Scotland—he was determined to have it a Church of Scotland. The State allowed the change, but has added its own interpretation—declaring it to be *its* Church, finally and inseparably; and Knox’s descendants have found, what that great man strove not to see, that a Church with both independence and nationality, though in theory the most beautiful of all things, may at any moment be found to be practically impossible. The shining of that devout ‘Imagination’ has fascinated the eyes of many generations in Scotland, but will do so no more.”

It is this devout hallucination, banished by the logic of events from the minds of Scottish High Churchmen that now fascinates and dazzles the excitable Pan-Anglican imagination in the southern part of the empire. And curiously enough some of the questions—those connected with the South African Church—which have roused this excitement to the highest pitch, are substantially identical with the questions that plunged the High Churchmen of the north into a prolonged and fatal conflict with the

civil power. In both cases, in that of Bishop Colenso as well as in the once celebrated Non-Intrusionist cases, there is a conflict of jurisdiction—a conflict between the civil and ecclesiastical powers; and High Churchmen at the Cape indignantly protest, as High Churchmen in the north did a quarter of a century ago, against the unwelcome verdict of the Civil Courts.

But the serious conflict in England is more like to turn, in the first instance, on questions of creed and ritual than on those of Church order and authority. The battle will probably be fought on proposal for the legislative modification of creeds, articles of belief, or practices that embody and reflect special doctrines. The real question which Mr. Innes’s book discusses, How far can Scottish Churches change their creed is thus of special interest in view of current and impending ecclesiastical conflict south of the Tweed. For the principles legally established in disputed questions of creed are, as we have said, common to the jurisprudence of both countries. We can only indicate in briefest outline the answer to this vital question contained in Mr. Innes’s able work—can only summarize a few of the more important points established by his historical view of the general question. Looking first at the Kirk, or Established Church in Scotland, it is important to note that, true to its Protestant origin, it not only at the outset discussed point by point, and deliberately adopted its first Confession drawn up by Knox and his associates, but maintained its right, and professed its readiness, to change any one of the articles, should they on examination prove inconsistent with God’s Holy Word. With regard to this protest of readiness to change embodied in the first Scottish Confession, Mr. Innes says:—

“We have seen the historical origination of the creed by the State and the Church, and their mutual relations in regard to it. Another interesting question arises, How far did they, or either of them, intend themselves to be permanently bound to this creed? The question is raised in the most striking way by the ‘Protest’ embodied in the preface to the Confession of 1560: ‘Protesting that if any man will note in our Confession any article or sentence repugning to God’s holy Word, that it would please him, of his gentleness, and for Christian charity’s sake, to admonish us of the same in write, and we of our honours and fidelity do promise unto him satisfaction from the mouth of God—that is, from His holy Scriptures, or else reformation of that which he shall prove to be amiss.’ A very striking commentary on this abnegation of infallibility and expression of the right of private judgment is given in the article of the Confession which treats of general

councils. It goes very far, asserting that the right of councils is 'neither to force new articles of our belief, neither to give the Word of God authority, much less to make that to be His word, or yet the true interpretation of the same, which was not before by His holy will expressed in His Word.' None of the Confessions of the Reformation has a stronger expression of that right and duty of private judgment, on which they are all founded, and which they necessarily tend to repress. The question at once occurs, How far this protest for freedom to follow God's Word only is reconcilable with enactments by the State founding the Church upon the Confession, or at least defining it by the Confession, as in the fundamental Act of 1567; or, indeed, with enactments by the Church itself binding itself for the future to the Confession of its present faith? It is difficult, on the one hand, to see how the Church can be recognised and established without some definition, such perhaps as the Confession supplies; on the other, the declaration that those who in all time coming shall believe it, and those only, are the true and holy church of Christ Jesus, leaves little room for that correction of the Confession which our Reformers pray men of their gentleness to make. It is to be remarked that the preface which contains this remarkable petition, and which is addressed by the Estates to all countries, though inserted in the minutes of the Parliament of 1560, is omitted when the Confession comes to be re-enacted in 1567, and does not now appear on our Statute-book. It remains, therefore, a document as much of the Church as of the State, and indeed is fully as characteristic of the former as of the latter, so far as aspiration for freedom is concerned. And yet we find that the Church, which always outran statesmen in its passion for orthodoxy, accepted establishment on conditions which seem practically to tie it down to doctrine, and, except on two important occasions of subsequent history, has never shown more than a formal willingness to carry out the protestation of 1560. Scotland has always, indeed, asserted the Word of God to be 'the only rule of faith,' while the creed is only the utterance, expression, or confession of that faith. It has always preferred to call this document not the standard, but one of the 'subordinate standards' of the Church, reserving the absolute name for the holy Scriptures. Yet ever since the passing away of that noble generation of men whose earlier years were spent in rejecting the right of the Church to impose upon them any creed, and their later in fixing down, by civil and ecclesiastical enactment, their own creed upon all generations to come—ever since that insurrection of private judgment which we call the Reformation—private judgment has been frowned upon in Scotland; and the people and youth have been practically referred, not to the 'truth of God' alone, but to that wise and careful interpretation of it which their ancestors used *their* private judgment to attain."

In other words, the declaration in favour of periodical revision and change, the desire

virtually expressed in the Preface for the constant exercise of advancing Christian intelligence in the interpretation of Divine truth, remained a dead letter for nearly a century after the adoption of the first Confession. Towards the middle of the next century, however, in 1643, amidst the temporary triumph of Puritanism, the famous Assembly of Divines met at Westminster. It was the hour when the advancing fortunes of Presbyterianism looked brightest, and it seemed likely to embrace within its sway the sister kingdom, so long and so completely given up to what was regarded in the north as the bondage of Prelacy. The Scottish Kirk, having recently revolted from the attempted constraint of the prelatising Stuarts, and regained completely its power of self-government, sent Commissioners to the Assembly, who took a leading part in its deliberations, and laboured diligently, not in the revision of the old creed, but in the elaboration of a wholly new one. This creed, the celebrated Westminster Confession, was, after due deliberation, formally adopted as the creed of the Kirk by an Act of Assembly in 1647. Of this important movement in the Scottish Church, Mr. Innes says:—

"No mention is made in this Act of the old Confession of 1560. It may be supposed that the Assembly held both their old Confession and their new to be true, and therefore consistent with each other; but this is not stated. Whether in any sense they held the old Confession to be still binding is a more doubtful matter. As the new one is to be a 'Confession for the three kingdoms,' it may be argued that the old Scottish Confession might still continue as a municipal or domestic authority for Scotland; but as the change is founded on the obligation to 'uniformity in religion,' the presumption seems rather in favour of the exclusive authority of the new creed.

"The fact that the Scottish Church did, at the culminating point of its history, and in the period of its greatest energy and influence, throw away the old creed upon which it might plausibly be said to have been even founded, and *proprio motu* exchange it for another and a wholly new one, casts a strong and not unneeded light upon the previous and subsequent history. And this is not less striking when we observe that the new creed is in no respect a modification or re-presentation of the old. Not only is it the case that many propositions, and even whole paragraphs and chapters, contained in the Scottish Confession, are not found in that of Westminster, and that very many are found in the new creed which were not in the old,—but the two were not even made up on the same plan. The structure of the one is wholly different from that of the other. And they are equally different in details. There is no one sentence or proposition in the Westminster Confession identical with any one in

the Scottish Confession. The new creed was made *de novo*, without any thought of the old. It is not necessary, in noting the differences between the Confessions, to suppose that these are irreconcilable. All truths are reconcilable; and an adequate intelligence could deduce the whole body of divinity with absolute certainty from any one limb or fragment. But that very large differences do exist is certain. We shall have occasion afterwards to notice that, on so important a matter as the doctrine of the visible Church, these creeds occupy extreme positions, which are separated by the bulk of the Confessions of the Reformation. The doctrine of the Magistracy, of the Sabbath, of Predestination, of Assurance, of Church rulers, and of the Sacraments, may be instanced as matters in which all theologians have observed a great difference, while some have alleged a decided contrast between the two. And while the diversity extends to each sentence and to each clause of each sentence, there is a difference in the tone and sentiment, as well as in the mode of treatment and style of thought, of the whole, which reminds us of the lapse of the century between, and of the difference between the stand-point of the Reforming and the Puritan age—a difference not so great, perhaps, as between that of the Puritans and our own, but still one which is unmistakable and important. That the Scottish Church, bound with innumerable oaths and engagements to its old creed, should have voluntarily made a change so great without the smallest scruple or hesitation on the part of a single member of it, indicates a vitality in the protestation for freedom of 1560, which the intermediate history had scarcely given us the right to expect."

The Church, while still claiming full control over its creed, did not attempt to vindicate the claim by any subsequent revision of its Articles. But, in 1693, when King William attempted to enforce subscription by royal authority, the Church, through the action of its highest Court, showed in the most unmistakable manner how jealously it guarded this disputed right. Of course neither the Oath of Allegiance nor subscription to the Confession were in themselves objected to. But the Church intensely resented the attempt at royal interference in a province she regarded as exclusively her own, and where, therefore, she claimed the absolute initiative. No further steps of moment were taken to determine this disputed claim until the decisive conflict of recent times, which ultimately rooted out of the Church the great party who, as the abettors of ecclesiastical independence, had always been its most strenuous defenders. By the terms of this final settlement, the claim was authoritatively rejected, and it was at length decided that the Church, being bound by Statute to its Confession, had no power to alter any of its Articles. The practical re-

sult of this decision is, as Mr. Innes points out, that being thus bound by Statute to its creed, the Church is more likely to be liberal in its administration than Churches which claim to be free. The feeling, he justly says, that the Church is now, in a sense never before attempted, a national Church, has had its inevitable and proper influence on the question of creed. In such cases, the Confession comes naturally to be regarded as the Confession of the nation rather than of the individual, or even of the Church; and the ecclesiastical body must make use of it accordingly. A Church that is free to change her Confession may be tyrannical, but a Church that is bound to one Confession must be moderate in its administration.

We can only indicate, in a sentence or two, the general conclusion reached in the second part of Mr. Innes's volume,—that dealing with the legal relation of Non-Established Churches to their creeds. This is the more to be regretted, because in many respects, and especially in its practical bearings on the future of Voluntarism in England and Scotland, this is the most novel and interesting part of the whole inquiry. The great majority of Non-established Churches in Scotland are not only Presbyterian, being originally secessions from the Established Kirk, but, if possible, more Presbyterian than the Kirk itself. The great peculiarity of Scottish Dissent, as Mr. Innes points out, is, that it was not properly Dissent at all, and earnestly repudiated the name. Not merely was it the same in doctrine, discipline, and worship with the Church of Scotland, but the desire to maintain that doctrine, discipline, and worship unimpaired was the cause of its very existence. It separated, or, in its own phrase, *seceded* from the majorities of the Church, from a regard to that Church's honour and faithfulness; and its bitterness was the "perverted flow of love." The two largest bodies that left the Kirk before 1843, the Secession and Relief Churches, were minorities within the Establishment. But gradually the party within the Church, maintaining its freedom and independence, and thus ecclesiastically identical with the seceding sections, gained the majority, and at once attempted to carry out its own views. Mr. Innes thus sums up the result:—

"The spiritual independence party within the Established Church obtained the majority, and immediately, as we have seen, used their power to carry out their ancient principles. The result was that, being met and challenged by the law, they preserved indeed their own consistency at the expense of extreme sacrifice,

but one great point of the argument in the question with the Voluntaries was finally decided against them. We observed above that the conditions of the Revolution Settlement have now been decided by law to be what the Cameronians had ever since 1688 held them. We must add that the whole conditions of Establishment have also been decided by law to be what the later Seceders, as distinguished from the elder, accused them of being. The principle of these decisions, as expressed in repeated powerful opinions of the majority of the Court, is, that not merely the Revolution Settlement, but the whole establishment of the Church of Scotland, *ab initio*, was upon grounds irreconcilable with the claims of the Church party, as these were put forward by Andrew Melville in the Book of Discipline, and have been held since by all the sections above enumerated. The Free Church no doubt left upon the table of the Court and the Legislature its 'Protest' that this was a misreading of the legislation of Scotland. But even the Free Church does not venture to deny that this reading has now been given, and that it has been given authoritatively by the functionaries who are entitled to declare what the meaning and intention of the law has been throughout all those ages. The protest of the Free Church is, that the conditions of establishment have been changed. But the doctrine of law is, that the conditions of establishment have really been ever since 1660 what they are now defined to be, and that the connexion of the Church of Scotland upon these conditions with the State is indissoluble. One step more. No one can carefully study the judgments following the Auchterarder case without seeing that their principle is not only that there has been, but that there *can* be, no establishment of a church by the State except on the principles of subordination there laid down. It is clearly put in many of these, and it is implied in all of them, that the old claim of Church independence and co-ordinate jurisdiction is absolutely unrealizable except on the condition of Voluntarism.—If the defeat of 1848 has been claimed by the Free Church as a moral triumph, it may certainly be claimed as a legal triumph by its old adversaries the Voluntaries."

These large Non-Established Presbyterian Churches are at the present moment seeking to unite, and on ecclesiastical grounds it is not surprising that they should do so, as there is a perfect identity in their views of Church authority. As representing successive parties claiming spiritual independence within the Kirk, they all agree in taking the high view of Church Jurisdiction, and in seeking to withdraw themselves from the cognisance of the law. In cases where the civil power has been appealed to against their decisions, they have pleaded at the bar of the Court a special spiritual jurisdiction. The Court, however, refused to acknowledge this jurisdiction, and regards the power which voluntary religious societies

claim to possess and exercise as founded on special contract. The standards of doctrine and discipline in these societies or churches are accepted by the Courts as evidence helping to define the terms and explain the nature of the contract. In cases where property is directly concerned, the Courts hold that the property is held in trust for the fundamental principles of the congregation, and the Court will accept any evidence helping to illustrate and explain what these principles really are, definite articles of belief having of course in this relation a prominent place and special value. From the legal doctrines thus established, it would seem as though Non-Established Churches were about as much bound to their creeds as Established Churches. At least, if creeds are to be considered identical with the fundamental principles of a Church, these Voluntary societies cannot change their creed without running the risk of losing their property. On the other hand, they all claim, and foremost of all the Free Church claims in the most explicit terms, complete control over the creed, including the right to change or modify its articles at pleasure. On almost any view of the case, however, this must be held to be an extreme position. For if creeds are not to be regarded in the light of fundamental principles, still every Church must have such principles, which as essential to its existence do not admit of change. On this ground Mr. Innes controverts the right specially claimed by the Free Church to an unlimited change of doctrinal views, or rather of fundamental belief. The last chapter of the book, in which he does this, and glances at the broader and deeper questions in respect to creeds, which must by and by arise, and be ultimately settled by the Civil Courts, is one of peculiar interest, and will be sure to impress the thoughtful reader by its calm insight, quiet earnestness, and clear intellectual power.

ART. V.—1. *A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, late Minister Plenipotentiary, and Envoy Extraordinary of His Majesty Frederick William IV. at the Court of St. James.* Drawn chiefly from Family Papers. By his Widow, FRANCES BARONESS BUNSEN. In Two Volumes. London: Longman, 1868.

2. *Gott in der Geschichte: oder der Fortschritt des Glaubens an eine sittliche Weltordnung.* VON CHRISTIAN CARL JOHANN BUNSEN.

In Three Volumes, 8vo. Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1857-8.

3. *The Same*—English. By SARAH WINKWORTH. London: Longman, 1868.
4. *Vollständiges Bühnwerk, für die Gemeinde.* Von BUNSEN, Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1860-68. Still in progress.

THE Germans have recently made great strides in British estimation. Time was—not very long ago, in the year 1803 we think—when a young Etonian, in imitation of a distich by an old Greek epigrammatist, wrote a classical couplet against one of the most prominent of the rising philologers of Germany, which Porson turned into English in the well-known form,—

"The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek;
Not five in fivescore,
But ninety-five more:
All—save only one, HERMANN,
And Hermann's a German."

These words express pretty accurately, not only the general opinion of British scholars at that time as to the comparative value of English and German scholarship, but the general opinion of the whole British people with regard to the virtue and worth of Germany and things German. For though even at that period of our intercourse with the Teutonic part of the Continent, the names of Goethe and Schiller, Lessing, Wieland, and, among lesser magnitudes, Klopstock, Kotzebue, and Bürger, had begun to shoot significant rays into the dim atmosphere of our "tight little island," on the whole no high estimate of German intellectual capacity prevailed in this country. Those whom we could not dispose of under the old category of erudite dunderheads and unfruitful dryasdusts, were easily shuffled into the vapoury limbo of transcendentalists, sentimentalists, dreamers, and pilers of cloud-architecture, in which, from Jacob Böhme downward, everything Teutonic, not at once intelligible to the English mind, so naturally seemed to find its place. To express the decisive verdict of our insular judgment against any production of the Teutonic intellect beyond the Rhine, in those days it was thought enough to say that it was "German." In the minds of some classes of our countrymen this way of thinking may perhaps even now prevail; but in the general currency of language among the more cultivated part of the community a great change in this matter has taken place,—a change so great indeed, that we seem actually to be suffering from a sort of German invasion in the intellectual

world, similar to that French one which overwhelmed us a century and a half ago, when Voltaire, as general European Aristarchus, sat on the throne of criticism now occupied by Goethe. For not only is this Goethe being universally quoted, but even Hegel is read and understood, and acknowledged also by some as the only prophet who is destined to save the rising mind of young Oxford from the cold sway of intellectual egoism in Comte and the harsh gripe of logical formulas in Mill. Sceptical historians of Greece rejoice to out-Niebuhr Niebuhr in arbitrary contempt for ancient traditions and arbitrary faith in modern imaginations; writers on mythology are not content unless they can invert the poles of the old English method of interpretation; and whereas Bryant rejoiced in proving by ingenious etymological processes that all gods were men, we are now called upon to believe that all men are gods, and that there is nothing human, real, or trustworthy in national traditions at all. Nay, so far are we advanced in an idol-worship of that Germanism which we so long despised, that the every-day language of our men who aspire to culture has assumed a certain German cast. Our "point of view" has become a "stand-point;" our manuals are turned into "handbooks," and not only our critical articles, but our Latin Grammars, must be duly sprinkled with the two-faced shibboleth of "subjective" and "objective" before they can be relished by the Teutonized palate of the hour. The causes of this notable conversion are, like some recent political conversions, not at all inscrutable, and sufficiently instructive to deserve a passing remark. Such things never happen by chance. First, there is the fact that it is only within the present century that the Germans have been able to claim for themselves a leading position even in the world of thought. In the long interval between Copernicus and Leibnitz, their intellectual products, written in a learned language, unwieldy, elephantine, and pedantic, and belonging far more to the bookish furniture of the university than to the green growth of real life, had no attractions for the great mass of cultivated Europeans. It was not till the pious fervour of Klopstock and the keen point of Lessing stirred the stagnant waters of the social pool, that the academic erudition of Germany began to assume a form calculated to exercise a powerful influence on European thought. One of the first in this movement was the celebrated Heyne, Professor of philology in Göttingen from the year 1764; and after him Wolf, Hermann, Boeckh, Müller, Welcker, and a

whole hierarchy of a scholarship at once profound and graceful, stood forward before Europe, as acknowledged excavators and master-builders of the highest order, in every department of intellectual inquiry. Contemporaneously with this the boldest flights of speculative adventure were made by the most various and highly-gifted thinkers, from Kant and Fichte to Schelling and Hegel. At the same time, in England, Shelley and Coleridge and Wordsworth, in a poetical guise, had launched a thoughtful section of the British reading public upon a metaphysico-theological voyage of discovery, now cautious and timidly tentative, now plunging violently away from the yoke of tradition to which it had so long been bound. Carlyle, Maurice, Kingsley, and Tennyson, pointed, each after his own fashion, in the same direction; and before this movement the strong wall of partition that had so long divided practical England from speculative Germany fell down at many places. It began to be discovered that certain moral and intellectual cravings, which, after the red upheavings of the French Revolution had begun to cry for nutriment even from behind the hard ribs of Oxford conservatism, could be satisfied no longer, either by perpetual rumination on venerable native formulas which had lost all vitality, or by the glitter of pointed antitheses borrowed from France, with which a less serious age had been entertained. In this state of matters, Goethe naturally became a prophet to men of a concrete habit of thought; while abstract thinkers were attracted by Kant and Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. From the meagre culture that had previously existed in our Universities nothing was to be hoped; our purely technical philology, dealing exclusively with textual criticism and verbal emendation, however useful in a subsidiary way, could show not even a crab-apple for those who were beginning to pant after a firm grasp of the fundamental principles of thought and the original springs of action. To English scholars sensible of this vacuity, Germany presents itself as the natural field of recruitment; and accordingly, no book of any great significance in the domain of learned inquiry has been put forth in England during the last forty years without the most visible marks of Teutonic influence. Without Niebuhr, Arnold had never been; even Puseyism dates historically from a violent reaction wrought in the mind of a thoughtful young Oxonian, long fed on the food of ecclesiastical tradition, by a contemplation of some startling developments of extreme German Rationalism. In this way our

inherited insular self-sufficiency thoroughly gave way; we were forced to borrow at all hands from those to whom we had been accustomed to view ourselves as in a position to dictate. The Germans had decidedly become our intellectual masters; we might not follow their eccentric movements in all respects, but we had been aroused out of sleep by their stimulating activity, and we could not do our daily work without the materials which their gigantic industry supplied. Thus matters stood in the world of ideas. Then came, in the world of deeds, the battle of Sadowa. The effect of this brilliant stroke upon the European estimate of Prussia, now manifestly identical with Germany, can scarcely be overrated. No thunderbolt of war had been launched in Europe with such admirable precision and effect since the days of the Great Napoleon. The shame of Jena was certainly wiped out now, if Dennewitz and Leipzig had left the score uncleared. Every man understands a blow, and no man more readily than John Bull. An idea is apt to confound him, a principle to repel, and an abstract proposition stimulates his contempt; but a blow full of force and full of fruits,—in this he sees a something in which the power of a present god cannot be denied. Prussia now assumed the rank of a first-rate Power. But more than this: a general presumption was raised in favour of Prussia and things Prussian, strong in proportion to that which had long operated so powerfully the other way. It was certain now that the Germans were no dreamers. Their military organization was in some points superior to ours; we had blundered in the Crimean campaign: Bismarck had not blundered in knowing how to win for Prussia the headship of Germany by a citizen soldiery and needle-guns. Vague declamations against centralization, red-tape, and unconstitutional monarchy would manifestly not explain the battle of Sadowa. Our political vision thus cleared, our eyes were forthwith opened to other considerations. Perhaps the organisation of the Prussian schools and universities might prove as superior to that of Eton and Oxford as Prussian guns were to Austrian guns. This also turned out to be the case. Royal Commissioners were sent out, like Jupiter's eagles, to all the headquarters of cis-Atlantic and trans-Atlantic intelligence, and they came back with the report that Prussian schools and universities are the best. The scales were now completely turned. Like honest men, we confessed we had been beaten in the race; and the cry was raised for reform, and is being now raised even more stoutly. We are now

apparently engaged with all earnestness in the profitable work of self-examination. Not only has our hereditary horror of Germany disappeared, but our pride has submitted to the reception of learned foreigners into academic chairs, to teach us what we had failed to teach ourselves; and now the only danger is that we may resort to the mechanical method of wholesale importation to supply our deficiencies, and put up some German Hegel or French Comte to worship, because we cannot wait for a prophet of truly British growth to be our guide.

In this unsettled state of the English mind, and with this strong proclivity towards things German, no more grateful gift could have been made to the intelligent Englishman than the Memoirs of that illustrious Prussian scholar, theologian, and statesman, which it is our present duty to bring under review. Christian Charles Josias Bunsen was born at Korbach, a town in the little Principality of Waldeck, west of Cassel, in the year 1791. His father, a person of humble station, had served for the greater part of his life in a Dutch regiment, and, returning home without the expected promotion, lived at Korbach on the scanty subsistence afforded by the possession of a few acres of land, and a small retiring pension from Holland, besides what his own industry as a copying-clerk might produce. He was a man of marked aspect and decided character, with expressive features, keen strong eyes, and bushy eyebrows; firm and unwavering in his tone; faithful and just in all his dealings; hot-tempered when occasion moved, but habitually mild and kindly; independent in a remarkable degree, and against every form of unwarranted aggression resolute. He was fond of expressing the wisdom of life, gained by experience, in those pithy, proverbial maxims which, from the earliest times, have been in all countries the great bearers of popular philosophy. After the fashion of Polonius, he sent his son out into the wide world with the shrewd triple advice as to expenditure:—

"In clothing, live up to your means;
In food, below your means;
In dwelling, above your means;"

and out of the bitter root, perhaps, of his own experience, he added—

"Werde nicht Soldat. Ducke dich nicht vor Junkern."

"Don't be a soldier; stand erect before a man with a title,"—with both which paternal counsels the hopeful son, through his whole life, most faithfully complied. At the age of seven, Bunsen went to the Gymnasium,

or great learned school of the Principality, and here he immediately distinguished himself by that rapidity of intellectual appropriation, that comprehensiveness of grasp, that sunniness of temper, and that kindliness of disposition, which were his distinguishing excellencies through life. In personal appearance, also, the boy was, with him, in every respect the perfect father of the man; beautiful, fair-complexioned, curly-haired, with a full bright eye (often remarked afterwards as like Goethe's), and finely chiselled features, he was a youth in whom grace and strength and goodness seem to have combined to give the world promise of a truly great man. Though naturally self-willed, and wearing an air of command which sat lightly upon him, he recognised, with a true instinct of loyalty, the law of authority in his father, and others who were placed in positions of ascendancy over him. Like all boys of eager intelligence, he was a greedy devourer of books; and it is interesting for us islanders to observe what an important place our literature occupied in the education of an humble Continental youth, in the smallest of German principedoms, at the beginning of the present century. In the form of translations, Richardson's and Mrs. Radcliff's novels, and Shakespeare's plays, introduced him to the acquaintance of his "venerable friend John Bull," for whom in after life he ever cherished the warmest admiration. The English language he appropriated through the somewhat strange medium of Glover's *Leonidas*, which somehow or other in that part of the world had usurped the pedagogic function generally performed in Germany by the *Vicar of Wakefield*. French, of course, he learned also, and was the best French scholar in the school. In the year 1808, at the age of seventeen, he went to the University of Marburg, with a hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket, a sum pretty nearly identical with that required by many a humble Scottish student at the present hour, for the defraying of his yearly academical expenses. After remaining a year here, however, he found that the sphere was too narrow alike for his intellectual ambition and his pecuniary support. There were more famous professors at Göttingen, and a larger concourse of students, in giving instruction to whom the poor scholar might be able to scrape together the necessary maintenance for himself. To Göttingen, therefore, in the year 1809, he repaired, studying general philology and public law rather than that theology to which he was naturally most inclined. The most powerful intellectual influence at this time in the Georgia Augusta was that of Heyne, a scholar

who, though found inadequate to the peculiar wants of such a young philological Titan as Wolf, exercised a powerful and beneficial sway over the rising German intellect of his day—an influence which Bunsen never failed in after life gratefully to acknowledge. But like all young men of original talent at universities, Bunsen learned not less from himself and from his fellow-students than from his professors. He soon became the centre of a knot of young men, most of whom afterwards won a distinguished place in the intellectual annals of their country. Among these were Lachmann, the author of a well-known new recension of the New Testament; Brandis, the editor of Aristotle; Lücke, the Evangelic commentator; Dissen, the editor of Pindar; Schulze, the poet, and a few others. He completed his studies at the university by the composition of a Latin dissertation on the Attic law of inheritance, which at once stamped him as a man who combined the most thorough scholarship with the most original thought, to a degree not at all common even in erudite and philosophical Germany. While pursuing his university career he supported himself, like many a poor Scotch scholar now-a-days, by teaching in public school or private family; and his connexion, in this latter relation, with a New York merchant named Astor, was one of the most fortunate circumstances in his early start; for the keen-eyed American at once perceived that he had secured for his son a tutor of no common calibre,—so he not only used him as a tutor, but admired him as a man, and loved him as a friend, and gave occasion to those frequent jumps in what the Poor-Law calls “settlement,” which drew our young scholar without delay out of the pale precincts of the university into the broad and busy arena of the European world. In connexion with this family Bunsen took an early reconnoitrement of Leyden and Copenhagen, Berlin and Paris, and seems to have made up his mind at an early period that with the “detestable Westphalian kingdom” of Jerome Buonaparte he could have nothing to do, and that, being a German, and having sworn an oath, with all the fervour of an intense patriot, to live and die for Germany, his only opportunity of doing so effectively was by becoming a Prussian. The fine prophetic instinct by which this resolution was formed has been amply justified by recent experience. While at Paris he occupied himself with the study of Persic under the celebrated Sylvestre de Sacy, this study being only a part of a grand project, early conceived, of transporting himself to India, for the purpose of becoming acquainted on the spot with the language, literature, and

philosophy of the East; and he had at this time also schemed out in full the grand outlines of that philosophy of man, based on the study of language and religion, the rich results of which are exhibited so largely in his works. Never was there a man who knew more clearly from the beginning what he was to live for—internally that is to say,—for the circumstances of his outward life—what forms the whole life of some persons—his profession, and craft of making a livelihood, this he left to the disposal of Providence; and might have been, so far as his own inclinations went, a professor any day rather than a diplomatist. On several occasions, indeed, he expresses a very strong aversion to diplomatic life, and yet a diplomatist he became, partly from patriotism, partly from loyalty, partly from Royal compulsion, and in a great measure no doubt, from that chivalrous and courageous spirit of adventure, which led him rather to grapple with the difficulties of new and grand situations than to sit down and be overgrown gracefully with the moss of a decent and reputable routine. From Paris, in connexion with Mr. Astor, Bunsen proceeded to Rome; and here he found the first great hero that acted powerfully on his early manhood, in the person of Niebuhr, then Prussian Resident at Rome, and his first step of ascent to the brilliant stage of European diplomatic life, where he so long remained one of the most distinguished among the distinguished. For Niebuhr chose him as his private secretary, and in this capacity he was introduced to business, and, what was of more consequence, to the personal acquaintance of the excellent King of Prussia, the father of the present monarch. There was a contagion about the person, attitude, and utterance of Bunsen that no man who had an eye for true human excellence could resist; and the Majesty of Berlin was not more backward than the New York merchant to discover and fasten on the young amanuensis of Niebuhr as a genuine man, perhaps a future statesman, who might do great things for the Prussian State, and, what the King loved almost better, the Prussian Church. Thus favourably introduced to the personal notice of the King, Bunsen had to wait only a short time for the retirement of Niebuhr, when he was appointed Minister in his room. This happened in the year 1823. Previously to this, however, Bunsen had secured one of the greatest items of happiness to a good man, in the person of an English wife. This lady was Miss Frances Waddington, now the Baroness Bunsen, to whose pious diligence, good sense, and fine tact we owe the composition of the very rich and interesting

volumes of *Memoirs* that have given occasion to the present notice. The young diplomatist describes her in 1817 as "a girl of amiable character and clear understanding, and a very earnest Christian of the Church of England;" also, what was of no small importance to a chivalrous young adventurer like Bunsen, as "having a fortune,"—that means, we suppose, a certain moderate amount of disposable cash, that might render its possessor independent of the rude buffets of circumstance; for there is no indication in these volumes that he ever suffered, even when to the world he seemed most prosperous, from a plethora of funds. We now see Bunsen fairly launched on that broad sea of public life, at once intensely German and broadly European, where he floated so long, so brilliantly, and, upon the whole, with enjoyment that largely outweighed not a few unavoidable discomforts. His tower of outlook for sixteen years was the Tarpeian rock, and there, in a dwelling at once sublime in situation, genial in its domestic atmosphere, and lofty in the moral and intellectual inspiration of its inmates, he became the centre of that rich and varied society which accompanied him through life, as the flowers on every sunny brae tend upwards, and spread their various-coloured petals concentrically towards the sun. And as the sun has rays for every diverse-tinted herb, so Bunsen had a side in his soul for everybody; and there are few names of any distinction in the intellectual, moral, and political world, which during that Roman residence, or at least in the natural sequel of it at London, were not drawn more or less closely into the circle of his most lovely attractiveness. Like Socrates, he was especially open to young men; and this not only because, like Bentley, he could see in the undergraduate promises of bright achievement of which the full-grown don was for ever incapable, but because his essentially human and Christian kindness led him to "condescend to men of low estate," and to find one of his chief sources of delight, as a strong man, in ministering to the weak. Not a few men both in Britain and Germany, now living, can trace to their early introduction to Bunsen their first acquaintance with a full-grown, living man, more electric in sympathy and more overwhelming in grandeur than anything that they had read of in books; an epiphany of more value in the education of a youth than the digested contents of a thousand libraries. But we cannot afford to follow Bunsen in detail through the rich-shifting panorama of his Roman life. In the year 1837, from com-

plications arising out of the unfortunate dispute with the Court of Rome about mixed marriages, his diplomatic career on the Tarpeian rock was suddenly closed. Of this interval of rest he took wise advantage, by accomplishing a long-meditated journey to that country which he had long admired as the grand metropolis of reasonable liberty and a practical intelligence. In the autumn of 1838 he arrived at England, and there immediately began to plash about, with a fine juvenile intoxication of spirits, in a wide ocean of various delight, after a fashion in which only a Bunsen can indulge. This was exactly the stage on which his eminent power of being happy, and wonderful art of maintaining a lofty composure, and a quiet, fruitful activity in the midst of disturbing circumstances, might exhibit themselves to advantage. There is no need of saying that in England Bunsen soon became a universal favourite. If any person spoke against him, it was only one of that narrow class of minds to whom all greatness is incomprehensible, or that selfish crew to whom all goodness is odious. There was a daily beauty about his life that might make certain people ugly; this was unavoidable—and besides, there was his prosperity, which, if not in London, certainly at Berlin, was calculated to excite in ambitious hearts no common flow of hidden bitterness. To have sprung from nothing; the son of a petty crofter in the pettiest State of Germany; to start on a few dollars, as a travelling scholar in the middle ages; and then to shine as the first star in Rome, Berlin, and London, and be hand-and-glove with two absolute Majesties, whose mouth could shower down coronets—who could expect a bureaucratic courtier in Berlin or Potsdam to look upon these things with a temper corresponding in any degree to that described by St. Paul in the notable thirteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians? The dismissal of the brilliant upstart from the Papal legation no doubt caused ill-concealed ovations in the hearts of those who had long looked with a disavouring eye on his rising fortunes. But his arrival in Berlin might perhaps make matters worse. The King was not only fond of Bunsen; he literally longed for him—"hungered and thirsted after him," as a young lady does after the presence of her first lover, or the preacher to whom she is indebted for the first promptings of the higher moral life in her soul. However, it appeared that from the invasion of the permanent direct presence of such a meteor as Bunsen the red-tape circle of Berlin was safe. The bird flew a little too high for that atmosphere,

and was somewhat too large for a bureaucratic cage. Bunsen saw distinctly from the earliest times that to the constant pressure of the fetters of purely bureaucratic life in Berlin he never could submit. No less able than willing to serve his country in a public capacity, he had yet an inner life to lead which he could not altogether sacrifice, and seemed to find, with a just instinct, that his vocation lay, as he himself expresses it, not in standing at the helm of the vessel of State, but in keeping a lookout ahead, and intimating the dangerous vicinity of growling storms or fretful shallows. Under these circumstances, Bunsen was relegated in the first place to a most pleasant and delightful retreat as Prussian representative in Switzerland; but the dignified leisure of this appointment was speedily terminated by that peculiar combination of Royal favour and English partiality, which brought him finally to London in November 1841 as Prussian Minister—the situation, at once most honourable, and for many reasons the most agreeable to him, of any that his Prussian Majesty had to bestow. At London, as most of us know, he remained, rising every year in the public esteem, till the year 1854, when a difference of opinion between him and the Berlin Court on the affairs of the Crimea and the relations with Russia, led to his retirement from public life, with many tears from his rich army of English friends, but not without this great consolation to himself, that he was thus providentially withdrawn from public affairs at a period of life when not a few vigorous years might still be awaiting him, for the completion of those gigantic projects of scholarly achievement which his early ambition had marked out as the proper business of his life. Now, at last, he might retire with dignity from those scenes of diplomatic warfare, into which, however gallantly he bore the brunt of them, he had certainly never been forward to thrust himself; and without delay he ensconced himself in a fair castle, opposite to the hanging woods, and beside the sounding waters of the Neckar at beautiful Heidelberg. Here he prosecuted for several years, though under severe interruptions from now broken health, those laborious studies in history and theology, the fruits of which are before the world; and though no longer taking any active part in Prussian politics, he still enjoyed the Royal favour undiminished, was raised to the peerage, and took his seat at Berlin as a member of the Upper House in the year 1858. In the year 1859 it was thought advisable that he should remove to Bonn, where, by an honorary degree from

the Berlin Institute, he was now entitled to appear as an academical lecturer. But, alas! for this and for other kinds of severe persistent work, little strength now remained. He was labouring under confirmed organic disease of the heart, which, amid the severest sufferings and the brightest revelations of Christian peace and joy, brought him to his mortal end on the 28th day of November 1860. His remains were interred in the public cemetery of Bonn. There the British tourist, who visits the birthplace of Beethoven, will not soon forget to look with respect on a plain column, chiselled with the name of Bunsen, and graven with a simple text from the evangelical prophet, which not more shortly than significantly proclaims the bright lesson of his life:—

"Lasst uns wandeln im Lichte des Ewigen."

"LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT OF THE ETERNAL."

Such were the main lines and principal salient points of this singularly noble, wonderfully energetic, and, on the whole, remarkably prosperous life. Let us now turn our regards from the outward drama with its shifting scenes, to the inward and constant soul which directed it. Let us attempt a short estimate of Bunsen's character, moral and intellectual,—an estimate which the present writer is emboldened to make, not merely from the ample materials of the present Memoirs, but from an acquaintance of many years' standing with his principal works, and from frequent opportunities of personal intercourse at different periods of his career.

In the roll of notable personages that stand out in the history of the world like promontories on a long stretch of low flat coast, we meet everywhere with strong men and great men, but much more rarely with complete men. How often is it the case that a man becomes a genius in one direction, only by being in all other directions an oddity or a weakling! In fact, the very prominence of some particular faculty or feature tends both to upset the balance of a perfectly symmetric nature, and to fix public attention on one brilliant point of excellence, rather than on the harmony of a concordant whole. Now Bunsen, though we think there can be no doubt that he was both a strong man and a truly great man, was pre-eminently a complete man. To take an example: Porson was a strong man, and so was Samson; but neither the modern scholar nor the ancient judge of Israel was a great man or a complete man, for they both lacked that wealth of character and capacity which makes completeness, and that imperial con-

trol and use of wealth which makes grandeur. Porson was strong in the purely technical, that is to say, the least human department of scholarship; and Samson's virtue, which belonged to the same category as that of the lion and the bull, being essentially animal in its quality, was not strong enough to stand against the repeated appliance of those sensuous seductions in contest with which only moral strength can prevail. Among our very greatest men, indeed—those who sit with a certain solitary Olympian supremacy on undisputed thrones,—there is often some great deficiency on one side, which strikes inferior natures with surprise, and not seldom furnishes them with an unexpected solace for their general inferiority. Many a man, for instance, who is painfully conscious of his exceeding smallness before the graceful versatility, large sagacity, and oracular utterance of a Goethe, can reasonably comfort himself that he behaved in a more faithful and gentlemanly manner to his Jessie or Mary, than the Weimarian prophet did to his Frederica. Goethe was great as a thinker, great as a poet, great in some departments as a man of science, great as a critic and a connoisseur, great as a man of the world; but an incomplete man, notwithstanding his lauded many-sidedness, certainly he remained, because sadly deficient both in that lofty fervour which makes a heroic man, and that reverential awe which makes a devout man. But if ever there was what the Greeks call an *ἀνὴρ τετραγώνος* in the world, a thoroughly four-square, or, as the Romans phrased it, a perfectly rounded man, in all the conditions and qualities of perfect manhood, that man was Bunsen. Whether taken from the intellectual or the moral side, from the speculative or the practical, whether in the active commerce with what is earthly, or in the devout contemplation of what is heavenly, we shall find that in each of these aspects he takes a high place among the many great men of modern Europe, and in the whole together, a place along with the first among the very few complete men which the catalogue of the greatest men contains. The completeness of his character may be most shortly indicated by saying that he was in his mental constitution, as in the outward features of his life, both a German and an Englishman, and possessed in an eminent degree the characteristic virtues of both these peoples, with only a very slight admixture of their faults. Faults he had, no doubt, like other men, and faults such as the quick eye of the world, whether in the jealous Court circle of Berlin, or the hard utilitarian arena of London, could readily

discern; but his faults, so far as the present writer has been able to discover, were only the occasional exaggerations or misapplications of rare virtues,—faults proceeding from that rare combination of intellectual grandeur, sanguine ardour, and unflinching courage, which gives those who are thus loftily endowed a tendency to imagine that huge mountains are only molehills, which they can kick down with their feet; a tendency the reverse of that, so inherent in feeble spirits, by which molehills are regularly magnified into mountains. Intellectually, Bunsen was a thorough German; German in his single-hearted devotion to truth for the sake of truth; German in his lofty enthusiasm for the highest ideas, in his wide reach of sweeping speculation, in his patient search after the largest generalizations, in his dissatisfaction with every philosophy that does not grapple with ultimate principles; German not less in the thoroughness, accuracy, and comprehensiveness of his erudition, in the systematic tabulation of his knowledge, in his critical dealing with original documents, in his gigantic capacity for intellectual work, and, to use his own language, the fine “fury and the delight” with which he devoured an old manuscript or swallowed the vocabulary of a new language. It was one of his great maxims “to do nothing by halves;” and there is something truly Napoleonic in the grand way in which he maps out the ground with rapid and kingly eye, for any new intellectual undertaking that he thought worthy of his powers. His divine rage (*Θεία μανία*) for going to the root of the matter, and sweeping the whole field of inquiry, was constantly leading him into excursions, flights, and side-tours, which sometimes interfered awkwardly with the original route. When he was engaged, at Heidelberg for instance, in the *Bibelwerk*, and had no reason to count on any superfluous strength for that so great enterprise, he was asked by Messrs. Black, the well-known Edinburgh publishers, to contribute a Life of Luther for the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; this, with the fervid German patriotism which distinguished him, he could not refuse to do, and set about work immediately in his usual Cyclopean style; and, whereas the remuneration which the Scottish publisher offered for the article was £20, before a few days were over the Baron found that he had spent £50 on books, as a sort of quarry for the palatial architecture which he was about to raise; and from the germ of that contribution to the *Encyclopædia*, there was in fact sketched out in detail a grand Life of the great Saxon re-

former, to be completed in three volumes,—a project which in all likelihood would, like so many previous ones, have waxed to a happy completion, had the machinery which obeyed this Titanic steam-power been strong enough to have endured the tear of another ten years. In respect of emotion, passion, feeling, sentiment, everything comprehended under the familiar German word *Gemüth*, Bunsen was no less a type of the country to which he belonged, and a full brother of that bright tribe of mortals to whom, in whatever field of energetic display, the epithet chivalrous has been applied. Great thoughts may prepare the way to shake the pillars of the world, but it is great passions that ultimately shake them; and only noble passions that make the shaking effective to any worthy reconstruction. To the last days of his life the flow of chivalrous emotion in Bunsen's soul was always fresh, and ever ready to swell into a spring-flood on the application of any natural stimulus. Some natures flow only at one breach, and present an impenetrable case of hard rock at every other approach: but Bunsen quivered with sympathy at every pore; and held out the liberal hand to give a grasp of strong fraternity to every excellence and beauty that came within the sphere of his attraction. He was always young, buoyant, hopeful, and enthusiastic. Amid the tortures of a prolonged illness, he triumphed in the achievements of Garibaldi at the same time that he found comfort in the faithful word of promised salvation from his God; and the *Cologne Gazette* was read to him eagerly to the last, along with some favourite hymn of Paul Gerhard, or some significant chapter of St. John. He was never absorbed by one passion, even the highest, to such a degree as to have the avenues of his soul closed to everything else. Nothing in the name of pure, natural, and noble humanity ever suffered repulse from him. He carried an atmosphere and a radiant force of love about with him which it was difficult to resist; only meagre, narrow, one-eyed, and selfish souls might feel discomposed by the brilliant flapping of his wings. But the general effect of his presence was to create love. *Si ameris amabilis esto*. He loved much, and therefore he was much loved. It was as impossible for him not to make friends, as it is for amber, being rubbed, not to produce electricity. To his emotional nature, besides the adventurous ardour which spurs a man into noble struggle, belong specially his delight in all forms and presentations of beauty, and the fervour and purity of his devout feelings. In both these again, the character and tone of his mind was peculiarly German. Though

not himself a musician, his delight in all the higher forms of musical expression was extreme. From the Masses of Palestrina to the Oratorios of Händel, no curious combinations of sweet sound were unwelcome to him, provided always art remained the minister of reason, and the efflorescence of ornament was not allowed to choke the healthy growth of the sturdy plant. Like Plato—whom, by the way, he advises one of his sons to follow closely, next to the Bible—he had no patience for any art whose object was chiefly to exhibit the dexterity of the performer. That was not merely bad taste, but it was bad morality, for it arose out of the undue preponderance of the individual—from a root of selfishness therefore—and all selfishness is sin. In the fervour of his religious feelings no special devotee could surpass him. As in the case of the royal Psalmist, so there echoes through the whole life of Bunsen a sacred lyrical accompaniment to the bustling achievements of the Court and the battle-field. Like his countryman Körner, though not in external form a poet, he went through life with the sword in one hand and the lyre in the other. Nowhere in modern times have learning and science, philosophy and knowledge of the world, been so happily combined,—nowhere so gracefully adorned by the purest piety; though “adorned,” perhaps, is scarcely the right word. Piety is the soul of all Bunsen's multifarious activity,—the bright and breezy power that filled the sails of his life-ship, and made him ride the most tumultuous waters as lightly as the sea-bird skims the billow. It does not appear that the decidedly religious quality of his mind took its rise from any incident or date on which his biographer can lay a finger. Under the natural oversight of godly parents, piety appears to have grown up with him as with Richard Baxter and many eminent Christians, as fragrance grows with a beautiful flower. It lay in the germ from the beginning, and required only the natural expansion of a healthy growth and fair circumstances to bring it to ripeness. Anything like lightness or frivolity in talking of sacred things he never could tolerate. On one occasion, when a rationalist of the coarse school at Göttingen was making some criticisms from the professorial chair, in a trivial tone, tending to bring the Scriptures into contempt, the young theologian (for whatever might be his external occupation, internally Bunsen was always theologizing) suddenly rose from his seat, put his cap on his head, turned his back on the learned scoffer, and walked out of the lecture-room. Here was not only a fine moral sensibility, but a touch of that direct manfulness, de-

sion, and moral courage, in which, when the occasion demanded, he was never found deficient. Of his elevated youthful piety there is a specimen in a poetic form, written so early as the year 1812, which we insert here as one of the finest examples of sacred lyrical poetry which the large storehouse of Christian hymnology contains:—

"Thou, who of what Thou art
And what Thou dost in boundless space and
time,

Didst plant the thought sublime
Deep in the holiest-holy of my heart,
That I might well employ
My strength upon Thy praise,
Catching some far ken of Thy glorious ways
Through the long march of the uncounted
days,
Fraught with the fulness of exceeding joy!

O draw Thou me
Up to the world of uncreated day!
Me the earth-born, and make my vision free
From scales that dim and hide the heavenly
ray,

That I may see some part
Of Thy great glory, as a mortal may!

That one such glimpse may consecrate
Through all the dreams of this my mortal
state,

And float me high
Above the bustle of the driving hour,
Above the passions swelling wild with
power,

That with unswerving eye
I may behold the surging centuries roll,
Serene with fearless soul,
Rooted in Thee, from whom my being came,
Thee, through all time unmoved, and through
all change the same!

And when my thought is filled with the
rich store,

And my heart streaming o'er
With what Thou art, and what Thou dost,
—O then

Give Thou my tongue the large and free
employ,

That what I saw I may make known to
men,

Fraught with the fulness of exceeding joy!"

In this noble utterance, there is nothing, we hope, which is not as thoroughly English and Scotch as it is German; nevertheless, in reference to Bunsen's devotion generally, we must make the remark, that it is very distinctively German, inasmuch as it is less ecclesiastical than the English is wont to be, and less clothed with a certain traditional phraseology, and less tinged with a certain awful severity than the Scotch. It is the free, spontaneous, untrammelled, unconventional expression of a pure heart, a noble passion, and a manly God-consecrated human will.

Let us now cast a glance at what we may call the English side of Bunsen's character. This side, as every reader will understand, implies mainly that Bunsen, while starting always from that broad table-land of philosophy survey on which he stood as a German thinker, showed his affinity to the practical Englishman by never dealing with ideas, except with a view to action. Truth, no doubt, was to be sought for its own sake, in the first place; but being found, was not to be rested in as a finality, or contemplated with an unfruitful rapture. For the utilitarian tribe of self-styled practical men, with every thinking man, he cherished a serene disregard, saying of them humourously on one occasion, in a letter to Dr. Arnold, that they worshipped "a Trinity of three persons, in which Washington was the Father, Franklin the Son, and Steam the Holy Ghost!" But not the less for this did he share, with the Great Napoleon, a profound contempt for everything in the shape of abstract ideology. "To what purpose," he indignantly exclaims, "are ideas, but to be realized? to what can thoughts serve but to be brought into execution?" And while he had read and digested the works of all the great German thinkers, he could not withhold a smile from the portentous array of metaphysical terminology which his countrymen are so apt to parade, saying in the language of one of his friends, that "a thorough German cannot convey the soup to his mouth without the spoon of metaphysics." And against nothing are his whole writings so perpetual a protest as against that Hegelian tendency which reduces all existence to an empty balancing of abstract notions, without the potent and all-pervading presence of a living volition. In this respect, his influence in Germany has been, and will continue to be, most beneficial in the creation of a sound habit of mind with regard to historical evidence; for even in this country, so boastful of its practicality, by the natural law of reaction, there is a class of persons growing up who require to be taught that all tradition does not consist in a conflation of allegorical fancies, and that man, the most real of all creatures, however he may love to give a human shape to supermundane ideas and persons, does not, and cannot for that reason, forsake the real solid earth, from which, like Antæus, he derives his human strength. But the practical nature of Bunsen's mind was exhibited throughout his whole life in the most manifold ways. This it was which made England dear to him; this which made him dear to England in a way that no German had been before. When he came over to this country he plunged into its practical life with as much