rest as he had done, while a youth, into the erudite investigations in which his countrymen delight. "I learn daily in this country," he says, "much from life itself; therein consists English greatness. The true poetry and philosophy of England is in life, and not in the abstract consciousness of that life." It was this love of life, as distinguished from mere thinking and knowing, that led him at an early period out of the schoolroom and the university hall into the diplomatic field. He would have been a great professor unquestionably, as our own Gladstone, with whom Bunsen had much in common, in the same way would have been. At various periods of his career he had serious intentions of retreating from the great arena of European public life, and devoting himself to the quiet stimulation of youthful thought in academic bowers; but there was something in him that the comparative seclusion of even the highest form of scholastic life could never have satisfied; he was too large and vital a fish to grow to his full natural stature, and to plash about, with the full scope of his fins, in that pool. There is a narrowing influence about merely academic life which, had he entered early into it, would have probably stunted the luxuriant magnificence into which he afterwards expanded, as the small court life of Weimar stunted Goethe. "*Es wächset der Mensch mit seinem grösseren Kreise*"—"The man grows wider with his widened sphere"—and therefore Providence led Bunsen from Göttingen to Rome, from Rome to Berlin, and from Berlin to London, to give the world, in this age of microscopic subdivisions and partial developments, some reminiscence of the grand human totalities of the olden times. Nothing is more delightful in Bunsen's English career than the vivid electric action with which every form of British life stirred him; while in heart and soul, the fervour of his essential Germanism suffered no abatement. His noble faculty of apprehending instinctively at first the distinguishing virtue of every phenomenon was never more finely exhibited than in the remarks which he makes, after first being present at the meeting of the British Parliament:—

"I saw for the first time *man*, the member of a true Germanic State, in his highest, his proper place, defending the highest interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech—wrestling (as the entire vigorous man instinctively wishes), but with the arm of the Spirit, boldly grasping at, or tenaciously holding fast power, in the presence of his fellow-citizens, submitting to the public conscience the judgment of his cause, and of his own uprightness. I saw before me the Empire of the world governed, and the rest of the world controlled and judged, by this assembly; I had the feeling that had I been born in England, I would rather be dead than not sit among them and speak among them. I thought of my own country, and was thankful that I *could* thank God for being a German, and being myself. But I felt also that we are all children on this field in comparison with the English; how much they, with their discipline of mind, body, and heart, can effect even with but moderate genius, and even with talent alone! I drank in every word from the lips of the speakers, even those I disliked."

This of course is only one side of the picture, and Bunsen had too sweeping a glance to remain long without discovering that; but what a fine moral contrast does the tone of these remarks present to the unadmiring and unsympathetic spirit of some travellers, who perceive not the sculpture, but only the blue veins that mar the marble, and present to those who are unhappy enough to stumble on their report, instead of a true picture of a foreign land, a wretched caricature, the product of their own ignorance, superficiality, and spleen. With the same quivering nerves of universal sympathy the Prussian ambassador flung himself into the full swell of the religious life of England; appeared as a speaker at religious meetings and evangelical societies; corresponded with Mr. Gladstone on the ideal of a Christian Church; and in preference to all the fair notabilities of London, chose a pious Quakeress, the famous Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, for his "favourite saint." Add to this, aristocratic balls and dinners, constant visitations of important political and ecclesiastical personages, an active diplomatic correspondence with the King of Prussia; and the grand completeness of the man will be understood, who could live in London, that monster metropolis of tumult and spur, doing all this, and at the same time get up every morning at half-past five o'clock, put on his fur pelisse, light his own fire, and sit down to *The Life of Jesus*, or a collection of ante-Nicene creeds and liturgies, with as much composure and no less efficiency than if he had been a Tübingen or Halle theological professor, with nothing to do in the world but to sip beer and smoke tobacco, and spin out some strange new reconstruction of Gospel history from the comments of drivelling Talmudists, and the dreams of Gnosticizing Fathers! Verily he was in the right who said that every highest excellence lies in the marriage of extremes; to be great in one direction has been found not difficult for many; but bring out the swelling diapason of life with one finger on the extreme treble of the speculative and the other on the lowest bass of the practical, this certainly is a very rare success.

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So much for Bunsen the man. As a writer, his great eminence unquestionably lies in theology, and to his great works in this department all his other works may be regarded as subsidiary. The only exception to this is the weighty contribution which he made to the great description of Rome by a company of learned Germans. The occasion of this work was purely personal and local; but his great work on Egypt, notwithstanding the charm of the personal presence of Champollion in Rome, would scarcely have been undertaken or carried out with such an amount of cyclopean labour, had it not been intimately connected with Old Testament history. Like a true German, Bunsen must commence his history of the Fall of Troy with Leda's egg; and no scholar who loves grandeur and completeness of survey, as well as solidity of foundation, can regret his having done so. Had he tried fewer things, and devoted himself in undisturbed retirement to the completion of one great work, the book would have been a more finished book for the library and the bookbinder; but the man would have been less a man in his proportions, less catholic in his views, and less human in his inspiration. Of his theology therefore principally let us speak here. From his earliest years, as we have already seen, the idea of God, as the true key-stone of all human thought, as the great centre light of all lights, was vividly present to the mind of Bunsen; and the consciousness of the presence of the Divine Spirit in his own heart, combined with that sympathetic rage for humanity, which we have noticed as one of his leading characteristics, led to the projection of his great work, the Consciousness of God in History, which has lately been presented to us in an English dress by one of Bunsen's most accomplished female friends. This book, indeed, is preeminently calculated to give us the key-note to the author's character as a theological writer. Compared with other theologies, that of Bunsen is everywhere distinguished by the breadth of its views, the comprehensiveness of its grasp, the largeness of its sympathy, and the essential humanity of its tone. If Christianity, when taken directly from the lips of Christ, and not from the damnatory clauses of contentious creeds, is deservedly praised as the most human of all religions, Bunsen's exposition of it has the great merit of being the most human that ever was given forth to the Christian Church. His procedure in this view was exactly the reverse of that pursued by many of our theologians. Instead of magnifying the deficiencies of ancient heathen mythologies and philosophies, he laboured with all his might to show how much of important religious light they contained, amid a blinding element of error. Perhaps his chivalrous desire to do justice even to the worst form of error may sometimes have led him into expositions more charitable than true; but that his method was right in the main cannot be doubted. To present the common soul of good beneath various, and it may be distorted and caricatured forms, is the very business of a theology which is at once philosophical and genial. This broad way of looking at things led Bunsen to use the word "Christian" at times in a vague style, which minds whose range of religious ideas had been more narrow could not readily comprehend. We remember to have heard him vigorously maintaining against a pious Scotsman in Heidelberg that Goethe was a Christian! Here no doubt his patriotism, as well as his catholicity interfered; for Goethe was a Christian only in so far as he believed in God, in a Divine providence, and in the immortality of the soul; in other respects he was no more a Christian than Aristotle, and much less so than Plato. But Bunsen's liberal embrace of all religious forms, varieties, aberrations, and even monstrosities, provided only the root of moral excellence was present, whatever faults of overstrained charity it might occasionally give rise to, pointed him out as the true disciple of the great Teacher, who purposely selected the heterodox Samaritan rather than the orthodox Pharisee as the bearer of one of the most human of his so human parables. Like a true German, Bunsen sought in all things the idea; in intellectual estimates, as well as in moral, he knew that the letter killeth, and the spirit maketh alive. So we find everywhere that he not only presents religion to us from the widest induction of its forms, but he pierces with the keenest glance into the concealed presence of that which alone makes a form valuable. We may compare his work on God in History to Fergusson's great work on Architecture, a book in which special local forms once held up as universal norms of taste, fall into their proper subordinate places as parts of a complete and richly various whole. From this point of view it will be understood what a subordinate value the creeds, confessions, and symbolical books of local Churches receive from our most catholic and human of all theologers. Of these creeds and liturgies no man was a more earnest student than Bunsen; liturgies, in fact, were one of his early hobbies, and a hobby which the Majesty of Berlin was eager to ride with him, not always, in these unchurchly days, with a happy

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result; but they were valuable to him only as historical documents, not as authoritative standards. Against no party did Bunsen, from his Heidelberg tower of observation, fling more fiery bolts with more decisive effect than against the extreme orthodox party in Berlin, who, in combination with red-tape and police, were eager to impose those formulas as a permanent mould of faith, which consistent Protestants, according to Bunsen's idea, could only receive as steps to a higher development. All the creeds, indeed, from that of Nice downwards, proceeding as they from the hostile encounter of opposing parties, and animated sometimes by a bellicose and bitter spirit, were from his point of view *ex parte* statements, which a wise judge could in no wise accept. And this brings us to Bunsen's more special position as a Christian theologian. He was a decided and emphatic Protestant; the Church with him was the congregation, not the clergy; the authority for its teaching was the Scriptures, independently interpreted, according to the rules of right reason, and under the enlightening influence of that Spirit from whom all Scripture proceeds. When contrasted with the leading phases of religious opinion in Germany, he occupied what his disciples regard as the medium between Rationalism and Church orthodoxy; when measured by the theological goniometers of this country, Maurice, we imagine, Erskine, Jowett, Stanley, and the author of *Ecce Homo*, might willingly accept him as a brother; but both High Churchmen and Evangelicals, and the great mass of Scotch theologians, would denounce him as a rationalist. There is, indeed, no small difficulty in making intelligible to persons accustomed only to the theological divisions of this little island, the exact category, in the great classification on the forms of religious thought to which Bunsen belongs. The difficulty arises from two sources: first, from the fact that with all his love for England and the English, he lived and died, in his whole style and cast of ideal thought, essentially a German; and again, from the Janus-like duplicity of his character, which we have above described. From one side of his nature, no English High-Church devotee or Scottish Calvinistic zealot could be more fervid or more devout than Bunsen; from the opposite side, you saw him shaking hands with Renan, and declaring emphatically that he stood on the foundation of Lessing and Kant. It would create misapprehension to call him simply a rationalist, because this is a word that in the usage of English speech confounds two sets of thinkers, as different in our modern theological schools as Epictetus and Epicurus were among the ancient philosophers; but taken broadly, and by that connexion of facts which an Englishman has so quick an eye to seize, Bunsen was a rationalist, or a rationalising theosophist, much more than any type of Christian which the Christian Church has generally recognised as orthodox. But with him rationalism was not, and could not be, opposed to "supernaturalism;" for he knew nothing of Nature, except as indwelt by a great and guiding Spirit, whose inspiration he recognised with holy awe and rapture everywhere in him and about him. Of his general theological tendencies, the best indications are given by the sort of persons with whom he held converse in England. Arnold and Hare and Stanley were the men peculiarly after his own heart; and while he praised Channing as one of the noblest of modern Christian apostles, and welcomed Jowett's work on the Epistles as a sign of deliverance to English thought from long years of bondage, he has nothing to say for the Evangelicals, except that they go on "thrashing the old straw," while Puseyism is flat Popery and "sham sanctification." Let us say, therefore, that as in general character we found Bunsen to be a rare mixture of the practical Englishman with the speculative German, so as a religious thinker we find in him an equally rare union of fervid New Testament piety with an independent rational interpretation of New Testament records. In theology, his first principle was that faith in God is a living growth in every healthy mind, which may be dwarfed or perverted or overgrown, but never uprooted; and that when this faith, under the influence of the Divine Spirit, unfolds itself naturally, it finds the outward counterpart of itself in the religious history of the human race, and especially in the history of the Hebrew people and the Christian Church, which are the divinely chosen bearers of pure religious truth for all generations. As a person with fine musical genius recognises in the score of a Beethoven or a Mozart an organising surge of sweet harmonies that at once satisfy and surpass his inborn cravings, so the human soul that reverently seeks to know the mind and to do the will of God, and does not "quench the Spirit" by any sort of moral or intellectual waywardness, — such a human soul finds its natural Divine nutriment in Christianity, just as the babe in its mother's milk. Or in the language of the schools, this is simply to say that Bunsen's theology was the outgrowth of a spiritual life, a matter of pure internal evidence. The cloud of witnesses, all forming chords in the same harmony, which he had gathered from the ends of the earth,

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of course in his eyes possessed great value; but they never could have been sought for, and never valued when presented, had it not been for the innate drawing towards God, which is as necessary to the moral nature of man as the attraction of gravitation to the planetary system. From this point of view, we at once understand Bunsen's estimate of miracles. He did not deny their possibility; their occurrence was a matter of evidence; but Christian faith, he says emphatically, is not founded on miracles. On prophecy, as evidence of a Divine revelation, in the usual sense, he seems to have placed no value; for he agrees with the rationalists in referring the prophecies generally to present events; and the detailed prophecies in the Book of Daniel generally he looked on as not authentic. And this leads us to state in one sentence the direct opposition between his doctrine of inspiration and that generally maintained in the Christian Church, and specially in this country. We dispute about plenary or partial inspiration in the sacred writings; Bunsen believed in the infallibility of the record in no sense, but the divinity of the dispensation, and in the inspiration of the general contents of the sacred tradition. That tradition he held to be a Divine revelation; just as a disciple of Plato might hold the Platonic dialogues as a whole to be a certain tradition of a rational philosophy; but both beliefs might be entertained without assuming the infallible authority of the medium of transmission. The sacred records Bunsen handled in every respect as freely as a philologer might do the dialogues of Plato. Some he considered false, others interpolated, others not free from a certain admixture of the mythical element with genuine history; but nevertheless, when scientifically treated, forming a broad basis of fact, on which a religious man may stand as firmly as a mathematician on the postulates of Euclid. No man believes that Cæsar's Commentaries on Gaul are infallible; but the conquest of Gaul by the Romans, and the Romanisation of that part of the world, is a fact nothing the less: and in like manner the conquest of the world by a risen Christ and by a preached gospel is a fact of indisputable potency, without aid from the assumed infallibility of a written record, or the plenary inspiration of every spoken word.

These remarks, we think, will be sufficient to give the British reader, a clear idea of the position of Bunsen as a theological thinker. The particular conclusions to which his philosophical views and philological criticisms led him, were too cumbrous here to follow out in detail; we shall only mention a single point or two, that the theological thinker may perceive how far his scheme of doctrine is from harmonising with what generally passes for orthodox in this part of Christendom. The fact of the Trinity, for instance, and the divinity of Christ, he strongly asserts against all those who speak of the Saviour as a mere man. But the *doctrine* of the Trinity, as received in the Churches since the Council of Nice, he emphatically denies, and the word "Persons" introduced into our conceptions of the triune Divine nature he considers most unhappy, and, at the present moment particularly, a stumbling-block to many philosophical minds. Instead of "Persons," according to the traditional phraseology of the Church, he talks of "Factors," and denies unconditionally, as unreasonable, impossible, and inconceivable, the pre-existent personality of the Son. Christ is God-man, but did not exist as a separate Divine person before his epiphany on earth to work out our salvation. The Incarnation he explains in a different way from that generally received by the Churches: God, he says was incarnated as perfect man in Christ in the same way that the Divine Spirit is incarnated or becomes flesh in the body of the Christian Church. There is a great difference in degree here, but no difference in kind. Then, as to the death of Christ, Bunsen, while he glories in its reconciling agency, denies its vicarious character, as that is generally taught in our British Churches. He says further, that the ideas of a personal devil, and of an eternal Gehenna, do not belong to the essence of the Christian creed, but stand to the gospel exactly in the same relation that the allegorical myths in Plato do to the core of the Platonic philosophy. They are part of the accidental dress, not of the substantial structure of the doctrine.*

We have thought it necessary to give these distinct outlines of Bunsen's theological creed, because this is a matter on which much vagueness prevails, a vagueness, however, arising not so much from any ambiguity on the part of the thoughtful German, as from the very nature of the subject, and the absolute want of thinking, on subjects of this description, among large classes of the British public. But the value of Bunsen's theological works is in no respect to be measured by the quality of his theological opinions. The broad basis of induction on which his "God in History" places the great doctrines of religion is of no less value to the ortho-

* This statement of Bunsen's creed is derived chiefly, not from the Memoirs, though there are significant enough glimpses there too, but from the third volume of the *Gott in der Geschichte*, not yet published in the English dress, and from the eighth and ninth volumes of the great *Bibelwerk*.

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dox than to the heterodox. That man is naturally a religious animal,—that he is rather, as Socrates with a grateful triumph boasts, the only animal capable of religion,—is a proposition which the high sacerdotal Churchman and the broad popular rationalist, from opposite points of view, have an equal interest to maintain; and the history of the soul of good in things evil, redeeming them from utter rottenness, as it is manifested in the inner history of great popular idolatries and superstitions and eccentric forms of faith, is a field in which the most orthodox theologian will be entitled to overlook the labours of Bunsen only when he shall have superseded them by equally exhaustive works of his own. As to the great *Bibelwerk*, it is difficult to overrate the value of such a work at the present moment. That the author died before this great undertaking was completed is of far less consequence than may at first sight appear. The work consists of two parts—translation and dissertation; and in both Bunsen had proceeded so far, and developed his views both by precept and practice to such an extent, as that his faithful disciples, who worked for him and with him unremittingly during his residence at Heidelberg, are now able to finish the building in perfect harmony with the scheme of its great projector. Bunsen's purpose in this book was to place the results of the profoundest modern criticism of the sacred volume before the general public in a form of which the profoundest modern critics had proved themselves incapable. This incapacity arose from a certain perverse impracticable subtlety into which German scholarship had worked itself, from a habit of using intellectual microscopes, which put the eye out of the healthy human point of view, and from the large amount of heavy apparatus from the academical workshop with which the Biblical learning of the most noted German theologians is encumbered. He wished also to act against the scepticism of Strauss and other myth-mongers, who had made use of the Hegelian formulas of the time to exorcise the kernel out of all the solid facts of history, and create in their stead a dance of idea-bubbles, reflecting in a seductive iridescent play the favourite conceits of the great critical juggler who had blown them. That the position occupied by Bunsen, in this view, is of the utmost consequence, both to sound thinking and to genuine religion in Germany, cannot be doubted; and that the merits of the author in this regard will be acknowledged by his countrymen much more generally after his death than they ever were during his life, may be prophesied with equal certainty. And for the English reader who knows German, the ripest results of modern Biblical criticism, whether in the form of comprehensive dissertation, or of curt sagacious commentary, will be found nowhere so happily digested as in the *Bibelwerk*.

It cannot be the purpose of this notice to attempt any criticism of our author's great work on Egypt, or of his philosophy of history, so closely inwoven with that and all his special works. Suffice it to say, that while his views on the unity of type and stream, traceable through universal history may sometimes wander into regions where conjecture is slippery and proof impossible, his march is everywhere grand, and his suggestions fruitful. In certain regions, indeed, such as some of those which Niebuhr and Ewald trod before him, without a certain adventurous hardihood all progress is barred; and if Bunsen and his great coadjutor Lepsius have failed to establish to the satisfaction of British scholars that the sovereigns of the first eighteen Egyptian dynasties were successive rather than contemporary, their sturdy championship of this view was one step in the pleading without which a just judgment is impossible,—not to mention that, independently of some of its speculations, the massiveness, completeness, and vastness of the work on "Egypt's Place" will long serve the philological student as a model of method, and the historical inquirer as a storehouse of facts.

But we are detained too long from the Memoirs. These also are a work of Bunsen, and in some respects the most interesting of all. Equal in moral interest to Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, and not inferior in intellectual significance to Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, the present biography is superior to both in the variety of subjects which it touches and the breadth of scenery which it displays. If the life of a great scholar, from the narrowness of the sphere where he pursues his researches, is often as pale and grey as the books with which he converses, it is quite the reverse with Bunsen. His studies were carried on after the manner above described, in hours jealously snatched from an active life, while the scene of his outward existence was now in Rome, now in Berlin, now in London, among the most brilliant, the most busy, and the most influential men of his time. Never was a man who conversed so much with books less infected with their dust; hence the breezy vital influence which sweeps through every page of these Memoirs; hence the electric quickening virtue which sparkles from them, more precious than the fertilizing streams that the gigantic water-courses and aqueducts of his great works contain. Let us only imagine for a moment some learned Egyptian hierophant in the time of Socrates,

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living one-third of his life at Memphis, another third at Athens, and another at Rome; and let us possess from his hand such glowing and varied sketches of intellectual, moral, and political life in the then Europe as we have from Bunsen's hand of the European life in the generation now departing, and we shall be able to conceive how valuable these Memoirs may prove to those of us now who are able to use them, how much more valuable they will become to the Carlyle or the Macaulay of some future century. The utterances which these volumes contain on the various phases of European thought and life at the present hour, will be extremely interesting even to those who do not acknowledge their profound truth; while the student of men and manners will glean from them many characteristic traits of English life, which only a foreigner of such intelligence and with such a position could supply. Let us gather a few flowers in both these fields.

The following letter to Lücke (Rome, 1821) is interesting as showing, that with a habitual temperament, bright, hopeful, and elastic, Bunsen at times could lay his finger on what he considered the sore point of the age, with a prophetic severity similar to that habitually indulged in by the sage of Chelsea:—

"The times in which we live seem to me most unsatisfactory: the minds of men are unfixed, lost in self-interest, sentimentality, and self-contemplation. What there is of strength and talent, or at least such as is free to display itself, is destructive and decomposing; while the principles fixed above all conflict of ephemeral personalities, the conditions of universal well-being, on which the salvation of Church and State depends, have become indistinct and unintelligible to most men, because to obtain insight into them is a work requiring moral energy, sense of duty, humility, faith, and devotedness. Yet there is a great commotion in the elements of society; and the saving Angel of the Lord descends only when the waters are troubled. The disproportion existing between the cultivation of the understanding and that of the moral capabilities is the fundamental evil; and the dissolution of social relations and of their reciprocal regard and recognition is a fact which leaves, humanly speaking, little room for hope. If it is yet time to save anything, my firm conviction is, that the main point everywhere to be striven after is the revival of all that was essential and real (as opposed to hollowness of form), as possessed by our forefathers; or at least the keeping open a possibility of such renovation.

"That intoxication of self-worship, which devoid of moral intensity, of conviction, or of clear perception of the problems actually calling for solution, anticipated of late the attainment of unknown degrees of intellectual grandeur from a consummation of learning and science,—has begun to give place to the barbaric delusion which casts all knowledge aside, and reckons upon the breathing of the Divine Spirit through the 'waste and howling wilderness' of the empty mind, like the blast through the apertures of a ruined hall. . . . ——'s conclusions, in general, can be admitted only by such as are convinced, as fully as he is himself, of the impossibility of the wonderful fact of redemption. I, on the contary, am convinced that this fact is the especial foundation of religion and the essential object of faith, indeed, the sole unvarying one. All dogmas not concerned with facts, may live out their term, but will have an end. I am convinced that all that is analogous to those facts in the inward history of every regenerate soul is but a single broken ray of the original light, proceeding from, and sustained by it. This is true, and the converse is not the truth. Whoever does not accept the facts of Christanity thus, but looks upon them as mere symbols of the true and essential ideas, originating in the individual human mind, is not a Christian, and still less a theologian. This is my line of demarcation; all discussion must begin on this side of it, for on the other side would be absurdity.'

The following remarks, written on his first visit to England in 1838, exhibit the antagonism between English and German nature, which we noticed as having found a centre of reconcilement in his own character:—

"I wish I could give you an adequate idea, what a power the intuition of English life exercises over me. Never have I felt it so easy and delightful to fly on my native *German wings* as in the elevating and buoyant atmosphere of English domestic and public life. At Munich I found, for the first time after many years, leisure and inspiration again for the highest speculative activity; but it is now only when the other *pole* of my existence has been electricised by England that I feel the new action which Schelling has given to my intellectual life. I wish I could now do something to embody the *vita nuova* in a worthy form.

"On this day, the evening of which we have ever celebrated in friendly union, I must address a greeting to you over sea and land. I am still in your debt and that of other kind friends for the valued birthday-remembrance which your affection dictated to me from Frascati. You will know that, at first, after my arrival in England I was ill, and since I have been so sunk in beholding and contemplating English life, that only the Pyramids can be said to stand out above the flood in which I floated.

"The spectacle of a great national existence, such as the English people alone have at this present time, is, in itself, grand and elevating; and to me the more so, as in the same measure as I recognise and admire the high superiority of the nearly-allied existence which yet is not the actual life to which I belong, the more I take in the full consciousness of what is to us, as Germans, individual, and rejoice in it. As to everything practical, high and low, we have only to place ourselves at the feet of other people, to contemplate and learn; and whoever

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loves to learn, and understands how to learn, will be taught here by the wisdom that walks the streets, by the very air that he inhales. It is another thing with philosophy: the power of thought belongs to us, the Germans, in this day of the world's history; I mean the philosophical consciousness of the life and of the reason of things divine and human in thought. There is, however, a general sense of the need of this here among the higher minds: Coleridge is looked upon among them as a prophet, and he has left sayings of high and deep intelligence upon these subjects, but single and unconnected."

His admiration for England, it will be observed here, is confined to that practical tact, which, even without clear perception of principle, often leads our strange jumble of a Legislative Assembly out of the greatest difficulties. But there are occasions on which this dexterous habit of walking blindfold on the edge of a crater will be no guarantee against a fatal precipitation; the instinct that guides our unreasoning legislators is by no means so "unerring" as the tongue of the flatterer recently proclaimed; and in this view the following short indication from a letter to Gladstone (Berne, 1840) is full of significance:—

"It always struck me when in England, and is constantly before my mind, how little political thought is in most of her statesmen, in consequence of the all-absorbing party quarrels of the day. It is buying political liberty rather dear! I know you do not misunderstand me, and thus I write to you without fear of being thought impudent and arrogant. *Amor non timet.*"

And with regard to religious thought in particular, he seemed to look on England as utterly dead; in all questions of moral speculation, the hope of the world was to be found only in Germany. The following is from a letter to Lücke:—

"To the whole period from Origen to Luther, I feel an utter stranger. After Origen the Church-system, not the Congregational, but the hierarchical, was finally established, in opposition to that of Moses, as a new Law, and went on growing and developing itself up to the time of Luther. The new birth, however, is slow and difficult. Christ must and will become living flesh and blood nationally, as He did humanly—as He is becoming in the community of believers. Universal priesthood, instead of the former exclusive order; works of love, instead of professions of faith; belief in God within us (*i. e.* Christ), with such awe and humility, as can alone preserve Him to our souls;—that is the Religion and Church of the future. All besides must fall, and is already spiritually annihilated. The Bible remains as the consecrated centre of the world's history, from the standing-point of the individual consciousness of God.

"In England everything, except the moral principle in the form of the fear of God, is deathlike. Thought itself is crudely rationalistic; public worship in general lifeless; the vivifying spirit startles life a spectre. The fall may be terrific, like that of ancient Rome;—see my 'Egypt,' vol. i., the chapter on the learning of the Romans.

"With us, the theological reaction will pass away like the political, and the anti-theological revolution like her daughter the Red Republic. We are still the chosen people of God, the Christian Hellenes. I live my intellectual life in my native country."

In another letter to the same theologian, on occasion of the publication of his *Hippolytus* (August 1852), he uses similar language:—

"I have just completed *Hippolytus und Seine Zeit*, after thirteen months' hard work, both in English and in German. To the German edition I have prefixed a Preface, armed at all points, for the Government and the nation. One of my practical objects was and is, to stir up the English out of their spiritual slumber and materialistic tendencies, before the great conflict of minds, and perhaps of nations begins; and so far my book (*Hippolytus*) is a contest for Germany,—for our only indestructible and peculiar property, I mean inward religious instinct and freedom of spirit. My English friends were at first alarmed on my account, at the matter I addressed to their countrymen: but I know the English nation better than they do, and have more Christian courage, because my convictions are stronger than theirs. When, after a life of serious inquiry, one has reached one's sixtieth year, one must have attained to convictions instead of opinions, and also to the courage necessary for expressing them; even to the pretension of being wiser than the 'raw recruits' of the rising generation. In my 'Life of Jesus,' I consider His single personality as purely and truly Divine, because purely and truly human in appearance, in earthly reality. With us, the new generation is partly infidel, partly bigoted. There is a want of the courage and enthusiasm necessary for carrying out the great task of our age.

"Here I live, as a German and a Christian, in the heart of a great people, who love and honour me, fighting the battles of my country, and serving, with fidelity, but also with freedom, the King of Prussia, whose affection towards me holds good, in spite of diversity of views."

Strong as this may appear, the writer was in no sense blind to the peculiar defects and extravagances of the German mind. How significant and how decided, for instance, is the following brief sentence to one of his sons:—

"The whole German system of study is irrational, because no bridge is contrived between theory and practice; and antiquarian research

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in separate branches of knowledge is substituted for the universal interests of humanity."

And how strongly he was opposed to the pompous vacuity of any merely logical method, the following extract from a letter to Renan (1860) shows with sufficient emphasis:—

"In the endeavour to make clear to my own mind what it is that unites us, and what it is that appears to separate us, I come to the consolatory conviction that we are separated by nothing essential, and that our divergencies are, in part, those of age, in part that of the starting-point. You know my opinion as to empiricism on the one hand, and on the other, as to wholly logical metaphysics (so called pure, equal to empty) in the science of the finite mind. It is as if astronomy were to be studied without making observations, either according to apparent phenomena, or according to the circles of Ptolemy (which being geocentric, answer to the psychological method), or lastly, according to an abstract system, which should ignore the facts of the planetary motions. And yet, this is the point at which we have arrived at this very hour! We are in want of the knowledge of facts, and of the science of their connexion, of their finite causality, which, in our historical sphere, signifies development, or science of *evolution*.

"The real science of the finite mind should be, then, the combination, on one hand, both scientific and methodical, of a theory of existence in reference to evolution, and of a method of progress from logic (the negative) to reality (the positive) by the categories of evolution, modified by the specific nature of the subjects logically formulized, such as Language, Religion, Art, Science—and, on the other hand, of the critical arrangement of facts, considered philologically (the fact, itself, that is, the accomplished fact), and historically (the fact in process of becoming, the fact as member of a series, as the link of a chain)."

The following to one of his sons (1846) contains some of those sweeping sentences of large condemnation in which even his charitable nature occasionally indulged, when stung into indignation, either by any of those pretentious eruptions of erudite nonsense, such as every Leipsig Fair sends forth, or by that lazy fashion of believing in forms and formulas, to which collective humanity has always been so prone:—

"The more I reflect upon the present time and the future, upon my own generation and yours, and upon the laceration and dismemberment of intellectual and popular life among Germans, the more do I groan in spirit over human folly. *Wherefore* labour to be possessed of the key of all knowledge, only to open therewith syllables and letters and trifles of antiquity? or else, whether consciously or unconsciously, to prove that nothing is likely to be discovered which could remunerate the labour of opening or forcing the lock? Who has a right to break down, unless he possesses will and the power to build up again? No man has a calling to deal with History, who is not clear in his own mind as to Religion, the social system, and that of the State; and how should he become so without having studied theology and law? Between reality of knowledge and pretension to it, careful discrimination is essential, which, however, is not difficult to a German philologer, who might as easily interpret the Bible and the Pandects, as Theocritus and Eustathius, and far more easily than the Ramayana and Menu; but first of all, he must have learnt to interpret Homer, Plato, and Thucydides.

"Take hold of the thing with the spirit, my beloved son; and drive out of your head all useless self-contemplation; in its place let your mind dwell on *reality*, the God-created object of intellectual contemplation. Leave alphabets and stones to others, from whom you may learn their just interpretation, and plunge into the history of the revelation of God in humanity, the centre of which is the Bible, and its outward enclosure the Pandects. The antiquated magic spells, by which historical revelation was to be conjured up, are broken, or at least powerless; not certainly because their object has ceased to exist, but because spells more potent have become visible on the mental horizon, in consequence of the more rapid revolution of the intellectual universe. In like manner is the Roman law system verging to its decline, to make room for a more perfect edifice.

"Religion is to the Christian, in the nearest sense (*not* as with the Jew, the Hindoo, the Arabian), that which enters into his flesh and blood; just because it is the religion of *humanity*, and not a part of nationality. In other words one might say: *therefore* shall Christianity pervade both *nation* and *state*,—the ὅσιον shall unfold out of the *ἱερόν*: not as with the Jews, by direct revelation and tradition, but as by the *Ionian mind* popularly worked out, from the God-given essentially human feeling. That is what I should call a regenerate nationality! But there are, alas! mere shadows of Christianity in the world! Such is the Book of Common Prayer to the Englishman, and the General Assembly to the Scotchman."

No man who knows Bunsen will for a moment suppose that the strong language of this last sentence implies any want of appreciation of the distinguishing virtues of the two great British Churches. He knew perfectly well how to estimate, perhaps at more than their full value, both the liturgical element in the English, and the popular element in the Scottish Church; but he knew also there were not a few large classes of persons in both countries who practised either an idol or a sham-worship of their respective ecclesiastical peculiarities; and in reference to these, he says to one of his sons, in all likelihood that one who is at present a respected member of the Anglican Church—

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"*Take hold of the thing with the spirit, my beloved son!*"

But Bunsen is not always a philosopher and a theologian. All the time that he is writing gravely he is living playfully. Before breakfast he is digging Hebrew roots; in the forenoon he is with Queen Victoria, who "is most engaging," and with Prince Albert, who is "lovable and full of tact as ever." Take the following letter about the young London vagabond who some five-and-twenty years ago fired a pistol at our beloved Sovereign:—

"Yesterday, early, I was received by Prince Albert. The following is the order of circumstances:—As the Queen with the Prince on Sunday was driving back from church, over Constitution Hill, the Prince observed (on a spot where it was afterwards proved that Oxford had stood) a pistol held out towards the Queen, which plainly had missed fire. On re-entering the Palace he questioned all attendants and servants, but no one had seen it. On Monday morning, early, came a boy of fourteen years of age, bearing witness to the fact. Thereupon a council was held, and it was resolved that the best plan would be for the Queen to drive out that same day at the accustomed hour, the carriage closely attended by the equerries, fifty policemen being on the road disguised in common attire, it being calculated that the man of evil intentions would then take the opportunity to renew the attempt. It was the Queen herself who freely resolved thus to proceed; 'for,' she said, 'I should else not have a moment of peace as long as the shot had not been fired.' They set out upon the drive—think only with what feelings! the Queen *hoping* that the shot would only take place; the equerries (Arbuthnot and Wylde) hoping that the ball might hit one of themselves or their horses, and horse and man striving to cover the Queen! The shot was fired—the Queen exclaimed, 'God be thanked! now we are safe. I heard the report.' At the same moment the miscreant was seized—a youth twenty years of age, a London reprobate. Being questioned, he answered: 'Patience, gentlemen, by-and-bye you shall hear everything.' No ball has been found; it may be difficult to bring an intent to murder home to the fellow.

"The tone of feeling is duly solemn in the whole Palace, which I rejoice to observe.

"The Queen is admirable, she would not allow Lady Portman to accompany her on Monday, saying, 'I must expose the lives of my gentlemen, but I will not those of my ladies.' She was perfection in demeanour all yesterday."

There are other notices of Queen Victoria in the Memoirs, and always in equally favourable terms.

The following is from a letter to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Waddington, November 1846:—

"I had brought with me German books for the children, and received permission to present them. The Queen brought the royal family into the corridor after luncheon, on purpose to give me that opportunity. The Prince wanted to have the pictures explained, and I *sat on the floor* in the midst of the group; we all spoke German, and the Princess Royal, by desire of the Queen, read a fable out of one of the books perfectly well. The Queen often spoke with me about education, and in particular of religious instruction. Her views are very serious, but at the same time liberal and comprehensive. She (as well as Prince Albert) hates all formalism. The Queen reads a great deal, and has done my book on the 'Church of the Future' the honour to read it, so attentively, that the other day when at Cashiobury, seeing the book on the table, she looked out passages which she had approved, in order to read them aloud to the Queen-Dowager."

In our next extract, from notes written in the year 1849, when young Germany was in hot ferment, Prince Albert appears in conversation with the Prussian ambassador on the relative value and position of French, German, and English civilisation:—

"It is long since my ships have all been burnt, and that I have given counsel to friend and foe, without consideration of consequences to myself! I shall maintain my post here, as long as I can, as a fortress of freedom; but I shall not withhold a word of warning, in order to keep off the attacks that menace me, nor shall I go forth to meet them.

"All that I long after is beyond these trammels;—leisure for reflection on the Divine which subsists in things human; and for writing, if God enables me to do so. I live as one lamed; the pinions that might have furthered my progress are bound, yet not broken.

"Sir James Stephen is to become Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He intends to lecture upon French history, and therewith to connect the general history of European civilisation. I observed to Prince Albert, that Stephen probably came to this determination from the desire to make Guizot's work on the civilisation of France and of Europe a foundation for his lectures; but that purpose was ill judged, for the great epochs in art and science in the modern world belong to the Italians and the Germans, and not to the French. Yet much may be said for Guizot's opinion, that the French have exercised so powerful an influence over the world; they form the medium between the practical English and the theoretical German. They have always best understood how to coin the gold of intelligence and bring it into circulation. But their influence is diminishing.

"The important thing would be, that Stephen should make the Professorship of History a life-calling; that he should *live* at Cambridge, and unceasingly labour to influence the cultivation of mind in the youth of the University, by a well carried out course of historical instruction, not only by aphoristic, dilettante lectures—although even such will constitute a step in

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advance. Stephen is said to be Evangelical in principle, but not fanatical or narrow-minded, as is proved by his articles on Wilberforce and Hannah More.

"The Prince observed, when I had stated to him the theory of Guizot as to the relative position of the three nationalities to each other and to the world, that the danger of the French was in licentiousness; the Englishman's besetting sin was selfishness; that of the German, self-conceit. Every German knows all and everything better than all others.

"I remarked to the Prince, that the single-action (*Einspännigkeit*) of the German was probably the consequence of our imperfect political condition, the want of centralization; that individualizing in things intellectual was a feature of character in the German, as federalism in things political. But were there a sufficient central power opposed firmly to this tendency, *that* would be just the requisite condition of the highest and most beneficial civilisation. England and France have a great advantage, in that each, by the joint operation of the most distinguished intellectual faculties to be found in each nation, can produce, and represent on every given occasion, the very best within its separate capacity; whereby the *measure* is given of what is attainable in that country—the *standard* is not only elevated but kept high.

"The Prince is actively busied with the idea of an Universal Exhibition in London, of the produce and the results of industry of all countries. Four classes—1. the raw products (wool, flax), as original material; 2. machines; 3. manufactures; 4. productions of art, for the improvement of artistic skill and of taste. I suggested the formation of a mixed jury, to distribute the prizes. It will be done by subscription. The undertaking is a grand one, and no person could conduct it but the Prince, from his great versatility of knowledge, and his impartiality.

"It is at Osborne House that the Queen more especially feels herself at home; she there enjoys her domestic life and family happiness to her heart's content. She walks out in the beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds with the Prince and her children, in prospect of the sea, and of the proud men-of-war of Great Britain, in the midst of a quiet rural population. In the afternoon we all drove to St. Clair, the country residence of Lady Catharine Harcourt, near Ryde: where a bazaar was prepared for the benefit of the Hospital. The Queen made purchases to a considerable amount, and distributed a part among the accompanying party. In the royal *char-à-banc*, I sat near the Prince of Wales, and behind the two eldest Princesses; they all spoke German like their native tongue, even to one another. The heir-apparent has gained in appearance of strength, and has a pleasing countenance; he will be eight years old in November. I called his attention to the eagerness with which all the inhabitants crowded round to behold the Queen, because she was so good, and therefore beloved."

On this passage we may be allowed two remarks, just to show what a wealth of wise hints lies in these Memoirs to those of us who may be willing to take advantage of them. Our first remark is with reference to the English universities, in which Bunsen, in common with every intelligent foreigner, and many home critics, find two great defects—the want of an effective professorial system, and the feebleness of the historic element in the curriculum of Arts. If history is to be taught anywhere, it ought to be taught in universities; for these institutions alone supply that learned leisure, that freedom from ephemeral political passions, and that habit of dealing with original records, without which history can never become either solid in its foundations, comprehensive in its generalizations, or fruitful in its results. Neither is there any branch of study so well calculated at once to shake the youthful mind free from the incrustations of local prejudice, to lift it to a broadly human platform, and to prepare men of all classes in a free country to look on public questions, alike unchained by the inapplicable precedents of the past, and unseduced by the meretricious novelties of the hour. In such great academical establishments as Oxford and Cambridge, there should be at least half a dozen Professors of History, working in that serious fashion Bunsen here indicates. But if England has as yet failed to reach this German standard, Scotland stands much lower. In the Scottish universities, historical studies have been so little encouraged that several historical chairs which once existed, have either been pared down to the smallest possible efficiency, or have been literally metamorphosed into Natural Science! Intelligent foreign judges, such as Bunsen and Döllinger, at once recognise here one of the most alarming symptoms of the general neglect of erudite research and historical appreciation, in a country once dignified by the names of Buchanan, Ferguson, and Robertson. The second remark which occurs to us arises out of that peculiar distinction which Prince Albert draws between the Englishman and the German, when he says that the besetting sin of the one is selfishness, that of the other conceit. In what sense this criticism is to be taken may not be quite obvious at first sight. That the Englishman is personally, socially, or politically, a more selfish animal than the German, or the Frenchman, in the common sense of that word, it were hard to prove. But what we think Prince Albert had in view is a sort of intellectual selfishness, begotten of the one-sided way of looking at things, which his eye for the momentary need, and his

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aversion to great general principles, often creates in the mind of Mr. Bull. A person who has not learned the habit of looking round about a thing, and thoughtfully balancing different points of view, is apt to believe that there is only one point of view possible, and from this he bears down imperiously, and in the face of all qualification, eager to find a cheap triumph rather in the effectiveness of his blow than in the completeness of his scheme. And this no doubt is a sort of "selfishness" from which no people can be exempt in whom the passion for immediate action may have been allowed largely to overgrow the capacity for comprehensive thought. As to the Germans, again, the conceit with which the Prince charges them springs out of an overcharge of those very ideas of which the Englishmen is so suspicious. Nothing has so great a tendency to nurse intellectual conceit as the habit of dealing largely with sweeping general principles to the neglect of facts. And the existence of this conceit to a very large extent among the learned Germans, is amply proved by the arbitrary way in which they set themselves to deal with the written records of the past, the facility with which they mistake fancies for facts, the cunning jugglery by which they transform all history into allegory, and the presumptuous confidence with which they sometimes set themselves to construct the universe, as if they had been present at the birth of the stars, and intrusted with the sacred keys that unlock the doors of all mystery.

We have said nothing hitherto of Bunsen's political opinions; but it is scarcely necessary to say, that here, as in the kindred region of the Church, he was a fervid apostle of freedom, and as such, no doubt, expected more from men sometimes than men were able to supply. With the great German movement of 1848, which proved a failure, he warmly sympathized; but this failure does not at all imply the falsehood of the general view with regard to constitutional liberty in Germany, so warmly uttered in the following extract from a letter to Mr. Reeve:—

"Let me follow up this idea, in order to convince you that our struggle for freedom has rightly originated—that is from the Spirit—*descendit cœlo*. Was not its beginning indeed from above? in the minds of the great thinkers, who, from Lessing and Kant down to Schelling and Hegel, have, in conflict with the materialism of the past century and the mechanism of the present, proved both the reality and essentiality of reason, and the independence and freedom of moral consciousness, and have thereby roused the nation to enthusiasm for the ideal of true liberty? And did not poetry and the fine arts take the same way? What is the signification of Goethe in the world's history, if not that he had a clear intuition of those truths, and the art of giving them due utterance? Wherein consists the indestructible charm of Schiller's poetry, but that he has sung as hymns to the supernal, preternatural, those deductions of philosophy?

"Now to proceed to the time of our deepest depression, and of our highest elevation,—from 1807 to 1813. That which now *would* and *should* and *must* enter into life, was then generated, in the midst of woe and misery, in blood and in prayer,—but also in belief in that ideal, to the true recognition and realizing of which, the feeling of an existing fatherland and of popular freedom is indispensable. Truly prophetical (as the truth must always be) are the words of Schenkendorf in 1813, 'Freiheit, die ich meine,' etc., and 'Wie mir deine Freuden winken,' etc. And also Arndt with his grand rhapsody, 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?' and Körner's melodies of death, and Rückert's songs, brilliant and penetrating as steel! All that may sound to the foreigner as mere poetic feeling; but to us, who then pronounced the vows of early youth, it was a most holy and real earnest, the utterance of overflowing hearts. And thus it remained to us; and our children learned from us to repeat the vow; and when we lay twenty-five years long in heavy bondage, when the very freedom of speech was suppressed, then through all suffering the spirit of liberty took refuge in the sanctuary of knowledge,—but, not as was the case with our fathers, to expatiate in untried regions, and seek freedom only in contemplation and speculation, but to fetch down the highest blessings of common life, as the poets of the former generation had in a vision beheld them, and as Scharnhorst and Stein and Niebuhr and Wilhelm von Humboldt had grasped them in will and wish. Then was the younger generation instructed by persecuted men, that liberty is ancient, and tyranny modern, and that to liberty alone belongs that legitimacy which unsound politicians have used as a weapon for her destruction."

And shortly to his friend Stockmar, in the year 1852, his political and general confession of faith is uttered thus:—

"I believe in God and in Germany, and then also in the vital powers of the principles of the English Constitution: and nobody rejoices more than I do in the grand and high reality (single in its kind, however, since King William of Orange) of the Royal Pair on the throne of Great Britain. If England and Germany remain united, what can the power of evil effect? You and I feel alike in protesting against the principle of death, in prætorian imperialism, and in democratic police centralization. And, lastly, we are agreed in the resolve to exert all the strength that is in us, to the end that neither superstition nor infidelity, neither priestcraft nor atheism, shall rule over the people.

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"That for this purpose light from above may be granted by guidance of which the iron rule of the dark despot, Self, may be broken through, and the reality of freedom evolved,—and, besides, that we and all who are dear and precious to us may be preserved in health,—is the wish uttered, in fulness of heart, to a dear friend, by "BUNSEN."

As a diplomatist, Bunsen's career is sometimes spoken of as a failure, a judgment proceeding obviously enough from the fact, that on two several occasions, once at Rome, and again at London, the views which he felt himself called upon to maintain were the occasion of his dismissal from the diplomatic position he occupied. But whether these dismissals arose from the fact that he was not good enough, or from the more likely fact that he was too good for the men with whom he had to do, cannot be known till many documents now lying in the Prussian archives shall have been made the object of impartial criticism by the historian of another century. Two things are certain—one that Bunsen's intercourse with the three kings of Prussia, whom he served so faithfully, was always characterized by that freedom, independence, and manliness which were so prominent a feature of his character, and that the monarchs who could not always find him a fit agent for their political needs never failed to respect his character and to acknowledge his services. What Bunsen by his high-minded intelligence and noble spirit did for Prussia, both at Rome and London, during a long course of years, had laid up for him a rich store of merit, from which any shortcomings, real or imaginary, arising out of the complications of a slippery diplomacy, could make no sensible deduction. Had it been his ruling ambition to be in every issue a successful diplomatist, he might have missed the nobler destiny of being a great man.

In the above extracts we have only touched, as it were with our finger-tips, the rich materials of speculative and practical life in the nineteenth century, with which these Memoirs abound. It was with Bunsen, indeed, as with his great countryman Leibnitz—some of the finest radiations of his luminous nature fell from him incidentally in the course of correspondence with a circle of friends whose range joined the poles of European intelligence. And this is but one among many signs of a thoroughly free, large, loving, and unembarassed character. As prayer is the necessity of a pious heart, so converse, spoken or written, furnishes the fuel to a sympathetic heart; those who write no letters either supply the want by the quickening atmosphere of a wide sociality, or gradually build round themselves an encasement of solitary employment, which at once narrows the intellectual view and numbs the moral sensibilities. Very amiable men have been known to grow extremely selfish by indulging in a close-folded isolation of this kind. We welcome these Memoirs, therefore, not only as preserving for the use of the world some of the most valuable conclusions of a large and rich experience, but as supplying us, in marked outline and vivid hues, with the portraiture of a great author, whose life was a better thing than the best of his books. There is no experience in the literary world more sad than when, behind the palatial structures piled by some gigantic genius, we find a petty and undignified or a weak and vacillating personage representing the architect; and yet such a phenomenon is by no means uncommon; for to astonish the world by any sort of intellectual exhibition requires only extraordinary force of thinking or extraordinary fineness of sensibility; and both these excellences are perfectly compatible with any sort and degree of feebleness or baseness of character. Hence the sorry spectacle of Titanic energy shown to the public, with a rude sensual coarseness revealed to the few. Hence the discordant union of a poetic rapture in books which soars above the stars, with a prosaic vileness in life which draggles in the mire. Hence likewise the necessity too often, for biographers of public men, to apply the maxim "*de mortuis nil nisi* BONUM;" it is judged better to throw a veil over some passages of the private life, that the public excellence may be contemplated with unmingled delight. But there is a class of men whose memory requires no charitable veil of this kind; they are not great only when seen at a distance; they will stand the minutest inspection; they cry aloud for the application of the nobler maxim "*de mortuis nil nisi* VERUM;" and to this class unquestionably Bunsen belongs.

We revert, therefore, in conclusion, from the subject of the present Memoirs as an author to his character as a man, and recommend the study of his life as a sublime and moral achievement, calculated to stimulate and to elevate many who fear to march with a systematic equipment of learned tools into the formidable laboratory of his books. In the present age, when such frequent complaints are heard of knowledge without piety, criticism without love, cleverness without reverence, and talent without conscience, we cannot imagine anything calculated to produce a better effect on uncor-

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rupted young minds than the serious study of such a life as Bunsen's. Here, if anywhere, they will find realized that union of pure evangelic sentiment with large intellectual culture and grasp of practical business, in which alone the present age can look for a power to direct its aspirations and harmonize its struggles. Here they will find a consolation beyond the compass of ecclesiastical rivalries, political contentions, high-reaching speculations, or the brilliant encounter of wits to supply; here they will see, as in a living mirror, that type of a happy and a noble human career which the great apostle of the Gentiles condensed into the pregnant text—"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Art. VI.—The Greek Idyllic Poets.

Of the lives of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, there is very little known, and that little has been often repeated. Theocritus was a Syracusan, the son of Praxagoras and Philinna. Some confusion as to his parentage arose from the fact that, in the seventh Idyll, Theocritus introduced himself under the artificial name of Simichidas, which led early critics to suppose that he had a father called Simichus. It is, however, quite clear that the concurrent testimony of Suidas, and of an epigram in the anthology, which distinctly asserts his descent from Praxagoras and Philinna, is to be accepted in preference to all conjectures founded on a *nom de plume*. Theocritus flourished between 283 and 263 B.C., but the dates and circumstances of his birth and death are alike unknown. We may gather inferentially or directly from his poems that he sought the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus at Alexandria, and lived for some time among the men of letters at his court. Indeed, Theocritus was the most brilliant ornament of that somewhat artificial period of literature; he, above all the Alexandrian poets, carried the old genius of Greece into new channels, instead of imitating, annotating, and rehandling ancient masterpieces. The sixth and seventh Idylls prove that Aratus, the astronomer, was a familiar friend of the Syracusan bard; probably the frequent allusions to meteorology, and the science of the stars, which we trace in the poems of Theocritus, may be referred to this intimacy. From the Idylls, again, we learn that the poet left Alexandria, wearied with court life; and, like Spenser, unwilling

> To lose good nights that might be better spent,
> To waste long days in pensive discontent,
> To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
> To feed on hope, and pine with fear and sorrow.

He seems, however, to have once more made trial of princely favour at the Syracusan Court of Hiero, and to have been equally offended with the want of appreciation and good taste as well as with the illiberality that he found there. Among his friends were numbered Nicas the physician of Miletus, and his wife Theugenis, to whom he addressed the beautiful little poem called ἡλακατή—a charming specimen of what the Greek muse could produce by way of *vers de société*. The end of his life is buried in obscurity. We can easily believe that he spent it quietly among the hills and fields of Sicily in close communion with the nature that he loved so well. His ill success as a court poet does not astonish us; the panegyrics of Hiero and Ptolemy are among his worst poems—mere pinchbeck when compared with the pure gold of the Idylls proper. It was in scenes of natural beauty that he felt at home, and when he died, he left a volume of immortal verse, each line of which proclaims of him, 'Et ego in arcadiâ.' We cannot give him a more fitting epitaph than that of his own Daphnis:—

> ἔβα ῥοόν· ἔκλυσε δίνα
> τὸν Μώσαις φίλον ἄνδρα, τὸν οὐ Νυμφαισιν ἀπεχθῆ.*

If we know little of Theocritus, less is known of Bion. Suidas says that he was born at Smyrna, and the elegy written on his death leads us to suppose that he lived in Sicily, and died of poison wilfully administered by enemies. Theocritus, though his senior in age, and as a Bucolic poet, seems to have survived him. Bion's elegist, from whom the few facts which we have related with regard to the poet of Smyrna's life and untimely death are gathered, has generally been identified with Moschus. Ahrens, however, with characteristic German minuteness and scepticism, places the Ἐπιτάφιος Βίωνος upon a list of *Incertorum Idyllia*. Nor can it be denied that the author of this poem leads us to believe that he was a native of Magna Grecia, whereas Moschus is known to have

* Down to the dark stream he went; the eddies drowned
The muses' friend, the youth, the nymphs held dear.

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been a Syracusan. The third and last of the Sicilian Idyllists, he stands at a great distance from Theocritus in all essential qualities of pastoral composition. He has more of the grammarian, or man of erudition, about him; and we can readily conceive him to have been, according to the account of Suidas, a friend of Aristarchus. Of the dates of his life nothing can be recorded with any certainty. He seems to have flourished about the end of the third century B.C. During the short period in which Bucolic poetry flourished under Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, Syracuse remained beneath the sceptre of Hiero. While the bloody strife was being waged between Rome and Carthage for the empire of the Mediterranean, Syracuse, intermediate between the two great combatants, was able not only to maintain a splendid independence under the sway of her powerful tyrant, but also to afford the Romans signal aid upon the battle-fields of Sicily. In Sicily the sun of Greece still shone with some of its old radiance on the spots where, before Athens had assumed the intellectual supremacy of Hellas, poetry, philosophy, and all the arts of life had first displayed their splendid spring-time. The island in which the April of the Greek spirit had enclosed its earliest flowers, now bore the last but not least lovely wreath of autumn. The winter was soon coming. Rome and her Verres were already looking upon Trinacria as their prey; and the Idyllic garland was destined to crown with exotic blossoms the brows of Virgil. About the authenticity of many of the Idylls grave questions have been raised. We can hardly believe that all the thirty which bear the name of Theocritus were really written by him. The 23d and 25th, for instance, are not in his style; while the 19th reminds us more of the Anacreontic elegance of Bion or Moschus than of his peculiarly vigorous workmanship. But it is not without some shock to our feelings that we entertain the spuriousness of the 21st Idyll, which Ahrens places among the productions of some doubtful author. The whole series after the 18th have been questioned. These, however, include the Epical compositions of Theocritus, who might well have assumed a different manner when treating of Hercules or the Dioscuri from that in which he sang the loves of Lycidas and Daphnis. That they are inferior to his pastorals is not to be wondered at; for he who blows his own flute with skill may not be therefore strong enough to sound the trumpet of Homer. Ahrens extends his scepticism to the lament for Bion, which, we confess, appears to us more full of fire and inventive genius than any other of the poems attributed to Moschus. Yet in these matters of minute evidence too much depends upon mere conjecture and comparison of styles for us to remove old landmarks with certainty. Suppose all records of Raphael's works had been lost, and a few fragments of the Cartoons, together with the Transfiguration and the little picture of the Sleeping Knight, alone remained of all his paintings, would not some Ahrens be inclined to attribute the Sleeping Knight to a weaker, if not less graceful artist of the Umbrian School? The Allegro and Penseroso might by a similar process of disjunctive criticism be severed from the *Paradise Lost*. On the other hand, nothing can be more doubtful than assertions in favour of authenticity. It is almost impossible for a foreigner to perceive minute differences of style in the works of two contemporary poets, and infinitely more difficult for a modern to exercise the same exact discrimination in deciding on the monuments of classic art. Schlegel, in his admirable *History of Dramatic Literature*, asserts that he discovers no internal difference between Massinger and Fletcher. Yet an English student is struck by the most marked divergences of feeling, language, natural gifts, and acquired habits of thought in these two dramatists. Thus the difficulty of such criticism is twofold. If a Syracusan of 200 B.C. could discuss our lucubrations on the text of the Bucolic poets, he would probably in one case express astonishment at our having ascribed two dissimilar Idylls to Theocritus, and in another case explain away our scepticism by enumerating the three or four successive manners of the poet. Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus are the Eponyms of Idyllic poetry. To each belongs a peculiar style. It is quite possible that some Idylls of successful imitators whose names have been lost, may have been fathered upon the three most eminent founders of the school. The name of the Idyll sufficiently explains its nature. It is a little picture. Rustic or town life, legends of the gods, and passages of personal experience supply the idyllist with subjects. He does not treat them lyrically, following rather the rules of epic and dramatic composition. Generally, there is a narrator, and in so far, the Idyll is epic; its verse, too, is the hexameter. But occasionally the form of dramatic monologue, as in the Pharmaceutria, or that of dramatic dialogue, as in the Adoniazusæ, takes the place of narrative. Bion's lament for Adonis, again, is a kind of sacred hymn; while the dirge on Bion's death is elegiac.

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Two Idylls of Theocritus are encomiastic; several celebrate the deeds of ancestral Doric heroes—Heracles and the Dioscuri. One is an epistle. Many of Bion's so-called Idylls differ little, except in metre, from the Anacreontics, while one at least of the most highly finished pieces of Theocritus must be ranked with erotic poetry of the purely lyrical order. It will be seen from these instances that the idyllic genus admitted many species, and that the Idyllists were far from being simply pastoral poets. This form of composition was in fact the growth of a late age of Greek art, when the great provinces had been explored and occupied, and when the inventor of a new style could legitimately adopt the tone and manner of his various predecessors. Perhaps the plastic arts determined the direction of idyllic poetry, suggesting the name and supplying the poet with models, and compact and picturesque treatment. In reading the Idylls it should never be forgotten that they are pictures, so studied and designed by their authors: they ought to affect us in the same way as the bas-reliefs and vases of Greek art, in which dramatic action is presented at a moment of its evolution, and beautiful forms are grouped together with such simplicity as to need but little story to enhance their value. If we approach the Idylls from this point of view, and regard them as very highly finished works of decorative art, we shall probably be able to enjoy their loveliness without complaining that the shepherds and shepherdesses are too refined, or that the landscapes have not been drawn from nature.

Though it is not our intention to discuss the whole hackneyed question of Bucolic poetry, a word must be said about its origin, and about the essential difference between Theocritus and modern pastorals. It is natural to suppose that country folk, from the remotest period of Greek history, refreshed themselves with dance and song, and that music formed a part of their religious ceremonials. The trials of strength which supply the *motive* of so many Theocritean Idylls, were quite consistent with the manners of the Greeks, who brought all rival claims of superiority to the touchstone of such contests. Their antiquity in the matter of music may be gathered from the legends of Pan and Apollo, and of Apollo and Marsyas. Phœbus, in the character of shepherd to Admetus, gave direct sanction to Bucolic minstrelsy. In respect of bodily strength, the gymnastic rivalry of Olympia and other great Hellenic centres was so important as to determine the chronology of Greece,—while even claims to personal beauty were decided by the same trial: the three goddesses submitted to the arbitration of Paris; and there were in many states ἀριστεῖα of physical charms, not to mention the boys' prize for kisses at Nisæan Megara. Bucolic poetry may therefore be referred to the pastoral custom of shepherds singing together and against each other at festivals or on the green. It was the genius of Theocritus, in all probability, which determined the Doric and Sicilian character of the Idylls we possess. He, a Syracusan and a Dorian, perfected the *genre*, and was followed by his imitators. Nothing can be more simple and lifelike than the conversations of his rustics, or more nicely discriminated than the pedestrian style of their dialogue, and the more polished manner of their studied songs. The poet has no doubt invested these rural encounters with the imaginative beauty which belongs to art. He has attributed to Corydon and Thyrsis much of his own imagination and delicate taste, and exquisite sense of natural loveliness. Had he refrained from doing so, his Idylls would not have challenged the attention and won the admiration of posterity. As it is, we find enough of rustic grossness on his pages, and may even complain that his cowherds and goatherds savour too strongly of their stables. Of his appreciation of scenery, it is difficult to speak in terms of exaggerated praise. As we purpose to discuss this subject more minutely further on, we may here content ourselves with remarking that he alone of pastoral poets drew straight from nature, and fully felt the charm which underlies the *facts* of rustic life. In comparison with Theocritus, Bion and Moschus are affected and insipid. Their pastorals smack of the study more than of the fields. Virgil not only lacks his vigour and enthusiasm for the open air life of the country, but, with Roman bad taste, he commits the capital crime of allegorizing. Virgil's pernicious example infected Spenser, Milton, and a host of inferior imitators, flooding literature with dreary pastorals in which shepherds discussed politics, religion, and court-gossip, so that at last Bucolic poetry became a synonyme for everything affected and insipid. Poetry flourishes in cities, where rustic song must always be an exotic plant. To analyse Poliziano, Sanagarro, Marini, Tasso, Spenser, Fletcher, Jonson, Barnfield, Browne, Pope, etc., and to show what strains of natural elegance redeem their servile imitations of the ancients, would be a very interesting but lengthy task. It is enough to remark that as society became more artificial, especially at Flor-

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ence, Paris, and Versailles, the taste for pseudo-pastorals increased. Court-ladies tucked up their petticoats, and carried crooks with ribbons at their tops, while Court-poets furnished aristocratic Corydons with smooth verses about pipes and pine trees, and lambs and wattled cotes. The whole was a dream and a delusion; but this mirage of rusticity appropriated the *name* of pastoral, and reflected discredit even on the great and natural Theocritus. At length this *genre* of composition, in which neither invention nor observation nor truth nor excellence of any kind, except inglorious modulation of old themes, was needed, died a natural death; and the true Bucolic genius found fresh channels. Crabbe revived an interest in village life; Burns sang immortal lyrics at the plough; Goethe achieved a masterpiece of Idyllic delineation; Wordsworth re-asserted the claims of natural simplicity; Keats expressed the sensuous charms of rustic loveliness; Tennyson and Barnes have written rural idylls in the dialects of Lincolnshire and Dorsetshire; and other writers, far too numerous to mention, are pursuing similar lines of composition. Theocritus, it is true, differs widely from these poets both in his style and matter. But he deserves to rank among the most realistic artists of the nineteenth century, on account of his simplicity and perfect truth to nature. In reading him we must divest ourselves of any prejudices which we have acquired from the perusal of his tasteless imitators. We must take his volume with us to the scenes in which he lived, and give him a fair trial on his own merits.

It is on the shores of the Mediterranean —at Sorrento, at Amalfi, or near Palermo, or among the valleys of Mentone,—that we ought to study Theocritus, and learn the secret of his charm. Few of us pass middle life without visiting one or other of these sacred spots, which seem to be the garden of perpetual spring. Like the lines of the Sicilian idyllist, they inspire an inevitable and indescribable *πόθος*, touching our sense of beauty with a subtle power, and soothing our spirits with the majesty of classical repose. Straight from the sea-beach rise mountains of distinguished form, not capped with snow or clothed with pines, but carved of naked rock. We must accept their beauty as it is, nude, well defined, and unadorned, nor look in vain for the mystery or sublimity or picturesqueness of the Alps. Light and colour are the glory of these mountains. Valleys divide their flanks, seaming with shadow-belts and bands of green the broad hillside, while lower down the olives spread a hoary greyness and soft robe of silver mist, the skirts of which are kissed by tideless waves. The harmony between the beauty of the olive boughs and the blue sea can be better felt than described. Guido, whose subtlety of sentiment was very rare, has expressed it in one or two of his earliest and best pictures by graduated tones of silver, azure, and cool grey. The definite form and sunny brightness of the olive tree suits our conception of the Greek character. It may well have been the favourite plant of the wise and calm Athené. Oaks with their umbrageous foliage, pine-trees dark and mournful upon Alpine slopes, branching limes, and elms in which the wind sways shadowy masses of thick leaves, belong with their huge girth and gnarled boles and sombre roofage to the forests of the north, where nature is rather an awful mother than a kind foster-nurse and friend of man. In northern landscapes the eye travels through vistas of leafy boughs to still, secluded crofts and pastures, where slow-moving oxen graze. The mystery of dreams and the repose of meditation haunt our massive bowers. But in the south, the lattice work of olive boughs and foliage scarcely veils the laughing sea and bright blue sky, while the hues of the landscape find their climax in the dazzling radiance of the sun upon the waves, and the pure light of the horizon. There is no concealment and no melancholy here. Nature seems to hold a never-ending festival and dance, in which the waves and sun-beams and shadows join. Again, in northern scenery, the rounded forms of full-foliaged trees suit the undulating country with its gentle hills and brooding clouds; but in the south, the spiky leaves and sharp branches of the olive carry out the defined outlines which are everywhere observable through the broader beauties of mountain and valley and sea-shore. Serenity and intelligence characterize this southern landscape, in which a race of splendid men and women lived beneath the pure light of Phœbus, their ancestral god. Pallas protected them, and golden Aphrodité favoured them with beauty. Greater and nobler nations have risen among the oak and beech woods of the north; strong sinewed warriors, heroic women, counsellors with mighty brains, and poets on whose tongue the melody of music lingers like a charm. But the Greeks alone, bred in the scenes which we have been describing, owned the gift of innate beauty and unerring taste. The human form upon those bare and sunny hills, beneath those twinkling olive boughs, beside that sea of everlasting

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laughter, reached its freedom; and the spirit of human loveliness was there breathed fully into all the forms of art. Poetry, sculpture, architecture, music, dancing, all became the language of that moderate and lucid harmony which we discover in the landscape of the Greeks. Olives are not, however, by any means the only trees which play a part in idyllic scenery. The tall stone pine is even more important; for, underneath its shade, the shepherds loved to sing, hearing the murmur in its spreading roof, and waiting for the cones with their sweet fruit to fall. Near Massa, by Sorrento, there are two gigantic pines so placed that, lying on the grass beneath them, one looks on Capri rising from the sea, Baiæ, and all the bay of Naples sweeping round to the base of Vesuvius. Tangled growths of olives, oranges, and rose-trees fill the garden-ground along the shore, while far away in the distance pale Inarime sleeps, with her exquisite Greek name, a virgin island on the deep. In such a place we realize Theocritean melodies, and find a new and indestructible loveliness in the opening line of his first idyll:—

ἁδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἁ πίτυς αἰπόλε τήνα.

These pines are few and far between; growing alone or in pairs they stand like monuments upon the hills, their black forms sculptured on the cloudlike olive groves, from which at intervals spring spires and columns of slender cypress-trees.

Here and there in this bright garden of the age of gold, white villages are seen, and solitary cottage roofs high up among the hills,—dwellings perhaps of Amaryllis, whom the shepherds used to serenade. Huge fig-trees lean their weight of leaves and purple fruit upon the cottage walls, while cherry-trees and apricots snow the grass in spring with a white wealth of April blossoms. The stone walls and little wells in the cottage garden are green with immemorial moss and ferns, and fragrant with gadding violets that ripple down their sides, and chequer them with blue. On the wilder hills, you find patches of ilex and arbutus, glowing with crimson berries and white waxen bells, sweet myrtle rods, and shafts of bay, frail tamarisk and tall tree heaths that wave their frosted boughs above your head. Nearer the shore, the lentisk grows, a savoury shrub, with cytisus and aromatic rosemary. Clematis and polished garlands of tough sarsaparilla wed the shrubs with clinging, climbing arms; and, here and there in sheltered nooks, the vine shoots forth luxuriant tendrils bowed with grapes, stretching from branch to branch of mulberry or elm, flinging festoons on which young loves might sit and swing, or weaving a lattice-work of leaves across the open shed. Nor must the sounds of this landscape be forgotten,—sounds of bleating flocks, and murmuring bees, and nightingales, and doves that moan, and running streams, and shrill cicadas, and hoarse frogs, and whispering pines. There is not a single detail which we have not verified from Theocritus, and which a patient student will not find there.

Then, too, it is a landscape in which sea and country are never sundered. This must not be forgotten of Idyllic scenery; for it was the warm sea-board of Sicily, beneath protecting heights of Ætna, that gave birth to the Bucolic muse. The intermingling of pastoral and sea life is exquisitely allegorized in the legend of Galatea; and on the cup which Theocritus describes in his first Idyll the fisherman plays an equal part with the shepherd youths and the boy who watches by the vineyard wall. The higher we climb upon the mountain-side the more marvellous is the beauty of the sea, which seems to rise as we ascend, and stretch into the sky. Sometimes a little flake of blue is framed by olive boughs; sometimes a turning in the road reveals the whole broad azure calm below. Or, after toiling up a steep ascent, we fall upon the undergrowth of juniper, and lo! a double sea, this way and that, divided by the sharp spine of the jutting hill, jewelled with villages along its shore, and smiling with fair islands and silver sails. Upon the beach the waves come tumbling in, swaying the corallines and green and purple sea-weeds in the pools. Ceaseless beating of the spray has worn the rocks into jagged honeycombs, on which lazy fishermen sit perched, dangling their rods like figures in Pompeian frescoes.

In landscapes such as we have striven to describe, we are readily able to understand the legends of rustic gods; the metamorphoses of Syrinx, Narcissus, Echo, Hyacinthus, and Adonis; the tales of slumbering Pan, and horned satyrs, and peeping fauns; with which the Idyllists have adorned their simple shepherd songs. Here, too, the Oread dwellers of the woods, and dryads, and sylvans, and water-nymphs, seem possible. They lose their unreality and mythic haziness; for men themselves are more a part of Nature here than in the north, more fit for companionship with deities of stream and hill. Their labours are lighter, and their food more plentiful. Summer leaves them not, and the soil yields fair and graceful crops. There is surely some difference between hoeing

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turnips and trimming olive boughs, between tending turkeys on a Norfolk common, and leading goats to browse on cytisus beside the shore, between the fat pasturage and bleak winters of our midland counties and the spare herbage of the south dried by perpetual sunlight. It cannot be denied that men assimilate something from their daily labour, and that the poetry of rustic life is more evident upon Mediterranean shores than in England.

Nor must the men and women of classical landscape be forgotten. When we read of the Idylls of Theocritus, and wish to see before us Thestylis, and Daphnis, and Lycidas, we have but to recall the perfect forms of Greek sculpture. We may, for instance, summon to our mind the Endymion of the Capitol, nodding in eternal slumber, with his sheep-dog slumbering by —or Artemis stepping from her car; her dragons coil themselves between the shafts and fold their plumeless wings—or else Hippolytus and Meleager booted for the boar-chase—or Bacchus finding Ariadne by the sea-shore; mœnads and satyrs are arrested in their dance; flower-garlands fall upon the way; or a goat-legged satyr teaches a young faun to play; the pipe and flute are there, and from the boy's head fall long curls upon his neck—or Europa drops anemone and crocus from her hand, trembling upon the bull as he swims onward through the sea—or tritons blow wreathed shells, and dolphins splash the water—or the eagle's claws clasp Ganymede, and bear him up to Zeus—or Adonis lies wounded, and wild Aphroditê spreads hungry arms, and wails with rent robes tossed above her head. From the cabinet of gems we draw a Love, blind, bound, and stung by bees; or a girl holding an apple in her hand; or a young man tying on his sandal. Then there is the Praxitelean genius of the Vatican who might be Hylas, or Uranian Erôs, or Hymenæus, or curled Hyacinthus—the faun who lies at Munich overcome with wine, his throat bare, and his deep chest heaving with the breath of sleep—Hercules strangling the twin snakes in his cradle, or ponderous with knotty sinews and huge girth of neck—Demeter, holding fruits of all sorts in one hand, and corn stalks in the other, sweeping her full raiment on the granary floor. Or else we bring again the pugilists from Caracalla's bath,—bruised ears and faces, livid with unheeded blows, —their strained arms bound with thongs, and clamps of iron on their fists. Processions move in endless line, of godlike youths on prancing steeds, of women bearing baskets full of cakes and flowers, of oxen lowing to the sacrifice. The Trojan heroes fall with smiles upon their lips; the Athlete draws the strigil down his arm; the sons of Niobe lie stricken, beautiful in death. Cups, too, and vases help us, chased with figures of all kinds,—dance, festival, love-making, rustic sacrifice, the legendary tales of hate and woe, the daily Idylls of domestic life.

Such are some of the works of Greek art which we may use in our attempt to realize Theocritus. Nor need we neglect the monuments of modern painting, Giorgione's pastoral pictures of piping men, and maidens crowned with jasmine flowers, or the Arcadians of Poussin reading the tale of death upon the grave-stone, and its epitaph "Et ego."

To reconstruct the mode of life of the Theocritean *dramatis personæ* is not a matter of much difficulty. Pastoral habits are singularly unchangeable, and nothing strikes us more than the recurrence of familiar rustic proverbs, superstitions, and ways of thinking which we find in the Idyllic poets. The mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, of prosaic interest in worldly affairs, and of an unconscious admiration for the poetry of nature, which George Sand has recently assigned with delicate analysis to the Bucolic character in her Idylls of Nohant, meets us in every line of the Sicilian pastorals. On the Mediterranean shores, too, the same occupations have been carried on for centuries with little interruption. The same fields are being ploughed, the same vineyards tilled, the same olive gardens planted, as those in which Theocritus played as a child. The rocks on which he saw old Olpis watching for the tunnies, with fishing-reed and rush basket, are still haunted through sunny hours by patient fishermen. Perhaps they cut their reeds and rushes in the same river beds; certainly they use the same sort of *κάλαμος*. The goats have not forgotten to crop cytisus and myrtle, nor have the goat-herds changed their shaggy trousers and long crooks. You may still pick out a shepherd lad among a hundred by his skin and cloak. It is even said that the country ditties of the Neapolitans are Greek; and how ancient is the origin of local superstitions, who shall say? The country folk still prefer, like Comatas in the fifth Idyll, garden-grown roses to the wild eglantine and anemones of the hedgerow, scorning what has not required some cost or trouble for its cultivation. Gretchen's test of love by blowing on thistle-down does not differ much from that of the shepherd in the third Idyll. Live blood in the eye is still a sign of mysterious importance (Idyll iii. 36). To

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spit is still a remedy against the evil eye (vii. 39). Eunica, the town girl, still turns up her nose at the awkward cowherd; city and country are not yet wholly harmonized by improved means of locomotion. Then the people of the south are perfectly unchanged; the fisher boys of Castellamare; the tall straight girls of Capri singing as they walk with pitchers on their heads and distaffs in their hands; the wild Apulian shepherds; the men and maidens laughing in the olive fields or vineyards; the black-browed beauties of the Cornice trooping to church on Sundays with gold earrings, and with pink tulip-buds in their dark hair. One thing, however, is greatly altered. Go where we will, we find no statues of Priapus and the Nymphs. No lambs are sacrificed to Pan. No honey or milk is poured upon the altars of the rustic Muse. The temples are in ruins. Aloes and cactuses have invaded the colonnades of Girgenti, and through the halls of Pæstum winds whistle, and sunbeams stream unheeded. But though the gods are gone, men remain unaltered. A little less careless, a little more superstitious, they may be; but their joys and sorrows, their vices and virtues, their loves and hates, are still the same. Such reflections are trite and commonplace. Yet who can resist the force of their truth and pathos?

οὐχ ἁμῖν τὸν Ἔρωτα μόνοις ἔτεχ', ὡς ἰδοκεῦμες,
Νικία, ᾧτινι τοῦτο θεῶν ποκα τέκνον ἔγεντο·
οὐχ ἁμῖν τὰ καλὰ πράτοις καλὰ φαίνεται ἤμες,
οἱ θνατοὶ πελόμεσθα, τὸ δ' αὔριον οὐκ ἐσορῶμες,

said Theocritus, looking back into the far past, and remembering that the gifts of love and beauty have belonged to men from everlasting. With what redoubled force may we, after the lapse of twenty centuries, echo these words, when we tread the ground he knew, and read the songs he sang! His hills stir our vague and yearning admiration, his sea laughs its old laugh of waywardness and glee, his flowers bloom yearly, and fade in the spring, his pine and olive branches overshadow us, we listen to the bleating of his goats, and taste the sweetness of the springs from which he drank, the milk and honey are as fresh upon our lips, the wine in winter by the woodfire, when the winds are loud, is just as fragrant, youth is still youth, nor have the dark-eyed maidens lost their charm. Truly *οὐχ ἁμῖν τὰ καλὰ πράτοις καλὰ φαίνεται εἶμεν.* In this consists the power of Theocritean poetry. It strikes a note, which echoes through our hearts by reason of its genuine simplicity and pathos. The thoughts which natural beauty stirs in our minds find their embodiment in his sweet strange verse; and though since his time the world has grown old, though the gods of Greece have rent their veils and fled with shrieks from their sanctuaries, though in spite of ourselves we turn our faces skyward from the earth, though emaciated saints and martyrs have supplanted Adonis and the Graces, though the cold damp shades of Calvinism have chilled our marrow and our blood, yet there remain deep down within our souls some primal sympathies with nature, some instincts of the Faun, or Satyr, or Sylvan, which education has not quite eradicated. 'The hand which hath long time held a violet does not soon forego her fragrance, nor the cup from which sweet wine hath flowed his fragrance.'

We have dwelt long upon the peculiar properties of classical landscapes as described by the Greek idyllists, and as they still exist for travellers upon the more sheltered shores of the Mediterranean, because it is necessary to understand them before we can appreciate the *truth* of Theocritus. Of late years much has been written about the difference between classical and modern ways of regarding landscape. Mr. Ruskin has tried to persuade us that the ancients only cared for the more cultivated parts of nature, for gardens or orchards, from which food or profit or luxurious pleasure might be derived. And in this view there is, no doubt, some truth. The Greeks and Romans paid far less attention to inanimate nature than we do, and were beyond all question repelled by the savage grandeur of marine and mountain scenery, preferring landscapes of smiling and cultivated beauty to rugged sublimity or the picturesqueness of decay. In this they resembled all southern nations. An Italian of the present day avoids ruinous places and solitudes however splendid. Among the mountains he complains of the *brutto paese* in which he has to live, and is always longing for town gaieties and the amenities of civilized society. The ancients again despised all interests that pretended to rival the paramount interest of civic or military life. Seneca's figurative expression, *circum flosculos occupatur*, might be translated literally as applied to a trifler, to denote the scorn which thinkers, statesmen, patriots, and generals of Greece and Rome felt for mere rural prettiness; while Quinctilian's verdict on Theocritus (whom, however, he allows to be *admirabilis in suo genere*); *musa illa rustica et pastoralis non forum modo verum ipsam etiam urbem reformidat*, characterizes the insensibility of urban intellects to a branch of art which we consider of high importance. But it is very

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easy to overstrain this view, and Mr. Ruskin, we think, has laid an undue stress on Homer in his criticism of the classics; whereas it is among the later Greek and Roman poets that the analogy of modern literature would lead us to expect indications of a genuine taste for unadorned nature. These signs the Idyllic poets amply supply; but in seeking for them we must be prepared to recognise a very different mode of expression from that which we are used to in the florid poets of the modern age. Conciseness, simplicity, and an almost prosaic accuracy, are the never-failing attributes of classical descriptive art. Moreover, humanity is always more present to their minds than to ours. Nothing evoked sympathy from a Greek unless it appeared before him in a human shape, or in connexion with some human sentiment. The ancient poets do not describe inanimate nature as such, or attribute a vague spirituality to fields and clouds. That feeling for the beauty of the world which is embodied in such poems as Shelley's Ode to the West Wind, gave birth in their imagination to definite legends, involving some dramatic interest and conflict of passions. We who are apt to look for rhapsodies and brilliant outpourings of eloquent fancy, can scarcely bring ourselves to recollect what a delicate sense of nature and what profound emotions are implied in the conceptions of Pan and Hyacinthus and Galatea. The misuse which has been made of mythology by modern writers has effaced half its vigour and charm. It is only by returning to the nature which inspired these myths that we can reconstruct their exquisite vitality. Different ages and nations express themselves by different forms of art. Music appears to be dominant in the present period; sculpture ruled among the Greeks, and struck the key-note for all other arts. Even those sentiments which in our mind are most vague, the admiration of sunset skies, or flowers or copsewoods in spring, were expressed by them in the language of definite human form. They sought to externalize and realize as far as possible, not to communicate the inmost feelings and spiritual suggestions arising out of natural objects. Never advancing beyond corporeal conditions, they confined themselves to form, and sacrificed the charm of mystery, which is incompatible with very definite conception. It was on this account that sculpture, the most exactly imitative of the arts, became literally Architectonic among the Greeks. And, for a precisely similar reason, music, which is the most abstract and subjective of the arts, the most evanescent in its material, and the vaguest, assumes the chief rank among modern arts. Sculpture is the language of the body, music the language of the soul. Having once admitted their peculiar *mode* of feeling Nature, no one can deny that landscape occupies an important place in Greek literature. Every line of Theocritus is vital with a strong passion for natural beauty, incarnated in myths. But even in descriptive poetry he is not deficient. His list of trees and flowers is long, and the epithets with which they are characterized are very exquisite,—not indeed brilliant with the inbreathed fancy of the North, but so perfectly appropriate as to define the special beauty of the flower or tree selected. In the same way, a whole scene is conveyed in a few words by mere conciseness of delineation, or by the artful introduction of some incident suggesting human emotion. Take for example this picture of the stillness of the night:—

ἥνιδε σιγῇ μὲν πόντος, σιγῶντι δ' ἀῆται·
ἁ δ' ἐμὰ οὐ σιγῇ στέρνων ἔντοσθεν ἀνία,
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τήνῳ πᾶσα καταίθομαι, ὅς με τάλαιναν
ἀντὶ γυναικὸς ἔθηκε κακὰν καὶ ἀπάρθενον ἦμεν.*

Idyll ii. 38–41.

Or this:—

ἀλλὰ τὺ μὲν χαίροισα ποτ' ὠκεανὸν τρέπε πώλους
πόντι', ἐγὼ δ' οἰσῶ τὸν ἐμὸν πόνον, ὥσπερ ὑπέσταν.
χαῖρε, Σελαναία λιπαρόχροε, χαίρετε δ', ἄλλοι
ἀστέρες, εὐκήλοιο κατ' ἄντυγα Νυκτὸς ὀπαδοί.†

Idyll ii. 162 *et seq.*

Or this of a falling star:—

κατήριπε δ' ἐς μέλαν ὕδωρ
ἀθρόος, ὡς ὅτε πυρσὸς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἤριπεν ἀστὴρ
ἀθρόος ἐς πόντῳ, ναύταις δέ τις εἶπεν ἑταίροις·
κουφότερ', ὦ παῖδες, ποιεῖσθ' ὅπλα· πλευστικὸς
ουρος.‡

Idyll xiii. 49–52.

Or the seaweeds on a rocky shore [vii. 55], or the summer bee [iii. 15], or the country party at harvest time [vii. 129 to the end]. In all of these a peculiar simplicity will be noticed, a self-restraint and scrupulosity of definite delineation. To Theocritus the

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* Now rests the deep, now rest the wandering winds,
But in my heart the anguish will not rest,
While for his love I pine who stole my sweetness,
And made me less than virgin among maids.

† Adieu, dead queen, thou to the ocean turn
Thy harnessed steeds; but I abide, and suffer;
Adieu, resplendent moon, and all you stars,
That follow on the wheels of night, adieu!

‡ Into the black wave
Fell headlong, as a fiery star from heaven
Falls headlong to the deep, and sailors cry
One to another, Lighten sail; behold,
The breeze behind us freshens!

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shadowy and iridescent fancies of modern poetry would have been unintelligible. The creations of a Keats or Shelley would have appeared to be monstrous births, like the Centaurs of Ixion, begotten by lawless imaginations upon cloud and mist. When the Greek poet wished to express the charm of summer waves, he spoke of Galatea, more fickle and light than thistle-down, a maiden careless of her lover, and as cruel as the sea. The same waves suggested to Shakespeare these lines, from *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

"Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music;"

and to Weber the ethereal "mermaid's song" in *Oberon*. No one acquainted with Shakespeare and Weber can deny that both have expressed with marvellous subtlety the magic of the sea in its enchanting calm, whereas the Greek poet works only by indirect suggestion, and presents us with a human portrait more than a phantom of the glamour of the deep. What we have lost in definite projection we have gained in truth, variety, and freedom. The language of our Art appeals immediately to the emotions, disclosing the spiritual reality of things, and caring less for their form than for the feelings they excite in us. Greek art remains upon the surface, and translates into marble the humanized aspects of the external world. The one is for ever seeking to set free, the other to imprison thought. The Greek tells with exquisite precision what he has observed, investing it perhaps with his own emotion. He says, for instance:—

αἴθε γενοίμαν
ἁ βομβεῦσα μέλισσα καὶ ἐς τεὸν ἄντρον ἱκοίμαν,
τὸν κισσὸν διαδὺς καὶ τὰν πτέριν ᾇ τὺ πυκάσδῃ.*

The modern poet, to use Shelley's words,

"will watch from dawn till gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom;
Nor heed nor see what shapes they be,
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality,"

endeavouring to look through and beyond the objects of the outer world, to use them as the starting-points for his creative fancy, and to embroider their materials with the dazzling *fioriture* of his invention. Metamorphosis existed for the Greek poet as a simple fact: if the blood of Adonis became anemones, yet the actual drops of blood and the flowers remained distinct in his mind; and even though he may have been sceptical about the miracle, he restrained his fancy to the reproduction of the one old fable. The modern poet believes in no metamorphosis but that which is produced by the alchemy of his own brain. He loves to confound the most dissimilar existences, and to form startling combinations of thoughts which have never before been brought into connexion with each other. Uncontrolled by tradition or canons of propriety, he roams through the world, touching its various objects with the wand of his imagination. To the west wind he cries:—

"Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, ev'n from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm."

Imagine how astonished even Æschylus would have been at these violent transitions and audacious transformations! The Grecks had no conceits; they did not call the waves 'nodding hearse-plumes' like Calderon, or the birds 'winged lyres' like Marini, or daisies 'pearled Arcturi of the earth' like Shelley, or laburnums 'dropping wells of fire' like Tennyson. If they ventured on such licences in their more impassioned lyrics, they maintained the metaphor with strict propriety. One good instance of the difference in this respect between the two ages is afforded by Ben Jonson, who translates Sappho's

ἦρος ἱμεροφώνὸς ἄγγελος ἀηδών,

by 'the dear good angel of the spring, the nightingale.' Between ἄγγελος and *angel* there is the distance of nearly twenty centuries, for though Ben Jonson may have meant merely to Anglicise the Greek word, he could not but have been glad of the more modern meaning.

We have already devoted so much time to the consideration of Theocritean poetry

* Would I were
The murmuring bee, that through the ivy screen,
And through the fern that hides thee, I might come
Into thy cavern!

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in general, that we can scarcely afford to enter into the details of his several Idylls. A few, however, may be noticed of peculiar beauty and significance. None are more true to local scenery than those which relate to the story of Galatea. In this brief tale, the life of the mountains and the rivers and the sea is symbolized,—the uncouth and gigantic hills, rude in their rusticity—the clear and loveable stream—the merry sea, inconstant and treacherous, with shifting waves. The mountain stands for ever unremoved; love as he will, he can but gaze upon the dancing sea, and woo it with gifts of hanging trees and cool, shadowy, and still sleeping-places in sheltered bays. But the stream leaps down from crag to crag, and gathers strength and falls into the arms of the expectant nymph—a fresh lover, fair and free, and full of smiles. Supposing this marriage of the sea and river to have been the earliest idea of the Mythus, in course of time the persons of Acis and Galatea, and the rejected lover Polyphemus, became more and more humanized, until the old symbolism was lost in a pastoral romance. Polyphemus loves, but never wins: he may offer his tall bay-trees, and slender cypresses, and black ivy, and sweet-fruited vines, and cold water flowing straight—a drink divine—from the white snows of wooded Ætna: he may sit whole days above the sea and gaze upon its smiling waves and tell the nymph of all his flocks and herds, or lure her with promises of flowers and fawns and bear's whelps, to leave the sea to beat upon its shore, and come and live with him and feed his sheep. It is of no use. Galatea heeds him not, and Polyphemus has to shepherd his love as best he can. Poetry in this idyll is blended with the simplest country humour. The pathos of Polyphemus is really touching, and his allusions to the sweetness of a shepherd's life among the hills abound in unconscious poetry; side by side with which are placed the most ludicrous expressions of uncouth disappointment, together with shrewd observations on the value of property and other prosaic details. If we mistake not, this is true of the rustic character, in which, though stirred by sorrow into sympathy with nature, habitual caution and shrewdness survive. The meditations of the shepherd in the third idyll exhibit the same mixture of sentiments.

As a specimen of the Idylls which illustrate town life, we may select the second, the humour of its rival, the fifteenth, being of that perfect sort which must be read and laughed over, but which cannot well be analysed. The subject of the Pharmaceutriæ is an incantation performed in the stillness of the night by a proud Syracusan lady who has been deserted by her lover. In delineating the fierceness of her passion, and the indomitable resolution of her will, Theocritus has produced a truly tragic picture. Simætha, maddened by vehement despair, resorts to magic arts. Love, she says, has sucked her life-blood like a leech, and parched her with the fever of desire. She cannot live without the lover for whose possession she has sacrificed her happiness and honour. If she cannot charm him back again, she will kill him. There are poisons ready to work her will in the last resort. Meanwhile, we see her standing at the magic wheel, turning it round before the fire, and charging it to draw false Delphis to her home. A hearth with coals upon it is at hand, on which her maid keeps sprinkling the meal that typifies the bones of Delphis, the wax by which his heart is to be consumed, and the laurel bough that stands for his body. At the least sign of laziness Simætha scolds her with hard and haughty words. She stands like a Medea, seeking no sympathy, sparing no reproaches, tiger-like in her ferocity of thwarted passion. When the magic rites have been performed, and Thestylis has gone to smear an ointment on the doors of Delphis, Simætha leaves the wheel and addresses her soliloquy to the moon who has just risen, and who is journeying in calm and silver glory through the night. There is something sublime in the contrast between the moonlight on the sea of Syracuse, and the fierce agony of the deserted lioness. To the moon she confides the story of her love: "Take notice of my love, whence it arose, dread Queen." It is a vivid and tragic tale of southern passion; sudden and consuming, recklessly gratified, and followed by desertion on the one side, and by vengeance on the other. Simætha has, no doubt, many living parallels among Sicilian women. The classical reader will find in her narration a description of the working of love, hardly to be surpassed by Sappho's Ode, or Plato's Phædrus. The wildness of the scene, the magic rites, the august presence of the Moon, and the murderous determination of Simætha, heighten the dramatic effect, and render the tale excessively interesting. As a picture of classical sorcery, this Idyll is very curious. Nothing can be more erroneous than to imagine that witchcraft is a northern invention of the middle ages, or that the Brocken is its headquarters. With the exception of a few inconsiderable circumstances, all the terrible or loathsome rites of magic were known to the ancients,

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and merely copied by the moderns. Circe in Homer, Simætha in Theocritus, Canidia in Horace, the Libyan sorceress of Virgil, the Saga of Tibullus, Medea in Ovid, Erichtho in Lucan, and Megæra in Claudian (to mention no more), make up a list of formidable witches to whom none of the hideous details of the black art were unknown. They sought for poisonous herbs at night, lived in ruinous places, ransacked charnel-houses for dead bodies, killed little children to obtain their fat for unguents, compelled the spirits of the dead to rise, and after entering a fresh corpse to reveal the mysteries of fate, devoured snakes, drank blood, raised storms at sea, diverted the moon from her course, muttered spells of fearful import, and loved, above all things, to "raise jars, jealousies, strifes, like a thick scurf o'er life." Even in the minutest details of sorcery they anticipated the witches of the middle ages. Hypsipyle, in Ovid, mentions a waxen portrait, stuck full of needles, and so fashioned as to waste the life of its original. The witch in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius anoints herself, and flies about like a bird at night. Those who care to pursue this subject will find a vast amount of learning collected on the point by Ben Jonson in his annotations to "The Masque of Queens." One fact, however, must be always borne in mind: the ancients regarded witchcraft either as a hideous or a solemn exercise of supernatural power, not recognising any Satanic agency or compact with Hell. *Hecate triviis ululata per urbes*, the "Queen of the Night and of the Tombs," assisted sorcerers: but this meant merely that they trafficked in the dark with the foul mysteries of death and corruption. The classical witches were either grave and awful women, like the Libyan priestess in the *Æneid*, or else loathsome pariahs, terrible for their malignity, like Lucan's "Erichtho." Mediævalism added a deeper horror to this superstitious and fetichistic conception by the thoughts of spiritual responsibility, and of league with God's enemies. Damnation was the price of magic power; witchcraft being not merely abominable in the eyes of men, but also unpardonable at the bar of divine justice.

Several poems of Theocritus are written on the theme of Doric chivalry, and illustrate the heroic age of Greece. They may be compared to the "Idylls of the King," for their excellence consists in the consummate art with which episodes from the legendary cycles of a bygone age are wrought into polished pictures by cultivated modern poets. The thirteenth Idyll is especially remarkable for the exquisite finish of its style, and also for the light it throws on the mutual relations of knight and squire in early Greek warfare. Theocritus chooses for the subject of this poem an episode in the life of Heracles, the Dorian hero, when he and other foremost men of Hellas, θεῖος ἄωτος ἡρώων, followed Jason in the Argo to the Colchian shores, and he took young Hylas with him, "for even," says Theocritus, "the brazen-hearted son of Amphitryon, who withstood the fierceness of the lion, loved a youth, the charming Hylas, and taught him like a father everything by which he might become a good and famous man; nor would he leave the youth at dawn, or noon, or evening, but sought continually to fashion him after his own heart, and to make him a right yokefellow with him in mighty deeds." How he lost Hylas on the Cianian shore, and in the wildness of his sorrow let Argo sail without him, and endured the reproach of desertion, is well known. Theocritus has wrought the story with more than his accustomed elegance. But we wish to confine our attention to the ideal of knighthood and knightly education presented in the passage quoted. Heracles was not merely the lover, but the guardian also and tutor, of Hylas. He regarded him not only as an object of tenderness, but also as a future friend and helper in the business of life. His constant aim was to form of him a brave and manly warrior, a Herculean hero. And in this respect Heracles was the Eponym and patron of an order which existed throughout Doric Hellas. This order, protected by religious tradition and public favour, regulated by strict rules, and kept within the limits of honour, produced the Cretan lovers, the Lacedæmonian "hearers" and "inspirers," the Theban immortals who lay with faces turned so stanchly to their foes, that vice seemed incompatible with so much valour. Achilles was another Eponym of this order. In the twenty-ninth Idyll, the phrase, Ἀχιλλεῖοι φίλοι, is used to describe the most perfect pair of manly friends. The twelfth Idyll is written in a similar, if a weaker and more wanton, vein. The same longing retrospect is cast upon the old days "when men indeed were golden, when love was mutual," and constancy is rewarded with the same promise of glorious immortality as that which Plato holds out in the Phædrus. Bion, we may remark in passing, celebrates with equal praise the friendships of Theseus, Orestes, and Achilles. Without taking some notice of this peculiar institution, in its origin military and austere, it is impossible to understand the

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chivalrous age of Greece among the Dorian tribes. In the midst of brute force and cunning, and an almost absolute disregard of what we are accustomed to understand by chivalry—gentleness, chastity, truth, regard for women and weak persons—this one anomalous *sentiment* emerges.

Passing to another point in which Greek differed from mediæval chivalry, we notice the semi-divine nature of the heroes: θεῖος ἄνωτος is the name by which they are designated, and supernatural favour is always showered upon them. This indicates a primitive society, a national consciousness ignorant of any remote Past. The heroes whom Theocritus celebrates are purely Dorian—Heracles, a Jack the Giant-Killer in his cradle, brawny, fearless, of huge appetite, a mighty trainer, with a scowl to frighten athletes from the field; Polydeuces, a notable bruiser; Castor, a skilled horseman and a man of blood. In one point the twin sons of Leda resembled mediæval knights. They combined the arts of song with martial prowess. Theocritus styles them ἱππῆες κιθαρισταί, ἀεθλητῆρες ἀοιδοί. Their achievements, narrated in the twenty-second Idyll, may be compared with those of Tristram and Lancelot. The gigantic warrior whom they find by the well in the land of the Bebrycians, gorgeously armed, insolent, and as knotty as a brazen statue, who refuses access to the water and challenges them to combat, exactly resembles one of the lawless giants of the Morte Arthur. The courtesy of the Greek hero contrasts well with the barbarian's violence; and when they come to blows it is good to observe how address, agility, training, nerve, enable Polydeuces to overcome with ease the vast fury and brute strength of the Bebrycian bully. As the fight proceeds, the son of Leda improves in flesh and colour, while Amychus gets out of breath, and sweats his thews away. Polydeuces pounds the giant's neck and face, reducing him to a hideous mass of bruises, and receiving the blows of Amychus upon his chest and loins. At the end of the fight he spares his prostrate foe, on the condition of his respecting the rites of hospitality, and dealing courteously with strangers. Throughout it will be noticed how carefully Theocritus maintains the conception of the Hellenic as distinguished from the barbarian combatant. Christian and Pagan are not more distinct in a legend of the San Graal. But Greek chivalry has no magic, no monstrous exaggeration. All is simple, natural, and human. Bellerophon, it is true, was sent after the Chimæra, and Perseus freed Andromeda like St. George from a dragon's mouth. But these ruder fancies of Greek infancy formed no integral part of the mythology; instead of being multiplied, they were gradually winnowed out, and the poets laid but little stress upon them.

The achievement of Castor is not so favourable to the character of Hellenic chivalry. Having, in concert with Polydeuces, borne off by guile the daughters of Leucippus from their affianced husbands, Castor kills one of the injured lovers who pursues him and demands restitution. He slays him, though he is his own first cousin, ruthlessly; and while the other son of Aphareus is rushing forward to avenge his brother's death, Zeus hurls lightning and destroys him. Theocritus remarks that it is no light matter to engage in battle with the Tyndarids; but he makes no reflection on what we should call "the honour" of the whole transaction.

Of all the purely pastoral Idylls by which Theocritus is most widely famous, perhaps the finest is the seventh or Thalysia. It glows with the fresh and radiant splendour of southern beauty. In this poem the Idyllist describes the journey of three young men in summer from the city to the farm of their friend Phrasidamus, who has invited them to partake in the feast with which he purposes to honour Demeter at harvest time. On their way they meet with a goat herd, Lycidas, who invites them, "with a smiling eye," to recline beneath the trees and while away the hours of noontide heat with song. "The very lizard," he says, "is sleeping by the wall; but on the hard stones of the footpath your heavy boots keep up a ceaseless ringing." Thus chided by the goat-herd, they resolve upon a singing match between Simichidas, the teller of the tale, and Lycidas, who offers his crook as the prize of victory. Lycidas begins the contest with that exquisite song to Ageanax, which has proved the despair of all succeeding Idyllists, and which furnished Virgil with one of the most sonorous lines in his Georgics. No translation can do justice to the smooth and liquid charm of its melodious verse, in which the tenderest feeling mingles gracefully with delicate humour and with homely descriptions of a shepherd's life. The following lines, which form a panegyric on Comatas, some famed singer of the rustic muse, may be quoted for their pure Greek feeling. Was ever an unlucky mortal envied more melodiously, and yet more quaintly, for his singular fortune?

αἰσεῖ δ' ὡς ποκ' ἔδεκτο τὸν αἰπόλον εὐρέα λάρναξ
ζωὸν ἐόντα κακαῖσιν ἀτασθαλίαισιν ἄνακτος,

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ὥς τέ νιν αἱ σιμὰι λειμωνίδε φέρβον ἰοῖσαι
κέδρον ἐς ἀδείαν μαλακοῖς ἄνθεσσι μέλισσαι,
οὔνεκά οἱ γλυκὺ Μοῖσα κατὰ στόματος χέε νέκταρ.
ὦ μακαριστὲ Κομάτα, τὺ θὴν τάδε τερπνὰ πεπόνθης,
καὶ τὺ κατεκλάσθης ἐς λάρνακα, καὶ τύ, μελισσᾶν
*κηρία φερβόμενος, ἔτος ὅλιον ἐξετέλεσσας.**

The song with which Simichidas contends against his rival is not of equal beauty; but the goat-herd hands him the crook "as a gift of friendship from the muses." Then he leaves the three friends, who resume their journey till they reach the house of Phrasidamus. There elms and poplar-trees and vines embower them with the pleasant verdure of rustling leaves, and the perfumes of summer flowers and autumn fruits. The jar of wine, as sweet as that which made the Cyclops dance among his sheep-fold, spreads its fragrance through the air; while the statue of Demeter, with her handfuls of corn and poppy heads, stands smiling by.

This seventh Idyll, of which no adequate idea can be conveyed by mere description, may serve as the type of those purely rustic poems, which, since the days of Theocritus, have, from age to age, been imitated by versifiers emulous of his gracefulness. If we could afford the space, it would not be uninteresting to analyse the Idyll of the two old fishermen, who gossip together, so wisely and contentedly, in their huts by the sea-shore, mending their nets the while, and discoursing gravely of their dreams. In this Idyll, which is, however, probably the work of some of Theocritus's imitators, and in the second, which consists of a singing match between two harvest men, the native homeliness of the Idyllic muse appears to best advantage.

With this brief and insufficient notice, we must leave Theocritus in order to say a few words about his successors. Bion's poetry, when compared with that of Theocritus, declines considerably from the Bucolic type. His Idylls are for the most part fragments of delicately finished love-songs, remarkable for elegance and sweetness more than for masculine vigour or terse expression. In Bion the artificial style of pastoral begins. Theocritus had made cows and pipes and shepherds fashionable. His imitators followed him without the humour and natural taste which rendered his pictures so attractive. We already trace the frigid affectation of Bucolic interest in the elegy on Bion: "He sang no song of wars or tears, but piped of Pan and cowherds, and fed flocks, singing as he went; pipes he fashioned, and milked the sweet-breathed heifer, and taught kisses, and cherished in his bosom love, and stole the heart of Aphroditè." As it happens, the most original and powerful of Bion's remaining poems is a "Song of Tears," of passionate lamentation, of pathetic grief, composed, not as a pastoral ditty, but on the occasion of one of those splendid festivals in which the Syrian rites of slain Adonis were celebrated by Greek women. The ἐπιτάφιος Ἀδώνιδος is written with a fiery passion and a warmth of colouring peculiar to Bion. The verse bounds with tiger leaps, its full-breathed dactyls panting with the energy of rapid flight. The tender and reflective beauty of Theocritus, the concentrated passion of his Simætha, and the flowing numbers of his song to Adonis, are quite lost and swallowed up in the Asiatic fury of Bion's lament. The poem begins with the cry, Αἰάζω τὸν Ἄδωνιν, which is variously repeated in Idyllic fashion as a refrain throughout the lamentation. After this prelude, having, as it were, struck the key-note to the music, the singer cries:

μηκέτι πορφυρεοῖς ἐνὶ φάρεσι Κύπρι κάθευδε·
ἔγρεο δειλαία κυανόστολε καὶ πλατάγησον
*στάθεα, καὶ λέγε πᾶσιν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἄδωνις.**

Notice how the long words follow one another with quick pulses and flashes of sound. The same peculiar rhythm recurs when, after describing the beautiful dead body of Adonis, the poet returns to Aphroditè:

ἁ δ' Ἀφροδίτα
λυσαμένα πλοκαμίδας ἀνὰ δρυμὼς ἀλάληται
πενθαλέα, νήπλεκτος, ἀσάνδαλος· αἱ δὲ βάτοι νιν
ἐρχομέναν κείροντι καὶ ἱερὸν αἷμα δρέπονται.
ὀξὺ δὲ κωκύουσα δι' ἄγκεα μακρὰ φορεῖται,
Ἀσσύριον βοόωσα πόσιν, καὶ παῖδα καλεῦσα.†

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* "How of old
The goat-herd by his cruel lord was bound,
And left to die in a great chest; and how
The busy bees, up coming from the meadows,
To the sweet cedar, fed him with soft flowers,
Because the Muse had filled his mouth with nectar.
Yes, all these sweets were thine, blessed Comatas;
And thou wast put into the chest, and fed
By the blithe bees, and passed a pleasant time."
LEIGH HUNT'S "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla."

* "Sleep, Cypris, no more, on thy purple strewed bed;
Arise, wretch stoled in black,—beat thy breast unrelenting,
And shriek to the worlds, 'Fair Adonis is dead.'"
Translation by MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

† "And the poor Aphroditè, with tresses unbound,
All dishevelled, unsandalled, shrieks mournful and shrill
Through the dusk of the groves. The thorns, tearing her feet,

There are few passages of poetical imagery more striking than this picture of the queen of beauty tearing through the forest, heedless of her tender limbs and useless charms, and calling on her Syrian spouse. What follows is even more passionate; after some lines of mere description, the ecstasy again descends upon the poet, and he bursts into the wildest of most beautiful laments:

ὡς ἴδεν, ὡς ἐνόησεν Ἀδώνιδος ἄσχετον ἕλκος,
ὡς ἴδε φοίνιον αἷμα μαραινομένῳ περὶ μηρῷ,
πάχεας ἀμπετάσασα, κινύρετο· μεῖνον Ἄδωνι,
*δύσποτμε μεῖνον Ἄδωνι, κ.τ.λ.**

The last few lines of her soliloquy are exquisitely touching, especially those in which Aphrodité deplores her immortality, and acknowledges the supremacy of the queen of the grave over Love and Beauty. What follows is pitched at a lower key. There is too much of merely Anacreontic prettiness about the description of the bridal bed and the lamenting Loves. Aphrodité's passion reminds us of a Neapolitan *Stabat Mater*, in which the frenzy of love and love-like piety are strangely blended. But the concluding picture suggests nothing nobler than a painting of Albano, in which *amoretti* are plentiful, and there is much elegance of composition. This remark applies to the rest of Bion's poetry. If Theocritus deserves to be illustrated by the finest of Greek bas-reliefs, Bion cannot claim more than an exquisitely chiselled gem. Certainly the 2d and 3d fragments are very charming; and the lines to Hesper (fragment 16) have so much beauty that we attempt a version of them:—

"Hesper, thou golden light of happy love,
Hesper, thou holy pride of purple eve,
Moon among stars, but star beside the moon,
Hail, friend! and since the young moon sets to-night
Too soon below the mountains, lend thy lamp
And guide me to the shepherd whom I love.
No theft I purpose; no wayfaring man
Belated would I watch and make my prey;
Love is my goal, and Love how fair it is,
When friend meets friend sole in the silent night,
Thou knowest, Hesper!"

In Moschus we find less originality and power than belong to Bion. His Europa is an imitation of the style in which Theocritus wrote Hylas; but the copy is frigid and affected by the style of its model. Five-and-twenty lines, for instance, are devoted to an elaborate description of a basket, which leaves no impression on the mind; whereas every leaf and tendril on the cup which Theocritus introduces into the first Idyll stands out vividly before us. Nothing, moreover, could be more unnatural and tedious than the long speech which Europa makes when she is being carried out to sea upon the bull's back. Yet we must allow that there is spirit and beauty in the triumph of sea monsters who attend Poseidon, and do honour to the chosen bride of Zeus; Nereids riding on dolphins, and Tritons, "the deep-voiced minstrels of the sea, sounding a marriage song on their long-winding conchs." The whole of this piece is worthy of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Moschus is remarkable for occasional felicities of language. In this line, for example,

εὖτε καὶ ἀτρεκέων ποιμαίνεται ἤθεα ὀνείρων,

an old thought receives new and subtle beauty by its expression. If Megara (Idyll iv.) be really the work of Moschus, which is doubtful, it reflects more honour on him. The dialogue between the wife and mother of the maddened Heracles, after he has murdered his children and gone forth to execute fresh labours, is worthy of their tragic situation. *ἔρως δραπέτης* again, is an exquisite little poem in the Anacreontic style of Bion, fully equal to any of its models. The fame of Moschus will, however, depend upon the Elegy on Bion. We have already hinted that its authenticity is questioned. In our opinion it far surpasses any of his compositions in respect of definite thought and original imagination. Though the Bucolic commonplaces are used with obvious artificiality, and much is borrowed from Theocritus's lament for Daphnis, yet so true and delicate a spirit is inbreathed into the old forms as to render them quite fresh. The passage which begins *αἰ αἰ ταὶ μαλάχαι* every dabbler in Greek literature knows by heart. And what can be more ingenuously pathetic than the *nuances* of feeling expressed in these lines:—

φάρμακον ἦλθε, Βίων ποτὶ σὸν στόμα φάρμακον εἶδες.
πῶς τεν τοῖς χείλεσσι ποτέδραμε, κοὐκ ἐγλυκάνθη;

Gather up the red flower of her blood, which is holy,
Each footstep she takes; and the valleys repeat
The sharp cry which she utters, and draw it out slowly.
She calls on her spouse, her Assyrian."
Translation by Mrs. Barrett Browning.

* "When, ah! ah!—she saw how the blood ran away
And empurpled the thigh; and, with wild hands flung out,
Said with sobs, 'Stay, Adonis! unhappy one, stay!'"—*Ibid.*

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τὶς δὲ βροτός, τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος, ἢ κεράσαι τοι
ἢ δοῦναι λαλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον; ἐκφύγεν ᾠδάν;*

And:—

τίς ποτε σᾷ σύριγγι μελίξεται, ὦ τριπόθητε
τίς δ' ἐπὶ σοῖς καλάμοις θήσει στόμα; τὶς θρασὺς οὕτως;
εἰσέτι γὰρ πνείει τὰ σὰ χείλεα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἆσθμα·
ἀχὼ δ' ἐν δονάκεσσι τεᾶς ἐπιβόσκετ' ἀοιδᾶς.†

Or again:—

ἀχὼ δ' ἐν πέτρησιν ὀδύρεται ὅττι σιωπᾷ,
κοὐκέτι μιμεῖται τὰ σὰ χείλεα.‡

There is also something very touching in the third line of this strophe:—

κεῖνος ὁ ταῖς ἀγέλαισιν ἐράσμιος οὐκέτι μέλπει,
οὐκέτ' ἐρημαίῃσιν ὑπὸ δρυσὶν ἥμενος ᾄδει,
ἀλλὰ παρὰ πλουτῆι μέλος Ληθαῖον ἀείδει.§

and in the allusion made to the Sicilian girlhood of grim Persephone (126–129). This vein of tender and melodious sentiment which verges on the *concetti* of modern art, seems different from the style of Europa. To English readers, the three elegies, on Daphnis, on Adonis, and on Bion, which are severally attributed to Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, will always be associated with the names of Milton and Shelley. There is no comparison whatever between Lycidas and Daphnis. In spite of the misplaced apparition of St. Peter, and of the frigidity which belongs to pastoral allegory, Lycidas is a richer and more gorgeous monument of elegaic verse. The simplicity of the Theocritean dirge contrasts strangely with the varied wealth of Milton's imagery, the few ornaments of Greek art with the intricate embroideries of modern fancy. To quote passages from these well-known poems would be superfluous; but let a student of literature compare the passages, πᾶποκ' ἄρ' ἦσθ' and ὦ Πὰν Παν with Milton's paraphrase, "Where were ye, nymphs;" or the concise paragraphs about the flowers and valleys that mourned for Daphnis, with the luxuriance of Milton's invocation, "Return, Alpheus."

When Shelley wrote Adonis, his mind was full of the elegies on Bion and Adonis. Of direct translation in his Lament, there is very little; but he has absorbed both of the Greek poems, and transmuted them into the substance of his own mind. Urania takes the place of Aphrodité,—the heavenly queen, 'most musical of mourners,' bewails the loss of her poetical consort. Instead of loves, the couch of Adonais is surrounded by the thoughts and fancies of which he was the parent; and, instead of gods and goddesses, the power of nature is invoked to weep for him and take him to herself. Whatever Bion and Moschus recorded as a fact, becomes, consistently with the spiritualizing tendency of modern genius, symbolical in Shelley's poem. His art has alchemized the whole structure, idealizing what was material, and disembodying the sentiments which were incarnated in simple images. *Adonais* is a sublime rhapsody; its multitudinous ideas are whirled like drops of golden rain, on which the sun of the poet's fancy gleams with ever-changing rainbow hues. In drifts and eddies they rush past, delighting us with their rapidity and brilliancy; but the impression left upon our mind is vague and incomplete when compared with the few and distinct ideas presented by the Doric Elegies. At the end of *Alastor* there occurs a touching reminiscence of Moschus, but the outline is less faint than in *Adonais*, the transmutation even more complete. Tennyson, among the poets of the nineteenth century, owes much to the Greek idyllists. His genius appears to be in many respects akin to theirs, and the age in which he lives is not unlike the Ptolemaic period. Unfitted, perhaps, by temperament for the most impassioned lyrics, he delights in minutely finished pictures, in felicities of expression, and in subtle harmonies of verse. Like Theocritus, he finds in nature and in the legends of past ages, subjects congenial to his muse. *Œnone* and *Tithonus* are steeped in the golden beauty of Syracusan art. "Come down, O maid," transfers, with perfect taste, the Greek idyllic feeling to Swiss scenery; it is a fine instance of new wine being poured successfully into old bottles, for nothing can be fresher, and not even the Thalysia is sweeter. It would be easy enough to collect minor instances which prove that the Laureate's mind is impregnated with the thoughts and feelings of the poems we have been discussing. For instance, the figure,

* "There came, O Bion, poison to thy mouth,
Thou didst feel poison! how could it approach
Those lips of thine, and not be turned to sweet?" LEIGH HUNT.

† "Who now shall play thy pipe, oh! most desired one;
Who lay his lips against thy reeds? who dare it?
For still they breathe of thee, and of thy mouth,
And echo comes to seek her voices there." *Ibid.*

‡ "Echo too mourned among the rocks that she
Must hush, and imitate thy lips no longer." *Ibid.*

§ "No longer pipes he to the charmèd herds,
No longer sits under the lovely oaks,
And sings; but to the ears of Pluto now
Tunes his Lethean verse."—*Ibid.*

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"softer than sleep," and the comparison of a strong man's muscles to smooth stones under running water, which we find in "Enid;" both of them occur in Theocritus.

It is time we should bring our paper to a close, recommending to all lovers of pure verse and perfect scenery that they should study the Greek idyllists upon the shores of the Mediterranean. Nor would it be possible to carry a better guide-book to the statue galleries of Rome and Naples. For in the verses of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, the æsthetical principles of the Greeks are both feelingly and pithily expressed; while the cold marble, which seems to require so many commentaries, receives from their idyllic pictures a new life.

ART. VII.—1. *Ueber Kohlensäureausscheidung und Sauerstoffaufnahme während des Wachens und Schlafens beim Menschen.* Von Dr. PETTENKOFFER und Dr. VOIT. München, 1867.

2. *On Sleep, and some of its Concomitant Phenomena.* By Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR. Northern Journal of Medicine, 1844.

3. *The State of the Brain during Sleep.* By A. DURHAM. Guy's Hospital Reports, Third Series, vol. vi., 1866.

"HALF our days," says Sir T. Browne, "we pass in the shadow of the earth, and the brother of death extracteth a third part of our lives." This is a true estimate of the time passed in sleep, for however exceptional the requirements of certain individuals may be, it is undoubted that, as a general average, there should be sixteen hours of wakefulness and eight hours of sleep during the day of twenty-four hours. The moderns as well as the ancients are inclined to view sleep as the brother of death. "It is that death by which we may literally be said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between death and life. In fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without prayers, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God."* There is more poetical feeling than scientific accuracy in this analogy. Not that there is any anomaly in the supposition that death alternates with life in the same individual. The whole life of an animal is accompanied by an incessant death of its parts; for every manifestation of muscular force, every sensation, every act of volition, nay, every intellectual thought, is accompanied by the death of the parts through which these were manifested to the world. It is the vegetable kingdom which is the cradle of organic life; the animal kingdom is the grave of organic death. As long as this death of parts is local, and capable of repair by the nutritive processes, which build new material into the same form and position as the dead matter that has been removed, the general life of the individual is not impaired. These partial destructions and constructions of parts are continuous, but not equal, for during a day of activity the former are greater in amount than the latter. Hence the necessity for a period of repose from labours, when both the muscles and the nervous system may be repaired—a period when a greater rate of nocturnal constructiveness in the body may balance the destructiveness of diurnal labour. Sleep is the period when an animal most resembles a vegetable in its functions of nutrition. Vegetative life is characterized by growth, and construction of organic matter. In sleep the animal is mainly a constructive machine, repairing all the parts which have been wasted during the day, and storing up force for use during the hours of wakefulness. It will be seen that we intend to examine sleep in its scientific aspect, laying to one side the metaphysics and poetry with which it is surrounded, while we solicit the reader's attention to the views which have lately thrown light upon a subject that has actively engaged the attention of thinkers from Aristotle to the present time.

It is necessary to the understanding of our subject, that some of the functions of the sections of the brain should be borne in mind. The encephalon, or brain, includes the entire contents of the skull, and is in connexion with the spinal cord, of which it may be viewed as a development. In the human brain, the upper part consists of two large hemispheres, termed the cerebrum, the supposed seat of intellectual activity. These become less in size and importance as we descend in the scale of animals, until, with some insignificant exceptions, they disappear in the invertebrata—fishes being the lowest animals which appear to have organs of ideation. Under the cerebrum is found the cerebellum, a distinct nervous region, which some physiologists believe to be intrusted with the powers of regulating and combining movements, although this exclusive power of co-ordination cannot be considered as established by experiments on de-

* Sir T. Browne.

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capitated animals. Opposite the cerebellum is a large tract of important ganglia, forming the sensorium, or seat of the instinctive actions. Impressions made on the organs of sense appear to be communicated to the cerebrum through the sensorium, so that as soon as the latter falls into torpor, no external impressions can reach the hemispheres to excite in them intellectual activity. Without going further into the divisions of the brain, we may assume that no one will now contend with Cartesius that the soul of man resides in the pineal gland, or in any other *nodus vitæ*, but that all will admit that the whole brain forms its throne, from which is issued the mysterious government of the body. Yet this does not remove the necessity for admitting that certain tracts of the brain have special functions, some for ideation, others for executing the commands of volition, others again for adjusting and combining movements, or for the communication of conscious sensations, although all the provinces are in combination, and under one common government, with which they must be in constant intercourse. All the tracts of the brain proper have the faculty of ceasing their activity, or of passing into the state of sleep. Under the sensory ganglia, however, is an important region, termed the *medulla oblongata*, which prolongs itself into the spinal cord, and may be considered as a part of the true spinal system. This system never sleeps, but is always watchful, for to it are intrusted the movements of the heart, lungs, and intestines, and most probably also the important duties of nutritive construction. If torpor passed upon such automatic centres, it could only be that sleep of death which is the great slip that launches organic matter into the inorganic world, and the soul into eternity.

The cranium is freely supplied with blood, for nearly one-fifth of its total quantity in the body circulates through the brain during its waking state. It was an old error among physiologists that there was more blood, or at least as much, during sleep as in wakefulness; but this was disproved by Blumenbach, and still more convincingly by Donders, who made a cruel, though striking experiment on the subject. He cut away part of the skull of an animal, and cemented in its place a piece of glass, through which he could observe the brain in its different states. This experiment has been repeated by Kussmaul and Tenner in Germany, by Durham in England, and by Hammond in America, with like results. In the waking state, the brain is larger than it is during sleep, while in the latter condition it becomes pale and bloodless. If the animal be disturbed by dreams, a blush suffuses parts of the brain; and after complete wakefulness the cerebral substance becomes turgid with blood, the whole surface being now a bright red, while vessels, invisible during sleep, are filled with blood coursing rapidly through them. The eye, which may be looked upon as an exposed part of the brain, acts in a similar way; for Dr. Jackson has shown that the optic disk is whiter, the arteries smaller, and the veins larger in sleep than in the waking state. In the circulation of blood in the brain, various precautions are provided to weaken the impulse in its ascent. It ascends against gravity in a vertical column, which, passing through an angular curvature, of the internal carotid artery, has its impetus lessened before it passes into the brain. On the other hand, everything favours the return of blood from the brain when it has done its work.'

There is another fluid in the brain which has a close relation to sleep, although its importance has not been recognised by writers on the subject. This is a watery fluid—the cerebro-spinal fluid—which bathes the brain on all sides, and in all its convolutions. It is secreted easily, and absorbed with equal readiness, so that, as the skull is a close cavity which requires to be always filled, a diminution of blood in the brain is attended with an increase of cerebro-spinal fluid. The spinal column and the brain are in intimate connexion, so that when the blood-vessels contract during sleep the fluid rises into the brain by atmospheric pressure; when they become turgid, the fluid is partially expelled from the brain into the spinal column. If the base of the skull is fractured, this fluid does not flow out while the patient is asleep, but begins to flow again from the orifice when he awakes. The cerebro-spinal fluid abounds in the brain of idiots, and others prone to sleep, and is in much smaller amount in the brains of persons of active intellectual habits.

Having now given a general description of the brain sufficient for our purpose, we proceed to consider the causes of sleep, after which its objects and uses will be again brought under review.

For a long time sleep was supposed to be a state of congestion in the brain, produced by a turgidity of the vessels. This is incompatible with recent observations already referred to, which have shown that there is much less blood in circulation in the brain during sleep than in the waking state. The old experiments supposed to prove a congested state of the brain in reality only

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produced a bloodless condition of it. Magendie injected hot water into the brain and induced sleep. But in doing so, he necessarily expelled blood, by introducing another fluid into the closed undilating cavity of the skull. For the same reason, sleep ensues when the aorta of an animal is tied, or when arterial blood is removed from the body by bleeding, but not to an extent which produces convulsions. The compression of the carotids in men occasions a sleep amounting to stupor, as has been long known, for Rufus of Ephesus maintains that the word *carotis* has its origin in this fact:—"Arterias per collum subeuntes carotides, *i. e.*, somniferas antiquos nominasse, quoniam compressæ hominem sopore gravabant vocemque adimebant." When arterial blood is withdrawn from an animal, and venous blood is injected in its place, sleep also ensues. The ultimate cause of these experiences is explained in the following passage, from the paper on Sleep by Dr. Lyon Playfair in 1844—

"Physiologists are agreed that, towards evening, or after a certain number of hours of work, the involuntary organs, the heart and lungs, lose their wonted activity, and suffer a periodical diminution of action. Blumenbach describes the case of a patient trepanned, in whom the brain was observed to sink during sleep and enlarge on waking, obviously arising from the circulation being diminished in the former state and increased in the latter. . . . Arterial blood alone can cause the waste of the brain, for venous blood has already parted with its oxygen to the materials met with in its course. Matter in a state of inertia cannot manifest the existence of a power. Motion alone shows that some power is in operation. If the portion of matter used as the organ of manifestation be placed in such a condition as to render that manifestation impossible, there is no evidence to the world that power was exerted. It has been perfectly demonstrated that every manifestation of power in the voluntary organs is accompanied by a change of the matter of which they consist. The changed matter being now unfit for vital structures, is separated from the body. Müller, and all other eminent physiologists, are of opinion that the same change takes place in the brain, the organ of the mind. In fact, the contrary opinion involves such violation of analogy, that its adoption, unless founded on the strongest grounds, is inadmissible. We look upon a spot attentively; it gradually waxes dimmer, until it finally disappears. We think upon a particular subject; in time our thoughts are less clear, soon they become strangely confused, and we are obliged to give up the attempt at concentration by thinking on a subject quite different from that which first engaged our thoughts. This of course implies that the organs of manifestation have become in part destroyed, and that the mind cannot manifest itself to the world until the impaired organs have again attained their proper integrity; for it cannot be conceived that the mind, disconnected with matter, could suffer exhaustion. This involves, it is true, the idea that different parts of the brain are employed in different manifestations. We know that as far as intellect and sensation are concerned, this is the case, and probability indicates a more minute division. If, therefore, the brain suffer changes, as do the other organs of the body by their exercise, there is as much necessity for repose in the action of the brain as there is for a vegetative state of existence to reinstate in their full integrity its various parts. Hence the necessity for that quiescent state of the mind known as sleep, when its manifestations cease. The waste of cerebral substance could only have been occasioned by oxygen, which is the only ultimate cause of waste, as far as we are aware, in the animal economy. A deficiency in its supply would therefore retard waste, and allow vitality to remodel its impaired structures.

"Such, then, is the state into which the body is thrown by the periodical diminution in the action of the heart and lungs. The less rapidly that the heart beats, the less rapidly can the blood be aerated, and the oxygen bearing fluid be supplied to the brain. The slower that the lungs act, the slower must oxygen enter the system to supply the diminished circulation. And as the brain in sleep is not in a state in which it can change, from a deficiency in the supply of oxygen, the consequence is (if it be admitted that the manifestation of thought and sensation is accompanied by changes in the material substance of the brain), that the manifestations of the mind are prevented, and it becomes no longer apparent to the external world. THIS, THEN, IS SLEEP."

The theory, thus succinctly stated, is, as we have seen, compatible with recent experiments on animals having part of their skulls removed and substituted by glass. The observations made through this transparent medium show that there is less arterial blood coursing through the brain during sleep, and that consequently the conditions of waste are absent, while there is still sufficient left to repair the matter which had been wasted. But if the theory is true, it must explain the common phenomena of sleep, and must not be in actual contradiction to the important discoveries of Pettenkoffer, who shows that oxygen is actually stored up in the blood in greater proportion in the sleeping than in the waking condition.

If the diminution of oxygen in the blood predisposes to sleep, the converse must be true, that its increase should tend to wakefulness. When a man is exposed to starvation, the inspired oxygen first attacks the fat and muscular tissues of the body, and while this emaciation is in progress he is low and depressed. After a time the substance of the brain yields to the circulating oxy-

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gen, and delirious paroxysms ensue, because the brain-matter now wastes too rapidly for regulated manifestations of the mind. Ultimately the heart becomes enfeebled, the blood flows sluggishly, and is less arterialized, so that the brain receives a smaller amount of oxygen; the delirium then subsides, and the sleep of death follows. The case of a drunkard is somewhat similar. At the beginning of his carouse, alcohol stimulates the action of the heart, which now sends blood rapidly to the lungs for aeration. A large supply of blooddisks consequently reach the brain, which is stimulated into activity. The ideas of the drinker now flow rapidly, at first coherently, but soon without control; the brain matter wastes too rapidly, and delirium ensues. During this time the volatile alcohol is diffusing itself through the system, converting arterial into venous blood, and loading that fluid with a spirit which has a tendency to prevent change in the tissues, so that the drunkard gradually becomes stupid, falls off his chair in the stupor of sleep, or, if too far gone, dies of venous apoplexy. In a like way intoxicating gas, the nitrous oxide of Davy, acts upon its inhaler. The first effect is to produce rapid arterialization of the blood, so that the inhaler has an ardent desire for activity. He tries to mount up into the air like a bird, or he becomes combative, and knocks down persons in his vicinity, while his ideas become wonderfully rapid, though incoherent. During this time carbonic acid is being abundantly formed, and its depressing effect soon ends the period of exhilaration. Under the influence of chloroform the period of exhilaration is usually momentary, for the vapour acts quickly on the blood, and soon changes that in the brain from a red to a purple hue. As the anæsthetic influence passes away, the purple hue fades, and numerous vessels filled with red blood again become apparent. Harley, in his experiments with blood, found that a small portion of chloroform added to it prevents transformation, and therefore yields the condition for sleep. The cases now cited show clearly that any cause which increases the flow of arterial blood in the brain produces cerebral excitement; while any cause which diminishes the action of oxygen produces depression, sleep, or torpor, according to its degree of action. The known tendency to sleep after dinner may be given as another illustration. When the stomach is distended with food, the diaphragm is made to encroach on the lungs, and diminishes their play, or, in other words, prevents the full access of oxygen to the blood. At the same time the stomach becomes charged with arterial blood, and the vessels of the intestines also are unusually full. If an animal in the act of digestion be killed, the vessels of the alimentary canal and of the liver are found to be gorged, while those of the brain, spinal marrow, and even of the muscles, are contracted and comparatively bloodless. Here, then, we have all the conditions of sleep. The postprandial sleeper now draws his chair close to the fire, in order that his nap may be undisturbed. There are two physiological reasons for this act. Less oxygen is entering his body to burn the food, and he feels cold; but this cold would excite the respiratory organs to increased activity, and disturb his contemplated enjoyment. An after-dinner sleeper temporarily resembles the permanent condition of a pig fattened for the butcher. In its case, fat accumulated round the viscera pushes up the diaphragm against the lungs, and compels them to play in a contracted space. When the animal further distends its stomach with food, it gives a few grunts as an ineffectual attempt at a more active respiration, and is in a deep sleep in a few minutes. Obese men, from a similar cause, are also prone to sleep.

"The tendency to sleep in different animals is in inverse proportion to the amount of oxygen consumed by them, and to the amount of carbonic acid produced. Thus reptiles and the naked amphibia produce, relatively to their weight, according to the experiments of Müller, one-tenth the amount of carbonic acid evolved by mammalia and one-nineteenth that of birds. We have no numbers to express the tendency to sleep of these animals, but it is known that reptiles are peculiarly liable to be in a state of torpor or sleep, while birds are, on the contrary, wakeful animals. A reptile, such as a frog, will exist in a state of torpor for hours in an atmosphere of hydrogen, while birds die in a few seconds with the ordinary symptoms of asphyxia. The same circumstance of a diminished supply of oxygen, which induces sleep in reptiles, acts also in different mammalia in the promotion of this state, according to the relative size or activity of their lungs. It also operates in a like way with different men." *

Having now seen that the proofs are tolerably conclusive that sleep is due to a diminished supply of arterial blood in the brain, or, in other words, to the inability of the brain-matter to undergo those changes through which the mind can alone manifest itself to the world, we now proceed to consider more in detail than we have yet done, the object and purposes of sleep. These are mainly—

* Dr. Lyon Playfair.

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1. The restoration of wasted organs.
2. The storing up of force.

We have as yet no exact measure by which we can ascertain to what extent the general tissues of the body wasted in the day are repaired during the night, though doubtless much is done in this way. As urea is the chief representative of waste, we might expect some light to be thrown upon the subject by ascertaining how much passes away at the different periods of the twenty-four hours. A man who spent two days, one at rest, chiefly in reading novels, the other at work with a turning-lathe, passed in the first day 58 per cent. of the urea in the day-time, and 42 per cent. during the night; while in the day of work 54 per cent. were eliminated during waking and 46 after sleep. As about 20 per cent. of the total quantity would have amply sufficed for the waste of the involuntary organs, which are still active during sleep, the figures show that the renewal of tissues and the removal of wasted matter are actively proceeding during the night. The cells, in which all organized tissues originate, have an independent vitality, and are not influenced in the performance of their duties by the sleep of the brain, so that nutrition still continues to be active, probably more active than at any period of the day, for construction is now the chief work of the body, the animal, during sleep, having chiefly a vegetative existence. The quiescence of the brain, and its inability to receive impressions or to send forth the commands of volition, permit a complete restoration of parts by delivering over the body to the entire control of constructive nutrition. Sleep, in this sense, is not the brother of death (*consanguineus leti,*) but rather the preserver of life. Somnus was very probably the son of Nox, for she gave birth to the day as well as to sleep; but the ancients may have been mistaken in making Erebus, a deity of hell, his father, for his birth betokens rather a celestial than an infernal influence.

During sleep force is stored up in the body in a remarkable manner, as has been shown by the experiments of Pettenkoffer. At Munich, the King of Bavaria has erected a chamber, supplied with every appliance for measuring the air which enters it and for ascertaining the composition of the air that passes from it. This chamber is sufficiently large to enable persons to live comfortably in it during the time that they are made the subjects of experiments. Among other remarkable results which have flowed from the enlightened liberality of the Bavarian King, we have a series of experiments made on various individuals during their waking and sleeping state. A healthy man was put into this chamber, with the light occupation of taking to pieces the work of a watch. Of the total quantity of oxygen inhaled by him 33 per cent. only were absorbed during the day, and about double, or 67 per cent., during the night; while the exhaled carbonic acid, the gaseous product of transformation, was 58 per cent. during the day and 42 per cent. during the night. In the day of mechanical labour, the difference between day and night was still more striking. These remarkable results, if they are confirmed by subsequent experiments, for which physiologists are anxiously waiting, prove that night is the chief period for storing up oxygen in the blood, to be used during the day in the production of work, when volition finds it ready at hand to execute the voluntary motions, and to enable the mind to make its manifestations through changes in brain-matter. If it be established that night is the time for storing up oxygen, the importance of sleeping in well-ventilated rooms cannot be too strongly insisted on. The workman has to store up his force during the night, and should take every precaution to assist Nature in fulfilling this important function. Pettenkoffer has compared this storing up of oxygen in the circulating blood to a mill-stream, which the miller can turn on one, one-half, or three-fourths, in exact proportion as the work requires. The will uses the blood-stream in the same way, having it always available for work. The miller has his mill-pond as a reservoir of force to supply the stream; while the will has its reservoir of force filled during the night, and amply sufficient to meet the wants of the day. But another analogy may perhaps explain the process still better, and serve to fix it in our minds. The little blood-disks sailing along in the stream of blood, with a vitality and motion of their own, may be likened to a fleet of tiny vessels in incessant activity. During the night they take in a cargo of oxygen in the lungs, and sail away with it to every part of the system. Some of them part with their cargo even during the night, and, laden with a return cargo of carbonic acid, sail back to the lungs, where they discharge it by exchanging it for a new supply of oxygen. But the greater number of our fleet are less active, and only discharge their oxygen during the day, waiting till night before they take up again a new cargo of this gas, which has so many important functions to perform.

What we have now stated as to the rich store of oxygen laid up in the blood during sleep, may appear to be inconsistent with the theory that it is due to a diminished oxidation of brain-matter. A little consideration

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will show that there is no inconsistency. Sleep arises when work has diminished the oxidation of the blood, and increased the amount of carbonic acid in the system, or, in other words, the quantity of venous blood. It is not improbable that the excess of carbonic acid in the blood has a direct influence in the result, for the experiments of Liston have shown that this substance has a positive sedative effect upon the elements of the tissue, paralysing for the time their vital energies. The brain has diminished in volume by work, as a muscle does, and a flow of cerebro-spinal fluid takes place, helping at the same time to expel the blood from the cranium. The brain no longer being in a condition to oxidise, rapidly falls into unconsciousness, and the mind sending no commands to the voluntary organs, enables the blood to devote itself to constructive instead of destructive work, and to get rid of its excess of carbonic acid, renewing at the same time its oxygen. The increased supply of the latter, however, finds only partial access to the brain, from which it is shut out by the cerebro-spinal fluid. As the blood, however, becomes richer in oxygen during the progress of the night, it courses through the larger arteries still open to it (for many of the capillaries become, by their contraction, too small to admit the blood-disks, and pass only *liquor sanguinis*), and the increasing oxygen becomes the condition of a natural awaking from sleep. This explains the experiments of E. Smith, who found that towards morning more carbonic acid is evolved, even during sleep, than is the case in the earlier hours of the night. As the oxygen augments in the blood-vessels of the brain wakefulness follows, because that element acquires power to compel cerebral change, and the mind now finds the material, placed at its disposal for external manifestations, renewed and invigorated by constructive nutrition during repose.

Hybernation is that state of winter sleep to which certain animals are subject. Among the most distinct winter sleepers are the bat, hedgehog, the marmot, the hamster, and the dormouse. The bear and beaver pass their winter in lethargy, but may be active enough if aroused. Cold-blooded animals, including the chelonian, saurian, ophidian, and batrachian tribes, have a winter of lethargic apathy, as also have some kinds of fishes. Diurnal and winter sleep are periodical phenomena differing only in degree. A bat sleeping during the day sinks in temperature just as it does in its long winter sleep. Hybernating animals have a degree of muscular irritability inversely proportionate to the activity of their respiration. Thus reptiles, with a sluggish respiration, have a high degree of muscular irritability, while birds, with active respiration, are much inferior in that respect. This provision is requisite during a long sleep to allow the low arterialized blood to stimulate the heart to action, otherwise the animal must die of asphyxia. In full hybernation very little respiration goes on at all. A bat during its sleep took sixty-six hours to produce 3½ cubic inches of carbonic acid, its temperature being only half a degree above that of the air. The hedgehog, which wakes every three or four days to get snails and worms for food, in its waking state has a temperature of 95°, and in its sleeping condition only of 45°.

"Perhaps I might venture to throw out an explanation of the winter sleep of animals. In summer they accumulate fat in their bodies, probably from the very fact of the smallness of their lungs, which prevents the entrance of a sufficient supply of oxygen to convert the surplus unazotised food into carbonic acid and water. This fat, accumulating around the caul and loins, pushes forward the diaphragm against the lungs. The fat also gathers round the edges of the heart and lungs, and still further diminishes the space in which the latter ought to play. Thus respiration is greatly retarded, in consequence of which the animal falls asleep. This explanation accords with the interesting experiments of Saissy, who has shown that hybernating animals decompose most when they are in a state of the greatest activity, that they respire less during autumn, as their fat accumulates, and that the respiration becomes extremely feeble at the commencement of their winter's sleep, and ceases when that sleep becomes profound. There is not continued cessation of respiration, for during the long-continued sleep of hybernating animals the lungs play slowly, several minutes often elapsing between each respiration; the diminished state of oxidation in their bodies is proved by their reduced temperature, which is generally not higher than 4° above that of the surrounding medium. In this state, they may be aptly compared to lamps slowly burning, their fat being the oil, and the lungs the wick of the lamp. If this view of hybernation be correct, very fat animals should show a disposition to sleep, and it is known that pigs in the last stage of fattening are rarely awake. Instances have occurred in which pigs, being placed in a favourable condition, have actually proved their capability of being in a state analogous to hybernation. Thus, Martell describes the case of a fat pig overwhelmed with a slip of earth; it lived 160 days without food, and diminished in weight 120 lbs." *

We can scarcely take leave of our subject without alluding to the phenomena of dreams and wakefulness, although we now leave the region of science for that of speculation.

* Dr. Lyon Playfair, p. 6.

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Wakefulness, more or less in degree, is the experience of every one under certain conditions, such as overwork of the brain, mental excitement, or the stimulus of tea or coffee. In certain forms of insanity this insomnia becomes protracted; and, as a result, mania passes by subsidence into dementia, because the destructive processes in the brain overpower the constructive nutrition, which is allowed no repose of cerebral functions to enable it to repair the wasted parts. When we work too hard or too late, all of us feel that the brain has been put into too active combustion by the increased flow of blood, so that we have not the power to quell the changes, and permit the brain to seek repose. Tossing uneasily on the bed, our efforts are to draw the blood to some other part of the brain, so as to give rest to the affected part. If our work has been such as to demand our reasoning powers, we excite the imagination, or we seek a monotonous mental occupation by counting a certain number, or go through the dreary task of reciting the list of kings and queens of England. All this is for the purpose of directing the blood-current to some other part of the brain, and to extinguish the fire which burns in the excited region. If all these efforts fail, we place our feet, and in extreme cases our whole body, in a warm bath, which, determining a flow of blood to the surface, removes it from the brain, and enables us often, with magical effect, to secure the coveted repose. Narcotics, as Harley has shown, have a wonderful effect in preventing the oxygen in the blood from transforming organic substances, and in extreme cases are used by the physician to combat cases of insomnia. Wakefulness in health is the result of excessive transformation of brain-substance, induced by the activity of mind which compels the change to enable it to manifest itself to the external world. In disease, this transformation, proceeding as a primary part of the phenomenon, induces the mental manifestations without balance or order, and results in delirium or insanity.

Dreaming appears to be simply a wakefulness of one portion of a nervous centre, while the other portions, and most probably the other centres, are in a state of sleep. Hence particular feelings or special kinds of ideas may be called into action by the transformation of one region of brain-substance, while other feelings or ideas are asleep, and are thus prevented by comparison and reflection from modifying those which are awake. Milton clearly sees this in a fine passage in which he writes of dreams when Reason is asleep:—

> "Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
> To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
> Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;
> Ill matching words and deeds long past or late."

It has already been mentioned that when a trephined animal is asleep, and appears to be disturbed by dreams, a blush starts over certain portions of the brain. During dreaming the face usually becomes flushed, from a greater access of arterialized blood. A phlegmatic person, whose heart beats slowly, and whose lungs are inactive, rarely dreams. The greatest dreamer is the man of nervous temperament, whose heart and lungs do not move with the steadfastness of the pendulum of a clock. The states of dreaming may be likened to, possibly are, local states of brain-inflammation proceeding from a determination of blood to particular parts, but which, like the tissues of incipient inflammations described by Liston, "have an intrinsic power of recovery from irritation when it has not been carried beyond a certain point." In fever, the rapidly circulating blood, propelled with unequal velocity, produces a tendency to delirious dreaming. The convulsive starts which take place in sleep, often accompanied by oppression, are perhaps occasioned not by an excess, but by a temporary deficiency of blood in the brain, produced by some obstruction arising from inconvenience of posture or other cause. Epileptic convulsions are suspected to be due to a bloodless condition of the brain, and generally arise after extensive hemorrhage; they are probably an exaggerated expression of the nocturnal starts in sleep.

Aristotle's treatise on Sleep contains many errors and some truths. Among the latter we class, though Lewes does not, his assertion that sleep is the period in which nutrition is most active. We do not understand that Aristotle limited the period of nutritive construction to sleep, but merely that then it was dominant. Undoubtedly nutrition proceeds all through the twenty-four hours—perhaps, in absolute quantity, in as great a ratio in the day as in the night. But we have explained that the manifestation of force is always accompanied by a degradation of tissue, and that, while activity continues, its waste must be at a greater rate than its reparation. If the destruction were exactly balanced by the construction, there need not arise fatigue or inability of tissues to continue their work; we see this exemplified in the heart and lungs, which have no cessation from labour, from the birth to the death of the individual. The period of repose is required for the completion of such repairs as the nutritive process, though always at work, was unable to over-

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take during the period of activity, and for a thorough overhauling, as it were, of the whole animal machine, so that it may be in perfect order for the next day's labour. It is this which, in the language of Shakespeare, makes life "rounded by a sleep." Lewes in his work on Aristotle objects to this view on the following grounds:—

"Were it true, the longest sleepers would be the strongest animals, since their repair of waste would be most effectual. Were it true, many dreadful cases of slow atrophy might be cured by opiates. Were it true, the sleepless maniacs, and men who sleep but little, would show a rapid destruction of substance. To admit that muscular and nervous tissue require intervals of *repose* is not equivalent to admitting that their nutrition is only, or even mainly, effected during sleep."—P. 260.

These objections do not appear to have much weight. It depends upon the activity with which nutrition is carried on in an individual, whether he may require a long or short sleep for the purposes of repair. Jeremy Taylor, John Hunter, Frederic of Prussia, Napoleon, Wellington, Humboldt, and the elder Descrozilles, could rise refreshed after two or three hours of sleep, while the average time required by mankind is eight hours. Long sleepers need not be strong men, as asserted in the above passage, even if nutrition is fairly active, for when the sleep is in excess of the requirements, as in the case of indolent and luxurious men who pass an inert life, the nutritive functions having done their work sink into abeyance, as there is no muscular or mental activity to cause further waste or to necessitate new construction. Nor would opiates in atrophy suffice to remove, though they might lessen, a disease which consists in the nutritive functions themselves being unable to fulfil their purpose. The protracted cases of wakefulness in persons afflicted with acute mania merely prove that nutrition still proceeds in that state; this no physiologist would deny, but the evidence that the destructive processes preponderate over the constructive is abundantly manifested by the physical and mental degeneration of the patient during the continuance of the insomnia.

We have written on the subject of sleep with a freedom which is justified by the present state of scientific inquiry. Though the mind acts through matter, the metaphysical writers on the insensative state of the mind, with the exceptions of such men as Bain, Laycock, Spencer, Maudsley, and Carpenter, dared not discuss the changes which notoriously influence its manifestations; and to say the truth, our feet have not yet crossed beyond the mere threshold of the inquiry. Birth and death are the Alpha and Omega of man's earthly existence, which begins and ends with sleep. Even the fœtus in the womb of its mother reposes in a state of continued sleep, produced by the arterial blood with which it is supplied being adulterated with venous blood before it reaches the growing brain. After birth, the infant spends much of its time in the vegetative state of its existence most favourable to its growth, for in its case the conditions of waste are subordinate to those of supply. In middle life these are balanced, the experience of mankind showing that one-third of an active existence is still required to keep the body in a state of repair through the constructive processes dominant during sleep. In the old man the nutritive processes of the body are less active than the causes of waste, and he therefore sleeps frequently in order to favour the action of the former. At last the destructive action seizes upon some vital organ, and the old man takes his last sleep in death. The sleep of death, from which there is no waking on this side of the grave, differs from the sleep of life by passing over existence at a period when the nutritive processes are not in a position to repair that which has been wasted.

ART. VIII.—1. *Facsimiles of National Manuscripts from William the Conqueror to Queen Anne.* Selected under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and Photozincographed by Command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, by Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E., Director of the Ordnance Survey. With Translations and Notes. Parts I.–III. 1865–1868.

2. *Facsimiles of National Manuscripts of Scotland.* Selected under the Direction of the Right Honourable Sir William Gibson-Craig, Bart., Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, and Photozincographed by Command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, by Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E., Director of the Ordnance Survey. Part I. 1867.

3. *Sculptured Stones of Scotland.* Aberdeen: Printed for the Spalding Club. 1856.

4. *Sculptured Stones of Scotland.* Volume Second. Edinburgh: Printed for the Spalding Club. 1867.

PHOTOZINCOGRAPHY has two great practical advantages over photography—first in the

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far greater facility with which copies can be multiplied, and secondly, in the more durable nature of the impressions. Photozincography is in a word the translation of photography to the printing-press. The representations which it gives us are not in those mysterious chemicals which grow paler almost as we look at them; but they are embodied in those old familiar materials of paper and ink which have already proved themselves so good a match against the waste of time. It was a happy thought of Sir Henry James that such an agency might beneficially be employed to multiply copies of the most important national documents. To the Director of the Ordnance Survey the credit belongs, not only of having made photozincography what it is, but also of having demonstrated its capabilities in the service of literature and art. A twofold benefit has been achieved by the execution of his plan. A great public service has been rendered in placing these records beyond the reach of loss by accident. Their matter had been long ago secured by print; now their appearance and their form are guaranteed against destruction. And in addition to this public service, an excellent contribution has been made towards the studies of the historian. From the most advanced down to the beginner in the lessons of history, there is not one who may not derive profit from the contemplation of these beautifully executed pages. And when we say "history," we use the word in that large sense which includes all manner of changes, whether in politics, commerce, art, costume, language, or education. Public thanks are due to all who co-operated in maturing so desirable a work. Particularly is it due to Mr. Duffus Hardy that his very important share should be acknowledged, for it is to him that we owe the excellence of the selection, of which no more need be said than that it is worthy of his office and reputation. To Mr. Basevi Sanders, one of the Assistant Keepers of the Records, in whose charge the documents have been during the process, by whom the proofs have been examined and compared with the originals, and who has made the translations and explanatory notes, while we must in some matters of detail occupy the antagonistic position of the critic, yet we do not hesitate at the outset to declare that he has laid us under obligations by the way in which he has, on the whole, achieved his elaborate and multifarious undertaking.

Of all the antiquarian relics which serve as an aid to historical study by mere force of quickening the imaginative energies, there is perhaps none which has a more telling effect than handwriting. The contents of ancient historical documents may, no doubt, be learnt most readily through the medium of print; but it is an appreciable aid to the mind to see the guise of penmanship in which such a document was drawn, to see the signatures of prominent personages, or to see actual letters as they were written by the chief characters in history. To dwell over the lines which their own fingers traced, to look at that which they had under their living eyes, is quickening to the imagination and fertilising to the mind.

We have seen it asserted that the reproduction of facsimiles was an idle labour, because the only value of ancient documents resides in their contents, and the originals are useful only as guaranteeing the genuineness of the contents. Were this altogether so, the study of old writing would still be useful as a preservative against false originals, and as a powerful aid, in many instances, towards the chronology of literature. There are cases well known to the literary student in which it becomes very desirable to know the date of ancient handwriting at sight. Many undated scraps of writing, such as marginal annotations in older books, and memorandums on blank leaves, have to be assigned to their true date by the practised eye alone; just as in so many remains of mediæval architecture. These are among the examples of utility which rise from an acquaintance with the general and prevalent form of penmanship as it existed at the various periods of history. But we maintain that, quite apart from all that connoisseurship which belongs to the archivist or keeper or interpreter of records, and quite apart from the materials of history contained in the records, it is desirable for the historian to be acquainted with the successive forms of handwriting as an aid by no means contemptible, for picturing the development of humanity, and adding to those threads of continuity and cross-bands of association which are so strongly desired by the historian.

But these considerations are more obvious than serviceable. The difficulty which is felt by those who catch occasional glimpses of original writings is to get the practical faculty of distinguishing the penmanship of one century from that of another. It is easy to say that a readiness in knowing the date of ancient writing at sight is a most convenient acquirement for a historian; but it would be more to the purpose to show how such a familiarity may, without too tedious a process of study, be acquired. No man can afford to spend months or years in such a contemplation, even though he

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might expect to be rewarded by that kind of familiar knowledge which a shepherd is said to have of the physiognomy of every sheep in his flock. The forms of mediæval writing seem to the occasional observer too indeterminate or too much alike to supply differentiating characteristics. The fact is, there are very few persons who have ever had the opportunity which is now presented, of surveying from end to end the course of transfigurations which English handwriting underwent.

The perusal of the handsome volumes now before us has led us to a clue which we think will render it comparatively easy to recognise every stage of penmanship at a glance. We think that a natural course of sequence may be found, as truly as it has been discovered and acknowledged in architecture. It may seem strange to the younger half of the present generation to be informed that the time is not yet out of living memory when mediæval architecture presented to the bulk of educated men as disorderly a jumble of arbitrary forms as mediæval writing still seems to do to most of us. And as the one has been found by patient study to open out into a beautiful series of æsthetic developments, so it is not impossible that some shadow of a like phenomenon may be discovered in penmanship. In developing this idea we must assume a knowledge in outline of the general course of the history of Gothic architecture. This is perhaps not too much in the present day to expect of most of those readers who are likely to take an interest in mediæval penmanship. Almost every one of any historical taste has found it necessary to acquire a general knowledge of the characters of the Norman, Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, Tudor, Elizabethan, Laudian, and Italian styles of architecture, with their chronological relations to each other.

In the comparison which we propose to institute, we have a useful end in view, even though our theory should turn out to be merely fanciful. There is hardly any subject more obscure, and at the same time hardly any more attractive and fascinating, than the unsuspected connexions which often exist between widely different branches of human art. What, for instance, is the real explanation of the coincidence between the development of Printing and the decline of Painting? Up to that time the book-making art and the graphic art had been the closest allies. The change which increased the diffusion of books, turned the artist writer into the artisan printer. The manufactured book dispensed with the aid of the the draughtsman and the illuminator. A school of art was lost. This much is plain; but still this hardly seems an adequate cause for that marked decay. The connexion is more obscure than might at first sight be supposed.

It appears to us not improbable that in the radical relations of things there is a real connexion between the series of forms which developed out of each other in architecture and those which succeeded each other in handwriting. If such be the case, it makes a very interesting and remarkable example of a conscious and purposeful series of artistic works accompanied, as by a shadow, with a dimly similar succession of æsthetic products, unconsciously or half-consciously designed. And if there be nothing in the notion, if it be purely accidental or purely fanciful, still it may not prove absolutely useless for the practical purposes of the historian and archæologist, if it have only that semblance of reality which may lend itself as an artificial aid to the memory.

We are not aware that anybody has treated of handwriting in this artistic point of view, yet it certainly is quite capable of such treatment. That handwriting is something more than a mechanical work, is indicated in the familiar idea of guessing the character of the writer by his writing. When the mind is thrown into the form, the product begins to enter the realm of art. In our day, when everybody writes for himself, and the form of writing is little regarded, there is abundance of physiognomy in the various hands; but neglect of form prevents it from touching upon the borders of art. When writing was in a few hands, and the writers were an order or a profession, they became, more or less consciously, artists. Their caligraphy had a history, which is truly a branch of the history of art, and the changes which it underwent must be attributed to the working of some such art-instinct as that which leads to novelty in dress or in architecture. In these latter the type and standard of beauty is subject to variation, more frequently in the one case and more rarely in the other; and in like manner we see in writing not merely an infinite variety, like that of physiognomy, which is due no doubt to the infinite variations of individual character; but we also see, as in the case of dress and architecture, a succession of standards or types of beauty which from time to time make their appearance, win their way, extinguish some former type, culminate, and then sooner or later retire to make way for the next innovation.

There is a general and comprehensive sense, to start with, in which the course of English

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mediæval writing corresponds to that of architecture. They both occupy the same space of time; they rise together and fall together. We lay no stress on the term Gothic as applied to both, except as a testimony to the above fact; because there is no doubt that it was applied to the one in consequence of its companionship with the other. Gothic characters were so called simply because they were found to predominate on Gothic monuments and in Gothic buildings. The term Gothic, as applied to art, is said to have been started in derision by an Italian writer of the sixteenth century. If so, it was a most appropriate inauguration for a word which was presently to stand forth as the antithesis, in so many respects, of that which was Italian or Roman, or (more generally) classic. It represents in a general way the outgrowth of the northern mind of Europe as opposed to that of the southern. In philology and ethnology it comprehends the two great subdivisions of the Teutonic and Scandinavian families, from whom has proceeded everything which has constituted the distinction between the modern European civilisation and that of the Roman empire. Gothic architecture was a product of the north, perhaps of Normandy; but it nowhere had so long a career, it nowhere was so thoroughly domesticated, it penetrated the nooks and glens of no country so completely, as of England. Gothic handwriting also was a northern taste, which developed in the north-west of Europe; but in no country did it pass through such a succession of delicate transformations as in this country. The main grand result, that of the black letter, is indeed common to many lands, in a form almost identical. This was through the great commerce of literature which connected the Universities of Europe, and which led to the possession of a common writing-character for literature. This is the character commonly meant when "Gothic writing" is spoken of, but we must vindicate that expression as belonging to the whole series of varieties of the pointed style in penmanship. We only grant to the black letter that it is "the Gothic" *par excellence*, or the "Square Gothic," or the "Monkish Gothic." The great Romance lands of Italy and Spain never lost the roundness of their hand, although it was not quite unaffected by the influence of northern Europe. And it was this roundness which at length returned upon us with the revival of classic lore, and extinguished our native architecture and handwriting at the same time.

The three volumes of English historical monuments, extending from the Conquest to the year 1600, include the entire period of that peculiar mediæval style of penmanship, in which there is so much to explore. At the opening of the series (Vol. I. No. I.) we see the decline of the style which preceded the Gothic,—a style which was, in fact, a British type of Romanesque. At the close of the Third Part the last lingering traces of the Gothic are being effaced by the general preference for the Italian hand, at the time when the Renaissance was changing the face of all things (Vol. III. No. XXV. and No. LV.) The earliest specimens still belong to that round hand in which the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts are written, and which has from this circumstance been sometimes called the Anglo-Saxon character. But this is not a good designation, because the Irish, Scottish, and Saxon manuscripts are all equally written in this character, whether the contents are in the Vernaculars or in Latin. What gives interest to this style of writing is the fact that it is peculiar to the British Isles, though not peculiar to the Saxons. It is the monument of that intellectual dominion which Ireland once exercised over the British Isles, and which extended itself beyond our seas to many parts of the Continent. This type of handwriting, whose origin we shall glance at by and by, begins to lose its character soon after the Conquest. Already in the two short Saxon documents with which the present series opens, we perceive a great declension from the bold round hand of the Saxon books. But in fact it was not a mere decline; it was a change in fashion. The same king who first imported the use of Norman seals, imported also the fashion of Norman writing. Not without justice has Edward the Confessor been styled by some historians the first of our Norman Kings. The change which Saxon penmanship admitted in his day finds no parallel in our history, as a foreign innovation, until the entrance of the Italian hand in the sixteenth century. This is partially visible in the remarkable historical document with which the series opens (Vol. I. No. I.) The continental manner is discernible as a modification, but there is no assignable instance of departure from the Saxon penmanship, except in the form of the *f*. But it is more evident in Domesday (No. III.), a work of the last quarter of the eleventh century. The penmanship of this great national record has been made largely known through the excellent and extraordinarily cheap facsimiles which have been issued from the Ordnance Survey Office, under the direction of Colonel Sir Henry James. It is now in the power of every one who has a taste for history or antiquities, to possess, for three or four

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shillings, the whole Domesday survey for his own county, separately bound. The writing of Domesday may almost be fixed on as the latest which still retains somewhat of the roundness of the earlier caligraphy. Nothing could have been better suited than this particular hand is for the preservation of such a mass of details as are enshrined in this voluminous catalogue. Whatever obscurity may hang over the interpretation of Domesday, it is hardly ever aggravated by uncertainty as to the reading. This period, which we now take leave of, corresponds both in time and æsthetic expression to that architectural period which is characterized by the semicircular arch.

To this state of things there succeeds half a century of transition, in which the old roundness is not quite lost; but there is a manifest tendency to grow pointed. Of this stage the present collection supplies two good specimens, of the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. The former is a charter to St. Andrew's Church at Rochester; the other a confirmation of the convent at Wikes (No. XI.). To the first of these is appended an illustrious list of signatures, in the sense in which the word was applied at that time. The parties contracting or consenting did not anciently sign by writing their names, but by making the sign of the cross with pen and ink. Our words *sign* and *signature* are thus derived from the *signum crucis*, which meant the standard or emblem of the cross. The scribe wrote the signer's name to his signature. And accordingly, in the facsimile before us, the writing does not change with each name, of Archbishop Lanfranc, Archbishop Thomas of York, etc., but the fashion of the cross is different for every one—so different, that it is not altogether unreasonable to suppose that such a signature might have been afterwards recognised or disowned, from its very form. It is in the reign of Henry II. that the tendency to seek beauty in a new direction is clearly pronounced. We observe a studied and delicate manipulation which makes it plain that handwriting was become a fancy. There is a progressive elegance in the body of the writing, accompanied by an outgrowth of the tall letters, which in the previous style hardly emerge above their fellows. Connected with this is the larger space now allowed between the lines, up through which, as if towards some lofty ceiling, the long letters shoot their graceful shafts, tipped off at their summits with a gentle flourish, like the delicate chapiter of an early English column. This progress is well exhibited in the present collection between the numbers VI. (Henry II.) and XIII. (Richard I.) The numbers XII. and XIII., which fill one page, present an admirable and instructive contrast, which tends to carry on the history of penmanship one step further. For while the first of these two exhibits to the full the development already described, the second displays most strikingly the awakening consciousness of artistic effect, so that while utility reigns in the one piece, elegance is dominant in the other. No clear account can be rendered in description of the means by which this contrast is effected. Yet the contrast is palpable and obvious. A finer nibbed pen, a touch as of etching rather than writing, a subdued flourish (not luxuriant), an indulgence of fantasy in capital letters, but, more than all, an enlarged widening of the lines,—thus redoubling the effect of lightness produced by the interlinear expanse. Here the last traces of Norman massiveness are abolished, and the tall ogival gracefulness of the first pointed style is fully developed. And if we look abroad to see how far these features are peculiar to our domestic history, and how far borrowed from foreign patterns, we shall see just what meets us in architecture,—that something like it is found in foreign specimens, but nowhere the very same thing. That which the course of history most naturally suggests a comparison with, is with the writing usual at the Court of Rome. Now if we compare a Bull of the same period (as we may do in the Scottish Series, No. XLVII.), we shall see the same tallness, with some sense of gracefulness, but without the ogival pointedness. All through the mediæval period the Roman handwriting eschewed angularity, as Roman architecture never grew pointed. And it was that Roman roundness which was destined to overcome and extinguish the Gothic style by and by.

Hitherto we have had before us only examples of the most fastidious penmanship, but now our illustrations pass into a different region. The next few pages are occupied with Pipe Roll extracts, in which the general characters of the prevalent style are traceable, but much blurred by the habitual drudgery of the scribe. In most of the examples in this handsome collection we have the more choice performances; but here we have the hackneyed and monotonous penmanship of the office-desk.

The next example to be noted is the grand historical monument of the Magna Carta (No. XVI.). Here we are arrested by a change in the style; we recognise a development distinct from that which we have thus far traced. In fact, we have stepped aside into a separate department of caligraphy. The object was to get a long document into

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the surface of a single sheet of vellum; and for this purpose it was not the ordinary business style of penmanship which was adopted, but that of literature, which naturally had preserved an archaic manner, and which had learnt the art of compression from the habit of dealing with large quantities of material. Hence the writing of Magna Carta (1215) carries us back a century or more, and indeed it is not very much more modern than that of Domesday. It is in the book-text of the day.

At this point we are at the root of one of the chief causes of difficulty to the student of mediæval writing. If all the varied forms which present themselves could be catalogued in one direct series, could be arranged in a single line on the same plane, as the variations of architecture may (with slight deflections for local peculiarity) be arranged, then it is probable that the history of writing would have been long ago cleared up. But the fact is, that there is more than one style in use at one time, so as to be distinct from each other, yet not without blendings and mutual influences. The business hand and the literary hand having once established a separate existence, took their own several lines of development, along which they travelled at very different rates of velocity. The one described a short course, and performed it very slowly and deliberately; the other passed with comparative rapidity through a long succession of phases. So that in the middle ages, when there was but one way of multiplying books, namely, by the pen, there existed two fashions of written characters, as distinct from each other as our present manuscripts are from print. The one of these was cursive or running hand, and was used in business, and the other was reserved for literature and the greater acts of diplomacy.

But to return to our æsthetics. By the middle of the thirteenth century, penmanship, no less than architecture, had entered into the florid mood. A very choice little example is No. XVIII., a grant to Trinity House, A. D. 1256. It reminds one of the exuberant flourishes at the beginning of our juvenile copy-books, except that it is infinitely superior in taste. The next to it has the same character, with less careful execution, and more compressed; perhaps it is a mere office copy, as the subject is a proclamation. It is one of the most curious bits of early English that time has spared; if, indeed, it be not absolutely singular and without a parallel. It is the earliest specimen of English on the Rolls. As it has rarely been printed, and never before now published in a correct form (even in Professor Craik's *Outlines of the History of the English Language* a few blots remain), it may not be considered superfluous to insert some of it here:—

"PROCLAMATION OF HENRY III. TO THE INHABITANTS OF HUNTINGDONSHIRE, A.D. 1258.

"Henr' thurg Godes fultume King on Engleneloande, Lhoaverd on Yrloande Duk on Norm' on Aquitaine and Eorl on Aniow send igretinge to alle hise halde, ilærde and ilæwede on Huntendon' schir'.

"Thæt witen ge wel alle thæt we willen and unnen thæt thæt ure rædesmen, alle other the moare dæl of heom, thæt beoth ichosen thurg us and thurg thæt loandes folk on ure kuneriche, habbeth idon, and schullen don, in the worthnesse of Gode, and on ure treowthe, for the freme of the loande, thurg the besigte of than toforen iseide redesmen, beo stedefæst and ilestinde in alle thinge a buten ende.

"And we hoaten alle ure treowe, in the treowthe thæt heo us ogen, thæt heo stedefæstliche healden and swerien to healden and to werien the isetnesses thæt beon imakede and beon to makien, thurg than to foren iseide rædesmen other thurg the moare dæl of heom, alswo alse hit is biforen iseid.

"And thæt æhc other helpe thæt for to done, bi than ilche othe, agenes alle men: Rigt for to done and to foangen. And noan ne nime of loande ne of eghte: wherthurg this besigte muge beon ilet other iwersed on onie wise. And gif oni other onie oumen her ongenes, we willen and hoaten, thæt alle ure treowe heom healden deadliche ifoan.

"And for thæt we willen thæt this beo stedefast and lestinde, we senden yew this writ open, iseined with ure seel, to halden amanges yew ine hord. Witnesse us selven at Lunden', thane egtetenthe day on the monthe of Octobr', in the two and fowertigthe yeare of ure cruninge. . . . . .

"And al on tho ilche worden is isend in to æurihce othre shcire ouer al thære kuneriche on Engleneloande. And ek in tel Irelonde."

["Henry, through God's help, King in England, Lord in Ireland, Duke in Normandy, in Aquitain, and Earl in Anjou, sends greeting to all his subjects, learned and lay, in Huntingdonshire.

"This know ye well all, that we will and grant that that which our counsellors, all or the more part of them, that be chosen through us and through the land's folk in our kingdom, have done and shall do, in honour of God and in loyalty to us, for the good of the land, through the providence of the aforesaid counsellors, be stedfast and lasting in all things aye without end.

"And we charge all our lieges, in the fealty that they us owe, that they steadfastly hold, and swear to hold and to defend the statutes that be made and be to make through the aforesaid counsellors or through the more part of them, in manner as it is before said.

"And that each help the other so to do, by the same oath, against all men, Right to do and

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take. And let no one seize land or goods, wherethrough this provision may be let or weakened in any wise. And if any person or persons come here-against, we will and charge that all our lieges hold them deadly foes.

"And for that we will that this be steadfast and lasting, we send you this writ open, signed with our seal, to hold amongst you in hoard (store). Witness ourself at London, the eighteenth day in the month of October, in the two and fortieth year of our crowning.

. . . . . .

"And all in the same words is sent into every other shire over all the kingdom in England. And also into Ireland."]

A marginal note on the original describes this document as *Carta in Idiomate Anglico missa ad singulos Comitatus Angliæ.*

Here Mr. Basevi Sanders has given the actual text in his accompanying illustrations, instead of, as in other instances, a modern version only. We think it would have been a better plan if the original words had in all cases been printed opposite the facsimiles, and we are glad to see that in the Scottish series this course has been adopted. It is much harder, however, to give a correct transcript of the original than to give a translation of it. Many little shades of doubt as to the actual writing may create no doubt at all as to the substantial meaning. We think Mr. Sanders has mistaken his text when he copies it as "King ov Engleneloande Lhoaverd ov Yrlande Duk ov Normandie ov Aquitaine and Eorl ov Anjow," and we believe that in all these cases the word is not "ov" but "on." The reader will understand that there being no proper "v" in the writing of this date, but only the letter "u" for both purposes of *v* and of *u*, a doubt may well rise as to whether a *u* or an *n* is intended by the writer. But as we have said, this is one of those little shades of difference which vanish when the piece is rendered into modern phrascology.

The beautiful writing, of which we have spoken above, with its tall shafts, light flourishes, and graceful foliations, lasted from Henry III.'s reign to the time of Edward III. Amid all its incidental variations it has one most constant feature, and that is the foliated growth of the long letters. This is so marked as often to make the line a row of leafage like border patterns on Wedgwood's porcelain. One of the best chosen illustrations in Astle's *Origin and Progress of Writing*, Plate XXV., exhibits this with great effect. In the reign of Richard II., that marked period of change, this elegant style gradually underwent degradation and neglect. Having culminated in the latter half of the thirteenth century, just at the time when Gothic architecture reached the acme of its vernal beauty, it sank first into conventionalism and then into contempt, and knew no after-bloom.

But, as in the pointed architecture, when the decorated was growing florid and fulsome, there came in a style which may be said to represent the dignity and staidness of the well-balanced character in mature life, and which insured to Gothic architecture another century of fruitfulness and splendour, so also in mediæval caligraphy had there been a collateral provision made, whereby a sort of perpendicular style, of weightier character and steadier equilibrium, should succeed to the fugitive glories of the now deflorescent cursive or court-hand. This was the famous text-hand of literature and diplomacy, which has since passed under a variety of names, as Old English, Text-hand, Square Gothic, Monkish Gothic, Church Text, Book-text, Black Letter.

Already, in speaking of Magna Carta, we have noticed the early indications of a second style of penmanship. As we proceed from the middle of the thirteenth century the distinction becomes more pronounced between the cursive-hand of social and commercial usage, and the text-hand of learning and the higher diplomacy. At Nos. XXII. and XXIII. (A.D. 1296) we have extracts from Ragman Roll, in which this contrast is well exhibited by comparison with the writing of Nos. XXI. and XXIV., which latter, as opposed to the scholar's text-hand, has been called the court-hand. As we proceed, the contrast becomes more and more pronounced. In the Ragman Roll the future black letter is by no means as yet formed, but there is an indication of what it was to be.

Of the two extracts here given from Ragman Roll, the first (XXII) is in French, and the second (XXIII.) is in Latin. The former contains some of the forms of homage exacted from the Scots in 1296. The latter is the docquet or notarial attestation of the foregoing instruments. The French part is of far more value and interest than the attending Latin clauses. Especially the recital of the oath of homage merits attention. It runs thus:—

"Jeo serrai feal e leal, e foi e leaute porterai au Roi Edward, Roi D'engleterre, e a ses heirs; de vie, e de membre, *e de terrien honeur*, contre totes gentz qui purront vivre ou morir; e jammes pur nuly armes ne porterai, n'en conseil n'en eide ne serrai contre luy ne contre ses heirs, en nul cas qe poet avenir: si m'eyde Dieus e les seintz."

That is, in modern English:—

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"I will be feal and leal, and faith and loyalty bear to King Edward, king of England, and to his heirs; with life and limb and *territorial lordship*, against all persons who can live or die [*i. e.*, all mortal men]; and never for any one will I either bear arms or be of counsel or aid against him, or against his heirs, in any case that may happen. So help me God and the Saints."

We have deviated from Mr. Sanders's rendering of "terrien honeur" by "earthly honour," because, though it is perhaps used with the right meaning, it seems hardly to bring out the peculiar territorial value of the "honor" of that time, which meant seigneurial jurisdiction, and from which so many great properties are still known as "Honours."

The full development of the Old English character does not appear in this series, from the fact that it became more and more confined to literature. The Ragman Roll offers a nearer approach to it than any other of the pieces here facsimiled. Of its reflex influence on business documents, we have an example in No. XXIX (A.D. 1871), the deed which is so famous for the supposed sign-manual of the Black Prince. But although it is not strictly within the scope of these volumes, we may be permitted to follow out that most conspicuous and most permanent of all the sorts of alphabetic character which have flowed from the mediæval pen. By the middle of the fourteenth century this form of writing had reached maturity, as may be seen by a fine example exhibited under glass in the Bodleian Library. This is a noble folio Psalter from Norwich, containing the following inscription: *Psalterium fratris Roberti de Ormesby monachi Norwyc' per eundē assignatū chori ecclie Sce Trinitatis Norwici ad jacendū pro Suppriore qui pro tempore fuerit in ppetuum.* The label attached to this splendid book assigns A.D. 1840 as a proximate date.

We may assume the middle of the fourteenth century as the date by which the black letter had attained such maturity of form as was to be attained with pen and ink. But another field lay before it, as we shall presently explain. It was the work not of the scribe, but of the engraver, to bring this character to that clean-cut and delicately-tipped outline which is its distinguishing perfection. When Caxton first used a fount of black letter in 1477, it had already experienced a metallic development of considerably more than a century.

It was in the fourteenth century that this character assumed its dominant position as the most dignified of all forms of writing. In the course of this century it became the received character for lapidary inscriptions and the legends of seals. At the beginning of the fourteenth century this letter had not yet been put to this use; at the close of the same century no other was recognized. Previous to this the character employed in epitaphs, seals, and coins, was the Lombardic capital, which was introduced about the time of, if not by, Archbishop Lanfranc, the whilom Lombard lawyer. This fine round barbaric variation of the old Roman uncial is well known to the ecclesiologist in the lettering on the stone coffin slabs for that long period during which the leading words were rather GIST ICY than HIC JACET. This period closed in the fourteenth century. In that century, during which French yielded to English in courts of law and in literature, and during which Latin took the place of French in lapidary inscriptions, it also happened that the Gothic black letter superseded the Lombardic roman, in epitaphs and for the lettering of seals. And the date of this change may, for the convenience of round numbers, be fixed with sufficient precision at 1350. The seals of Edward III. have the round lettering till the date 1360, and after that the black letter. Mr. Boutell, in his *Monumental Brasses of England*, has indeed given an example of black letter on a brass as early as 1320, from Kensing Church in Kent, but it does not appear on what evidence that date is assigned. Our own experience seems to us to warrant the general conclusion that the transition in regard to seals took place about 1360, and with regard to monumental legends half a generation earlier. After this time the old Lombardic capital fell back into the position of a fanciful variety, for ornamental uses especially in initials. But there was one great exception to this. The coinage, on which this Lombardic letter had not fully superseded the ruder Saxon capital until the reign of Richard I., retained the Lombardic without change until the close of the reign of Henry VIII., when the revival of classical learning caused a return to the form of the original Roman uncials. Thus the black letter, though on seals it was universal, never appeared on the coinage at all, and we believe we are right in saying (with all deference to the better information of numismatists if we are mistaken) that the earliest British coin that ever has borne the black letter was the florin of 1853.

From this digression on the development and collateral expansion of the black letter, if we now return to our photographic facsimiles, we shall find that although, as be-

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fore said, the mature black letter is not found here, yet there are various approximations to it, in the case of handwritings, on which it had exercised a main influence. In more instances than one we find the same page of the book containing specimens where one leans to the black letter while the other keeps to the more secular style. This contrast is well shown in the Nos. XLV. and XLVI., which are upon one page. Likewise Nos. LVI. and LVII., also upon one page, illustrate the same contrast. The first is a letter from Sir Simon Stallworthe to Sir William Stoner, describing the troubles in London A.D. 1483; and the other, in book-text, is an ancient receipt for making ink. These two styles of writing had now a recognised distinction which was the equivalent for that which in our day exists between written and printed characters.

At No. XXXV. we come upon a new phenomenon in the story of handwriting. Hitherto, we have been concerned only with the professional scribe or secretary, now we see the writing of noblemen and gentlemen, beginning with the royal name-signature in autograph. It has been much discussed which of our kings was the first to write his own name. If the examples here produced may be considered as complete evidence on the question, we should assign that distinction to Richard II. (No. XXX.), in a document of the year 1386. The previous piece (No. XXIX.) has the manner of being signed by the well-known motto of the Black Prince. But as regards this signature our own impression is so exactly anticipated by Mr. Basevi Sanders that we cannot do better than quote his introductory note:—

"XXIX.

"Writ of Privy Seal by the 'Black Prince' for the grant of a pension to John de Esquet. Dated at Angoulême, 25th April, 1371. It is difficult to say with certainty whether the curious signature attached to this document is really Prince Edward's autograph or not. No other is known of his to test it by. From the instructions given, however, in his will, for the order of his funeral, we may infer that the mottoes, of which the signature is composed, were used by him to represent his name. By these instructions he directs that his body be borne to the grave, preceded and followed by banners bearing the words in question, 'Homout. Ich dene,' which words are also sculptured on his tomb at Canterbury. The meaning of the first is conjectured to be 'High Courage;' concerning the second, so much has been written that it would be superfluous to discuss the question here."

But, however it may be about the signatures, we have in No. XXXV., for the first time, an entire letter written by a princely hand, technically termed a holograph letter. This term has been already applied by Mr. Sanders to No. XXXI., a letter from Lord Chancellor le Scrope; but it does not appear to us so obviously written by the Lord Chancellor as No. XXXV. does plainly appear to have been written by the Prince. It is from the Prince of Wales afterwards Henry V., to Richard de Clifford; and it is in French. A certain similarity may be traced between this handwriting and the stronger and bolder form in the fine characters from the hand of Richard III. (No. LVIII.), where he, A.D. 1483, continues in a postscript the letter written by his secretary; also the large loose scrawl of Henry VII., of whose handwriting we have here four folio pages, A.D. 1503-1506. The same writing substantially is that of No. LXVI. This latter is perhaps the most extraordinary document in the English language. It consists of Henry VII.'s instructions to his Ambassadors whom he sent to visit the young Queen of Naples, with their answers to the several parts of their instructions. All these are written in the princely hand which continued to be fashionable until the great innovation of the sixteenth century. In this hand we can only exceptionally and doubtfully catch traces of personal physiognomy. But it has a class character well and sharply expressed. It may for distinction's sake be called the aristocratic. This name will be appropriate, because, in the highest regions of society, it yielded very reluctantly to the next new fashion, that is to say the Italian, or rather (for we shall have to subdivide) the Italianish. In the hands of secondary dignitaries it proved less obstinate, and this is why we assign it the provisional designation of the aristocratic. This hand, which was emphatically the social and fashionable hand, prevailed so largely in the fifteenth century, that considerable volumes were written in it, more especially those of the lighter kinds of literature, and such as would be acceptable at Court. Several of the Chaucer MSS. are of this aristocratic handwriting. Meanwhile, books of logic and theology and history continued to be written in the text-hand, which had already begun to stiffen into immortal type.

Such are some of the chief outlines of the varieties of English handwriting up to the invention of Printing. But we have as yet hardly mentioned that particular hand which was the model of Caxton's first fount of metal types. It was natural that those who were the first designers of types, should choose the last new fashion of writing; so that our oldest printing corresponds to the latest development at the close of what may be called the proper manuscript period.

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As we turn over and examine successively the pieces that are published in the National MSS., we come, in the middle of the fifteenth century, upon a hand (No. XLVI.) which seems entirely out of the lines of development that we have been tracing. It is in English, and of the year 1454 (33 Henry VI.], and is a petition to the Protector for letters of safe-conduct. The next piece (No. XLVII.) is in a similar hand. If we now compare these with No. LXII., a letter from Anne, Duchess of Brittany, A.D. 1490, we shall easily see that this must be a French style, which had got into England as French fashions did pervade England in the fifteenth century. This French hand was in fact a modified Italian, which perhaps first entered this island through France, but which was destined to conduct the English taste towards a complete imitation of the Italian style. It is that peculiar sort of penmanship which has above been touched upon as more fit to be called Italianish than Italian. It acted as the transition from the now degenerate and straggling Gothic to the round and regular Italian, which won its ultimate and perfect triumph in Queen Elizabeth's writing. This semi-Italian semi-Gothic style was in great favour with connoisseurs and admirers of fine penmanship, and was much affected by secretaries. In this hand some of our most beautiful English manuscripts are written; and, as an example, we may mention the Duke of Devonshire's fine manuscript of Chaucer at Chatsworth. This was the hand which served Caxton, or Caxton's instructor, as the first model for his type (A.D. 1474), and it went by the technical name of *Secretary*, a designation which indicates, as we presume, that it was copied from the writing most approved and practised in that profession. The selection of this latest novelty as the pattern of his types, is in perfect harmony with the subjects of his earliest books, which were books of pleasaunce and entertainment. Printing was at first regarded as a superior sort of toy, which would depend for its patronage on that leisurely class who could spend time on chess and romances and "Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophers." To catch and please the eye of this class, "the Secretary" was pitched upon as the most appropriate model of type. But after his first two founts, he took to printing graver things, and had founts of the black letter.

We are not aware whether the Secretary has had a continuous existence from that day to this, or whether it has returned to use after a period of suspended function (as in the case of the black letter); but be this as it may, the Secretary is at this day one of the varieties of fancy type known to the printer. It is much altered from its original character, and looks like a mere decorated *Italic*. As an example, we will print in the modern Secretary a passage in the words of Caxton. It shall be a short notice on the invention of printing, written by Caxton himself in the last book of the *Policronicon*, 1482. Caxton, narrating the events of the year 1456, thus expresses himself:—

Also about this tyme the crafte of Enpryntyng was fyrst founde in mayounce in Almayne, whiche crafte is multiplyed thurgh the world in many places. & bookes ben had grete chepe and in grete nombre by cause of the same crafte.

Before we quit the first volume we will quote a piece or two out of the remarkable document we have referred to of Henry VII.:—

"Item, they shall in like wise endevour theym to undrestande whethre the yong Quene speke any othere langages then Spaynysshe and Italyone, and whethere she can speke any Frenshe or Latene. As to thys article as farre as that we can understonde and knowe that the saide yong Quyn can speke no langages exessepte Spanyshe and Italyan, hit ys saide that she understondithe bothe Latyne and Fraynshe, but she spekithe none.

"Item, specially to marke and note welle the age and stature of the said yong Quene and the feturys of hir bodye. As to this article as to the age of the saide yonge Quene, hit ys 27 offe yeres olde, and not muche more; and as to the stature of hir person, we can not perffetely understonde nor knowe, for comenly when that we came unto hir presence, hir Grace was sytteynge on a pelowe, and other 2 tymes we sawe hir on hir foote goynge over thwarte a chambur that was not broode, wher she came yn at a dore, and came unto the Quyne, hir moder, beynge in the same chambur, and satt adoune by hir, at the whiche bothe the tymes she ware solippers, after the maner of the contrey, in suche wyse that we cowde not come to any perfite knowliche of the heizghte of the saide Quyne.

"And as to the fetures of hir body of the saide yonge Quyne, for as muche as at alltymes that we have seyne hir Grace, ever she hadde a grete mantelle of clothe on hir, in suche wyse after the maner of that contrey, that a man shall not lizghtely persayve anythynge exsepte oonly the visage; wherefore we cowde not bein centeyne of any suche fetures of hir body; but as farre as that we can persayve and juge, that she ys of no highe stature, but of a myddelle stature after owre jeugement, by the rea-

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sone of the heizghte of hir slippers, wherof we have seyne an ensampelle.

"Item, specially to marke the favour of hir visage, whethere she bee paynted or not, or whethere it be fatte or leene, sharpe or rownde, and whethere her countenance bee chierfull and amyable, frownyng or malincolyous, stedefast or light, or blusshing in communicacion.

"As to thys articule, as farre as that we can persayve or knowe, that the saide Quyn ys not payntede, and the favore of hire vissege ys after hir stature, of a verrey good compas and amyabille, and some whatt rounde and fatte, and the contenance cheirfulle and not frowneynge, and stedfaste, and not lizght nor bolde, hardy in speche, but with a demewre womanly, shamefast contenance, and of fewe wordes, as that we coude persayve, as we can thynke that she utterede the fewer wordes by cause that the Quyne, hir moder, was present, the whiche hadde alle the sayenge, and the yonge Quyn satte as demeure as a mayden, and some tyme talkeynge with the ladyes that satte aboute hir with a womanly lawzgheynge chere and contenance, and with a goode agravite alweys, the ladyes talkeynge with hir haveynge theire contenances towardes hir Grace with reverence and onor and obediens."

The second volume of the National MSS. is made up of select documents from the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and forms a rich body of illustration for the handwriting used in this island and on the Continent during the first half of the sixteenth century. The pieces here given are, for the most part, in the handwriting of persons who are familiar to us. There are letters and autographs of Henry VIII., of Queen Catherine, Mary Tudor, Cardinal Wolsey, the Emperor Charles V., Queen Margaret and James V. of Scotland, Anne Boleyn, Cranmer, Latimer, Catherine Parr, Edward VI., Francis I., Prince Philip (afterwards Philip II. of Spain), Cosmo de' Medici, the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, Gustavus Vasa, Lady Jane Grey, and other names of the highest distinction in history.

These documents have a manifold value for the historical information they afford, and for the light they throw on the English language. It is not perhaps generally known how great, and even insuperable, are the difficulties which attend the investigation of the mother tongue at any date prior to the eighteenth century. Almost all the older books which are in our hands have been so modified in the transition that they are utterly useless for the purposes of philological study. The true Bible of 1611 is one of our most valuable monuments of English, but it is very imperfectly represented, speaking philologically, by the current reprint of the authorized Bible. We do not say this by way of re-echoing the blame which, some years ago, was unjustly cast upon the privileged printers for the multitude of little alterations which have been introduced without authority into the authorized Bible. The Bible of 1611 is practically for the bulk of the people at this day a book written in a dead language; and the minute reprint of that Bible some twenty years ago, by the authorities of the Oxford University Press, formed a decisive answer to all such complaints. But the fact remains that we have not, in our Bible, a book which carries us back to the English of 1611. Then, if we go to Shakespeare, how very few of the readers of the national poet have ever seen a dozen lines written and spelt as he wrote and spelt them! Until quite lately, that is to say in 1864, when Mr. Booth gave us his pretty reprint of the folio of 1623, and still later when Day and Son brought out the handsome facsimile of the first folio, executed in photolithography (a portion of which folio was copied by photozincography, as we understand, at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton), the original English of Shakespeare was absolutely inaccessible to the student who did not happen to live within reach of one of the great libraries. To this we may add further, that every extract that was made from a writer of the sixteenth century or earlier, was more or less modified when it assumed the form of a quotation.

So that it is not too much to say that a good domestic library in England shows its poverty in nothing so much as in its want of genuine examples of the early English language. We are not forgetting such excellent and careful reprints as Mr. Thomas Wright's *Canterbury Tales*, or Professor Reinhold Pauli's *Gower*, but with these are mixed, in large proportion, works which, like the small edition of the *Paston Letters*, give the reader a mixture of modern and ancient utterly useless for all purposes of study.

We have said so much on this subject, because it might not otherwise be apparent to the reader how new a thing it is to have a collection of written English of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries set before our eyes with *facsimile* exactness.

The second piece (Vol. II.) is remarkable for its signal interest both in minstrelsy and in history, as well as for the illustrations of genuine English which it offers. It is the report of the Battle of Flodden (1513) which was brought to King Henry VIII. as he was laying siege to Tournay, in France. Underlined are the words—"and the Chesshire and Lancasshire men never abode stroke, and fewe of the gentilmen of Yorkshire abode, but fled." This representation makes a figure in the Ballads, as may be seen in

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Bishop Percy's collection of Ballads, lately published by the Early English Text Society. But as an example of the interesting bits of English which may be found in these State Papers, we quote the following little paragraph: "The Lord Hawarde caused his vawarde to *stale* in a lytelle valey tylle the rerewarde were joyned to oon of the wynges of his bataille, and then both wardes in oon fronte avaunced against the Scottes, and they cam downe the hille and mette with them in good ordre after the Almayns maner withoute spekyng of eny worde." We have put the word *stale* in italics, because it is a word of unusual literary interest in our language. The meaning is,—"he caused his vanguard to rest or (perhaps) to camp in a little valley until," etc. To show how significant this word is, we will venture to propose a correction of Sir Frederic Madden's version of the *Layamon*, at a place where this word is concerned. After Arthur's victory at Bath, the beaten Saxons are in retreat, and moving hastily up the slope of Hampton Down. There the Saxon leader "at stod and sæc stal worhte," which the learned editor has rendered "withstood and eke battle wrought." We suggest that it means that he "came to a stand-still, and even made a camp," or at least, a rest, a bivouac. To the reader who knows how great a place Sir Frederic Madden's *Layamon* holds in the modern restitution of decayed English knowledge, it will hardly be necessary to add that any correction of such a work must be offered with diffidence.

As some further example of the beauty of this genuine English, we will take a couple of extracts from No. XXIX., a paper which the editor entitles as follows:—

"INSTRUCTIONS to the ENGLISH AMBASSADOR at the FRENCH COURT for Answer to certain Overtures made by the Count of Nassau, and referred to the King by Francis I. through Monsieur de Brion, Admiral of France, his Envoy Extraordinary; and also in reply to a communication made to His Majesty by the Admiral on behalf of King Francis, with reference to his renouncing the title of 'King of France.'—[March 1585.]

"Forasmoche as Monsieur de Brion, Admyral of Fraunce, nowe here in Ambassiade to the Kinges Majestie from his goode Brother and perpetual Allye, the Frenche Kinge, hathe, syns his arryval here, on the Frenche Kinge his maisters behaulf, aswel opened unto the Kinges Highnes certain overtures made unto the Frenche King by the Countie of Nasso at his late being in Fraunce; whereunto the said Frenche Kinge hathe, ne wil, make any directe answer without the counsail, consent, and agrement of the Kinges Majestie, forasmoche as their moost firme and assured amytie, friendship and intelligence dothe soo require; as also commened with his Grace touching his resolucion in some thinges moved to his Majestie by his saide goode Brother the Frenche Kinge at their late entrevieu at Calays. The Kinges Highenes, moost thankfully accepting the gratuitie and kindnes of his saide goode Brother in his behaulfe, hathe thoughte convenient to answer to every part of the saide Monsieur ladmyralles credence in maner and forme ensuyng. First, where the saide Monsieur Ladmyral hathe declared how the Countie of Nasso at his late being in Fraunce made overture unto the Frenche King on themperours behaulfe for 2 mariagies to be treated on; thone betwene the Dolphin and the Lady Mary the Kinges Doughter; thother betwene themperours Sonne and the saide Frenche Kinges yongest Doughter. The Kinges Majestie, as his Grace cannot but moche mervayl to see, perceyve and considre herin themperours malice, which, devising to enfeble and diminishye the strenghtes and puissance of bothe Princes by the dissolucion of the moost entyer ande assurede amytie, wold tak his begynning in suche a mater, as neyther he hathe any maner of interest in (as in dede he hathe not in the Lady Mary) nor the Frenche Kinge canne with his honour hearken unto it: being the thing soo openly and manifestly grounded uppon rancour and malice, bothe towardes the Frenche Kinge and the Kinges Majestie, as thereby it evidently apperethe he only myndethe the dissolucion of this amytie for the better acchieving of some of his oune purposes, without consideracion or respecte of his old frendes, conformably to his accustumed maner of dealing, whiche sekethe only to the dishonour of al Princes, as the saide Frenche King, who hathe susteynede great and sundry dishonours at his hande, dothe wel knowe, his present commoditie and advauntage with an insaciable appetite aspiring to the hole Monarchie of Christendom. Soo, his Grace nothing doubtethe but the synceritie of his goode Brother is suche towardes him as neyther he wil give eare to any pece of this overture tending to the dissolucion of their moost assured amytie, ne yet soo lightly passe it over but that he wil with himself deeply perpende and waye bothe what dishonour he hathe susteynede at themperours hand and also howe, by the only harkenyng unto this mater, he wold procure yet more dishonour to him, bothe by the moving of him to set fote in a mater certainly voide of al honour, and also by covert meanes and untrue suggestion to incense him to the violacion, or at the lest to the interrupcion, of his amytie and frendeship with his moost certain and assurede frende the Kinges Highnes, to the great dishonour of his name and corone for ever in the opinion of al the worlde. Whiche the Kinges Majestie doubtethe not his said goode Brother wil of his highe wisedome consider as appertaynethe to his honour and utterly to surcease any further to commune in this behaulfe.

. . . . . .

"The Kinges Highenes before he shal answer to this pointe, will moost entirely beseche

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his goode Brother that, in like maner as his Grace at the last determyned entrevieue, was contentede, at his saide goode Brothers desire, not to have pressed him to the making of any semblable lawes to those agreede uppon here by the hole Realme for preservacion of the rightes and priveleages of the same, assauted by the injuryes of the Bishop of Rome, soo, albeit his saide goode Brother, aswel for the zeale he berethe to truthe and justice, as therby to shewe unto the Kinges Highnes gratuitie, shuld percace desire the Bisshop that nowe is, who hathe ever confessede the justice of his cause, for thoner of his See to revoke and denounce voyde and frustrate the injust and slaunderous sentence given in prejudice therof by the late Bisshop diceasede. Yet the Kinges request and desire is to his saide goode Brother, that he, treating with the saide Bisshoppe herof, for correspondence again on his part, shall in noo wise move or desire his Grace to the violacion of any lawe passed in that behaulf, as a thing whereunto he wil in noo wyse condesende or agree. For, to be frank and playne with his saide goode Brother, his Majestie woll in noowise, directly or indirectly, confesse the Bisshop of Rome to have any jurisdiction in Princes. And therfor to conclude, the Kinges Highenes, obteyning this request of his saide goode Brother, and the saide Bisshop pronouncing by his meane the saide sentence voyde, woll not only be content to treate with him for his satisfaction in the renouncing of the said title but also to commune uppon a mariage to be concluded betwene the noble Princesse, his moost entirely beloved Doughter and Heir the Lady Elisabethe, and the Duke of Anguilesme his goode Brothers yongest Sonne: whiche overture his Highenes doubt not his saide goode Brother wil esteme as appertaynethe."

Equally curious is the diction and orthography of one of the martyrs of the English Church, as exemplified in No. XXXI.:—

"Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, to Lord Cromwell, October 19 [1537].

"Ryght honorable. Salutem in Christo Jesu. And syr here ys no lesse joynge and rejossynge in thes partees for the byrth of our prynce, hoom we hungurde for so longe, then ther was, (I trow) inter vicinos att the byrth of S. J. Baptyste, as thys berer Master Evance can telle you. Gode gyffe us alle grace, to yelde dew thankes to our Lorde Gode, Gode of Inglonde, for verely He hath shoyd Hym selff Gode of Inglonde, or rather an Inglyssh Gode yf we consydyr and pondyr welle alle Hys procedynges with us from tyme to tyme. He hath overcumme alle our yllnesse with Hys excedynge goodnesse, so that we ar now moor then compellyd to serve Hym, seke His glory, promott Hys wurde, yf the Devylle of all Devylles be natt in us. We have now the stooppe of vayne trustes ande the stay of vayne expectations; lett us alle pray for hys preservatione. Ande I for my partt wylle wyssh that hys Grace allways have, and evyn now from the begynynge, Governares, Instructores and offyceres of ryght jugmente, ne optimum ingenium non optimâ educatione depravetur. Butt whatt a grett fowlle am I! So, whatt devotione shoyth many tymys butt lytelle dyscretione!

"Ande thus the Gode of Inglonde be ever with you in alle your procedynges.

"The 19 of October.

"Youres H. L. B. of Wurcestere now att Hartlebury.

"Yf you wolde excytt thys berere to be moore hartye ayen the abuse of ymagry or mor forwarde to promotte the veryte, ytt myght doo goode. Natt that ytt came of me, butt of your selffe, &c.

(*Addressed*)

"To the Ryght Honorable Loorde P. Sealle hys synguler gode Lorde."

With faithful specimens of this kind before us for the later period, and with the excellent reprints of the Early English Text Society for the early period, there is now a chance even for a man living in the country to trace the history of his mother tongue if he be so disposed. Perhaps it may gradually come to be considered, whether as a subject of study and a medium of education, the English language does not offer equal, or even greater, advantages than the classic languages in antiquity. Those languages we study in one brilliant portion of their career, the age of Pericles or Augustus: and however great the benefits we may derive from that study, one thing is certainly not attained, namely, the knowledge of the manner in which a language develops itself through the long centuries of its formation: a kind of knowledge which, more perhaps than any other, imparts to the student an insight into the spirit of history.

If we turn now to consider this second volume in relation to the penmanship it displays, there are two features which commend themselves more prominently to our attention. These are the development of individualism in handwriting, and the gradual discontinuation of Gothic characteristics.

As a useful example of the first, we may refer to Nos. IV., V., and VI., which contain three letters from Thomas Ruthall (A. D. 1513), Bishop of Durham, to Cardinal Wolsey.

The first of these is in a professional hand, corrected by the Bishop, the other two are in his own cursive writing; and they have in their way as much individuality as the human countenance itself. This is a new feature of the second volume, one which can be very slightly illustrated from the first. It is a thing which could only grow when writing had become a life-long habit, and the manner of its execution had developed itself

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with all the other traits of the personal character; and above all, where men write for themselves, and with the *abandon* of men writing their own thoughts. Even in the present day the clerkly hand of those who write officially is, except in the upper grades of the profession, chiefly characterized by this lack of individuality. It would be easy to multiply examples from the volume before us, but it would be unprofitable for the reader who has not the illustrations at hand, and unnecessary for him if he has. No. IX. is, though a secretary's writing, strongly marked with this individuality — as we might indeed expect from a secretary of such degree as was Dr. Richard Pace, whose fame is immortalized in a salient passage of Shakespeare's play of *Henry VIII.* Act II. Scene 2. Of this "one Doctor Pace," Cardinal Campeius says to Cardinal Wolsey,—

"They will not sticke to say, you enuide him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greeu'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide."

The piece before us is dated July 5, 1518, and is addressed to Cardinal Wolsey. The character of the "forraigne man" is seen in his handwriting. By means of it alone we are able to divine that he had been prepared for continental diplomacy by an Italian education, even if it were not known as an historical fact that Thomas Langton, Bishop of Winchester, had sent him to Padua, and furnished him with the means of completing his studies there. On his return to England, he settled at Oxford, and afterwards accompanied Bainbridge, Archbishop of York, to Rome, in the latter part of the year 1509. These particulars are all useful as illustrative of Dr. Pace's handwriting. It is the first sample in this collection of which we may say, that if not absolutely free from Gothic touches, it may yet be safely pronounced an Italian hand. This hand now begins to prevail more and more, while the Gothic turns and twists and angles are gradually eliminated. But it appears that we have in this letter of 1518 a remarkably early example for so ripe an Italian hand. We find nothing of the kind to compare with it until we come to Nos. XXXVII. and XXXIX., which are two of the most perfect specimens of this kind in existence. The first of these, which is a letter of congratulation from Cosmo de' Medici to Edward VI. on his accession is as perfect as the most regular italic prints of the time; and the second, written in the same year (1547) by the Princess Elizabeth, is a pretty specimen of young-ladylike caligraphy. There is another example of Elizabeth's handwriting in the third volume, No. XXV. It was written to Queen Mary, 1553–4, when the Princess was twenty years old. It bears marks of great care and study to write the Italian hand (or, as it was then denominated, the Roman hand) to perfection. Editors and critics of Shakespeare have taken pleasure in discovering allusions to the Virgin Queen in some of the incidental features of his heroines; and it might not be absolutely absurd to ask whether he had the penmanship of Queen Elizabeth in view, when in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Scene 4, he makes Malvolio comment on the letter of Olivia in the following terms: "I think we do know the sweet Roman hand." This is a charming and appropriate epithet for the fair penmanship which is now under view, as contrasted with the ragged arachnæan scrabble which the degenerate Gothic now exhibited in the writings of those who still kept to the old aristocratic style (see Vol. II. No. XLI.) Between the two numbers on which we have last commented stands a letter in the handwriting of the Princess Mary, which exhibits a graceful admixture of the two elements, the old and the new. By the next number, No. XL., which is a letter from King Gustavus I. of Sweden to the Lord Protector Somerset, May 20th, 1548, we see that the Italian handwriting was now well established in the northernmost Court of Europe. This letter is, moreover, interesting from the fact, that here, for the first time in the whole series, we meet with Arabic numerals.

The Arabic numerals have an almost unparalleled combination of interests clustered about them. No problem is more curious for the philologer than the origin and development of these figures. Professor Max Müller has gone into this particular aspect of the Arabic numerals, in one of the Essays lately republished under the title of "Chips from a German Workshop." To the mathematician and astronomer they are the alphabet of his vast calculations. Those who desire to fathom their remote history must read Professor Müller. Here we deal only with their introduction into the modern European system of writing. This is involved in great obscurity. Hallam's researches led him as high as the year 1282 for the first known example of an Arabic numeral in English writings. In this instance, which he calls the first indisputable instance of the employment of these figures in England, a 3 was inserted in a public instrument for want of room to put in IIIum. For a long time these numerals were regard-

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ed as a sort of technical signs pertaining to abstruse study, much as algebraic marks are now regarded, and the knowledge of their peculiar use was designated Algorism. At length their great convenience gradually won popularity for them, and we may suppose that they were very generally familiar when they were first used in the legend of a coin in 1513.* It was one of the triumphary mints struck at Tournay, on the conquest of that place. It is a silver groat, bearing on the obverse HENRIC 8, and on the reverse CIVITAS TORNACENCIS 1.5.1.3. But the use of these figures on the coinage was rare and exceptional until towards the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, when its more general use entered, together with the change from Lombard to pure Roman lettering. And this is very closely indentifiable with the date of 1548, at which we come upon the first Arabic numerals in the National Manuscripts.

The two next numbers illustrate, in a very striking manner, how wide was the divergence between two types of writing which were both familiarly known at this time in the best society. Both of them are of the year 1548. No. XLI. is from the Lord High Admiral Seymour, and it looks at the first glance like a page of short-hand, or of Arabic; it forms a good example of the latter end of Gothic handwriting. It is curious to observe that he signs his name in the Italian hand. We may conclude that he had learnt the old aristocratic hand in childhood, and wrote it with ease, but had acquired the Italian later in life. No. XLII. is the "Roman hand" of Lady Jane Grey, and is as regular as a printed book.

If, as they say, the German ladies are now beginning to discontinue their traditional Gothic caligraphy, and to write in the "Roman hand," then we may expect to see in that country the co-existence of two styles of handwriting in the latter end of the nineteenth century much like that which is observed in England in the middle of the sixteenth. German typography has already declared itself in favour of the Roman type, and it is hardly possible that the reformation of their handwriting should be long delayed.

In the Third Part we have many cases of well-marked contrast between the two rival forms of writing. The very first page exhibits that contrast by two well-selected examples. In the same month of July 1553, a patent for appointing a certain person Sheriff of Whitshire was signed by Queen Mary; and another in the same form, ordering the identical man's appointment, was signed by Lady Jane Grey. The professionally written instruments are in the Gothic court-hand, and "*Marye the Quene*" is in a sort of Secretary hand, while "Jane the Quene" is in pure Roman.

The despatch of the English ambassadors at the Court of Charles V. to Queen Mary (No. VIII.) is a fine example of the "aristocratic." The next number, from Cosmo de' Medici to Queen Mary, is in the most perfect Italian hand. So are the hands of most of the European potentates, or of their secretaries, which are here reproduced. It is plain that the English Court lagged far behind in the fashion of writing. While Cosmo Duke of Florence, and John III. of Portugal, and Sigismund Augustus of Poland, and Mary Duchess of Cleves, and Ferdinand King of the Romans, and Maximilian King of Bohemia, and others of the same class, either write, or cause to be written, letters which might be mistaken for printed italics, the English magnates still scrawl in the downright barbarian Gothic style, except the Princess Elizabeth, whose round boyish juvenile hand we see at No. XXV., already preparing for that "sweet Roman hand" for which she was afterwards distinguished. The most masterly and overpoweringly perfect example of Italian caligraphy, however, comes from the Burgomaster and Magistrates of Dantzic, to Queen Mary, No. XXX. Mary Queen of Scots, from whom there are several letters, writes an excellent Italian hand in 1561, No. LV.; but the beauty of it is greatly impaired by 1565, in the next piece; and still more so by the year 1576, when she wrote the piece numbered LXXVI. John Knox wrote Gothesque; but James VI. writes a carefully formed Italian hand. At the close of the sixteenth century the two rival forms of penmanship still face each other; and such is the state of things with which the third volume ends. We are, therefore, not yet arrived at the stage in the story of English writing at which we hope to test for ourselves the value of Mr. Darwin's recently published observation:—

"On what a curious combination of corporeal structure, mental character and training, must handwriting depend! yet every one must have noted the occasional close similarity of the handwriting in father and son, although the father had taught his son. A great collector of franks assured me that in his collection there were several franks of father and son hardly distinguishable, except by their dates. Hofacker, in Germany, remarks on the inheritance of handwriting; and it has even been asserted that English boys when taught

* A groat of Henry IV. bearing Arabic numerals is suspected to be a fabrication.

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to write in France naturally cling to their English manner of writing."—*Animals and Plants under Domestication* (1868), vol. ii. p. 6.

In the above remarks, we have thought to trace some semblance of a relationship between the penmanship and the architecture of the Middle Ages. Thus much can hardly be disallowed; that there is a succession of styles, which may fairly be characterized as the Round, the Pointed, the Decorated, the Perpendicular; and that these, or what survived of them, were sooner or later swept aside by that preference for Roman forms which is known as the Renaissance. Black-letter books ceased sooner in some lines than in others, the Bibles being among the latest that were printed in black letter. By the year 1700 black letter was almost in absolute disuse. Through the whole of the eighteenth century it is rare to find even a line of a title-page or a heading in black letter in the ranks of respectable literature. It is said to have still continued in the cheap and rude popular prints. Not even in Bibles or Common Prayer-books does the black letter make its appearance, or only quite exceptionally. This corresponds to the period when Gothic architecture was held in contempt; until Mr. Rickman, a Birmingham architect, and a Quaker, had re-kindled the taste for mediæval remains, and all this was altered. With the revived taste for Gothic architecture, the black letter also has returned to use. In Pickering's beautiful prints of Biblical and Liturgical works, the black letter was freely used. He printed a folio Common Prayer-book entirely in black letter. This was in 1844. By that time the taste for Gothic, both in print and in architecture, was fully re-established. The movement had taken about twenty years. The earliest instance that we have met with, of Gothic headings in a modern Prayer-book, are in that beautiful 18mo, which issued from the Clarendon Press in 1829. It is known to book-lovers as the Prayer-book of Bishop Lloyd, because he was then one of the Delegates of the Press, and took a special interest in the type and paper of it. Bibles and Common Prayer-books are among the best examples of public taste, regarded in the bulk. In a small and select circle of amateurs, the black-letter had long been regarded with interest. The Roxburghe Club had for some fifteen years been making a free use of it in their sumptuous books. This aristocratic society had a keen eye for the costume of literature; and exhibited it more in the æsthetic than in the scientific aspect. No doubt they did much to revive mediæval sympathies, and particularly to recall the black-letter from its banishment. Thus the Gothic type is true as a shadow to the fortunes of Gothic architecture. The admiration and zeal of our day has carried Gothic architecture to a great pitch of perfection, and has perhaps almost equalled any former age in this respect. And as to the Gothic letter, it was advanced in 1853, as we have observed above, to a position which it never held before in this country, or, as far as we know, in any other, namely, to encircle the coin of the realm. Another little parallelism may be noted:—As the revival of Gothic architecture has produced many novel and strange results, by the attempts which have been made to play variations upon it, so our day has seen the appearance of a new variety of Gothic black letter, which is known as the "Victoria type." Already one edition of the Book of Common Prayer has been sold off in this type, and a second issue is expected. Those who, with an eye practised upon the ancient and approved forms of alphabetic beauty, shall turn their contemplation to this "Victoria type," will be led to praise the taste of the mediæval penmen, and to appreciate the vast difficulty of improving upon the types which we have inherited. The line in which improvement is to be sought by the man of taste in the business of a printer or typefounder, is not by the hopeless attempt to devise new shapes, but in the search for symmetry in the old shapes. This was what made the types of the Elzevirs and of Baskerville so admirable. This aim at symmetry was the leading excellence of Pickering, but now it seems to be found only in Paris. Cheapness and showiness dominate in English books, and taste is neglected.

We had already made some progress in our review of the National MSS. of England, and had derived from them a great deal of information and æsthetic enjoyment, when we were agreeably surprised by the first volume of a far more splendid publication. The *National Manuscripts of Scotland*, Part I., is now before us, and it is the most magnificent of all the productions of photozincography. The ample size of the folio, the beauty of the paper, and the excellence of the type, unite to furnish a worthy framework for the setting of this masterpiece of the new art, and makes the photozincographic facsimiles themselves either more perfect, or appear to greater advantage. To one of the documents, the beautiful charter of Kelso, which is the property of the Duke of Roxburghe, the art of the illuminator has been called in for the initial letter; and, in a

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word, we may say of this volume, what we could not say of those before noticed, that it has a truly monumental and national grandeur.

The later publication has had over its predecessor the advantage which experience brings. It is a serious defect in the English volumes that they are cramped for want of space. Several of the plates exhibit the writing on a reduced scale. This is highly detrimental to their effect. In penmanship the magnitude is as inseparable from a true facsimile as the form is. A facsimile has none of the advantages which perspective gives to the higher forms of pictorial representation. The larger size of the Scottish volume is not to be regarded as a piece of luxury and unprofitable expenditure, but rather as a necessary means to produce the desired effect. Here the documents are given in their natural size.

We wish to record our gratitude to the Lord Clerk Register of Scotland for a publication which we hope will be widely instructive, claiming the interest of readers of very various tastes and objects of study. His Lordship holds in his own country the same general control of the national records which the Master of the Rolls so worthily exercises in England. The duties of the Lord Register were once more extensive. The *Clericus Registri et Rotulorum* was clerk of Parliament and Privy Council while Scotland had an independent government; and in those days the high office was held by a succession of distinguished lawyers and statesmen. The formation of the national records was his province, as well as their custody, and that is so still. The registers of land rights, charters, seisins, and all that give security to land tenures in Scotland more than in less favoured countries, are still formed and kept under his charge. In the old time it was not only an office of high dignity, but it was highly paid. It was reserved for our time to see the office accepted only on the condition that there should be no salary.

And Sir William Gibson-Craig has not taken the place as a showy sinecure. From the first he has devoted himself to its duties with great energy, and in a most enlightened and liberal spirit. Not content with looking to the security of the treasures under his custody, he has organized many plans for making the more interesting of the historical records known to the general reader. Of one of these, concerted in conjunction with Sir Henry James, the first fruits is the noble volume now before us. It would be difficult to figure any more worthy employment of Sir Henry James's beautiful invention than in bringing within the reach of moderate fortunes these materials of history, true as the originals themselves, without neglecting the artistic effect for the eye that seeks first for beauty. This volume ought to find its way not only to the drawing-room and library of the wealthy, but also to the table of every literary society and public reading-room. It will do much to diffuse a correct idea of antiquity, and to cultivate the historical sense. While the Chronicles and Registers, and other learned works, now issuing in both countries, may be more welcome here and there to some advanced and solitary student, this kind of picture-book is welcome equally to the learned and the ignorant—lighting up the elaborate studies of the learned, and kindling sparks of curiosity in the ignorant. There is, moreover, a sort of justice in the destiny which has apportioned so goodly a lot to the archives of Scotland. This country has something of a traditional and even prerogatival interest in diplomatic studies. The earliest national undertaking of the kind was Anderson's *Diplomatum et Numismatum Scotiæ Thesaurus*, folio, Edinburgh, 1739. This work was undertaken in 1706, under the patronage of the Scottish Parliament. But Anderson, with much taste and ability, was a weak and unsteady man, and it was reserved for that great and industrious scholar, Ruddiman, thirty years later, to bring the work to maturity. This solid and earnest labourer, the son of a Banffshire farmer, was a man of whom Scotland may well be proud. He was one of those who laid the wide foundations of modern philology. His famous Latin Grammar was conceived upon a scale which in his day, was unexampled, and it has been studied and valued by the chief scholars of Europe. At this day, after more than a century and a half of progressive research in the same line, it retains an honoured place in the library of the philologer, mostly through German reprints. Thomas Ruddiman, at the age of sixty-four, performed more on the *Thesaurus Diplomatum* in a twelvemonth than Anderson had effected in a period of thirty years, including the best years of his life. Ruddiman is the author of the learned preface, the chronology, the indices, the identification of the localities, and the disquisitive notes. In short, the truly "diplomatic" part belongs to Ruddiman. Anderson had furnished little more than the palæography. Ruddiman, in his preface, laid down the general principles of the relations of charters to history, and their value to the historian as a thing of primary necessity. He showed also how charters might be tested, and the genuine distin-

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guished from the fictitious. He sketched in outline what Mr. Kemble has more minutely developed in his introduction to the *Codex Diplomaticus*.

It will probably be a surprise to many historians to find how great the wealth of Scotland is in regard to her earlier archives. The present volume contains seventy-nine documents, of which the latest is as early as 1298. The Norman and Early-English writing may therefore be traced in these Scotch manuscripts far more completely than in the English collection. The ground occupied by these seventy-nine documents is represented in the National Manuscripts of England by twenty-two specimens only. And, whatever the explanation may be, certain it is, that as feats of penmanship, the Scotch documents far surpass the English. Something may be due to the better materials and execution of this volume, and especially to the absence of "reduction" in size; but, quite apart from this, there is a degree of ingenuity and originality visible in these writings, which invests them with special artistic qualities to the eye of the inquirer,—in so much that, with these superb pages before us, we seem called upon to enter, somewhat more at large than we did above, into the peculiar conditions and fashions of penmanship in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. This will tend towards the completeness of our sketch of the history of writing, because in the former part of this article we have been less full on the early than on the maturer stages, and have chiefly been expansive on the outgoings of writing into printing. Here, however, we shall have to consider the peculiar writing of the Norman period, and to observe the historical relation which it bears to the Karlingian Empire. Moreover, as this collection includes specimens of the Book of Deir, we shall be led by the ninth-century penmanship to fetch a glimpse back into those more remote, obscure, and fascinating regions of twilight, before the revival of the Roman Empire in the West, with its new standards of civilisation.

The caligraphy of the Franks is not much less distinct and characteristic than that of the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. And as the one was called "Saxon," after the foremost of the races and nations which used this insular style, so the other is "Frankish" only in a like sense, as it was in fact the writing of the whole north-west or Gothic part of the Continent. The Cottonian manuscript of the "Heliand," or old Saxon Harmony of the Gospels, is in this hand. The alphabet of this style is figured in the first volume of Hickes's *Thesaurus*, in a plate prefixed to his *Grammatica Franco-Theotisca*. This is the penmanship of the whole Old High German literature. This Frankish writing was in nearer relationship to Rome than was the Saxon. The true distinction would perhaps be, that the Frankish drew its descent from Papal Rome, and the Saxon from Imperial Rome. The Frankish handwriting underwent in the tenth century a sensible modification, which made it more Roman in its character. This change took place about that juncture in history at which we cease to talk of Franks and Gauls, and begin to speak of the "French." It corresponds to the rise of the Capetian dynasty. Accordingly, the French writing of the tenth and eleventh centuries used to be styled "Capetian," and by that name it goes in Astle. Modern palæographers have called it "Ludovician," after those two Ludovici, viz., Louis le Gros and Louis le Jeune, who pretty nearly parcel out the eleventh century between them. Perhaps the former name is truer to chronology, inasmuch as the style was already formed in the tenth century. But the latter is more in vogue now; and relatively to the history of British writing, it is more convenient. A few tangible distinctions between the Anglo-Saxon and the Ludovician writing may be useful. In the character "a," that upper member which distinguishes it from *a*, was now first introduced into Britain. The letter *r* now began to be a short letter instead of a long down-shafter, as the Anglo-Saxon ꝛ. The letter *s* in Anglo-Saxon was down-shafted (ſ); it now began to be up-shafted—thus, ſ. The *th* was now introduced, and it superseded both the old Runic "Thorn" (þ), and also the Romanesque ð. The Saxon ƿ disappeared, and was replaced first by *uu* and later by *w*. These were some of the chief innovations, but their triumph was not equally rapid and complete in every part.

It is this style of writing that, as we have noticed in the former section, Edward the Confessor was charged with the innovation of introducing into England. It came into England in the middle of the eleventh century, but it does not appear in Scotland till very near the close of it. In England it got mixed up with the previous native style, but predominated notwithstanding. In Scotland it established itself in its continental purity. This is only one of the repeated instances known to history in which a more effective sympathy with the Continent had been established in Scotland than in those parts which lie over-against the shore of France. Accordingly, the Capetian or Ludovician writing is seen to greater effect in

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the Scottish than in the English manuscripts. It may be traced very plainly, amidst various oscillations, from No. II. down to No. XLII., the date of which is past A. D. 1200. These oscillations indicate, what the English series fails to show, how it was that, from this Ludovician hand, the branchings took place—in the one direction towards the cursive and chameleon-like court-hand, and in the other direction to the erect, slowly-forming, and more constant text-hand of the black-letter books. Of this Capetian or Ludovician hand we will take as a sample No. II., the charter of Duncan to the monks of St. Cuthbert, not only because it is good as a specimen, but also and more especially because of the interesting "diplomatic" questions of which it has been the subject. The consideration of this matter will afford an occasion of noticing the distinction between palæography and "diplomatique," and the relations which they bear to each other. George Chalmers, the biographer of Ruddiman (1794), has blamed him for acknowledging the authenticity of Duncan's charter:—

"The charters, which Anderson has exhibited with such splendour and accuracy, extend in their dates from the year 1094 to 1412. He did not publish more ancient charters, because older he could not find. He did not publish more recent charters, except indeed the charter wherein Francis and Mary styled themselves, in an unpropitious hour, King and Queen of England; because, from the epoch of 1412, he had observed the general character of writing to continue nearly the same [!] In order to gain for his country all the honour which can be obtained from the earlier, or the later use of charters, Anderson published a charter of Duncan, that stands the first in his series, though there be engraven on its front the manifest characters of forgery; for Duncan herein styles himself '*filius Regis Malcolumb constans hereditarie Rex Scotie.*' Now, the *constans hereditarie*, and the *Rex Scotie*, are two circumstances which are repugnant to the usage of the times, and are inconsistent with the invariable titles of the Scottish kings. By these objections were doubts raised in the mind of Ruddiman, who was yet willing to assent to the authenticity of Duncan's charter, because it carries the use of diplomas in Scotland one step farther into the regions of antiquity. It is to be lamented that such a judgment as Ruddiman's should have been somewhat perverted on this occasion by the love of his country—a noble passion indeed—which, however, ought not to enter into competition with the more sacred love of truth." —*Life of Thomas Ruddiman*, p. 161.

After all this solemn lecturing at the moral and literary memory of Ruddiman, we naturally look with interest to see what Mr. Cosmo Innes has to tell us about this long-ago condemned charter; and we find, to our great satisfaction, that the judgment of that eminent scholar is confirmed:—

"The second of our specimens was engraved in the great work of Anderson, *Diplomata et Numismata Scotiæ*, and, with some hesitation, admitted by Lord Hailes as 'the oldest original charter concerning Scotland that is now known.'—*Annals of Scotland*, A. D. 1094.

"Several circumstances have been thought to throw doubt on the authenticity of this charter. Duncan's careful assertion of his hereditary right to the Crown—*constans hereditarie Rex*—may merely help the argument for his illegitimacy, or it may be one more symptom of a new order of things recognising the absolute law of primogeniture instead of the old use—Saxon or Celtic alike—by which the member of the family of full age, or otherwise fitter to rule, was preferred to an infant or imbecile heir; or finally, it may be an affectation of style of which that age was not incapable. Hicks and Ruddiman, followed by Mr. Raine, seem to have suggested the true reason for this form of words, namely, that Duncan was imitating the Conqueror, who loved to found upon his hereditary right to the throne of England. Two charters of his, granted to Durham a very few years before the accession of Duncan, run in the style,—'*Ego Willielmus Dei gratia Rex Anglorum hereditario jure factus.*' Another objection was founded upon the manner of authenticating the charter with the crosses of the granter and witnesses, as well as with the granter's seal; but a better acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon charters, in which this practice was common, has destroyed the weight of this objection.

"This is the first of a series of charters to the monks of St. Cuthbert, which have been so fortunately preserved for us in the fine air of Durham."

The diplomatic reasons, then, are in favour of the genuineness of the charter. To these we can add, that the palæographic evidence is consentaneous. If the charter be fictitious, it must have been forged at a time very little removed from its professed date, while yet the Ludovician handwriting retained its pristine characteristics.

One of the earlier charters in this volume, No. VII., provokes that old and vexed question concerning the early feudal relationships between the Crown of England and the Crown of Scotland. In the excellent and scholarlike Introduction of Professor Cosmo Innes, which is prefixed to this volume, the notice of this charter is accompanied with some observations which will justify a quotation:—

"After these, another charter of Edgar to Coldingham would have followed, if the original had not unfortunately been lost. From good and unsuspected copies, we know that that charter contained the words where Edgar

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set forth his right to the land of Lothian and the kingdom of Scotland by a double title, the gift of King William of England, and his hereditary right as heir of his father; and thus made his grant of Lothian lands—'*consilio predicti domini mei Regis Willelmi.*'

"Following upon this lost charter of Edgar, we have the charter of King William II. of England (VII.), which narrates the gift of those Lothian lands by Edgar, made with King William's consent—*me concedente.*

"The controversy which once raged upon these words rages no longer. It is now held, without much difference of opinion, that Edgar may have wished to acknowledge, or was not minded to dispute, some claim of property or superiority of William in these Berwickshire lands, and that the monks of Durham were well pleased to hold them by the grants of both Kings. Neither party dreamt of giving or taking a right of superiority to the King of England over the kingdom of Scotland. Sir Francis Palgrave, in his Anglo-Saxon zeal, had worked himself up to be of a different opinion, but, *pace tanti viri*, the question has been settled by more temperate historians; and an Englishman, who knew more of the evidence than any man of his time, has wound up his argument thus:—'That homage was paid from time to time is certain, but it was for the territories held of the English Crown, and not for Scotland at large."—(Raine's *History of North Durham*, p. 877.)"

Of this verdict of Mr. Raine's there can hardly be room for doubt in the mind of any one who is acquainted with early records. Only then it so far leaves open a question, as it does not define what were the "territories held of the English Crown." That Scotland was ever legally regarded as a fief of the English Crown, with all the feudal liabilities of escheat and forfeiture, is a position quite groundless and untenable. When Rufus demanded of the Scotch king that he should submit to be tried by the English peers, as if he were himself but a peer of the southern realm, this appears to be a mere flourish of wanton arrogance, for it was contemptuously refused, and no pretence was made to enforce it.

Passing over seven charters, we come to No. XV., where we enter on the reign of David I., 1124-1153. This is the king who is so famous as the founder and benefactor of Holyrood, Melrose, and many other religious foundations. He impoverished the Crown by the number and largeness of his royal benefactions. He is best known as *Saint* David; and one of his successors said of him that he was "a sair sanct for the Crown."

In this charter he grants Coldingham and many lands in Lothian to Durham. The next number (XVI.) is the great foundation-charter of Holyrood. It exhibits the roundness of the Ludovician hand beginning to assume that angularity which led to the form of the book-text. Concerning that distant time we find some very interesting observations in the introduction. Scotland had as yet no recognised capital or established seat of government. The King had his rude dwelling-places in walled strengths like Edinburgh or Stirling; but there was nothing that could be called a Royal Palace till long after this period. The whole economy of our early kings was at variance with fixed palaces. There were laws even requiring them to move their household frequently to avoid excessive burden on the poor commons, who were harried for *prisæ* and *carriagia* by the Court functionaries. The Court moved from place to place, lodging for the most part in the great abbeys. And hence we trace a sort of natural affinity between the abbey and the palace. The palace sprang up by the side of the abbey, as at Dunfermline; and the Abbey of Holyrood, also in the course of time, became the parent of the palace. When the monks had improved the royal grant, and had made a comfortable establishment there, the kings were often their welcome guests. Not till the fifteenth century came the erection of the palace. It was built by three successive Jameses, and finished by the father of Queen Mary, who put his mark upon it. The abbey, which had for generations been the chief hostelry of the king and court, now stood coupled with the palace, offering to the observant eye a significant indication of the early relations of Church and State. We may compare in England, not only the Abbey and Palace of Westminster, but also the grouping of church and manor-house in the rural scenery almost everywhere. This feature was produced by that alliance and reciprocity of benefit between the secular and religious elements, which have constituted the basis of national life throughout Christendom. So the simple chapel on the Castle rock of Edinburgh is the representative of an early royal residence there, and reminds us of the time when Malcolm Canmore, with his Queen Margaret, dwelt in the Castle. The King dwelt on the rock, for the security which it afforded against surprise. David I. gave to the monks of Holyrood the little church on the Castle which is known to all the world as St. Margaret's Chapel, so called after the good Queen of King Malcolm, the English Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling. Not that it is the actual building in which the sainted Queen retired and heard mass and prayed for death when she heard

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that her husband and son were slain. It was built later, but it represents the elder and still ruder edifice, and has inherited the great association which is native to the spot. This chapel is so regularly visited by tourists as to be one of the recognised stations of their pilgrimage. David also gave them the Church of St. Cuthbert, in the valley below, and some land under the Castle rock, where the King had a garden, one of the boundaries of which land was "the well at the corner of the King's garden," which apparently gave rise to the name of the Well-house Tower.

We have at No. XVIII. another facsimile from the Book of Deir. It is introduced in this place for the sake of a marginal entry of King David's confirmation to the clerics of Deir of their right of exemption from secular duty.

The great religious houses which are connected with the name of this king are now mere wrecks of time. But they are the monuments of institutions on which the early civilisation of Scotland was founded. David I. availed himself of the best opportunities which he had for the civilisation of his country. Another part of this policy, which was rich in after consequences, as is well pointed out by Mr. Cosmo Innes, was the hospitable reception he gave to the southern strangers, Saxon and Norman, whom the distractions of England, which was precisely then passing through the most miserable period of its history, sent in rapid succession across the border into Scotland. Among these we may reckon the Bruces, who had been settled in Yorkshire since the Conquest, but now moved the chief seat of their family to the valley of Annandale, which the Bruce received as a gift from King David. No. XIX. is a "charter by the King to Robert Brus, of Annandale and its castle," and No. XX. is "a charter by the King to Bruce, of Annandale in free forest, by boundaries extending from the Forest of Selkirk as far as his land reaches towards Nithsdale and Clydesdale."

The show-piece of the volume, as regards art, is No. XXXII., King Malcolm's great charter to the Abbey of Kelso. The initial M, which in the Lombard uncial here adopted, forms a couple of elliptical picture-frames, is filled with two royal figures enthroned and crowned. This is what the French writers would call "historiated," as far as we can rudely copy their easier turn of expression when they speak of "Lettres Initiales *historiées* de figures d'hommes." We have spoken of this illuminated letter as Lombardic, and the same designation will apply to a few other capitals in the course of the writing. These are used to indicate the sections, as it were heads of paragraphs. This illustrates the sense of the term "Capital;" a letter that stands at the head. It expresses not form or size, as "Uncial" does, but function, like the term "Initial." A "Capital" is a chief letter, a letter that makes a new *caput* or *capitulum;* chapter, or section, or paragraph. Besides these massive Lombardics, there runs through the charter another strain of uncials, namely, the elegant Ludovicians. These latter are far more numerous. Thus in the opening word, the King's name, MALCOLONVS, the initial only is Lombardic, the remainder are Ludovician, as indeed is the whole body of the smaller lettering. This painted initial affords us occasion to observe how intimately the two arts of caligraphy and painting began now, in the twelfth century, to be allied. As to the identification of the personages represented, and other particulars concerning this most splendid document, we must fall back on the assistance of the editor. Mr. Cosmo Innes says:—

"The most remarkable charter of Malcolm now extant is the great charter of Kelso (XXXII.), which collected under one general confirmation all the benefactions hitherto made to the great Abbey, the greatest of the monastic houses of Teviotdale, if not the richest in Scotland. David the First, before he was king, had founded the abbey at Selkirk, but when he found that that was not a proper situation for an abbey, he moved the foundation to Kelso, with great taste certainly as well as prudence. Malcolm had succeeded to his grandfather when twelve years old; he was in his nineteenth year at the date of this charter. I mention his age to account for the remarkable initial letter which distinguishes it. There are represented, not without some pictorial skill, two figures, both royally crowned, both with the sword and symbols of sovereignty. When we consider that the charter sets forth the foundation by David, and the confirmation by his grandson, it is impossible to doubt that the old bearded King with the sword and ball of sovereignty represents King David, whilst the smooth-faced stripling, with gold sceptre, and sword still sheathed across his knees, is the picture of Malcolm the Maiden. As a work of art these miniatures are not contemptible, but we regard them with tenfold interest as the first efforts of portraiture in Scotland. The Duke of Roxburghe, now the lord of Kelso, has not hesitated to place at the disposal of the Lord Register, for a national collection, this, which by so many titles may be considered the most interesting charter of Scotland."

The date of this charter lies between 1153 and 1165; but on the matter of chronology we do not find this work quite

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so accommodating as it might be. We have claimed for it many points of advantage over the English series, but this is an exception. Mr. Basevi Sanders has given the date at the head of each translation, facing the facsimile; but in the Scottish volume we have the oft-recurring inconvenience of having to turn for the date back to the table of contents.

The Scottish charters are what the English would have been had there been no Conquest—except that the English archives would probably not in any case have presented so large a chapter of endowments at this particular period. The great Benedictine foundations of England were already long established. They dated from the reign of Edgar (960–975) or earlier. So that many of these magnificent Scotch charters, which range chronologically with Domesday or Magna Carta, have their English analogues in that earlier time which is represented in Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*. The centuries with which we are now engaged were in fact the stormiest of time in English history, while in Scotland things were comparatively tranquil. It has been said, Happy are the people whose history is not sensational. In the English memorials of the two earliest centuries of the zincographed period, there are contained four documents of the highest constitutional interest. They represent transactions which were caused or hastened by the Conquest and its train of consequences. In the northern kingdom these agitations were felt as waves whose first great shock had been already broken. New and influential families crossed the border and obtained settlements, who later on were to play important parts in Scottish history. The bulk of these charters represent a comparatively peaceful process of distribution of land and territorial power, and the growth of the constitutional elements. In great part they correspond rather to the highly-prized documents of the Saxon era than to the contemporary archives of England. And how nearly allied they are, even ethnologically, comes out now and then through the chinks of the Latin panoply in which they are clothed. Thus, in No. XXXIV., a charter by which the little Culdee abbey in Loch Leven is absorbed into the Priory of St. Andrews, the rents are measured in strange and archaic terms, for the explanation of which recourse must be had to Anglican antiquity. Mention is made of twenty "mel'" of cheese, and four "mel'" of malt, and twenty "mel'" of barley. There is hardly a word that can be named which has its roots more deeply imbedded in Gothic antiquity. It is hard, and perhaps impossible, to say whether this "mel'" should be regarded as originally signifying time, or mark, or measure. But, in fact, these three ideas are but different aspects of one. And it is enough for the present purpose, to note that the word "mela" occurs in the Gothic Gospels as the translation of μόδιος in St. Mark iv. 21. The word figures in every-day English use when we speak of the times of the food as the "meals;" and a far older example of the word is in the adverbial compound, "piecemeal." But the Anglican side of the island has a special property in this word. In these parts, the yield of milk which a cow gives at one milking is spoken of as a "meal of milk." Here it seems rather to mean time than measure. It is a great saying in Norfolk, by way of admonition to any one to give heed to their conduct: "Mind your seals and your meals!" This in literal English is no more nor less than, "Mind your occasions and your proportions;" or, "Mind times and degrees in your conduct," which it will be allowed is a good summary of discretion.

The material of these charters is not confined to the growth and territorial endowment of religious houses, which, though, important in a historical point of view as standing at the head of the development of the country, both in its temporal and its religious interests, is yet not the whole of a country's history. The other constitutional elements are here seen in their early development. David I. had done the part of a great legislator in organizing and protecting the Third Estate, but the first charter to a burgh given in this collection, is by his grandson William, to the burgh of Ayr (No. XL.), where William had built a Castle, probably as a barrier against the men of Galloway. The burgh privileges and freedoms extended over a very wide district. This glimpse of the establishment of a military burgh is followed in the next charter, No. XLI., by indications of a different class of towns. Here we see the building of the Bishop's burgh at Glasgow, wherein Jocelin, the bishop of Glasgow, grants a toft of land to the monks of Melrose. In No. XLIII. we have a peep at the commerce of the great religious houses. Philip, Count of Flanders, granted to the brethren of Melrose entire liberty of passing through his land in security, free from any toll or exaction whatever, either in port or in land; and he speaks of them as merchants of Anglia—"*si qua forte dissensio inter Anglie et Flandrie mercatores pro qualibet causa oriatur*"—"If any dispute

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arise between the merchants of England and Flanders, no one is to take advantage of the opportunity for laying hands on the brethren, or impounding their goods." This is a fine illustration of the importance of the export of wool from this country in the twelfth century. The charter No. XLVI. is in a lamentable condition. It is an acknowledgment by Richard of England of the independence of Scotland. It is dated the first year of the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion. Richard was eager for the Crusade, and was willing to leave as few quarrels as possible behind him. He was therefore ready to appease the jealousies of his northern neighbour, especially as the Scottish king engaged to pay him the sum of ten thousand marks, which at this moment was a valuable consideration to Richard. Thus the independence of Scotland was established, and the effects of William's homage to Henry II., while he was a prisoner in the Norman Court at Falaise, was thus obliterated. The charters of homage were delivered up and cancelled. All things were restored to the state previous to William's capture. Richard delivered to William his castles of Roxburgh (Rokeborc) and Berwick (Beraich), and restored his fees in the earldom of Huntingdon (Huntedon). This transaction was the means of preserving unbroken peace between England and Scotland for more than a century. The charter No. XLIX. records a decision in the King's Court of a quarrel between the Avenels Lords of Eskdale and the monks of Melrose. Roger Avenel had granted to the monks certain forest pasturage, reserving his game-rights,—*salva dicto Rogero salvagina*. The monks complained that Roger had used his privilege to make encroachments. It was determined that the Avenels should have only hart and hind, wild-boar and sow, roe and doe, and the eyries of the hawks, which latter were not to be molested by the monks. The Avenels were to take their sport without damage to the buildings, agriculture, and cattle of the monks.

This series presents some remarkable instances of capricious and elaborate variations of the standard types of writing. For example, in No. XXXIV. the elevation of the upshafts is carried to the point of extravagance. This was, as we have already seen, the prevailing fancy of the day; but it reaches its extreme in the Scotch documents. In the Nos. XLIV. and XLV. A. D. 1200, we see a capricious and sportive tendency to decorate these excrescences. The marks which indicate elision, or, as the palæographers call it, "suspension," of a syllable at the end of a word (as in *omnib' fidelib'*), are especially made the subject of reiterated flourishes or zigzags. We have only to look onwards to No. XLVII. the Bull of Pope Honorius affirming the independence of the Church of Scotland, A.D. 1218, to see whence the first hint was derived which led to the indulgence of this kind of dilettanteism. It would seem as if the further men were removed from Rome, the more diligently its suggestions were adopted and improved upon. The Scotch writing is indeed remarkable for this characteristic, that it seizes an idea and carries it out to an exaggeration hardly less than that by which we are amused or worried in the ingenious variations of musical composition. If it had been intended in the charter of Alexander II. to St. Andrew of Pluscardin, No. XLVIII. to caricature the penmanship of the Papal Chancery, as exhibited in the preceding number, it could not have been more effectually caricatured. But the intention, no doubt, was merely an elaborate ornamentation, to the end that the very writing of the charter should do honour to the bounty of the King. This peculiar whim of decorating the upshafts like May-poles being developed to the utmost in No. XLVIII., we find the succeeding examples of it somewhat more moderate. And yet No. LVI. is in its way hardly less peculiar. Zizgags of six or eight degrees rise above the line to signify suspension of a final syllable, or to ornament the sides of a capital letter, until an appearance is produced like heraldic invecting.

Nor is this elaboration of the tall letters the only peculiarity of the Scottish writing. A great feature of the twelfth century was that which gave a leaf-like turn to the upshaft letters. A trace of this fashion lingers still in our day, when we write the letter *d* with a bowed upshaft. In some respects this was a companion ornament to the elongation we have been last speaking of, but it gradually, and it would seem as a reaction from those elongations, came to usurp their place. We have many very fine specimens of the foliated writing in this volume, beginning with the remarkable example, No. LXI., a charter of the King's right in churches of Annandale, the lordship of Bruce, during the vacancy of the see of Glasgow. This form of writing was developed to a point of conventionalism which probably was nowhere reached but in Scotland. As an example of this we may appeal to the document, which, though latest in date, is put first in order, as it were a frontispiece to the volume. It is the charter by Sir William Wallace, Guardian of Scotland, to the Constable of Dundee, 1298. In this piece the marks of contraction and suspension are developed into very perfect leaves, as rigidly defined as those in

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the adamantine foliage of a church-door. We cannot help observing on the greater tendency to conventionalism in art, which is found where the art is in few hands.

We are not informed by the Editor concerning this last-mentioned document, or the plate by means of which it is here represented. In the absence of information, we must fill up the void by our own conjecture. In this emergency we are inclined to surmise that it is the identical plate of Anderson's *Diplomata Scotiæ*, or a reproduction of it. If we are in error, there are instances of equal error to keep us in countenance. We have known learned connoisseurs, in our own day, mistake a manuscript for print, and determine the printing-press which must have produced it.

This little circumstance leads to a further observation. The *Diplomata Scotiæ*, when regarded as a sort of ancestor of the volume now before us, calls up the interesting question of the comparative merits of engraving and photozincography. The plates of Anderson are a noble production of the art of that age. Their outlines are clearer and more sharply defined than in the photozincographic plates. They would perhaps be generally preferred, as being more beautiful productions; but the eye which has given itself a special training in palæography would discern the modern tooling. There is a metallic rigidity about these beautiful copperplates which contrasts strongly with what we may call the weak and picturesque humanity of the originals, which is given with remarkable fidelity by the new art. In the great bulk of engraved facsimiles you would say it had been written by machinery, but when you look at the photographic plate you see all the pliancy and variability of the hand of man. It must, however, be acknowledged, that of late years we have had specimens of engraving against which this charge of hardness cannot be made. There is an example in one of the books on our list, in the second volume of Mr. Stuart's *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*. The plates from the Book of Deir exhibit the graver's art in its highest perfection, and must be allowed to leave the photozincography in its rear.*

Thus far we have been chiefly concerned with those developments in the style of penmanship, which may be traced to Papal Rome through Capetian and Carlovingian courts. We have now to look back to a style of higher antiquity, of which we have two small specimens in the English series, and a rather larger proportion in the Scottish. The first four figures of the Scottish volume plunge us at once into that higher antiquity. They represent a culture and a school far older than Charlemagne. They are taken from the Book of Deir, which dates from somewhere about 900 as regards its text, and goes down to 1150 as regards its later marginal entries. It is one of those books of Latin Gospels, written in a Scotian hand, of the ninth or tenth century; with memorials and memorandums and charters of Royal gifts inserted in the blank spaces by hands of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and in the Gaelic language. This curious little volume was discovered in the University Library at Cambridge, by Mr. Bradshaw, "the present lynx-eyed librarian," as Mr. Westwood admiringly writes. The four openings of the book here exhibited present examples of both kinds. We have in the text the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel in Latin, and in a narrower, more angular, and more recent penmanship, filling a blank half-page or crowding the margin, we have the monastic *notitiæ* in Gaelic; so that the same pages exemplify the progress of that type of handwriting, which is the peculiar property of the elder branch of the Keltic family. Not only are these two forms interesting by mutual comparison, but they indicate the source and original derivation of that which has been popularly termed Anglo-Saxon characters. These facsimiles alone, if other proof were not extant, would go far to demonstrate that the so-called Anglo-Saxon characters must have been learnt directly or indirectly from some Keltic source, while other historical evidence coming in would naturally suggest that it was from the Albanian Scotch they

* But in favour of the latter it may be observed that engraving has had centuries of cultivation, whereas photozincography is in its early infancy; and lest any one should think that the art of making literary facsimiles was already perfect enough to satisfy all competent judges, we will quote the testimony of Mr. Blades in his recent *Life of Caxton*:—

"Only those who have endeavoured to obtain a real facsimile,—one which, for indentity of types and exactness of measurement, will bear the closest examination by the side of the original,—know the excessive difficulty of procuring an artist clever and patient enough to execute the tracing, and workmen skilful enough to print it, without clogging or some worse distortion. If an engraving on wood be the medium chosen, the opportunities of error are numerous, first in tracing the tracing on to the face of the block, and then from the engraver's tool. On copper, the difficulties, though of the same nature, are still greater. Lithography affords the only means of obtaining a real facsimile, as there the transfer is direct from the original tracing on to the stone. This method, however, is liable to two sources of error;—the stretching of the tracing-paper while in the act of being transferred to the stone, and the gradual clogging of the letters in working, to avoid which requires the greatest care and attention."—Vol. i. p. ix.

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were derived. The recorded fact that the earliest Christian culture of Anglian people was of Scotian derivation, is amply supported by the evidence of Christian art in manuscripts and on stones. The Irish, the early Scotch, and the early Saxon manuscripts evidently belong to one family. There flowed a stream of teachers and artists from Ireland through Scotland into England. This current can be traced, and has been traced, by the antiquarian relics which it has left. We may name Mr. Westwood as a gentleman who has made a study of this interesting subject, and who has imparted to it that increased certainty and definiteness which might be expected from his well-known accuracy.* But there remains a separate department of this inquiry, which deserves more general attention than it has yet received. The course of Irish art through Scotland brings us into contact with a class of remains of a very independent and distinct character. These have been collected in Mr. Stuart's magnificent work on the Sculptured Stones of Scotland.

The two superb folio volumes of the Spalding Club, in which Mr. John Stuart has collected these remarkable monuments, may almost be said to open a new world before the eyes of the historian. Here we find a series of figures and patterns cut upon stones, which have been found within a definite geographical and historical area corresponding precisely with ancient Pictland. A nest of ancient life and special culture seems here to discover itself to the attentive student. That which, by its strangeness, is at first deterrent, comes, by persistency and frequency, to waken curiosity and inquiry.

In the first volume, which was published in 1856, we have the problematical objects themselves, presented in 138 Plates, containing engravings of a much larger number of sculpturings. The second volume, which appeared in 1867 besides more examples of the same class of symbolic work, which have been discovered since 1856, offers a rich assortment of illustrative objects, both in other carved pillars, Irish crosses, and especially analogous drawings and ornamentations from manuscripts. Useful as this body of ornamentation is, for comparison and illustration; it yet leaves entirely out, and offers nothing approaching to the peculiar figures or symbols for which the stones have attracted attention.

Strange and unassociable as these figures and devices at first sight appear when considered in regard to other European remains, they have been found, under the analysis of Mr. Stuart, to betray remote traces of Byzantine art, on the one hand, and of a native style, on the other. But the first thing is to establish a bond of kindred with some works whose place in history is already well ascertained, and here the Irish manuscripts come in with great effect; for they have a type of ornamentation which is also found on the stones. The Book of Deir, though in all probability written in Scotland, belongs to the Irish family of manuscripts. The border framings in that and other books of its class exhibit a series of patterns which are plainly to be identified with some of these Pictish stones. And it is not only by means of their drawings and designs, that the Irish manuscripts come into association with these remarkable stones. There is on one of these sculptured stones an inscription, which, by its lettering, tends to bring the whole class to which it belongs into still more assured relationship with Irish art and palæography. The Stone of St. Vigean's alone, when the sculptures on the same stone are taken into consideration, might suffice to establish a link of connexion between the otherwise mute relics of Pictland and the manuscripts which remain to us in Irish, Scottish, and Anglo-Saxon workmanship.

Everybody who has had a glimpse of early Irish art is aware how indescribably singular it is, and seeming to abound in the most remote combinations. The figures present a mixture of almost Oriental conventionalism, with a degree of *minutiæ* in the drapery which has provoked a historical interpretation. The frames and borders are of a pattern which suggests to the passing glance a blending of Etruscan and late Roman and Runic; but which, when analysed, as Mr. Westwood has analysed them, are found to be unlike anything else but Hibernian or Scoto-Keltic. They may be seen in all the fidelity of their outline and colour, and in a large assortment of examples, in the facsimiles of Irish and Anglo-Saxon manuscripts lately edited by Mr. Westwood; and they belong to one and the same chapter of art as the entwinings on the sculptured stones which have been so admirably edited by Mr. John Stuart.

Dr. Waagen has remarked:—

"It may be assumed as a settled fact, that the style of ornamentation, consisting of artistic convolutions, and the mingled fantastic forms of animals—such as dragons, snakes, and heads of birds—of which we discover no trace in Græco-Roman art, was not only invented by

* *Facsimiles of the Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish Manuscripts*, executed by J. O. Westwood, M. A. Drawn on stone by W. R. Tymmes. Chromo-lithographed by Day and Son, Limited. London, Quaritch, 1868.

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the Celtic people of Ireland, but had obtained a high development."

Mr. Westwood reminds us, that of the copies of the Holy Scriptures sent into England by St. Grégory with the mission of St. Augustine, two are still preserved, and that they are different in the character of the writing from the Irish, as well as remarkable for their wanting the ornamentation which is so prominent in these. "All the most ancient Italian manuscripts are entirely destitute of ornamental elaboration."

Here we have to eliminate carefully a school of art which has often been confounded with that of the true Irish work. The interesting patterns which are associated with Runic inscriptions, and which are commonly spoken of as Runic knot-work, produce at first sight an impression not unlike the true Scoto-Anglian work. But they are different. For the details we must refer to Mr. Westwood. It is enough, in general terms, to say that they are Scandinavian, and that they belong to the age when Norsk influences were coming in from the North and East. The Alfred Jewel in the Ashmolean Museum, the patterns on the crosses in Iona and the Isle of Man, and some of the drawings in the later Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, such as Cædmon and the Benedictionale of Æthelwold,—these are of one character, which may be called Scandinavian or Runic. On the other hand, the Gospels of St. Chad at Lichfield; the Book of Deir now before us; the Book of Durrow, one of the treasures of the Library of Trinity College, Dublin; and the Gospels of MacDurnan at Lambeth, belong to the Scoto-Anglian work. It is this work that is capable of being identified with the ornamentation on the sculptured stones of Scotland, the date of which may be proximately fixed by means of this manuscript evidence.

One of the most remarkable features of this work is a peculiar effect of the double spiral or (as it has been called) the trumpet pattern. Concerning this, Mr. Kemble, addressing the Royal Irish Academy in 1857, said—

"The trumpet pattern is neither Greek, nor Roman, nor Oriental. There is nothing like it in Etruscan art; there is nothing like it in German or Slavonic art; there is little like it in Gallic or Helvetian art; it is indigenous, gentlemen;—the art of those Keltic tribes, which forced their way into these islands of the Atlantic, and, somewhat isolated here, developed a peculiar, but not the less admirable, system of their own."

This ornament occurs on the stones of Scotland, but not on the stone crosses of Wales. A solitary instance has been noted of its occurrence in sculpture in England, and that is on the font of Deerhurst Church, which is probably the oldest ornamented font in England. This remarkable pattern is found in stone, in bronze, and in manuscript.

It tells of the time when Christian art, moving along with Christian instruction, overflowed the exuberantly productive island of "Scotia," pervaded Great Britain, and passed forth to found schools of learning in the central recesses of the continent of Europe. From this movement some of the English towns derive their origin, and one at least is reputed to retain the trace of it in its name; that is, the town of Malmesbury, anciently Maidulfes-burgh, in which there lies embalmed the name of a once honoured Irish teacher, Maidulf. In East Anglia we have the missionary Furseus about A.D. 640, whom Beda describes as "de Hiberniâ vir sanctus." About the same time, and in the same author, we read of "monachus quidam de natione Scottorum," who was called Dicul, and had his "monasteriolum permodicum" at Bosanham, where he lived with five or six brethren, shut in between the forest and the sea. Others of the same missionary class were held worthy of mention by the Anglian Church historian. Beda himself owed much to Irish teaching; for, as Mr. Stubbs says of the father of our ecclesiastical history, "his education was gathered, no doubt hardly and painfully, from the instructions of the professors both of the Roman and the Irish learning,—from Trumbert the disciple of Saint Chad, and Acca the disciple of Saint Wilfrid." It is this transition period, while Rome was not yet triumphant in Britain, but the British churches were looking towards Italy with curiosity and nascent fondness, which Mr. Stuart seems to regard as the point of history at which he can find anchorage for his collection of symbolic pillars. The following is only one among several examples by which he has illustrated this ecclesiastical movement:—

"The church of Benedict Biscop at Wearmouth was erected by him of stone 'juxta Romanorum morem;' and the fame of this structure having apparently reached the ears of Nectan, the Pictish king, he, in the year 710, despatched messengers to Abbot Ceolfrid, the successor of Benedict Biscop, with a request that he would send him architects 'qui juxta morem Romanorum, ecclesiam de lapide in gente ipsius facerent,' promising to dedicate the church, when erected, in honour of the chief of the apostles."—Vol. ii. Preface, p. 13.

But when we have found a link whereby these stones may be connected with Irish art, we only grazed the outside of the sub-

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ject. We have only indicated the stream upon which the remains are found, and have not yet spoken of their own peculiar characteristics. Such an association is indeed valuable as contributing towards the right historical placing of these works; it is an external and chronological evidence. But the true problem has yet to be looked at. The stones contain a series of symbols, which are repeated with minor variations of detail on a large number of pillars through the length of Pictland, and which are never found elsewhere on crosses or in books which in other respects belong to the same school of Irish ornamentation. There is a mirror and a comb; an ornament like a pair of spectacles, but with a double bridge; a long and wide Z-like figure, with floriated extremities; an object like a sceptre; a dog's head, as it seems; a highly conventional animal, which has been called an elephant, its four legs terminating in scrolls instead of feet; a crescent; and, besides these often repeated and apparently symbolic figures, a number of more pictorial drawings of men and beasts. It is the symbolic figures around which the interest chiefly gathers. Many persons have tried to interpret them. They have generally treated them as religious emblems, indicative of mystic rites or heathen beliefs; and such interpretations have mostly ended in speculations concerning Druidic or Helio-Arkite mysteries. Others, who tried a more historical line of explanation, could find no race to own them except the Danes. Mr. Stuart's work is a grand illustration of the right way to begin all such investigations. It is astonishing how cloud-dispelling a thing it is simply to collect the objects, and to arrange in a lucid order the attendant facts. The skeleton-map alone which is given in the first volume, whereby the geographical area of these stones may be taken in at a glance, is enough to explode all the above vagaries, and to raise a strong presumption that they are the property of the ancient Picts. Between the fifth and the tenth centuries, we have to take account of five different races in Scotland. The south was held by the British kingdom of Strath-Clyde on the west, of which the chief stronghold was Dumbarton; while the remaining and larger portion was called Saxonia. This Saxonia extended north to the Frith of Forth, beyond which, as Beda tells, lay the kingdom of the Picts. This kingdom occupied the bulk of the eastern coast, and ran inland to the sources of the great rivers. On the west side of the mountains, and in the western isles, were the Scots. The northern extremities were, in the latter part of the period we are sketching, occupied by the settlements of the Northmen. The remains with which we are at present engaged line the coast and the river-valleys between Edinburgh and the Moray Firth. One only has been found so far south as Edinburgh, and that was on the Castle Hill. None has been found west of the Grampian watershed, nor any in the Scandinavian district to the north; so that their area agrees entirely with what was ancient Pictland.

And it is not on stones only that these peculiar designs have been found. At Norries Law in Fifeshire, on the estate of Mrs. Durham, there was dug up some silver plate armour, having these same devices engraved upon them. This will probably be to many persons one of the most convincing facts that Mr. Stuart's interpretation is the right one. He regards them as, in all probability, symbolic of personal condition, rank, or dignity. Thus they would have much in common, with the symbolism of heraldry. Many of the same devices are still extant among the conventional devices of heraldry. The stones on which they are found must be regarded as sepulchral monuments, corresponding to the modern hatchment on the house of the dead, or to the graving of his arms on the tablet over his tomb.

What the objects represented are, and how they came to be selected for the service of this symbolism, is another, and perhaps in some respects more obscure part of the inquiry. The fact of a symbolism is often patent and its meaning obvious, while the origin and explanation may be lost. Such is the case, in fact, with the more conventional parts of heraldry. Every-body knows what is symbolized by the striped pole of the barber; but comparatively few are aware that the stripes represent the bandages which were used by the barbers when they were also chirurgeons, and practised the surgical letting of blood. So here it is most difficult to fix with confidence on the objects pictorially expressed. The sceptre-like figure is much doubted by Mr. Stuart, for reasons which seem to bring it into close relations to the "spectacle-ornament," and this is supposed to represent originally some sort of fibula or clasp. The so-called sceptre might then be the tongue or pin of the buckle. That which we, following Mr. Stuart, have called an elephant, has by others been called a walrus. Others, again, have seen in the same figure the degenerate chariot of the British coins. The horse-shoe ornament looks in some instances like a stone arch. There are, indeed, two objects over which no uncertainty hangs, namely, the mirror and the double comb. But the

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others are highly equivocal. And this arises, not from inability to draw, but from a manifest neglect of the pictorial, to the preference of the conventional outline. This circumstance speaks plainly that the objects are symbolical. The oft-recurring hand-mirror and comb suggest that this symbolism is of the nature of personal description. It is generally admitted that these represent a woman. In Spenser the mirror indicates a vain woman:—

"And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne."

But such was not the general sense of antiquity. Articles of this sort passed as complimentary presents between princes and royal dames, and they must, therefore, have been emblematical only of honourable distinction. By the long consideration of the subject, and the extensive comparison of probable analogies derived from every likely quarter, Mr. Stuart seems to have been led to the general conclusion, that the other problematical objects are in like manner, articles associated with personal attire, and thus indicative of personal rank or dignity. The two rings with a double bridge, which have been called "the spectacles," and also other varieties of ring-grouping, seem to be most reasonably interpreted as fibulæ. The horse-shoe ornament also is probably the open ring of precious metal with which the dress was looped together. We meet with mention of such objects in early poetry, as descriptive of rank, and indeed of kingship. In the Beowulf, the king is *hringa þengel*, that is, the lord of rings. It is a royal office, *hringas dælan*, to distribute rings. We read of the golden ring on the neck; and it is treated as an honourable distinction or meritorious decoration, in the term *hring-wœrðung*, that is, as one may say, *ring-worthy-ing* or *annuli dignatio*. A very significant word in this connexion is *beag* or *beah*, a word which lives on in the modern French *bague*; and in the English *badge*. This word is of the verb to *bow*, and at first indicates that which is bowed or bent, and so included all manner of ringed or spirally-twisted ornaments—circlet, frontlet, bracelet, necklace. It is a royal attribute to be called *Beahgifa*, the giver of circlets. The Danes in the ninth century had a ring or like object which they held in special veneration, and on which it was said they had constantly refused to take an oath for the confirmation of their treaties, until in a negotiation with Alfred (A. D. 876) *him þa ápas sworon on þam halgan beage*—they swore to him their oaths on the holy beah. The nobility of this word is further exemplified by the use to which it was put in the diction of faith. In Saxon theology the crown of glory was called *wuldor-beah*; and he who has earned it was described as *gewuldorbeaged*. Egilsson in his Poetical Norsk Dictionary gives *Baug-eiðr* as the name of the ring-oath, and it may be added that solemn ring-oaths are still in use with us, in association with those holy badges, tokens of holy pledges, the royal crown and the wedding-ring. Those who have seen the collections of barbarian ornaments, which are in the Museums of Copenhagen and Dublin, know how largely primitive wealth was invested in rings and spirals of the precious metals. Illustrations might be multiplied to an indefinite extent, all tending to confirm Mr. Stuart's interpretation of these symbols, as, first of all, personal ornaments, and, secondly, characteristics of rank and dignity, which identifies them, in an elementary sense, with the blazon of heraldry. Heraldry, we know, cannot be documentarily traced back to an earlier date than 1300, the date of the Roll of Caerlaverock. The Heralds' College was not founded till 1488. These dates represent respectively the maturity of heraldry as a system of family symbolism, and the public recognition of it as a matter of national, or rather aristocratic, order. But these dates can by no means be taken as leading us near to the rise of heraldry in its primitive sources. The use of devices on shields to distinguish individual warriors is older than history. Æschylus wrote the *Seven against Thebes* in the fifth century before Christ, and the subject of that piece was already in the stock of things legendary and heroic. There we find all the seven chieftains in possession of *cognisances*; and they are described by the devices on their shields. This was one source of heraldry. But this was pictorial, and would hardly have engendered all that mass of conventional symbolism which forms the more intimate and essential part of heraldic expression. We must find something which had in it the classificatory element, for it is by this alone that picture-writing would tend to conventional symbolism. And that seems to be provided, for the first time, in this remarkable collection of monumental quarterings, which Mr. Stuart has here accumulated. We say "monumental," because we are inclined to agree with him that they are of the nature of sepulchral monuments. At the same time, we hesitate to go with him so far as to say that all such pillared remains, including the rudest stone circles, are sepulchral. In such an opinion Mr. Stuart is supported by high authority. He can call in the judgment of Montfaucon, who ridi-

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culed the interpretation of Stonehenge and Abury as temples or places of worship. He has a letter from Mr. Dasent to the same or a similar effect. These are strong authorities. But in this we prefer to suspend our judgment, and we are the less inclined to go into that question, as it is quite outside the present scope. Only this we may observe, that a large proportion of these stones have been discovered near churches, and not a few under their foundations. This may of course be explained by the supposition that churches were built on sites rendered venerable by the graves of ancestors; or the stones themselves may be held to have marked early Christian interments, before the Pagan habits of cairn-burial were abandoned. But it is also open to the theory that the sites were secured to religious worship before the conversion to Christianity. And the intimate local association of these pillars with present churches can hardly, as it seems to us, be divested of such a signification.

As regards the probable date of these remains, it is to be observed that some of them have been found applied to a secondary use in kists, which in the judgment of Mr. Stuart and Mr. Rhind of Sibster were Norsk burial-places. This suggests a limit at the modern extreme of the series. As to the other extreme, Mr. Stuart would not be inclined to place them in high antiquity—no higher than the later Pictish times,—were it not that in one instance a symbol-stone has been found associated with an urn and an article in bronze. The general probability seems to be that the symbols are older than the Pictish conversion, that the mixture of Irish art is the badge of the conversion, and that the Pictish cross sculptures, which are only crosses designed in outline, are the germ of the more fully developed Irish and Scottish crosses. The Stone of St. Vigean's with its remarkable inscription in the Irish character has been interpreted by Professor Sir James Y. Simpson, with a high degree of probability, as a Pictish sentence: DROSTEN IPE VORET ELT FORCUS; that is, *Drosten ap-Voret of the family of Fergus.* The annals of Tighernach record the death of a Pictish King Drosten, in 729. Some peculiarities in the lettering are also found in a manuscript at Durham, which Professor Westwood considers an autograph of Beda himself. Thus a very strong series of evidence seems to fix the date of this singular inscription—the only sentence (if it be rightly interpreted) known to exist in Pictish. In regard to the chronological evidence of this monument, the author says:—

"It seems to me that we may regard 'Drosten's Cross' as furnishing one standing-point for approximating the date of monuments of a like character and style of art, and from it may reasonably believe that the erection of crosses combining the two symbolisms prevailed in Pictland in the eighth century."—Volume ii. Preface, p. 10.

There is among these stones one which bears a mysterious inscription, in letters which have been generally felt to have an Oriental cast about them, but which has hitherto baffled interpretation. The late Professor Mill of Cambridge had nearly completed a monograph on this stone, in which he maintained that the characters were Phœnician. To our eyes they appear to suggest some of the more archaic forms of the early Greek alphabet, which has always had the reputation of a Phœnician origin. It may not be altogether out of place here to recall to mind that Cæsar when he saw the native alphabets of the Gaulish tribes held them to be a sort of Greek alphabet, and with this we might combine the reflection that there were on the south of the Loire a maritime people called Pictavi or Pictones, who seem by their name to claim a sort of relationship to our ancient Picts. It must have struck many scholars that the derivation of the latter name from a participle of the Latin language is, if true, a thing unparalleled in history. If it is not impossible that an emigration from Gaul is the real explanation of that mystery which surrounds the Picts, then we might easily imagine that the inscription on the Newton stone is a specimen of the early alphabet of Gaul.

Another stone has an inscription in Roman characters, which Mr. Stuart conjectures to belong to the time of St. Martin of Tours. This was found in Galloway, at Kirkmadrine. Among the later pillars given in Mr. Stuart's second volume, we have instances both of the Lombard character and also of the black letter. The Kilkerran pillar has Lombard letters, and so has the cross at Kilchoman, and the cross at Oransay, and a fragment at Iona: while the Soroby pillar has its legend in black letter.

But more important even than the varieties of character exhibited in this collection of monuments, is that gradation of art which supplies the key to the tendency whereby human iconography has, in one of its branches, resulted in the invention of alphabetic writing. Some of the stones bear sculptured groups of figures which appear to be narrative, to tell their own tale by the fidelity of their representation. Others, as

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we have already noticed, make no attempt at fidelity, but rather court conventionality. Such are the symbols on the Pictish pillar-stones. This indicates that a special and arbitrary sense has become attached to the picture writing. It shows that the picture has long become a familiar token. The pictorial is wont to fade where it is made the instrument of a fixed idea. This is the account of the peculiar style of drawing used in heraldry. Another step gives us the hieroglyphics, where the pictorial is not entirely dropped, although they have admitted the spirit of the alphabet. The alphabet is conventional drawing in its extreme form, where the idea represented being very elementary, a proportionately wide power of combination is attained. Into the details of this most interesting subject we have not now space to enter, and we touch on it merely to indicate that in examining Mr. Stuart's great work we have all along been following on the skirts of our main subject in this paper, namely, the History of Writing.

We are loath to close the studies into which we have been led by these important publications of the Ordnance Survey Office, without reiterating our conviction that they have in them the seeds of discoveries valuable even for advanced historians; and that they possess withal a general attractiveness which will tend to diffuse historic tastes and to enlarge the history-loving public. We are glad to learn that preparations are making for a second volume of the Scotch Manuscripts, and that the fourth of the English is nearly all in print. We hope that the series will by and by be rendered complete by a selection from the great examples of our insular pre-Ludovician penmanship. An Irish series would afford special opportunities for the attainment of this result. The Irish, Scotian, and Anglo-Saxon church manuscripts present a most instructive group, which now can only be seen by wide travelling or in highly expensive works. These might appropriately be grouped together under the name of that people with whom the type of writing was originated. Not so the Saxon historical documents; these are inseparable from England. The originals of the charters printed in the *Codex Diplomaticus*, where the originals exist, would for double reasons be worthy of a place in a future volume, to stand at the head of the English Manuscripts.

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THE

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ART. I.—1. *The Life of Las Casas, "The Apostle of the Indies."* By ARTHUR HELPS, Author of "The Spanish Conquest of America." 8vo. London, 1868.
2. *Vidas de Españoles Celebres.* Por DON MANUEL JOSEF QUINTANA. 8vo. Paris, 1845.
3. *Der Cardinal Ximenes und die kirchliche Zustände Spaniens am Ende des XV. und Anfange des XVI. Jahrhunderts.* Von Dr. KARL HEFELE. 8vo. Tübingen, 1859.
4. *A New History of the Conquest of Mexico, in which Las Casas's Denunciation of the Popular Historians of that Event are fully vindicated.* By ROBERT ANDERSON WILSON. 8vo. London, 1859.

THERE is a mixture of religion and romance in the story of Bartolomeo de Las Casas, which, even apart from its high moral interest, must always make it an attractive study. All that stirs the fancy or engages the religious sympathies in those great events which form the charm of mediæval history,—the half-sacred, half-martial enthusiasm of the Crusades; the mingled piety and adventure of Rubruquis' or Carpini's mission to Prester John, or of Pedro Covilham's search for the supposed Christian kingdom of Abyssinia; the large-hearted philanthropy of John de Matha's Brotherhood of the Redemption of Captives; the union of proselytism and chivalry which impelled Francis of Assisi to court martyrdom among the infidels; the eager self-sacrifice which spread all over Europe, in cowl and scapular, his brethren, and those of his fellow-apostle Dominic, renouncing fortune and friends, home with its tenderest ties, life with its most courted pleasures, in the pursuit of that lofty vision of gospel perfection which was the soul of mediæval monasticism; even the less sacred spirit of scientific research or of commercial or territorial enterprise, which sent out, to every point of the compass, adventurous explorers, from Marco Polo to Ca da Mosto or Vasco di Gama,—names which will not suffer by comparison even with

> "The glorious roll
> Of those who search the storm-surrounded pole;"

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

> "Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of his mind
> Took every creature in, and every kind."

It is true that the problem to the solution of which the life of this remarkable man was devoted—the relations, and especially the social relations, between the victorious occupants of a new country and the conquered aborigines whom they displace—

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is a problem which is as old as the history of conquest, and one whose fitting resolution most probably can only be hoped for as the latest triumph of Christian civilisation: but to Las Casas, in the New World, this problem presented itself in circumstances peculiarly painful, and we think the only drawback upon the almost unqualified panegyric of his friends and the reluctant admiration of his angriest adversaries—that suspicion of an over-fervent temperament to which we alluded above—will find its explanation, if not its defence, in these circumstances. Not even the coldest could contemplate them without emotion. "If it can be proved," says Mr. Helps in his general *History of the Spanish Conquest of America*,* "that Las Casas was on occasions too impetuous in word or deed, it was in a cause that might have driven any man charged with it beyond all bounds of prudence in the expression of his indignation." He carries the feelings with him, even when the judgment may refuse to follow. His impetuosity, even taking the most extreme picture of it which his enemies have drawn, is free from the slightest tinge of the vulgar vice of excitable and uncontrolled irritability. Throughout his career in America the moral nature of the man appears in a state of preternatural tension, the result of a solemn consciousness of ever-present responsibility. But his ardour is never fitful or intermittent, as is found in weaker temperaments or under lower motives and less generous impulses. It is as unvarying as it is fervent and impetuous.

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

> "exire, locosque
> Explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras
> Qui teneant, nam inculta videt, hominesne ferasne,"—

the result must have been in most cases that the existing population was dispossessed of their lands or hunting-grounds, and either compelled to retire to a distant settlement, or reduced into servitude, more or less complete, under the new comer. The most ancient records of colonization are found among maritime peoples; because for them, besides the growth of population, an additional motive for the formation of new settlements was supplied by the necessities of trade. In this way were formed the Phœnician settlements on the northern coasts of Africa, Septis Magna, Hippo, Hadrumetum, Tunis, Carthage, and the Pelasgian settlements of Greece and Asia Minor, as well as the similar colonies of the islands of the Mediterranean. In many of these the aboriginal population seems to have in great part disappeared. In others, like the Helots of Sparta, they remained in a state of servitude more or less complete. In others, again, where the object was the carrying on of mining operations or similar works, the natives were probably held in a condition of enforced service, of which that of the Israelites under their Egyptian taskmasters is no exaggerated type. Most of the Greek colonies in Asia, in the Islands, and in Southern Italy, in like manner, were maritime. The greater number of them were even restricted within limits immediately adjoining the coast; and although several of the migrations which led to their formation had their origin in some political revolution of the mother city, yet the colonies were in almost every instance mainly commercial, and their relations with the peoples among whom they fixed themselves arose principally out of that character. But it was not so with the colonies of Carthage in Spain and on the Mediterranean, or with those of Rome outside of Italy, especially in the days of her later development. The settlements formed by both these remarkable peoples were, generally speaking, purely military positions, occupied for the purpose of conquest. In the colonies of the Carthaginians, especially in Spain, the native population seems to have been treated with extreme severity. The Romans, generally speaking, were content with appropriating a portion, commonly a third, of the land, which was assigned to the Roman colonists; and the population, with the exception of the captives of the lance and bow in the first conquest (who were ordinarily reduced to slavery), remained in possession of the rest of the land, the chief hardship of their condition being in the abnormal proportion of the burden of taxes and other impositions which they were compelled to bear.

* Vol. i. p. 240.

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

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

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

By degrees, too, we find a still further development of the slave system. The expedition of Dinis Fernandez in 1445 brought home and presented to Prince Henry four negroes, not obtained by purchase or barter, but directly captured in their own country by the Portuguese. His object appears to have been to make them useful, having first converted them to Christianity, as interpreters and organs of communication with their

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countrymen in subsequent expeditions. But the example, however innocent its intention, was not lost. We are easily rendered indulgent to vice by its actual presence—

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

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

It is not, however, our present purpose to trace the details of this melancholy story, the interest of which since our own Emancipation Act, and still more since the late Act of Enfranchisement in America, is rapidly passing into a thing of history. We shall only particularize one single expedition in the year 1444, in which a number of the inhabitants of the Islands of Nar and Tider, no fewer than two hundred, were carried off as slaves, and in which Prince Henry himself, in accordance with the conditions of the expedition, received his fifth share of the captives, amounting to forty-six souls. Mr. Helps, in his History of the Conquest, has preserved the narrative of the chronicler Azurara, which might easily appear to be but an anticipated description, on a small scale, of a scene which has a thousand times been repeated with aggravated horrors in the later history of this nefarious commerce. Azurara dilates upon the "marvellous" sight which was presented by the captives; amongst whom were "some of a reasonable degree of whiteness, handsome and well made; others less white, resembling leopards in their colour; others as black as Ethiopians, and so ill-formed, as well in their faces as in their bodies, that it seemed to the beholders as if they saw forms of a lower hemisphere. What heart is there," he piteously exclaims, "which was not pierced with sorrow, seeing that company? For some had sunken cheeks, and their faces bathed in tears, looking at each other; others were groaning very dolorously, looking at the heights of the heavens, fixing their eyes upon them as if they were asking succour from the Father of Nature; others struck their faces with their hands, throwing themselves upon the earth; others made their lamentations in songs, according to the customs of their country, which, although we could not comprehend their language, we saw corresponded well to the height of their sorrow." Nor is there wanting in this typical narrative the accompanying incident, which has so often formed the most painful characteristic of the modern slave sale—the agony of separation. "While they were placing in one part the children that saw parents in another, the children sprang up perseveringly and fled to them. The mothers enclosed the children in their arms, and threw themselves with them on the ground, receiving wounds with little pity for their own flesh, so that their offspring might not be torn from them." Azurara repeats what has been affirmed by all other writers regarding Prince Henry, that in accepting those forty-six slaves as his share, he did not look to the gain, "his principal riches being in his contentment, considering with great delight the salvation of those souls which before were lost;" and he adds that the thought was not vain, for "as soon as they had knowledge of our language they readily became Christians;" and he himself professes to have seen in Lagos, young men and young women, the sons and grandsons of those very captives, born in the land, as good and true Christians as if they had lineally descended since the commencement of the law of Christ from those who were first baptized.

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

It is certain, therefore, that for many years before the discovery of America, an organized system of slavery and of slave-traffic already existed in Spain and Portugal; and the existence of this traffic will be found hereafter to have an important bearing upon the history of Las Casas. There is every reason however to believe that the importation of slaves from Africa into Europe would not in ordinary circumstances

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have endured for any long time. Black slaves might have continued for a space to be held a part of the grandeur of a great household, and perhaps for the more luxurious uses of domestic service the negro might have remained in demand, at least until a change of fashion should have ensued. But the staple of labour in Europe must still have been supplied by the hardy natives of the soil, adapted to the European climate, and capable of the fatigues incidental to the conditions of European labour in European countries. It is difficult to believe that the demand for negro slaves for the home-market would have sufficed to maintain such a branch of commerce with Africa, while on the other hand the legitimate commerce in the natural products of the African slave-countries would have gradually taken the place of the slave traffic itself, and eventually have led to its abandonment.

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

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

Bartolomeo de Las Casas was born at Seville in 1474. Being regarded as in every sense one of the notabilities of Spanish history, he is never thought of except as a Spaniard, *sangre puro*, by descent, as well as by birth and education. Nevertheless, although Mr. Helps, in his most charming biography, overlooks the circumstance, it is certain that his family was French, and had settled in Spain under Ferdinand III., the founder of the family having distinguished himself at the siege of Seville in 1247. The name originally had been *Casaus;* but although that name was at first used by Bartolomeo indiscriminately with Las Casas,* it is only in the strictly Spanish form, De Las Casas, that it has become memorable in history. There is some obscurity in the chronology of the early years of his career. His father was one of the companions of Columbus in his first voyage of discovery, and some of Las Casas's biographers assert that Bartolomeo himself accompanied his father in that expedition. This, however, is a mistake. He was early designed for the Church, and was engaged in study at home during the whole time of that expedition. After making the preparatory studies at Seville, he was sent to Salamanca, where he remained till his eighteenth year, and where he took the licentiate's degree. Prescott, in his *Ferdinand and Isabella*,* places his first expedition to the Indies at this date, representing him as one of the twelve ecclesiastics who accompanied Columbus in his second voyage in 1493. That this also is a mistake,† a curious evidence is found in Quintana's biography, which Mr. Helps has overlooked. Among the trophies of the successful voyage which the elder Las Casas brought home when he returned for the first time in company with Columbus, was a young Indian slave; and it is a singular instance of what has been happily called the "irony of life," that while the future champion and defender of Indian liberty was pursuing his divinity studies at Salamanca, this very slave boy was attached to his person; and that he actually remained as the slave of the destined emancipator of the Indians until the publication of the edict of Isabella commanding all possessors of natives of India within the Spanish territory to set them free without delay, under penalty of death, and to send them back at their own cost to Hispaniola.

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

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

* Vol. i. p. 386.

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

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

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left Spain in 1498, he would have appealed to an experience of fifty-three years instead of forty-nine.

We are of opinion, therefore, with Las Casas's latest and most elegant Spanish biographer, Quintana, that it was not until 1502 that he set out for the Indies. He had not yet received priest's orders; but, although he certainly was far from entertaining the opinions regarding the Indian affairs which he ultimately held, the spirit of religious enterprise was already strong within him. His professional studies once completed, he was not a man to wait long upon opportunity, or to hold back until others should by previous trial have made success secure. He seems to have felt strongly at every period of his career that, under Providence, men's destiny is in their own hands—

> "That in the flaming forge of life
> Our fortunes must be wrought."

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

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

It began with the issue of royal letters-patent to Columbus in 1497, authorizing him to grant to Spaniards *repartimientos* of *lands* in the Indies, in virtue of which letters the grantee is enabled to "sell, give, present, traffic with, exchange, pledge, alienate, and do all that he likes or may think good with," the lands so assigned. This form of grant, as far as regards its terms, was but an exercise of the right of assignment of conquered lands claimed by all conquerors, and was rigorously limited to the land itself, giving no rights or powers whatever over the liberties or personal services of the natives.

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

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

The final seal was placed upon the system by a royal letter, dated December 20, 1503, which, although it did not go beyond the terms of the previously existing local enactments of the Governors of the colony, legalized these enactments by investing them with the royal sanction. By this letter the governor Ovando was empowered to compel the Indians to have dealings with the Spaniards, and to work in their service. It is true that the ordinance contemplates the payment of wages for these forced services; but as the amount of the wages was left to be regulated by the Governor, the

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service practically degenerated into a system hardly, if at all, distinguishable from slavery. It might seem some mitigation of the rigour of such a system that the ordinance provided that the Indians should work under the direction of their own caciques, that they should be instructed in the faith, and should attend the services of the Church; and that they should do these things "as free persons, for such they are." But such a provision, in such a system, and under such hands, could not be more than an idle mockery. Ovando's interpretation of it was, by letters issued to the several applicants, to distribute the Indians in gangs of fifty or a hundred, with a cacique at their head. The order as to their instruction in the faith, it is true, was formally inserted in the deed of assignment, but it remained in every instance a dead letter; and it is a significant commentary on the character of the relations which now arose with the Indians, that these assignments henceforward, instead of being called *repartimientos*, came to be designated by the name *encomiendas*, a name equivalent to our "commandery" or "preceptory," and borrowed from the vocabulary of the military orders of the home country. The *encomienda* of Ovando thus fell immediately upon *the persons* of the native Indians, who were directly appertioned to the several grantees. In the *repartimiento* of Columbus, although it dealt with certain specified services of the caciques and their people, to be rendered in the cultivation of the lands assigned, the direct object of the grant was the *land*, and not the *Indian* or *his service*. The latter was a hard and oppressive form of feudal service. The former drifted by an inevitable necessity into formal and unmitigated slavery.

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

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

"The New World stretched its dusk hand to the Old."

With the enthusiasm of Las Casas's later career before us, it is not easy to realize how he could have remained so many years an apathetic, or at least an inactive, spectator of what in the end stirred his whole nature so powerfully to its very depths. Mr. Prescott,† it is true, represents him as labouring in the cause of the natives from the very day of his arrival in the Indies. But this is certainly a mistake. It is distinctly at variance with the Clerigo's own

* Helps's *Spanish Conquest*, i. 141.

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

† *Ferdinand and Isabella*, i. 236.

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humble and ingenuous acknowledgment. He frankly confesses, at a time when he had been already several years in the colony, that in these matters he had till then been as blind as the lay members of the flock intrusted to his care.* He was kind and indulgent towards the Indians personally; but he was by no means at this time alive to the true nature of the system pursued towards them by the colonists, without scruple, and apparently without consciousness of its enormities. Of his kindly and merciful dispositions in their regard, and of the notoriety of this character in the colony, we are assured by the very earliest recorded circumstance of his relations towards them—namely, his being selected by Diego Velasquez to accompany him in his expedition in 1511, in the expedition for the occupation and pacification of the island of Cuba; but, on the other hand, we have equally significant evidence how different his theoretical opinions must have been from those of his later career, in the fact that he not merely accepted a *repartimiento* from Velasquez, who assigned to Las Casas, in conjunction with his friend Pedro de la Renteria, a large village (*pueblo*) near Xaqua, but even employed the Indians thus assigned to him, not only in cultivating the land, but also in the more oppressive labour of the mines.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He began at home. Personally he cared little for the pecuniary sacrifice; but as he held the *repartimiento* in common with his friend De Renteria, he felt it necessary to consult with him as to its surrender. Renteria was absent in Jamaica. Las Casas, although he lost no time in communicating to his friend the governor Velasquez the startling revolution which had taken place in his views as to the lawfulness of the *repartimiento* system, and his firm resolve to give up his own slaves, yet requested Valasquez to keep this determination secret till Renteria's return. Meanwhile, however, his own convictions being once settled, it was not in his ardent nature to remain inactive. On Assumption Day in the same year, his sermon opened up the whole question, and made public his own resolution, as well as his views regarding the unlawfulness of the system, and his conviction that no one could possess Indian slaves without peril to his immortal soul. His hearers were amazed. Some, he tells us, were struck with compunction; others "were as much surprised to hear it called a sin to make use of the Indians, as if they had been told it was sinful to make use of the beasts of the field."

This public denunciation of the *repartimientos* he followed up by vigorous private remonstrances and representations. They had little effect, it will readily be believed, in abating an abuse now inveterate in the colony. Las Casas saw that the battle could only be successfully fought in the councils of the King himself; and although he was utterly penniless, he resolved to undertake

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

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the voyage to Spain for the purpose. He wrote at once to this effect to Renteria, and summoned him home without delay.

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

Las Casas's departure from Cuba, and probably also the effort which he had inaugurated for the amelioration of the condition of the Indians, led in the first instance to the very opposite result. It may be that the hopes which were raised in the minds of the natives by his interposition in their favour, excited them, as has often been the case in the later movements for abolition in the United States of America, to courses which their taskmasters made the occasion of fresh repression and of increased severity. Incidents such as the following, and others recorded by Mr. Helps, after Las Casas's own narrative, must have lent a powerful stimulus to the zeal with which he entered on his mission :—

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

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

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

His first appeal upon his arrival in Spain was to the King in person. Influenced probably by the representations of Pedro da Cordova, he determined to avoid the ministers, the Bishop of Burgos and Lope de Conchillos; and having been furnished with letters to the King by the Archbishop of Seville, he addressed himself directly, and in very energetic terms, to Ferdinand, first enlisting on his side the influence of his confessor, Tomas de Matienzo. But he soon saw that the age and infirmity of Ferdinand left little room for hope of independent action on his part; and although Ferdinand received his representation with much interest, and promised to give him a further audience and to provide a remedy for the evils which he described, it became evident that the matter would ultimately come into the hands of the Bishop of Burgos and the

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

By Ferdinand's death, the regency of Spain having been intrusted during the minority of the young King Charles, conjointly to the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes, who had been named by Ferdinand's will, and to Adrian of Utrecht, who had been Charles's tutor, the supreme direction of Indian affairs fell into the hands of a minister who, although a churchman like Fonseca, was a churchman of a very different stamp. The latter indeed was a churchman in name only, although he held in succession a number of ecclesiastical preferments, which, if churchtemporalities could make a true churchman, might have infused the ecclesiastical element even into the most secular organization—the Archidiaconate of Seville, the Bishopric of Badajoz, that of Cordova, of Palencia, of Conde, the Archbishopric of Rossano in Italy, and the Bishopric of Burgos! Although a faithful and able minister, and a ready, bold, and dexterous politician, Fonseca appears to have been destitute, not alone of all ecclesiastical tastes, and of those higher spiritual instincts which often give a colour to the character of men of secular pursuits, but even to have been wanting in that inner moral sense which lies at the bottom of all true Christian polity, even in its purely secular relations. He was a statesman of the hardest and most materialistic school; and in that age the materialism of statesmanship had not even the redeeming characteristics which in later times it has drawn from those higher and more benevolent views developed in the progress of the new civilisation. On the contrary, Ximenes, to whose general career we hope to return at more length upon some convenient opportunity, was, by the very constitution of his mind, a churchman and even an ascetic. But he was of that noble school of churchmen to whom, while there was still a debatable land between the realm of the Church and that of the State, and before it was attempted to draw between them a sharp and immovable line of demarcation, the latter has owed so many and so deep obligations. With him the interests of right and justice were ever foremost, and no consideration of political or economical advantage could reconcile him to the expedient, when he believed it to be at variance with either. Las Casas on hearing of Ferdinand's death had resolved to repair to Flanders, in the hope of enlisting the sympathies of the young King; but he determined in the first instance to lay his statement of the wrongs of the Indians before the Cardinal and his colleague Adrian. They were struck with horror by the recital; and Ximenes, with his characteristic decision, at once assured Las Casas that it was not necessary for him to go to Flanders, but that the remedy for such evils should be found at Madrid. Accordingly he at once appointed a council to hear the representations of Las Casas; and when the facts had been ascertained, he named a committee to draw up, in conjunction with Las Casas, a plan for securing for the future the liberty of the natives, and for regulating their relations to the Government and the Spanish colonial population. The result of many protracted consultations was a scheme, drawn up roughly by Las Casas, modified by the subsequent revision of the associated councillors, and ultimately approved by Cardinal Ximenes and Adrian. The administration of the system so devised was intrusted to a commission of three Fathers of the order of St. Jerome, selected by the General, who were brought to Madrid to receive their instructions and powers. Las Casas, profoundly suspicious of the intrigues of the colonial slaveholders and their Spanish abettors, regarded the sojourn of these commissioners in Madrid as a great evil, and ascribed many of the difficulties and misunderstandings that subsequently arose to the impressions made upon them by the patrons of the *repartimiento* system, before they left Spain for their destined place of action.

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

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

But besides, as a further security for the effectiveness of his plan, the Cardinal invested Las Casas himself, under the title of "Protector of the Indians," with independent authority, not only as adviser and consulter of the commission, but also as direct organ of communication with the home Government, with a very wide and general power to "take such steps in the matter as might be for the service of God and of their Highnesses." And a most valuable support to his views was the appointment of a legal commissary named Zuazo, who was invested with extraordinary judicial powers, and authorized to inquire into, and if necessary revise, without right of appeal, the proceedings of all the judges in the Indies. An appointment so unlimited was vehemently resisted, not only by the *repartimiento* party, but even by some more moderate members of the council on Indian affairs; and Las Casas feared that the Hieronymite Fathers themselves had been injuriously influenced by the representations of the agents who had been sent home from the Indies in the interest of the colonists, and who had several interviews with the Fathers during their stay in Madrid. After long delay, five of the council definitively refused to affix their signatures to the powers proposed for Zuazo. The preparations were thus brought to a

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

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

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stand. It seemed as if, after so favourable an opening, the scheme was about to fall hopelessly to the ground. Las Casas was alarmed, but he did not lose courage. He went once again to the Cardinal, and Ximenes proved equal to the occasion. To use the homely phrase of Las Casas, he was not a man to suffer himself to be played upon (*ninguno con el se burlaba*). He sent upon the moment for the recusant councillors, and called upon them to sign in his own presence the required powers of Zuazo. They did not dare to refuse. But it is painful to add that they had the bad faith to affix secretly to the signature a certain private mark, which they intended as a means of attesting, what they meant subsequently to avow, namely, that they had signed only upon compulsion.

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

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

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

Meanwhile Zuazo, the judicial commissary, arrived, and Las Casas resolved, as the only means of bringing what he believed to be the vital interests of the Indian cause under discussion, to impeach the judges whom the Hieronymites had spared. Mr. Helps holds the balance between Las Casas and the Hieronymites with a very hesitating hand. He evidently believes in the good faith and right-mindedness of both; but though he is of opinion that the bolder course would have been successful, he leans to a very indulgent judgment of the motives, as well as of the prudence, of that adopted by the Fathers:—

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

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

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

"Such measured proceedings as the Jeronimite Fathers at first adopted did not accord with the temperament of Las Casas; neither were they such remedies as the fearful nature of the disease demanded. Moreover, in addition to his disapproval of their measures, he distrusted the men themselves. He states that they had relations whom they wished to benefit in the island of Hispaniola, but as they feared him too much to do so there, they recommended these relations to Diego Velasquez, the Governor of Cuba; and Las Casas observed, that in a letter which he happened to see when they were about to close it, they signed themselves, 'Chaplains to your Honour' (*Capellanes de Vuestra Merced*), a mode of describing themselves which seemed to him conclusive of the position the Fathers were going to take up with regard to this Governor."

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

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

At the time of Ximenes' death the young King Charles was but sixteen years old. The supreme authority in Spain now came into the hands of the Grand Chamberlain William de Croy of Chievres, in Hainault, and of the Grand Chancellor Jean Salvage. In the latter Las Casas had the good fortune to find a not unfavourable listener, having been recommended to him by some Franciscan Fathers from Picardy, whom he met at St. Domingo, while on his way to Spain. The Chancellor, to whom the department of the Indian affairs chiefly appertained, freely consulted Las Casas on the many memorials which came before him, and in the end obtained the young King's consent that, conjointly with Las Casas, he should devise a remedy for the ill-government of the Indies. The drawing up of the scheme was intrusted to Las Casas. Its chief feature was a proposal to supply to the colony from other sources the labour which experience had proved to be unsuited to the feeble and unenergetic Indian race; and it consisted of a two-fold provision, first, of emigrant labourers from Spain who were to be invited by certain definite advantages, and of whom Las Casas undertook to secure an abundant enlistment; and secondly, of negro slaves, of whom each Spanish resident in Hispaniola was to have license to import twelve from Africa. The latter branch of the scheme remains as a lasting blot on the reputation of Las Casas; and it may well be regarded as one of the most curious of those anomalies in which history abounds, that the greatest triumph of philanthropy in the present age has been the undoing of an inveterate and intolerable wrong, which, if it did not originate with the greatest philanthropist of the sixteenth century, at least had his undoubted sanction and support. It has been doubted by some of the apologists of Las Casas whether the proposal for the importation of negroes really was made by him; and the well-known constitutional Bishop of Blois, Gregoire, formally denies it in the Life of Las Casas which he prefixed to the French edition of his works. But the fact is undeniable. Quintana in his admirable biography devotes a special dissertation to the subject, in which he produces four several proposals of Las Casas, of which it forms a part.*

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

* *Vidas de Españoles Celebres*, p. 227. First, in 1516, to Cardinal Ximenes; secondly, in a later memorial presented to the Government, proposing

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And indeed it is strange how any doubt as to the fact could ever have arisen, seeing that Las Casas himself, in the *History of the Indies* which he wrote in his later years, humbly confesses it and frankly avows and bewails his error. "This advice," he says, "that license should be given to bring negro slaves to this land, the Clerigo Casas first gave, not considering the injustice with which the Portuguese take them and make them slaves; which advice, after he had apprehended the nature of the thing, he would not have given for all he had in the world. For he always held that they had been made slaves unjustly and tyrannically, since the same reason holds good of them as of the Indians." *

But although Las Casas must beyond all question be held answerable for having made this proposal, it would be equally unjust to regard him as the originator of negro slavery in the Indies. We have already seen that the importation of African slaves into Europe almost kept pace with the progress of maritime discovery in Africa; and its introduction into the West Indies was one of the very first devices of the infant colonization. In proposing it, Las Casas was only following the universally received ideas of his time.

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

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

* * * * *

"Before quitting this subject, something must be said for Las Casas which he does not allege for himself.* This suggestion of his about the negroes was not an isolated one. Had all his suggestions been carried out, and the Indians thereby been preserved, as I firmly believe they might have been, these negroes might have remained a very insignificant number in the general population. By the destruction of Indians a void in the laborious part of the community was being constantly created, which had to be filled up by the labour of negroes. The negroes could bear the labour in the mines much better than the Indians; and any man who perceived that a race, of whose Christian virtues and capabilities he thought highly, were fading away by reason of being subjected to labour which their natures were incompetent to endure, and which they were most unjustly condemned to, might prefer the misery of the smaller number of another race treated with equal injustice, but more capable of enduring it. I did not say that Las Casas considered all these things; but, at any rate, in estimating his conduct, we must recollect, that we look at the matter centuries after it occurred, and see all the extent of the evil arising from circumstances which no man could then be expected to foresee, and which were inconsistent with the rest of the Clerigo's plans for the preservation of the Indians.

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

At all events, certain it is that the part of Las Casas's scheme, against which the opposition of the antagonistic party was directed, was not the importation of negroes, but the project of free emigrant labour. His old adversary the Bishop of Burgos, who had for a time fallen into disfavour, was recalled about this time to the Indian administration. He ridiculed the project of free emigration, and declared that in twenty years he had not yet found twenty men who would go to the Indies in the capacity of labourers. Las Casas in reply undertook to find three thousand. But again his evil fortune awaited him. At the crisis of the struggle his friend and supporter, the Chancellor, was suddenly seized with fever, and died, leaving

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that each colonist might be permitted to take two or three negroes; thirdly, in a clause of the contract with the Government for the Cumana expedition; and lastly, in a memorial to the Council of he Indies in 1531.

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

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

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to the Bishop of Burgos his old supremacy, and sinking the Clerigo, in his own homely phrase, "down to the abysses." Fonseca at once proceeded to form a special council of Indian affairs almost all devoted to his own views; and his first act was to undo the last relic of the old scheme of Las Casas, by recalling the Hieronymite Fathers from the Indies.

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

"The Clerigo, with his squire and other attendants, set off on his expedition for procuring emigrant labourers. He directed his course from Saragossa towards Castille, assembling the people in the churches, and informing them of the benefits and privileges they would acquire by emigrating. Numbers consented to go, inscribing their names in a book. At Berlanga, out of a population of two hundred, more than seventy inscribed their names. It gives a curious insight into those times, to see that the inducement with these people to emigrate, was to get away from the seignorial rights over them. They came to Las Casas with the greatest secrecy; and he relates this speech made by four of them:—'Señor, no one of us wishes to go to the Indies for want of means here, for each of us has a hundred thousand maravedis of *hacienda* and more, but we go to leave our children in a free land under royal jurisdiction."

The scheme, however, notwithstanding the favourable disposition of the peasants, failed, through the insubordination and recklessness of Berrio; and Las Casas at once turned to a project of an entirely different character. Abandoning for the moment the hope of any general legislation for the colony, by which one common end might be put to the horrors of the condition of the natives, he directed his efforts towards the foundation, within a limited district, of at least a model settlement, in which the benefits of Christian civilisation might be secured for the Indians, and an efficacious protection might be afforded to them, and to all other natives who might take refuge amongst them, against the cruelties for which he had found it impossible to carry out a preventive in the colony at large. With this view, he proposed to form a sort of company, consisting of fifty individuals, each contributing two hundred ducats, who would undertake the work out of Christian motives; and at the same time he offered to them a fair prospect of forwarding their own interests by lawful means. He proposed that the members should wear a distinctive dress—white, with a red cross, like that of the Knights of Calatrava; and he looked forward, if the design should prosper, to its being ultimately incorporated as a religious fraternity. To this association he asked that a district on the mainland, extending a thousand* leagues along the coast, should be assigned, in consideration of a yearly tribute to the Crown; and he stipulated that, in order to guard against the contagion of evil example and the other ills under which the good name of Christianity had been dishonoured by Europeans in the eyes of the natives, the district should be shut against all Europeans, with the exception of the members of the fraternity; and one of the objects of enforcing a distinctive costume was to distinguish this band in the eyes of the Indians from all other Spaniards whom they had ever seen before. They were to labour for the conversion of the Indians, and to carry a friendly message to them from the King; they were to be accompanied by twelve priests, Franciscans and Dominicans; and it was to be expressly provided that neither then, nor at any later time, should the Indians, within the limits appointed, be given to Spaniards, whether as *repartimiento* or any other form of slavery. But in this scheme, as in the last which the Clerigo had proposed, liberty was given to the fifty members to import a hundred and fifty negro slaves, one half men, the other women, which number might be increased to five hundred, if it should so seem expedient to the Clerigo. In a word, the plan, omitting the provisions for negro labour, bore a strong resemblance in its leading features to that of the celebrated *reducciones* of the Jesuits of Paraguay; and it is particularly to be observed that the very regulation which, during the height of the anti-Jesuit crusade, was represented in so invidious a light against the society—that by which the territory was kept shut against all other Europeans and against the questionable example of their lives and character,—was one of those upon which Las Casas insisted most strongly, as indispensable for the success of the gospel among the native population. It is further worthy of note that Las Casas asked nothing for

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

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himself, and in no way provided for his own interest or ambition.

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

Las Casas encountered the Bishop with his own weapon of indirect warfare. Finding himself powerless in the Indian council, he enlisted on his side the sympathies of the eight royal preachers and of other eminent ecclesiastics, one of whom is said by Las Casas to have been a venerable monk from Picardy, a brother of the Queen of Scotland,* who had been a missionary in the Indies, and was able to speak from personal knowledge of the wrongs of the native population. The course taken by the royal preachers is not uncharacteristic of the age. Having first discussed among themselves, and been satisfied of the enormity of the evils of the Indies, they drew up a plan for their redress, and bound themselves by oath not to be deterred by fear or influence from seeking its accomplishment. They resolved that they would first admonish the council of the Indies; failing this, they would go to the Chancellor; should he not take the initiative, they would address themselves to Monsieur Chievres; if he too were unmoved, they would appeal to the King in person; and if all these failed to provide a remedy, they would preach publicly against the neglect of duty by all these men, powerful as they were, not sparing even the King himself. This resolution they committed to writing, and each having subscribed it with his name, they swore solemnly upon the cross and the book of the Gospels to carry out their resolve.

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

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

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

"Las Casas spoke out very boldly before it: and, in the course of the proceedings, Antonio de Fonseca, the brother of the Bishop of Burgos, a man of great authority, thus addressed Las Casas, interrupting him probably in the midst of some statement: 'You cannot now say that the members of the Indian Council have been the death of the Indians, for you have taken all their Indians away.' He alluded to the order issued by Ximenes, that the Indians should be taken away from absentee proprietors, amongst whom were members of the Council. Las Casas replied—'My Lord, their Lordships have not been the death of all the Indians, but they have been the death of immense numbers where they possessed them: the principal destruction, however, of the Indians has been effected by private persons, which destruction their Lordships have abetted.'

"The Bishop in a furious manner then broke into the discussion with these words: 'A fortunate man, indeed, is he who is of the Council of the King, if, being of the Council of the King, he is to put himself in contest with Casas.' To this unmannerly speech the Clerigo replied with much readiness and dignity:

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

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'A more fortunate man is Casas, if, having come from the Indies two thousand leagues, encountering such risks and dangers, to advise the King and his Council, in order that they might not lose their souls (*que no se vayan a los Infiernos*) on account of the tyranny and destruction which is going on in the Indies, in place of being thanked and honoured for it, he should have to put himself in contest with the Council."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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gospel, he had offered those temporal inducements which Aguirre had heard of and disapproved.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

From the date of this crowning misfortune, we are for a long period without any detailed account of his proceedings. It would seem that sickness for a time was added to the other depressing influences which bore him down, and that now, if ever in his eventful life, his resolute spirit gave way. All we know is that, in the interval of suspense, while he was awaiting the reply to his letters, he "began to ponder more frequently upon his state," and held much converse with the Fathers of the community, especially with a certain Father Betanzos, whom he had known for many years, —"a grey-haired young man, grey from his terrible penance in other lands," who was afterwards a most prominent figure in the history of the New World; and the result was that, after much deliberation, he received the Dominican tonsure and habit in 1522. And thus, when the returning fleet brought back from the court and even from the Vatican kindly letters of encouragement and promise, the Protector of the Indies was already committed to the silence and abstraction of the novitiate, from which he emerged at the regular period, only to pursue, for a long series of years, the routine of the monastic life, diversified by study, and probably by the preparation of that History of the Indies on which all the historians of the New World have drawn so largely for their materials.

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

It was not, however, until 1531, that Las Casas re-entered in a regular and permanent way upon his old career as missionary and protector of the Indians. At the invitation of the Bishop of Nicaragua, he, in company with his brother Dominicans, established a convent of their order at Leon, the chief Spanish town of the province. In 1534 he made, or rather attempted, a second voyage to Peru; and about the same time, or probably a year or two later, he again returned to

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Spain. The great object to which he now was compelled to address himself was rather the prevention of individual acts or enterprises of atrocity, than any of the general schemes for securing the liberties and persons of the Indians, in which he had so frequently been baffled by the ingenious obstinacy of his interested antagonists. The most unbridled license was practised with impunity. Out of a body of four thousand natives impressed in this very province of Nicaragua to carry burdens for an expedition, only six survived the hideous cruelties to which they were subjected; and Las Casas mentions that when one of the Indians fell sick and weary on the march, and was no longer able to keep pace with his fellows, the quick way of getting free the chain by which the gang were bound together, was to cut off the head of the broken-down sufferer, and thus disengage him from the party!

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

"There was a certain man named Juan Bono, and he was employed by the members of the *audiencia* of St. Domingo to go and obtain Indians. He and his men, to the number of fifty or sixty, landed on the island of Trinidad. Now the Indians of Trinidad were a mild, loving, credulous race, the enemies of the Caribs who ate human flesh. On Juan Bono's landing, the Indians, armed with bows and arrows, went to meet the Spaniards, and to ask them who they were, and what they wanted. Juan Bono replied, that his crew were good and peaceful people, who had come to live with the Indians; upon which, as the commencement of good fellowship, the natives offered to build houses for the Spaniards. The Spanish captain expressed a wish to have one large house built. The accommodating Indians set about building it. It was to be in the form of a bell, and to be large enough for a hundred persons to live in. On any great occasion it would hold many more. Every day, while this house was being built, the Spaniards were fed with fish, bread, and fruit by their good-natured hosts. Juan Bono was very anxious to see the roof on, and the Indians continued to work at the building with alacrity. At last it was completed, being two storeys high, and so constructed that those within could not see those without. Upon a certain day Juan Bono collected the Indians together, men, women, and children, in the building, to see, as he told them, 'what was to be done.' Whether they thought they were coming to some festival, or that they were to do something more for the great house, does not appear. However, there they all were, four hundred of them, looking with much delight at their own handiwork. Meanwhile, Juan Bono brought his men round the building, with drawn swords in their hands: then, having thoroughly entrapped his Indian friends, he entered with a party of armed men, and bade the Indians keep still, or he would kill them. They did not listen to him, but rushed against the door. A horrible massacre ensued. Some of the Indians forced their way out, but many of them, stupefied at what they saw, and losing heart, were captured and bound. A hundred, however, escaped, and, snatching up their arms, assembled in one of their own houses, and prepared to defend themselves. Juan Bono summoned them to surrender: they would not hear of it; and then, as Las Casas says, 'he resolved to pay them completely for the hospitality and kind treatment he had received,' and so, setting fire to the house, the whole hundred men, together with some women and children, were burnt alive. The Spanish captain and his men retired to the ships with their captives: and his vessel happening to touch at Porto Rico when the Jeronimite Fathers were there, gave occasion to Las Casas to complain of this proceeding to the Fathers, who, however, did nothing in the way of remedy or punishment. The reader will be surprised to hear the Clerigo's authority for this deplorable narrative. It is Juan Bono himself. 'From his own mouth I heard that which I write. Juan Bono acknowledged that never in his life had he met with the kindness of father and mother but in the island of Trinidad. "Well, then, man of perdition, why did you reward them with such ungrateful wickedness and cruelty?" "On my faith, Padre, because they (he meant the auditors) gave me for destruction (he meant *instruction*) to take them in peace if I could not by war."'"

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

"In the morning of the day on which the Spaniards under Narvaez and Las Casas, amounting to about a hundred men, arrived at Caonoa, they stopped to breakfast in the dry bed of a stream where there were many stones suitable for grindstones; and they all took the opportunity of sharpening their swords. From thence a wide and arid plain led them to Caonoa. They would have suffered terribly from thirst, but that some Indians kindly brought them water on the road. At last they reached Caonoa at the time of vespers. Here they halted. The chief population of this Indian town and the vicinity were assembled together in one spot, sitting on the ground, and gazing, no doubt with wonder, at the horses of the Spaniards. Apart, in a large hut, were five hundred of the natives, who, being more timid than the others, were content to prepare victuals for their visitors, but declined any nearer approaches. The Spaniards had with them about a thousand of their own Indian attendants. The Clerigo was preparing for the division of the rations amongst the men, when suddenly a Spaniard, prompted, as was thought, by the Devil, drew his sword: the rest drew theirs; and immediately they all began to hack and hew the poor Indians, who were sitting

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quietly near them, and offering no more resistance than so many sheep. At the precise moment when the massacre began, the Clerigo was in the apartment where the Spaniards were to sleep for the night. He had five Spaniards with him: some Indians who had brought the baggage were lying on the ground sunk in fatigue. The five Spaniards hearing the blows of the swords of their comrades without, immediately fell upon the Indians who had brought the baggage. Las Casas, however, was enabled to prevent that slaughter, and the five Spaniards rushed out to join their comrades. The Clerigo went also, and, to his grief and horror, saw heaps of dead bodies already strewed about, 'like sheaves of corn,' waiting to be gathered up. 'What think you these Spaniards have been doing?' exclaimed Narvaez to Las Casas; and Las Casas replied, 'I commend both you and them to the Devil.' The Clerigo did not stop, however, to bandy words with the Commander, but rushed hither and thither, endeavouring to prevent the indiscriminate slaughter which was going on, of men, women, and children. Then he entered the great hut, where he found that many Indians had already been slaughtered, but some had escaped by the pillars and the woodwork, and were up aloft. To them he exclaimed, 'Fear not, there shall be no more slaughter—no more;' upon which, one of them, a young man of five-and-twenty, trusting to these words, came down. But, as Las Casas justly says, the Clerigo could not be in all places at once, and, as it happened, he left this hut directly, indeed, before the poor young man got down, upon which a Spaniard drew a short sword, and ran the Indian through the body. Las Casas was back in time to afford the last rites of the Church to the dying youth. To see the fearful wounds that were made, it seemed, the historian says, as if the Devil had guided the men that day to those stones in the dry bed of the river.

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

Goaded to madness by their sufferings, it could hardly be hoped that the Indians should not prefer any conceivable position, however full of privation, to a condition of dependence upon the lawless race whose progress in the world could be tracked by a series of such enormities. There was a province called Tuzulutlan, bordering upon Guatemala, in which dread of the Spaniards, and a resolute spirit of resistance to their admission, prevailed in so remarkable a degree, that among the Spanish inhabitants of Guatemala it was known by the ill name *Tierra de Guerra*, "Land of War." The people of this land were "a phantom of terror" to the Spaniards. Three several times had the latter attempted to penetrate it; thrice had they returned miserably foiled (*las manos en la cubeça*, "with their hands to their heads"). It would be difficult to imagine a more unpromising field for missionary enterprise. But its very difficulty gave it value in the eyes of Las Casas and his brethren, who accepted it as a crucial test of the possibility of succeeding by peaceful and Christian measures where force had proved utterly unsuccessful. The experiment was made the subject of a very curious contract, dated May 2, 1537, the terms of which Las Casas has preserved, between the Deputy-Governor and the missionaries; in which the former distinctly admits the ferocity of the tribe, and their impracticability under the hands of the Spaniards, and engages that, if the monks shall succeed in bringing the district into conditions of peace and of submission to the King, the province shall be reserved as a domain in chief of the Crown, and shall not be let in *encomienda* to any private Spaniard, nor shall any Spaniard, except the Governor himself, be permitted to enter the province for four years after the date of its conversion.

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

"The merchants were received, as was the custom in a country without inns, into the palace of the cacique, where they met with a better reception than usual, being enabled to make him presents of those new things from

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Castille. They then set up their tent, and began to sell their goods as they were wont to do, their customers thronging about them to see the Spanish novelties. When the sale was over for that day, the chief men amongst the Indians remained with the cacique, to do him honour. In the evening, the merchants asked for a '*teplanastle*,' an instrument of music which we may suppose to have been the same as the Mexican *teponaztli*, or drum. They then produced some timbrels and bells, which they had brought with them, and began to sing the verses which they had learned by heart, accompanying themselves on the musical instruments. The effect produced was very great. The sudden change of character, not often made, from a merchant to a priest, at once arrested the attention of the assemblage. Then, if the music was beyond anything that these Indians had heard, the words were still more extraordinary; for the good fathers had not hesitated to put into their verses the questionable assertion that idols were demons, and the certain fact that human sacrifices were abominable. The main body of the audience was delighted, and pronounced these merchants to be ambassadors from new gods.

"The cacique, with the caution of a man in authority, suspended his judgment until he had heard more of the matter. The next day, and for seven succeeding days, this sermon in song was repeated. In public and in private, the person who insisted most on this repetition was the cacique; and he expressed a wish to fathom the matter, and to know the origin and meaning of these things. The prudent merchants replied, that they only sang what they had heard; that it was not their business to explain these verses, for that office belonged to certain *padres*, who instructed the people. 'And who are *padres?*' asked the chief. In answer to this question, the merchants painted pictures of the Dominican monks, in their robes of black and white, and with their tonsured heads. The merchants then described the lives of these *padres;* how they did not eat meat, and how they did not desire gold, or feathers, or cocoa; that they were not married, and had no communication with women; that night and day they sang the praises of God; and that they knelt before very beautiful images. Such were the persons, the merchants said, who could and would explain these couplets: they were such good people, and so ready to teach, that if the cacique were to send for them, they would most willingly come.

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

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

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

It was at this period, too, that he found for the first time, in the comparatively favourable circumstances of the mission which the Dominican Fathers had established, and which was little exposed to the disturbing and corrupting influence of contact with the main body of the colonists, an opportunity of reducing to practice his plans for the civilisation of the Indians, and for their moral and social elevation towards the level of European life and usages. Within a comparatively short time he succeeded, first by exciting curiosity and creating an interest in the preparations for his scheme, and afterwards by rather permitting its advantages to be discovered by the Indians themselves than forcing them obtrusively on their notice, in weaning them from those of their customs which opposed the greatest practical obstacle to their instruction. The story is too long to be transferred to our pages; but we can refer with much satisfaction to Mr. Helps's account of the gradual formation of *pueblos* or villages, and of the steps by which the Indians were won over to abandon their nomadic life, and to come together into certain centres, where they might be within easy reach of the influences to which it was desired to subject them, and where the Fathers might be able to preach and teach, "not merely spiritual things, but manual arts, and even to instruct their flock in the elementary processes of washing and dressing" (p. 218).

This, indeed, appears to have been the happiest time of the good Father's life; and, in the midst of his success, he had the —for so good a son of the Church—inexpressible satisfaction and triumph of finding his views as to the treatment of the Indians, and his teaching as to their fitness and

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

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

". . . There are a number of royal orders and letters, about this period, all bearing upon the conversion of the inhabitants of Tuzulutlan. There is an order sanctioning the promise which had been made on the Emperor's part, that no lay Spaniard should enter that province within five years, unless with the permission of the Dominican monks. There are letters, addressed, by command of the Emperor, to each of the principal caciques of 'the Land of War' who had favoured the Dominicans, in which letters Charles thanks them for what they had done, and charges them to continue in the same course. There are orders to the Governor of Guatemala to favour these caciques in their endeavours to help the Dominican monks, and instructions to the Governor of Mexico to allow Indians to be taken from that province by the Dominican monks, if they should find such Indians useful in their entry into Tuzulutlan. Music, the means by which Las Casas and his friends had accomplished so much good, was not forgotten; and the Emperor commands the head of the Franciscans in New Spain to allow some of the Indians who could play and sing church music in the monasteries of that order, to be taken by Las Casas into the province of Tuzulutlan. And, finally, there is a general order to the authorities in America to punish those who should transgress the provisions which had been made in favour of Las Casas and his Dominicans."

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

In the preparation of these laws, Las Casas, although he would have desired much more had he been free to follow his own views, took a principal part. In 1543, when this work was completed, and when he was about to take his leave in order to return to the scene of his labours, he was surprised by an offer from the Emperor, of the wealthy bishopric of Cuzco, capital of the province of New Toledo. Las Casas declined it without hesitation, and resolved to persevere to the end in the career which he had chosen as a humble labourer in the work of the mission. But before the time fixed for his departure arrived, news reached Spain of the death of another bishop who had just been named to the newly-founded see of Chiapa, and had died while on his way to take possession of the bishopric. It was now represented to Las Casas that the charge of a purely native missionary bishopric like Chiapa would be in fact the most perfect realization of the career which he had always desired; and that, as the see was remote from the seat of government, it would be necessary that the new bishop should be one capable of looking effectively to the administration of the new laws. Las Casas felt that he ought not to resist any

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

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longer; and in deference to the advice of the superiors of his own order, no less than to the earnest representations of the Indian council, he consented to accept it, and, having been consecrated at Seville, he set out for his new bishopric on Wednesday, July 4, 1544.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"There was nothing that the Spaniards in Ciudad Real did not say and do to molest the bishop. They called him a 'Bachelor by the Tiles;' a phrase of that time, signifying one who had not been a regular student of theology, who had entered by the roof, and not by the door. They made verses upon him, of an opprobrious kind, which the children sang in the streets. An arquebuse, without ball, was discharged at his window, to alarm him. His dean would not obey him, and gave absolution to some persons who notoriously had Indians for slaves. The Dominican monks partook of the unpopularity of the bishop. Finally, Las Casas resolved to seek redress, not for his own wrongs, but for those of his Indian flock, from the Royal *Audiencia* of the Confines; and he made a journey to Honduras for that purpose. There is a letter of his, dated the 22d of October 1545, addressed to that *audiencia*, in which he threatened the Auditors with excommunication unless they should provide a remedy for the evils which existed in his diocese. When he appeared before them, the president, far from listening favourably to the protestations of Las Casas, poured forth a torrent of abuse upon him: 'You are a scoundrel, a bad man, a bad monk, a bad bishop, a shameless fellow; and you deserve to be chastised.' 'I do deserve all that your lordship says,' Las Casas replied. The bishop said this ironically, recollecting how much he had laboured to obtain for this judge his place.'

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

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assurance that the spirit of his mission would still be maintained, he returned to Spain in 1547, and resigned his bishopric.

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

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

At this time Las Casas had reached his seventy-seventh year, and the reader even of the meagre outline of the controversy to which Mr. Helps's limits of necessity confine him, will be amazed by the vigour which he still exhibited at so advanced a period of life, and after a career of such labour and anxiety. And his career of useful and energetic action was far from terminating here. He fixed his residence in the Dominican College of St. Gregory at Valladolid, and the energy which had hitherto found its vent in action was now transferred to his pen. He laboured indefatigably at the work undertaken during the first years of his conventual life, the *History of the Indies*. The concluding sentences of it record that he was still engaged upon the task in the year 1561, the eighty-seventh of his age. His treatise on Peru, in Mr. Helps's opinion the most successful effort of his pen, was written in 1564, when he was ninety years old. And although his time was chiefly devoted to these literary labours, yet, even in his extreme old age, he was always ready to work on behalf of the cause he loved so well, whenever occasion of danger might seem to arise. In 1555, soon after the accession of Philip II., a suggestion was made to the King to relieve the embarrassment of the national finance by selling the claim of the Crown to the reversion of the *encomiendas*. This measure, at the sacrifice of the liberties of the natives, would have produced an enormous increase of revenue. Las Casas wrote against it with all his ancient fire and resolution. The dying Emperor, Charles v., from his retreat at Yuste, joined in the same protest, and the project was abandoned. Even so late as 1566, when Las Casas learned from the Dominican Fathers at Guatemala that the *audiencia* of that province had been suppressed, foreseeing that the natives must thus lose all chance of justice, as it would be necessary for them, in case of oppression, to undertake the long journey to Mexico in order to seek redress, the veteran of ninety-two years, without a day's delay, set out to Madrid, represented to the King and Council the evil results of the suppression of the local *audiencia*, and had the satisfaction to obtain the assurance of its revocation.

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

Like all earnest workers in a cause which involves important interests, Las Casas encountered during life the angry hostility of those whose interests were bound up with the profitable abuses for which it was his object to find a remedy; and thus among his contemporaries his character has been

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

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represented in the most contradictory lights. The same diversity, although by no means expressed with the same bitterness, exists in the judgment of later historians. He has been taxed by some with indiscretion, intemperate zeal, overbearing violence of temper, impatience of opposition, and blind and uncompromising spirit of party. Much of this unfavourable judgment has been revived by a late writer on the history of the conquest of America—Mr. Wilson; and although the avowed purpose of his book is to vindicate Las Casas's substantial accuracy in another point of view, the picture which he draws of the Protector of the Indies himself is singularly unamiable. He regards him as a "well-meaning enthusiast," but "blindly zealous" (p. 281), and represents "his zeal as constantly outrunning his judgment" (p. 437). Mr. Helps may perhaps be said to fall into the opposite extreme, and to be too reluctant to acknowledge in the conduct of Las Casas any failure, even upon the score of over-impetuous enthusiasm. Prescott's estimate of his character is on the whole more calm, and will be more readily accepted. The devotion and admiration which even the warmest admirers of the great philanthropist must entertain towards his memory will scarcely be less tender for the acknowledgment, that with all his great and generous qualities he was not entirely without failing; in a word, that although a noble and devoted champion of a sacred cause, he was yet a man. And, at all events, no doubt has ever been entertained of the greatness of his qualities and the nobleness of his views. His energy was almost superhuman. The mere bodily fatigue which he underwent, and which he continued to an extreme old age to endure without a murmur, is almost without example. He crossed the ocean twelve times; he traversed every then known region of America and the islands; he made repeated journeys from Spain to Flanders and Germany to see the Emperor on the affairs of his mission; his literary labours would have been remarkable even in a scholar who had no calling outside of the halls of his college or the quiet of his private study; and he had the gift which belongs to most energetic natures, of infusing his own energy into all with whom he was thrown into contact in the progress of his all-absorbing enterprise. Nay, there is something of the greatness of his own mind and the fervour of his own spirit in the very opposition which he provoked, and in the controversies by which his life was almost unceasingly agitated.

He was doomed to experience much bitterness and to encounter many disappointments; and in the end he was driven by the force of circumstances to retire from the struggle, with the painful consciousness that much of the evil against which he had contended still remained unabated. It is idle at this distance of time to speculate what might have been the fate of the Indies had Ximenes lived, and had the policy which that great minister embraced, at the dictation of Las Casas, been carried out with his characteristic energy. We only know that another policy triumphed. But no one can doubt that while the persistent opposition offered by Las Casas to that unhappily triumphant policy failed in much, yet in much also was it effective for good. It is difficult to estimate what amount of the destruction of the native races is due to the cruel treatment which Las Casas denounced, and how much to the altered condition of things, to the ravages of disease, and to other causes placed beyond ordinary control. Unhappily, with our own disgraceful memories of the fate of those aboriginal races with which our colonial enterprises have brought us into contact, we cannot afford to judge too severely even the worst pages of Spanish colonial history. The feeble races, as in Australia and Tasmania, have literally withered away before our footsteps. The fiercer and more vigorous, as in New Zealand and Caffraria, and in part in Canada, have either been exterminated or driven into jealous isolation; and in no case whatever have we succeeded in effecting even the semblance, we do not say of fusion, but even of a common and neutral occupation of the land. But whatever we are to regard as the explanation of the result, it is undeniable that, of all the colonists of the New World, the Spaniards, with all the crimes against the native races for which even they must be held responsible, are those whose destructive influence appears at the end of four centuries to have told least fatally upon the aboriginal population. A comparison of the so-called Spanish America, whether with Brazil, Guiana, and the West Indies, or still more, with the United States of North America, presents a contrast which cannot but be painful to members of the Teutonic race, and followers of the Teutonic Christianity. Omitting in all the negro element, it will be found that in the United States the Indian population stands to the Europeans in about the proportion of one to forty. Now, in Brazil, Guiana, and the West Indies, the Indians fall but little short in numbers of the Europeans and those of European descent, while in Spanish America the Indians and

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half-caste Indians, who form a large element of the population, are actually in a majority of nearly five to one.*

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

Art II.—The Greek Gnomic Poets.

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

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

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

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

Corresponding to this change in the distribution of the race, a change was taking place in the governments of the States. The hereditary monarchies of Homer's age have disappeared, and, after passing through a period of oligarchical supremacy, have given place to tyrannies. The tyrants of

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

† Southey's *History of Brazil*, ii. 382.

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Miletus and of Agrigentum, rising from the aristocracy itself; those of Corinth, Athens, and Megara owing their power to popular favour; others, like Cylon, flourishing a while by force of mere audacity and skill; others, again, like Pittacus of Mitylene, abusing the rights of their dictatorship for selfish purposes,—had this one point in common: it was the interest of all of them to destroy the old religious and historical prejudices of the race, to gather a powerful and splendid court around them, to encourage art, to cultivate diplomacy, and to attach men of ability to their persons. As the barons of feudalism encouraged the romances of the Niebelungen, Carolingian, and Arthurian cycles, so the old hereditary monarchies had caused the cyclical epos to flourish. It was not for the interest of the tyrants to revive Homeric legends, but rather to banish from the State all traces of the chivalrous past. With this view Cleisthenes of Sicyon put down the worship of Adrastus, and parodied the heroic names of the three tribes. Poetry, thus separated from the fabulous past, sought its subjects in the present,—in personal experience, in pleasure, in politics, in questions of diplomacy, in epigrammatic morality. Such, then, was the period during which the gnomic poets flourished,—a period of courts and tyrannies, of colonial prosperity, of political animation, of social intrigue, of intellectual development, of religious transformation, of change and uncertainty in every department. Behind them lay primitive Homeric Hellas; before them, at no great distance, was the time when Greek genius would concentrate itself in Athens. Poetry and science were then to be distinguished; the philosophers, historians, and orators were to make a subtle and splendid instrument of Greek prose; the dramatists were to develop the choice and dialectic beauty of the Greek language to its highest possible perfection; tyrannies were to be abolished, and the political energies of Hellas to be absorbed in the one great struggle between the Dorian and Ionian families. But in the age of gnomic poetry these changes were still future; and though the mutations of Greek history were accomplished with unparalleled rapidity, we yet may draw certain lines, and say—Here was a breathing-time of indecision and suspense; this period was the eve before a mighty drama. We propose, therefore, to consider the gnomic poets as the representatives to some extent of such an age, and as exponents of the rudimentary, social, and political philosophy of Greece before Socrates.

Three periods may be marked in the development of the early Greek elegiac poetry—the Martial, the Erotic, and the Gnomic. Callinus and Tyrtæus are the two great names by which the first is distinguished. Mimnermus gave a new direction to this style of composition, fitting the couplet, which had formerly been used for military and patriotic purposes, to amatory and convivial strains. In after years it never lost the impress of his genius; so that Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius may be regarded as the lineal descendants of the Colophonian bard. Solon at a later date applied the elegiac measure to severer subjects. He was the first to use it for purely gnomic purposes, maintaining, however, the martial spirit in his Salaminian verses, and imitating the example of Mimnermus in his lighter compositions. Phocylides, to judge by the scanty fragments which we possess of his poems, was almost wholly gnomic in his character. But Theognis, who is the latest and most important of the elegiac writers of this period, combined the political, didactic, and erotic qualities to a remarkable degree. As a poet, Simonides was greater than any of those whom we have named; but his claims to rank among the sententious philosophers rest more upon the fragments of his lyrics than upon the elegiac epitaphs for which he was so justly famed. These are the poets whom we intend to speak of in detail. Taken together with Homer and Hesiod, their works formed the body of a Greek youth's education at the time when Gorgias and Hippias were lecturing at Athens. In them the contemporaries of Pericles when boys had learned the rules of good society, of gentlemanly breeding, of practical morality, of worldly wisdom. Their saws and precepts were on the lips of the learned and the vulgar; wise men used them as the theses for subtle arguments or the texts for oratorical discourses. Public speakers quoted them as Scripture might be quoted in a synod of the clergy. They pointed all remarks in after-dinner conversation or upon the marketplace. Polemarchus, for instance, in Plato's *Republic*, starts the dialogue on Justice by a maxim of Simonides. Isocrates the Rhetor alludes to them as being "the best counsellors in respect of human affairs," and Xenophon terms the gnomes of Theognis "a comprehensive treatise concerning men." Having been used so commonly and largely by the instructors of youth, and by men of all conditions, it was natural that these elegies should be collected into one compendious form, and that passages of a gnomic tendency should be excerpted from larger poems on different subjects. In this

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way a body of sententious poetry grew up under the great names of Solon, Phocylides, Simonides, and Theognis. But in the process of compilation confusions and mistakes of all kinds occurred, so that the same couplets were often attributed to several authors.

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

Strangely different are the elegies of Mimnermus, the poet of Colophon, who flourished toward the end of the seventh century B. C. His name has passed into a proverb for luxurious verse, saddened by reflections on the fleeting joys of youth, and on the sure and steady progress of old age and death. Tyrtæus, though a native of Attica, wrote for Spartans at war with a strong nation; Mimnermus was born and lived among Ionian Greeks emasculated by barbarian control and by contact with the soft Lydians. It was of these Colophonians that Xenophanes, a native poet, said—"Instructed in vain luxury by the Lydians, they trailed their robes of purple through the streets with haughty looks, proud of their flowing locks, bedewed with curious essences and oils." For such a people the exquisitely soft and musical verses of Mimnermus, pervaded by a tone of lingering regret, were exactly suitable. They breathe the air of sunny gardens and cool banquet-rooms, in which we picture to ourselves the poet lingering out a pensive life, endeavouring to crowd his hours with pleasures of all kinds, yet ever haunted and made fretful among his roses by the thought of wrinkles and death. "When your youth is gone," he says, "however beautiful you may have been, you lose the reverence of your children and the regard of your friends." More hideous is old age than death. It reduces the handsome and the plain man to one level—cares attend it—the senses and the intellects get deadened—a man is forgotten and put out of the way. The Greek sentiment of hatred for old age is well expressed in one epithet which Mimnermus employs —ἄμορφον, *formless*. They detested the ugliness and loss of grace which declining years bring with them, almost more than weakened powers or the approach of death. Nay, "when the flower of youth is past," says Mimnermus, "it is best to die at once." Men are like herbs which flourish for a while in sunshine—then comes the winter of old age, with poverty or disease, or lack of children. His feeling for the charm of youth was intense; he expressed it in language which reminds us of the fervency of Sappho—"Down my flesh the sweat runs in rivers, and I tremble when I see the flower of my equals in age gladsome and beautiful." Such is the hopeless, dreamy, and regretful strain of Mimnermus. He repeats it with a monotonous, yet almost pathetic persistency, as if the one thought of inevitable age oppressed him like a nightmare day and night. "May I complete my life without disease or cares, and may death strike me at my sixtieth year!" Such is the prayer he utters, feeling, probably, that up to sixty the senses may still afford him some enjoyment, and that, after they are blunted, there is nothing left for man worth living for. In all this Mimnermus was very Greek. We shall have occasion further on to revert to this subject, and to dwell again upon the fascination which the flower of youth possessed for the Greek intellect, and the horror with which the ugliness of age inspired them. That some escaped this kind of despair, which to us appears trivial and unmanly, may be gathered from the beautiful discourse upon old age with which the *Republic* of Plato opens. Mimnermus belonged to a class of men different from Cephalus, however: nowhere in the whole range of literature can be found a more perfect specimen of unmitigated *ennui* produced by political stagnation, by the absence of any religion or morality whatever, and by the practice of mere sensuality. In Mimnermus we have the prostrate tone of the worst Oriental, combined with Greek delicacy of intellect and artistic expression. The following passage * may be cited as at once

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

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illustrative of his peculiar lamentation, and also of his poetical merits:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Yet justice, silent but all-seeing, will in time bring vengeance on them for these things. War, want, civil discord, slavery, are at our gates; and all these evils threaten Athens because of her lawlessness. Whereas good laws and government set all the State in order, chain the hands of evil-doers, make rough places plain, subdue insolence, and blast the budding flowers of Até, set straight the crooked ways of tortuous law, root out sedition, quell the rage of strife; under their good influence all things are fair and wise with men." Thus early and emphatically was the notion of balance enunciated among the Greeks; it formed the ruling principle of their philosophy as well as of their politics; for the μηδὲν ἄγαν of Solon corresponded to the μέτρον of the Ionic physicians, and contained within itself the germ of Aristotle's ethical system, no less than of the political philosophy of Plato's *Republic*. In the fifth and sixth fragments Solon describes the amount of power which he would have intrusted to the Athenian Demus; in the ninth he prophesies the advent of a despot: "From storm clouds descend furious snow and hail, and thunder is born of bright lightning; so great men produce the overthrow of States, and into the bondage of a despot's power the people fall unwittingly. Easy it is to raise the storm, but hard to curb the whirlwind; yet must we now take thought of all these things." Fragment the second contains a further warning on the subject of impending tyranny. The power of Pisistratus was growing to a head, and Solon told the Athenians that if he proved despotic they would have no one but themselves to blame for it. The remaining fragments of Solonian poetry are more purely meditative. "Bright daughters of Mercury and Olympian Zeus," he begins, "Pierian Muses! hear my prayer. Grant me wealth from the blessed gods, and from all men a good name. May I be sweet to my friend and bitter to my foe; revered by the one and dreaded by the other. Money I desire, but no ill-gotten gain: for the wealth that the gods give lasts, and fleets not away; but the fruits of insolence and crime bring vengeance—sure though slow. Zeus seeth all things, and like a wind scattering the clouds, which shakes the deep places of the sea, and rages over the corn-land, and comes at last to heaven, the seat of gods, and makes a clear sky to be seen, whereupon the sun breaks out in glory, and the clouds are gone—so is the vengeance of Zeus. He may seem to forget, but sooner or later he strikes; perchance the guilty man escapes, yet his blameless children or remote posterity pay the penalty." Two points are noticeable in this passage: first, the dread of ill-gotten gain; and secondly, the conception of implacable justice. There was nothing which the Greeks more dreaded and detested than wealth which had been procured by fraud. They were so sensitive upon this point that even Plato and Aristotle regarded usury as criminal, unnatural, and sure to bring calamity upon the money-lender. Thus Chilon the Lacedemonian sage is reported to have said, "Choose loss rather than dishonourable gain: for the one will hurt you for the moment, the other will never cease to be a curse." There are few of the seven sages who have not at least one maxim bearing on this point. It would seem as if the conscience of humanity were touched at a very early period by superstitious scruples of this kind. The Jewish law contains warnings similar to those of Solon; and among our own people it is commonly believed that unlawful wealth, especially money taken from the devil, or property wrested from the church, is disastrous to its owner, and incapable of being long retained in the possession of his family. Theognis expresses nearly the same sentiments as Solon in the following verses:—"He who gets wealth from Zeus by just means, and with hands unstained, will not lose it; but if he acquire it wrongfully, covetously, or by false swearing, though it may seem at first to bring him gain, at last it turns to calamity, and the mind of Heaven prevails. But these things deceive men, for the blessed gods do not always take vengeance on crime at the moment of its being committed; but one man in his person pays for a bad deed, another leaves disaster hanging over his own children, a third avoids justice by death." Both Solon and Theognis, it will be observed, express emphatically their belief in a vengeance of Heaven falling upon the children, and the children's children, of offenders. This conception of doom received its most splendid illustration at the hands of the tragic poets, and led philosophers like Empedocles to devise systems of expiation and purification, by means of which ancestral guilt might be purged away, and the soul be restored to its pristine blamelessness. Theognis in another fragment (731–752) discusses this doctrine, and calls in question its justice. He takes it for granted, as a thing too obvious to be disputed, that children suffer for their father's sin, and argues with Zeus about the abstract right and policy of this law, suggesting that its severity is enough to make men withdraw their allegiance from such unjust governors. The inequality of the divine rule

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had appeared in the same light to Hesiod and Homer (see *Iliad*, xiii. 631; Hesiod, *Op. et Dies*, 270). But it is in the gnomic poets that we first discover a tendency to reason calmly upon such questions: the wedge of philosophical scepticism was being inserted into the old superstitious beliefs of the Greek race. Yet in some respects these gnomic poets represent even a more gloomy view of human destinies than the epic poets. Solon says, "It is fate that bringeth good and bad to men; nor can the gifts of the immortals be refused;" and in Theognis we find, "No man is either wealthy or poor, mean or noble, without the help of the gods." . . . "Pray to the gods; nought happens to man of good or ill without the gods." . . . "No one, Cyrnus, is himself the cause of loss and gain; but of both these the gods are givers." It would be easy to multiply such passages, in which the same conception of the divine government as that for which Plato (*Rep.* p. 379) blamed Homer is set forth; but the gnomic poets go beyond this simple view. They seem to regard Heaven as a jealous power, and superstitiously believe all changes of fortune to be produced by the operation of a god anxious to delude human expectations. This theology lies at the root of the Solonian maxim, that you ought not to judge of a man's happiness until his death: "for," in the language of Herodotus, "there are many to whom God has first displayed good fortune, and whom he afterwards has rooted up and overthrown."

Thus Solon moralizes in his elegies upon the vicissitudes of life:—"Danger lies everywhere, nor can a man say where he will end when he begins; for he who thinks that he will fare well comes to grief; and often when a man is at his worst, Heaven sends him good luck, and he ends prosperously." It must however be observed that Solon in no passage of his elegiac poems alludes distinctly to the intervention of a jealous or malicious destiny. He is rather deeply impressed with the uncertainty of human affairs—an uncertainty which the events of his own life amply illustrated, and which he saw displayed in every town about him. Simonides repeats the same strain of despondency, moralizing (Frag. 2, ed. Gaisford) upon the mutabilities of life, and exclaiming with a kind of horror: "One hideous Charybdis swallows all things —wealth and mighty virtue." The tone of belief was very low and insufficient at this period in Greece. The old simplicity of life was passing away, and philosophy had not yet revealed her broader horizons, her loftier aims, and her rational sources of content. We have seen how Mimnermus moralized upon the woes of age. Solon, whose manliness contrasts in every other respect with the effeminacy and languor of the Colophonian poet, gave way to the same kind of melancholy when he cried, "No mortal man is truly blessed; but all are wretched whom the sun beholds." What can be more despairing than the lamentations of Simonides?—"Few and evil are our days of life; but everlasting is the sleep which we must sleep beneath the earth." . . . "Small is the strength of man, and invincible are his sorrows; grief treads upon the heels of grief through his short life; and death, which no man shuns, hangs over him at last: to this bourne come the good and bad alike." In the midst of this uncertainty and gloom Theognis cannot find a rule of right conduct. "Nothing," he says, "is defined by Heaven for mortals, nor any way by which a man may walk and please immortal powers." Nor can we point to any more profoundly wretched expression of misery than the following elegy of the same poet: "It is best of all things for the sons of earth not to be born, nor to see the bright rays of the sun, or after birth to pass as soon as possible the gates of death, and to lie deep down beneath a weight of earth." This sentiment is repeated by Bacchylides, and every student of Greek tragedy knows what splendid use has been made of it by Sophocles in one of the choruses of *Œdipus Coloneus*. Afterwards it passed into a commonplace. Two Euripidean fragments embody it in words not very different from those of Theognis, and Cicero is said to have translated it. Truly the people were walking in darkness; and it is marvellous that men, conscious of utter ignorance, and believing themselves to be the sport of almost malignant deities, could have grown so nobly and maintained so high a moral standard as that of the Greek race.

The remaining fragments of Solon contain the celebrated lines upon the Life of Man, which he divides into ten periods of seven years. He rebuked Mimnermus for wishing to make sixty the term of human life, and bade him add another decade. We also possess some amorous verses of very questionable character, supposed to have been written in his early youth. The prudes of antiquity were scandalized at Solon, a lawgiver and sage, for having penned these couplets. The Libertines rejoiced to place so respectable a name upon their list of worthies. To the student of history they afford, in a compact form, some insight into the pursuits and objects of an Athenian

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man of pleasure. Plato quotes one couplet in the *Lysis*, and the author of the dialogue περὶ φρόνων, attributed to Lucian, makes use of the same verses to prove that Solon was not exempt from the passion for which he is apologizing. Apuleius mentions another as "lascivissimus ille versus." On the whole, although the most considerable of these elegies has also been ascribed to Theognis, there seems no reason to doubt their authenticity. Solon displays no asceticism in his poetry, or in anything that is recorded of his life or sayings. It is probable that he lived as a Greek among Greeks, and was not ashamed of any of their social customs.

Passing from Solon to Phocylides we find a somewhat different tone of social philosophy. Phocylides was a native of Miletus, who lived between 550 and 490 B. C. If Mimnermus represents the effeminacy of the Asiatic Greeks, Phocylides displays a kind of prosaic worldly wisdom, for which the Ionians were celebrated. He is thoroughly *bourgeois*, to use a modern phrase; contented with material felicity, shrewd, safe in his opinions, and gifted with great common sense. Here are some of his maxims:—"First get your living, and then think of getting virtue." . . . "What is the advantage of noble birth, if favour follow not the speech and counsel of a man?" . . . "The middle classes are in many ways best off; I wish to be of middle rank in the State." Aristotle (*Pol.* iv. 9. 7) quotes the last of these sayings with approbation. It is a thoroughly Ionian sentiment. Two of his genuine fragments contain the germ of Greek ideas which were destined to be widely developed and applied by the greatest thinkers of Greece. One of these describes the Greek conception of a perfect State:—"A small city, set upon a rock, and well governed, is better than all foolish Nineveh." We here recognise the practical wisdom and thorough solidity of Greek good sense. Wealth, size, and splendour they regarded as stumbling-blocks and sources of weakness. To be compact and well governed expressed their ideal of social felicity. Plato in the *Republic*, and Aristotle in the *Politics*, carry the thought expressed in this couplet of Phocylides to its utmost logical consequences. Again he says, "In justice the whole of virtue exists entire." This verse, which has also been incorporated into the elegies of Theognis, was probably the common property of many early moralists. Aristotle quotes it in the fifth book of the *Ethics* with the preface: Διὸ καὶ παροιμιβόμενοί φαμεν. It might be placed as a motto on the first page of Plato's *Republic*, for justice is regarded by Plato as the architectonic virtue which maintains the health and safety of the State. Phocylides enjoyed a high reputation among the ancients. Though few genuine fragments of his sayings have been handed down to us, there is a long and obviously spurious poem which bears his name. Some moralist of the Christian period has endeavoured to claim for his half-Jewish precepts the sanction of a great and antique authority. The greater number of those which we may with safety accept as genuine are prefaced by the words καὶ τόγε Φωκυλίδεω, forming an integral part of a hexameter. Phocylides was author of an epigram in imitation of one ascribed to Demodocus, which is chiefly interesting as having furnished Porson with the model of his well-known lines on Hermann. He also composed an epigrammatic satire on women, in which he compares them to four animals, a dog, a bee, a pig, and a horse, in the style of the poem by Simonides of Amorgos.

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

Xenophanes, a native of Colophon, and the founder of the Eleatic school of philosophy, has left some elegies of a gnomic character, which illustrate another point in the Ionian intellect. While Phocylides celebrated the superiority of comfort and the solid goods of life, Xenophanes endeavoured to break down the prejudice in favour of mere physical advantages, and to assert the absolute pre-eminence of intellectual power. In his second fragment (ed. Bergk.) he says, "You give all kinds of honours—precedence at festivals, pensions, and public maintenance—to runners, boxers, pentathletes, wrestlers, pancratists, and charioteers

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who bear away the prize at Olympia; yet these men are not so worthy of reward as I am, for better than the strength of men or horses is our wisdom. What is the use of all this muscular development? It will not improve the constitution of the State or increase the revenue." In our paraphrase we have, for the sake of brevity, modernized the language of Xenophanes; but we have preserved the meaning of an elegy which admirably illustrates the principles of the Ionian race, and of Athens in particular, as contrasted with those of the Dorians. Plato, Aristotle, and all the political moralists of Greece, blamed Sparta and Thebes for training mere soldiers and gymnasts to the exclusion of intellectual culture, thus retarding the growth of their constitutional systems, and forcing them to depend in all emergencies upon brute force. Had all Ionians been like Solon and Xenophanes, had there been nothing of Mimnermus or Phocylides in their character, then the Athenians might have avoided the contrary charge of effeminacy and ignobility of purpose and merely æsthetical superiority, with which they have been taxed.

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

Theognis was a noble, born at Megara about the middle of the sixth century B. C. His city, though traditionally subject to the yoke of Corinth, had under the influence of its aristocracy acquired independence. In course of time Theagenes, a demagogue, gained for himself despotical supremacy, and exiled the members of the old nobility from Megara. He too succumbed to popular force, and for many years a struggle was maintained between the democratic party, whom Theognis persistently styles κακοὶ and δειλοί, and the aristocracy, whom he calls ἀγαθοὶ and ἐσθλοί. Theognis himself, as far as we can gather from the fragments, spent a long portion of his life in exile from Megara; but before the period of his banishment he occupied the position of friend and counsellor to Cyrnus, who, though clearly younger than himself, seems to have been in some sense leader of the Megarian aristocracy. A large number of the maxims of Theognis on State government are specially addressed to him. Before proceeding to examine these elegies in detail, we may touch upon the subject of the friendship of Theognis for Cyrnus, which has been much misunderstood. It must be remembered that Theognis was the only Doric poet of the gnomic class—all the rest of these whom we have mentioned belonging without exception to the Ionian family of the Greek race. We are not, therefore, surprised to find some purely Dorian qualities in the poetry of Theognis, which are missing in those of the others. Such, for instance, are the invocations to Phœbus and Artemis, with which our collection of fragments opens; but such, in a far more characteristic sense, is the whole relation of the poet to his friend. From time immemorial it had been the custom among the Dorian tribes for men distinguished in war or statecraft to select among the youths one comrade, who stood to them in the light of pupil and squire. In Crete this process of election was attended with rites of peculiar solemnity, and at Sparta the names of εἰσπνηλὴς and ἀίτης, or "in-breather" and "listener," were given to the pair. They grew up together, the elder teaching to the younger all he knew, and expecting to receive from him in return obedience and affection. In manhood they were not separated, but fought and sat in the assembly side by side, and were regarded in all points as each other's representatives. Thus a kind of chivalry was formed, which, like the modern chivalry of love and arms, as long as it remained within due limits, gave birth to nothing but honourable deeds and noble friendships, but

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which in more degenerate days became the curse and reproach of Hellas. There is every reason to believe that Theognis was united to Cyrnus in the purest bonds of Doric chivalry; and it is interesting to observe the kind of education which he gives his friend (see 1049–1054, Theogn. ed. Bergk.). Boys in the Doric States were so soon separated from their home, and from the training of the family, that some substitute for the parental discipline and care was requisite. This the institution to which we have briefly alluded seems to have to some extent supplied. A Spartan or Cretan settlement resembled a large public school, in which the elder boys choose their fags, and teach them and protect them, in return for duty, service, and companionship.

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

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

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

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

Theognis, seeing Cyrnus environed with political difficulties, though fit to furnish him with rules of conduct. He was very particular about the choice of proper friends. One elegy (31–38), in which he discourses on the desirability of consorting with none but the best company, and of avoiding the contagion of low comrades, attained a wide celebrity among the Greeks. So much of their life was spent in public, and so much of their education depended on society, that the question of social intercourse was one of paramount importance. Plato in *Meno*, Xenophon in the *Memorabilia*, and Aristotle in the ninth book of the *Ethics*, all make use of these verses:—"Come not into the company of bad men, but cling always to the good; eat and drink with them; sit with them, and seek to please those who have great power. For from the noble you will learn what is noble; but if you mix with base men you will lose the wits you have." It must always be borne in mind that by ἐσθλοὶ and ἀγαθοὶ Theognis meant the men of his own party. The "good" and "noble" were men of birth, wealth, breeding, and power, on whom, by prejudice and habit, he conferred these moral titles. In course of time, however, as the words acquired a more ethical significance, the philosophers were able to appropriate maxims of worldly prudence to their own more elevated purposes; nor were they even in the times of Theognis other than ambiguous, for the identification of aristocratic position and moral worth was so conventionally complete, that words which were intended to be taken in the one sense had an equal application in the other. In another elegy (305–402) Theognis repeats this advice, when he observes that no one is born utterly bad by nature, but that he contracts habits of depravity from his associates. Here it is obvious how much of ethical meaning the words "good" and "bad" involved, even in the times of the Megarian poet, and how vastly important he considered the society of well-bred companions to be in the formation of character. A different view of moral habits seems to be taken in another fragment (429–438), where Theognis attributes more influence to nature than to training:—"To beget and rear a child," he says, "is easier than to instil good principles. No one ever devised means for making fools wise, or bad men good. If Heaven had given to the sons of Æsculapius the gift of healing wickedness and folly, great fees would they have earned. If you could fashion or insert what minds you liked, good men would never have bad sons. But no amount of teaching will make a bad man good." These verses are quoted both by Plato and Aristotle, with whose inquiries on the subject of Education *versus* Nature, of τροφὴ as opposed to φύσις, they had, of course, considerable correspondence. In connexion with this subject of moral habits and companionship, Theognis thought fit to give his pupil advice about his deportment at the public dinners of the Dorians. At these social meetings there was ample scope for political intrigue; and hence it followed that a public man was forced to be particular about his associates. The poet devotes a series of couplets (61–82) to this point, recommending Cyrnus to be reticent, and not to communicate the whole of his plans even to his friends. He warns him how difficult it is to get a faithful friend. You could not find, he says (83–86), one shipload of really trustworthy and incorruptible men upon the face of the globe. Moreover, nothing requires more skill than to discover the insincerity of a hypocrite (117–128). You may test gold and silver, but there are no means of getting at the thoughts of men. This sentiment, together with the metaphor of pinchbeck metal, is

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used by Euripides in *Medea* (line 515). Aristotle also quotes the passage in his Eudemian *Ethics* (vii. 2). Time, however, says Theognis (963–970), and experience and calamity are the true tests of friendship. If a man will bear misfortune with you, or will help you in a serious undertaking, you may then, but not till then, rely upon his expressions of attachment. This suspicious temper reminds us of the social philosophy of Macchiavelli; indeed, Greek politics in no respect resembled those of modern Italy more closely than in the diplomatic footing upon which all the relations of society were placed. There are two very curious passages (213–218 and 1071–1074) in which Theognis bids his friend be as much as possible all things to all men. "Turn a different side of your character," he says, "to different men, and mix part of their temper with your own. Get the nature of the cuttle-fish, which looks exactly like the rock it clings to: be versatile, and show a variety of complexions." Again, he boasts that "among madmen I am exceeding mad; but among the just no man is more just than I am." Nor is this subtlety to be confined to friendly relations merely. In one most jesuitical couplet (363) Theognis urges his friend "to beguile his foe with fair words; but when he has him in his power, to take full vengeance and to spare not." As to the actual events of the life of Cyrnus, we know nothing except what is told us in one of the elegies (805–810), that he went as a Theorus to the shrine of Delphi. We may gather from some expressions of the poet that he was of a rash and haughty and unconciliatory temper.

Passing now to the personal history of Theognis, we are struck with his frequent lamentations over poverty and the wretchedness of exile. "Miserable poverty!" he cries, "go elsewhere; prithee stay not with a host that hates thee." "Poverty breaks the spirit of a noble man more than anything, more even than age or ague. The poor man is gagged and bound; he cannot speak or act. . . . Poverty comes not to the market or the law-suits; everywhere she is laughed and scoffed at, and hated by all men; . . . mother she is of helplessness: she breaks the spirit of a man within his breast, so that he suffers shame and wrong in silence, and learns to lie and cheat and do the sin his soul abhors. . . . Wretched want, why, seated on my shoulders, dost thou debase body and mind alike?" (267, 351, 385, 173–182, 649). Wealth, on the other hand, he cries with bitterness, is omnipotent (1117): "O wealth! of gods the fairest and most full of charm! with thy help, though I am a mean man, I am made noble." "Every one honours a rich man and slights a poor man: the whole world agrees upon this point." But the finest and most satirical of all his poems on this subject is one (699–718) in which he says: "Most men have but one virtue, and that is wealth; it would do you no good if you had the self-control of Rhadamanthus himself, or if you knew more wiles than Sisyphus, or if you could turn falsehood into truth with the tongue of a Nestor, or if you were more fleet of foot than the children of Boreas. You must fix your mind on wealth —wealth alone. Wealth is almighty." It was poverty which gave its bitterness to exile. My friends, he says, pass me by; "no one is the friend or faithful comrade of an exile. This is the sting of exile." "I have suffered what is as bad as death, and worse than anything besides. My friends have refused me the assistance which they owed, and I am forced to try my foes" (811–814). Hope, which has always been the food and sustenance of exiles, alone remained to him. There is one beautiful elegy (1135–1150) in which he imitates Hesiod, singing how faith and temperance and the graces have left the earth, how oaths are broken and religion is neglected, how holiness hath passed away; yet, if a pious man remain, let him wait on Hope, to Hope pray always, to Hope sacrifice first and last.

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

"One single evil, more severe and rude
Than age or sickness or decrepitude,
Is dealt unequally, for him that rears
A thankless offspring; in his latter years,

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Ungratefully requited for his pains,
A parsimonious life and thrifty gains,
With toil and care acquired for their behoof;
And no return! but insolent reproof;
Such as might scare a beggar from the gate,
A wretch unknown, poor and importunate!
To be reviled, avoided, hated, curst;
This is the last of evils, and the worst!"

The same kind of ingenious conjecture supplies us with a plausible explanation of some obscure couplets (1209–1216), in which it appears that Theognis, having been taunted by a female slave, replied by making most sarcastic remarks on the servile physiognomy, and by boasting that among all his miseries he had remained a free man and a noble-minded gentleman. He often bids his soul be strong and bear bad fortune, like Ulysses when he cried, *τέτλαθι δὴ καρδίη καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλης*. Nor does he fail to ease his heart by praying for vengeance, and indulging the hope that he may live to drink the blood of his foes (349), and to divide their property among his friends (562). That he was kindly entertained in the various States he visited, he tells us; and it is thought that he received the citizenship of Hyblæan Megara. Sicily, Eubœa, Sparta (783–788), and Thebes (1211), are specially mentioned by him as his homes in exile. Wherever he went he carried with him fame, and found a welcome. "Yet," says the poet, "no joy of those fair lands entered my soul, so far was anything from seeming dearer than my native land."

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

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

The very essence of the Greek feeling for will[illegible]tiful is expressed in these simple with bea[illegible]ty, goodness, and truth were in have." It [illegible] almost convertible terms; and that by *ἔσθλὸς* approach which Plato made to the men of [illegible]n of a metaphysical deity was and "noble [illegible] the *ἰδέα τοῦ καλοῦ*. Not less breeding, and [illegible] sentiment expressed in the dice and habit, [illegible]

following lines (1027):—"Easy among men is the practice of wickedness, but hard, friend Cyrnus, is the method of goodness." Theognis here expresses very prosaically what Hesiod and Simonides have both enunciated in noble verse (*Op. et Dies*, 285–290, and Simonides, *Frag.* 15, ed. Gaisford). It is noticeable that in his couplet *τὸ ἀγαθὸν* is used instead of *ἀρετή*. The thought, however, is the same; nor does it differ widely from that which is contained in the Aristotelian "Hymn to Virtue," where we see that what the Greeks meant by this word included not only moral rectitude, but also the labour of a Hercules, and all noble or patriotic deeds which implied self-devotion to a great cause.

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

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"Now the floor is cleanly swept; the hands of all the guests are washed; the cups shine brightly on the board. Woven wreaths and fragrant myrrh are carried round by the attendants, and in the middle stands a bowl full of all that maketh glad the heart of man. Wine too is ready in reserve, wine inexhaustible, honey-sweet in jars, smelling of flowers. Frankincense breathes forth its perfume among the revellers, and cold water, sweet and pure, waits at their side. Loaves, fresh and golden, stand upon the table, which groans with cheese and rich honey. In the midst is an altar hung about with flowers, and singing and merriment resound throughout the house. First must merry-making men address the gods with holy songs and pure words; libations must they pour, and pray for strength to act justly; then may they drink as much as a man can carry home without a guide—unless he be far gone in years. This also is right, to speak of noble deeds and virtue over our cups; not to tell tales of giants or Titans or the Centaurs, mere fictions of our grandfathers, and foolish fables."

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

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

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

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

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

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

To multiply more elegies of this description would be useless. We may, however, allude to an exquisite poem of Simonides (Frag. 100, ed. Gaisford), which combines the sweetness of Mimnermus and the energy of Theognis:—"Nothing human endures for aye. Well said the bard of Chios, that like the leaves so is the race of men: yet few who hear this keep it in their mind; for hope is strong within the breast of youth. When the flower of youth lasts, and the heart of a man is light, he nurses idle thoughts, hoping he never will grow old or die; nor does he think of sickness in good health. Fools are they who dream thus, nor know how short are the days of youth and life. But learn thou this, and live thy life out, cheering thy soul with good things." The tone of these elegies pervades a great many monuments of Greek sculpture. Standing before the Genius of Eternal Repose, or the Genius of the Vatican, we are surprised at the dumb sadness with which their perfect beauty has been chastened. Like the shade of young Marcellus in Virgil, they seem to carry round them a cloud of gloom, impalpable, yet overshadowing their youth with warnings and anticipations of the tomb.

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

To modern readers the wisdom of the poets whom we have considered will perhaps appear trite and commonplace, their inspiration tame, their style pedestrian. But their contemporaries were far from arriving at this criticism. To obtain distinct and abstract maxims upon the morals of society, politics and education, was to them a new and inestimable privilege. In the gnomic poets the morality which had

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been merely implicit and vague in Homer and Hesiod, received a separate treatment and distinct expression. The wisdom which had been gradually collecting for centuries in the Greek mind, was tersely and lucidly condensed into a few pregnant sentences. These sentences formed the starting-points for new syntheses and higher generalizations, the topics for enlarged investigation, the "middle axioms" between the scattered facts of life and the unity of philosophical system. *We* may regard the gnomic poets with interest, partly on account of the real, if rare, beauty of some of their fragments; partly on account of their historical and illustrative value; partly because all efforts of the human mind in its struggle for emancipation, and all stages in its development are worthy of attentive study. To the sophists, to the orators, to Socrates and his friends, to the tragic writers, to educated men at large in Hellas, they were authorities on moral questions; and their maxims, which the progress of the centuries has rendered commonplace, appeared to them the sentences of weightiest wisdom, oracles almost, and precepts inspired by more than human prudence.

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

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

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

"Silent upon a peak of Darien,"

and yet if we wish to know anything of man as he really is, if we would desire, amid the complications of an incomplete and struggling existence, to be truly useful and helpful to our fellow-creatures, we must learn not to turn aside from Humanity under its more strange and conflicting aspects. We must be content to grow as familiar with its every chamber as we might be with the rooms of some old memory-haunted house where we have played in childhood, and dreamed away the golden hours of youth. And in this "our breathing house not made with hands," we shall doubtless find not only fair parlours looking upon a summer garden, but many dark closets, many long drearily-echoing corridors, many passages that end in nothing. We shall come suddenly upon windows that open upon heaven itself, and find that here also, as in the vision of the Pilgrim, is a gateway "that leadeth unto hell."

This region has in ages less enlightened than our own been almost given up to the charlatan and the fanatic, and even in our own days we have seen fantastic tricks played within it both by the mesmerist and the revivalist, and known things done that were enough to make the angels weep. But surely the time has come when all fact has grown too valuable to the true thinker to be ignored or passed over because it happens to be inconvenient and hard to fit in to some already established system. Man's complex nature encloses within it many facts, startling, hard to classify, or to bring under a general law, and some of these we must be content to accept and to acquiesce in, to receive them as self-asserting facts, and to let them lie quietly alongside of others that seem to oppose and contradict them. We believe that physio-

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logy, approached in this spirit, is the true antidote to materialism, and that the more we learn of the soul's dependence upon the body, the more we recognise its actual, if not entire subjugation to the organism it has to work through, the more thoroughly we shall believe in the soul's distinct existence, and separate power and freedom. When we have learnt all that is at present known about brain and cell, and nerve and tissue, we shall find that we have extended, and not in any degree exhausted, the study of the rational, affectionate man. Nay, we shall find him rather grown than lessened in our eyes by researches that some may deem too curious. To say that such an instinct or emotion belongs to the animal part of our nature is thought to convey a certain sense of disparagement, but what if we can prove that the range of feelings we are so accustomed to classify are connected as intimately with the highest as they are with the lowest region of our nature,—what if we can establish by the very light which the late researches on imbecility cast, that the slightest warp in our physical organization is fatal to general human development, and that the perfect animal is needed to make the perfect man? If the foot or the hand be faulty the soul suffers, if a muscle withers the whole life endures a blight. From all that we at present know of man, it appears that the soul can as little exert itself without the body, as the body can exist without the soul. Nor is there between these two wedded mates any such disparity of native rank and lineage as a proud and ignorant spiritualism has been pleased to place. Each is originally beautiful, originally noble; each is "created free, although born in chains;" each is fallen and perverted from its clear original ideal; each seems capable of utter, even final degradation; each contains within it the hints and rudiments of ultimate perfection, while in each lie wrapped the seeds of death and ruin. It is not in vain that spiritual and natural life and death, moral and physical well-being and decay, are so full of affinities, that we can scarcely speak of one without making use of some term that seems more properly to belong to the other. The springs of life, *of all life*, lie close together, they may be tracked up to the same remote and hidden source, more hard to find than that of Nile or Niger, that "well-spring of life" which remains the secret of God himself—they lead down to one unfathomable sea. Physiology reveals so many marvels, so extends our views of the capabilities of man; it shows us, both in his body and mind, such vast reserves of power, such sheathed and crippled energies; it lays bare such springs of latent ecstasy, dark in their flow, and silent as is a subterraneous river, that need but a touch to bid them flash and kindle into air and light, to allow the heart or the intellect to believe that either man's body or his soul can perish. Yes! I would say further, that physiology stands in need of Christianity as its complement; it makes sense (to speak familiarly) with the gospel, and with it alone. It requires a commandment that is exceeding broad, and no creed will suit it but that which *saves* both soul and body, which purifies and exalts and crowns each with an equal honour. Christ is the Saviour of the body; the heaven to which He admits us is no blank uncomforted Sheol, of which Job said, "I shall lie down in desolate places among kings and counsellors of old"—no shadowy Elysium to which Achilles and Iphigenia preferred *life*, be it even that of a slave "toiling among men beneath the light of the cheerful sun." Christ is emphatically the "life;" He is the Lord and the Giver of life in its fulness and entirety, and the resurrection which we obtain through union with Him is the restored perfection of *our whole nature*, the marriage of the purified soul with the glorified body,—a union without which neither can exert its full powers or know its true blessedness, and awaiting which *each* groans within itself, being burdened, "waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body."

And in a region presenting, as does all that has to do with Humanity, many apparent contradictions, it need not surely surprise us to find that we advance greatly towards the clear understanding of man's whole nature, through the contemplation of its exceptional and abnormal phases. The very imperfections and aberrations of humanity seem to let light, as through chinks and crannies, into caverns within which it would not otherwise have penetrated. In insanity and delirium, for instance, both soul and body exert a fitful and irregular strength, of which the experience of calmer moments has possibly given little more than the hint. Even the wreck of mind will sometimes give proof of the power of mind, and manifest the superiority of will over muscle, in the energy of misdirected volition put forth by a poor emaciated madman whom many strong men cannot hold. In dreaming, too, the soul is often stirred to depths of anguish, and raised to heights of ecstasy, such as actual life under its present limited conditions can never admit it to. The tenderest heart in its

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waking moments can neither conceive nor realize rapture so exquisite as the bliss that floods body and soul and spirit in a happy dream, nor can all that a cruel imagination has yet devised of subtle torture equal the absolute horror with which nightmare can crowd and overcharge a moment. Even some of our merely intellectual powers seem to gain strength in states like those induced by hysteria and somnambulism. Nay more; the mind under these unnatural conditions seems to develop a fresh range and order of faculties, as if a secret finger had been laid upon some hitherto unsuspected *stop* in the great organ.* The dull under these conditions become brilliant; the illiterate (as in so many cases of religious exaltation) eloquent; the very countenance is, as it were, transfigured into tender and expressive beauty. These things are enough to prove that around, above, *within* man, is a world from which he is at ordinary times excluded, yet a world which is surely his own, although it be for the present barred from him by angels or demons with their swords of flame, and as yet he can but look through the gate, so girt and guarded, for a moment, flinging his soul across through pang and spasm, so to win a dear-bought, momentary glimpse.

And amongst the abnormal conditions of humanity, imbecility, at first sight so repulsive, so barren of all suggestion, will appear, when we come to look into it more closely, to be rich in analogical inference and full of tender poetry. For, taking man at the standard he was evidently originally designed to meet, what are any of us, even the most gifted, but beings to whom something is wanting, people of whom it may be truly said, to quote the ordinary north-country expression in speaking of the imbecile, *that we are not all there.* How much of us is wanting even to the best of us, none but He who made us knows, for *we* may be dimly conscious of some inward swerve and failure, but in His mind alone is drawn the clear perfection of the outline each was originally designed to fill. "I do not wish," writes Thoreau, "ever to see John again, I mean him who is dead, but that other whom only *he* would have wished to see or to be, and of whom he was the imperfect representative." To explain what I mean more fully, I would say that humanity, even under its happiest conditions, works under a stringent "statute of limitations," the grace and freedom of its movements is fettered, the crowning glory of its achievements dwarfed, by the imperfection of man's bodily faculties and organs. A man, even the greatest man, is in some degree sheathed and swathed in an organization which literally renders him

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

But an idiot is one on whom this bodily organization has acted like the machinery of the iron shroud in the frightful mediæval story: it has crippled and crushed his rational and intellectual being, which lies within it maimed even to death, inert and passive as the prey within the folds of the boa-constrictor. An idiot is one who is never strong enough to cast off the swaddling-bands of infancy, and who lives bound round with them from head to foot, until he exchanges them for the cere-cloths of the grave. Therefore there is no sight that our world, so full of sorrowful ones, can offer, so deeply tragic as that of idiocy. Insanity itself is not so full of fearful suggestion, nor is its problem one of such intricate and overwhelming complication. For the poor maniac has at least *lived;* he is one who has suffered the extremity of woe and loss, but who still retains something of the dignity of him "who has had losses," of a being once responsible and intelligent, capable of feeling and inspiring love. He is now, in the expressive French phrase,* an alien from his kind, cut off from the broad swift-flowing stream of human interests and sympathies, "he is desolate with all his company;" but the idiot, as his very name implies, is *isolated*, and has ever been so; he is disinherited from his very birth—even from before it. He is a being disassociated from all around him, without ties, without aims, without resources; his life's history is indeed a blank, summed up and circled in nonentity. He is one who, in the emphatic language of Seguin, "can do nothing, can think of nothing, can care for nothing."

The spectacle of idiocy fast bound in the iron misery of an imperfect organization, awakens in the mind the thought of a fatality more gloomy and irresistible than

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

* *Aliéné.*

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

The question which we are now considering, that of the educability of the imbecile, is not one of mere philanthropy. So far it has been chiefly considered in that light, and has engaged the attention of but a few persons, and they among the number of so-called enthusiasts. But if the principles laid down in the books and reports before us are true, and the facts to which they bear witness can be well established, it is a question which connects itself most closely with almost every other social one. It is an inquiry which bears, and that in no indirect way, not only upon education in general, but upon legislation, upon morals, upon the general relations of human beings with each other, and even upon the nature of moral accountability with God. "The question as to whether or not the idiot can be improved," says one who is well qualified to speak upon the subject,* "is a question which touches upon the loftiest outlooks of psychology, the most important problems of education; and the light our researches shed is as valuable to the philosopher as it is to the physician."

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

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

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

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M. Voisin's attention was drawn to this subject by seeing a company of *forçats*, among whom his practised eye at once detected a man who was a manifest idiot, incapable of responsibility. In 1838, he inspected, along with a Commission appointed by the Government, a prison where 500 young criminals were submitted to his inspection. Upon a phrenological examination, it appeared that the heads of more than two-thirds of these boys, that is 315 out of the 500, were of the lowest character of development—a truly astounding proportion. These poor boys, who all belonged to the very lowest class, had not only had to contend against every social disadvantage, but had started in the race of life under the heavy weight and disability an imperfect organization entails. Are such poor beings to be turned loose on society, to become centres of evil and degradation, or are they to be trained to peace and order, or at least to be sheltered, to be *saved* alike from injuring and from being injured? Such inquiries are certainly worthy of the attention of a great and Christian nation. It is kind no doubt in the individually charitable to subscribe sovereigns, to fill purses, to weary their friends to give them a vote for Earlswood for the benefit of this or that idiot who has come across them in a chance way, but this is a question that ought not to be left to philanthropy.* It is one worthy of a nation's heart. It is time that England, who for her 50,000 imbeciles has as yet provided asylums for just *one thousand*, to ask whether we are to continue to allow the weakest, the least fortunate among us, to drift hither and thither as chance and fate direct, the very *flotsam* and *jetsam* of humanity, or to decide whether as a nation we will seek to emulate the wise and loving economy of our Divine Founder, and strive to heal that which is sick, to bind up that which is broken, to bring back that which is driven away, to gather up of these fragments and leavings of human existence, "so that nothing be lost."

The idea of educating the imbecile is probably the youngest born among the daughters of philanthropy. It has yet to make its way into general acceptance, and the apathy with which it is apt to be received in so many cases, arises from the want of interest which, even in subjects far more naturally attractive, belongs to pure and simple ignorance of their nature and objects. It seems well, therefore, to give a short historical outline of the rise and progress of this new science; and for this we have not to go back to any remote period, for the schoolmaster, as regards the feeble-minded, has not been long abroad. France, the nurse and mother of great ideas, too generous to remember Lord Bacon's famous adage, "Fiat experimentum in corpore vili," ever ready herself to be herself the subject of each high experiment of liberty and progress, claims, along with many kindred glories, that of being the first worker in this peculiar field. Itard, in the early days of the French republic, was the first person who ever tried to educate an idiot, and his indefatigable labours upon the well-known wild man of Aveyron laid the foundation-stone of all that has been since done in the way of physiological education. Yet Itard, strange to say, never imagined himself to be educating an idiot, and all that has proved most valuable in the result of his experiments, grew, as in the case of those of alchemy, out of a mistaken aim. Trained in the principles of Rousseau, Itard sincerely believed that if a true savage—meaning by this a real wild man, one who would be considered such even by savage tribes—could be found, the task of his education would lay bare those "innate ideas," the true springs of human intelligence, which a false and artificial mode of culture had blighted and perverted. Such a subject for theorization he believed himself to have

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

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discovered in the "*sauvage de l'Aveyron*," a boy who at the age of about eleven was caught by some hunters in the woods, wild and naked, living upon roots and acorns. The literature of the eighteenth century, and above all the philosophy of Rousseau, says M. Esquirol, had made savages fashionable, and the wild boy was for a short time the gazing-stock and wonder of Paris. Fashionable curiosity was however quickly satiated; the world soon grew tired of looking at a morose, unclean, ill-conditioned child, who bit and scratched every one who interfered with him. The poor "wild man of the woods" was soon abandoned, and forgotten by all save by the few, Humanity's true and faithful lovers, who never lose their sense of kinship with the great family we all belong to, and in whose eyes a man, however forlorn, degraded, and embruted, is still *a man*. He was visited by the illustrious Pinel, the earliest friend of the insane, who saw at once how nearly his characteristics approached those of the idiotic children confined in the Bicêtre, and under the then rooted impression that nothing could be done to improve those who were born deficient, warned Itard that his cares would be thrown away. Itard took a different view of the boy's condition, but so fully agreed with Pinel in the firm belief that idiocy was incurable, and that children affected by it were not susceptible to the influence of any sort of sociability or instruction, that when after years of patient labour he found out that the boy was really an idiot, one who as such had probably been cast out by his parents to perish in the forest, he gave up his case for ever in deep disappointment and disgust. But the zeal and patience which Itard brought to an obscure and unrepaying task, and continued to exert through a period of five long years, were not really thrown away. Himself a man of true genius, he had caught from another, the Spaniard Pereire, the first teacher of the deaf and dumb, whose labours a little preceded his own, the secret of the education of the senses; he had learnt from him the futility of pursuing ordinary methods of culture with children whose whole organization was exceptional, and upon this hint of deep significance he spoke and acted.

To attach the wild boy to the habits of social life, to awaken his nervous sensibility, to extend the circle of his ideas, to lead him by degrees to the use of language,—such were the aims of Itard, and such are now those of the idiots' most advanced teacher; and none that have come after him, says M. Esquirol, have ever surpassed him in miracles of patience and ingenuity, in artifices brought to bear upon continually recurring obstacles, in the separate training of every separate sense. These were so far successful, that although his work must be on the whole regarded as a failure, the boy who had lived in the midst of his fellowmen, as one blind, deaf, and insensible, learnt to see and listen, to distinguish objects by their touch and smell, and awoke to sentiments of tender and caressing gratitude towards his teacher. The name of Itard must be ever cherished by the friend of the idiot as that of the pioneer boldly striking into trackless forests, the pilot venturing upon "perilous seas forlorn." He takes high rank among the guides who have none to guide them, among the leaders following only the instinct of their own great souls. We are perhaps lingering too long upon the threshold of our narrative, and yet before leaving the well-worn subject of the wild man of Aveyron, it is scarcely possible not to be struck by the light his story casts upon days not very far from our own. Our own age has plenty of faults, and plenty of fault-finders to discover and proclaim them. We are told at least once a week, if not oftener, that there was never an age so shallow, heartless, and money-seeking as the present one; yet in humanity we may perhaps have gained something, and that removes us a long way from days when, as in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, idiot children were frequently thrown to perish in the forests by their parents. Some few among these contrived to exist in spite of a thousand adverse chances, through the sole strength of instinct, and became assimilated to the wild beasts among whom they lived. Linnæus has left a list of ten of these unfortunate beings, whom he, curiously enough, considered as forming a variety in the genus *Homo*. Its headings read strangely—

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

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

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

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

"Sorte funesta clari."

Contemporary with Itard's labours may be noticed those of another celebrated physician, Foderé, a Savoyard, who gave his attention to Cretinism, a local form of idiocy, involving physical and mental de-

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generacy of the profoundest type, attributable as is generally known to atmospheric causes, and to hereditary transmission in the places which have originally favoured its development. Foderé entered on the path since then more fully explored by Dr. Guggenbühl, and tried to ameliorate the condition of the Cretin* of the Alpine valleys, to make him serviceable in rural industry, and in some degree to educate him. But the attention, never perhaps very general, which had been excited by the writings of Itard and Foderé was not of that strong and lively character which can keep itself long awake. Public interest altogether slumbered on the question, and Pinel and Esquirol, so full of undying solicitude for the insane, only added strength to the ban under which the idiot lay, by casting the weight of their powerful authority into the heavy balance against him. For him alone there was neither help nor hope, and for about thirty years, dating the work of Itard at the very beginning of this century, we find a chasm in our narrative broken perhaps as the years go on by some solitary little-heeded voice.

But all things, according to the saying of Tertullian, *ripen, and righteousness also ripens along with them.* "At certain times and eras," remarks M. Seguin, "the whole race of man, as regards the discovery of truth, seems to arrive at once at a certain point, so that it is hard to say *who* is the discoverer. All we know is that something which the race has long wanted has at last been found, and this point once reached, the friends of truth hasten in from all quarters to compare, to analyse, and to increase their great acquisitions." "For it is not enough," adds Seguin, "that a truth be ripe in the mind of a thinker, and that the vowed advocates of light and progress are ready to hail its birth, *the social medium in which it has to work must be also ready*, otherwise it falls upon soil in which it cannot germinate, and no decided result ensues." Some such propitious hour had struck when in 1842 Dr. Guggenbühl opened his school for cretins on the Abendberg, while at the same time M. Saegert commenced one for idiots at Berlin, both without knowledge of the methods being pursued by Seguin, whose indefatigable labours at the Bicêtre were in full vigour of operation. In 1846 a school was established in Leipzig by Dr. Kern. As early as 1819, Dr. Poole of Aberdeen had advocated the expediency of subjecting idiotic children to medical treatment and educational training, but the first practical effort in Great Britain was made by the Misses White of Bath, who opened in 1846 a small house in that city for the training of the imbecile, and commenced with four children. In the early part of 1847 there appeared in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* two articles on M. Seguin's work at the Bicêtre, which were written by Mr. Gaskell, then medical superintendent of the Lancashire Lunatic Asylum, and for many years subsequently a Commissioner in Lunacy. These articles attracted the attention of Dr. Andrew Reed, the renowned philanthropist, who, having secured the earnest co-operation of Dr. Connolly, and other active benevolent and scientific gentlemen, started an asylum at Park House, Highgate. The outgrowths of this institution are the National Asylum at Earlswood, one of the best known and most efficiently conducted institutions of the kind in the world, and the Eastern Counties Asylum at Colchester, of which Mr. Millard, one of the earliest friends of the idiot, is the able superintendent. Scotland in 1852 opened her first institution at Baldovan, near Dundee, promoted by Sir John Ogilvy; and Dr. Brodie began the good work in Edinburgh, now carried on upon a larger scale at the new Scotch Asylum at Larbert. In June 1853 the corner-stone of Earlswood, Surrey, was laid by Prince Albert. In 1863 a small asylum for the Western Counties was commenced at Star-cross, Exeter, under the leadership of the Earl of Devon, and in June 1868 we see the foundation laid at Lancaster of a large institution for the reception of the idiots and imbeciles of the seven Northern Counties of England. A small asylum for the Midland Counties has, we understand, recently been started at Birmingham.

As early as 1842–3, two American gentlemen, Messrs. Mann and Sumner, had seen the work of Seguin at Paris, and written home an approving notice of it.*

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

* Seguin's deservedly eminent (we may call it pre-eminent) position among the teachers of the idiot, consists in the high and honourable place he gives to moral forces, especially to the freedom of the will. This at all costs and trouble he is bent upon evoking and strengthening, and while his predecessors had

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Idiot education was quickly set on foot in Massachusetts, and since then has been adopted as *a State duty* by New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Ohio. Seguin himself has been won to America, and has had the school of New York under his care; and one fact to America's undying honour must not pass unrecognised,—that even the heavy financial strain which the late war has laid upon all her energies and resources, has not been allowed to interfere with the keeping up of these establishments, nor has party feeling been allowed to check their beneficial working by preventing the admission of children from the Southern States.

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

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

Also, says Voisin, there are a number of persons whose whole organization is exceptional, who do not conform to the common standard and level of humanity—people who are, and must remain, as he expresses it, *hors de ligne*, a class in which, along with weak and wandering, perverted and ill-balanced minds, he does not hesitate to include the bright inheritors of genius, and the possessors of extraordinary benevolence and heroic courage. All these, he says, are alike in this, that they sink below or rise above the safe mediocrity and even balance to which the great majority of the human race is vowed and consecrated; they resemble each other, sadly as the great hero and the great criminal differ, in a certain *original want of adjustment and proportion*, which makes each pass easily, under exciting circumstances, into a state of exaltation, in which man, in Voisin's energetic language, "is given up to his individuality," when his actions become automatic, his passions irresistible,—when he is no longer, in the language of common life, his own master, but the blinded follower of a blind guide, left at the mercy of some fierce over-ruling instinct, or of some trivial outward circumstance.

Voisin founded a school in Paris in 1834

contented themselves with the mere education of the senses, his rare genius makes all that can be done in the region of emotion and impression subserve to the true if but partial awakening of reason, conscience, and will, feebly as each may be able to manifest itself. "When we try," he says, "to educate the isolated idiot, we do not mean the mere teaching him reading, music, etc.: we mean to give him the sense and the power of establishing in the limits of his capacity those social relations (*rapports sociaux*) whose ever changing state is expressed by the two fixed words *rights* and *duties*."

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

It is easy to see how great the difficulties must be in a work of this kind, and how far from certain the results. The task of training an idiot, however irksome, is simple compared with that of guiding and modifying a mind naturally "erring and extravagant," full of far greater capacities for gain and loss. The theories of Voisin have been severely censured, as being tinctured with materialism, and as tending to restrict the area of human responsibility. But the great onward march of humanity has surely by this time carried us past the point when our advance was to be retarded by cries and watchwords, and we must no longer, in Voisin's own words, refuse to give due weight to facts, which, *however exceptional, are not on that account less positive or less evident.* It is impossible for any one who has observed human nature with any degree of attention, to doubt that a man's whole character is moulded, and his career and conduct determined, by the temperament and constitution he brings with him into the world. In ordinary cases this strong bent and sit of nature is held under sway by reason, is modified by education, is kept in check by example and opinion; a rational man sees clearly that if he would be respectable, or even endurable, he *must* hold this or that propensity in abeyance, and in ordinary cases he feels that he *can* do so. How far, in the exceptional cases we are now considering, impulse and instinct wanting these given restraints become so fatal and irresistible as to place certain individuals beyond the sphere of accountability, only God, who is at once the Maker and the Judge of all men, knows. In ordinary cases, it is surely enough for us to admit, what experience plainly shows us, that *to limit human responsibility is in no degree to lessen it.** If we are bound on one side, we are free upon another; and if man's freedom, according to Lavater's illustration, is only that of a bird within its cage, we have enough to do within our given boundaries, and need not fret that we can never overpass them. If our physical constitution is unalterable, our moral nature contains within it the germ and promise of infinite expansion. If humanity must still deplore its deep inadequacy, must still confess to a chasm never to be filled up between its bright intention and its faltering deed,—i. it must say with St. Paul, "how to perform I find not," it may say with him, "*to will is present with me.*" Let nature bind man to the earth by fetters which cannot as yet be broken; he is the prisoner of a glorious hope, heir to a freedom to which every human affection, every heavenward aspiration testifies. He is a being who can will, who can desire, who can love, who can pray; a being rich in intelligent and affec-

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

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

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tionate attributes, strong through supernatural aids, and as such removed farther than line can reach or plummet sound from the region of the plant and the animal.

Voisin's theory as regards the instruction of the imbecile is "to work upon what we find." * *Développer ce qui existe* is his chosen motto, and we may add, that of the friends of the idiot in general. "We must always remember," says Voisin, "that education and instruction do not *create* faculties; these, whether strong or feeble, must be there to begin with, and the part of the teacher is but by care and patience to draw them out to the best possible advantage." To this end, these wise and loving teachers make, as one of these books expresses it, "the grand tour" of the constitution of their poor infirm disciples; they make themselves acquainted with every faint manifestation of intelligence, they observe each fancy, each predilection, they take note of each feeler he puts forth, however feebly, so as to find the point from which they may best work the machinery through which they hope to rouse his innate faculties, and to bring him into relation with outward life. For we must remember that idiocy, in the view of those who best understand its nature, is to be looked upon as the result of an imperfect physical organization so shutting up the soul within its material envelope that it can neither receive impressions from surrounding objects nor make its own power felt upon the external world. Sometimes, as in cases of hydrocephalus, the senses may be active, and the brain itself in fault, unable to register the impressions sent to it; in others, an active brain may be cut off from all communication with outward things through dull and blunted senses, and through the deadness of the great nervous system, whose fibres are the conductors and agents of motion and sensation. In either case, remarks Seguin, one result follows, *isolation, incapacity;* or, in other words, that absence of spontaneity which seems the distinguishing characteristic of idiocy. In its most complete manifestations, or what is in these books called "profound idiocy," the human being is so wanting in sensation and so utterly deficient in will as scarcely to rise above vegetative existence, respiration and digestion being the only acting functions. This state is always attended with great bodily weakness; it is often induced by repeated and frequent attacks of epilepsy, whose recurrence keeps the sufferer physically at too low a point to be raised by any leverage, however skilful, so that these cases are hopeless for the instructor. Beings of this class would perish with hunger in the very midst of food, if they were not fed as infants are obliged to be. But even in cases where the blight of idiocy has laid a less heavy finger, we shall always find the idiot one who has to be laboriously and painfully *taught* all that happier children learn insensibly. Things which are toys to other children are to idiots serious studies. *All* is foreign to him, unfamiliar, for he alone has never been able to catch the mother-language of general humanity; he has the helplessness of childhood without its endearing grace, and knows not how to feed or clothe himself, or how to make his simplest wants known. He is one emphatically, "who having eyes, sees not; who having ears, hears not; and having hands, handles not." "The idiot," says Seguin, "does not *see;* their look generally, when they do look, seems thrown at haphazard, and not to go or stay by any exercise of wish; it is evident that they have great difficulty either in directing or fixing *a willed regard* on any object at a little distance, and they seem to hunt about for things they crave for, as if they had but an accidental and unsteady sight of them." With regard to the faculty of hearing, this accomplished teacher tells us that many weak-minded children are practically deaf and dumb, who are not so organically. They *can* hear, but from the profound indifference and inattention their state induces, they are really insensible to sound, until the slumbering faculty is awakened and trained to exercise.* And it is not

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

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

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

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

These artifices, these aids, these encouragements, are indeed endless. Not the adept watching his crucible, nor Newton pondering over the mighty problem of the universe, ever brought more zeal and patient devotion to bear upon his task than is here given to quicken the dormant intellect of an idiot, to aid the obscure travail of some poor feeble and fettered soul, to send a ray of glimmering light down the deep sunken shaft of the pit where humanity lies bound like Joseph, and forgotten of his brethren.* Incidentally in these books, and as mere matters of course, we find it recorded that a teacher, before he could make a child appreciate the difference between a round and a square, repeated the same experiment 600 times, or we come across some evidence of tender ingenuity like that of Dr. Guggenbühl, who, after many ineffectual attempts to teach his Cretin pupils the alphabet, succeeded in quickening their attention by drawing out the letters in phosphorus on the wall of a darkened room. Miracles of patience and of love such as these, and the kindred ones that have lately been brought to bear on the teaching of the deaf-mutes and the care of the insane, at once recall and fulfil a deep saying of our Saviour, when, alluding to His own beneficent works of healing and restoration, He says, "*Greater works* than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father." To raise the dead was for God an easy task, but for a man it is surely a gigantic one; all things were possible to the Master—"*Speak the word only*, and thy servant shall be healed;" but of the disciple, in a work like the present, it may be said truly, "that he has nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." None has gone before him on his path, and he has, as it were, to explore and make good each step he takes.

And if we ask to what good has this great cost been made, and inquire into the reward of so much devoted labour, the results which these reports and papers lay before us are indeed surprising. Their testimony as to the amount of good already done is uniform, and when we consider the great and real difficulties of the work, the statistics laid before us by the various reports we are considering, English, Scotch, and American alike, the general impression is abundantly cheering. One and all speak

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

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

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of bad habits corrected, of health and morals improved, of many children who were a positive burden to their family being now able to maintain, or partially maintain, themselves by their own labour. Dr. Howe tells us, of the children placed under his charge, many who were in a state of apparently hopeless idiocy have gained useful knowledge, most of them have become cleanly, decent, docile, and industrious, and *all* of them are happier and better in consequence of the efforts made in their behalf. Dr. De Vitre, in a speech made at the late foundation of the Northern Counties Asylum, says, "As far as our present statistics go, there are only 6 per cent. of the whole family of idiots in this country who are incapable of improvement; one half of the remainder can be so far benefited by training as to be made able to attend to their own wants with some degree of propriety; *of the whole, at least* 10 *per cent. can be restored to society as useful members of it.*"

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

The theory on which the education of the imbecile rests is stated in language which some may think extreme by Dr. Parrish of Pennsylvania. At a meeting there in 1859 he said, "The notion that imbecile children or idiots did not possess minds was not admitted in this institution. He himself believed that every creature born in the form of man had a mind. Darkened and infirm it might be; shut out from human sympathy and aid, alone in its solitary gloom; wayward and without intention and purpose so far as we could see; but yet, far down, behind its sorrow, in its solitude, somewhere in its nature, was the image of God. But for our faith in the existence of mind in every human creature we could not labour with any hope of success." He adds elsewhere, "Mind is not *wanting* in cases of imbecility and idiocy, it is only warped, weakened, or overcome by physical causes. The brain is *there*, but its workings are clogged by disease." In accordance with this view, every effort of the teacher of the idiot, from whatever point he works, is directed to one aim, that of awakening what is dormant and setting free that which is bound. We have seen in the quotations made from Seguin's writings how perseveringly this aim is kept in view as regards the intellect, and how vast and varied a machinery is brought to bear upon the passivity in which the will sits in the idiot, like the lady in Comus, "locked up in alabaster." The same end is kept in view by all the gymnastic exercises and hygienic aids which have been found so valuable; all these seek by a series of shocks and stimulants to rouse and rally the physical energies from their death-like trance. Dr. Guggenbühl's climatic experiment with regard to the Cretins, whom he has removed from the depressing influence of their native valleys to a home where they breathe the clear stimulating mountain air, is a sort of crowning achievement in this line, and its eminent success shows what may be gained as to general intelligence by the bracing and tightening of the fibres of a relaxed and

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languid physique. But there is one irresistible engine, the powerful reinforcer of all other leverage, the fulcrum alone strong enough to effect the imminent deadly breach in the thick-walled rampart which lets the forlorn hope pass through into the citadel. Love is in this region, as in all others, the stand-point from which, when once won, the world can be moved from its place. "It would surprise no one," says Dr. Howe of Massachusetts, "to hear that neglected children have been awakened to affection by the kindness shown them in this institution, for we all know that love will call forth love; yet we have here been taught a new fact, *that love also elicits intelligence.* We have learnt how it is that God himself works when He would quicken the faculties of His creatures, *and love is brought before us as the magnetic force of the moral, as electricity is of the physical, world.* It vivifies and exalts all that is ethereal in man—reason, affections, will; and all who would do good may here learn a lesson that points them to the hiding of their power, in the element of their nature through which alone they can open the way of hopeful and beneficent communication with every one who wears the human form."

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

And along with the blessed influence of love, another sentiment, equally holy in its origin, and scarcely less powerful in its effects, is freely brought into play in the education of the imbecile. When love is present, joy, under one form or another, can never be far distant, and when the poor idiot is re-baptized into the great human family, these two stand together at the font his elected sponsors, to declare, and promise, and vow in his name glorious things which he as yet can but imperfectly apprehend. Nothing in these manuals is so affecting as the large share which pleasure and delight take in the work of intellectual and moral regeneration. The idiot, it seems, is one who must above all things be *pleased.* He is not cognisant of the claims of duty, nor alive to the promptings of interest; he is, alas! unconscious of the fit and fair, and utterly careless of the profitable. Yet as regards both doing and having, he knows what he *likes.* His teachers will often watch for weeks and months to see the first gleam of intelligent interest making itself known in a manifestation of pleasure—in sense, sight, or sound. Perhaps some day he will take up a pencil in a shy and furtive manner, and quickly lay it aside if he sees that he is observed, or he will betray a passing susceptibility to the power of music.* No such hint or indication is thrown away, be it even *playing with a straw,* mentioned in one of the Philadelphian reports, as being, in the case of a remarkably sluggish and inert boy, the first voluntary action he was ever known to engage in. The same report tells us of an idiot of the most depraved class, "a moral idiot, secretive, roguish, thievish, ignorant, and indifferent, also as obstinate as a mule, whose whole better nature was brought into exercise through the delight with which it was found he listened to a well-told story." Judicious advantage was taken of this by his teachers, improving lessons were inculcated, and this boy was found to have a susceptible heart, as easily led into right as it had been darkened and misled by wrong. He gave evidence in due time of strong religious feeling, and became so honest that he was trusted with money, while in the schoolroom his progress was surpriring. Even his very gait was altered. Instead of thieving, he gave a poor woman in poverty and rags a large portion of his Christmas savings;

* The writer of this paper has known a gentleman who, as a boy, from an utterly failing physique and a general want of mental power, was rapidly sinking into Cretinism, raised and restored to health and spirits by being allowed to devote his whole time to music, *the only thing for which he cared,* and to receive the education of an organist. He was afterwards able to go through the usual university education in classics and divinity with a fair amount of credit.

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describing himself after this act of charity as "feeling big in here," laying his hand on his heart with great pathos. The extreme susceptibility of the idiot to pleasurable emotion, his delight in colour, in music, in perfumes, prove to us that man cannot even at his lowest estate forget that he was meant by God to be happy. Some secret instinct tells him that he is the Father's son, brought up in His house, rejoicing continually before Him, and when rudely disinherited, he will all the more earnestly strive to re-vindicate his original right and claim to joy. The idiot, it seems, must have something for his fancy to caress; something to minister to *that innate necessity for delight*, which is perhaps the deepest part of man's nature, and the secret alike of its power and of its degradation.

"In this wreck of powers," says Seguin, after a striking description of the utter incapacity of will which is so marked a feature in idiocy, "one human, irresistible impulse remains; low as we find the idiot, far lower than the brute in regard to activity and intelligence, he has like all the rest of the human race, *what no animal possesses*, his hobby, his charm, his amulet, the *external object towards which his human centrifugal power gravitates*, and this, be it a broken piece of china, a thread, a rag, an unseizable ray of the sun, he will spend his life in admiring, kissing, catching, polishing, sucking it, as the case may be. Take away that amulet, the occupation of his life is gone. This species, so to speak, of worship, shows that if the idiot is unable of his own accord to enter into relation with the outward world, he is ready to do so if we only know how to help him."

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

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

But who can estimate or sufficiently admire the patience these books record,—the boundless resources of skill and ingenuity, the powers of genius itself called forth and kept in unceasing play? And to what end? Not to breathe life into a statue or bid the canvas speak; not to command a listening senate or to win the smile of beauty and of love; not to gain the coveted laurel or to obtain a name among our fellow-men; but to awaken a ray of intelligence in some poor sickly and repulsive child, whose whole nature is perhaps too torpid to respond to kindness, and whose faculties are certainly too dull to guess at the great sum of time and thought and care that is spent over his improvement. Yet, though the idiot may truly be numbered among that portion of humanity, "blind, and halt, and maimed," who can never recompense their benefactors, such devoted generosity will surely meet a due reward, and will find it in that "better resurrection" to which their good deeds contribute so largely—the restoration of humanity *as a whole*, to intelligence, to faith, and to God. Let no one think of the idiot, as persons wholly uninformed on the subject

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are apt to do, as a happy and harmless if limited being, shielded by his very infirmity from the awful burden of responsibility,* and freer than are wiser people from care and pain. These books reveal a sadly different story. Some of the phases they exhibit are so repellent, and some of the narratives they tell so dark and terrible, that no one would pause over them except to gain some desired end, and that end once attained he might pray to be able to dismiss and to forget them for ever. The experience of few grown-up people is so limited as not to have shown them something of the evil which a poor being so fearfully left to his own guidance may both suffer and cause, a risk of course greater in the humble order of life, where continual care and watching of a weak-minded person is impossible, and where, unless the tone of the family life is unusually good, such persons too often become the centre of wide-spread moral debasement,—for the idiot, be it ever remembered, *does not sink alone.*

These books show us that the naturally harmless idiot, apparently incapable of either good or evil, if left to his own unguided instinct, is apt to furnish but another example of the degradation to which the savage and the outcast, to which, in fact, all human beings in a state of isolation, almost inevitably descend. His own darkened nature becomes to him "a horrible pit, full of mire and clay," and no evangelizers went ever on a more blessed errand than those who descend into it with light and encouragement; who put his feet upon the rock, and order his goings, and who in many cases succeed in putting a new song within his mouth, enabling this poorest among all earth's denizens to rejoice in God his Maker.

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

Such considerations, however, are but in-

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

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

ART. IV.—1. *Zwingli-Studien.* Von Dr. HERMANN SPÖRRI, Privat-docent der Theologie an der Universität Zürich. Leipzig, 1866.

2. *Ulrich Zwingli, nach den urkundlichen Quellen.* Von J. C. MÖRIKOFER, Erster Theil. Leipzig, 1867.

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

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

This local recognition of Zwingli's greatness falls in with a theological and literary tendency of our days. Powerful as he was in his own age, and famous as his memory has been through the centuries succeeding, it seems to be reserved for the modern time to estimate justly the drift and tenor of his thoughts. The subject has been treated in sundry publications which have issued recently from the German press. A Life of the Reformer by J. C. Mörikofer, of Zürich, carefully compiled from original research among the archives of Zürich and Berne, as well as from the usual biographical authorities, is now in the course of publication. The first half of it was issued in 1867. A smaller volume, entitled *Zwingli-Studien*, by Dr. Hermann Spörri, private tutor at the University of Zürich, published in 1866, conveys, in five concise and suggestive essays, the leading outlines of his opinions, ecclesi-

* Lacordaire.

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

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astical, theological, and literary, verifying these by a constant reference to the works of the Reformer himself. These two works we shall use as in great measure the groundwork of our considerations in the ensuing pages.

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

"Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht!"

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

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

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