

national training, induced him to mix in the intricate web of State ambitions and rivalries. Accordingly his enemies upbraided him as a meddler and a worldling; but he meddled with no more worldly aim than the promotion of that Christian Utopia, which to him, the republican citizen of a small community, seemed more actually and nearly attainable than to a private student under a monarchical government, like Sir Thomas More. It was Zwingli's habit, in short, to regard human progress as a thing which "moveth altogether if it move at all," and in this, we repeat it, he was very unlike any other religious teacher of the sixteenth century.

This also makes it difficult to divide the subject-matter of his opinions under distinct heads; but we may for our present purpose set before us two leading directions of thought in regard to which his attitude demands our special attention; after which we purpose to glance at some biographical particulars, but briefly only, and as they help to verify our general estimate.

Zwingli's active career began in 1506. Up to that date he had been a student, receiving instruction in some of the best academies of Germany and Switzerland, drinking in the spirit of the Renaissance. For twelve years he was pastor at Glarus, for twelve more, pastor, professor, political leader, at Zürich. This is the summary of his life; not a life of many outward changes, or of startling vicissitudes, but teeming with far-reaching results, both practical and ideal.

I. Let us first consider his position in the matter of Church-and-State politics: a position not to be understood without some insight into the contemporary condition of Switzerland. Switzerland, when Zwingli grew to manhood, was in one of those transitional phases which come alike to nations and to individuals, when the character awakens to new impressions, and exhibits tendencies divergent from the track of its former associations. The Burgundian war had ended, triumphantly for the Confederates, but the renown their valour had acquired by it attracted the notice of the restless kingdoms around them, and made foreigners eager to purchase so useful a commodity. It was but the economical law of demand and supply. The Swiss had valour and sinews; the French, Germans, and Italians had gold, and wanted fighting men, and so came to pass the result, thus rendered by Bishop Alexander from the animated rhyme of Victor Hugo:—the Swissers gave

"The strength of foot they learnt by perilous path and flood,
And, from their blue-eyed mothers won, the old mysterious blood;
The daring that the good south wind into their nostrils blew,
And the proud swelling of the heart with each pure breath they drew,
The graces of the mountain glens, with flowers in summer gay,
And all the glory of the hills—to earn a lackey's pay!"

Corruption of manners naturally ensued, and a cosmopolitan indifference to political ties and traditions. These were the evils which were undermining the old national virtue when Zwingli came to manhood; and during the years of his Glarus ministry he did his utmost to recall his fellow-countrymen to former principles, to unite them by the bond of patriotism, and to denounce foreign service, i. e., every military engagement to which they were not called by the interests of the Confederacy or by their constitutional relations to the Papacy or the Empire. Thrice as military chaplain he accompanied the troops of Glarus across the Alps, but on each occasion it was to espouse the cause of the Pope against the ambitious French monarch. It was the success of French intrigues and the establishment of French ascendancy at Glarus which at last overwhelmed him with perplexity, and caused him to forsake his post there. The two years he subsequently passed at the convent of Einsiedeln, while still nominally pastor at Glarus, were a memorable turning-point in his mental development—momentous as the seclusion of the Wartburg to Luther, or the retirement in Arabia to St. Paul. While there, meditating among the displays of the grossest superstition, and the study of the original Greek Scriptures—in the year 1516, before Luther had lifted up his voice in controversy, he came to the conviction that "the Pope of Rome must fall." This was the great High Priest for whose temporal sovereignty he had trod the battle-field at Marignano, whose spiritual sovereignty had held Christendom together for a thousand years. How was his new conviction to operate on his political and ecclesiastical course?

The answer to this question is given by his career at Zürich, to the chief pastoral office in which city he was summoned in consequence of the reputation he had already acquired by his learning and his pulpit eloquence.

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,
Mi ritrovai in una selva oscura,
Chè la diritta via era smarrita: "

such might well have been Zwingli's utter-

ance when, exactly on his thirty-fifth birthday, January 1st, 1519, he delivered his first sermon from the pulpit of Zürich Cathedral. What with religious ignorance and moral corruption, Zürich might well at this time have been called a "forest intricate, and wild and drear." It was a *Forort* (presiding canton) of the Confederacy, and as such had, according to the remark of Vadian, received more numerous embassies from the chief European potentates than any other free city of Christendom. Political life accordingly ran quick and active in its veins. But what was political life to the Swiss of those days? It was the sordid barter of blood for gold; and the cities most prominent in the world's eye had of course most share in the market. The perversion of manners engendered at Zürich especially, by the wealth and bad example of the foreigners, was such that the historian Bullinger compares its moral position in the Confederacy before the preaching of the Reformed doctrine, to that of Corinth among the Greek republics. The corruption however was greatest among the petty nobility and the peasantry of the canton. Among the city magistrates, elected from the burgher class, some sturdy sense of virtue and public spirit did exist. Eventually this formed the stable fulcrum for the operations of the Reformer.

For the first two years of his residence at Zürich, Zwingli held aloof from direct participation in political affairs, and devoted himself to maturing and imparting the moral and religious impressions produced on his own mind by the study of the Scriptures and of ancient literature. Meanwhile he had opportunity of observing with a critical eye the administrative action of the Great Council.* Practically, the independent spirit of the Swiss cantons had long made itself felt even in ecclesiastical matters. Zwingli's original appointment at Glarus had been given him in spite of the interest made for a favourite of the Pope himself; and no special ordinance, either of the Pontiff, or of the local bishops, his delegates, had much chance against a decided expression of popular opinion. It was in this state of things that Zwingli discerned a way to the solution of any theoretical difficulties consequent on the Reformation movement. Withdraw the National Church from all dependence on the Bishop of Rome or his subalterns, and what would naturally ensue? Nothing but what was in point of fact the ordinary procedure—the management of Church affairs,

appointment of pastors, etc., by the ruling council of the city, elected, theoretically at least, by the people themselves. This brought the whole conception of the visible Church to the basis of a pure democracy. In every Christian State the people were the Church; and Church functionaries, legislative or executive, owed their powers ultimately to popular election or sanction. Inasmuch as the highest State council—in Zürich the Council of Two Hundred—had the power of government for all secular purposes, so also should it have power of government for ecclesiastical purposes, which having no other ultimate law than the people's will and conscience, ought to be considered not apart from, but in conjunction with, their secular interests. Harmonising as it did with the spirit of free inquiry and scriptural study inculcated by Zwingli from the moment he mounted the Cathedral pulpit, the dictum of the Council's representative right of management in Church affairs made speedy way in the convictions of the Zürichers, and being formally proclaimed in the famous conferences of 1523, became the foundation of the Helvetic or Zwinglian Church.

It was the same principle on which, allowing for differences in the political constitution of the State, the English Reformation of Edward VI.'s reign was built. The notion of a Divine right in any hierarchical order was an innovation of the Presbyterian Puritans in the first instance, and afterwards taken up in opposition to them by the Episcopalian High Churchmen. Our early Reformers recognised the Church character of all Protestant national communities, and never dreamt of repudiating the "orders" of non-Episcopal sects.

Now, in maintaining this view, Zwingli had to resist two opposing forces—the Romanists on the one hand, the fanatical levellers on the other, who wished to make the Church of the "true believers" independent of all State control. The Romanists, not unnaturally, accused him of "dividing the Confederacy." In reality, however, the Confederacy had already admitted the germ of disunion in the sordid competition for foreign service. Zwingli believed himself to have discovered the secret of its reunion on a new and firmer basis. The levellers accused him of subordinating the things of religion to the things of this world. Zwingli believed that in his postulate of the identity of Church and State he held the true key to religious reform, as well as to the restoration of Confederate unity. Like so many prophets, inspired and uninspired, he blended in his vision the ideal with the presently prac-

* The Great Council, or Council of Two Hundred, was the chief governing body in Zürich.

licable fulfilment of the principle he advocated. He anticipated that Switzerland, agreed upon first principles of far greater depth than any that had as yet held its cantons together, would become the mountain fortress of a pure and enlightened doctrine. He did not require to fence in his Reformation by articles and dogmas, but simply to trust it to the free and fair study of the Word of God. To establish true principles of Scriptural interpretation and moral judgment was to him far more important than to particularize doctrine.

But the most magnificent ideals are hemmed in and quenched by the perversity of human conditions.

“Dem herrlichsten was auch der Geist empfangen
Drängt immer fremd und fremder Stoff
sich an.”

Zwingli's Reformation struck rocks on every side. In as far as it succeeded, in outward results at least, it passed after his days into a sectarian form of confession like others, and has received less of the world's homage than the originally coarser conceptions of Luther and of Calvin. Its comparative failure was partly in consequence of local and accidental, partly also of inherent difficulties, on which we will here say a few words. And, first, the untowardness of external circumstances made Zwingli himself adopt means inconsistent to some extent with his ends. One section of his opponents consisted of the Anabaptist levellers, who desired to make church affairs dependent on the will of each separate congregation, and to exempt them altogether from State supervision. Zwingli had theoretically admitted their principle of congregational democracy: in subjecting the country communes to the central control of the Zürich city magistracy, he was to some extent infringing the logical corollaries of this tenet, and substituting practical expediency. Again, it so happened that it was among the unenlightened bigoted adherents to the old faith in the pastoral cantons of the mountains that the democratic element in secular affairs was really prevalent. In Zürich and Berne, rich and industrial States, whose predominance in the Confederacy had been of later growth, the trading oligarchy, and not the democratic plebs, in point of fact gave the tone to public affairs, and offered the favourable soil for the cultivation of the new opinions.

Again, one of Zwingli's main difficulties, when the Reformation left the narrow field of Zürich to encounter the general opinion of Switzerland, was the confederate con-

stitutional law which provided that the common affairs of the thirteen cantons should be decided by a majority of the cantons themselves. Now, the five forest cantons commanded an undoubted majority in this sense; but then theirs was by far the poorest, the least populous, the least enlightened portion of the Confederacy. The real moral weight lay with Zürich and Berne. Nothing could be done in the way of religious reform, wearing the semblance of joint confederate action, save by altering the fundamental law, and making the majority depend on individual voices and not on the number of the cantons. It was a similar question to that which had to be decided when the National Assembly of 1789 met at Paris, and which it was then felt must precede all other innovation.

Zwingli never carried this point,* but as time went on his views acquired expansion in another direction. He cared less about uniting the Confederacy, which for the moment seemed a hopeless task, and more for enlarging and consolidating the fellowship of Protestant believers throughout Christendom. “*Civitas Christiana*,” Christian co-burghery:—that was the dream, some will perhaps say the delusion, of his later years. That was the hope which made him dedicate to Francis I., the representative of that very French influence he had formerly so detested, the greatest of his theological works (*De vera et falsa religione*); for Francis was for political reasons drawn to favour the Protestant movement in Germany and within his own dominions, and in his own family the “Word” appeared to be making progress. That was the vision which made the obstinacy of Luther at Marburg so very bitter to him, which made him co-operate with the designs of Philip of Hesse, which threw him into opposition to the cautious “confederate” policy of Protestant Berne, and so, eventually, wrought his ruin.

Thus much, briefly, for the local and accidental obstacles to the realization of his principle of the identity of Church and State. The inherent difficulties attending it are those which have never ceased to attach to a similar conception when advanced in later times, whether by a Grotius, an Arnold, or a Bunsen. If by the State is meant a body politic organized for the purposes of national unity and law, it is obvious that its ends are temporal merely, and subsist only with reference to this life. If the State means

* We are told that at the present moment a movement with this tendency is taking place in Switzerland, beginning with the internal constitution of Zürich.

something more than this, and contemplates the religious interests of the individual, then indeed it may mean the Church also, but then also it ought to include like-minded Christians of other States, and so would belie its own essence as a *national* body. The Church, again, is held together by views and sanctions which refer to another state of existence. To raise a barrier between one National Church and another on the ground of geographical separation, would seem to be a mere conventional device, not subsisting in the nature of things. The only matter that can properly separate Churches is fundamental difference of creed; but differences of creed do not create any barrier of exclusion among the members of a well-constituted State, as such. Formerly they did so; and in that way Church and State may in a certain sense be said to have been more nearly identical before the modern progress of democracy made the abolition of test restrictions inevitable. But then the State *government* did not represent the actual state or nation in any broad popular sense; it is a mischievous error to confuse the two things.

Whether, ultimately, the progress of civilisation may not accomplish a much nearer approach to the true identification of Church with State than has ever yet been attained since the times of the old heathen republics, it is not for us to divine. It can only be, as it would seem, by a movement of States towards federalism, and of religious opinion towards harmony. That it ever will be perfect on this earth seems, to say the least, unlikely, and its most earnest advocates are driven to compromise when expounding it in detail—witness the Dean of Westminster's late thoughtful pamphlet on the subject. In Zwingli's days the consummation seemed no doubt much more near and probable than it seems to us; and this for a reason which we are hardly wont to take enough into account when we meditate on the Reformation crisis in general. In that great and unprecedented revolt against traditional beliefs, and the ecclesiastical foundation on which they rested, a reaction could at first scarcely be contemplated by the advancing spirits. The breaking in of light after long centuries of superstition seemed certain to be followed by a progressive dispersion of the shadows. That day should still have to contend with night, and even partially to give place to it again, seemed as improbable to the heralds of the new opinions as that the classics should be lost once more, or the way to America forgotten, or all the printing-types in the world mislaid—for these had been so many concurring sources of new enlightenment to a generation not yet passed away.

If in our day a Cambridge professor of astronomy were to attempt a revival of the Ptolemaic system, it would not seem more strange to us, than it probably would have seemed to Zwingli had he been told that three centuries after his time the Virgin and Saints would still be carried in procession at Lucerne. Nor would he have been more ready to anticipate the pertinacious hostility of Protestant sects to each other. It was his confident belief that the "truth" would make its way as inevitably in moral and doctrinal as in physical science.

II. We have next to look upon Zwingli in his relation to that revived zeal for the culture of ancient literature which characterized his age,—the intellectual movement known by the name of the *Renaissance*. His position in this respect is a very independent one, and brings him into connexion with modern ideas far more than with those generally prevalent in his own age.

The Renaissance, with all its kindling appeal to the human intelligence and imagination, was embraced eagerly by many who before the religious revolution broke out, anticipated an era of purified doctrine and free inquiry. When the flood-gates were opened, these ardent thinkers found themselves jostled against a number of rough and coarse spirits, whose insight into the cause of Reformation was based on no higher motives than common-sense and sturdy impatience of priestcraft and superstition. Of the intellectual vanguard of the sixteenth century, some, like Luther, resolved that religious reform was only to be won by prompt and resolute assertion of conscience, and threw behind them all special care for literary culture, as secondary to their main object. Some, like Erasmus, took fright for the interests of the learning which to them was dearer than differences of religious doctrine, and preferred to call back the authority of the Pope and priesthood if only revolution might be averted. And some there were, mild and genial spirits, like Melancthon, who preserved unabated both their love for general culture and their pious solicitude for purity of faith; but in these the two impulses were present side by side, as it were, with no direct attempt to harmonize them; possibly, as among a large number of religionists among ourselves, with a secret misgiving that their essential aims were divergent. Now Zwingli was a votary of the Humanities with all his heart and soul, and at the same time a most resolute and thorough-going investigator into religious doctrine. He never for a moment allowed the two objects to be incompatible; but, on

the contrary, studiously yoked them together, and placed their union in the forehead of his philosophy. The whole bent and endeavour of his teaching was to show that knowledge under any conditions was part and parcel of religious culture. Wherever God's great gifts of imagination and reason had been bestowed, there also His Spirit had moved; and where His Spirit had moved, there the benefits of Christian redemption must needs have extended. His interest in ancient literature was not the merely æsthetic, or the merely philological, or the merely scriptural interest, which led so many in divers ways to the study of Latin and Greek. Besides and above all these it was the *moral* interest. He admired the poets and philosophers of antiquity for the heroism, the patriotism, the magnanimity of their sentiments. As a Swiss republican his heart bounded at finding his national aspirations glorified in the words and deeds of those who had immortalized the republics of old. He delighted in Plutarch, Thucydides, Demosthenes, and, above all poets, in Pindar, whose polytheistic utterances he was wont to explain as hyperbole only, while for his ethical grandeur he ranked him on the same level with the writers of the Psalms and of the Book of Job.

Erasmus hailed in Zwingli a student whose classical taste and knowledge were superior to Luther's. Their first personal acquaintance was made at Basle in 1515, before the Wittenberg Theses had been proclaimed, and while Erasmus was still favourable to religious reform. Zwingli's generous nature at once bowed down with reverence before the prince of the Renaissance. A letter, expressive of unbounded admiration, written by him to Erasmus after their parting, has been preserved. Six letters from Erasmus to Zwingli have also been preserved; they extend from the early period of their intercourse to 1523, when Zwingli incurred Erasmus's abiding wrath by the magnanimous protection he accorded to the turbulent controversialist, Ulrich von Hutten. It is curious to trace in these letters the gradual abatement of Erasmus's good-will; his warnings against Zwingli's reforming zeal, and distrust of the path he was pursuing. We can hardly doubt that one of Zwingli's greatest trials must have been this severance in opinion from one who saw more clearly into the worth and greatness of knowledge than any other humanist of the time, himself excepted, and to whose surpassing scholarship he looked up with such profound reverence. But not for a moment did he falter. Truth was dearer to him than Erasmus. As for the minor pro-

phets among the humanists, and for those temporizing Reformers who sought to slacken his energies by preaching up their favourite virtue of patience, towards them he clearly felt some movements of contempt. "Patience" was such an easy plea wherewith to gild the moral cowardice of minds which shrunk from the demands of an age of change. "This patience (*Geduld*)," remarks Mörikofer, "was the everlasting song which the humanists were perpetually singing in different tones;" and he quotes a letter of Beatus Rhenanus to Zwingli, praising him for some presumed manifestation of this virtue, adding, "Zwingli was sagacious enough to know how far he might build his faith on a Rhenanus, and how far such a man was likely to keep step with him. Most of his letters to this correspondent accordingly contain nothing relating to his ideas as a Reformer, and are simply confined to books and political news. But when Rhenanus takes to praising his apostolic zeal, Zwingli puts the subject aside with a playful turn, and finds that his friend paints him in too tragic colours."

It was in accordance with the marked utilitarian character—using the word in a worthy sense—of his literary judgment, that Zwingli was never seduced into cultivating the conceits of a classical style where the homely language of his fellow-countrymen was more appropriate to the purpose in hand. In the versification of his political and literary poems, and in the prose of his popular treatises, he was wont to use the dialect of German Switzerland, fashioning it, however, into a useful literary instrument, as Luther did that of Western Germany, by the application of grammatical rules and forms derived from the languages of antiquity. Nor did he attempt to display his acquirements by early authorship, like so many enthusiastic students of the new learning. His preface to Cæcilius's edition of Pindar, composed towards the end of his life, is the only contribution to classical literature he has left. And yet as an instructor in the classics he was indefatigable, from the time of his tutorship in Basle University to the last days of his life at Zürich; while for his special insight into their sense and spirit we have the testimony of his pupil Valentine Tschudi, who declared, writing from the University of Paris, that no acuter interpreter of the ancient authors had he there or anywhere else found. It is amusing to contrast with this testimony of Tschudi, and with the yet more important estimate of Erasmus, the arrogant contempt of Luther for the theological opponent he detested: "What a fellow is this

Zwinglius!" he wrote, "ignorant as a block of grammar, and logic, and every other science!" No doubt Zwingli was less of an adept in the dialectics of the schoolmen than the Saxon divine. He studied scholastic theology at Basle, but it was only to turn from it with settled aversion; but his genuine sympathy with the spirit of antique philosophy and poetry was a faculty which Luther in his imperious self-consciousness had simply no organ to comprehend.

The value Zwingli claimed for the intellect as the main channel for receiving the breadth and depth of God's truth, is a feature of his religious philosophy which differences it from the teaching of most pious sentimentalists, with whom it is the commonest of commonplaces to decry intellectual culture in comparison with spiritual graces. Zwingli, like the teacher in Proverbs, believed in a vital connexion between the two. He carried this conviction almost to the length of mysticism; the mysticism of the reason as opposed to that of the heart. Revelation itself, he held, was no objective fact, but the inward impression of Divine truth on man's discerning spirit. And while he held that the intuitions of philosophy and poetry were in their degree "revelations" to the genius capable of discerning and harmonizing them, he laid at the same time a stress on the true principles of scriptural exegesis, which brings him again in connexion with the reasonings of modern scholarship.*

It was in accordance with this strong bent of his character that Zwingli set the highest possible value on a liberal education, and made the endowment of schools the first result of his Church Reformation, applying to that purpose the revenues which were surrendered by the Cathedral and Our Lady's Minster foundations. He supervised personally the course of education at the Cathedral school during the last six years of his life, delivering lectures on the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures.

The impulse given to Zürich in this respect outlived his age. While Berne has been famous for material prosperity, and Geneva for cosmopolitan culture, Zürich, the "Athens of the Limmat," has been distinguished above all Swiss cities for her

learning. A university was founded there in the present century, carrying on the honourable traditions; and the recent works of Mörikofer and Spörri on Zwingli's life and opinions owe their origin to its influences.

Dr. Spörri, expounding the different structure of Zwingli's theology from that of Luther, shows how the breadth of his views, ecclesiastical, moral, and intellectual, was consequent on his fundamental conviction of the incommensurateness of things material and things spiritual. We cannot here enter into all the doctrinal deductions which follow from this view; it is enough for our present purpose to point to one or two of its leading results. He would not allow that the visible church, or its ministers, or the Sacraments, or the Scriptures, were definite fountains of grace, or had any supernatural power essentially contained in them. God's intercourse with man's spirit he held to be immediate; outward means to be helps and occasions, but never, strictly speaking, media of spiritual life; to attach positive virtue to them was superstition. If, in the austere banishment of all sensuous elements from his ritual he strained a point too high for mortal nature, it was in recoil from a superstition whose debasing influences he felt to be incalculable. The rigid morality that prevailed in Zürich under his pastoral sway was at all events a noble justification of his teaching. The description of the army that took the field in 1529 might pass for one of Cromwell's *Ironsides*, or of the Huguenot following of the first Condé.* Then again Zwingli held that the Church invisible extended through all countries and all ages; that the eternal scheme of redemption, through the eternal Son of God, not being tied by the events of historical Christianity, was destined to embrace all varieties of character and training,—to apply to the heathen sage who had followed the law of conscience and right, as well as to the student of the Gospels who had had the immense advantage of a more definite teaching and a purer example. It was a great rest and joy for him thus to find place in his scheme of Divine government for his favourite heroes of the old world. He could not bear to consider them apart from it, nor to exclude from the limits of the heavenly franchise any human beings who had received from the Creator of all mankind the highest gifts of the so-called natural human soul.

III. And now, thirdly, let us cast a glance over some personal aspects of this

* His simile in condemnation of those whose habit it is to argue from single texts is especially apt:—"They are neither skilful nor judicious," he says, "in the teaching of the gospel. They pick out a fragment of the Word, regardless of what stands before or after it, and try to force it into the meaning they desire, just as though one were to try and plant a garden with a flower which has been broken off from its roots."

* See, for the last, the 7th volume of Froude's *History of England*, p. 392.

great man's career, considered as a whole, and in more detail than we can here even indicate. There is an epic harmony in its proportions which makes up for its comparative lack of dramatic incident; while the hero's noble consistency of spirit may be set not disadvantageously against the picturesque impulsiveness of Luther's genius. It is an appropriate metaphor by which some writers have contrasted the two Reformers: the one, the son of the mines, exploring the dark recesses and glittering treasures of personal sin and grace; the other, the native of the mountains, stretching his vision over the general bearings of God's providential scheme, and drinking in freedom from the airs of heaven. Oswald Myconius, the devoted personal friend and biographer of Zwingli, said of him, in allusion to the place of his birth, "I have often thought that, being brought near to heaven on these sublime heights, he there imbibed something celestial and sublime." The expression is remarkable, because in the time of Myconius and of Zwingli the education of sentiment had not arrived at any direct recognition of the moral influences of nature. That Zwingli did observe and assimilate the phenomena thus present to his early consciousness we have interesting proof in the Alpine comparisons which he was wont to introduce into his dissertations,—as when, writing to the Anabaptists, he compares dissensions among Christians to the devastation caused by mountain torrents; or when, exhorting the pastors of the people, he likens their cares to those of the faithful shepherd whom he must so often have watched on the slopes of the Toggenburg; entering on both occasions into details which mark the freshness of his observation. Had he lived under the influences of our day he might, we can imagine, have recognised some of the half-conscious impressions of his boyhood in the noble description of Wordsworth's mountain philosopher:—

"What soul was his, when from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light!

No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request,
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love.
A herdsman on the lonely mountain-tops,
Such intercourse was his."

We turn again to the wondrous monody of Leopardi on the Eastern Shepherd's life:—

"E quando miro in cielo arder le stelle,
Dico fra me, pensando,

A che tante facelle?
Ohe fa l'aria infinita, e quel profondo
Infinito seren? Ohe vuol dir questa
Solitudine immensa? Ed io, che sono?"

And we feel a conviction that, however imperfectly realized to his own mind, communings such as these with the works of Nature's God must have had their share in widening the basis of Zwingli's theology, in tuning his lofty spirit to harmonies which the barriers of scholastic creeds and systems could not limit, which few theologians in his age dared so much as to acknowledge.

Zwingli's ministry at Glarus and his two years' retirement at Einsiedeln constituted his training time for the Reformer's mission. In the first of these places he had full experience of the political corruption of his country, and at Einsiedeln, a sanctuary of cosmopolitan resort, he witnessed in a concentrated form the grossest aspects of Romish superstition. When removed to Zürich, at first, as we have before noticed, he abstained from direct political action, and occupied himself with pastoral duties and study, giving time for the new ideas which had taken possession of his soul to settle upon their foundations. But his presence made itself felt irresistibly; and when, a year and a half after the preaching of his first sermon, the Great Council issued a stringent ordinance for the regulation of pulpit instruction generally on the basis of wholesome scriptural doctrine, it was obvious that a new and potent influence had been at work already on the sentiments of the people. The first production of Zwingli's pen (*A Defence of Freedom in the matter of Fasting*) appeared in 1522. From that time his treatises fell like hammer-strokes, thick and frequent, but always as occasion arose, never for mere literary display or recreation. Unlike other Reformers, he was not impatient to rush into the lists of controversy. He possessed a rare patience of thought, and preferred, unless where the vital exigencies of warfare demanded a charge, to let his ideas grasp their final consequences before he brought them to the battle-field;—in this also unlike Luther, who confidently proclaimed his leading dogma without reference to anything before or after, and when brought in collision with an unwelcome inference, bounded off to another dogma with equal assurance, no matter how inconsistent with the conditions which seemed to render the first possible.

From January 1523, when the great conference was held at Zürich, which virtually decided its secession from the authority of Rome, to Easter 1525, when the first celebration of the communion after the Re-

formed model took place, Zwingli's guiding hand was not only felt, but acknowledged, both by friends and foes. He was the shaper of the Reformation, the adviser, and often the secretary, of the Council, the pastor of the people; and before long he was called to encounter and to direct the sympathies, favourable and unfavourable, of the rest of Switzerland. His activity was prodigious. We find him on one occasion declining a proffered visit from Bernhard Haller, who, following in his steps, was promoting the cause of Reformation at Berne, "partly," he says, "because the pressure of business and the care of the churches so beset me on every side that Dr. Henry Engelhart said lately he only wondered I did not lose my senses."

His personal qualities helped, along with his intellectual distinction, to give him a rare empire over the hearts of his compatriots. They have been described by his near and affectionate observers, Oswald Myconius and Henry Bullinger, both of whom composed records of him after his death. Naturally, as it would seem, his spirits were buoyant. He was fond of nature, a lover of society, poetical by impulse, and a proficient in music, which indeed at one time threatened to absorb too much of his time and attention, in the opinion of his friends. But practical exigencies made him a man of many cares and anxieties. His business habits were laborious, and when engaged in important affairs he allowed himself but little sleep. His tastes were simple and popular. He loved the country-folk and their ways. His temper was cordial, but somewhat hasty and impatient of contradiction. In his younger days he had not always been strict in the moral regularity of his behaviour; but as the purpose of his life stood out in distincter proportions before him all early levity gave way. The requirements of the Christian life pressed nearer on his conscience. Grave responsibilities, the alienation of old friends and ties, the painful opposition to sanctities and authorities formerly held supreme, made his heart sadder and his will more resolved. But to the last much of the old charm was there. The quick feeling, the fearless love of learning and of truth, whenever and however it might present itself, the warmth of friendship, the tenderness of pity for the weak and young. Of his sensibility we hear some interesting indications at different crises of his career. He was wont to burst into tears when his sympathies were either warmly excited or cruelly chilled. Comparing him with Luther—for the comparison is one which will continually suggest

itself perforce,—we remark, that while more swayed by his reason and less by his instinct in matters of opinion, while less given to that picturesque impulsiveness of heart and fancy which constituted Luther's great charm in domestic intercourse, Zwingli was to the full as ardent in his own beliefs, and as susceptible of those emotions which are the accompaniment of the highest genius. In the earlier portion of his career there was the intense interest of present success and the hope of great things for the future to make Zwingli's head higher and his pulse quicker. His practical energies were invigorated by the occasions which called them forth. He met opposition with the buoyancy of the "happy warrior." His popularity suffered, as was inevitable, from the uncompromising manner in which he tilted his lance against all abuses that came in his way—for he aimed at being a moral and a patriotic *Reformer* in the fullest sense of the word. "While Luther's main object," says Ranke, "was a reform of doctrine, which he thought would be necessarily followed by that of life and morals, Zwingli aimed directly at the improvement of life. He kept mainly in view the practical significance of Scripture as a whole. His original views were of a moral and political nature. Hence his labours were tinged with a colour peculiar to himself." And hence he encountered enmity from various and opposite quarters. At one time he lived in daily danger of assassination at Zürich.

Like Luther and so many other Reforming doctors of his time, Zwingli married a wife, Anna Reinhardt, a widow of good connexion and substantial means—circumstances which his enemies did not allow to pass without a sneer. He was a husband of a different type from the jovial impulsive Saxon; apparently more like an ancient Roman or an austere Puritan in his notions of the retired position befitting a woman. He rarely makes mention of his "dearest wife" in his letters, though from the casual indications he gives of her existence, happiness and confidence are implied. The names of four children, two sons and two daughters, are duly inscribed by his own hand in his Family Bible, which still exists among the archives of Zürich, an interesting memento of his orderly domestic life. Gerold Meyer, his wife's son by a former husband, was his ward and pupil. It was for him he composed his admirable work *On the Education of Noble Youths*, which he published at the moment when the opening of the new Cathedral school promised the means of carrying out in practice the precepts of his pen. Over Gerold's morals he watched

anxiously when youth and gaiety misled him for a while, had the satisfaction of seeing early levity give way to manly virtue, and was not divided from him in his death at Cappel.

Dr. Spörrli gives a striking summary of Zwingli's position, drawn from the indications in his own writings, at the period when it stood highest amongst his contemporaries:—

"On far into the North, to the *natio libera et bellicosa* of the Dittmarshers, even to East Friesland and Sweden, he superintends the progress of evangelical doctrine. To the king of France he prescribes conditions, almost as to a vassal. The secret council of Zürich, carried away by the daring spirit of the man, and fascinated by the promise of a glorious future, is his passive organ. Duke Ulric of Wirtemberg and Landgrave Philip of Hesse, 'with whom he can do pretty much what he likes,' wait for the hints he gives them in his private despatches. . . . It is a remarkable contrast. Whilst Luther, placed on the stage of a great political power, withdraws more and more within the depths of his individual soul, Zwingli stretches with ever-increasing influence beyond the boundaries of his narrow fatherland."

But while Zwingli's external sway thus expanded, the ground was waxing hollow beneath his feet. The year 1525 may be pronounced the most really triumphant and happy of his life. His grand reforms at Zürich were then consummated. The Easter communion after the Reformed model set its seal upon them. Schools, hospitals, public provision for the poor, had been carefully instituted out of the revenues withdrawn from the capítular and conventual foundations; for practical utility and morality were in his view the indispensable expression of all religious soundness—the wedding garment without which no creed, however orthodox, could find a place at the Master's board. No wilful corrupt application of any portion of the confiscated funds had been permitted. The disorderly efforts of the Anabaptists had been repelled. The city magistracy had been maintained as the administrators of law, both civil and religious. Zwingli himself was appointed in this year to the headship of the Cathedral school, a supererogatory burden of care to him, we would think, yet a proof of his fellow-citizens' confidence which he valued, and an office which appealed to the undying passion of his heart for classical culture.

From this time two new sources of difficulty, and eventually of defeat, cast their shadows over his path. We must devote a few words to each. In the first place, the opinions on the Eucharist publicly affixed as the badge of the Helvetic Church roused

the hostility of Luther, and effectually hindered that political union of all Protestants which Zwingli felt to be the only hope for the overthrow of the old superstition. Connected with this occurred the most dramatic incident of his life, his interview—the first and only one—with Luther himself, at Marburg, where, in conjunction with the Landgrave of Hesse, he sought to overcome the obstinacy of the Saxon theologian.

Highly characteristic are the accounts which have been left to us of this conference by Bullinger and others. The correspondence of Zwingli himself is—as for so many of the events of his life—one of the most valuable sources of information. The Landgrave cared comparatively little which definition of the Eucharistic rite gained the upper hand, as long as he could but bring the two parties to unite their strength. Union was all he desired, union against Papal and Imperial despotism, the dread forces which were concentrating their energies against the grand free movement of the age. But below him stood Luther bending over the velvet-covered table, and writing on it with chalk his text, *Hoc est corpus meum*, from the literal meaning of which he refused to depart, let Zwingli advance what arguments he might. There stood Zwingli, longing like the Landgrave for union, and chafing at the obstinacy which refused to listen to analogy or critical exegesis, or even to admit a liberty of interpretation, while at the same time unable himself to pander to a false harmony by calling black white at the bidding of the rival doctor. We are told of the insulting personalities of Luther, and his wilful misunderstanding of Zwingli's words—as when the Swiss Reformer brought the sixth chapter of St. John to prove that "feeding on Christ's body" was to be spiritually understood, and said, "This passage breaks your neck." "You are in Hesse and not in Switzerland," replied Luther haughtily; "in this country we do not break people's necks;" and then turned round and complained to his friends of Zwingli's violent camp language. We are told of the angry impatience of Zwingli, striking the table between them, and bursting at last into passionate tears when his own larger views could make no impression on his adversary's mind; of the Landgrave's anxious summons to dinner when words waxed high; of the more effectual interruption of the sweating-sickness, which broke out at Marburg, and made it advisable for the assembly to disperse; finally, of the last earnest efforts of Philip of Hesse and his divines, which induced Luther to go so far as to offer the hand of "peace and charity" to those he still refused to own as brethren;

and the glad acceptance by the Swiss of even this ungracious concession. Things indeed turned out somewhat better than might at one time have been expected. The drawing up of the articles was committed to Luther, who seems to have had some sense of the responsibility cast upon him. Many points of hearty agreement were found between the two parties, and where agreement was not attained, a tolerant expression of difference was permitted, so that, upon the whole, the approach towards religious concord, if imperfect, was not altogether abortive. On the other hand, the political union of German and Swiss Protestants, which had been so cherished an object with the Landgrave and Zwingli, had failed; Luther was not to be brought out of the narrow groove of principles—passive obedience to State authorities being one of them—within which his Reformation, deep, intense, and powerful as it was, had moved. Before Philip and Zwingli a broader horizon was in view, and in their private conferences at this period counsel was taken for a regeneration of European life, for which, as events proved, the time was not ripe. Had other Reformers been as much advanced beyond traditional limitations as they were, the Romanist reaction would scarcely have stopped the way.

The other cause of hindrance to Zwingli and his schemes was what seemed at first a splendid triumph to both,—the adhesion of Berne, the most powerful canton in Switzerland, to the Reformation. For Berne took the lead which Zürich had hitherto held, and her favourite element was political compromise. She loved material prosperity, relishing, as D'Aubigné puts it in scriptural language, "the butter of her kine with milk of sheep and fat of lambs." She held by the old traditions of confederate law, and did not choose to see, as Zwingli saw, that a new era had come upon the earth, and that the Confederacy needed to be reconstructed in order to meet its requirements.

When war, long expected, at last broke out between the Protestant and Romanist divisions of Switzerland, Zwingli desired one thing above all others, and that was, that the indispensable condition of peace should be the right of preaching the gospel without molestation in all the cantons of the Confederacy, so that the people might have the power of choosing for themselves what form of faith they would follow. Herein lay his main hope of yet seeing the realization of his *Civitas Christiana*. Berne opposed to the making this a necessary condition, her attachment to the old political system, which left each canton power to enact its own in-

ternal laws. Every sacrifice short of a renunciation of Reform by the cantons that had already embraced it should, she thought, be made to keep the old constitution together. From this action of Berne resulted the unsatisfactory peace of 1529.

A hymn of Zwingli's, long a favourite among the hills and valleys of his native land, entreating God's protection for His saints amidst the dangers of the time, and praying for the blessing of a holy peace, is said to have been composed by him as he descended the mountain of the Albis on this occasion, his heart heavy with disappointment and with the presage of unceasing perils. That he was desirous of a renewal of hostilities has been made a subject of reproach against him by religious historians. But he was actuated by no petty or revengeful motives, simply by a desire to decide a matter of supreme importance to the welfare of the world before the moment had passed when success might be secured. He knew the struggle must be renewed some day, and might be renewed when the foe was better prepared to carry it on: and the result justified his views.

When the forest cantons, not acquiescing in the position accorded them by the peace of 1529, renewed their offensive conduct towards individuals of the Reformed faith in those territories or "bailiwicks" where a joint-government by the cantons subsisted, Berne herself pronounced sentence of outlawry against them, by subjecting them to exclusion from the lowland markets,—a species of blockade prescribed by confederate law in cases of contumacy. Zwingli complained of the measure as both inadequate and cruel, punishing the innocent with the guilty. The forest cantons found it intolerable; and the actual outbreak of war came accordingly from them. But it came, as Zwingli had anticipated, when they were ready, and their adversaries ill prepared. Then followed the fatal end. On an October afternoon, in 1531, the hostile arrays encountered on the heights of Cappel, between Zürich and Zug. Zwingli, who had accompanied the troops with his Bible—some say with his battle-axe also,—lay dead on the field; and Protestantism lost her hope of predominance in Switzerland. Zürich and Berne and a few other places were allowed to retain their faith, and that was all. The Zwinglian Propaganda came to an end. In the common territories and bailiwicks the Romish creed was mostly re-established, the convents restored, the new teaching prohibited. The relation of the two persuasions in Switzerland as then established has continued mainly the same to our own days.

The Calvinistic evangelization of Geneva was a later and a distinct episode.

There is a pathetic grandeur about the history of Zwingli's last days on which we fain would linger, but the limits of our subject command us to be brief. As so often happens when a great man drops suddenly from the scene where he has filled so large a space, the dismay and regret of contemporaries found relief in superstitious associations. Bullinger tells of Zwingli's last visit to Bremgarten in the dead of night—for personal danger surrounded him even in the Protestant camp,—to impress on the Reformed Diet there assembled the serious perils of the situation; he avers that, when riding back before the break of day, and about to part from Bullinger himself and other friends at the Zürich gate of the town, a form attired in a snow-white garment appeared—and frightened the sentinels on guard, then vanished into the water. Nor were other portents wanting. Fountains of blood were said to spring from the earth in various places. Halley's comet made one of its seventy-sixth year courses through the heavens in the month of August. "This ominous globe," said Zwingli, as he gazed at it one night from the Cathedral burying-ground, "is come to light the path that leads to my grave." But his mind was tranquil. He was occupied during the last year of his life in writing a commentary on the prophet Jeremiah. He was softened, it was said, in temper and deportment, and towards his greatest foes showed less asperity than had been his wont. Other changes too had worked within him. Latterly his thoughts had learnt to rest not so much in the contemplation of his country's welfare or his church's efficacy as in that of God's universal scheme, and the eligibility of all good men of all the ages to its benefits. Latterly, too, he seems, though with no weak sentimentality, to have longed for death. Time had brought the bitter experience that the ideal and the practical could not as yet be brought into agreement, and the noble spirit yearned more and more for that immortal existence where its visions of harmony might expand unhindered.

And here we are tempted to confront the sententious strictures of D'Aubigné, a writer of the Calvinist type of piety, with the more liberal and judicious verdict of Dr. Spörri.

First D'Aubigné :—

"There was but one means of safety for Zürich and for Zwingli," he says, speaking of the preparations of 1531,—*"he should have retired from the political stage, and fallen back on that kingdom which is not of this world. He should,*

like Moses, have kept his hand and his heart night and day raised towards Heaven, and energetically preached repentance, faith, and peace. But religious and political matters were united in the mind of this great man by such old and dear ties that it was impossible for him to distinguish their line of separation. This confusion had become his dominant idea; the Christian and the Citizen were for him one and the same character; and hence it resulted that all resources of the State, even cannons and arquebuses, were to be placed at the service of the Truth. When one peculiar idea thus seizes upon a man, we see a false conscience formed within him, which approves of many things condemned by the word of God."

Next hear Dr. Spörri :—

"It is customary to regard Zwingli's death on the battle-field as the penalty for the errors in which his far-reaching endeavours involved him. But this is assuredly too hard a sentence for the measure of his fault. What Zwingli did indeed exalt at Cappel, by the expiation of experience, was the fact that just at that decisive moment his ideal of Christian *an-*burghery left him and Zürich in the lurch, and that the strenuous exertions of his later years were all in vain. But in those very exertions he showed himself not undeserving of the prophet's name. Not unlike Isaiah, who opposed alliances with stranger nations as unworthy of the chosen people, Zwingli devoted to the neutrality of his fatherland the best strength of his youthful years; he was the first indeed who recognised and declared this the true political mission of Switzerland. On the other hand, we do not speak too highly of his tendencies towards the common union of nations, when we say that they remind us of the cosmopolitan impulse of the ancient prophet, who in his inspiration beheld all peoples joined together in the kingdom of God. It is true it was, and remained, an ideal only: when Zwingli approached nearer to the present world with his visions of a universal theocracy, he erred; but it is by no mere accident that in those his last years he composed his commentaries on Isaiah and Jeremiah; and Bullinger in his memorial oration was not far wrong when he assigned to Zwingli a place on the same line with those heroes of the Ancient Covenant."

Before we close this sketch of a great man, who, with all his historical eminence, is, if we mistake not, somewhat of a stranger to the popular imagination of English readers, we may allow ourselves, perhaps, without too great a stretch of fancy, to point to one among our countrymen and of our own generation, as having in some personal characteristics and modes of thought (allowing for the difference of a humbler sphere of action and a less momentous mission) borne no slight resemblance to the Swiss Reformer. We allude to Arnold of Rugby. Arnold united the love of ancient republican life and literature with Christian devoutness. While sympathizing with the moral rather than the

æsthetic element in the best heathen civilisation and literature, he entered keenly into scriptural exegesis; he repudiated all sensuous media and human authority as sources of religious life; he urged intellectual inquiry with fearless ardour; he saw in social and political affairs the noblest field for the Christian's development; he advocated the co-extensiveness of Church and State. And he, like Zwingli, in the midst of a life of many-sided toil, sank suddenly from the world at the age of forty-seven, within two years of that which he used to remind himself had been signalized by Aristotle as the culminating period of man's faculties and energies:—

ἐνήμεροι· τί δὲ τίς; τί δ' οὐ τίς; σκυῖς ὄναι
ἄνθρωπος· ἀλλ' ὅταν αἴγλα διδόσδοτος ἔλθῃ
λαμπρὸν φέγγος ἔπιστιν ἀνδρῶν καὶ μελιχρὸς αἰὼν.

These are the words, from his favourite poet, which Dr. Spörri suggests might be placed as a motto over Zwingli's collected writings. They form a fit conclusion to our present considerations.

ART. V.—1. *La France Nouvelle*. Par M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1868.

2. *La Politique Radicale*. Par JULES SIMON. Paris, 1868.

3. *Tableau de la Situation des Établissements Français dans l'Algérie; Gouvernement Général de l'Algérie*, 1864, and 1865–1866.

4. *Compte Rendu au nom du Conseil d'Administration de la Société Générale Algérienne*. Par M. L. FREMY, Conseiller d'État en Service Extraordinaire Président. Exercice, 1867. Paris, 1868.

IN 1861 M. Guizot defined "the terrible problem of our time" to be—"What is the new political edifice which corresponds to the new society which has grown up, and how to construct it so that it shall endure?" Last June M. Rouher exclaimed in the Corps Législatif, "The work of the Empire may be summed up in two words—the preservation of order first, and then the separation of the liberal from the revolutionary flag." In these and similar utterances, and still more in their accordance with what appeared to us to be the prevailing tone of thought and feeling in France, we had already begun to fancy that we recognised the silver lining of those clouds of error, hesitation, and abject irresolution which have so long darkened the political horizon of that great country, when the two remarkable

books which we have placed at the head of this article fell into our hands. Their authors, unhappily, do not share our hopes. They are profoundly dissatisfied with the present, and distrustful of the future; and yet we conceive it to be the highest compliment we can pay them, not as individuals only but as exponents of the opposition, when we assure them that the effect of what they have written has been to strengthen these hopes in our minds. The appearance of a work so lofty in tone, so thoughtful, resolute, and temperate, as that of M. Prévost-Paradol more especially, is the best of all proof that the higher aspirations of France have not been extinguished during the sixteen years of tranquillity which the lassitude of the nation and the iron rule of the Empire have produced, and that, if her political progress has been less apparent, it has been scarcely less real than her material improvement. In these years of silence the dear-bought lessons of the previous sixty have been deeply, and we believe widely, pondered. Those who heedlessly rushed into action before, have demanded of themselves the reason of the political faiths for which they fought; they have sought to determine the amount of truth embodied in the symbols for which their fathers shed each others' blood, and the result has been the commencement at least, in many directions, of that winnowing of truth from falsehood, which is the first condition of all real advancement. The system of government under which Frenchmen have lived during this long period has been confessedly a transitional one. No man believed, and no honest and disinterested man professed to believe, that a military despotism could be permanently established in the nineteenth century, in what, without instituting invidious comparisons, we must all recognise as one of the foremost States of Western Europe. Under no conceivable adaptation could the Empire itself be accepted as the solution of the "terrible problem." But the whole nation accepted it notwithstanding, if not patiently at least peaceably, and many accepted it gratefully, not only as a *locus penitentie* for past errors, but as a great and glorious opportunity which God had afforded them for distinguishing between possible and impossible aspirations, and determining at least the necessary conditions of permanence in the future edifice.

Never was the boast which identifies the State with the person of the Sovereign truer in the case of anointed monarch, than of the present ruler of France. The Empire is not an institution but a man; and so long as the man exists, in vigour and effi-

ciency, the work of constructing the institution must be suspended; for that the man himself should accomplish a work which must consist in merging his personality in a permanent, and, as such, necessarily impersonal form of government, is scarcely a conceivable event. Nothing can be more natural than the impatience which the liberal party in France exhibit for the termination of this period of inaction; and we deeply sympathise with the discouragement which the present indifference of the nation to every higher interest than mere physical well-being occasions them. To the young, the vigorous, and the high-hearted, the duty of waiting is the hardest of all. But there are circumstances in which it is also the noblest, and the present position of Frenchmen we conceive to be emphatically one of those in which "they also serve who only stand and wait."

Till this period of hibernation elapses it is vain to conjecture what shall be the special characteristics of the future government of France; and in the comparative indifference to forms and names which the highest class of political writers profess, we see an indication of that temperance of view which is the best guarantee for the spirit of compromise which must inevitably guide any final arrangement. Nothing can be wiser than the following passage:—

"There will be found in these studies that declared and determined indifference to questions of persons, of dynasties, and of external forms of government, which has cost me so many attacks, and even a judicial condemnation; but which I hope will always be my principal title to the approbation of wise men and good citizens. Not that I have not, like the rest of the world, my private inclinations and personal preferences; but I insist upon regarding them as secondary questions when placed alongside of the primary question of the political and administrative reformation of France. Notwithstanding those abrupt or insensible modifications which time always operates on us, I believe that, on this point at least, I am proof against all change; and I cannot imagine that I should ever become capable either of hatred or enthusiasm for such words as monarchy or republic; or that any form of government, whatever be its form or its name, should ever succeed in changing me, by the mere fact of its existence, either into a factious adversary or a servile partisan. These questions of names and persons, which for too many Frenchmen sum up all that they understand by the term politics, are dominated, in my eyes, by a question vastly more important, that, namely, of whether or not we shall ever be a free nation."

But though it belongs to a future into which we need not seek to penetrate, to de-

termine what shall be the external form of the ultimate government of France, its principles, its objects, and even its essential characteristics are already traced by the results of experiments which have been repeated only too often. Whether it be monarchical or republican, whether its genesis be the spontaneous effort of the genius of the people, or, as is more probable, be presided over by an ancient dynasty of kings, enlightened by experience and chastened by exile,—if it is to be a free government of any kind, we know, and Frenchmen of all classes appear at length to have learnt, that it must be one which neither sacrifices liberty to order nor order to liberty. That the permanent realization of either of these great objects of political life apart from the other is impossible,—nay further, that the more perfect the realization of the one the more perfect will be the realization of the other also,—that they stand and fall, rise and sink together,—are ascertained truths of political science, of universal application, which for the present appear to be almost more familiar to the mind of France than to the mind of England. The firm hold which the national mind has at length been enabled to take of these cardinal maxims, not as theoretical doctrines, but as practical rules of action, we regard as so great a gain, that setting all minor grounds of present discouragement at defiance, we feel warranted in stretching out a hand of congratulation to our friends and neighbours, and meeting every token of discouragement with a *sursum corda*!

Nor have the publicists, or even the public of France, failed to deduce inferences from this political commonplace, which still further indicate the justness of their appreciation of the necessary character of the structure which it belongs to the next generation to rear:—

"The classes hitherto dominant," says M. Guizot, "no longer contest the general rights of humanity, and show themselves everywhere disposed or resigned to accept the system of open competition to merit of every form. The middle classes have learnt to distrust social Utopias, and to recognise the conditions of public order which are indispensable to the good order of families and the prosperity of labour."

The accuracy of the first branch of M. Guizot's assertion will not be called in question, either in France, or as he extends it, in Europe generally. The principles of Free-trade have extended themselves from the Forum to the Senate, and from the Senate to the *Salon*. In so far as the aspirations of democracy are confined

to the vindication of competition without fear or favour, their realization has been complete, and we trust final, in every department of life. It is in this triumph that we behold the true harvest of the French Revolution. Would that we could feel equally confident as regards the second ground of hope to which M. Guizot refers—that we could feel satisfied that the futility of the search after the central Utopia of all,—after equality, not in the sense of equality before the law, but of equality of social conditions and political rights and responsibilities, had been seized with the same clearness with which men have acknowledged the injustice and impolicy of erecting insuperable barriers between class and class. The distinction between liberty and levelling, between freedom to rise and license to pull down, plain though it seems at first sight, is one which, in the last analysis, even the scientific mind seizes with difficulty, and of which the popular mind continually loses sight. There is reason to apprehend that the instinct which has hitherto guided the English nation unconsciously to its reception, or at least to its application, has been somewhat enfeebled. Still, notwithstanding all that has happened to us of late, we ourselves are not prepared, and very few Englishmen, we presume, are prepared to give in their adhesion to the opposite doctrine, even as stated by so moderate a democrat as M. Prévost-Paradol; to concur with him in the opinion that our colonies, in so far as they have acted on it, have made *une prodigieuse avance sur la mère patrie*; or to join with him in looking confidently and hopefully forward to the time when the aristocracy of England shall be “vanquished and destroyed.” In an eloquent passage in which he sketches the aristocracies of Rome, of France, and of England, with that clear and vigorous outline which gives such charm to his pictures, he pays to that of England the compliment of saying that it has had *la justice et l'adresse d'appeler dans son sein tout ce qui s'élève et brille à côté d'elle*. Now, an aristocracy of which this can be said even by so generous a critic, is an aristocracy the existence of which is, to our thinking, entirely consistent with the highest conceivable development of liberty, and we confess we can see no substantial object contended for by M. Prévost-Paradol, or by any individual or party that stops short of socialism, that is inconsistent with its permanence. Nay, we go farther than this. We assert, and if we could succeed in making ourselves understood, we should assert, without fear of contradiction, that the existence of such an aristocracy, and of the amount of inequality which it implies,

are not merely reconcilable with, but are involved in the idea of liberty, both social and political, and that to interdict to individuals the right of acquiring any one of its characteristics, or to prohibit their sanction either by society or by the State, would be to infringe upon liberty both private and public. For what are the characteristics of such an aristocracy? Let us try whether we cannot seize hold of this spectre which still so scares our neighbours, and demand of it whether its ultimate intents be indeed “wicked or charitable.” M. Prévost-Paradol has an evident tenderness for it himself; and it has hitherto wandered amongst our alleys and hunted over our stubbles so harmlessly, he would be the last man to object that for old friendship's sake we should have a last word with it, before we commit it pathetically to the force of that democratic current, the action of which, he tells us, “will be so regular and gentle as to be almost insensible.”

And first, let us put aside four accidental characteristics which have been associated with it so frequently as in the eyes of many to constitute its essence:—

1st. Hereditary legislation has no more to do with the existence of an aristocracy than hereditary jurisdiction has to do with the existence of a magistracy. The propriety of its preservation, even in States where it has long existed, is a question of political expediency which now greatly divides opinion, and we agree with M. Paradol in regarding its introduction or revival as impossible.

2d. *Privilege*, in any sense in which the interests of others could be prejudiced by it, never formed any part of aristocracy in England. With us the noble never enjoyed either favour from the judge or exemption from the tax-gatherer.

3d. Neither has exclusiveness ever belonged to it. Every office in England, and every rank and dignity which England could confer, short of the Throne, has always been open to every Englishman. There are, no doubt, certain offices, the duties of which are supposed, as a general rule, to be better performed by persons of illustrious ancestry and hereditary wealth, than by new men or poor men, however eminent may be their personal qualities. Wherever the object is to *represent*, either the nation abroad, or a portion of the nation at home, it is not unusual, and we humbly think not unreasonable, to give a certain preference to persons who, from their birth, have been taught to regard themselves less as individuals than as the representatives of families which existed, like the State itself, generations before they were born, and will exist for generations

after they are gone. Such persons, so to speak, are born representatives, and the experience which they have acquired in the family is a preparation for filling the offices of the State, unattainable in the case of other men. But when they are chosen to fill these offices, in consequence of what are believed to be their special qualifications, they are chosen for the benefit, not of themselves, but of those who choose them.

4th. Neither our laws nor our customs ever knew anything of the interdiction of marriage between nobles and commoners, which is probably the most offensive form in which social inequality can assert itself. The latter restriction was, if possible, more alien to the customs of our ancestors than to our own. Chaucer and John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," married sisters, which would scarcely be permitted to a poet-laureate and a prince of the blood in our day.

Apart from these accidents, then, what are the necessary characteristics of aristocracy? Of what elements has it been composed in England hitherto, and what are those which we hope are permanent, and which M. Paradol has doomed?

They may, as it seems to us, be reduced to two—

1st. The consideration which, rightly or wrongly, the imagination attaches to illustrious or honourable birth, and the social precedence which, *ceteris paribus*, results from this consideration.

2d. The advantages which arise from the possession of inherited wealth—viz., independence of manual or servile labour in early life, and the consequences of this independence, viz., intellectual and moral cultivation, personal refinement and dignity, and perhaps an improved physical condition. The latter point is one on which we do not insist; though the possibility of improving the animal man is not likely to be soon abandoned in a country in which the lower animals have been made by culture almost to change their nature.

Now, inasmuch as a father has no dearer possession to transmit to his children than his good name, and this possession exists in all degrees, from the fame of the hero to the credit of the honest man, the first of these elements of aristocracy is as inseparable from liberty as the second, which manifestly belongs to the rights of property and of the person. Yet these, and nothing but these, are the elements of aristocracy, as we understand it now, and have always understood it, in England, and we fail to see in what sense their combined existence interferes with "that upward and downward motion, accord-

ing to the intelligence, the activity, and the good fortune of each," which M. Prévost-Paradol claims as the special peculiarity of a democratic society, or with equality in any sense in which equality does not mean levelling, and result in socialism. Apart from the position of the peerage as hereditary legislators, the aristocracy of England is neither more nor less than a cultivated class, the culture of which has been the work of more than one generation.

If our colonies do not possess it, its absence is a proof, not of their having outrun the mother country, but of their not having yet attained to her position. So far from believing that we shall lose it, we never doubt for a moment that they will gain it, because it is simply as a more highly developed form of social life than they yet enjoy.

That the social structure has been more than once rudely shaken in France is unquestionable; but the entire disappearance from such a country, even for a time, of a class, or rather of a hierarchy of classes, in the enjoyment of traditional respect and hereditary refinement, is a simple impossibility. That the tastes and habits and occupations of these various classes should, to a certain extent, separate them from the class which lives by manual labour, and even from each other, is not only inevitable, but it is reasonable and right; and though we know that M. Prévost-Paradol will smile, we do not hesitate to state it as our impression that, under external arrangements and designations somewhat different, separate classes of society are being reconstituted, which, *whilst they continue to be accessible to all*, whilst the very same individuals, between their cradles and their graves, may have belonged to every one of them, will nevertheless be as distinctly marked and as well defined as those of the *ancien régime*. Nay more, in the spontaneous growth of this classification, as one of the results of peace and industry and well-being, and in its more than toleration by public opinion in France, we trace one of the most hopeful indications of the progress of social and political reorganization, and of the proximate triumph of those very principles of liberty of which M. Prévost-Paradol is himself the most powerful living advocate. The lesson of subordination is the first lesson of the citizen as well as of the soldier,—for the State is only a vast and complex host marching through the wilderness of the ages. A citizen who refuses to recognise a superior is no more fit for the exercise of political power than a soldier who has not learned to obey is fitted to command; and it is not till a society has become capable of such an effort of self-discipline, as to tolerate a gradation of ranks,

as well as an unequal distribution of means, that it becomes capable of self-government.

But notwithstanding the healing action of this unconscious and spontaneous tendency to "order themselves lowly and reverently to their betters," it cannot be questioned that, to so logical a people as the French, great danger still lurks in the want of clearness of the public mind on the subject of equality.* So long as men continue to cherish the belief that equalization is involved in the attainment of liberty, and as such is the ultimate object of free-government, so long as the proposition that "all men are equally men," which nature warrants, is regarded as convertible with the proposition that "all men are equal men," which nature repudiates,—liberty will be in constant danger of degenerating into license, and no safe groundwork has yet been laid for the political edifice.

But even on this subject, though much remains to be desired, the dawning of light is apparent. There is a wise inconsequence in M. Prévost-Paradol's preference for constitutional monarchy over republicanism, though we agree with him in thinking that but for the unhappy traditions which attach to it, the realization of a constitutional republic is by no means impossible. The same remark applies to the importance which he attaches to the regulating and guiding influences of the upper Chamber. A single Chamber so elected as to take cognizance of property and intelligence, as well as of mere naked manhood, is not inconceivable. As the simplest, it is probably the ultimate, form which the political organism will everywhere assume. But if it be, as we believe it is, inevitable in France, and probably in England, that the Lower Chamber, for an indefinite period, shall be chosen by a suffrage which is not only universal but equal, and which, as such, ignores all the higher elements of civilisation, the only hope of creating a political organism which shall be in some measure "the mirror" of a nation in which these elements exist, rests in the formation of an Upper Chamber which shall recognise them. A Chamber elected by a graduated suffrage, would, no doubt, be the

direct and consistent means of attaining this object. But here again the present state of political opinion will form an obstacle to anything beyond a mere approximation to the ultimate form; and till the public mind is educated up to the point of consciously receiving and openly acknowledging the fact that all electors are not equal electors, any more than all men are equal men, some such roundabout mode of arriving at the practical result which this acknowledgement would yield, as the Prussian system of double election by provincial assemblies of first and second instance, is probably the most workable. If, to an assembly so chosen, the higher dignitaries of the State and representatives elected by certain learned bodies, were added, as M. Prévost-Paradol proposes, it is difficult to imagine any attainable body which should more satisfactorily represent wealth, wisdom, and worth.

Even when we turn to writers and speakers with whose general tone of thinking we can less sympathize, the same indications meet us of a growing tendency to discriminate between liberty to rise and license to pull down.

"The separation of the liberal from the revolutionary flag" was not probably intended to be a very definite indication of policy, but it was no doubt intended to be, and is, a perfectly unequivocal expression of opinion; and in another direction we find even so pronounced a liberal as M. Jules Simon, in his recent book *La Politique Radicale*, making no secret of his distrust of the counting of heads without reference to their contents, as a final answer to the dictates of reason and the teaching of experience. But it is from the general tone of the press, and so far as we have had an opportunity of judging of conversation in France, more than from any expressions of individual opinion, however important or significant, that we derive the hope that the lesson of order, if less definitely comprehended, has not been less deeply impressed than the lesson of liberty. The constant use of the word itself and its equivalents, is perhaps as sure an indication as any other; and many of our readers, like ourselves, must have been struck with the extent to which such words as *ordre*, *organization*, *reconstruction*, and the like, during late years, have taken the place of the *liberté*, *égalité*, *fraternité* of former days. The sense, moreover, of this famous formula has itself been modified by the juxtaposition in which it now appears, and even socialism, as M. Jules Simon has remarked, no longer means what it meant twenty years ago.

We have been so long in the habit of re-

* The want of any French equivalent for the English word *Gentleman* may seem a trivial, but, if we reflect on it, is a conclusive proof of the accuracy of this allegation. The word *Gentilhomme*, of which our word was no doubt an adaptation, still retains its ante-revolutionary signification of a person born in an exclusive class: Monsieur, like our Master, is merely a polite mode of recognising the existence of the human *non-ego*: and there is no intermediate epithet.

garding the political genius of France as destructive, that we are often tempted to doubt of its success in the work of construction, even now that it seems willing to undertake it with honest intentions and sounder views. But if we recall for a moment the earlier history of France these doubts will be dispelled. It is impossible to contest the claims of old France to the honour of having contributed far more than her share to the building up of that new edifice of feudal society, and that system of separate feudal States, which arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire. It was in France, more than anywhere else, that the fusion of the Romanic and Teutonic elements of society was effected, and that the monarchical and centralizing principles derived from the Empire continued to assert themselves alongside of those principles of local life and provincial individuality which the younger and fresher blood of the northern nations introduced. It was in France, somewhat later, that out of populations and institutions so dissimilar as scarcely to offer any bonds of union at all, was built up the most homogeneous State that the world has ever seen. In old France, in a word, we possess a guarantee that a new France, still fairer and more orderly, will arise out of the *débris* of revolutions, just as the old Paris, which is being gradually swept away, is a guarantee to us that a new Paris, more magnificent and symmetrical if somewhat less rich in associations, will spring from the *démolitions* which in their progress we deplore. "Paris is France"—the vast unbroken lines of her palatial streets, and the imposing symmetry of her architectural monuments, are the visible expression of the national genius,—and if any man would behold a symbol of the political edifice which the new generation of Frenchmen are destined to rear, let him gaze upon the city which they are constructing for their abode. The one, like the other, in all probability will surpass in completeness every previous effort of science and civilisation, and the first political edifice which can claim to be anything more than a happy historical accident will be seen in France. Too rigid in conception, time and use will adapt it to the complexity of human requirements, as the projecting boughs have softened the lines of the Champs-Élysées, till art, ceasing to be the rebel subject, has become the loyal minister of nature.

If we contrast the following profession of faith with that love of anomalies for their own sake which is characteristic of all parties in this country, we shall have some conception of the completeness which, sooner

or later, will probably belong to the political institutions of France:—

The true character of political radicalism (*une politique radicale*), is to reject all transactions and half measures,—to go, as is vulgarly said, to the very end of one's principles. It is that which distinguishes it from prudentialism (*une politique sage*), which boasts of being able to make all the necessary concessions at the proper time. The first of these political schemes is a doctrine, the second is a capacity. If one believes that one is possessed of an absolute truth, one can neither conceal it, nor deny it, nor delay it. Neither can one despair of it, for truth must prevail; that is a law as infallible as any of the laws of the physical world. Hence all the characteristics of radicalism—an ardent adhesion to the justice of its cause and to the truth of its principles, a determined confidence in the future, a generous contempt for expediency and equivocations, a voluntary ignorance of difficulties and obstacles, a habit of studying facts somewhat too hastily, and of taking too little account of the ephemeral variations of opinion. One may compare the adherents of radicalism to those travellers who pay no attention to maps or made roads, but who, fixing their eyes on the distant object which they wish to attain, march towards it in a straight line, with the unalterable resolution never to turn back, never to turn aside, never to stop. They are accused of pursuing chimeras, but they console themselves with counting the number of chimeras long railed at and spit upon, which have become realities, and beneficent realities. They are reproached, moreover, and sometimes with reason, with speaking a language which their contemporaries do not understand, and thus condemning themselves to isolation and consequent impotence; but they reply that the true conductors of mobs are not those who bend down to them to be heard more readily, but those who call out to them from above. History does not justify the reputation for want of skill which has been attempted to be fixed on them; and the last teaching of philosophy is that justice is the surest and the most cunning of political schemes.

It is not that M. Jules Simon himself is precipitate or unpractical, or that his party conceives that an adhesion to principle involves a literal acceptance of the maxim "*tout ou rien*." Radicalism, he tells us, aspires no doubt to the full and entire possession of liberty, but she approaches it by conquering successively such liberties as are possible. It is radicalism, because it demands the whole and vows never to stop till

the whole has been obtained; but it neither hopes to reform the world in an hour, nor has it the folly to despise such incomplete reforms as may render the final reform more attainable.

This latter we may say is plain common sense, which in the absence of either clear aims or lofty motives mere selfishness would dictate to any one who desires to elbow himself on in the crowd. But what British party or British partisan will dare to address the following to their opponents?—

"It is thus that we may speak to all third parties. It is by our obstinacy and immovability, of which you complain, that we do you service. In meeting you half-way we might give you perhaps a few votes, which would not be sufficient to make you a majority. By our constant pre-occupation with the absolute we prevent you from contenting yourselves too easily. We never cease to attract you towards the summits which we occupy. It is we who put something like inflexibility into politics, which without us would be nothing but the art of working out men and utilizing occurrences. Say if you will that you represent wisdom, experience, moderation, skill. As for us, our function is different—we represent conscience!"

But whilst these indications of juster principles and clearer aims seem sufficient to counterbalance the general apathy of France and the acknowledged difficulties of her financial situation, and to reassure us as regards the internal policy, if not of the Government, at least of the nation, we no sooner direct our attention to the external policy which French opinion still freely indorses, than our faith in the future is rudely shaken. In Europe we encounter vague aspirations, dictated not by reason but by tradition; and out of Europe, ill digested schemes of conquest and colonization, feebly prosecuted, and to which rumour ascribes other motives than their ostensible ones. The attempt to dominate Europe has been abandoned for the claim to vindicate the idea of nationalities; the passion for military glory has given place to the desire for material well-being and civic magnificence, the vanity of propagating liberty abroad has been supplanted by the hope of one day realizing it by moderate counsels at home. And yet France—not the Government, but the nation—continues to be haunted by the feeling that, apart altogether from any benefit either to herself or her neighbours, her dignity requires that she shall act as the general arbiter of European destiny. So long as this visionary object continues to be striven for, the necessity of France being in a condition to meet Europe in arms (*de tenir*

tête à l'Europe coalisée) is plain enough. Hence the enormous armaments which exhaust her resources, and the rumours which trouble her repose.

We are far from condemning the desire to preserve the well earned claim of France to be heard with deference in the counsels of Europe. The doctrine of *disarmament*, which M. Jules Simon tells us has become *presque une religion*, and which his friend M. Jules Favre supports with all the power of his marvellous eloquence, has, it is true, our warmest sympathies. But we are not prepared, even in its behalf, to give in an unqualified adhesion to the narrow and negative policy which would make immediate material self-interest the only ground which justifies either men or nations in interfering in each other's affairs. Collectively and severally we have active duties to others as well as to ourselves, and on the part of a great nation there can be no duty more imperative than to assert the lofty privilege of preventing injustice and promoting civilisation. On this ground, the part which France took originally in the Italian war entitles her to our admiration; and had she interfered in Denmark, she should have had our co-operation, or in Poland, our good wishes. In the latter case, the duty of helping the weak lay primarily at her door, and had she performed it successfully, she would have fairly earned more than the questionable honour which always waits upon success. A great wrong which sits heavy on the conscience of Europe would have been righted, and a valuable element of the balance of power would have been restored. The Mexican expedition stands apart as a wholly exceptional and inexplicable act of Imperial caprice. Whether we regard it in the light of policy or of duty, it was equally a mistake; for France had no need of Mexico, and no call, and as it proved no ability, to help her. But the Mexican expedition never enjoyed even the amount of popularity which in France usually attends on bold enterprises; the nation is not responsible for it, and it scarcely falls within the scope of any considerations which extend beyond the fortunes of the present holder of power. The case, however, is very different with the German question, the Eastern question, or the Roman question, even now. No Frenchman ever for a moment conceives it possible, that without loss of national prestige France can permit one of these to be finally adjusted without her interposition, and yet there is not one of the three to which any special French interest attaches. Even the coveted "Frontier of the Rhine," supposing its attainment to be possible, which there certainly is no present

reason to believe, necessitating as it would do the absorption of a large population of alien blood and race, would furnish a continual *causa belli*, and prove for generations a source of weakness rather than of strength. The loyalty of Alsace is a subject of constant congratulation amongst Frenchmen, and we quite believe that, for the present, the Alsacians have no desire to change masters. So much two centuries of habit and intermarriage have effected. Still it is in the possession of Alsace, and in a less degree of Lorraine, in violation of that very principle of nationalities which she has of late proclaimed so loudly, that France presents to Germany her one vulnerable side, whilst the consciousness of this fact is the only substantial or rational ground for the jealousy with which she contemplates the union of Germany into a single State. Till the limits of the Germanic Empire are determined, the tenure by which she holds these provinces must continue to be insecure, but the hope of strengthening it would scarcely be a surer or more substantial reason for going to war with Prussia, which means ultimately with the whole Teutonic race, than the hope of regaining the fancied hegemony of Europe would be for reverting to the policy of the First Empire.

The increased political importance of Germany, like her growing wealth and population, so long as it is attained without external aggression, is a fact which France and the other nations of Europe are bound to accept, just as they have accepted her intellectual pre-eminence, which, for half a century, has been quite unquestionable. Her material success may well be a stimulant to our efforts, but it neither justifies our envy nor warrants our interference. We have no more right to set limits to her political growth by invading her territories, than to arrest her in her search after truth by shutting up her lecture-rooms and burning her books.

And the further we pursue the subject, the more we are persuaded that the immediate material interests of France in this case are coincident with the policy which morality commands. If we put aside the frontier of the Rhine, and the French cantons of Switzerland, which would add so little to her power or grandeur, that the moral degradation which would result from the treachery of seizing them would more than counterbalance the material profit, there is only one conceivable material gain which could result to France from a successful war with Germany,—we mean, of course, the absorption of Belgium. The objection to the annexation of Belgium, as a violation of

the doctrine of nationalities, does not, as M. Prévost-Paradol remarks, exist to the same extent as in the case of the Rhine provinces. Even here, however, it is not absent, for if French be spoken in Brussels, Flemish is spoken even in Dunkirk; and in case of ill success, a counter-claim is not wholly out of the cards even on the Belgium frontier. But putting this aside, and throwing to the winds all such antiquated considerations as the faith of treaties and the opposition of England, the single fact that if France should lay claim to Belgium, Germany would fall heir to Holland as a *quid pro quo*, and would instantly bloom forth into a great naval power, is a sufficient reason why France should leave both as they are as long as possible.

Then look at the Eastern question. Suppose the victorious armies of France were to march into Constantinople and plant the three-coloured flag on her loftiest minaret—what then? What could she do with it? When the “rapture of the strife” was over, when the sensation articles were written, and read, and forgotten, and when “the occupation” began to weigh on the national resources to a greater extent than it gratified the national vanity, she must quietly give it back to the Turks, or hand it over to the Greeks or the Austrians to be again contended for by Russia. What gives its peculiarity to the Eastern question is, that Turkey is the only country in Europe which has not long ago passed into the hands of those who must be regarded as its ultimate possessors. But even Turkey, if it is to change masters, must fall to one or other of those who have the nearest claims, ethnologically and geographically. A foreign possession in Europe has become an anomaly too extravagant to be contemplated, and Constantinople would be as foreign to France as Calcutta is to England.

With one single great exception, the recent attempts of France at colonisation have exhibited the same aimless or mistaken character as her European policy. Springing neither from national necessities nor aspirations, the only justification which can be made for most of them is that which M. Guizot stated in 1843 for the foundation of the colony of Coochin-China:—“Il ne convient pas à la France, d’être absente d’une aussi grande partie du monde, ou déjà les autres nations de l’Europe ont pris pied; il ne faut pas que nos bâtiments ne puissent se réparer que dans la colonie Portugaise de Macao, dans le port Anglais de Hong Kong, ou dans l’île Espagnole de Luçon.” As a matter of sentiment we can appreciate the motive; but sentiment is a costly councillor

when she dictates the foundation of colonies at the ends of the earth. The existence of other European *comptoirs* in the ports of which her ships could trade and refit, far from being a reason for France rushing in to found another, seemed plainly to indicate the propriety of her reserving her energies for the still uncultivated field which Providence had assigned her for their display at her very doors.

The impassioned pages, in which his sympathies struggle with his regrets, in which M. Prévost-Paradol has given over the empire of our planet beyond the borders of Europe to the Anglo-Saxon race, will be read with a thrill of pride and thankfulness by every man who speaks the English tongue. We should be guilty of ingratitude to the Giver of all good if we failed to recognise the extent to which the gorgeous vision is justified by what has already occurred. In a wonderful measure, God has, no doubt, permitted us, in these latter years, to be "fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth," and whether or not we anticipate so glorious a destiny for our children, it is impossible that we should not look hopefully forward to the heritage which appears to be in store for them. In North America, and in Australia, a basis of population has been laid, which, in accordance with the principle of nationalities, proclaims them to be ours. The same character belongs to our South African colonies. Our hold upon Asia is neither so secure nor so uncontested. Our Indian empire is still a colony, rather in the Phœnician than in the Anglo-Saxon sense; and along the shores of the Mediterranean, where their flag was so long without a rival, and where their factories were planted in every bay, where Carthage alone was more than a counterpoise to our three Presidencies, how slight are the traces which the great merchants of antiquity have left behind them! But in so far as France is concerned, Asiatic colonization, on any extended scale, belongs neither to the possibilities of the present nor to the aspirations of the future; Oochin-China is not intended to be more than a *comptoir*, and in every other direction, with the one reservation which we have made, she must fight at the best on equal terms with other nations; and this too without the basis of operations in the past which belongs to many of them,—to Spain, for example, and Portugal, and Holland. Nay, further, with the special character of the necessities which press upon her, or at all events of the ambitions which she cherishes, no amount of conceivable success in the acquisition of distant territories could compensate France for the price at which they must be purchased.

In return for our colonial supremacy we ourselves have been forced, in a great measure, to relinquish our position as a European power; and that of France, far from being strengthened, would unquestionably be weakened by similar acquisitions.

But one and all of these unfortunate peculiarities of her position are reversed when the eyes of France are directed to the opposite shores of the Mediterranean. There fortune appears positively to urge on her acceptance an empire, the possession of which would solve all her difficulties, and gratify all legitimate longings, whether as an ancient European State or as a member of the greater commonwealth of the world. The future of France—*La France Nouvelle*, to which M. Prévost-Paradol beacons his countrymen, we are entirely at one with him in thinking—morally as well as materially—is to be found in North Africa. But we cannot concur with him in regarding it as her *chance suprême*. It is more than a chance. The strongest Mediterranean power in Europe,—if France really wishes to conquer and possess its southern coast, her failure is simply impossible. The fairest portion of it already is hers; and from the Pillars of Hercules to the Libyan desert no native power could, and no European power would, oppose her gradual progress. Tunis and Morocco are in the last stages of Oriental decrepitude, sick unto death; Italy, a recent convalescent, is no more in a condition to reconquer Africa than to reconquer Gaul; and Spain stands more in need of a conqueror than of conquests. On the part of England, some slight diplomatic sparring might arise out of real or fancied interests in Morocco, or jealousies with reference to Egypt, but no more serious consequences need be anticipated from it than those which resulted from the unworthy repinings, the "dog in the manger," "beggar my neighbour" grumblings, with which we watched the occupation of Algeria in 1830; whilst, in the interests of civilisation, Englishmen in the main, like other civilized men, would simply wish to France every possible success in the performance of a task which Europe must sooner or later undertake, and which only France can perform.

Such are the ulterior prospects which that magnificent coast, on which the gifts of the tropical are added to those of the temperate zones, offers to the enterprise and ambition of France. Sallust tells us that the geographers of antiquity were divided as to whether the region north of the Atlas belonged to Africa or to Europe; and there seems no good reason, either geographical or ethnological, why it should not belong to

France, or why those who people it should not partake of all the benefits which European civilization and French citizenship can confer. The population which covers it or wanders over it now is a mere tithe of that which it is fitted to support, but such as it is it would place France very nearly on a footing of numerical equality with Germany; and we believe that M. Prévost-Paradol's estimate of an ultimate population of eighty to a hundred millions of Frenchmen on the two sides of the Mediterranean is not an extravagant one.

But a nominal sway over hostile barbarians is a very different matter from the quiet possession of an equal number of cultivated men of our own race, speaking our own tongue, looking proudly back with us into a common past, and hopefully forward into a common future. An African empire peopled by Arabs never can make France what an European empire peopled by Teutons is fast making Germany; nay, can never be more to her than a drain on her resources and an impediment to her action as a European power. This reflection, so obvious as to suggest itself to every mind, and which presses very painfully on the public mind of France, seems at first sight to offer but two alternatives,—either all hope of a Franco-African empire, valid for European purposes, must be abandoned, or else it must be an empire peopled by men of French blood and their descendants. For present practical European purposes, the prospect of amalgamation with the existing inhabitants of North Africa is so distant and questionable as scarcely to deserve that it should be taken into account, and with these objects mainly in view, we cannot wonder that we should find M. Prévost-Paradol leaning in the direction of what is known in Algeria as the Colonial, in opposition to the Government policy, and embracing the latter of the two alternatives we have mentioned. As a recent residence of some months in that country has led us, if not to an opposite, at least to a modified conclusion, we must be permitted to offer two or three sentences of suggestion on a question, the momentous importance of which justifies every attempt at solution, however humble.

The difficulty of fusing together the various races which inhabit it is unquestionably the standing difficulty, "the dire discouragement," which opposes itself to French enterprise in Africa. That it does not admit of immediate, or even proximate removal, is plain; but the life of nations is long, and it is of a present field for her still exuberant, if not youthful energies, with an ultimate prospect of being able to retain, or, if she

will, to regain, her position as a European power that France stands in need. Now, of what may be possible in future, as regards the African coast generally, we can judge only by what has been accomplished, or seems to be possible, with reference to that part of it which France already possesses. With that view, let us turn our attention to the population of Algeria, and note its constituents as these appear in the analysed tables which have just been issued by the Government. The total population of Algeria, indigenous and European, according to the quinquennial census of 1866, amounted to 2,921,246. Of these, 469,040 were inhabitants of the civil territory and centres of colonization; 2,434,974 belonged to the indigenous tribes which are still administered by military government; and 17,248 were population *en bloc*, which is explained to mean persons connected with hospitals, schools, charitable institutions, convents, prisons, and indigenous porters who are generally negroes.

The total European proportion was only 217,990, and of these not much more than the half, namely 122,119, were French, born or naturalized. The rest were constituted as follows:—58,510 Spaniards, 16,655 Italians, 10,000 Anglo-Maltese, 5,446 Germans, and 4,648 of other nationalities.

Now, if these figures prove anything at all, they prove that Algeria is not yet, and is not at all likely soon to become, a country peopled by Frenchmen, in the sense of persons who have emigrated from France, or their descendants. To colonization, in the only sense in which it presents itself to the English mind, the obstacles in France are probably insuperable; or, what amounts to very nearly the same thing, Frenchmen almost universally believe that they are so. We Anglo-Saxons are so filled with the pride and joy of spreading our family ties of race and language; England is so small, and England's children are so great,—that nothing surprises us more than to find so high-spirited and capable a people as the French, decidedly, and apparently without reluctance, making up their minds to national sterility. But so it is. Just as the individual Frenchman prefers the freedom of celibacy and the joys of the *café* to the burdens of matrimony and the cares of the household, so the French, as a nation, prefer the decorations of Paris and the barren glory of occupying Rome to new cities and young citizens of their own. In addition to this want of enthusiasm, Frenchmen have a nervous distrust of their own ability to colonize, and an exaggerated belief in our colonial genius, and that of other nations. Inconsistent as it

may seem, this feeling is to be traced even in the most vehement organs of the colonial party in Algeria, whose bluster is dictated far more by opposition to the military government, and hatred for the Arabs, than by quiet confidence in their own powers. To these obstacles to success, partly imaginary and possibly temporary, others fall to be added, of a more serious and permanent nature. The population of France does not outgrow her limits like that of the Teutonic nations, and in many parts of France there is still more than sufficient field for the amount of agricultural energy which the nation develops. Though land is very dear in the north, in the immediate neighbourhood of the great centres of population, and in the rich wine-growing districts, it is very cheap in the centre and west; and the home-loving young French agriculturist prefers the banks of the Loire and the pastures of Brittany to the shores of Africa. For these and other reasons—of which the existence of a vast, powerful, intelligent, indigenous population, to whom the public faith of France is pledged, is surely the most prominent—we are disposed to join in the national distrust even of the ultimate colonization of Algeria by Frenchmen.

Is amalgamation, then, between the few Frenchmen who may still be induced to emigrate, and the Arabs, the only other resource? The nation whom it is the pride of Frenchmen to emulate, and the African portion of whose inheritance appears to have descended to them, were wont to supply, by adoption, the lack of children of the house; and the French themselves seem more apt to adopt than to generate. If we compare the feelings of the Alsacians with those of the Poles, we shall be disposed to conclude that France is by no means the worst of stepmothers; and to ascribe to her the genius of assimilating alien races, is only to concede to her the gift which, in repudiating that of colonization, she enthusiastically claims. Now, if, bearing this fact in mind, we revert to the character of the European population, which at present dwells in peace and brotherhood in Algeria, we shall see at least one element of hope that the difficulty which the want of direct colonization occasions may not prove insuperable. From the document to which we have referred, it appears that this population is already one of the most mixed on the face of the earth; and no man can walk for ten minutes along the streets of Algiers without having the fact confirmed to him by hearing three or four European languages spoken. As given in a table before us, the percentages stand thus:—French born and naturalised, of whom, be it remembered, no

inconsiderable portion are in Government employment, 56 per cent.; Spanish, 26; Italians, 7; Anglo-Maltese, 5; Germans, 3, and other nationalities, 3. What the French cannot do themselves, then, the other nations of Europe seem not unwilling to do for them, and under them; and a vast influx of European emigrants into the only colony which is really European in character, if suitable arrangements are made for them, and suitable inducements held out to them, may be anticipated almost as a certainty. It is this mine which the great *Société Algérienne*, the formation of which the Emperor announced to the colony in so pompous a manner on his arrival in 1856, and to which the Government has virtually handed over the task of colonization, is engaged in working with every prospect of success. As the French element will always preponderate over any other single element, and the government and business of the colony will be conducted in French, the whole of this European population, from whatever sources it may be derived,—and the more varied they are the better for the purpose,—in three generations will be as French as the inhabitants of the Rue St. Honoré. The French family will thus have received, by adoption, an accession to its numbers, which has no limits except the limits of unoccupied soil in North Africa; whilst the loyalty even of the portions of it which stretch away into the oases of the Sahara will be far more trustworthy than that of a German-speaking population dwelling on the banks of the Rhine.

So much for the European element. But the great difficulty lies confessedly elsewhere. How is the indigenous population to be assimilated to and amalgamated with the European? Let us try whether here again a glance at the tables will not help us.

The whole indigenous population amounts to 2,686,024. From this number fall at once to be deducted 83,952 Jews (or Israelites, as they prefer to be called) who, having been the great gainers by the conquest, are enthusiastically French. There remain 2,652,072 Mussulmans. But these Mussulmans are not a homogeneous body; and the bundle again admits of being broken by separating its component parts. In the first place, we must distinguish between those who inhabit the territories under civil government, and the centres of colonization, within the military territories on the one hand, and the tribes of the military territories on the other. The former, amounting to 217,098, are already partially Europeanised. Amongst the Moors, who in a rough way may be described as the Arabs of the

towns, the effects of the process are quite obvious; but it is extremely difficult to judge even by personal observation of the extent to which it has taken effect amongst the rural population, because in dress and appearance they remain unchanged, and very few of them speak more than half a dozen words of any European language. Their progress in industry, however, is attested by the fact that they suffered comparatively nothing from the late famine, which so cruelly decimated their countrymen in the military districts; whilst another fact which bears not insignificantly in the same direction has been ascertained by the Government. Of 44,498, which it seems is their whole number of married men, there are 41,678 monogamists, 2,571 bigamists, and only 844 polygamists. On these interesting numbers the Government statistician remarks:—

“It is thus established, that in the part of the territory in which Europeans and natives are brought most into contact, almost all the Mussulmans are monogamists, and polygamy is almost an exception. It is possible that poverty has a good deal to do with a state of matters which we are accustomed to consider as contrary to Oriental habits, but this can scarcely be the sole cause. It is not unreasonable to assume that, influenced by European example, the natives are beginning themselves to modify their traditional customs, and to constitute the family according to the new forms which new necessities demand.”

Deducting then this semi-Europeanized portion of the population (which is perhaps going a little fast) there remain of the tribes of the military territories, 2,484,974, by far the greater part of the population of Algeria, wholly Oriental in their customs, and fundamentally hostile to French, or any other European or Christian domination.

But even this element is not united, and one very important distinction falls to be made with reference to it, that namely between Berbers, or Kabyles as they are more generally called in Algeria, and Arabs. Of this distinction, strangely enough, we find no trace in the Government tables; and yet, in the eyes of every Algerian, whether colonist or official, it is the most important of all. These Berbers, the Barbaroi of the Greeks, so far as is known, are the true indigenous inhabitants of North Africa. It is in their veins that the blood of Massinissa and Jugurtha flows; and what is even a more important fact for our present purpose, this blood has mingled with that of Phœnicians, and Carthaginians, and Romans, and Vandals, and all the other races who from time to time made descents on the country, or settled on its coasts. Nor is their

history less important than their pedigree; for it was they who listened to the preaching of Augustine and Tertullian, and constituted the flocks of the 800 bishops, or pastors, of the African church. When the Arab conquest swept over them in the sixth century, this Romano-African population bent to the storm; they conformed ostensibly to the religion of the Crescent, and retired into the mountain districts of the Atlas, and the oases of the Sahara. But they carried along with them much of what they had learned from previous conquerors, and much of it they have ever since retained. Industrious, frugal, and teachable, dwelling in a house, cultivating the soil, engaging in commerce, the husband of one wife who is his companion and his equal in place of his puppet and his slave, the Kabyle differs from the Arab in his customs still more than he does in his appearance, which, except where the sun of the desert has deepened his tints, approaches markedly nearer to the European type. Where the opposite influences of the snows of the Atlas have been at work on him, he often exhibits, at the present day, the red hair and blue eyes of the Vandals, who probably affected these colder regions. This Kabyle element, so vastly more open to European influences than the Arab, far from being insignificant in extent, is really the preponderating one in the population of North Africa, and this not in Algeria only, but in Tunis and Morocco. The Riff pirates of the coast, and the Tueregs or Tuaryks of the desert, “whose country is on the camel’s back,” as one of them told a friend of the writer, are the poor relations of the high-bred Kabyle of the Djurjura, on whose weapons and jewellery may still be seen the sign of the Cross, and whose “Canons” bear traces of the jurisprudence of Justinian. As the Kabyles are everywhere mixed up with the rest of the indigenous population, it is difficult, and perhaps impossible, to ascertain their actual number. In the absence of statistics we must be contented to be guided by such statements as we can glean. The population of Kabylie itself, where the race exists in tolerable purity, has been put down by a recent writer at 800,000, and the Kabyles of the plains, or Kabyle Arabs, as he calls them, at about a million. In the province of Algiers alone, the confederation of the Beïn-M’zab is stated in the Government report to amount to 22,000. With such figures before us, and knowing how extensive and densely peopled are the districts which they occupy, we believe we may with safety assign to the Kabyle element, more or less pure, one-half of the remaining indigenous population

of Algeria. This leaves us 1,434,974, and if we further deduct the native troops, amounting to some 13 or 14,000, and allow for camp followers, and if we subtract the Kourlour'lia, or children of Turks by Moorish women, and the negroes and half-castes, both numerous, we shall see our way to regarding the difficulty of amalgamation as a far less formidable one than it at first appeared. Mr. Wingfield, the intelligent writer whom we have just mentioned, estimates the Arabs of pure blood at not more than 500,000, and he is probably pretty near the truth.

In dealing with these people, the measures pursued by the French Government seem to us in the main to be eminently wise and just; and we do not doubt that, by such means as the constitution of private property, the education of the young, by contact and rivalry with Europeans, and still more probably with Kabyles, by time and patience, and we fear we must add by disease and poverty, the only serious obstacle which still opposes itself to the entire and permanent occupation of Algeria will gradually melt away.*

And then for the future! For ourselves we heartily join with M. Prévost-Paradol in exclaiming, "May that day be near when the children of France, feeling the limits of Algeria too narrow for them, shall pour forth over Morocco and Tunis, and found that Mediterranean Empire which shall be not only a satisfaction to their pride, but which, in the future condition of the world, is the last refuge of their grandeur." Let us atone for the unworthy jealousies of the past, by aiding, as best we may, so noble an enterprise! In the circular note in which the French Government of the day explained the objects of the Algerian expedition to the Christian powers of Europe and America, we find expressly set forth as one of them,

* One not unimportant element of ultimate success in the work of amalgamation probably will be found to lie in the very fine physical character of the native population of Algeria. If we except the negroes, there is no portion of it, from physical intermixture with which any European population need shrink; and though we should be very far from counselling any approach to a literal application of the old legend of the Rape of the Sabines, we confess that we have sometimes speculated as to whether its metaphorical meaning might not be justifiably called to mind. Of all the known means of bringing conquerors and conquered together, intermarriage is the most powerful—if not indeed the only effectual one. Why then should not the French Government bestow a dowry on every Moorish maiden who wedded a Christian lord, to be solemnly presented at the wedding,—when circumstances admitted, by the gracious and kindly hands of Madame la Maréchale de Mac-Mahon, or, perhaps, even of the Empress Eugénie herself?

"the necessity of opening the southern coast of the Mediterranean to the production, to the civilisation, to the commerce, and to the free intercourse of all nations." To the honour of the too many Governments that have since supplanted each other in France, it must be admitted that not one of them has proved faithless to this liberal programme. The merest casual visitor to Algeria will not fail to recognise the friendly dispositions towards our own countrymen which actuate the present holders of power; and those of them who may resolve on selecting it as a permanent residence, may comfort themselves with the reflection, that should fortune again prove fickle to the Napoleon dynasty, that which she promises next to favour is still more decidedly embued with English sympathies. Next to an English colony—nay, next to England itself as an English home,—would be a colony within four days of London, governed by the Duc d'Aumale!

ART. VI.—*The Four Ancient Books of Wales, containing the Cymric Poems attributed to the Bards of the Sixth Century.* By WILLIAM F. SKENE. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1868.

THE literature of Wales, among general readers, has long been the object of a vague curiosity rather than of an intelligent interest. Popularly, the celebrity of the Arthur-myth, and less reasonably of Gray's "Bard," had impressed people with the notion that there might exist a mass of Cymric poetry, and of Cymric chronicle, of which the "Mort d'Arthur" was a specimen; and something like a feeling of disappointment was engendered as the labours of Welsh scholars year by year rendered accessible, by translation, to ordinary readers, some portion of that which had been hitherto veiled in the obscurity of a difficult language. It may be added that the self-assertion and exaggerated nationality of some of the literary "Fluëllens" indisposed men's minds to be candid, and so it came to pass that Welsh literature found few who took much interest in it out of the Principality, and not many accurate students in its own land.

Yet that this branch of the Keltic family had special claims on the attention of the ethnologist, and that its literature demanded special critical study, was undeniable. Wales, so gifted by nature, so grand in its scenery, so rich in mineral wealth, so interesting in its historical associations, had left

its mark upon the history of the human mind. It had taken its share in that remarkable civilisation which is associated with the Irish missionaries in Western Europe. Its thought was an element in the Keltic influence on the world. It tended to illustrate the measure and true position of that influence as an integer in mediæval history, and thus, both for its own sake and as illustrative of the more copious literature of Ireland, the study of the Welsh writings is now assuming its proper place, and therefore we hail, with no ordinary satisfaction, the appearance of the scholarly work of William Forbes Skene, who, in addition to an accurate knowledge of Gaelic, Irish, and Welsh, brings to the study a more than adequate knowledge of the early history of the races represented by these languages, as well as an ingenuity, facility of suggestion, and power of synthesis of no ordinary measure.

To the literary treasures of Wales Mr. Skene applies that discriminating criticism which has with such happy effect been employed on the cognate works of Ireland. Just as men have cast aside the imaginative conclusions of Beetham and O'Brien for the accurate investigations of Petrie, Todd, and Reeves, so Mr. Skene supersedes the fanciful theories of Herbert and Davies by careful investigation and classification of facts. Not that Mr. Skene affects the sceptic. There is no tendency in his method to erect a literary reputation on the ruins of his subject. He is by no means the great man in Molière whom nothing pleases. He holds the balance between undue doubt and undue acceptance, and the result is that he has placed the Welsh question on a solid basis, and thrown much light on many hitherto obscure points of history and ethnology.

The Four Ancient Books of Wales are—the Black Book of Caermarthen (written A.D. 1154–1189); the Book of Taliessin (beginning of the fourteenth century)—both originally preserved at Hengwrt, and now the property of W. W. E. Wynne, Esq. of Peniarth; the Book of Aneurin (end of thirteenth century), in possession of Sir Thomas Phillipps; and the Red Book of Hergest (compiled at different times in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries), now laid up in the library of Jesus College, Oxford.

The contents of these manuscripts remained little known till the publication of the *Archeologia Britannica* by Edward Lhuyd in 1707. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the Ossianic controversy naturally directed men's attention to the cognate Welsh poetry. In 1764, the Rev. E. Evans published his specimens of the poetry of the ancient Welsh bards, and in 1784, Edward

Jones, in his musical and poetical relics of the Welsh bards, printed some of the ancient poems with translations. Dr. Owen Pughe was the next commentator on these works, and in 1801 Owen Jones, a furrier in London, published the *Myvyrian Archaeology of Wales*. Sharon Turner, in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, vindicated the real historical value of the poems; and a new school, represented by the Rev. E. Davies, in his *Mythology of the British Druids* (1809), and the Hon. Algernon Herbert, in his *Britannia after the Romans* (1836), and the *Neo-Druidic Heresy* (1838), maintained an ingenious but wild speculation, that these verses were the expression of a secret adherence to the old Paganism, and that under Christian terminology an esoteric heathenism was concealed in the poems of Taliessin. In 1850, the Vicomte de la Villemarqué, a learned Frenchman, sought to restore the ancient text by assimilating it to the Breton orthography. All these authors accepted the historic value of the works in question; but in 1849, Mr. Thomas Stephen, in his *Literature of the Cymry*, and in 1858, Mr. D. W. Nash, in his *Taliessin, or Bards and Druids of Britain*, rudely shook these convictions, by submitting the poems to a critical analysis, the result of which was to attribute the greater part of them to the twelfth century.

In this state of the question, Mr. Skene publishes the text of the ancient books in its oldest form, accompanied by a literal translation by two eminent scholars, the Rev. D. Silvan Evans of Llanymawddwy, and the Rev. Robert Williams of Rhydyceoesan, along with a critical dissertation of no ordinary interest.

The date claimed for the early Welsh poets is the sixth century—the age of the Heptarchy, of Theodoric and the Ostrogothic kingdom, of Clovis and his Frankish successors, of Justinian, Belisarius, Boethius, and St. Benedict of Nursia. In Wales it was a century of national life, of religious and mental activity. It was the age of St. David, St. Illtudus, St. Sampson, and St. Teilo, Bishop of Llandaff. The ecclesiastical connexion of Wales with other lands was illustrated by St. Aedan, Bishop of Ferns in Ireland, and St. Padarn of Vannes in Brittany, not the friend of the celebrated poet of the day, Venantius Fortunatus, though some have supposed him to be so. The intellectual life of the times was represented by the discussions about Pelagianism, a phase of thought which, originated by Pelagius or Morgan, a Scot of Wales, seems to have found a congenial soil among the Britons. How a system which magnifies the force of the human will and minimizes the supernat-

ural factors in the operations of the soul, should have found favour among a race so influenced by the imagination, and so affected by the hyper-physical, is one of the most abnormal circumstances in the history of human thought. It was at this epoch that the celebrated college of Bangor-Iscoed on the Dee was founded by Dunawd Fawr—the "Dinoth Abbas" of Venerable Bede. In temporal matters, of which more hereafter, the Irish were in possession of Caermarthen-shire, Urien Reged held the lands between the Towy and the Neath, and regained his father's dominions in the north—that is, the land between the Humber and the Clyde, the capital of which was Aleluyd or Dumbarton.

Between the sixth and the twelfth century there occurs "a fault" in the literary production. Either no works ever existed, or they have perished. A few poems are attributed to Cuhelyn Elaith and Meigant, and one to Tyssilio, son of Brochmael Yscoythrog. Since the twelfth century there has been a tradition of letters. At the end of the eleventh century an impulse was given by the landing of Gruffydd ap Cynan, the true heir of North Wales, in 1080; and by the return of Rhys ap Tewdwr in 1077 to South Wales. The first had been educated in Ireland, the latter in Armorica, and the result was that North Wales developed in the direction of poetry in the period between 1100–1450, its chief bard being Cyndello, the *gryddedd mawr*, while South Wales manifested its intellectual life by a form of prose literature which took the form of history, the first evidence of which was the History of the Britons, compiled or edited by Geoffrey of Monmouth before 1147. Some of these works were chronicles called Brata, others were tales termed Mabinogi, while about the middle of the twelfth century some historic facts appear in the form of Triads. There is a further branch of Cymric literature, not unquestioned as to its authenticity, and that is the productions of the four chairs or schools of bards, one of which, that of Glamorgan, is maintained by Edward Williams of Fflinstone, *bardicé* Iolo Morganwg, to be still in existence. Of this class of works the most important is the Mabinogi of Hanes Taliesin, a history of the poet which professes to have been compiled by Hopcin Thomas Philip, who flourished between 1590 and 1630.

To test the value of the actual inheritance of prose and poetry of the Cymry, so far as it embodies the national history, it is important to have a definite conception of what are really the sources of the early history of Wales. Beside the statements in contempo-

rary authors of other countries, we have three early documents which have come down to us—(1.) Gildas's *Historia et Epistola*, A.D. 560; (2.) Nennius's History of the Britons (*cir.* 788), with the additions of a later chronicle up to 977, and a collection of genealogies compiled a century and a half before the Brats; (3.) The Ancient Laws and Institutions of Wales, the most important of which are those of Howel the Good, in the tenth century.

These documents supply us with some curious information about the state of Wales and the distribution of the Cymric population between the Roman occupation and the sixth century, in strong contrast to what we should have expected from the ordinary conception of the history of the period. Instead of Wales being the stronghold of the Cymry, and exclusively occupied by them, while the Saxons are in the centre of England, and the country north of the wall between Tyne and Solway surrendered to the Picts and Scots, we find the seaboard of Wales on the west possessed by the Gael or Gwyddyl, and the Cymry confined to the eastern portion of the principality. A line drawn from Conway to Swansea would separate the races; in North Wales the Cymry possessed Powisland, while the Gael had Gwynnedd and Anglesey; in the south the Cymry had Gwent and Glamorgan, the Gael had Dyfed; Brecknock belonging to the mysterious Brychan and his family.*

But strange to say, from Dee and Humber to the Firths of Forth and Clyde, we find a great Cymric population, only broken by the mixed Gaels of Galloway, the Etrick Forest, and the Manau Gododin, the region of Caron and Stirling, while along the coasts the Saxons had settlements from Tyne to Eak.

The names Cumberland and "the Cumberes" have stereotyped the remembrance of this state of things. They are records of a great Cymric race, beset on different sides, by Saxons on the east, Picts on the north, and by Gael, Gwyddyl, Scots or Irish, on the west. These formed permanent settlements. After the final destruction of the Roman power, and the vain appeal of the Britons to Aetius in 446, the first event that emerges from the darkness is the appearance of Cunedda, his retreat from the first to the second wall in 409 or 410, and the expulsion of the Gael from Wales by his descendants in the fourth generation, especially by Caswallawn Law Hir, the father of Maelgwn, who was rapidly rising into power at the time when Gildas was writing. Cunedda was the Gwledig, an office similar

* *Vide Rees' Welsh Saints*, p. 136.

to the Emperor or Bretwalda of the Saxons, a chief elected from the surrounding *regni* as *sunder dux*. Ambrose, Conan, and the great Arthur, held the same office. Divested of its mythical accretions, there seems no doubt that Arthur was a historical personage, but of the charm thrown round him by those who followed Geoffrey of Monmouth there is nothing. All that we know is that he combated Osta the son, and Ebessa the nephew, of Hengist, who tried to seize the country lying between the Forth and the Clyde, in twelve battles, the localities of which indicate a struggle for the possession of the south of Scotland. Mr. Skene very boldly and ingeniously finds localities for the different fields of action :—

“According to the view I have taken of the site of these battles, Arthur's course was first to advance through the Cymric country, on the west, till he came to the Glen where he encountered his opponents. He then invades the regions about the wall, occupied by the Saxons in the Lennox, where he defeats them in four battles. He advances along the Strath of the Carron as far as Dunipace, where, on the Bonny, his fifth battle is fought; and from thence marches south through Tweeddale, or the Wood of Oelyddon, fighting a battle by the way, till he comes to the valley of the Gala, or Wedale, where he defeats the Saxons of the east coast. He then proceeds to master four great fortresses: first, *Kaerlium*, or Dumbarton; next, Stirling, by defeating the enemy in the *trathen Tryveryd*, or Carse of Stirling; then *Mynydd Agned*, or Edinburgh, the great stronghold of the Picts, here called *Cathbregion*; and lastly, Boudon Hill, in the centre of the country, between these strongholds.”

It is strange that Mr. Skene, having carried the scene of Arthur's exploits so far north, makes no allusion to the local tradition which connects the scene of Queen Guinevere's death with Meigle in Perthshire, in the immediate neighbourhood of which is Arthurstone.

The hero's death took place at Camelon, now identified with the interesting remains on the south bank of the Carron. It took place in 537, probably caused by a Pagan insurrection, for his murderer was the son of Loth, “*vir semipaganus*,” and every notice we have seems to point to Arthur as representing the Christian element in the contest. That Heathenism was struggling again for the mastery is clear from the fact that three years after this, St. Kentigern was expelled from Glasgow, and settled in Wales till 573, while the consolidation of the Pagan kingdom of Bernicia gave it temporary strength. The struggle between the opposing elements resulted in the triumph of the Faith, as well as in the amalgamation of various petty states

into larger kingdoms. Among the monarchs of the time, Maelgwn, first opposing his uncle, then turning monk, then relapsing, and marrying his nephew's widow, shines out with some individuality. The critical field of battle took place at Arderydd or Arthuret, near Carlisle; then Christianity prevailed. Rhydderph Hael established himself in Alcluyd as king of Strathclyde, at once recalling St. Kentigern to Scotland; and Aedan, who was crowned king of Dalriada by St. Columba, pushed his victorious arms into Bernicia in 603.

The history after this becomes most obscure, and the Keltic Bruts do not correspond with what is related by the trustworthy Bede. However, the Irish annals assign the date of 613 to a battle fought with Brochmael on the banks of the Dee, where the Britons were defeated. Ten years afterwards, Cadwalla, King of the Britons, supported by the able Penda of Mercia, slew Edwin at Hæthfelth. He also slew Osric of Deira, and Eanfred of Bernicia, doing great damage to the now Christianized Northumbrians. Next year, St. Oswald is narrated to have slain the impious leader of the Britons at Denises Burn, near the Roman wall, but it is probable that this was the other British king, Cadvan, king of Gwynedd, and that Cadwalla survived till 659. The history of his successor, Cadwalladwr, is also very confused; but the Britons seem to have been under the sway of Oswy, and remained so under his successor Ecfrið, till the latter was slain at the battle of Dunnichen, in Forfarshire, in 686. By this battle, the Cymry of Strathclyde recovered an independence which they had lost to the Saxon at Denises Burn, but confusion seems to have reigned in South Wales. From 664 to 754 there appears to have been no king there. Rotri Molwynog was the first real king of Wales after Cadwalladwr. These battles gave victory to the natives over the Saxons, and in Rotri the monarchy was re-established. In his son Conan the direct line failed, and the marriage of his only daughter Eyslt, with Mervyn Fryoh, king of Manau, set a new family on the throne.

Whence came the new dynasty? Where was this Manau? It was not the Isle of Man, which is Manand or Manann. It is, according to Mr. Skene, the region of which we get the first notice in the account of the battle of Mynydd Agned, or Edinburgh, in Arthur's time, which was connected with St. Monenna, the apostle of the Irish Picts of Ulster, and of the Galwegians, and where Oswy attacked Penda and slew thirty chiefs, obtaining thereby the command of Galloway, and of the region in question. It was here

that the Picts rose in 698 and slew Breechhaig or Beohrt, the alderman. It was a province occupied by the great strong race of the Picts. On the termination of the Pictish kingdom, and the merging of the Picts and Scots in 844, it disappears from the map of Scotland.

"Manau or Manann, therefore, in its widest sense, included Slamannan, and the western frontier proceeded in a line from thence to the Pentland Hills, so as to take in the great moor formerly called *Caldover Moor*, consisting of what is now the three parishes of West, Mid, and East Calder, and thus included that mountainous region forming the west part of Linlithgowshire, embracing the parishes of Torphichen, Bathgate, and Whitburn. It probably also included that part of the range of the Pentland Hills called of old Pentland Moor, till it came down upon the North Esk, which formed its eastern boundary to the sea. On the north-west there lay between it and the Carron the district of Calatria or *Calathra*, containing on the coast the parishes of Kinnell and Carriden, while from Carriden to the Esk the coast would belong to Manann. At the point now called the Queensferry, it approaches within a short distance of the opposite coast, and the name of Clackmannan on the northern shore indicates that that district likewise belonged to it. On some one of the islands in the Firth which lie between the mouth of the Esk and Carriden was the city of Giudi or Iuden, which may have been founded by the people Bede terms the Jutes, while the fortified rock of Mynydd Agned or Dunedin was the great stronghold of its Pictish inhabitants."

The remaining history of Wales, till the twelfth century, is contained in one page of our author:—

"Mervyn Frych was succeeded by his son Rodri Mawr, who acquired South Wales through his wife, and thus became king of all Wales. He divided Wales into three petty kingdoms among his three sons—Anarawd, Cadell, and Mervyn—the eldest, Anarawd, obtaining Gwynedd, with Aberfraw in Anglesea as his capital; Cadell, South Wales, with Dynevor for his capital; and Mervyn, Powis, with Mathraval for his capital; and the king of Gwynedd was to be supreme over the other two. He was succeeded by his eldest son Anarawd, who died in 913, and he by his son Edwal foel, after which Howel dda, son of Cadell, king of South Wales, obtained the dominion of the whole of Wales, from 940 to his death in 948. After his death a struggle commenced between the descendants of Edwal foel and of Howel dda for supremacy in Wales till the year 1000, when the sovereignty was usurped by Aeddan ap Blegwred, and a period of confusion ensued both in North and South Wales, during which Cynan, the rightful heir of North Wales, took refuge in Ireland, and Rhys, the rightful heir of South Wales, in Armorica, and which was only terminated when Rhys ap Tewdwr succeeded in establishing himself in South Wales, in the year

1077, and Gruffudh, the son of Cynan, in North Wales, in 1080.

"The kingdom of South Wales soon came to an end, in consequence of Jestin, the Lord of Glamorgan, having called in the assistance of Robert Fitzhamon, a Norman Knight. Rhys ap Tewdwr was defeated in battle and slain by him in 1090, and, according to the *Brut y Tywysogion*, 'then fell the kingdom of the Britons,' and Robert Fitzhamon, with his Norman knights, took possession of Glamorgan, and 'the French came into Dyfed and Ceredigion, which they have still retained, and fortified the castles, and seized upon all the land of the Britons.' This was true of South Wales only, as in North Wales the native princes still ruled till the year 1282, when the death of Llywelyn, the last prince of North Wales, was followed by the subjugation of all Wales by King Edward the First.

"Rhys ap Tewdwr had an only daughter, Nest, who had a son by King Henry the First, Robert, Earl of Gloucester. By marriage with the daughter of Robert Fitzhamon, he succeeded to all his possessions in South Wales; and, as the son of Nest, the only daughter of Rhys, was regarded by the Welsh as representing in some degree the princes of South Wales. He died in the year 1147."

This summary of the history of Wales leads to the inquiry into what were the mutual relations of the different races of which it was composed, and especially of the true place which the Picts occupy among them. The Picts seem to have been the strongest and the most civilized of all the Celtic tribes. This is proved, not only by the embassy sent by one of their kings to Jarrow, as recorded by Bede, but by the still more satisfactory evidence from the art on their sepulchres. These interesting documents in stone, now made so familiar to us by the volumes of the late Patrick Chalmers of Aldbar, and of Dr. John Stuart of the Register House, are in the main confined to the districts over which the Pictish kings had sway; there are few instances of their existence among the Dalriadic Scots, and therefore, the fusion with them, while it brought the Picts under the influence of the Irish civilisation, as indicated by the erection of the towers of Brechin and Abernethy, was by no means in all senses an advance in civilisation. The fused Picts had not the strength to introduce their peculiar art into the rest of the country, and this weakness accounts for their gradual subsidence into the feeble condition in which they are spoken of in the later monkish chroniclers,—for the entire merging of one race into another, the disappearance of a nation from the world, the death of a language, are remarkable facts in ethnology. The reader will recollect "the exquisite fooling" of Sir Arthur Wardour, in the *Antiquary*:—

'Why, man, there was once a people called the Piks—'

'More properly Picts,' interrupted the Baronet.

'I say the Pikar, Pihar, Plochtar, Pischtar, or Peughtar,' vociferated Oldbuck; 'they spoke a Gothic dialect—'

'Genuine Celtic,' again asseverated the knight.

'Gothic! Gothic! I'll go to death upon it!' counter-asseverated the squire.

Since the time of Scott, fresh information on the mysterious race has been collected, and we have now, for the first time, a scholarly analysis of what remains to us, which we cannot introduce to our readers in more appropriate words than those of our author:—

"In human beings the recollections of infancy are the most vivid and tenacious, and every change of circumstance or of place in early years impresses itself with an indelible mark on the memory, so that, while the recollections of middle life become faint and dim with advancing years, those of the nursery still stand out in the background with a clear and distinct light, and can be produced in all their original vividness. In like manner with races of men in an early stage of their social condition, the events of the infancy of the race, its migrations and settlements, seem to be indelibly impressed on the national memory, are the subject of songs and ballads, and become interwoven into such oral literature as they possess, while their history, after they become a settled people, may become to them a dreary blank, till the progress of civilisation and society creates something like national annals among them.

"Such ethnological traditions, however, in time lose the form of simple narrative, and assume a mythic and symbolic shape, which, though bearing the outward semblance of fable, still preserve the recollection of real ethnological fact. This mythic and symbolic form of the early ethnological traditions of the various tribes which form the population of the country, usually presents itself in two different aspects, according as the one idea or the other prevailed. According to the one, these tribes were a series of colonies arriving in the country at different times, and succeeding each other as occupants of the land, and their migrations from some distant land, in which some fancied resemblance in name or customs had fixed their origin, are minutely detailed. According to the other, each race is represented by an *eponymus*, or supposed common ancestor, bearing a name derived from that of the people, and the several *eponymi* representing the population of the country are connected in an ethnological genealogy, in which they appear as fathers, brothers, or cousins, according to their supposed relation to each other."

We find both these existing in the documents of the particular race with which we have to do. On the one hand, we have Al-

banus, the eponymus of the Gwyddyl or Gael, called the brother of Brittus, and progenitor of the Alban, from whom the Scots and Picts took their origin. Also we find the ethnology of the inhabitants of North Britain represented under the form of successive colonizations. Three tribes are brought to Alban, according to the Triads, and remain there: the race of Gwyddyl, or Gael generally; the red Gwyddyl, from Ireland, that is the Scots; and the Gwyddyl Ffichti or Gael Picta. The whole testimony of the Britons themselves, and the inferences to be drawn from tradition, clearly range the Picts as a people with the Gaelic division of the great Keltic race, and not with the Cymric or British.* They point to their race and language both being Gaelic, but though this may be true of a central body of the people, yet there are indications that the more outlying or frontier Picts were mixed with other races, especially with the Saxons, the Irish Scots, and the Britons. Thus the Picts and Saxons are mentioned by Ammianus as united in the second great Barbarian invasion of the Roman provinces, and in Constantine's Life of St. German the two races are mentioned in close union in 529. In 503 a settlement of Irish Scots occupied a portion of the Pictish kingdom of Dalriada or Argyleshire, while Higden, in his Polychronicon, declares that they were also mixed up with the Britons. Each of these races occasionally saw a king of their own upon the throne. At length the Scoti succeeded in converting the accession of one of their race to the crown, in right of his Pictish blood through female descent, into a permanent supremacy over the Pictish population of the country, when gradually the people disappeared among the Scots, and the name became lost.

Beside the testimony of tradition in the two forms which we have just indicated, there are three other sources whence we may draw conclusions more or less satisfactory—(1.) The allusions in foreign contemporaneous writers; (2.) The remains of language indicating its own ethnical relation to languages spoken by other races; and (3.) The inferences to be derived from the topography of the districts which the sept in question

* We know little or nothing of the relation between the ancient language of Gaul and the rest of the Keltic family except from the names that occur in Cæsar. Of the first there are no living remains. It lasted in some of the districts of France till the fifth century. In Sulpicius Severus's *Life of St. Martin of Tours*, in that age, a distinction is drawn between the two languages,—*Tu vero vel Celticus aut ei mavis Gallicus loquere dummodo jam Martinum loquaris*.

have been known to have occupied. It is true that the evidence from the last two must be taken with some reservation; there may have been the infusion of a foreign element in the language, and the names of places may have belonged to a still more primitive race. With these abatements, however, an approximation to the truth may be obtained from all.

I. Under the first head, that of foreign writers, we learn that the Picts unquestionably existed as a known people and as an independent nation, possessing a political organisation, and a known language, in which they read the Holy Scriptures, till the middle of the ninth century. Then till the twelfth the name of Pict is known as the denomination of one element in a population formed of two races, but combined under one monarch. After the twelfth century the name disappears as applied to any portion of the population of Scotland. Bede testifies to the first of these statements. Henry of Huntingdon, in 1185, writing in the second period, makes the curious remark that the Picts seemed destroyed, and their language so entirely obsolete that it seemed like a fable that their mention was made in the annals. Considering that the Picts occupied a division at the Battle of the Standard in the very year in which Henry wrote, and that Richard of Durham says their language was still spoken at Kirkeudbright, we must (even if we allow, which there is no reason for doubting, that the mediæval chroniclers understood by Picts the same race that had existed some centuries before) take the statement with the reservation that the Picts had ceased to be a separate nation, and were fused with their neighbours, while their language, which had once been written, had degenerated into a provincial dialect or *patois*.

II. The scanty relics of the Pictish language are next very ingeniously used by Mr. Skene to illustrate the ethnical position of the nation. And here we must remark *en passant* that the singular advantage of being a scholar in Welsh, Gaelic, and Irish gives him a right to speak with such authority as few scholars in England possess. After stating that the modern condition of the different Keltic dialects probably represents that of none of the ancient ones, he remarks that there run through them all two distinctive differences, which must have existed before their introduction into Britain, if not before their entrance into Europe. These differences sever the languages into two—(1.) The Cymric, containing Breton, Welsh, and Cornish; (2.) The Gaelic, containing Manx, Irish, and Scotch Gaelic, which

resemble each other more closely than the three Cymric dialects do each other. Each of the dialects composing the one class possesses in common those great distinctive differences which separate them from the three dialects which compose the other class, but, on the other hand, all are children of one common parent. Two-thirds of the vocabulary are common to all the dialects; the great number of the primitive adjectives are the same; the irregular forms bear a smaller proportion to the regular forms than usual, but the irregular forms bear a remarkable analogy to each other. The permutation of the initial consonants common to all gives the means of discriminating the different dialects. The phonetic laws of transformation between Gaelic and Welsh are perfectly well known, and they become the test whereby to determine to which sept the Pictish belongs. When Scott wrote the *Antiquary* only one Pictish word was known, and that had been preserved by Venerable Bede. It is *Peanfahel*. Since that time there have been discovered *Ur*, *Scolofth*, *Cartit*, *Duiper*,* and a considerable number of proper names, both of places and persons. The phonetic changes in these words exhibit Pictish as occupying an intermediate place between Cymric and Gaelic, leaning to the one in some of its laws, and to the second in others. It is, to speak more correctly, a Gaelic dialect partaking largely in Welsh forms. This is confirmed by the historical fact that St. Columba the Scot† could be understood in familiar conversation, but not in preaching, by the Picts.

"I consider," says Mr. Skene, p. 188, "that Pictish was a low Gaelic dialect; and, following out the analogy of high and low German, the result I come to is, that Cymric and Gaelic had each a high and low variety; that Cornish and Breton were high Cymric dialects, Welsh low Cymric; that old Scottish, spoken by the Scotti, now represented by the Irish, Scotch Gaelic, and Manx, were the high Gaelic dialect, and Pictish the low Gaelic dialect."

When the Picts came into contact with the Cymric in Galloway and Manan, the mixed language and blended forms which resulted from the communication is the language which is known to Bede as Pictish.

III. The third source whence we may derive knowledge on ethnology generally, and specially in the case of the Picts, is the etymology of places; but here there is a danger lest the inquirer be led astray by resemblance in sound only. Arguments

* Reeves' *Adamnan*, p. 62.

† *Ibid.*, p. 62, n. 145.

from mere similarity in sound to words in an existing language overlook many important considerations, not the least weighty of which is the gradual change and corruption which go on. The whole question is not arbitrary, but must be determined by the strictest laws of philology. A double process can be detected. On the one hand, the language itself changes, and no longer exactly represents the ideas which existed when the local nomenclature was formed. On the other hand, the topographical terminology by corruption diverges day by day from the spoken language. Where the population has remained the same, and the dialect in which the names were given is still the spoken language of the district, the names either remain in their original shape, in which case they represent the archaic form of the language, or they undergo a change analogous to that of the written tongue. Obsolete names disappear as obsolete words drop out of the language, and are represented by more modern vocabules. Where there has been a change in the population, and the older race has been replaced by a people speaking a kindred dialect, the names of places are subjected to the dialectic change which characterizes the rest of the speech of the inhabitants. There are some striking instances of this, where a British form has been superseded by a Gaelic one, *a. g.*, Kirkintulloch, the old form of which, Nennius informs us, is Caerpentalloch, *km* being the Gaelic equivalent for the Welsh *pen*; Penicuik, the old name of which is Peniacop; or Kincaid, the ancient designation of which was Pencoeod.

"When the new language is of a different family, the old name is stereotyped in the shape in which it was when the one language superseded the other; becomes unintelligible to the people, and undergoes a process of change or corruption of a purely phonetic character. In the former case it is chiefly necessary to apply the philological laws of the language to its analysis. In the latter, which is the case with the Celtic topography of the low country, it is necessary, before attempting to analyse the name, to ascertain its most ancient form, which often differs greatly from its mere modern aspect."—P. 147.

It is with these that we have chiefly to do. The first important thing is to distinguish between the generic terms, such as the words for *mountain, river, valley*, and the like, and the specific ones, *great*, or *small*, etc. etc. When the objects of nature remain in their eternity, the names applied by the original inhabitants are generally retained by their successors, but with some phonetic corruptions, as Aberbuthnoth becomes Arbutnot.

On the other hand, when the districts are successively occupied by different branches of the same race speaking different dialects, the generic terms exhibit dialectic differences; thus the Welsh *Pen* is the Gaelic *Ceann*, and the Gaelic *Fionn* is the Cymric *Gwynn*. The comparison of generic terms thus helps to indicate the race of the aborigines, and even to discriminate between the different branches of the several races. Bal, Col, Dal, Drum, Inch, Inver, Aber, Pit, etc., are all generic terms, and from these we may approximate to the knowledge as to the branch of the great Keltic family to which each place may belong. Mr. Skene, after showing how fallacious are the rough generalizations of Chalmers, and the more recent inductions of Isaac Taylor, from the supposed positions of the Invers and Abers (which, indeed, are the same word pronounced with or without the aspirated *m*, or *anusware*, as it is termed in the Sanscrit Grammar), gives us the following accurate table (p. 88) of the distribution of the Keltic local terminology.

Taking then the test of the Cymric *Pen*, *Gwynn*, *Gwern*, and *Gwydd*, the Gaelic equivalents of which are *Ceann*, *Fionn*, *Fearn*, and *Fiodh*, to determine whether the topography of the country indicates a Welsh or Gaelic occupation, and applying it to the names given in the works of the anonymous geographer of Ravenna in the seventh century, Mr. Skene detects a Cymric population along the Roman wall from Tyne to Solway, and a Gaelic one between Forth and Clyde. If the same test be applied to the actual terminology, it will be found that with one exception the British *Pen* does not occur north of the Forth, and the other Welsh terms only occur in the Gaelic equivalents. And, analysing a step further with reference to the Pictish language, we find five terms peculiar to the district occupied by that race, —Auchter, Pit, Pitten, For, and Fin. Thus while the generic terms do not show the existence of any Cymric race north of the Forth, "we find traces of an older and more recent form of the Gaelic—the one keeping labials and dentals, the other gutturals; the one hardening consonants into tenues—the other softening them by aspiration; the one having Abers and Invers—the other having Invers alone; the one a low Gaelic dialect—the other a high Gaelic dialect; the one I conceive the language of the Picts—the other of the Scots."

Having settled the relation between the Pictish language and the rest of the Gwyddyl family, Mr. Skene proceeds to trace the extremely obscure history of the septs who were opposed to them—the *Gwyr y Gogled*,

GENERIC TERMS.	IRELAND.	WALES.	SCOTLAND.												
			Angli.		Britones.				Picti.				Scoti.		
			Berwick, Roxburgh, Haddington.	Mid Lothian, Linlithgow.	Selkirk, Fifeleen.	Dumfries.	Ayr, Renfrow, Lanark.	Stirling, Dumbarton.	Perth.	Fife, Kinross.	Forfar.	Kincardine, depen, Banff.	Elgin and Nairn, Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland.	Kirkcudbright, Wigton.	Argyll, Bute.
Aber.....		W	3	3		4			12	4	7	18	6		
Ard.....	66							16	34	6	14	66	51	5	93
Arn.....		W						4	15	5					
Ar.....														15	
Auch.....	25						25		24	6	27	162	153	12	107
Auchin.....				4		23	88	34	30			22	8	25	
Auchter.....									6	10	6	12	4		
Auld.....												33	9		
Bal.....							36	63	90	88	127	67	50	56	39
Bains.....												10			
Ballie.....	104														
Ballin.....		W	3					9				3			
Belloch.....	36														
Bellie.....															14
Bau.....										16					
Bar.....						27	66	6			11			90	19
Barn.....														6	
Blair.....							16	51	29	8		11	8		
Bo.....									5				10		
Carn.....	28						11		13	7	18	8	54	15	4
Car.....		W	8	6		12	36	12	7	18	10	18	5	15	
Col.....									9			17			
Corrie.....									12				8		
Cambus.....															
Clon.....	93	W				8	13							7	
Oralg.....	16	W		19		21	42	21	43	25	12	46	8	31	19
Cors.....		W				14								9	
Cul.....	89						47		25	11		22	22	7	
Cumber.....						6		4							
Cult.....									10						
Dal.....	10	W				20	82	8	52					24	
Drum.....	64					30	50	26	51	33	25	56	36	57	25
Dun.....	95		3	6		14	16	17	26	11	17		20		14
Fetter.....												4			
For.....									13	9	11	22			
Fin.....									14	6	4		3		
Glen.....	35	W	5		17	42	44		56		23	52	54	61	52
Gar.....							34					17		23	
Garth.....		W					10	23	13						10
Inch.....	90							18	30	25	10	17	31		
Iron.....														15	
Inver.....	6			2				5	32	10	16	37	69		24
Kin.....	80		3					6	43	34	52	88	57		7
Knock.....	29					5	64		6			32	30	37	31
Larg.....														13	
Lin.....		W								5	8				
Lan.....	3	W								6					6
Lath.....										9					
Loch.....	100			7		14	34	16	30	18		15	19	26	
Locher.....						5									
Led.....								6	6						
Mon.....	14					7			11	13	13	31			
Mul.....	15												8		
Pen.....		W	9	3		5	7							2	
Penny.....															11
Pet.....												30	5		
Pit.....									75	52	38	69	80		
Pitten.....									7	9					
Pol.....						13	7	6	9				17	9	
Port.....	22						3							8	
Ra.....	63								17	6					
Strath.....									19	13		27	35		13
Stron.....															17
Stack.....								8							6
Tar.....												14			
Tra.....														5	
Tom.....								11							
Tor.....										9			21	10	19
Tulle.....												38			
Tulli.....								7	25		11	10	42	7	
Tulloch.....	17							5				12			

the men of the north, the occupants of the great Cymric kingdom stretching from the head of Loch Lomond, occupying the counties of Dumbarton, Renfrew, Lanark, Ayr, Wigton, Dumfries, Roxburgh, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and joining Wales on the south. With great ingenuity and learning the incidents of the poems are localized, the heroes of the poems identified.* The incidents are found to have occurred in that region previous to the twelfth century, and actual proof is obtained as to their antiquity, from the circumstances that events mentioned in them are found to correspond with other documents which have descended to us, so that the law of verification from without, if not that of undesigned coincidence so ably used by Paley, applies to the matter in question. Of these documents the most important are the *Bonhed Gwyr y Gogledd*, giving the pedigrees of some of the *Reguli* or princes of the district, the genealogies annexed to Nennius in 977, and the lives of some of the Cambro-British saints, such as Saint Cadogan. The result is that portions of the poems will stand the test, and may be assumed to be the literature of the Cymric inhabitants of the district in question before that kingdom was subdued by the Saxon King in 941.

"As soon as this view of their birthplace and home is recognised, localities are identified, warriors recognised, and allusions heretofore obscure become intelligible. During the last half-century of the Roman dominion in Britain, the most important military events took place at the northern frontier of the province, where it was chiefly assailed by those whom they called the barbarian races, and their troops were massed at the Roman walls to protect the province. After their departure, it was still the scene of a struggle between the contending races for supremacy. It was here that the provincial Britons had mainly to contend under the Galedig against the invading Picts and Scots, succeeded by the resistance of the native Cymric population of the north to the encroachment of the Angles of Bernicia.

"Throughout this clash and jar of contending races, a body of popular poetry appears to have grown up, and the events of this never-ending war, and the dim recollections of social changes and revolutions, seem to have been reflected in national lays attributed to bards supposed to have lived at the time in which the deeds of their warriors were celebrated, and the legends of the country preserved in language which, if not poetical, was figurative and obscure.

"It was not till the seventh century that

these popular lays, floating about among the people, were brought into shape, and assumed a consistent form. The sudden rise of the Cymric population to power under Cadwallawn, and the burst of national enthusiasm and excited hope, found vent in poetry. The Cymry were stimulated to combined effort by the voice of the bards, and poems were composed, and the more ancient lays either adapted to their purpose, or embedded as fragments in their own compositions. It is in the seventh century that I place these poems in their earliest consistent shape, and I do not attempt to take them further back."

It would be foreign to the intentions of such a review as this, which seeks merely to popularise an obscure and unattractive subject, to enter into the details of the controversy which has been raised on the value of the ancient books of Wales. That controversy must be read in the works of Mr. Nash and Mr. Stephen, and in the learned pages of our author. It is sufficient to indicate his result, which is, that four eras in the history of the Cymry seem to connect themselves with these poems:—

1. The era of Cadwallawn and of Cadwalladr, in which the poems were first brought into shape. The sudden rise of the Welsh into power under the first of these kings expressed itself in poetry, and when this collapsed, the necessity of keeping alive the national spirit under the misfortunes of his successor, continued to animate the Muse.

2. The time of Howel dda in 948, when the poems found for the first time a home in South Wales, and the incidents which had hitherto been supposed to have occurred in Strathclyde and the north came to be attached to Gwynedd, so that North Wales got credited with the exploits of a still more northern country.

3. The epoch of Rhys ap Tewdwr, when the introduction of the Arthur-myth from Brittany led to the composition of *Brats* and *Mabinogion*,—to the fabrication both of prose compositions and of spurious poetry, confessedly imitating the earlier work.

4. The time of King Henry II., the actual date of the Black Book of Caermarthen, in which there are indications that in some of the poems the writer had transcribed from some elder record, and had not always understood what he wrote.

Having followed our author in his conclusions as to the dates of these interesting documents, it remains for us to say something of their poetic character. It cannot be doubted that the first impression which they give is one of disappointment. Their literary merit is immensely inferior to the authentic portions of Ossian, and not equal

* Mr. Skene is the first to have discovered among the Peniarth MSS. the document printed in the Appendix, vol. II. No. 1, in which the name of the men of Gogledd is applied to the families in which the heroes mentioned in these poems are to be found.

to the Irish poems lately published by Dr. Todd. But it must be borne in mind that the translators in the present instance have confined themselves to a very rigorous method, which seeks to give the sense, such as it is, in the blindest and most unattractive form. This was necessary from what had gone before. Previous translations had been utterly worthless. Catching at the meaning of a few of the words, the interpreter drew on his imagination, and a paraphrase in florid English was often the result. As might be expected, every version was different, and there was not even an approximation to certainty in the rendering. The first step towards accuracy was to give literally the meaning of every Welsh word in its equivalent English, leaving it to after study to determine the sense. Not only in many cases is the text possibly corrupt, but among races such as the Kelts it was often regarded as bardic merit to be obscure. Though there was no esoteric heathen cultus insinuated by such hidden allusions, there was a manifestation of intellectual pride in far-fetched ideas, which, while they taxed the ingenuity of the hearer to discover, gave great glory to the poet who invented them. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that we have lost many of the key-notes to the interpretations. Proverbs now forgotten were then familiar to all, and were quoted with more or less appositeness on the strength of that very familiarity. Allusions to customs in every-day life, now obsolete, must also be taken into account. The impossibility of understanding Aristophanes without the lights thrown on Athenian life by the scholiasts is analogous to the difficulty in making out the sense of the Cynanic poems, which arises from our ignorance of the daily habits of those who composed them.

Besides, we must bear in mind the primary intention of all poems produced by such a state of civilisation as mediæval Wales. It was not merely to give *solat* to the feast of the chieftain, or to minister to his family pride; it was by recording events, at once to supply the place of history and to keep up the national spirit. The bards were the national annalists. Actual events were embalmed in these metrical compositions. Once embalmed, they were a treasure for ever. The rhythm helped the memory. In these Celtic races the power of remembering verse is a special gift.* Dr. Petrie used to

mention a case in Ireland which came under his special notice. A manuscript pedigree of one of the ancient families carried on the record of that race till the seventeenth century, and was known to Irish scholars. Dr. Petrie heard that there was an old woman, a Miss O'Lochlin, who was able to repeat it. He described how he went to an obscure village in the south, where in a hut he found an aged woman in extreme poverty, but with a certain dignity of manner which betokened gentle blood. After introducing himself to her he obtained her consent to chant the pedigree, and she not only sang correctly what was known of the family from the manuscript, but continued the succession to the present time.

This strictly historical intimation of the poems accounts for the absence of the most potent of all earthly inspirations—the relations between the sexes. The beauty of woman is never the theme, nor is interest drawn from successful or unsuccessful love. As an offset, no impurity defiles the work of Taliesin or Idnywaroh Hen. Yet there is a deep underlying sense of the beauty of things created, and there is a dithyrambic swing about some of the verses that is not to be despised—thus (p. 349):—

What is the noise: is it the earth that
quakes?
Or is it the sea that swells?
Whitened, clinging together, against the in-
fantry.
If there is a cry on the hill,
Is it not Urien that terrifies?
If there is a cry in the valley,
Is it not Urien that pierces?
If there is a cry on the mountain,
Is it not Urien that conquers?
If there is a cry on the slope,
Is it not Urien that wounds?
If there is a sigh on the dyke,
Is it not Urien that is active?
A cry of a journey over the plain,
A cry in every meandering vale.

Or this from the Gododin poems (p. 430):—

Mine, the praising of Urien,
Of splendid purity of life.
Very keen his conduct of hosts,
The ruddy-reaping of the steep.
Reddyn formed them,
At the battle in Harddnenwys,
It was Ynry that broke them to pieces.
A hundred festivals holding
A hundred friends he defended.
I saw mighty men,
Who hastened to the shout of war;
I saw blood on the ground
From the assault of swords.
They tinged with blue the wings of the dawn;
They threw off the spears.

* Gildas's Cambrensis (*Descriptio Cambrie*, p. 800) says, "Genealogiam quoque generis sui quilibet observat et non solum avos avas et tritavos sed usque ad sextam et 7mam et ultra procul generationem memoriter et promptè genus enarrat in hunc modum Beane dicitur Geiphalus" etc., etc.

Three hundred festivals complete of the renowned
Ynŷr, on the earth indeed there will be redness.

The following simile is striking (p. 379):—

And now the early leader,
The sun is ascending,
The sovereign, from which emanates universal light.

The Pleasant Things of Taliessin not only give one a remarkable picture of the objects which went to make the daily life of the Cymry happy, but exhibit a certain poetical power; and "Bright are the Ash-tops," in the Red Book of Hergest, indicates no ordinary appreciation of the pleasure to be derived from the contemplation of nature, though it is difficult to follow the subtle association which suggests the different moral aphorisms connected with each flower and plant.

Lastly, we must make allowance for the office of sound and of music. Giraldus says:—

"In cantilenis rhythmicis et dictamine tam subtiles inveniuntur, ut miræ et exquisitæ inventionis lingua propria tam verborum quam sententiarum propter orationes. Unde et poetas quos Bardos vocant, ad hoc deputatos in hac natione multos invenies. . . . Præ cunctis tamen rhetoricis exornationibus annotatione magis utuntur: eaque præcipue specie quæ primas dictionum litteras vel syllabas convenientia jungit." *

However, with every abatement as to literary merit, it must be recollected that these rude productions are among the earliest specimens of a vernacular literature possessed by any of the existing nations of Europe. There are found, indeed, in the Acts of the Council of Leptines, A.D. 748, certain parts of the Baptismal Service in Teutonic, the first record of the great German language, which has exercised such influence on the progress of the human mind; and some of the Irish literature is no doubt of remote antiquity; but still the fact remains, that here we have, mixed up with spurious imitations, some genuine productions of a distant age, throwing light on a very peculiar state of society, and embalming many obscure historical facts.

But they also throw much light on the curious question of the religious state of Wales during the dark ages. Of the devotional literature which illustrates this our knowledge is not great; but, such as it is, it is interesting. A service in honour of St.

German (ms. Bodl. 572) is the oldest extant liturgical text of the churches of South Britain, and alludes to the madness of the cruel and ambitious Guortigern. In Wales proper we have an early office of St. David preserved in Ricemarch's Life, written in A.D. 1090, also two later post-communion collects in honour of St. Teilo. The Achan y Saint contain material for much ecclesiastical history, and the letter of Aldhelm to Geruntius* in 692 gives a vivid picture of the bigotry of the priests of the Demetæ, who lived beyond the Bay of Severn, in the matter of the Tonsure and Paschal Cycle. A few legendary lives of the saints, and some most interesting penitential Canons throwing much light on the morality of priest and people, must also be made mention of. Beyond these, we have few indications of the Cymric religion, and therefore the hymns and poems in the four ancient books are worthy of study in this respect. These divide themselves into—(1.) Poems purely religious; (2.) Secular poems, with a marked religious sentiment in them; and (3.) Poems which contain scraps of Latin, which seem to have been portions of hymns sung in church.

The mediæval religion of Wales was probably similar to that of the cognate Kelts of Ireland, with certain local differences. The devotion to holy wells, so popular in Ireland, had a noted illustration in St. Winifred's, which to this day draws votaries to its healing waters. The reverence for bells and *baculi*, or pastoral staves, is attested by Giraldus (pp. 27, 213), and the miracles cited by him are very similar to those recorded in the Hagiology of that country. The same type of ascetic sanctity which marks the early saint of Erin is found among the Cymry. The development of the enormous monastic system, is indicated in the accounts of some of the institutions, such as Llan Carvan, and Caer-Wogorn.† The same processes of alienation of Church lands, and their conversion into lay inheritances, which were so frequent in Scotland and Ireland, took place in Wales, with this difference, that the law of Gavelkind, which obtained in Wales, split them up into moieties, and the like. The marriage of the clergy continued as a recognised institution till at least A.D. 1200. Four successive bishops of Llandaff were married men, with families. With all this, there was an eminent sense of the supernatural. The religious temper of the people was full of reverence. They had the most awful faith in the

* Giraldi Descriptio Cambria, p. 87.

* Migne's Patrologia, lxxxix. 90.

† See Rees' Welsh Saints, p. 122.

Divine interposition in the affairs of life, but withal they were liable to fiercest outbreaks of bloodthirsty passion, soon assuaged, but very madness while they lasted. The history of the Church is the record of vigorous efforts at discipline over a nation so constituted, often indeed taking the shape of a vindication of the respect due to the Church, as where the gravamen of such offence is considered the perjury that has been committed after swearing amity on the sacred relics.

Darker forms of a semi-heathen cultus are not wanting. One of the first acts of the English Reformation was the destruction of the image of Darvel Gatheren. It was brought to London, and with the chips Friar Forest was burnt for denying the King's supremacy, Latimer preaching the condemned sermon. A few months previous to this, Our Lady's Taper at Cardigan, which was said to have burnt nine years, and then to have gone out for ever on account of the perjury of some one who had sworn falsely by it, was, "on experiment, proved submissive to a last conflagration." *

The very best of these effusions, so far as the sense is concerned, are those which express the simple truths of religion. Meigant's "Not to call upon God," † and "Christ Jesus, who art in perfect possession of light," ‡ in the Red Book of Hergest, contain admirable sentiments. The obscure poem of Taliessin, where he passes over into a description of the physical sufferings of our Lord in His Passion, is striking (p. 556):—

Those that placed me on the cross
I knew when young.
That drove me on the tree,
My head hung down.
Stretched were my two feet,
So sad their destiny.
Stretched with extreme pain
The bones of my feet.
Stretched were my two arms,
Their burden will not be.
Stretched were my two shoulders,
So diligently it was done.
Stretched were the nails,
Within my heart.
Stretched was the spiking,
Between my two eyes.
Thick are the holes
Of the crown of thorns in my head.
The lance was struck
And my side was pierced.
It will be struck to you also,
As your right hand (struck me).
To you there will be no forgiveness,
For piercing me with spears.
And the Ruler we knew not
When thou wert hung.

* Froude's *Hist.* vol. iii. p. 287-294.

† P. 502.

‡ P. 498.

Ruler of heaven, Ruler of every people !
We knew not, O Christ ! that it was thou.
If we had known thee,
Christ, we should have refrained from thee.

The doctrine of the Incarnation is distinctly stated—"The glorious God sits on the lap of Mary his counterpart." The common theological formula is "God the son of Mary," an expression which is like one in St. Jerome, but which probably dates long after the Council of Ephesus, which produced a crop of new words and expressions, such as *ἱεουγενής*. It will be recollected that M. Comte, reasoning from such terms as this, maintains that the period in the world's history when monotheistic ideas were most prevalent, was that of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.* The effect of the Incarnation is clearly stated in one of the anonymous poems from the Black Book of Caermarthen (p. 512):—

God delivered us when he assumed flesh.
Man would have been lost, had He not ransomed him, according to his glorious ordinance.
From the bloody Cross came redemption to the whole world.
Christ the mighty Shepherd, his merits never fail.

Beside that of the blessed Virgin, † we find the intercession of St. Michael ‡ alluded to. The great European devotion to him came in about A.D. 498, after what was termed the Apparitio in Monte Gargano. None of the numerous local sacred personages are mentioned. Taliessin's *Elegy of the Thousand Sons*, § records the number of the saints in scores, but neither Teilo nor David nor any of the historic saints are mentioned by name. Purgatory is not referred to, and Uffern is more than once termed "the cold refuge," also, "moist Uffern."

There are many passages which remind one of the celebrated *Lorica* of St. Patrick, but none of them come up to the sublimity of that remarkable poem. ¶

A point deserving consideration is the existence of certain Latin quotations, which as presented to us in their present form, are

* Vide Comte, *Politique Positive*, pp. 428-433. Paris, 1843.

† P. 508.

‡ See *Rees' Welsh Saints*. This is an indirect argument in favour of the antiquity of the poem. See also *Brut y Tywysog*, a. 717.

§ P. 545.

¶ Given in Todd's *St. Patrick*, p. 426. A spirited translation was made by the unfortunate James Clarence Mangan, *Poems*, p. 413. New York, 1859.

not always amenable to the laws of grammar.
Thus at page 285 :—

Pater noster ambulo
Gentis totians in adjuvando
Sibilem signum
Rogantes fortium.

And further on in the same poem :—

Hic nemo in por progende.

Elsewhere there are scraps from the Vulgate, as "a bimatu et infra," brought in apparently without connexion with the context. Were these sounding words in the ecclesiastical language introduced to carry awe into the minds of his rude hearers by the bard, or are they in a corrupted form remains of real hymns used in the church service? In the Elegy of the Thousand Sons by Taliesin, not only do Latin phrases occur, but words that seem mere doggerel are adopted for the sound, such as Edris, Ertri, Kila, and Amanion Amabati. Yet in the same poem there is preserved what is evidently part of a Christmas Prose or Sequence, following the strict rhythmical laws which distinguish that form of religious poem. The actual verses as they are given, are not, so far as we are aware, known to Mene or Neale, and it would be very curious to trace out their paternity.

These records of the ancient belief of the Welsh are not only interesting from the points of view just indicated, but they form the first links of a chain, the end of which we now hold in our hands. The religion of Wales is likely to be an important element in the politics of the next twenty years. It is here that the question of the establishment of the Church of England will be tried under the most disadvantageous circumstances. We have alluded to some of the most notable features of the ancient Cymric Church, its marked Kelticism, and its modification by the nature of those who professed it. An interesting monograph might be written upon its fortunes. First we have an ancient national creed emerging from the obscurity of legend, then comes its gradual Romanisation, the schism consequent thereon, and its final absorption into the great Western polity, not without the preservation of many of its local peculiarities. Time passes. The influence of England, now consolidated under Norman and Plantagenet, increases, and the struggle takes place between Nationalism and the see of Canterbury. This also ends in the enforcement of a foreign ecclesiastical domination, along with the continued assertion of local peculiarities. The pages of Giraldus Cambrensis give most graphic pic-

tures of this condition of things. The Welsh Church was under Canterbury before the Welsh State, such as it was, was under England. The prelates became Anglicised; and the general corruption of the fifteenth century tainted all ranks and conditions. The Reformation found Wales ready to receive it. The Tudor Kings were popular there. Henry VII. had given the Welsh a charter of liberty and monarchy, in view of his descent from Owen Tudor, and his son, in 1536, by Act of Parliament, made a plenary incorporation of the Welsh with the English. The Reformation was generally accepted. The Prayer-book and Bible were immediately translated, and for a long time "no place has been more exact in keeping to the strict rubric and constitution of the Church of England, both as to substance and form of worship."* The old Cymric veneration for sacred persons long survived. At Bangor; ninety years ago, wherever the Bishop came, all the people knelt down to receive his blessing. The clergy, though wretchedly poor, and in many cases obliged to eke out their scanty incomes by farming and other labour, were respected in their ecclesiastical capacity, the sacraments were held in awe, and many of the old pre-Reformation pious uses obtained among the peasantry. Then came the Wesleyan movement. All Wales was stirred to a man. The excitable people found here what they wanted—a religion of emotion, without any very severe claims by the austere side of Christianity. The result is that now religiously Wales has become a little Ireland; the upper classes are Anglican, while the whole heart of the nation is Methodist and Dissenting; and it requires no great political foresight to divine, that the problems in course of settlement in Ireland, when applied eventually to England, will receive their ultimate solution in a very marked degree by the actual aspect of Cymric Christianity, some of the earliest manifestations of which we have thus traced in "The Four Ancient Books of Wales."

ART. VII.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE institutions and social life of America would appear in some respects unfavourable to the production of any form of literary ac-

* "History of Wales, written originally in Welsh, by Caradoc of Llancarvan, and newly augmented by W. Wynne." Lond. 1677, p. 328.

tivity in which the imagination is principally concerned. There is a hardness and matter-of-fact quality alike about the types of character and the historical environments which the Western Continent presents to the writer's study and choice, while he himself is open to the same influences that tend to produce these general features of national life. There would seem, therefore, to be at once less favourable conditions for the generation of the idealistic faculty, on the one hand, and less material for its exercise, on the other. Notwithstanding this twofold operation of the practical and materialistic complexion of the life of that great nation, its literature is not without examples of conspicuous idealism. A country that can boast of three such contemporary authors as Emerson in Philosophy, Longfellow in Poetry, and Hawthorne in Pure Fiction, cannot be considered a barren or unhopeful soil for the cultivation of the richer fruits of the imagination.

As a literary artist, and in respect of that characteristic so difficult to analyse or define, but to which common consent has assigned the name *Genius*, it is questionable whether, among the distinguished and remarkable men whom America has produced, there is any one of higher rank than Nathaniel Hawthorne—if, indeed, his equal. He has no glittering brilliance to arrest vulgar notice, no high-pressure enthusiasm or sweeping passion hurrying away with whirlwind-power great and small that come within its range, nor that rude muscular force that compels attention and often commands assent. He is calm, dreamy, subtle, with an imagination most penetrating, a refined—almost a fastidious taste; and in his hands the pen becomes a very magician's wand, "creating," as he himself says, "the semblance of a world out of airy matter, with the impalpable beauty of a soap-bubble."

He is very far from being one of Carlyle's heroes: he is eminently the man of contemplation—not of action. His part in the drama of life—if it can be properly called a part in the drama at all—is not on the busy stage, mingling in the throng by whom the movement is carried on and the plot worked out; but aside, as a spectator, sympathizing with, yet critical of all, and recognising the hidden springs of the action and the influences, reaching from beyond the present and the visible, that sway the actors, with a far keener and more comprehensive sense than any of themselves. It could not be better expressed than in the words of Miles Coverdale, in reference to his own share of the transactions at Blithedale:—"It resembles that of the chorus in a classic play, which seems to be set aloof from the possibility of

personal concernment, and bestows the whole measure of its hope or fear, its exultation or sorrow, on the fortunes of others, between whom and itself this sympathy is the only bond." He is meditative, sympathetic, interpretative; too poised to be decisive; with an ear too justly open to the multitudinous voices within him, to become the clear and pronounced organ and advocate of any one. Hence at once a certain suggestiveness and reticence, a tendency to raise questions rather than to settle them, and a delicacy, almost diffidence of treatment, which by some is felt to be most insinuating, by others timid or tantalizing. There are dark and curious chambers within his consciousness, which perhaps a want of firmness and courage, perhaps a wise humility, restrains him from too rashly investigating, but the shadowy forms of which he often finds a pleasing subdued awe in watching and pointing out from a distance. He sees a mystery in every living thing,—not merely the mystery which profounder science discovers underlying every operation of Nature, and of which that operation is but the phenomenal result and expression, but a latent mystery which manifests itself often with seeming caprice, yet ever normally, finding its cause and sanction less in physical than in moral and spiritual forces and laws operating through the veil of sensible things that overlie them. Endowed with a deep appreciation of the wonderful complexity of life, he sees minutely interlacing tissues lost to grosser sense, and which sometimes, under unusual lights, present shifting and apparently unaccountable hues.

It is thus not difficult to understand that, with all his power, he is hardly what can be termed a popular author. In the present day, indeed, the popular taste has become so vitiated by unhealthy stimulus and coarse sensational excitement, that anything so refined as his flavour must be felt by all who indulge in such debauchery (we can use no milder term) to be cold, lifeless, vapid. He has nothing rough enough in the grain to affect senses so exhausted and debased, and if he had, he is too true an Epicurean to use it. He is dainty in his tastes, and by the dainty reader alone will he be relished. Not only, therefore, in these days of demoralising fiction and over-wrought incident, will he be generally found to be too reflective and deficient in excitement to be attractive; at any time his fame is not likely to be that of the well-thumbed and dog-eared page. But even now he is, and one day we believe will be still more, generally regarded by competent readers as one of the most refined, tender, powerful, and highly imaginative writers in the English language.

His employment of that language in perfect adaptation to his purpose, is one of the most prominent charms of this author. We have said, he is dainty in his tastes. In nothing is he more dainty than in his use of words. He is a purist in style. It may, perhaps, be possible that scrutinizing eyes may detect here and there an expression that serves to mark his nationality. But his vocabulary is singularly choice and appropriate, and his style is a model of elegance. It is free from exaggeration or straining, and if it is generally unimpassioned, it is still more devoid of stiffness and dry ungeniality. It flows in a placid, gentle rill, always sweet and pellucid; sometimes in its clearness and purity, in its unobtrusive operation and quiet movement, it may rather be said to distill over upon its subject, and there to crystallize with curious refracting power, which reveals the image undimmed, but deflected from the direct line of vision. Optics supplies a parallel to another of its qualities. It often acts like a reversed telescope, throwing objects back into the distance, and imparting to them a fineness and delicacy and fairy-like aspect, so true and life-like that in no particular can they be found to differ from the realities seen when the glass is withdrawn, and yet with a subtle ethereal character and air of unreality. It is a style admirably adapted to his genius and proclivities, and seems with snake-like ease and grace to curve itself round the quaintest forms, and to insinuate itself into the most tortuous convolutions of thought and sentiment. So far as mere language is concerned, there are few writers that can produce effects of awe and terror and weird-like mystery with so simple means. He builds his magic edifice with small and plain materials, but disposed with such cunning art, that others more imposing and gorgeous would be felt to be vulgar and ostentatious in comparison.

There are, however, many minds, deeply thoughtful and full of generous sympathy, who find in his works neither the charm nor the high tone we would ascribe to them. His immense power—and that always exercised in the most temperate and unstrained manner—can hardly, we think, be denied; but he manifests a fondness for dealing with sides of our nature where assuredly the strength and cheerfulness of humanity do not lie, which by some is felt to be morbid. And we would admit at once that he often chooses subjects that are dangerous themes, and unfolds with curious scrutiny the working of emotions, the treatment of which in almost any other hands than his would degenerate into sickly sentimentalism or repulsive ugliness. In truth, he not only shows

a certain preference for handling such subjects, he sometimes almost seems to play with them. He turns them over and over as if loath to dismiss them or to leave a single point unexamined; he never wearies trying on them the effects of various positions and points of view. But we maintain that his apparent toying with such topics is only apparent. It is the mode in which minds like his question and investigate, and the more cautious and thorough the research the more protracted the seeming dalliance. It is, in fact, after a certain fashion, an application to Ethics of the Baconian experimental method of inquiry. He does not reason out his questions: he verifies them; and the experimental survey must be thorough and exhaustive to secure the inclusion of all possible contingencies. Moral and psychological problems which by the abstract thinker would be analysed and acutely discussed, are by him—we shall not say solved, for positive solution is what he rarely ventures to commit himself to—but, in anatomical phrase, *demonstrated*, by exhibiting the bearings, the workings, and consequences of the data, in concrete and living forms in many and various aspects. Given combinations of moral and spiritual forces are not judged of speculatively. He reduces them to experiment and illustration. He embodies them in the creatures of his imagination, in their character and circumstances, and with the unerring sympathy and instinct of genius he inspires them with life and evolves the results, leaving these to speak for themselves.

That in the prosecution of such experimental Ethics through the instrumentality of the imagination, he evinces somewhat the spirit and tendency of a casuist, must perhaps be granted, in the sense that he generally selects cases which are out of the ordinary run of daily life, which are delicate, fine, and intricate in the complexity and often in the contradictoriness of their elements, and which cannot be decided—which he at least is too judicial, too conscientious to decide—in the rough and ready style, and by the sound, but not always nicely discriminating rules that prevail with salutary result in practical and busy life. The questions he raises are for the most part too complicated and difficult to be dealt with by so coarse though effective an instrument as the so-called strong common sense of the upright man of the world. Such a man would misjudge them, or if his conclusions were right, they would be so on false premisses, and irrespective of considerations that ought to obtain recognition. Hawthorne rests satisfied with no such haphazard and superficial treatment. He manipulates his combina-

tions with the utmost care and precision, to make sure the good there is may not be lost sight of, or to impress on us with haunting iteration the baneful effects on it of that with which it is associated.

An evidence of the general healthiness of his nature may be found in the scenes of sweet innocence and natural simplicity that abound in his works. The freshness of childhood and pictures of genial life and natural beauty have a charm for him, not less than the most intricate and complex tissue of strange and conflicting elements. Every reader must remember "The Old Manse," with its rich orchard, bounded by the sluggish waters of the Concord; its cobwebby library, the fishing excursion with Ellery Channing; the peaceful rest of its "near retirement and accessible seclusion;" its gentle joys "in those genial days of autumn, when Mother Nature, having perfected her harvests and accomplished every needful thing that was given her to do, overflows with a blessed superfluity of love, and has leisure to caress her children." How fresh and touching in its extreme simplicity, mixed with one or two touches of quiet humour, and relieved here and there at the close of a paragraph by a sudden turn of pleasantly quaint moralizing, is "Little Annie's Ramble." What a genuine eye for, and unaffected love of, what is purest, fairest in human nature, it reveals! How charming a half-dozen pages! and all about the commonest objects,—some would say, the veriest trifles of daily life. Little Pearl in *The Scarlet Letter*, in one of her more natural moods, playing by the seashore, while her mother converses with her outraged husband, is hardly less beautiful, if, in its connexion and collateral bearings, not quite so simple a picture of childhood:—

"At first, as already told, she had flirted fancifully with her own image in a pool of water, beckoning the phantom forth, and—as it declined to venture—seeking a passage for herself into its sphere of impalpable earth and unattainable sky. Soon finding, however, that either she or the image was unreal, she turned elsewhere for better pastime. She made little boats out of birch-bark, and freighted them with snail-shells, and sent out more ventures on the mighty deep than any merchant in New England; but the larger part of them foundered near the shore. She seized a live horse-shoe by the tail, and made prize of several five-fingers, and laid out a jelly-fish to melt in the warm sun. Then she took up the white foam, that streaked the line of the advancing tide, and threw it upon the breeze, scampering after it, with winged footsteps, to catch the great snow-flakes ere they fell. Perceiving a flock of beach-birds, that fed and fluttered along the shore, the naughty child picked up her apron full of pebbles, and, creeping from rock to rock after

these small sea-fowl, displayed remarkable dexterity in pelting them. One little grey bird, with a white breast, Pearl was almost sure had been hit by a pebble, and fluttered away with a broken wing. But then the elf-child sighed, and gave up her sport, because it grieved her to have done harm to a little being that was as wild as the sea-breeze, or as wild as Pearl herself.

"Her final employment was to gather seaweed of various kinds, and make herself a scarf or mantle, and a head-dress, and thus assume the aspect of a little mermaid. She inherited her mother's gift for devising drapery and costume. As the last touch to her mermaid's garb, Pearl took some eel-grass, and imitated, as best she could, on her own bosom, the decoration with which she was so familiar on her mother's, a letter—the letter A—but freshly green instead of scarlet! The child bent her chin upon her breast, and contemplated this device with strange interest, even as if the one only thing for which she had been sent into the world was to make out its hidden import."

The heart that so sings in harmony with childhood's sweetest music can hardly be suspected of choosing and enjoying the delineation of horror or evil for its own sake. Even in his tales of darker shade and lurid light, these qualities are relieved, and their real character attested, by the bright sunshine and winning beauty that form the broader features of the picture. In this lies the contrast and moral superiority of his tales, even of most thrilling awe, to those of his wild, erratic countryman, Edgar Allan Poe, whose productions derive their chief fascination from the depth of unredeemed and unnatural horror they reveal. It may be, that what is strange and unusual in humanity has for Hawthorne rather more than a due share of attractiveness, but he never chooses evil for his study from a love of it; and delicate themes he always treats with the utmost delicacy. Nothing could exceed the purity, tenderness, and, at the same time, harrowing truthfulness, with which the sin of the "Scarlet Letter" and its fruits are portrayed. We regret we can extract no passage for illustration. Quotation here is of no avail. It is a delicacy, not of any one scene, but pervading the entire story, with a sustained tone that could be achieved only by a mind in which the highest delicacy of feeling is native and inherent. Very different results would such materials have yielded in the hands of a George Sand, or of a Victor Hugo. Even in those of not a few of our popular English novelists we should have seen over all "the trail of the serpent." It may be that Hawthorne exhibits too great a predilection for what may be considered *curious* experiments in the Chemistry of Ethics; but if he deals with poisons, it is to

make their real nature and effects known, even when they mingle with fair and good things,—never to trifle with and disguise them.

To the general soundness as well as fineness of moral feeling and judgment displayed in his works, we must admit, at least, one grave exception. His *Life of Pierce* might perhaps be disposed of as an ephemeral production, which, if it served its more immediate purpose, was never meant to do more; as unworthy, it may be, of his reputation and powers, but never put forth with the intention or hope of its surviving its temporary aims, and therefore to count for nothing in an estimate of his literary capacity and character. Were it merely worthless, this course might be followed. It were hard could one not help his friend to the Presidency by an electioneering pamphlet, without it being subjected to the same criticism as his more earnest and professedly artistic works. Such plea may be sustained for an innocent squib or *jeu d'esprit*. But how slight soever its proportions, how occasional soever its ostensible purpose, his *Life of Pierce* seeks to achieve that purpose by a treatment, neither apparently frivolous nor uncandid, of a question of the deepest import; and it would seem difficult to escape the dilemma, that either the opinions it sets forth are seriously entertained and advocated by the author, or the success of General Pierce was more to him than truth or falsehood in regard to a question as sacred as it is momentous. When General Pierce offered himself as a candidate for the Presidency, the repeal or the maintenance of the Fugitive Slave Act was the question of the day. Pierce was a declared pro-slavery man; and it is with extreme pain that we find Hawthorne advocating his claims as those of a "man who dared to love that great and grand reality—his whole united native country—better than the mistiness of a philanthropic theory." Still we are reluctant to allow ourselves to think that he was, in defiance of nobler convictions, basely prostituting his pen for electioneering purposes. We are rather disposed to believe that he distrusted the wisdom and ability as well as the moderation of the extreme Abolition party,—that he doubted whether violent effort to achieve promptly great social changes might not result in worse disaster. The gradual progress, the natural growth of the body social and politic, was one of the soundest lessons our own great statesman Burke taught. It may be easy for us now, with the result so far accomplished, to read the past in a different light. But we should not forget how little,

at one stage of the great struggle, many even of the most generous and philanthropic among ourselves sympathized with or had faith in the professions or the cause of the North. The heroic is born of intensity rather than of breadth and comprehensiveness, and a man may see things on too many sides, unless he sees them all fully and in their just relations. With limited faculties activity may be paralysed by increased knowledge and breadth of view,—not by the calls to action appearing less, but by the objections to any particular action appearing greater. Some spirits are—

"framed

Too subtly pondering for mastery,"

or, indeed, for any independent action at all. The following reads less like a wise and humble distrust of human foresight and scheming, than a renunciation of enlightened moral agency and of free human aim and effort,—less like a submission to Providence than an acquiescence in Fate:—

"One view, and probably a wise one, looks upon slavery as one of those evils which Divine Providence does not leave to be remedied by human contrivances, but which, in its own good time, by some means impossible to be anticipated, but by the simplest and easiest operation, when all its uses shall have been fulfilled, shall vanish like a dream. There is no instance in all history of the human will and intellect having perfected any great moral reform by methods which it adapted to that end; but the progress of the world at every step leaves some evil or wrong on the path behind it, which the wisest of mankind, of their own set purpose, could never have found the way to rectify."*

While, however, we recognise a source of weakness and timidity in this scrupulous anxiety to discriminate and to balance, a shrinking from responsibility that tends to issue in a system almost of indifferentism, in forgetfulness of the fact that the responsibility of a *laissez-faire* decision is quite as great as that of one of interference, it is well that we should not confound this with deliberate pandering of clear and honest convictions to lower motives.

An inclination to a fatalistic view of the world and human affairs crops out in other parts of his writings, and perhaps it might form an interesting question how far this tendency may be due to his training in a school of mystic idealism, on the one hand, and to his experience of an attempt to realize a specious but unsound communism and social scheme for the amelioration of the

* *Life of Franklin Pierce*, pp. 113, 114.

universe in general, on the other. It were assuredly unjust to assume that the opinions expressed by any of his characters,—even those that by any preference or general approval or other token seem to lie nearest the personality of the author,—represent the author's own sentiments; and full account must be taken of the fact, that in what we now quote, the speaker is represented as undergoing a process of gradual but thorough deterioration alike morally and intellectually. Still, as that speaker is also portrayed as a man of indomitable will and self-reliance, and therefore presents no special appropriateness—at least no clear call or apology—for such views as he is made to utter, the expression of opinion, especially taken in connexion with the deliverance above given by the author in *propria persona*, is not without significance—

“‘Peace, Hester, peace!’ replied the old man, with gloomy sternness,—‘it is not granted me to pardon. I have no such power as thou tellest me of. My old faith, long forgotten, comes back to me, and explains all that we do, and all we suffer. By thy first step awry, thou didst plant the germ of evil; but since that moment it has all been a dark necessity. Ye that have wronged me are not sinful, save in a kind of typical illusion; neither am I fiend-like, who have snatched a fiend’s office from his hands. It is our fate. Let the black flower blossom as it may! Now go thy ways, and deal as thou wilt with yonder man.’”*

So again in that terrible interview by the brook-side in the forest, when Hester Prynne, in obedience to the requirement of her child, again fastens on her breast the stigma of her sin and shame, with the removal of which she had felt as if the burden of her life and its anguish had departed from her spirit, we read :—

“‘Hopefully, but a moment ago, as Hester had spoken of drowning it in the deep sea, there was a sense of inevitable doom upon her, as she thus received back this deadly symbol from the hand of fate. She had flung it into infinite space! She had drawn an hour’s free breath! and here again was the scarlet misery glittering on the old spot! So it ever is, whether thus typified or no, that an evil deed invests itself with the character of doom.’”†

A reflection made by the author in his own name at the end of *The Scarlet Letter*, in taking leave of two of the principal characters, affords less doubtful evidence of the transcendental influence of Emerson. As usual, his strongly undogmatic tendency restrains him from any positive assertion; but

the negation of any fundamental and ineradicable distinction between right and wrong, good and evil, is more than nibbled at :—

“Nothing was more remarkable than the change which took place, almost immediately after Mr. Dimmesdale’s death, in the appearance and demeanour of the old man known as Roger Chillingworth. All his strength and energy—all his vital and intellectual force—seemed at once to desert him; insomuch that he positively withered up, shrivelled away, and almost vanished from mortal sight, like an uprooted weed that lies wilting in the sun. This unhappy man had made the very principle of his life to consist in the pursuit and systematic exercise of revenge; and when by its completest triumph and consummation, that evil principle was left with no further material to support it, when, in short, there was no more Devil’s work on earth for him to do, it only remained for the unhumanized mortal to betake himself whither his Master would find him tasks enough, and pay him his wages duly. But to all these shadowy beings, so long our near acquaintances,—as well Roger Chillingworth as his companions,—we would fain be merciful. It is a curious subject of observation and inquiry, whether hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom. Each in its utmost development supposes a high degree of intimacy and heart-knowledge; each renders one individual dependent for the food of his affections and spiritual life upon another; each leaves the passionate lover, or the no less passionate hater, forlorn and desolate by the withdrawal of his subject. Philosophically considered, therefore, the two passions seem essentially the same, except that one happens to be seen in a celestial radiance, and the other in a dusky and lurid glow. In the spiritual world, the old physician and the minister—mutual victims as they have been—may unawares have found their earthly stock of hatred and antipathy transmuted into golden love.”*

The view we have taken of his writings, as aiming before all else to be an embodiment of the operation and results of strange, involved, and conflicting combinations of moral and spiritual data, is quite in keeping with the very sparing use he makes of eventful incident. Perhaps no novelist so little depends on plot, or on the interest of outward circumstance. If the crucial merit of such a form of literary composition be, as some are disposed to hold, the continuous movement of a well-told story, few claims can be made in his favour. There is no romantic adventure; no gathering complications disentangled by sudden undreamt-of disclosures; no development of events in strict causal sequence, leading ultimately to startling unsuspected results, not even stir-

* *The Scarlet Letter*, p. 161.

† *Ibid.*, p. 198.

* *The Scarlet Letter*, pp. 248, 249.

ring movement of life. No more striking instance could be found of how little he depends on the interest of suspense, of doubt to be solved, of difficulty to be overcome, than is presented in the chapter of *Transformation* entitled "The Spectre of the Catacomb." The separation of one from the other members of a party visiting the Catacombs of Rome would seem to afford an occasion for a most natural, almost unavoidable scene of high-pitched interest and excitement. The reality of the danger; its magnitude and horror; the confusion of the searchers, themselves ignorant of the labyrinth, and each in imminent risk of being lost in the gloom and enmeshment of the intersecting narrow passages; their proneness to rush hither and thither without plan; their eagerness and anxiety only multiplying the difficulties and the hazard; their hasty movements, now extinguishing their tapers, now carrying them past marks that are important for retracing their own steps; their flashing hopes and crushing disappointments;—all the details of such an event are what many writers of fiction would make a considerable digression to introduce—what hardly one would spurn. Yet Hawthorne, when Miriam is separated from her companions in the dismal corridors of St. Calixtus, after mentioning that the guide assured them that there was no possibility of rendering assistance unless by shouting at the top of their voices, quietly disposes of the crisis in a sentence:—"Accordingly they all began to shriek, halloo and bellow, with the utmost force of their lungs. And, not to prolong the reader's suspense (for we do not particularly seek to interest him in this scene, telling it only on account of the trouble and strange entanglement which followed), they soon heard a responsive call in a female voice." He dwells chiefly on the development of the results on the inner life of such events as are narrated—or implied; for often the event is already past, and only inferred, or its circumstantial details, and not unfrequently its actual nature left vague and undefined. Sometimes even—so little is made of mere outward actualities—a suggestion is offered of several possible cases, and the reader invited to make his choice. The actual facts of outward life, considered merely as facts, are held quite subordinate to the intellectual and moral influences with which they are charged; and these he sets forth with a patient minuteness and lingering scrutiny as if he suspected they might yet present some new aspect, or were afraid to close the record uncompleted.

It must not, however, be understood that we would imply that he is to be described as

an ideal portrait-painter. He does not, like Thackeray, sketch so many representative characters, illustrative at once of the specialities of the age and of the general human types to which they belong, and connect them by a narrative so slight, a train of events so uneventful, that the story seems little else than a thread to string such picture-beads on. He neither gives a detailed and many-sided portraiture, setting forth, as fully as that may be done, the complete individuality; nor, as is more the special power and practice of the great satirist we have named, a representation of one or two broad and distinctive traits, that form, as it were, the key-note to the character,—a dominating phase that gives tone and colour to all the rest, but still a partial and one-sided view, which, as it is left to stand for the whole, is in truth but a caricature. His forte rather is to delineate the most opposing and contradictory sides of a man, in all their contrasting struggling action and reaction. He displays, with the skill, and almost with the coolness, of an anatomist, the most intricate and conflicting passions and tendencies, as these are called forth by some critical event and its consequences. The characters presented to us by most of the novelists who aim chiefly at portraiture are for the most part stereotyped. They are shown in numerous combinations and surroundings, both to impress the leading qualities on the reader's attention, and to exhibit these qualities forcibly and fully in varied manifestation. But they are always the same; the quality may be displayed under altered circumstances, and again with more ramified operation, but is in itself to the end unmodified, and the closing manifestation, so far as it forms an element of the portrait, might as well have been the first. There is no progress, no growth. The task Hawthorne selects for himself is rather the development of the effects on character of some great absorbing interest. Not only does he subordinate the external conditions to the inner movements of life, as we have already pointed out; he represents the play of the mental mechanism less in the typical forms of definite classes, epochs, and localities, than in peculiar and strongly individualized cases unfolding under the influence of special, and often critical circumstances.

An effect of those characteristics of his productions to which we have been referring, is the withdrawal of the whole scene from the atmosphere of actual life. Thus one of the most pervading and conspicuous qualities of his works is their highly ideal character. They are rightly named "Romances." His personages do not generally come before

us with that force and air of actuality that form the charm of our more realistic writers of fiction. They and their doings are shadowy, remote, and beyond the sphere of habitual experience. Yet all is felt to be profoundly true,—not only what might be, but what in its essential nature is, within the heart and conscience. The embodying forms may be intangible shades, phantasmagoria, but the inner life they express finds within us the unhesitating responsive recognition of kindred. They are veritable human souls, though dwelling in a far-off world of cloud-land and moonshine.

With all this strongly ideal character consists a power, not unfrequently exercised, of most faithful and minute realistic painting. For example, the delightful picture of the old "Custom House" at Salem, which introduces *The Scarlet Letter*. How vividly reproduced are the old inspector and collector! One cannot read it without being affected by the sleepy, gossiping, superannuated character of the whole place. The very atmosphere seems somniferous. Or, again, in the chapter of *Transformation* entitled "Scenes by the Way," his exquisite description of rural scenes and manners in Tuscany, and of the villages and small ancient walled towns of northern Italy. Still, even his most telling and minutely detailed pictures of real life, with the truthfulness of a photograph, and the life-likeness of a portrait, are seen, as it were, through an ideal atmosphere. He sees everything through the halo of a poetic medium. All is real, but it is an old-world realness, quaint and mellow with age. The present is too hard, rigid, and unplastic for him. True American as he is, he finds himself straitened and out of his element amid the newness, the clearness of outline, the resistance to the modifying and moulding power of the imagination, of everything in the New World. There is no hoary tradition, no twilight history, no fabled antiquity, nothing picturesque or romantic. He has no play for his peculiar power. We trace this in his choice of subjects, as well as in his mode of dealing with them. He has a predilection for the farthest back times of New England life, the days of the Puritans, of trial for witchcraft; for old nooks crumbly and moss-grown, rusty parchments, a mouldering rag with traces of embroidery, of which "the stitch gives evidence of a now forgotten art, not to be recovered even by the process of picking out the threads;" for relics of a bygone age, antiquated habits, old-fashioned styles of character and modes of thought and feeling. He oftener than once openly complains of the stern inflexi-

bility of modern realities and American civilisation:—

"In the old countries with which fiction has long been conversant, a certain conventional privilege seems to be awarded to the romancer; his work is not put exactly side by side with nature; and he is allowed a license with regard to every-day probability, in view of the improved effects which he is bound to produce thereby. Among ourselves, on the contrary, there is as yet no Fairy Land so like the real world that, in a suitable remoteness, one cannot well tell the difference, but with an atmosphere of strange enchantment, beheld through which, the inhabitants have a propriety of their own. This atmosphere is what the American romancer wants. In its absence, the beings of imagination are compelled to show themselves in the same category as actually living mortals,—a necessity that generally renders the paint and pasteboard of their composition but too painfully discernible."

In reference to the locality in which the scene is laid, he says in the preface to *Transformation*:—

"Italy, as the site of his romance, was chiefly valuable to the author as affording him a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America. No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily-handled themes either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow."

The absence of hard outline and broad light is especially demanded by another well-marked tendency of our author's mind, more or less displayed in almost all his works. His pages are replete with mystery, hintings of an eerie presence, tokens of a power preternatural yet strangely in affinity with human life, repeated and repeated till a sense of unspeakable awe takes possession of the mind. But this mystery is never revealed; it is a presence without a form, an inarticulate voice, an impalpable agency. We are kept in remembrance that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in our philosophy. We are brought face to face with the portals into the unseen and inscrutable. We are made aware of recesses in the human heart and brain, where the light of consciousness falls but rarely, and then only casts strange, unknown, and ghastly

shadows; of possible properties in Nature, in wondrous accord and harmony with these dark forms within our own constitution, which so seldom flit across mortal vision,—properties that may lie latent all around us, imperceptible to our ordinary senses, yet exerting, or ready to exert, their influence on us every hour of our lives. Every object, every power presents itself to him as striking its roots deep into a subsoil of mystery. Hidden associations link things the most improbable. The present and visible ever spring from the past and unseen. Too sharp demarcations would obstruct the transition from the sphere of immediate obtrusive action, into that of agencies that have long passed from view, or have never been clearly brought within the range of mortal ken.

The introduction of these occult and preternatural powers produces no jar; they are not felt to be inconsistent with the rest of the narrative; they gain for themselves an acceptance as not only possible, but true, and in harmony with time, place, and circumstance. They bring with them no irresistible suggestion of the false and superstitious; nothing of what Hawthorne himself styles “the stage effect of what is called miraculous interposition.” The same character of essential trueness that we contended for in his most ideal pictures obtains here. This result is partly due to their own nature, partly to the manner in which these agencies are introduced and employed. We do not feel that it is the ordinary supernatural that is presented to us. That, however skilfully managed, would hardly recommend itself to either the judgment or the taste of the present day. Not only is the improbability, not to say impossibility, too great; it is out of harmony with our modes of thought and feeling, even could it be made apparently possible. It is no unnatural creature that obtrudes itself suddenly, inexplicably, into the circle of our lives; no ghostly apparition revisiting the glimpses of the moon; no uncanny dwarf or vulgar necromancer that is brought before us, but beings and influences connected with us by intimate and inseverable bonds, not coming and going, but ever there, whether recognised or not. They seem the shadowy but immortal offspring of our own actions, thoughts, and feelings,—of ourselves; or the inalienable heritage that has come down to us from the characters and lives of our progenitors. The same absence of incident that we have found characterising the more material agents in the scene prevails with respect to these; they do not come as a *deus ex machina* to achieve striking results, or to overcome dif-

iculties insuperable to mere mortal agency. They are, indeed, rarely committed to definite action. We are made to feel vaguely their power; what they may have done is hinted at as possibilities, but they are never caught in the act; we are never even assured of their positive interference. A haunting presence, they exercise their influence on us morally rather than by any sensible means.

It is perhaps a phase of this power and tendency that guides him to so constant and emphatic a recognition of those secret sympathies between individuals connected by no tie patent to sense, between our nature and even inanimate objects; of the subtle powers upon our minds of time and place; of the awful and overwhelming complexity of our inherited tendencies and relationships; of the transmission, through generations, of the effects of human action and character, now slumbering though vital, again—on occasions the most inopportune or opportune, according as we regard the question from the personal and selfish point of view, or from that of universal and moral government—breaking out into activity, like the course of the electric fluid, apparently ever fitful, defying prediction, yet ever in strict obedience to eternal law and varying circumstance,—here peaceful and ineffective, there subduing with irresistible force whatever it meets. There is in us a “mere sensuous sympathy of dust for dust,” in our relations with the spot where our forefathers have for centuries “been born and died, and have mingled their earthly substance with the soil, until no small portion of it must necessarily be akin to our mortal frames.” The embroidered rag that life-long branded her shame on Hester Prynne’s bosom, when musingly placed on its historian’s breast, while yet he, ignorant alike of her name and life, was idly speculating on its purpose, seemed to him to cause “a sensation not altogether physical, yet almost so, as of burning heat, and as if the letter were not of red cloth, but red-hot iron.” “The sympathy or magnetism among human beings is more subtle and universal than we think; it exists, indeed, among different classes of organized life, and vibrates from one to another. A flower, for instance, as Phoebe herself observed, always began to droop sooner in Clifford’s hand, or Hepzibah’s, than in her own; and by the same law, converting her whole daily life into a flower-fragrance for these two sickly spirits, the blooming girl must inevitably droop and fade much sooner than if worn on a younger and happier breast.” “The very contiguity of his enemy, beneath whatever mask the latter might con-

ceal himself, was enough to disturb the magnetic sphere of a being so sensitive as Arthur Dimmesdale." "Pearl's inevitable tendency to hover about the enigma of the scarlet letter seemed an innate quality of her being. From the earliest epoch of her conscious life, she had entered upon this as her appointed mission." The moral relations arising from hidden actions reveal themselves in a sort of *quasi*-physical way through the subtle, untraceable, interpenetrating affinities of mind and matter. When Hester Prynne's husband demands of her the name of the man who had so deeply wronged them both, and demands in vain, he replies, "Never know him! . . . Thou mayest cover up thy secret from the prying multitude. Thou mayest conceal it, too, from the ministers and magistrates, even as thou didst this day, when they sought to wrench the name out of thy heart, and give thee a partner on thy pedestal. But as for me, I come to the inquest with other senses than they possess. . . . There is a sympathy that will make me conscious of him. I shall see him tremble. I shall feel myself shudder, suddenly and unawares." "Phoebe's physical organization, moreover, being at once delicate and healthy, gave her a perception operating with almost the effect of a spiritual medium, that somebody was near at hand." We are taught again that not in the garden of Eden alone, but all the world over, forbidden fruit grows on a tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and that we cannot eat thereof without having our eyes opened to the dark secrets both of our own heart and that of others:—

"Walking to and fro, with those lonely footsteps, in the little world with which she was outwardly connected, it now and then appeared to Hester,—if altogether fancy, it was nevertheless too potent to be resisted,—she felt or fancied, then, that the scarlet letter had endowed her with a new sense. She shuddered to believe, yet could not help believing, that it gave her a sympathetic knowledge of the hidden sin in other hearts. She was terror-stricken by the revelations that were thus made. What were they? Could they be other than the insidious whispers of the bad angel, who would fain have persuaded the struggling woman, as yet only half his victim, that the outward guise of purity was but a lie, and that, if truth were everywhere to be shown, a scarlet letter would blaze forth on many a bosom besides Hester Prynne's? or, must she receive these intimations—so obscure, yet so distinct—as truth? In all her miserable experience, there was nothing else so awful and so loathsome as this sense. It perplexed, as well as shocked her, by the irreverent inopportunities of the occasions that brought it into vivid action. Sometimes the red infamy upon her breast would give a sympathetic throb, as she passed near a venerable minister or magistrate, the

model of piety and justice, to whom that age of antique reverence looked up, as to a mortal man in fellowship with angels. 'What evil thing is at hand?' would Hester say to herself. Lifting her reluctant eyes, there would be nothing human within the scope of view, save the form of this earthly saint! Again, a mystic sisterhood would contumaciously assert itself, as she met the sanctified frown of some matron, who, according to the rumour of all tongues, had kept cold snow within her bosom throughout life. That unsunned snow in the matron's bosom, and the burning shame on Hester Prynne's,—what had the two in common? Or, once more, the electric thrill would give her warning.—'Behold, Hester, here is a companion!'—and, looking up, she would detect the eyes of a young maiden glancing at the scarlet letter, shyly and aside, and quickly averted, with a faint, chill crimson in her cheeks, as if her purity were somewhat sullied by that momentary glance. O Fiend, whose talisman was that fatal symbol, wouldst thou leave nothing, whether in youth or age, for this poor sinner to revere?—such loss of faith is ever one of the saddest results of sin. Be it accepted as a proof that all was not corrupt in this poor victim of her own frailty, and man's hard law, that Hester Prynne yet struggled to believe that no fellow-mortal was guilty like herself."

Several of these instances are no doubt susceptible of being resolved into figures of speech, expressing forcibly a truth that might have been hard to render in more literal terms; and some of them perhaps were intended for no more. But it is difficult to suppose they are all so meant. Many of them seem to point to something far deeper than would be left as a residuum of bare statement, if we abstract as figure all that is capable of such treatment. The conviction that there really is some such profounder meaning wished to be conveyed is greatly increased by a thorough perusal of the works together. Many of the expressions lose much of their force and significance by severance from the context; and there are many lighter indications of a similar kind which are altogether unsusceptible of extract. The cumulative effect, indeed, of such expressions in the course of consecutive reading is very great; and it is to such a reading we must appeal if we should seem to have made more of the point than our quotations justify. Sometimes the pregnant meaning we refer to is not asserted, but suggested as a probability, or in a query, or as a scintillation of fancy:—

"She wondered what sort of herbs they were which the old man was so sedulous to gather. Would not the earth, quickened to an evil purpose by the sympathy of his eye, greet him with poisonous shrubs, of species hitherto unknown, that would start up under his fingers? Or might it suffice him, that every wholesome

growth should be converted into something deleterious and malignant at his touch? Did the sun, which shone so brightly everywhere else, really fall upon him? Or was there, as it rather seemed, a circle of ominous shadow moving along with his deformity, whichever way he turned himself? And whither was he now going? Would he not suddenly sink into the earth, leaving a barren and blasted spot, where, in due course of time, would be seen deadly nightshade, dogwood, henbane, and whatever else of vegetable wickedness the climate could produce, all flourishing with hideous luxuriance? Or would he spread bats' wings and flee away, looking so much the uglier the higher he rose towards heaven?"

Sometimes what is at first insinuated as a fanciful possibility is afterwards slipped in as an affirmed fact. Thus "dark flabby leaves," unknown to men of science, were found "growing on a grave which bore no tombstone nor other memorial of the dead man, save these ugly weeds that have taken upon themselves to keep him in remembrance. They grew out of his heart, and typify, it may be, some hideous secret that was buried with him, and which he had done better to confess during his lifetime." . . . "All the powers of nature call so earnestly for the confession of sin, that these black weeds have sprung up out of a buried heart to make manifest an unspoken crime."

We must not omit to notice another feature, which, though perhaps less conspicuous, yet, like small patches of vivid colour in a picture, contributes not less effectively to produce the general result. This is a peculiar vein of humour, always fanciful, often grotesque, sometimes grim and grisly. Poor Hepzibah Pyncheon's aristocratic hens "laid now and then an egg and hatched a chicken, not for any pleasure of their own, but that the world might not absolutely lose what had once been so admirable a breed of fowls." So excessive was the warmth of her brother the judge's affected and hypocritical aspect of overflowing benevolence one particular forenoon, "that (such at least was the rumour about town) an extra passage of the water-carts was found essential, in order to lay the dust occasioned by so much extra sunshine!" The Puritan ministers, grim prints of whom adorned the walls of "the old manse" study, "looked strangely like bad angels, or at least, like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the devil that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages." How true a Yankee touch is this! When one little fellow warns a poor Italian boy that he had better move on, for that nooily lives in the house under a window of which he is grinding his hurdy-gurdy that

will be likely to care for his music, "'You fool, you, why do you tell him?' whispered another shrewd little Yankee, caring nothing for the music, but a good deal for the cheap rate at which it was had. 'Let him play as long as he likes! If there is nobody to pay him, that's his own look-out!'" The cemetery of the Cappuccini at Rome is a small portion of holy soil from Jerusalem; and, as the whole space has long ago been occupied, there obtains the curious and ghastly practice among the monks of taking the longest buried skeleton out of the oldest grave, when one of the brotherhood dies, to make room for the new corpse, and of building the disinterred bones into architectural devices, or of placing the unbroken frame-work of bone, sometimes still covered with mummied skin and hair, and dressed in cloak and cowl, in niches all around the vaults. "Thus," quaintly comments our author, "each of the good friars, in his turn, enjoys the luxury of a consecrated bed, attended with the slight drawback of being forced to get up long before daybreak, as it were, and make room for another lodger." Very often this faculty of humour expresses itself in a piquant little touch, as a kind of aside, or passing comment, or half responsive turn with which a line of reflection is quietly but emphatically closed—like a single bright floweret at the end of a slender stem. But there is one remarkable instance in which it is extended through a long chapter. It is that in which the defunct Governor Pyncheon is a whole night long left undiscovered, the object of the gibes and appeals, the scorn and taunts of the author's fantasy, which gambols round the senseless clay like a jeering spirit from the abyss. The presentation, face to face, of the transient and trifling occupations and interests of this life, with the mystery and solemnities of death and the unseen realities that lie beyond it, the grave reflections and unearthly mockery, the sustained power, the eerie subject and weird-like effects, are positively terrible.

Some of the qualities we have traced in Hawthorne's works belong rather to the critical than to the constructive faculty. One effect of this is that the author is never felt to identify himself with his characters. They are not subjects into which his own life is transfused; he never loses his own personality. The products of his imagination are always contemplated objectively; he regards them habitually in a scrutinizing, deliberative, questioning attitude. He is ever inquisitive and judicial. It would thus almost appear as if in him the creative faculty, though not inferior either in strength or activity or fineness of temper, were exercised

in subserviency to the critical,—as if he peopled the world of his imagination only that he might become the witness and judge of the characters and lives, powers and tendencies, of his own creations. In one respect his writings are detrimentally affected either by this habit or by a weakness of constructive talent, to which the habit itself may be partly due. His individual characters, indeed, are delineated with wonderful minuteness, accuracy, and power. We seem to read into their very core—so far at least as the personality of any one human being can become the object of comprehension to another. But his works, considered each as a whole, especially those that aim at full development, or at being something more than sketches, are deficient in what may be called architectural structure. There is a want of the converging unity which is the condition of every perfect work of art. This may be the result, as we have said, of a defect in constructive power. His imagination, instead of embracing in one grasp the scene, characters, circumstances, and their developments, as combining to form one system, as all members of one body, elements gravitating round one centre, seizes upon them too much in detail, each as a distinct unit, related to the others only by the ideal bond of moral and spiritual influence which he has created for them. Or it may be, in some measure, due to his habit of yielding too much to what he describes in one of his characters as “that cold tendency between instinct and intellect, which makes one pry with a speculative interest into people’s passions and impulses.” It is also, no doubt, increased by the want of a strong framework or mould of external circumstance and connected events, which, however it may subserve some of his other aims or tendencies, leaves him more dependent for the compact unification of his tales on a power of internal integration, which he either does not possess, or does not use in sufficient force.

We are not aware whether he ever attempted the work of a professed literary critic, but he has favoured us with a piece of self-criticism, which shows what his qualifications in this direction were. Every reader must be struck with the singular felicity of the following extract from the preface to one of the volumes of *Twice-Told Tales*. The insight and discrimination are only equalled by the exactness and adequacy of expression. So far as the review goes, we dare say every one will subscribe to the justness and happiness of every statement, taking exception to one point only—which perhaps it would have been difficult for him to deal with fairly—the under-statement of his own

merits. After remarking that he rather wondered how the tales should have gained what vogue they did, than that it was so little and so gradual, he proceeds—

“They have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade—the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion, there is sentiment; and even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood, as to be taken into the reader’s mind without a shiver. Whether from lack of power, or an unconquerable reserve, the author’s touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humour; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos. The book, if you would see anything in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written;—if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages.

“With the foregoing characteristics, proper to the productions of a person in retirement (which happened to be the author’s category at the time), the book is devoid of others that we should quite as naturally look for. The sketches are not, it is hardly necessary to say, profound; but it is rather more remarkable that they so seldom, if ever, show any design on the writer’s part to make them so. They have none of the abstruseness of idea, or obscurity of expression, which marks the written communications of a solitary mind with itself. They never need translation. It is, in fact, the style of a man of society. Every sentence, so far as it embodies thought or sensibility, may be understood and felt by anybody who will give himself the trouble to read it, and will take up the book in a proper mood.

“This statement of apparently opposite peculiarities leads us to a perception of what the sketches truly are. They are not the talk of a secluded man with his own mind and heart (had it been so, they could hardly have failed to be more deeply and permanently valuable), but his attempts, and very imperfectly successful ones, to open an intercourse with the world.”

His real power as a critic, however, is better seen in what he says in *Transformation* on the remains of ancient Art in Italy. The refinement and accuracy of his perception, as shown there, are such as are found only in the true artist and critic combined. His sympathetic recognition of the central, and—though often perhaps scarce consciously to himself—the guiding idea and feeling of the old sculptor or painter, enables him to breathe new life and meaning into the time-stained, earth-eaten, mutilated marble, and to translate for us into articulate speech the thoughts and feelings that moved the brush

of the "old master,"—as real an achievement of genius as their expression in a stone or colour medium, though not as their original conception. Free from technical jargon, he discourses of the yellow, bruised block, or the time-mellowed canvas, till it becomes animated with fresh beauty, again instinct with the significance with which its maker strove to inspire it. Witness his criticisms of the Marble Faun, of the Dying Gladiator, of Guido's Michael and the Dragon, of Fra Angelico's faces and figures of sinless angelic loveliness, of Sodoma's bound and bleeding Christ, and, above all, witness his deep insight into the subtle and elusive meanings, the profound sorrow and expression of loneliness, of the marvellous portrait of Beatrice Cenci, glancing, as it does, at some of the most solemn and awful truths of Christian faith. Some living artists also are helped to utter their best conceptions through his pen as well as through their own chisel. His interpretation of Mr. Story's really admirable statue of Cleopatra is full of fine perception and true feeling.

We have hitherto referred to his works only incidentally, to illustrate the characteristics we have remarked in their author. We proceed now to notice the more important of them, though it must be very shortly, in succession.

His earliest attempts, we believe, at authorship, were a series of slight sketches which appeared in some of the magazines and annals of the time, and were afterwards collected—so many of them, at least, as their author thought fit—in the volumes entitled *Twice-Told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse*. These present many of the distinctive features of his more elaborate productions, and are full of promise of their later fruits. Some of these short pieces, especially among the "Mosses," are as pregnant with power and beauty as anything he has given to the world, though, of course, presenting but limited scope for his microscopic analysis and artistic elaboration. "Rappaccini's Daughter," for example, is full of subtle effects and "the lurid intermixture" of antagonistic emotions; of intimations of the hidden and undeveloped affinities of humanity with nature; of the danger of mere intellectualism unconsecrated by affection and moral purpose; of warnings of how forces appointed for pure and beautiful ends may be perverted into deadly poisons. Strange and subtle sympathies are shadowed forth, that are awakened by a breath, a fragrance, the most ethereal means, typifying spiritual agencies too elusive for sense to track. The same generating spirit is transfused into the earthly child as into the plant which, as the

offspring of her father's science, germinates at the hour of her birth, and establishes a mysterious sisterhood between the maiden and the flower. "Young Goodman Brown," again, is an allegorical rendering of a temptation in the wilderness into which an impure imagination can turn our hearts, and shows how all faith may be lost, and the very stays of the soul may be converted into means of hurrying it into the abyss, if the tempter be not resisted while he may. Again, the true inherent nature of falsehood, as a very plague-spot in the soul, is brought out with terrible force in "Roger Malvin's Burial," where disingenuous "concealment imparts to a justifiable act much of the secret effect of guilt." Once more, what would most writers make of the simple fact of a man choosing to hide his countenance behind a fold of black crape? Yet in "The Minister's Black Veil," from so small a root-fibre he rears a wondrous growth. By dint of his cunning power of imagination he makes this simple fact teem with significance, and converts it into a source of thrilling awe or fear to all the beholders; and reflects from their numerous hearts and faces on the reader, as on a focus, a perplexity of sentiment, till the creeping sense of mystery becomes intensified a thousand-fold. Sometimes, as in "Wakefield," by a reverse process he analyses backward, and from a single act of odd eccentricity he builds up the inner fabric of the man, as Professor Owen reconstructs an extinct animal from a tooth.

The Scarlet Letter was the first of his larger works, and is perhaps unsurpassed in the concentrated power of one or two of its scenes by anything he afterwards wrote. The interest is centred in two chief and two subordinate characters,—the two natures, originally so fine, marred by their joint sin, the minister and Hester, and the two against whom they sinned, the husband and the child. There is nothing we know of in literature at once so tender and so unflinching, so harrowingly painful, and yet so irresistibly fascinating, as the dissection of the morbid heart of Dimmesdale,—or rather the history; for it is not its condition at any one moment, so much as its progress, step by step, from refined purity and almost saintly devotion, once wounded by momentary indulgence of unholy passion, through depths of beguiling self-knowledge and self-deception, of moral weakness and self-abasement, of passionate penance and miserable evasion, till, enfeebled to the point of collapse both physically and spiritually, his fall is perfected in yielding for an instant, under the stimulating sympathy and love of the stronger nature and more resolute will of his fellow-

sinner, to a dream of unhallowed earthly life and passion, from which he is soon roused by the grim, chill, but to him not unwelcome, hand of death, to cleanse his conscience by confession. The constitution of the man is one of singular fineness and weakness. Every hour of his life he abhors himself in dust and ashes; he struggles, in almost mortal agony, to unburden himself of the concealed sin that rankles and festers in his conscience, till it eats out the whole pith of his being. In helpless cowardice and vanity he faints in the attempt, rendered doubly difficult by the devotedness and worship of his flock, and drifts into wild self-accusations of merely general sinfulness and depravity, which serve only to heighten their conception of his character and of his standard of moral purity. The misery of his life is augmented unspeakably by the fiendish process of refined torture to which he is subjected by the husband, who, living under the same roof with him, in the character of physician, seeks revenge, not in exposure, but in constantly fretting with poisonous touch the ever open wound. One cannot but regret that a nature endowed with so many noble qualities should not live, more visibly to retrieve its fall. Yet we cannot doubt the reality of his late repentance, and that in his dying confession, there was not only achieved the beginning of a higher life for himself, but a redeeming influence exerted for both mother and child.

Hester's character is of a stronger mould. Without being unwomanly, she is of far less effeminate texture than the man she loved so truly, and for whom she suffered so bravely. Under the hard Puritan treatment she somewhat hardens. The blazing brand upon her breast does not melt, but indurates her heart. It is true that for seven long years she had never been false to the symbol, and "it may be that it was the talisman of a stern and severe, but yet a guardian spirit." But an outcast from social intercourse and joy, her thoughts break loose from conventional limitations, and stray in bold and perilous speculation. Pitiless condemnation and scorn drive her to justify what she had better unfeignedly repented. "What we did had a consecration of its own. We felt it so. We said so to each other." Thrown out of her true relations to society, she sees its whole fabric in false perspective, awry. "For years past she had looked from an estranged point of view at human institutions, and whatever priests or legislators had established; criticising all with hardly more reverence than the Indian would feel for the clerical band, the judicial robe, the pillory, the gallows, the fireside, or the church. The

tendency of her fate and fortunes had been to set her free. The scarlet letter was her passport into regions where other women dared not tread. Shame, Despair, Solitude! These had been her teachers—stern and wild ones—and they had made her strong, but taught her much amiss." Divine law broken becomes to her human prejudice. She not only seeks to justify the past; she would vainly aim at a higher and truer life in renewal and perpetuation of the sin; and in her wild daring she carries the poor bewildered soul of the minister with her. For deliberate power and skilful handling it might be difficult to find many passages equal to that in which she fans the dying embers of hope and passion into a short-lived glow before they expire for ever.

Arrived, however, at the very summit of his fame and influence, Dimmesdale is moved by a power and virtue beyond himself to count these and all else as loss that he may win truth; and in conquering himself he is "strangely triumphant" over more than himself. Stronger as Hester has all along shown herself, she "is impelled as if by inevitable fate against her stronger will" by the power of truth and right in his last moments. The child too is subdued: "the spell is broken" that seemed all her life to have inspired her with an elf-like nature that could not be bound by enduring human sympathies. Even Roger Chillingworth, become almost the incarnation of hate and revenge, though unsoftened, is withered up into impotence for evil by this "death of triumphant ignominy." This character, indeed, though at first apt to be thrown into shadow by the more intense interest that attaches to his wife and the minister, is truly the most painful in the narrative. The laborious student, the benevolent recluse of other days, has his whole nature poisoned, his learning and sage experience of human nature turned into a curse, by the sin that had been sinned against him. All human kindness is dried up within him, and he lives only to keep his enemy on the rack,—to prolong the wretched man's wasting life by care and healing art, only that he may the longer enjoy his devilish work. He miserably sinks out of the circle of human activity and life when his patient's death leaves him without a purpose more.

The early manifestations of Pearl's nature and disposition are deeply significant, full of reflex lights thrown on the modifying influences, not only of parental character and constitution, but of the deeds and circumstances and relations—of serious import to their own character, though perhaps foreign to its general tone—of our progenitors;

and that less by their natural and generally recognised operation in habitual life and intercourse, than by a sort of natal affection of blood, and nerve, and spirit;—intimating to us in infinitely varied speech the truth, that what is sown must be reaped—the persistent cogency of moral law, the indestructible cohesion of moral order, either in recognition and observance, or in vindication and retribution. “The child’s nature had something wrong in it, which continually betokened that she had been born amiss—the effluence of her mother’s lawless passion.” She was wayward, fitful, impulsive, never to be reckoned on, full of wild energy, gushing affection, and imperious self-will. “There was fire in her, and throughout her; she seemed the unpremeditated offshoot of a passionate moment.” She was at once the sting and the solace of her mother’s heart, and that not only by virtue of the natural relationship of child and parent, as the constant memorial of the crime in which she had been begotten, and at the same time the blessing into which God in his mercy converts for us even the fruits of our sins; but far more in the peculiarity of her disposition, as a very “messenger of anguish,” and a purger of her parent’s conscience. Her first baby smile is not in her mother’s face, but at the scarlet letter on her breast; its gold embroidery is the first plaything which her tiny fingers grasp at; it is the chief object of her later childish curiosity. She loves in imp-like prank to associate it in her remarks with the habit the minister has of keeping his hand over his heart. With malicious pertinacity she seeks ever and again to force his acknowledgment of herself and her mother on the most public occasions. It appeared to be the very end of her life to probe and keep ever open the hidden sores of both.

The salient features of the child’s nature, as well as the tendency and power of evil to perpetuate and reproduce itself, are forcibly set forth in her mother’s reflections on her character;—

“Her nature—or else Hester’s fears deceived her—lacked reference and adaptation to the world into which she was born. The child could not be made amenable to rules. In giving her existence, a great law had been broken; and the result was a being whose elements were perhaps beautiful and brilliant, but all in disorder; or with an order peculiar to themselves, amidst which the point of variety and arrangement was difficult or impossible to be discovered. Hester could only account for the child’s character—and even then most vaguely and imperfectly—by recalling what she herself had been, during that momentous period while Pearl was imbibing her soul from

the spiritual world, and her bodily frame from its material of earth. The mother’s impassioned state had been the medium through which were transmitted to the unborn infant the rays of its moral life; and however white and clear originally, they had taken the deep stains of crimson and gold, the fiery lustre, the black shadow, and the untempered light, of the intervening substance. Above all, the warfare of Hester’s spirit, at that epoch, was perpetuated in Pearl. She could recognise her wild, desperate, defiant mood, the flightiness of her temper, and even some of the very cloud-shapes of gloom and despondency that had brooded in her heart. They were now illuminated by the morning radiance of a child’s disposition; but, later in the day of earthly existence, might be prolific of storm and whirlwind.”

The House of the Seven Gables is in some respects the most elaborate and finished, if neither the most pleasing nor the most profound, of his writings. Its material is of the very slightest. The absence of incident, which we have already remarked on, has here reached its utmost; there is literally no action in the whole romance. The only event is the sudden death from apoplexy of a worldly, hardened, outwardly respectable old man, at the very time he is bent on executing the most wicked project of his life. But there is more than mere want of incident to throw the work out of the ordinary category of tales, and almost to class it with other forms of composition: the descriptive nearly swallows up every other characteristic. The dramatic element plays a comparatively insignificant part in any of Hawthorne’s writings; but here its deficiency is carried to excess. The portraiture of poor Clifford’s life and character, on which the author’s efforts have been mainly expended, is produced by pages upon pages of unbroken description. With a wonderfully revealing power, we are told, but Clifford hardly ever, by deed or word, himself shows us, what he is. There is no self-manifesting quality in the characters. They have all to be introduced, taken to pieces and explained, as much as if they were but lay figures or psychological wax-models. But notwithstanding this defect, the conception of Clifford is apprehended by the author so vividly, so sharply, so thoroughly, and analysed and described with such keenness, care, and minuteness, that the effect is most impressive. Line upon line is added with an elaboration that in the end is almost oppressive. Quietly and gently, touch by touch is given, till it would seem artistic finish could no further go. And it is as a marvel of artistic finish and workmanship that the piece is chiefly attractive. For Clifford, after all

the pains bestowed upon him, is far from a loveable person. "An abortive lover of the Beautiful" is but an abortion after all. It is both sad and instructive to see how the mere artist-instinct, unsweetened, unpreserved by admixture of the more humanising ingredients of heart and soul, corrupts the entire being, and crushes every more generous impulse under the demands for selfish gratification of what thus becomes a ruling passion. May not his terrible troubles have been messengers of mercy in disguise, to save from utter extinction what embers of human feeling were still capable of emitting a transient glow?

The intense all-absorbing devotion of Hepzibah forms, it is true, a pathetic contrast and relief to Clifford's refined unconscious selfishness. But the seclusion in which her pride and misfortunes have shut her up, and her many years' brooding over the one engrossing affection, the one great sorrow of her heart, have so dried up the well-springs of her nature, and narrowed her affinities with human life, that she appeals to our pity, not unmixed with ridicule, rather than to any warmer sentiment of admiration or regard.

Phoebe is, indeed, a cheery, refreshing spot in the dismal picture. We might have introduced her as an example of our author's intense sympathy with the natural and sweet ways and aims of childhood. She is no doubt on the verge of womanhood; but she has so much of the child about her, at least of the child-heart in her, before the woman is awakened by her contact with Holgrave; she is so simple, so natural, so innocent, that we forget her years in her character. But she also exemplifies another quality we have claimed for her historian,—his power to depict scenes of real life. The homely little housewife, so practical in all her thoughts and habits, so skilful in all womanly handiwork, sheds a beam of sunshine through all the gloomy house, through all the gloomier lives, of her kinsfolk, by her gentle grace, her apt and winning ways, and unflinching spirit of genial activity. Every touch is realistic. We feel her sunny smile with gladdening warmth on our hearts. She is one of those bright but homely creatures, that seem sent to teach us the too-often-forgotten lesson, that cheerfulness is not only a personal charm, but a social virtue.

Artistically, Holgrave is the least satisfactory character. He seems to us less definitely and firmly conceived, less clearly brought out, perhaps less consistent, than almost any other playing an equally prominent part in Hawthorne's works.

The pervading impression of the whole

narrative is one of something very like a fate, but really far more solemn and terrible than any fate that ever brooded over Grecian tragedy,—the undying and illimitable consequences of human action and character, and the intimate ties that link the generations of man into one organic whole. The Past hangs like a murky pall of judgment over the Present, teaching us that what we are and what we do may affect those that are to come after us more critically, it may be, than even ourselves.

The lowest rank among his works of fiction we should be disposed to assign to *The Blithedale Romance*. It has much of the same delicacy of handling, and play of the imagination, and unimpassioned study of mental phenomena; but it does not display the same mastery and subtle fascination as the others. It may be that the subject is less fitted for his peculiar powers, or that he has undertaken it in an hour of less happy inspiration. The task he has set himself is not sufficiently composite fully to engage and call forth his strength. The entanglements and cross-purposes of the love-passages between a strong, rude, masculine nature, of noble impulse and herculean will, but narrow, uncultivated, and under the domination of one idea, and two women nearly related, but of widely different metal and temper, and both equally within the range of his attraction, for the exercise of which the circumstances are in the highest degree favourable, is almost too simple and commonplace a problem fully to charm his fancy or stimulate the peculiar bent of his genius. The circumstances of the Blithedale life were no doubt strange, but not strange enough. Besides, it is not strangeness of outward circumstances Hawthorne needs, but of inward life,—the co-existence of uncongenial emotions and of irreconcilable tendencies. Still the study of the mental constitution and development of some of the characters is fine, and the book has an interest of its own, from the fact of its breaking ground untouched in any of his other works. It is his only tale which issues in a tragic catastrophe; for although the murder of Miriam's model in *Transformation* may at first appear to be an event of such a nature, his character and circumstances, save as they bear on Miriam, are too incidentally interwoven into the texture of the romance to concern the reader, more than in a secondary degree, in his fortunes. His appearance is too episodic; and his fate is felt rather as the occasion of other events of interest than of vital interest itself. But Zenobia is the prominent figure in Blithedale, and her end is undeniably tragic. She is, too, the only

instance of Hawthorne's essaying to delineate a character of thoroughly passionate impulse. She has none of the pale tints and pensive aspect of his other creations. He would represent her as Oriental in character, and the unfailing exotic that adorned her hair was a subtle expression of her own nature. This romance, moreover, is the only one in which he has chosen the development of the tender passion as his direct and primary theme. For this, and the modifying influence it exerts, as well as the modified forms it assumes, in minds so variously and characteristically constituted and disposed as Zenobia, Priscilla, Hollingsworth, and Coverdale, form the real interest, although the more ostensible purpose and moral of the book may be to depict the perilous, often ruinous, effects on the individual—whatever they may be to society at large—of "what is called philanthropy, when adopted as a profession." *The House of the Seven Gables*, and *Transformation*, no doubt, deal with the subject; but in each it appears only as an accessory,—like the side scenes in a drama, or the costume to a portrait; and while harmonising with the general effect, and affording a setting to the central object, does not divert the interest to itself.

The fundamental idea of *Transformation* is the awakening and education of a human soul from a state of simple, unconscious innocence, through crime, to a higher life of moral and spiritual struggle, in which it may be trained, not to ignore, but to combat and subdue evil. In this some will see an attempt, more or less successful, at an imaginative rendering of a great truth, that has, with varying distinctness, been the subject of human contemplation and speculation since the epoch of earliest written records of the race. Others may be disposed to trace in it a pernicious application of the Goethean doctrine that experience is the mighty teacher, the sole condition of human development, even to the point that our perfect and manifold culture demands personal acquaintance, through actual participation, with guilt; that we are but imperfect and partial, so long as our conscience is free from the darker stains with which life may besmirch it, until we have fathomed the depths, as well as scaled the heights of our inmost nature. Such a theory as this is hinted at in *The Blithedale Romance*, where Coverdale, speaking of Hollingsworth's "plan for the reformation of criminals through an appeal to their higher instincts," says, "he ought to have commenced his investigations of the subject by perpetrating some huge sin, in his proper person, and examining the con-

dition of his higher instincts afterwards." The difficulty that would, at the outset, present itself in undertaking such a task, would be to find a human type representing, with any approach to adequacy, the original state of innocence and natural simplicity. The solution of this difficulty is found in the poetic conception of the Faun of Antiquity; and it is perhaps to his studies of classical art, while in Rome, that Hawthorne is indebted for the germinating idea of the work, as he confessedly is to the conditions of life, physical surroundings, and social atmosphere of the "Eternal City" of the present day for its details and background. As the marble Faun of Praxiteles affords the keynote to the whole romance, we give his description of it here. After describing the externals of the statue, he thus proceeds to analyse its inner life:—

"Perhaps it is the very lack of moral severity, of any high and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful an object to the human eye, and to the frailty of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause; there is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

"The animal nature, indeed, is a most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs,—these are the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures there is another token of brute kindred—a certain caudal appendage, which, if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild, forest nature.

"Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a

sculptor and a poet too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground! The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But, if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell; all the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man! The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists within that discoloured marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles.

"And, after all, the idea may have been no dream, but rather a poet's reminiscence of a period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear."

As a piece of Art-criticism this is very fine. But admirable as it is, it gives a very inadequate idea of the depth and thoroughness of the critical insight and exposition he brings to bear on this wonderful creation of the heathen imagination. The whole life of Donatello is an extended evolution and comment on the ideas he has here formally indicated. For his purpose, there is something marvellously suitable in the conception of the wild freshness, guilelessness, sportive exuberance, of natural life in its physical perfection, obtained in the meeting-point of man and animal; and this is worked out with a felicity and grace in the character of Donatello's yet blameless life, that vie with the production of Praxiteles itself.

We have before spoken of his fine eye for the natural innocence and purity of childhood. He has sketched the same qualities of heart and character, under an ideal aspect, in the person of Hilda, who exhibits a nature more mature and cultivated, and enriched by the fine instincts and sympathies of an artist, but hardly less childlike than "Little Annie." The picture of her virgin life, up in her lonely tower, above the turmoil, and passion, and filth of the city, pursuing the calling of her art with self-renouncing devotion, surrounded by the flock of white doves she feeds from her window, tending the never extinguished lamp before the shrine of the Virgin at the battlemented angle of her porch-home, with a sentiment akin to natural piety, but without the superstition of the professed worshippers of "Our Lady," forms a perfect contrast, not only to the dark, passionate heart of Miriam, who supplies the relieving shadow required for artistic balance to her spotless whiteness, but also

in her growth to fair and noble womanhood, unsullied apparently by base deed or foul thought, to the idea sought to be worked out in the more perilous career of Donatello attaining a higher development through personal fall and repentance. And in this, perhaps, we have an example of Hawthorne's tendency to balance every argument and opinion with its counterpoise, and of his anxiety ever to give both sides a fair hearing. The professed aim of the book is to display the educational operation of sin in awakening the conscience to a higher activity, and the rousing of the intellectual and moral nature, through passion, to a more comprehensive grasp of our position and relations in the universe. The progress of Donatello's development is meant to exhibit this. But Hawthorne would not be held to commit himself too absolutely to such a view, and side by side with the Faun-man, he seeks to show us in Hilda a being of the purest and truest instincts, of profound insight into what most vitally bears on the inner life of man, unfolding the richest blossoms of her nature with as little sense of guilt as could well be the lot of any human soul, save the mysterious shadow and burden its existence in others casts on the purest.

The first part of *Transformation*, it seems to us, is more successful than the latter portion. The growth and slow unfolding of Donatello's nature under the quickening influence of love—for it must not be overlooked that this, as well as guilt, is a teacher to him, and that his crime is not the outcome of unmixed and native evil, but of the passionate madness of a heart untutored to restraint, and moved to its depths by a not wholly ignoble enthusiasm,—his earlier life, we say, up to the period of his crime, is exquisitely fine and full of imaginative truth. The subsequent process has an air of effort, as if more the expression of reflective reasoning than of a vivifying imagination. We must content ourselves without more special reference to the remaining members of the quartet, as it would be impossible in a paragraph or two even to indicate the line of analysis of a character so complex as that of Miriam, on the one hand, and so devoid of salient points as that of Kenyon, on the other. In truth, to do justice to this, in some respects Hawthorne's greatest work, it would be necessary to devote to its consideration an entire article, instead of a page or two of a general review of his works. It is certainly the most mature, and, especially in the earlier half, the most delightful production of his pen. There is something in the free, joyous nature of Donatello that creates an atmosphere of freshness and health

around the reader; it is as if he heard the song of birds and the babbling of brooks; as if the bright sunshine of a southern sky were overhead, but interrupted by a cool and leafy shade; as if conventional fetters were all broken, and life rejuvenized and full of the agile sportive gladness of the most wildly innocent animals. In a word, he feels as if the dream of a Golden Age were a realized fact, and all Nature rejoicing, and

—its beauty
Its sole duty."

Alongside of this perhaps too sensuous world, lying in the golden light of imagination, the fair, chaste image of Hilda smiles on him, a sanctifying presence appealing to his more spiritual aspirations on the side of intellect and culture. The combined effect is one of purity and hope, of ethereal joy and full-pulsed life.

This romance is also the author's most ambitious effort. His other works deal with isolated and peculiar cases; their interest may be profound, but it is narrow. In "the marble Faun" he takes a wider range, and in the training of Donatello seems to aim at symbolizing the education at once of the race and of each individual, from a condition of unconscious innocence and unreflecting happiness to the conscious life of a free-will agent, quickened to recognise and war with evil,—from a condition in which man is but the highest and noblest animal, to one of true humanity. Not only is the aim and scope of the book thus loftier and wider than any of the others; it includes a more varied range of interests, and supplements the main current with tributary streams. But from this spring also some of its imperfections. The effect is richer, but more divided. With the larger theme the impression is less intense. It is less uniform in texture, and, whether from the flagging power of the writer, or from the inherent nature of the subject, the crisis is felt to be reached when the plunge into crime is made. It thus labours under the serious defect of attaining its highest point in the middle, after which the interest ebbs without a second flood. "The Scarlet Letter," for unique purpose, sustained tone, and culminating effect, must perhaps be admitted to be the more perfect work of art.

Besides the central interest of the romance, the book is full of subsidiary elements of attraction. We have already spoken of the criticisms on Art with which it abounds, and also casually referred to the delightful and accurate delineations of Italian scenery and life, and of many of the monuments of world-wide interest in and

around the city of the seven hills, introduced in the course of the narrative. The author seems to have imbibed the very spirit of the scenes around him. His reproductions of Roman life and locality are faithful and living to a degree that can be fully appreciated by those only who have breathed that air, heavy with the memories of centuries, and gazed around on those circling hills of amethyst, and upward into that sky of such tender ethereal pearly grey and palpitating brightness. We know no description in prose or verse that so conveys the sylvan charm of the Borghese grounds, the beauty and magic prospect from the Pincio, the spell of witchery of the Trevi waters by moonlight, the solemn grandeur and hallowed memories of the Coliseum, broken in upon by the inharmonious and impertinent mirth or borrowed sentiment of tourists, as it too often is, in its hours of most sanctified and impressive aspect, when night seems to withdraw it from the bustle and pettiness of the life of to-day into the silence and grandeur of a bygone world.

We would not, in conclusion, venture on an attempt at any estimate of our author's mental constituents, or at assigning to him a definite place in the literature of his country or language; but as, in the foregoing pages, we have dwelt mainly on what seemed to us admirable for some form of power or refinement in his literary character and works, we would now the more freely, and to prevent misconception, in a closing paragraph refer again to what we conceive to be in him a fertile source, of justness, no doubt, but far more of weakness—his indecision and balance, not of faculties, but of convictions. The pondering judicial attitude in which he so habitually holds himself leads him in many cases to offer opposing views of a question, either through the medium of different characters, or through the puzzled and wavering introspection of one, or even sometimes through the author's own reflections and descriptions on divers occasions. He deals in few fabrics that have a decidedly right side and a wrong; and takes care to exhibit the reverse of his wares as well as the obverse. He seems endowed with a sort of intellectual polarity. In his mind questions assume formulas which, like quadratic equations in algebra, yield a twofold and opposite result, a solution at once positive and negative. He has no "singleness of eye"—not that the rays of mental vision ever mingle and confuse each other; on the contrary, each image is clear and sharp; but neither do they coalesce in stereoscopic solidity; they are distinct, but they are quite different. The sceptic, not in the popular, but in the strict philo-

sophical sense of the word, enters as a large ingredient into his composition. He contemplates the world, apart, with shaded eye. He seems ever collecting evidence and information—arranging, sifting, expounding the pleas of both sides, like an impartial judge delivering his charge; but his mental jury rarely return a verdict. On the one side, it is demanded, "Who can trust the religious sentiment of Raphael, or receive any of his Virgins as heaven-descended likenesses, after seeing, for example, the Fornarina of the Barberini Palace, and feeling how sensual the artist must have been to paint such a brazen trollop of his own accord, and lovingly?" On the other, we are reminded of "Madonnas by Raphael, on whose lips he has impressed a holy and delicate reserve, implying sanctity on earth, and into whose soft eyes he has thrown a light which he never could have imagined, except by raising his own eyes with a pure aspiration heavenward." Seen from Hilda's and Kenyon's point of view, Guido's Archangel Michael "is the most beautiful and divinest figure that mortal painter ever drew," with "an expression of heavenly severity, a degree of pain, trouble, and disgust at being brought in contact with sin, even for the purpose of quelling and punishing it, and yet a celestial tranquillity pervading his whole being." The same figure calls forth from Miriam's wildly excited imagination the following scorching sarcasm:—

"That Archangel now, how fair he looks, with his untruffed wings, with his unhealed sword, and clad in his bright armour, and that exquisitely fitting sky-blue tunic, out in the latest Paradisiacal mode! What a dainty air of the first celestial society! With what half-scornful delicacy he sets his prettily sandalled foot on the head of his prostrate foe! But is it thus that virtue looks the moment after its death-struggle with evil? No, no; I could have told Guido better. A full third of the Archangel's feathers should have been torn from his wings, the rest all ruffled, till they looked like Satan's own! His sword should be streaming with blood, and perhaps broken half-way to the hilt; his armour crushed, his robes rent, his breast gory; a bleeding gash on his brow, cutting right across the stern scowl of battle! He should press his foot hard down upon the old serpent, as if his very soul depended upon it, feeling him squirm mightily, and doubting whether the fight were half over yet, and how the victory might turn! And with all this fierceness, this grinness, this unutterable horror, there should still be something high, tender, and holy, in Michael's eyes, and around his mouth. But the battle never was such child's-play as Guido's dapper Archangel seems to have found it."

And in these widely divergent criticisms,

representing not merely differences of view, but antithetic types of mind, we recognise the feelings of the two classes, under one or other of which the students of Guido and Raphael mostly rank themselves. Notwithstanding his keen and profound sympathy with art and artist life, the author of *Transformation* declares that "a taste for pictorial art is often no more than a polish upon the hard enamel of an artificial character;" and with as little ruth as any Vandal he would obliterate the decaying remains of the revered treasures that have come down to us from the noblest pencils of early date. "Now that the colours are so wretchedly bedimmed—now that blotches of plastered wall dot the frescoes all over, like a mean reality thrusting itself through life's brightest illusions—the next best artist to Cimabue, or Giotto, or Ghirlandaio, or Pinturicchio, will be he that shall reverently cover over their ruined masterpieces with whitewash!" His imagination not only seeks, but craves for the old, the reverend, the time-hallowed, and feels scorched by the spick-and-span newness of American life; yet he rails against a permanent and enduring architecture,—an art which, both in public monuments, civil and religious, and in private and domestic homesteads (where the character is nourished that feeds the national spirit), is perhaps as sure an expression as any, of the stability and historic life of a people. "We shall live to see the day, I trust," says Holgrave, "when no man shall build his house for posterity. . . . If each generation were allowed and expected to build its own houses, that single change, comparatively unimportant in itself, would imply almost every reform which society is now suffering for." And elsewhere we have a reflection of the author's own, that "all towns should be made capable of purification by fire or of decay within each half-century." What destruction, in the thought and heart of a nation, of the sense of grandeur, of traditional associations, of the reverence for the past that forms the hope and life-spring of the future, would such teaching, generally accepted and acted on, at once bear witness of, and reactively contribute to effect! We have already quoted a suggestion that vice may be but a lower form of virtue, and may ultimately be sublimed into it. But the counterbalancing statement is not wanting. "There is, I believe," says Hilda, "only one Right and one Wrong; and I do not understand how two things so totally unlike can be mistaken for one another; nor how two mortal foes, as Right and Wrong surely are, can work together in the same deed." Again, "Sin has educated Donatello, and elevated him,"

—and the scope of the whole book is an attempt to embody this view. "Is Sin then,—which we deem such a dreadful blackness in the universe,—is it like Sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained? Did Adam fall that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier paradise than his?" To which we have the rejoinder,—“This is terrible. . . . Do you not perceive what a mockery your creed makes, not only of all religious sentiment, but of moral law? and how it annuls and obliterates whatever precepts of Heaven are written deepest within us?”

In some measure this oscillation may be but the expression of varying moods of a fanciful and speculative mind, that delights, “as an intellectual and moral exercise,” as he himself says, in imagination to play out the part of beings hypothetically endowed with intellectual and moral attributes, and placed in hypothetical situations. In so far as it is the result of genuine doubt, sincere impartiality and candour, and dispassionate inquiry, it may indicate a character that will never command a great following; but it is surely better than the unhesitating but blind movement of a spirit of narrow partisanship and merely receptive activity, and must recommend itself to all thinking minds as a healthy discipline, and a process that must precede and underlie all well-founded belief.

ART. VIII.—POSITIVISM: ITS NATURE AND INFLUENCE AS A PHILOSOPHY, A POLITY, AND A RELIGION.

1. *Cours de Philosophie Positive*. Par M. AUGUSTE COMTE. Paris: Bachelier. Tome Premier, 1830. Tome Sixième, 1842.
2. *Système de Politique Positive: ou Traité de Sociologie, Instituant la Religion de l'Humanité*. Par AUGUSTE COMTE, Auteur du *Système de Philosophie Positive*. Paris: à la Librairie Scientifique-Industrielle de L. Mathias, et chez l'Auteur. Tome Premier, Juillet 1851. Tome Quatrième, Août, 1854.
3. *The Catechism of Positive Religion*. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: John Chapman, 1858.
4. *A General View of Positivism*. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte, by J. H. BRIDGES, Physician to the Brad-

ford Infirmary; late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Trübner and Co., 1865.

5. *Notice sur l'Œuvre et sur la Vie d'Auguste Comte*. Par le docteur ROBINET, son Médecin, et l'un de ses treize Exécuteurs Testamentaires. Deuxième édition. Paris: Librairie Richelieu, 1864.
6. *Auguste Comte and Positivism*. By JOHN STUART MILL. Reprinted from the *Westminster Review*. London: Trübner and Co., 1865.
7. *The History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte*. By G. H. LEWES. Third Edition. Second Vol.—Modern Philosophy. London: Longmans and Co., 1867.
8. *The Unity of Comte's Life and Doctrine*. A Reply to Strictures on Comte's later Writings, addressed to J. S. Mill, Esq., M.P. By J. H. BRIDGES, Translator of Comte's *General View of Positivism*. London: Trübner and Co., 1866.
9. *The New Religion in its Attitude towards the Old*. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: Trübner and Co., 1860.
10. *Vingtième Circulaire*, adressée à chaque Coopérateur du libre Subside, institué par Auguste Comte pour le Sacerdoce de l'Humanité. Par M. P. LAFITTE. Paris: 18 Février 1868.
11. *International Policy*. Essays on the Foreign Relations of England. London: Chapman and Hall, 1866.
12. *Elizabeth of England*. Two Lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, January 1862. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: Trübner and Co.
13. *La Philosophie en France au XIX^e Siècle*. Par FÉLIX RAVAISSON, Membre de l'Institut. Publication faite sous les auspices du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique. Paris: à l'Imprimerie Impériale, 1868.

THE most systematic attempt which has been made to prove the self-sufficiency of Science, and the impossibility of Theology and Metaphysics, is what is called Positivism, or the Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. If then we should find, that so far from proving that the principles revealed in consciousness can be dispensed with, it silently assumes, while professing to discard, some of the most important of these, and that Auguste Comte afterwards in the process of his own intellectual development, virtually brought back elements essential to Religion and Metaphysics, we shall surely have some warrant for alleging the failure of Positivism as a substitute for Philosophy, and its own inconsistency as a system of

human knowledge. The final result of the Doctrine of Relative Knowledge as developed by Comte, must be, if it could be consistently carried out, the annihilation of all possible apprehension of anything true, and the reduction of our knowledge to mere *Schein*. The laws of Nature may be called unchangeable, but we can have no warrant for saying they are; and Nature, instead of being the grand Totality of general laws, becomes a bundle of multitudinous phenomena viewed in a certain order of which we can really *know* nothing. Positivism cannot escape absolute Scepticism by even becoming Materialism, for it can know nothing about the reality of the sphere of experience with which alone it concerns itself. Comte aimed at carrying his principles into all regions of inquiry, and to give a satisfactory Philosophy, not merely of Science, but also of History, Politics, and Religion. And as his system is the farthest reach (as it were) of the scientific spirit, and carries to its extreme the tendencies existing in so many, though in partially developed form, to deny the possibility of Theology and Philosophy (in the old meaning of the latter term), and to treat all inquiries in these fields with contempt as empty and frivolous—if it has failed, and if the substitute it has provided be found to land us in confusion and contradiction, then must we reject the assumptions with which it starts, satisfied that the last and greatest enemy of Philosophy and Theology is incompetent to fulfil its boasts, and that it will be wise for Science to seek reconciliation with Metaphysic, instead of viewing and treating her as an enemy or a rival.

The foundation of Comte's system, in the widest sense of the word, is the classification which he, and Mr. Lewes after him, called the Philosophy of the Sciences. It was certainly a great work to classify the laws of all the Sciences in their order of relative simplicity and complexity, and to thereby give us an interconnected and interdependent Whole of Scientific Knowledge. But this was only the beginning of his work. The classification of the Sciences was followed afterwards by an examination and subsequent generalization of the facts and laws of human life. Comte discovered general laws running through history, and of which human life manifested the continuous development, and these also he systematized into a connected body of doctrine (which he called Sociology). The Philosophy of the Sciences, and the Philosophy of History and Society, were afterwards followed by the creation of a Religion in

which all the laws of the various fields of inquiry, that had been observed and systematized according to their external relations, were systematized according as they were related to man. The Objective order in which things appear was thus succeeded by a Subjective order in which the same classes of phenomena were arranged in subordination to humanity. This Subjective order, which is explained and developed in the *Philosophie Politique* as the Objective was in the *Philosophie Positive*, became the sphere wherein Comte traced out the final Religion—the Religion of Humanity. Humanity was made the central object of the Religion, the only proper object of worship. There is no doubt, of course, that peculiar circumstances in the life of Comte, by quickening his affective nature, and deepening his moral instincts and impulses, led him to attach more importance than he would otherwise have done to the emotional elements that are utilized in the Positive Religion; but we believe they only hastened the development of a natural process. At all events, it is certain that from the first, when he was a mere youth, he was more anxious to assist in establishing a new practical polity to deliver modern Europe from the anarchy in which, in his opinion, she had more or less been for five centuries, than to discover theoretical laws; or rather he sought the latter mainly with a view to the former. There was no real discord between his earlier and later views. By and by we shall seek to exhibit their connexion.

Meanwhile, and before entering on a specific examination of these views, it may be interesting to ask how far Comte's leading principles were peculiar to himself. We do not doubt his originality—he was original in very much—but there can be no question that some of his most important doctrines were suggested to him by others, or were discovered, though not applied, by others. So far as the system of Positive Philosophy in its primary sense is concerned, Comte regarded himself as only continuing and completing the intellectual movement begun by Bacon and Descartes in modern times. His Sociological theories, though not due to, were certainly originated under the influence of Saint Simon; and some of his greatest thoughts, such as the unity of the human race, seem to have been derived from De Maistre. As fundamental to his Sociology, Comte placed a system of Phrenology similar to that of Gall and Broussais. Even his great law of historical evolution was anticipated by another,—by Turgot in his *Histoire des progrès de l'esprit*

human, as has been pointed out by M. Ravaisson.*

But although these facts may somewhat affect Comte's reputation for originality, there can be no doubt that he was thoroughly original in his applications of these laws and principles, while it is only fair to add that the author of the *Philosophie Positive* was generally forward to acknowledge intellectual obligations. However one may differ from his conclusions, yet no one who reads his works can doubt the breadth and brilliance of his intellect. Specially unwarranted is the suggestion that the peculiarities of the Religion of Humanity may be accounted for on the theory of the partial insanity or mental weakness of its author. The later work, which expounds it—*La Politique Positive*—is certainly not inferior in grasp or in power of generalization and in some respects is even superior in brilliance to, while it is written in a much simpler and purer style than, the *Philosophie Positive*. To this general appreciation of Comte's intellect, we would only add, that his moral nature was lofty and noble, while his life was pure even to the verge of asceticism. Such assertions may surprise some, who are only aware that to all intents and purposes Comte was an atheist, and that he persistently, and even vehemently, discarded all superhuman sanctions for morality. That he may not have been atheistic, in the common sense of the word, is not here to the purpose. We know that he himself strongly, and even angrily, disclaimed the title. But while, so far as dogmatic assertion went, only declaring that the region of the supernatural—if such there were—was wholly beyond the reach of human intellect, and condemning the presumption of the atheist who declared that the world was self-originated, or was eternal, yet Comte always practically took

it for granted that there is no supernatural sphere, and that all theological averments regarding it (whether natural or revealed) are a bundle of fictions. His negative theoretical attitude therefore involved a positive practical one, which regarded Theology as a pure work of the imagination. Indeed, Comte has thereby laid himself open to the reproaches of Mr. Mill, who holds him faithless to the negative character of Positivism in taking such a position towards Theism. No advantage therefore can be claimed for his religious opinions over Atheism. But he was unlike the ordinary atheist in another respect. Comte was no mere negativist, and even declared a preference for what he might count erroneous doctrines to a merely critical and destructive attitude. His whole purpose and object was, in opposition to the negative school, Constructive. Adopting the axiom of the Emperor Louis Napoleon—of whom his admiration was great, *because* he was the author of such a sentence—that "To destroy you must replace," he devoted his life to the attempt to construct a harmonious scheme of human knowledge, which should give satisfaction to all the impulses and affections of human nature and manifest Humanity (or the total of what is worthy in human life, past, present, and future), as the centre of his system, and as giving the law of moral order.

It was in 1822 that Comte discovered, "in the fire of an ardent imagination"—to use the words of a devoted admirer—"the fundamental law of human evolution, intellectual and practical. By means of it, political reorganization obtained a positive basis, and modern renovation was assured." It was with this law he commenced his *Cours de Philosophie Positive*.* The true nature of his Philosophy could not, he said, be understood without first of all throwing a *coup d'œil* over the progressive march of the human spirit regarded in its totality. The "great fundamental law" which resulted from this survey he enounced in the following terms:—It (the law) consists in this, "that each of our leading conceptions, each branch of our knowledge (or knowledges, to use a convenient word employed by Sir W. Hamilton) passes successively through three different theoretic states: the theological or fictitious, the metaphysical or abstract, and the scientific or positive. In other words, the human spirit naturally employs in its

* The following is the passage which is quoted by M. Ravaisson:—"Avant de connaître la liaison des effets physiques entre eux il n'y eut rien de plus naturel que de supposer qu'ils étaient produits par des êtres intelligents invisibles, et semblables à nous. Car à quoi auraient-ils ressemblé? Tout ce qui arrivait sans que les hommes y eussent part eut son dieu. . . . Quand les philosophes eurent reconnu l'absurdité de ces fables, sans avoir acquis néanmoins de vraies lumières sur l'histoire naturelle, ils imaginèrent d'expliquer les causes des phénomènes par des expressions abstraites, comme essences et facultés, expressions qui, cependant, n'expliquaient rien, et dont on raisonnait comme si elles eussent été des êtres, des nouvelles divinités substituées aux anciennes. . . . Ce ne fut que bien tard, en observant l'action mécanique que les corps ont les uns sur les autres, qu'on tira de cette mécanique d'autres hypothèses, que les mathématiques purent développer et l'expérience vérifier."

* Originally delivered as lectures, Comte called this work a *Cours de Philosophie*, but when he published a second edition, the *Cours* became a *Système*, like the *Philosophie Politique*.

researches three methods of philosophizing successively; the character of each of which is essentially different from, and even radically opposed to, the other: first, the theological method, then the metaphysical, and finally the positive." He did not of course intend to allege, as has been supposed by some, that "every class of human conceptions" passed through the three states designated; but only, as he himself expresses it, "our principal conceptions, or each branch of our knowledges;" or more definitely still, that there are three methods of explaining the phenomena of the Universe. When men first set themselves to account for the wonderful appearances by which they were surrounded, they did so by referring their causes to supernatural agents; but afterwards, when they had ceased to call in the superhuman at every turn, they were satisfied by the discovery of Metaphysical Entities, such, for example, as Vital Principles, Plastic Forces, etc. According to the latter mode of explanation, objects do all they do and are what they are through some inherent Virtue resident in them. This state is followed by the Positive, which is the third and last, in which men explain existences and appearances by "the invariable laws of phenomena" (to use Mr. Mill's words), without any inquiry into their causes. That is to say, we can trace in the course of man's intellectual development the use of three successive modes of accounting for the facts of nature, one or other of which has been predominant at every historical epoch. But it does not follow that these three stages have so definitely and distinctly succeeded each other that the period in which each prevailed exclusively can be marked off by chronological lines. So far from this, all three may, and to a certain extent do, co-exist,—one method prevailing in one branch of inquiry while another is adopted in a second, and so on. It is also natural to individual intellect, as it is to that of man collectively, to pass through the three states. In history, we observe nations proceeding from the Fetichistic and Theological to the Metaphysical, and landing in the Positive state; and with individuals, we find that children begin by accounting for things on the same principle as holds sway in the first, or Theologic method, from which, in the course of their intellectual development, they go on to the second, until, in their maturity (in countries sufficiently advanced), they pass into the third, or Positive.*

* In the *Philosophie Positive* Comte attributes the existing intellectual anarchy to the simultaneous em-

ployment of all three philosophical methods—the theological in certain branches of investigation, the metaphysical in others, and the Positive in yet others.—*Vide* vol. i. f. 50. Mathematics is wholly Positive, but Sociology is metaphysical or theological, and the intervening sciences are more or less infected with metaphysical and theological elements.

That there is a certain amount of general truth in this law of evolution will probably be allowed, although it breaks down when too severely tested. As a hypothetical law it may be, and has been in Comte's hands, very serviceable. His applications of it in the volumes of his *Philosophie Positive* dealing with "Social Physics," and in his *Philosophy of History* in the *Politique*, are full of instruction, and are fertile in suggestive views of the natural processes of human development. At the same time we must dissent from the attempt to make this law or method of intellectual evolution the necessary course of *all* intellectual development (historically). Comte declares it is "impossible to imagine by what other procedure our understanding could have passed from supernatural to purely natural views, from the theological to the positive régime." Yet we have his own authority for the statement that in one of the most important and most numerous branches of the human family the law does not hold good. In the fourth volume of the *Politique* he draws a distinct line of demarcation between the course of intellectual development of the Eastern and Western hemispheres. "The past," he says, "divides itself into two principal ages; the one, essentially common to all peoples, comprises Fetichism and Theocracy; the other, exclusively belonging to the Western world, develops the spontaneous transition between Theocracy and Sociocracy" * (through Metaphysics). In other parts of the same work he declares his expectation that the East will pass immediately to the Positive platform (be developed into full-blown Comtists all at once) without traversing any intermediate metaphysical stage. Therefore, on Comte's own showing, since his law of evolution is not necessary among at least one section of the world's population it cannot be a law necessary to all. Without any reference to the disputed point of man's intellectual condition in the very earliest ages, it is thus clear that the Positive law of evolution is only partially applicable. Its main value must therefore remain that of a provisional hypothesis; and as such, while serving to bring into clearer light the solidarity and continuity of the human race, and exhibiting to us a progressive purpose running

* *Philosophie Politique*, vol. iv. p. 10.

through the history of man, it may assuredly be of great service.

This "fundamental law" of Positivism is only introductory to the classification of the sciences and of the phenomena of life and society. It has been attempted to deprive Comte of the merit of originality in his scientific classification; but the attempt has been without success. Mr. Morell, in his *History of Modern Philosophy*—and his statement is accepted by Professor Ferrier, and partly also by Dr. Stirling in the annotations to his excellent translation of Schwegler's *Handbook*—says that "no one who compares the philosophic method of Schelling with the *Philosophie Positive* of Auguste Comte can have the slightest hesitation as to the source from which the latter virtually sprang." Now there is no doubt a considerable analogy between the generalizations of Schelling and Comte; but it is hardly possible that Comte could have put these philosophers under contribution, seeing that he had never read their writings. In a note to the preface to the sixth volume of the *Phil. Positive*, he says, "I have never read in any language Kant, Vico, Herder, Hegel, etc., and I know their works only by indirect references and some very insufficient extracts." He felt convinced that his abstinence from the works of these authors had greatly contributed to the purity and harmony of his social philosophy. Now that his philosophy was completed, however, he remarks that he intends to learn the German language, "in order better to appreciate the necessary relations of my new mental unity with the systematic efforts of the chief German schools." This is surely enough to demonstrate that from whatever source Comte obtained his theories, he did not get them from Hegel; and as Schelling had not been translated into French at the time when Comte had conceived and partially explained the scheme of his Positive Philosophy (in 1826), which was previous even to the period at which Cousin introduced Schelling's philosophy in a diffuse popular shape to the French public, Mr. Morell's attribution of the origin of Comte's classification to "the German Plato" must be held to be disproved.

Passing from this point, which it seemed desirable to elucidate, since it has led astray more than one writer on Comte, let us go on to the classification itself.

To reduce facts under laws is a necessity of our nature, since without such reduction we should be overwhelmed and hopelessly confused through the multiplicity of special, individual, and unconnected observations.

Hence the laws of external phenomena correspond to the laws of our intellectual natures—are in effect the same (as their counterpart), for only in the applications of our intellect can we discover logical or intellectual laws. All psychological observation, all investigation of internal phenomena, is declared impossible by Comte, since we cannot, he says, divide ourselves into two halves, the one of which will be the observer, and the other the observed. All therefore we can know of our logical or intellectual functions is and can only be through and in their actual applications. The homogeneous body of doctrine which the positive philosophy gives us is thus strictly relative to human intelligence, and the latter finds in external nature its own laws. It will be our constant tendency to reduce the number of external laws by subordinating them to the more general; for "scientific progress chiefly consists in gradually diminishing the number of distinct and independent laws." Yet although always tending to objective unity, Comte thought the goal when all phenomena might be included under one law was yet far off. Meanwhile, the only guide we can have in reducing the laws of one class of phenomena under those of another, is their relative simplicity or complexity. Before discovering the order of connexion and interdependence of laws, we must, however, distinguish between the two kinds of sciences presented to us. These are either abstract or concrete. The abstract or general "have as their object the discovery of the laws regulating the various classes of phenomena, considering all conceivable instances; the others (the concrete) are particular, descriptive (sometimes designated natural sciences, properly so called), and consist in the application of these laws to the real history of the various existing beings" (*Phil. Pos.* vol. i. p. 70). In the one case are the elements that enter into, it may be a class or order of different sciences, but which we must abstract in order to view them apart by themselves. In the multitude of observed phenomena we notice certain general elements common to various classes of bodies. For example, the abstract science of Physiology deals with the general laws of all organic existences; and subordinate to it we have the particular or concrete sciences of zoology and botany, which deal with the mode of existence of each separate living body.

This is enough to indicate the nature of the classification, into the details of which we do not require to go. It is only desirable to bear in mind that the system which

is presented to us as (excluding both Theology and Metaphysics) the only possible Philosophy, and which claims to embrace the totality of all possible knowledges in a regular series (connected and interdependent), has for its matter the laws or elementary facts of phenomena, altogether apart from any knowledge of causes. According to Comte, "*L'explication des faits, réduite alors à ses termes réels, n'est plus désormais que la liaison établie entre les divers phénomènes particuliers et quelques faits généraux, dont les progrès de la science tendent de plus en plus à diminuer le nombre.*" Let it further be remembered what is claimed for Positive Philosophy by its disciples, viz., that "it represents both the objective and the subjective dependence of our means of knowing" the laws of the universe, of man, and of society. It constructs a series which makes all the separate sciences organic parts of one science. Yet this same fixed and assured objective science must be dependent upon human conceptions, since the Positive Philosophy is purely relative in the sense that our knowledge is conditioned and in part constituted by the subjective forms that alone make it real. Even the phenomena that appear most thoroughly independent of man are essentially relative. The most general external facts, and the most special internal phenomena, are alike subordinated to the fundamental relation between the organism and what Comte calls "*le milieu*," the dualism of which constitutes life. "*Ainsi, toutes nos connaissances réelles sont nécessairement relatives, d'une part au milieu en tant que susceptible d'agir sur nous, et d'une autre part à l'organisme en tant que sensible à cette action; en sorte que l'inertie de l'un ou l'insensibilité de l'autre suppriment aussitôt ce commerce continu d'où dépend toute notion effective*" (*Phil. Pos.*, vol. vi, p. 725). Accordingly "all our speculations whatsoever, as well as all the other phenomena of life, are at once deeply affected by the external constitution which regulates the mode of action, and by the internal constitution which determines their personal result, without our ever being able to obtain in any particular case an exact appreciation of the influence due to each of these inseparable elements of our impressions and thoughts." This "biological conception" was the Comtean substitute for the Kantian theory of knowledge, according to which the external "*ding an sich*" and the internal forms of thought are equally indispensable.

The hierarchy of the Sciences, which consists of five fundamental sciences, builds up

a stable body of interconnected and interdependent knowledge from the simplest mathematical conceptions to the loftiest social speculations. Comte claimed to have fully completed the elementary system of natural philosophy initiated by Aristotle, and in its general spirit conceived by Bacon and Descartes; but this was only done through the foundation and elaboration of Sociology, which was in his eyes the last and most important science of all, that "without which the system of true modern philosophy could have neither unity nor consistency, and which, though without a place in the routine and retrograde constitution of our scientific academies, has at least in its actual origin as much positivity and more rationality than any of the previous sciences." Of course, if Positive Philosophy were to embrace the explanation of all phenomena, it could not omit the last and most important series of facts and laws. Biology, which is a branch of the fundamental science of Physiology, had explained the laws of the individual. But man does not exist as an independent individual, but as the member of a race; and the condition of man and of human civilisation at any particular period necessarily depends upon the preceding, and what it has been, just as in its turn it has been determined by its predecessor, and determines its successor. Humanity is thus a collective organism, the links in which are the successive generations of men. "Man, properly speaking," said Comte, "*i. e., as an individual, is, at the bottom, a mere abstraction; there is nothing real but humanity, above all in the intellectual and moral order.*" No study of the existing state of civilisation, however acute, will therefore suffice, taken by itself, to give us a satisfactory Philosophy of History, or a satisfactory body of social and political doctrine. It will supply materials for the study, but it cannot furnish a true system of positive politics.

In order to establish such a system it is necessary to divide the work into two branches:—"The first should seek to establish the general progress of the human race, abstracting all causes whatever that might affect the rapidity of its civilisation, and consequently all the differences between people and people, however great they might be. In the second it will be proposed to estimate the influence of these modifying causes, and consequently to form the definite picture (*tableau*) in which each people will occupy the special plan corresponding to its peculiar development." First, that is, establish the general laws, and then proceed to examine the individual national idiosyncras-

crises (*Phil. Pol.*, vol. iv. p. 133, App.). As Biology is the science next to Sociology, the latter has become necessary, because it has been found that the former alone could not explain the phenomena resulting from the collective efforts of humanity in its condition of continuous existence. The law of evolution, previously explained, was the cardinal idea on which Sociology was founded. It was the universal law which would embrace and explain the various phenomena determined by the history of man, and enable us to trace these collective determinations through history. The works in which Comte applies the law from the standpoint of human history, contain a valuable series of (on the whole) marvelously accurate historical generalizations. Their main purpose in the eyes of Comte was to prove fundamental to a new polity, and to regulate the social relations of men by being instrumental in bringing the Western races first of all—to be followed afterwards by the other nations—out of the condition of anarchy in which they have been since the decay of Catholicism as a Spiritual power, a power which in its day Comte shows admirably fulfilled the end of moulding nations and peoples to social order.

Sociology alone could finally establish the Positive Philosophy. Sociology is the summit of the system of all Science, and completes the true system of knowledge, which is henceforth subjected in its entire extent, as in its gradual expansion to one hierarchy, and to a common evolution, possible in no other way. Harmony between speculation and action is also established, supremacy being given over all things to Sociological conceptions. "Finally, the morality whose direct exigencies were implicitly misconceived during the preliminary elaboration, recovers also its eternal rights in consequence of the mental supremacy of the social point of view, re-establishing with an energetic efficiency the continuous reign of the spirit of *ensemble*, to which remains always profoundly bound the true sentiment of duty." The development of human nature, both collective and individual, exhibits the growing ascendancy of humanity over animality, after the double supremacy of intelligence over mere inclination, and of the sympathetic instincts over the personal. Thus morality becomes the universal ruler, and the development of Positive Philosophy leads directly up to it through the portals of Sociology. Of course, however, all our aims and hopes are strictly confined to "real life," as Comte calls our earthly existence; and Positive Philosophy tends more and more to make the happiness of

each member of the human family dependent on the development of the sympathetic and benevolent emotions towards his fellows, and to all sensible beings subordinated to man.

It must now appear that in Comte's own mind the moral system which was the basis of the Religion of Humanity was strictly connected with his first development of positive principles, and even with his earliest conception of the Positive Philosophy. It remains for us to sketch the main features of the Religion of Humanity, and to examine its progress and present position.

It has been seen that from his earliest youth the idea of the necessity for social reconstruction—fostered by the influence of Saint Simon—was paramount in the thoughts of Comte. The prevalent confusion and anarchy of society could be only overcome by the constitution and assured supremacy of a new spiritual power exercising an authority over nations and men similar to that exercised by Roman Catholicism in its palmiest days. We find this idea in the earliest of Comte's smaller works: and indeed he must, when a mere boy in his teens, have succeeded in emancipating himself from all the theologies and "effete spiritualisms" he saw around him. It might be interesting to examine the circumstances of his youth, which impelled him so soon to the conclusion that the force of theological motives was finally exhausted, and that it had become necessary to substitute purely human motives, and to build up thereon a new science of morality and politics. Doubtless his native arrogance, we may almost say insolence of disposition, which made him generally rebellious against all authority external to himself, was a main factor in the case. With such a disposition at all events he began his life-work, elaborated a system of scientific knowledge leading up to the new science of Sociology, to which all other sciences were subordinated, and his development of the laws of which conducted him to the conclusion that a still higher synthesis was possible, and that Morality, involving the subordination of selfish impulse to the service of humanity, was the final term to which the process of universal generalization led. From this the step to a new Religion of Humanity was a short one.

Religion, in the Positive sense, has a peculiar meaning. It must be a religion without a God or gods; and therefore it might be supposed without objects of worship. Not so, however. According to Comte, Religion has primary reference to a certain end, and only secondarily to the

means by which that end is to be attained. "In itself it expresses the state of perfect unity which is the distinctive mark of man's existence, both as an individual and in society, when all the constituent parts of his nature, moral as well as physical, are made habitually to converge freely towards one common purpose." * This subjective unity is only possible through the synthetic bending of all our faculties and emotions towards a common object, in such a way as to enable all our faculties to energize with the slightest possible loss of power. This can only be done under conditions which shall not produce any conflict or division among our powers, as Theology has done, says Dr. Bridges, by causing a conflict between Reason and Faith. The unity in view is in fact only the perfect state of intellectual and moral health in which is exercised "the greatest energy of each component part which is compatible with the energy of the whole." How is such a condition of perfect moral health attainable? A satisfactory answer to this question will also supply a satisfactory answer to the social problem. For that which regulates the individual nature of each will also form the rallying-point for all the separate individuals comprising society. It will be obvious that here Comte has reversed his "stand-point," and instead of—as in Sociology—descending from the laws of collective human life, he is applying to the latter what can only be found by beginning with the individual. But in the eyes of the author of the Religion of Humanity, "these are but two distinct forms for one and the same problem; for every man, at different periods of his life, differs from himself not less than he differs from those around him; so that for the individual, as for the community, the laws of permanence and participation are identical." Like the Objective Unity, however, which we seek in the sphere of the external, this Subjective Unity of the individual is never completely attainable; it is an ideal to which we may approach, but which, as the state of absolute perfection, is ever beyond us. The difficulty in our way arises from the pressure of our personal wants and wishes, which are constantly interfering to prevent that perfect devotion to Humanity, the *Grand Être* of Positive worship, that can alone secure entire unity. The work of our lives must therefore be to approach ever more and more to the subordination of these selfish aims and ignoble passions and feelings to

the service of Humanity; to make Altruism predominate over Egoism. All former religious systems sought to bring human nature into a condition of harmony, but the importance of the end led men to attach the name Religion to the means or varieties of opinions by which it was to be effected, and which became so numerous and appear so irreconcilable. "Positivism, however, can bring them into an essential agreement, by viewing each in reference to the purpose it served in its own time and country. There is at bottom but one Religion, at once universal and final. To it all the partial and provisional religions more and more pointed, so far as the whole state of things at the time allowed." *

But if harmony and health in our moral (and it must also be added in our physical) natures are the end of Religion, through the direction of all our energies to a common purpose, it is indispensable that there should be an emotional bond for the completion of our subjective unity, by binding together in every individual his diverse internal impulses, and also an intellectual bond to connect him with the external world, as to society, by the knowledge of the universal order. Religion must *bind together* man's inner nature by Love, and bind man to the outward world by Faith. Thus both heart and intellect share in constituting the synthetic unity of man and of society. Our actions and our thoughts are governed by our affections, and a point of union is necessary to connect these, which is found in Love. But in addition, as outside of us, we recognise an order or totality of phenomena which is above us, and to which we must submit. "There is a natural connexion between the two general conditions on which religion depends, especially when the external order of things can become the object on which the inward feeling can rest." It has always been the intellectual object of every religion to explain the universal order that rules over human existence, in order to determine our relations towards it. The prevalence or predominance of our personal instincts, or of any single selfish instinct, will exclude sympathetic and benevolent feelings. All such egoistic impulses must therefore be submitted to the affections, which require an outward object whereon to rest, otherwise there would be the continuous agitation of the heart by internal conflicts between the impulses and the senses, and the stimulus of pride or vanity. Moral unity is thus only possible by the subordination of all that is selfish, egoistic, and

* Vide Introduction to the *Catechism of Positive Religion*, p. 46.

* *Catechism*.

personal, to the good of Humanity. But it is subordination not absolute sacrifice that is demanded; for while Positivism "condenses the whole of sound morality in its law of *Live for others*, it allows and consecrates the regular satisfaction of our several personal instincts" * in their due spheres.

Religion resting upon Love and Faith—which gives Altruism as the ideal of practical morality, and which accepts and submits to the external order of the Universe for the purpose of modifying and directing its operations—develops systematically our noblest passions and powers. It is impossible to frame any absolute rule that shall determine in every case when and how the personal instincts are to be subordinated to the social; but the ideal of man must be in all circumstances and conditions to "Live for others." Love is the principle or foundation of action; Order—the Order of External Nature—the Fatality to which by Faith we submit ourselves—and Progress, or the advancement of the human race, the end of social existence. The entire system of natural laws, the order of the universe recognised by Positive Philosophy, is represented in the subjective sphere by Humanity, to which we owe all we are and have, which has arranged the conditions of our existence, and which is the instrument of our progress and happiness. The history of this Humanity exhibits to us the chosen ones who really constitute it, guiding the mass of the race during the past forty centuries, and ever striving to elevate man from his primitive isolation and animality, to the state of relative perfection yet in store for him and for society. Humanity thus conceived is the sole *Être Suprême* we are bound to love and serve, and our affections go out towards this true providence of the race as the central object of our devotion. The sphere of the physical (in which natural science finds its field of investigation) is united to the sphere of morals (which regulates human life with supreme reference to the good of Humanity), the two being bound together by the connecting link of the logical sphere. The region of morals containing the highest synthesis on the subjective side will therefore be found to coincide with the physical, which contains the highest synthesis on the objective side. The external and internal are thereby connected and are reciprocally interactive. The end of perfecting our total system of knowledge is to develop the worship of the *Grand Être*, the object at once of our love and faith. According as

we view the Totality of our Knowledge from the subjective or the objective side we have a different order of the same series of universal elements or laws. Regarded in relation to humanity we have the descending series proceeding according as they are less and less connected therewith—Morals, Sociology or Social Physics, Biology or the science of individual life, and, finally, Cosmology, comprising Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, and Mathematics. Regarded externally we have the same series, only in inverted order, beginning, that is, with Mathematics, and ascending regularly to Morals. "We may then descend or ascend according as we place ourselves at the subjective or objective point of view, that is, according as we relate the fundamental series to our conceptions, to our abstract constructions, or to the phenomena that serve as their base" (Robinet's *Vis de Comte*, p. 40). Man is bound to the outer world by the series of external knowledges, while his own internal unity is guaranteed by his subordination to sympathy. Both intelligence and activity are regulated and directed by sentiment, and universal love consolidates all our speculations in systematizing, consecrating, and disciplining them (Robinet).

From all we have said it is evident that the existence of an unvarying external order (a totality of laws) is fundamental to the Positive Religion. The secondary arrangements of the unvarying order may however be modified by human action; and consequently the Order of Nature corresponds with the idea of a necessity admitting modifications, which becomes the indispensable foundation of the order man introduces. While then we resign ourselves to the immutable order, the resignation does not preclude but encourages action. Our affections are fully occupied by the "idea of an immense and eternal Being, Humanity," in which the whole of our Positive conceptions are condensed, and which is destined to constant development by means of Sociological laws under the preponderating influence of biological and cosmological conceptions. This Humanity, although composed of the *ensemble* of human beings, past, present, and to come, does not therefore include all men. "All are necessarily born children of Humanity," said Comte, "but all do not become her servants." Those who are "mere digesting machines," are no real part of the *Grand Être*. In order to make up for the loss of those who are unworthy of the association, we may connect with the Supreme Being all the animals really helpful to man!

* Robinet's *Vis de Comte*.

The solidarity or necessary connexion in space of human life is one aspect of the unity, whereof its continuity or progress in time is the other. Hence a constant action and reaction of the various parts of Humanity. "The living are always by the necessity of the case—and the more so the more we advance in time—under the government of the dead. Such is the fundamental law of human order." The servants of Humanity among the dead live on in the minds of their successors, a mode of existence purely subjective, as distinguished from the objective existence that implies the presence of the body. Humanity thus comes to be divided into two great sections, and as time proceeds, the influence of the dead continues to be a growing one. The worthy servants of Humanity receive as the reward of their service in this life incorporation with the Great Being, by which their subjective immortality is insured. "We have received large endowments from the liberality of our predecessors; we hand on gratuitously to our successors the whole domain in which man lives and moves; and the addition made in each successive generation becomes smaller and smaller in proportion to the amount received. Our exertions are necessarily disinterested. They meet with an adequate reward in our subjective incorporation, by which we are enabled to perpetuate our services in an altered form." The Great Being which is thus constituted is the object of worship and the final end of action, and *its* action is the collective work of an innumerable multitude of individuals. Of course, Comte could not claim that the idea of doing service to Humanity, or even of regarding human life as a unity, was wholly new and original. He traced the germ of his own theory in the most remote ages, and admitted that even a disciple of "the egoistic doctrine of Christianity" could say with some significance that "we are every one members one of another." But this was at best a confused anticipation of the final dogma of Positivism, which can only be properly and fully attained through the convergence of all branches of human knowledge to its centre in man.

By the discovery of the *Grand Être*, with its nature and relations, the dogmatic side of the Religion of Humanity is completed, and the next point in order is the worship instituted in its honour. The one supplies the wants of the intellect—the other those of the heart and imagination. The object of the worship of Humanity is, to adopt the words of Comte, to adore her, "not as his worshippers adored God, with vain compliments, but in order to serve her better by

bettering ourselves. This is the normal object of Positive worship" (*Catechism*, p. 87). Not the indulgence of mere feeling, which leads to Mysticism; but the cultivation of feeling in order to action—in order the better to fulfil the practical maxim, *Live for others*. In the *Catechism* of the Positive Religion, Comte adjures his "spiritual daughter," whom he is addressing, to beware of reducing worship to the cultivation of mere feeling, an error to which, he adds, "I am more prone than you, by my greater tendency to system." But Worship does more than cultivate the feelings—it is also the bond of union between the doctrine and the *régime* or system of practical rule which the doctrine renders necessary. This it is by "idealizing both the one and the other." Of course our objects of worship are wholly fictitious in the sense of having only subjective existence, but they differ from the former fictitious creations worshipped by man in this respect that we are fully conscious that they *are* subjective. We adore the representation in our own minds of the Past, the Present, and the Future of Humanity: that is to say, our Ancestors, Contemporaries, and Descendants. As the best concrete types of these, we may worship the Mother, the Wife, and the Daughter, which encourage in us respectively feelings of veneration, affection, and tenderness. In such Worship we reproduce within us, by the aid of the imagination, stimulated by sentiment, the images of absent beings, as types or ideals, that are dear to us though they may be distant or dead; but since we know that these are merely images and representations, our own subjective creations, we still continue to subordinate the inner to the outer life, our mere contemplations to external reality. Still the types of perfection that live in our hearts, and which we adore, become regulators of our action, and under their influence and inspiration we grow purer and better.

The chief instrument of Positive Worship is Prayer—not in the shape of petition for the bestowal of benefits on ourselves,—which of course is deemed the height of selfishness,—but what Robinet calls "a true elevation of man to Humanity, in which we express to Her, or her best representatives, the gratitude and love with which they inspire us." Through prayer we contemplate and venerate what is noblest in human life, and thereby ourselves grow more noble. It becomes, therefore, the means of perfecting our natures; for the Positivist prays in order to give expression to his best affections. This is his main object. "He

may also ask, but he asks only for a noble progress, which he insures almost by the very asking." It is evident, then, that prayer is used on account of the reflex effect which the practice has upon our minds and affections. It is enjoined as a daily practice;—nay, as a practice to be followed three times a day—morning, noon, and night. "All prayer," says Comte, "public or private, ought to begin by commemoration as a preparation for effusion, the last occupying half the time the former occupies." In this last sentence we have an example of Comte's besetting sin—his passion for over-regulation,—which made him descend to fix the most minute details of the arrangements of the Positive Worship, public and private. Thereby appears the grotesqueness of his system. If he had simply given the complete dogma of Positivism, or even confined himself to expressing the main ideas of a Positive Worship, he would have escaped nearly all the laughter and contempt which he has excited. It is impossible to suppress such feelings when we contemplate the burlesque Ritualism which characterizes the Positive Worship. There is assuredly nothing absurd in itself in commending the use of art in the forms of poetry, music, and architecture in Positive worship; but when we come to the detailed Symbolism presented to us, and see the Divinity of Positivism—Humanity—represented, in sculpture or painting, as "a woman of the age of thirty, with her son in her arms," the sense of the ridiculous is irrepressible. When, too, we are told that in the temples of Humanity the image is to be fixed behind the sacred desk, and that a series of moveable banners, to be borne in the Positivist sacred processions, are to be used, on the white side of which will be the holy image, and on the green the sacred formula of Positivism—the green side to be turned towards the procession,—we cannot help wondering how so much that is grotesque could consist with so much that was really great in the mind of Comte. Mr. Mill might well say that Comte could have had no sense of ridicule; and however his disciples may try to prove the reverse from his fondness for Molière, etc., they will never succeed in convincing the world that he could have had any idea of the feeling of incongruity which his detailed arrangements must produce among men. So minute were these arrangements that he drew up a calendar, in which every day of the year—which was re-divided according to Positive conceptions—was devoted to the worship of some special servant of humanity. Then there is all the nonsense about guardian

angels, etc., on which we have no patience, and happily there is no need, to enter. The Positive Worship was completed by the institution of a series of nine "Sacraments," the object of which is to consecrate to the service of the *Grand Être* the various epochs in human life, from birth to the choice of a profession, on through marriage, to death, and after death to incorporation in Humanity. The Worship that does this is, we are told, "a continuous idealization of human life, a permanent culture of sociability. From the cradle to the tomb it develops our Altruism: it offers to us a better and more synthetic conception of the *Grand Être* who rules: it opens to us the ways of a subjective activity more elevated than that of real life."

But the Doctrine and the Worship do not complete the Religion. There remains yet the *régime*, by which the principle of universal harmony secures predominance over practical life, and which rests on the double basis of the worship and the doctrine. We have already seen that the Universal Order is divided into the Order of the World external to man and the order of man's world. A similar division is applicable to the progress whereof order is the basis. There is a progress which has reference to man's external circumstances, and there is a progress which has reference to his moral and spiritual natures. This division leads to the distinction between Temporal and Spiritual action and government, and therefore between temporal and spiritual authorities, or secular and political government and the Priesthood. Regarding the world from the "statical" point of view, or in the elements of its existence apart from its movement (which is "dynamical"), Comte had early arrived, we have seen, at a conviction of the necessity for a separation of the spiritual and temporal powers as the basis of social order and reorganization. He alleged that "any combined action of man, on however small a scale, requires the existence of a power whose special duty it is to bring back to general views and feelings, agents whose constant tendency is in the opposite direction. Such a power must check the disorganizing, and foster the converging tendencies of these agents." No society is possible without a government, not even the simplest form of it in the family. And as all men stand in need of education and guidance, it follows that in every society should be developed a Priesthood in some form or other. Never was it more needed than in these times of confusion, when, through the influence and action of Protest-

ants, Deists, and Metaphysicians, Society is hopelessly disorganized. Only through a Positive Priesthood which shall undertake and direct the education of the members of society according to the very comprehensive plan sketched out by Comte, can reorganization be possible. The Spiritual Power, however, acts by persuasion and conviction, not by coercion. But cases may occur where the two former prove insufficient, in which instance the Priesthood is entitled to call to its help the judgment and opinions of others. It is obvious that were Society ever reorganized according to Comte's scheme, the power of the Priesthood might, and indeed in the long-run must, prove fatal to individual liberty. For the Priesthood would have the power, in the case of those deemed irrecoverably bad, of excommunicating them from Humanity, and in her name pronouncing them absolutely unworthy; after which they would be "incapable of sharing in the benefits and duties of human society." We can conceive nothing more oppressive than such a power might become, despite the fact of its being, as Dr. Bridges says, a moral power resting on persuasion. A Positive Society, for instance, would tolerate none who were not Positivists in its midst; and were Society to become Positivist, persecution of those who dissented from its doctrines and disregarded its practical injunctions would be the consequence. The persecution need not take the form of physical coercion; but even without that the degradation necessarily consequent upon and in part resulting from the excommunications of the Priesthood would become intolerable. As usual, Comte goes into excessively minute detail in developing his ideas of the Positive Priesthood. He did not stop with constructing the general idea of a Spiritual authority, but proceeded to fix the orders, ages, and salaries of its various members. The High Priest of Humanity—the Head of the Spiritual Authority—"whose natural residence will be Paris, as the metropolis of the regenerated West," is to receive an annual salary of £2400, and is to be assisted by four national superiors, at salaries of £1200 each, who are to guide respectively the Italian, Spanish, English, and German Churches, and so on.

But we have perhaps already given more than enough of the details of the Religion of Humanity,—at least, quite as much as is consistent with a general survey of Positivism. Mr. Mill is so far impressed by the Religion of Humanity, that he takes some trouble to show how a religion without a God may not only be possible, but may be

of a very elevated character, and of great practical utility. Mr. Lewes rejects the Positive Religion, but accepts "the great ideal existence," the conception of Humanity. We submit that in this he is scarcely logical. If he agrees with Comte in rejecting all causes, including the entire sphere of the Supernatural, and if he also accepts the "great ideal existence" which can alone regulate and guide those feelings that connect us with society, and lead us to subordinate selfish impulses to benevolent, then we do not see how consistently he can stop short of the Religion of Humanity. He is bound to show us how these feelings are to be exercised, cultivated, and developed. This Comte did, and was therefore so far the more consequent thinker of the two.

It may be interesting, before proceeding to estimate the influence of Positivism, to refer to the steps taken by Comte to make a practical commencement with the new Faith, and to inquire what success has hitherto attended or followed his efforts. We have said little hitherto about the influence of the circumstances of Comte's own life upon the formation of his opinions, as we consider that rather more has been done in this way than was quite necessary. We reject as absurd the attempt to trace to the remains of mental aberration, weakness, or insanity, the peculiar and strange religious doctrines and practices developed by him late in life. Unless we are to conclude that whatever may be strange in a man indicates insanity, there is no ground for charging insanity upon Comte.* It is true that his intellect was once for a short time disordered; but it was only for a short time, and the cause can be traced in the intense and long-continued mental exertion which—and it cannot be wondered at, considering the nature and endurance of that exertion—disturbed his brain. At the same time there is no doubt that the great self-concentration of Comte, building itself as a practice on the original tenacity and obstinacy of his nature, and favoured and fostered by his habits of seclusion from all intellectual influences other than his own, caused a one-sidedness which led him to forget and under-estimate the peculiar aspect his views would necessarily assume in the eyes of other men. The latest of his writings sufficiently shows there was no intellectual weakness in Comte,—and the fact of the perfect symmetry and systematic connexion of his views ought to demonstrate that insanity, in the ordinary sense of the

* As well say that the remarkable theories of the later years of Schelling—in which he supplanted by

word, had nothing to do with them. Their peculiarity or grotesqueness, where they are grotesque, was probably due to those silent, solitary habits of thought being unchecked by reference to any objective standard, and tested only by the subjective standard of his own thoughts and feelings. There is another point of connexion between Comte's life and speculations to which we must refer, and on which much that is irrelevant and unjust has been written. There can be little doubt that Madame Clotilde de Vaux was the cause of a development of emotional feeling in Comte, and of a great exaltation of moral sentiment; and that under her influence he was led to attribute more to the sentimental elements of our nature than he might otherwise have done. We need not go into the subject minutely; but Comte being what he was by nature, it was not astonishing, after his separation from his wife, that he should become powerfully influenced by a graceful, accomplished, and amiable woman, whose position in being separated from her husband, through no fault of hers, he viewed as similar to his own. The friendship of the two was, there can be no doubt, not only pure in character, but morally and spiritually beneficial to both. She was not, unfortunately, a woman whose intellectual nature was developed equally with her emotional and moral; and hence her influence over the author of the Positive Philosophy was too purely sentimental to be altogether healthy. But it was certainly due to her that Comte developed so soon as he did what we may call a Positive Religion, and a Positive Metaphysics. Before knowing her he had indeed laid the foundations of the Religion of Humanity; but the supremacy allotted by him to Sentiment was, according to his own account, due to Clotilde, who was also, indirectly, the author of many of the foolish fancies about guardian angels, the worship of Woman, etc. etc., that became prominent elements of the Religion of Humanity. Her death increased, instead of causing to decline, her influence over Comte. The top short year in which he enjoyed her society became his ideal of all that was lovely and of good report. Naturally, therefore, Clotilde's image became the object of his fervent adoration, and henceforth Clotilde de Vaux herself became to Positivist worshippers what the Virgin Mary is to Catholics. It is curious to see the strange wanderings of a strong intellectual nature like Comte's,

when wholly under the dominance of Sentiment, and recognising no stable, objective, and really-existing Ideal—an Ideal which was also a Real—that could satisfy his heart as well as his intellect.

Comte's first attempt to found a Positive Society, which should be developed into an association for the regeneration of human life, by the constitution and maintenance of a general Spiritual Power, supreme over all other organizations; and which as a Priesthood should direct the education of mankind, and save the Western World from anarchy, seems to have been made about two years after Madame Clotilde de Vaux's death. In February 1848, he issued a circular announcing the formation of the germ of such a Society, with "Order and Progress" as its motto. Its first object was to promote Positive instruction—on the one side in mathematical, inorganic, and biological studies, and on the other in history, which was the roadway of Social Science. Social studies were the end of this Association, which regarded intelligence as subordinate to Sociability, and the Spirit as the servant of the Heart. The month after the announcement of its formation, with its centre of course in Paris, although it aimed at ultimately embracing within the sphere of its operations the whole of Western Europe, Comte, as its founder, addressed himself by circular to all who desired to become connected with it. In this document he declares himself the founder of a political Society, "destined to fulfil towards the second part of the great Revolution, which is essentially organic, an office equivalent to that which the Society of Jacobins so usefully exercised in the first part, which was of necessity critical"—the only difference between the two Societies being that the latest will be still more purely consultative, without any mingling of temporal intervention, "since it will rest upon a new general doctrine, the partisans of which are yet too few in number to obtain any other influence than that which may emanate from a free, public appreciation of the wisdom of their judgments and discoveries." This doctrine is of course, Positive Philosophy. "Until," said Comte, "it has acquired sufficient importance and extension, its *séances* will continue to be held at my house every Sunday, from seven to ten o'clock; and in order to insure the harmony of the Society and its composition, I alone will remain judge of the intellectual and moral aptitude of all who seek admission." Comte here virtually assumes the attitude of Pontiff or High Priest of Humanity, which he afterwards openly claimed to be. Of course

a new, and, strangely enough, what he called a Positive Philosophy, all his earlier philosophical opinions—was a proof of mental derangement.

knowledge (to a certain extent) of the Positive Philosophy was essential to membership; and Comte proclaimed that the Positive philosophers who wish to devote themselves to the Priesthood must renounce all public political positions. This he solemnly declared was the necessary result of the profound conviction which for more than twenty years had familiarized him with the essential separation of the two elementary powers. In this separation lay the fundamental principle of all healthy modern politics. For allies in the great work he had inaugurated, Comte looked not so much to the learned *savans* of the age, but mainly to the *proletaire* class. It was among women and workmen that he hoped for most converts; and the striking characteristic of the new social regeneration would consist in the intimate alliance formed between true Positive philosophers and the proletaries of Western Europe.

But we must here draw attention to another circular, which was prepared in November 1848, and signed by twelve of Comte's most intimate friends and admirers, calling upon all who valued and sympathized with Comte's great life-work to subscribe to form a fund for his support. The twelve state that the composition of his works had occupied his whole lifetime, but they had excited against him enmities that had deprived him of the means of making a livelihood. We need not here give the details of Comte's "persecution," by which he lost the office of Examiner in the Polytechnic School, and also the position he occupied as a teacher in a private boarding-house. Comtists have perhaps made more than sufficient noise about the matter. Yet, there is no doubt he was harshly treated, and was made to suffer for his opinions in person and in pocket. To repair the evil his friends asked, not from Positivists only, but from all the "enemies of injustice," the sum of 5000 francs, to be subscribed annually, *so long as Comte had no other means of support*. The result of the appeal was that a sum of 3000 francs was subscribed in 1849. This fund, instituted in peculiar circumstances, Comte soon came to look upon as a perpetual annuity due to him by his friends, which ought to be supplemented so as to become a permanent provision for the Positive Priesthood, and for the advancement of Positive principles. In the circular issued by him early in 1850, thanking his friends for their bounty, he declares that he did not hesitate to accept it "on the double title of a legitimate guarantee against the culpable spoliation of which I was officially the victim, and as a pledge of *merited*

security for the continuance of my philosophical works." Holding as he did, that the public were bound to contribute of their abundance for the help of the philosophic few labouring at unremunerative pursuits, he thought it only his right to receive their money while he was devoting himself to the service of humanity. Had he not devoted his entire life to the founding of a healthy philosophy, and of the true religion, and ought he not therefore to receive the support of all who regarded the Positive faith as the only way of escape from continuous anarchy? Comte seems to have even looked forward to a more settled and permanent provision for the Positive Priesthood than was furnished by the voluntary offerings of the faithful; but he said that as it had been in the case of the Catholic Clergy, so would it be with the Priesthood of Humanity—private benevolence would long provide what would ultimately be supplied by public munificence. Perhaps if the scheme of indiscriminate endowment should ever be carried out in this country the Positive religion may attain in England the position its author anticipated! At all events, the new philosophers could not be expected to fulfil properly their social functions unless they were made independent of the ignoble cares that attend making one's livelihood. The fund was originally managed by M. Littré, between whom and Comte however, differences sprang up long before the philosopher's death, and who finally left the ranks of the complete Positivists.

The circular from which we have just quoted was the first of a series that has been issued annually since the establishment of the Positive Society, and became the means of connecting Positivists by a practical bond that was made a sign, and soon afterwards a test of fellowship. In a very short time Comte made the subscription list the test of the true Positivist. In March 1851, we find him dividing his followers into two parties, the one incomplete, and the other complete. The former consist of those who simply accepted his philosophical principles, while the latter, besides doing that, carried them out to their social and religious consequences. The annual circulars now exhibit year by year an increasing arrogance of tone. Abandoning all hope of reparation from his persecutors, and therewith seemingly all design or desire to work for his own support, he "feels himself constrained, at the age of fifty-four," to throw himself entirely upon the subscription, which was at first intended to have been only provisional and temporary. At this time the subscription list showed a

total of above 4000 francs. The provisional fund designed to afford Comte temporary help had become transformed into a Sacerdotal subsidy, contribution to which was binding on every one who professed to be a Positivist, and which in 1853 he proclaimed his intention of making a preliminary condition of such a qualification. It was time to discriminate between the true and the false sheep! He would henceforth test all pretenders by the strict rules laid down in the Positive Catechism; but before so testing them it was necessary they should subscribe. The minimum asked from any individual (a centime per day) was so little that very few could claim exemption on the ground of poverty. The total amount of the subsidy ought to be 7000 francs, as 2000 francs were "morally" due to Madame Comte, as the annuity which her husband should pay to her. Anything beyond this amount would be applied to help aspirants to the new Priesthood, "or to facilitate my publications, or to some other Positive purpose." Because of his social mission he called upon even "sincere theologists," who believed with him that the greatest want of the age was the establishment of a spiritual power, to come to his help. In 1856 M. Comte was able to express his assurance of the establishment of his system in practical life. "Posterity," he then wrote, "will regard the Positive state of Humanity as having commenced spiritually during the year just past, since the Positive Religion, which had been fully established the previous year, from that time applied itself to the political institution of the final transition." As an evidence of this he mentions the consecration of the Positive Sacrament of Marriage "between two noble proletarians," for the first time three months before. The author of the new religion was satisfied with the progress of his work.

The last circular issued by Comte was dated January 1857, and in it he expressed his gratification that, after seven years of painful gradual preparation, the subsidy had at last considerably exceeded the minimum (it amounted to about 8200 fr.). He judged hopefully, was even sanguine, of the future, "reading the signs of the times," from his own peculiar point of view; for the faith of Comte was great. Amongst the subjects of satisfaction to him to which he refers, was the fact of worthy Positivists having begun the practices of daily worship, both secret and domestic, to which he attached great importance. He rejoiced in the publication of various works that testified to the spread of Positivism in foreign countries. In clos-

ing his eighth and last circular, Comte declared that the slowness of the social progress of Positivism was more due to Positivists themselves than to the Western public. From the fact, too, of emerging amidst revolutionary surroundings, the doctrine which aimed at subordinating the head to the heart had not hitherto affected sentiment except through intelligence. Better suited to the South than to the North, more appreciable by women and workmen than by other classes, it has only affected special individuals by "substituting conviction for persuasion." What has happened, however, shows how rapid will be the progress of Positivism once it has become more poetical than philosophical, and has assumed its normal character and its natural destination. "Thanks," said Comte, "to the noble toleration of the Dictator (Louis Napoleon), who was the author of the best sentence of the nineteenth century, the liberty granted to my volumes is extended to my smaller works, and even to my circulars, in which the Western Republic is annually proclaimed under the Imperial stamp." *

On Saturday the 5th September 1857, after a painful illness, "the founder of the Religion of Humanity heaved his last sigh," at half-past six o'clock in the evening, surrounded by a few faithful friends. He was attended during his illness by Dr. Robinet who became his biographer, and he appears to have borne himself with becoming fortitude and resignation, thoroughly convinced, as would appear, to the very last, of the truth of the Positive Religion, of which he was himself the High Priest. He was buried on the 8th September, in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, his body being followed to the grave by his adopted family—who, during the latter years of his life, were assiduous in their devotion to and care for him—and by a portion of his disciples. The body was placed in a temporary resting-place until a suitable tomb could be prepared, and a few farewell words were pronounced by Dr. Robinet over the grave, upon which "the disciples of the universal religion separated, after having placed on his tomb, and that of his eternal companion (Clotilde de Vaux), the funeral-homage of their veneration." On the third Sunday after Comte's death a more formal oration and eulogy was delivered by Dr. Robinet,

* The Positive circular has as its heading, "République Occidentale," under which are written the three Positive mottoes:—"Ordre et Progrès," "Vivre pour autrui," and "Vivre au grand jour." It is addressed (since Comte's death), "A chaque co-opérateur du libre Subside, institué par A. Comte, pour le sacerdoce de l'Humanité."

who was appointed to the duty by M. Pierre Lafitte, chief of Comte's executors, and M. Magnin, President of the Positive Society. Of course the oration consisted of a glorification of Comte and the work he had accomplished.

The year of Comte's death, the subsidy reached the unprecedented sum of 15,486 francs, or nearly double what it was the previous year. By his will (prepared two years before his death), Comte left the most minute directions and explanations of his wishes. Amongst these was that his adherents should continue the annuity of 2000 francs to his widow, in order that the obligation resulting "from my single really serious fault since my youth," should be fulfilled to the uttermost. This single serious fault was his marriage. He also desired that an annuity of 1500 francs should be paid to his adopted daughter, Sophie Thomas, to whom should be intrusted the charge of "the sacred domicile where was originated and completed the religious evolution of Positivism, whose holy rites will continue to be celebrated there until the erection of a special temple." Thirteen of the most devoted disciples of Comte, under the presidency of M. Lafitte, who had for fourteen years been an intimate personal friend of M. Comte, were named to see the will carried out. As Comte was without private or personal property, the fulfilment of his last wishes depended upon the subscribers to the subsidy. With the exception of a few trifles, bestowed as affectionate souvenirs upon his father, sister, adopted daughter, and several of his more intimate personal followers, he devoted all that was in the house—furniture, books, letters, &c., etc.—to his "sacerdotal successors" to be preserved, "at the expense of the Positive Church;" and minute instructions were left as to the choice of a perpetual successor as President of the Positive Society, and as to the formation of the Western Committee.

The sequel is painful. According to Dr. Robinet, Madame Comte took energetic exception to the terms of her late husband's will, and succeeded in securing the countenance and support of M. Littré. A few days after the funeral she presented herself at the dwelling she had not entered for fifteen years, and after admission "she had the painful hardihood to insult the beings the most dear to Auguste Comte, without being prevented by him who accompanied her," viz., M. Littré. She forbade the house to Positivists; occupied the "sacerdotal chamber," and would not allow the commemoration the disciples wished to observe in honour of their master. Madame Comte

persistently declined all offers of compromise by her husband's executors. They proposed to pay his debts, and to continue payment of her annuity, if she would abandon her claims to Comte's literary property and works, and to the other relics of the founder of Positivism. She declared, however, that she could not, without dishonour, accept an annuity that her husband had regarded as an obligation consequent upon the fault he had been guilty of in marrying her. At the sale of effects which afterwards took place, Comte's disciples obtained the "precious relics" they were so anxious for. As to M. Littré, it is impossible to trust the evidently prejudiced and one-sided account given by M. Robinet of his conduct after Comte's death. It may be natural for the attached and reverential disciples of the founder of Positivism to venerate their master, and to regard all his "precious relics" as sacred, but they should really hold excused from the duty of cherishing similar feelings, those who, unlike them, do not put faith in the religious mission of the High Priest of Humanity. It may also be true that there is a unity in Comte's life and doctrine from first to last, and that only they are worthy of the name of Positivists who adopt all his principles and doctrines, and who believe that Positivism is a religion which "has its seat, its worship, and its priesthood; which had a saint for its founder, and which, if necessary, will have its confessors and martyrs." All this may be admitted, and yet surely one may be allowed to practise what Comte called "the commonsense method" of looking at ordinary facts and phenomena without being thereby under any moral obligation to adopt all the consequences to which Comte was led. The way in which M. Littré is anathematized by Comtists because he has done the one and not the other, is foolish, and only shows their intolerance.

From what has been said, it appears that the continuation of the Positive subsidy (even though relieved from Madame Comte's annuity) was indispensable to the fulfilment of the terms of Comte's will. It was necessary, in the first place however, to find a fitting successor to Comte as the High Priest of the new Religion. This difficulty was got over, or evaded, by the appointment of M. Pierre Lafitte, already perpetual president of Comte's testamentary executors, provisional "spiritual" director of Positivism; and at the same time, M. J. Magnin became, according to Comte's will, "temporal" president. Thereby the Positivist directorate was reconstituted. M. Lafitte's first duty was to rally the supporters of

Positivism after the death of their master. For this purpose he continued the annual circulars, and he was greatly helped, he tells us, in his work "by the devoted assistance and the noble voluntary subordination of Mr. Richard Congreve, one of the Britannic members of the Positivist Council, and the leading representative of the new religion in England." In the exercise of his sacerdotal functions, M. Lafitte extended the domestic consecrations, and instituted two new festivals in celebration, respectively, of the birth and death of "the founder of the universal Religion." Afterwards provision was made for the administration of the sacrament of "social destination," whereby the individual is consecrated to the business of his life. On the morning of the annual celebration of the death of Auguste Comte (6th September 1859), this sacrament was conferred on M. Hadery, a gentleman who had undertaken the work of attempting to solve practically the Comtean problem of agricultural cultivation. He was enabled to do this on a befitting scale through the liberality of "a young English Positivist," who gave 250,000 francs to provide the agricultural establishment of M. Hadery. The object hereby sought to be fulfilled was the carrying out of Comte's design of "regenerated industrial chiefs," who, under the new Positive social *régime*, in which duties take the place of rights, would regard property as only the means of discharging duty. The sacrament of "social destination," by which M. Hadery's enterprise was consecrated to the service of Humanity, was preceded, we are told, by a lengthy exposition of the principles of the new political economy, and of the true organization of modern industry. After having recalled the reciprocal duties of masters and workmen, of the industrial chiefs, the new patricians and the *prolétaires*, or new citizens, to each other and to society, and their common obligations to Humanity, the representative of the Positive priesthood proposed to the new industrial chief the essential conditions of every engagement of the kind :—

"You recognise," he said to him, "that wealth, social in its source and its destiny, should nevertheless receive a personal appropriation so as to be employed with a worthy independence in the service of Humanity."

"You promise to use with a wise economy only what is requisite for your personal maintenance, so as to employ the revenue of your capital in ameliorating the agents of labour, and perfecting its instruments."

"You promise to institute as soon as possible a suitable Sociocratic inheritor of the capital you are to administer in name of Humanity."

Having faithfully and solemnly promised adhesion to these fundamental points of every industrial function, "M. Hadery was consecrated agricultural chief in the fourth class of the Positive Patriciate." The same sacrament administered to M. Hadery was, on 6th September 1860, also administered to an English Positivist at Paris.

In England, Mr. Richard Congreve, "formerly a distinguished member of the Anglican clergy, now one of the most eminent and devoted apostles of the Positive Church," is the recognised head of Positivism, while in America, Mr. Henry Edger has founded a centre of Positive worship, and celebrates every year the commemorative festivals of Comte's birth and death. There are thus three centres of Positive worship established—one in Paris under the direction of M. Lafitte, another in England under Mr. Congreve, and a third in America under Mr. Edger. The first-named, though not permanent Pontiff and successor of Comte, is recognised by complete Positivists as the most competent exponent of his philosophical and religious principles. The issue of the annual circular was accordingly continued by M. Lafitte, and we have before us a series of twelve, the number printed since the death of Comte. The twentieth (and latest) is dated 8th February of the current year. In these circulars are to be observed whatever indications have been remarked by eager disciples of Comte of the progress of his opinions, and the influence these continue to exert in the several centres of Positivism. The list of subscribers to the Positivist subsidy is also given in each. The primary object of this fund, we have seen, was to compensate in some degree, to the founder of Positivism, for the loss of his various situations, but ultimately it became a subsidy to guarantee the maintenance of the Spiritual Power. Immediately after Comte's death his followers destined the fund, first of all, to carry out the objects mentioned in Comte's will. Only those who subscribe to this subsidy are regarded as complete Positivists; and therefore the number of subscribers is in no degree whatever indicative of the number who may have adopted Comte's scientific opinions. Indeed, some of the keenest opponents of the Spiritual Power are to be found among Comte's early scientific followers, as, for example, M. Littré in France, and Mr. Mill and Mr. Lewes in England. Complete Positivists regard, with Comte himself, the necessity for a Spiritual Power through which modern society may be regenerated from anarchy, as the most fundamental of all the practical aspects of Positivism. So important did

Comte regard it, that, as we have seen, he invited the support of all who felt anxious for the re-establishment of an effective spiritual discipline in Europe, even though they were not at one with him as to his philosophical basis. While in one way therefore the number of subscribers is no index of the number of Positivists, in the scientific sense of the term, seeing that those who are *only* its scientific disciples refuse to admit the propriety of the object for which the subsidy is maintained, yet in another, since even men may subscribe who do not accept the scientific and philosophical views of Positivism, there *may be* subscribers who can hardly, in the Comtean sense, be accounted complete Positivists. Now, the number of the subscribers, small at the beginning, has not yet become considerable. We have seen that the largest amount was raised during the year of Comte's death—an amount which has never been nearly equalled since. The following year it was reduced to little more than a third (or only 5486 francs), and after fluctuating for a few years it has latterly again declined, so that the total for 1867 was only 3718 francs, or lower in the twentieth than it was in the third year after its establishment. The number of subscribers, who gave this amount was only forty-six, while the year before Comte's death there were seventy-three, and the year of his death considerably more. There were fifty-two subscribers during 1865, fifty-four during 1863, and so on. Of the subscribers in 1867, twenty-five were French, sixteen Western (*Occidentales*), and five anonymous. If, therefore, we may judge of the number of complete Positivists from the number of subscribers they are very few; and seeing that the number appears to be decreasing instead of increasing, it must require great faith to believe that the "new Religion" can ever become the Religion of Humanity. We are bound, however, to explain, what we have been informed on good authority, that "a considerable number of complete Positivists (say two or three times the number of subscribers) neglect from one reason or another to subscribe; and that there is a still larger number of supporters of every stage of completeness, many of whom will support any special Positive effort, though they are not prepared to accept the existing nucleus at Paris as the germ of the permanent spiritual power of the Future. To some the idea of spiritual organization is instinctively repugnant—others accept the principle fully, but think the time for its realisation is not fully come." Even admitting all these explanations, it must yet appear evident that the progress of the new Religion

has been extremely slight, judged by the number of actual converts; indeed, so slight that it may well seem matter for surprise that its disciples exercise the influence they do upon contemporary thought. In England alone, for example, the influence of Positive modes of thought and views (in the political and social spheres mainly) is at present considerable. This is due doubtless to the ability and zeal of such men as Mr. Congreve and Dr. Bridges. The former has succeeded, we believe, in attracting a small group of complete and incomplete adherents, who yield him hearty personal support in the application of his principles to social action. There is a meeting-place in London, at which, every Sunday, Mr. Congreve or some other Positivist discourses to a small gathering; and some time ago, it may be remembered, a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* communicated to that paper a description of the proceedings at a similar meeting-place in Paris.

We have seen the establishment, on M. Comte's death, of a provisional spiritual authority, designed to be a council on the questions of the day, and to direct education according to Positive theories; which is, therefore, the nucleus of the spiritual power that is ultimately to emerge to deliver society from its anarchic condition. For the present, the chief of the Positive Council is only empowered to teach and advise; but when the real successor of Comte, who, after him, shall be the Pontiff of Humanity, comes, it will be his duty also to "consecrate and to judge." In the meantime, the President is qualified to accept and attest "before the brethren assembled at the seat of the new Faith," the moral engagements which the principal acts of private life inspire, and by inscribing them in the Positive records thereby to lend to them the only consecration admissible in the "existing situation." The design of this is to maintain the current of Positive traditions until the arrival of the true High Priest of the Positive faith. Meanwhile the sacerdotal subsidy and the typographical fund (for the publication of works disseminating Positive principles) is kept up. It also became the duty of the Council to recover and retain all papers, relics, and memorials held precious by Comte, from his widow. Except the publication, at intervals, of various works elucidating or enforcing Positive doctrines, the circulars have little in the way of practical progress to narrate; and it may be noticed that not the least energetic among those who are recognised as in this way labouring for Positivism is Mr. Congreve. In the work of Mr. Congreve in England—by assemblies

for worship, by lectures, publications, etc.,—M. Lafitte, as the head of Positivism, sees “the establishment and foundation,” in that country, “of the spiritual power, the organ of the doctrine that is to terminate peacefully the Western Revolution commenced five centuries ago.” The same year M. Lafitte said this of Mr. Congreve’s work in England (1860), he also estimated the progress of a similar work in America, by Mr. Henry Edger, who, after the celebration of the commemoration of Comte’s death in September 1859, thereby, to use his own words, “inaugurating the fuller worship of Humanity on the American soil,” had, in accordance with his priestly office, also celebrated in 1859 two of the sacraments of the Religion of Humanity. In the circular of 1861, M. Lafitte was able to chronicle that the sacrament of *Destination* had been demanded in the year previous by a British lawyer, and had been conferred on him in Paris, September 1860. Amongst the works of Mr. Congreve mentioned in the circular of 1862, are the “Lectures on Queen Elizabeth,” delivered by him before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. By the death of MM. de Constant and Winstanley in 1863, the Positive subsidy declined at once from 6883 francs to 3675, or about one-half; in consequence of which there was a deficit in the pension paid (in accordance with M. Comte’s will) to M. Martin Thomas, the husband of Sophie, Comte’s adopted daughter. In his circular of 1865, M. Lafitte draws attention to Dr. Bridges’ translation into English of the first part of Comte’s *Politique Positive*, under the title “A General View of Positivism,” and states that on 5th September 1864 the sacrament of *la Destination* had been conferred at his own request upon that gentleman, as an *Aspirant* to the Priesthood of Humanity. There is little worthy of notice in the subsequent circulars. They contain generally congratulations upon the hopeful condition and prospects of Positivism (though the progress seems small enough), and amid references to current political events, criticise and estimate the books and pamphlets published, and the lectures delivered in promotion of Positive principles. In the circular of 10th July 1866 reference is made to the volume of essays on *International Policy*.

Referring to the seven essays which the volume contains, M. Lafitte says, “Besides the intrinsic value of these various works, we have here a spectacle honourable alike to the reality and fertility of Positivism, and which accords with its scientific or profoundly relative character. We thus see the possibility that distinguished and active minds

may adopt certain important Positive principles relating to the highest social practice, while reserving, perhaps for ever, their ulterior decision on the other conceptions of Positivism. Such a spectacle is very reassuring, as offering the hope of an early effective action of Positivism on the troubled situation of the West. But besides doing honour to the moral elevation of those who take part in it, such an event shows how in worthy natures the social interest can overcome the spirit of conflict that results from differences more or less profound. This is consoling, when we compare with it the cultivated indifference, and even the ignoble attacks of which M. Comte was the object, by pretended theorists, in consequence of differences often purely secondary. But with natures truly social the consideration of a great end counteracts the aberrations to which incomplete theorists succumb.” In the circular of 1867 M. Lafitte announces the death of Martin Thomas, and after stating that a Commemorative Service had been held, he adds that he had announced, that seven years afterwards—viz., in 1874—he would confer on Martin Thomas the sacrament of *Incorporation*. By this, which is the last of the Positive sacraments, all who are accounted true servants of Humanity are incorporated with the *Grand Être*, seven years after death. Meantime M. Thomas’s image would be placed in the building consecrated to the religious meetings of Positivists. In the same circular he mentions with approval the petition in favour of the indulgent treatment of the Fenian prisoners, which was presented by Mr. Bright to the British House of Commons, and the signatures attached to which are recognised as those of either complete or incomplete Positivists. In the last circular issued, M. Lafitte makes loud complaint of the insufficiency of the amount subscribed for the subsidy; since for the year 1867 there was a deficit of 775 fr. 40 c., and he therefore makes a special appeal to Positivists for help this year. He recapitulates the objects of their efforts, which are to establish—*first*, a system of universal Positive education; *second*, a system of universal worship; and *lastly*, a political directorate, “armed with a doctrine at once systematic and real, which can alone guide the actual practice of political and social life.” This threefold aim Comte’s disciples have endeavoured to fulfil during the past ten years, and they have instituted the solution of all of them. Positive education is being carried on in France and England; the festival of Humanity celebrated annually in France, England, and America, “gathers together every year Positivists

around that great ideal conception, at once mental and moral," while various publications since 1857 have showed by degrees the possibility and utility of "our philosophical intervention in the midst of the fundamental questions that agitate the West." After urgently appealing for pecuniary help to carry out the great work, M. Lafitte proclaims "the time is ripe; there is full opportunity. Let us then redouble our personal efforts, and increase the intensity of our co-operation, in order to hold ourselves to the height of the mighty work which, preparing for the future, can so profoundly modify the present to the immense profit of existing societies."

Our exposition of the practical aspects and attitudes of Positivism may to some appear too detailed; but its modes of action are not generally known; and the intellectual ability of some of its leading apostles, taken in connexion with the attempted Positive organization,—organized for the purpose of affecting and modifying, with a view ultimately to direct our social, political, and religious development,—makes it desirable, we think, that they should be known. The influence of Positive principles upon the political and social conceptions of many eminent writers in the present day is distinct and decided. We observe more and more the traces in our journalism of the effect of the ennobling, yet, at the same time, depressing and enfeebling, views of the Positive school. As counteractive to a mere shallow negativism, which would destroy without caring at all about providing any reconstruction in place of that which is taken away, the power of Positive conceptions will be felt beneficially. As antagonistic to mere abstract dogmas, such as "the rights of man," and to a merely material political economy, it will prove serviceable by giving prominence to the moral elements that should enter into and overrule our social relations, counteracting the mischievous effect of a vulgar Communism, by exhibiting the lofty purpose subserved by the concentration of property held under the idea of subordinating it in obedience to the impulse of Duty to the service of Humanity. But while there are these and other noble elements and aims in Positivism, its essential limitations, its exclusion of everything that is not Relative, and its purely finite character, must prevent it from ever developing the noblest characteristics of human life. Nevertheless the intensity with which it applies its ethical law cannot fail of beneficent effects. This and other characteristics of Positivism, to many of which we have already referred, will probably tend to increase its influence

with a class of minds naturally disinterested and unselfish, who are animated by strong philanthropic impulses; but who, from whatever cause, have bound themselves within a rigid circle of "things seen and temporal." It is not indeed probable that very many, either in this country or elsewhere, will ever adopt all the details of the Positive Religion with its burlesque Ritualism, and its caricature of the Christian sacraments. In Britain, at least, neither women nor proletarians—except in isolated and exceptional cases—are likely to practise the worship set forth in *The Catechism of Positive Religion*. The practically ludicrous aspect of the Comtean forms and ceremonies will hardly allow the worship to live in the light of common day, however logically interconnected it may be with other elements of Positive doctrine. For our own part, we hold this connexion in the main to be evident, and that the Positive religion is the only religion faithful to Positive principles. As such, it will, not altogether unjustly, appear to many the *reductio ad absurdum* of these principles. Positive Politics differ in their practical aspect from the Positive Religion in this, that there is not so much scope in the former as in the latter for an absurd travesty of existing institutions which will excite the feeling of the ludicrous. But the results in the political sphere are sometimes sufficiently ridiculous. We have some of these exhibited in the *International Policy*, which we have seen recognised by the highest Positive authority.

The *International Policy* "based upon duties," explained in this volume, is an extension to national and international relations of the Positive motto, *Live for Others*. Nations, like individuals, are to be Altruistic. Great Empires, like men, are to love better other Empires than themselves; and instead of strenuously upholding their "rights" in the conflict for national rank and place, must subordinate all reference to these rights to the duties they owe to other countries. When such views are held, either implicitly or explicitly, it is not to be wondered at that the memories of Cressy and Agincourt are declared "the darkest page in the history of both countries,"—England and France; or that the naval history of England should be deemed a record that ought only to produce shame and confusion of face. Our naval history is "the history of our Commerce and of our Middle Classes," and a distinct connexion is discovered "between Protestantism and commercial immorality." All which opinions are consistent enough with the view of those who regard as "secondary and subordinate,"

"all questions concerning the interest, power, or prestige of every particular nation."

That Cosmopolitanism, or the Cosmopolitan way of looking at things, is natural to Positivism, we do not think requires to be proved. But if it be accepted thoroughly, it must lead very far—much farther than the International Essayists have gone. Ultimately, it will involve the dissolution of all existing states, and their re-constitution, according to the most acceptable Utilitarian theories founded on Positive principles. Comte was quite logical, therefore, in looking forward to the break-up of large states, and the reduction of the fragments to very small individual and independent communities. He believed that in former times the problem of the Constitution of the West had been tolerably solved under Feudal and Catholic influences and ideas—through the decomposition of the West into slightly-extended groups, submitted to various temporal governments, united by the same faith and cherishing the same spirit. Because, however, of the military character of practical activity at that time—not having reached the final or purely industrial state—and because of the theological nature of faith—this solution was not and could not be permanent. Yet this Constitution of Christendom endured to the fourteenth century, since which time Europe has been in a state of transition. During this period there has been a tendency to form large nationalities; although, through the simultaneous development of the industry, science, and art of Western Europe, the elements of Positivism have been preparing for the final reconstitution of Western Europe, of the great Western Republic. In the French Revolution the new elements that were rising into power came into collision with the elements of the old state of things—there was conflict between the remnant of the Feudal ideas, and the growing conception of a rational and peaceful *régime*, common, first of all to the West, and finally to the whole world. After this great crisis, however, there was retrogression to military anarchy; and no way was visible out of the anarchy till Comte flashed the light of Positive principles in upon the thick darkness of the nations. The literary and metaphysical class, into whose hands naturally falls the power in times of transition, obtained the ascendancy, and general deterioration followed. The consequence was the combination of revolutionary anarchy with military retrogression. The theory of distinct nationalities, based upon race, natural limits, and the right of universal suffrage, to which modern metaphysicians have resorted, is denounced as anarchic by

Positivism, which seeks to solve the problem how to restore the Unity of the West, while constituting a higher unity than ever before existed. But Positivists have come to the practical conclusion that in the meanwhile it is premature to discuss the due division of the West. For the present they must respect the political *status quo*, while constantly and energetically working towards the unity of civilisation, which is only possible through the thorough adhesion of public opinion, which can be but slowly convinced. We have indicated briefly here a few of Comte's political ideas. Others of not less interest and importance, such as his views on the relations of Capital and Labour, his antagonism to such metaphysical conceptions (as he called them) as "the rights of man," and "popular sovereignty," the refusal to adopt Equality as an end, though adopting "Liberty and Fraternity" with zeal, his opinion as to the perpetual, binding nature of marriage, and as to the place of woman in the social sphere (which are healthy counteractives to the doctrines of the Woman's Rights' apostles of the present day), are all of great interest and value, and may be studied with advantage. How he applied his political principles in detail to the existing "situation," what he expected as the political future of the human family, and many other questions and problems, must here be left even unmentioned. But Positivism claims that she offers solutions of all the problems that now occupy the attention of mankind, and that these solutions are the only coherent and homogeneous ones attainable.

Although a complete view of Positivism includes, as we have seen, the application of Positive principles to both society and the individual, and the development of the Religion of Humanity regulative of the individual from the point of view of morality, we must start in a philosophical investigation into Positive principles from the point from which Comte himself began. This was essentially mathematical. In its earliest shape, the Positive Philosophy is nothing but the Philosophy of Mathematics. For since the ultimate object of Philosophy—laying aside all search for Causes, and regarding God, Freedom, and Immortality as meaningless, or as pure chimeras—is merely to observe the order in which the various relations are that constitute the generalisation of the individual sciences, everything is viewed from the mathematical (or merely quantitative) point of view. Varieties of simplicity and complexity are only shades or varieties of quantity. The properties which belong to the greatest number of objects are the most general, and therefore the most simple; but

a decrease of generality is found, as, descending the scale, we discover greater complexity among the relations of phenomena. This law Comte thought he had been the first to demonstrate; but in reality, as stated by M. Ravaisson, it is only the logical law of the inverse relation of the extension of ideas to their comprehension; for it simply consists in this, that the fewer elements a property contains, the greater the number of species to which the property extends itself. Aristotle himself applied this law to nature; but he did not find in it the explanation of phenomena, for which purpose it was necessary for him to superadd special causes that are the manifestations of the First Cause. According to Comte, the differences of the Sciences are determined by the different arrangements of the elements composing them, and by different arrangements of these arrangements. Mathematics is the base of all Science; and phenomena are in reality only the transformation of primordial mathematical elements. The order in which the sciences are ranged, as an order of increasing complexity, is such that Mathematics explain Physics; for whatever has Physical properties has also mathematical. Physics explain chemistry; for objects possessing chemical properties have also physical; and Chemistry explains biology, or the science of life; for vital objects show also chemical properties. But in all such cases, though the more complex contains the more simple, the reverse is not also true; because the more simple does *not* contain the more complex. Therefore, since mathematical elements—figure, extension, etc.—enter into and compose all other sciences, Mathematics is the first and most general; whereas Sociology, the elements peculiar to which only belong to itself, is the last and most complex, and contains in itself the elements of all the other Sciences. Of course all the Sciences have passed, or will yet pass, from the Theological to the Positive stage; although Mathematics has been so long a Positive Science that there is no record of its ever having been anything else. Chemistry and Physiology are still infested with metaphysical elements—vital properties, etc.—but the time must come when they too shall be simply Positive, even as Mathematics.

Although it is a principle essential to Positivism that all our knowledge is purely relative—that is, that we know anything at all only in relation to something else, and in relation also to our own powers of knowing—since, then, we can know nothing but relations, or the order of connexion of facts and the arrangement of these relations and orders,—yet there is some obscurity at this point.

We doubt if Comte ever really analysed the idea of the relative, or of a relation. But according to the definition he sometimes gives, in which he professedly identifies his own theory with the Kantian, he is really left destitute of a basis, not only for a knowledge of causes, but of a foundation for any real objective knowledge whatever, or for affirming the existence of any objective laws. Even the most general of the laws of science—of Mathematics—must depend upon our intellectual constitution, so that we are landed in Scepticism at the outset. The “invariable order” of which Positivists speak cannot be declared to have a purely objective existence; for the law of which this term is the expression depends upon ourselves. The same holds good with regard even to observed facts, of none of which can we ever have a real objective knowledge, so that we are again thrown back upon the road which leads to absolute scepticism; and Comte has no right to reintroduce any ideas about constant or invariable order, or anything whatever implying certainty, since all that is objective depends on the subjective; and since, besides, we can never observe any certainty in nature or experience—all we observe being mere individual events. In France, the tendency of the Positive school has mainly been to Materialism; although both M. Comte and M. Littré declared Positivism perfectly indifferent to both; but the distinct endeavour to reduce the phenomena of life to Physics, and Physics to Geometry, and therefore all life to Mathematics, was surely Materialistic.

But in England Positivism has taken a different course. In France it was the law of intellectual evolution that seems to have been most generally accepted and viewed with most favour, but with us perhaps the Positive classification of the sciences has been most valued, and has been adopted by many eminent thinkers, while others have gone so far in the Positive direction that we can hardly fail to regard them as, at least, intellectual Positivists. Mr. Lewes and Mr. Mill have therefore as companion English Positivists, such men as Mr. Alexander Bain, Mr. Samuel Bailey, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. In Mr. Buckle, too, we had a historian who sought to make history Positive. We here apply the term Positive in its general sense, as that which tends to break down all distinction between the physical and the moral sciences, between Physiology and Psychology. The distinction between soul and body, and the notions originating from either or both, is confounded by Positivism; and although Buckle was professedly a Theist, yet as his Theism excluded the idea

of any actual Divine government, and maintained the unvarying regularity of social laws, he must certainly be viewed as a Positivist. He might not be a Comtist (as M. Louis Étienne observes), but he was in general terms a Positivist, intellectually speaking. Bentham and the Benthamite school too have all more or less walked in the Positive pathways, which Auguste Comte endeavoured to complete and make permanent. But Mr. J. S. Mill furnishes the best example of the logical consequences of Positivism carried consistently out. Mr. Mill declares war upon all Mysticism, meaning by the term, not only the ordinary mysticism of the Vedas and the Neo-Platonists, but of Hegel too, for he defines it as that which attributes objective existence to the pure ideas of the intellect, and recognises only what comes within the range of experience, that is, what is immediately tangible and observable. The conjunction of the school of Comte and Mill with that of Hume has been often indicated. Of course Mr. Mill holds strongly the relativity of knowledge, and, as was natural to so clear a head as his, he has drawn out the results of it more clearly than Comte ever did. Mr. Mill's psychology is simply that of Hume, or the examination of the laws of association and connexion of our ideas and sentiments, which results in annihilating everything but ideas and impressions, withdrawing the reality of both thinking subject and external object. Mr. Mill established a Positive Logic as well as a Positive Psychology. It is the principle of this logic that knowledge is not deduced from knowledge, so that without reference to experience we are able to evolve one from another; our knowledges being merely interconnected, and not interdependent, we can add to them only by experience, or by the inference of the like from the like, which is the extension of experience, and which is called Induction. Mr. Mill therefore brings us back to the old theories of Hobbes and Hume. Definition is only the description of the concurrence of properties, and all that Reasoning does is to recall how near one thing has been found to another, or it reproduces in another form what has been the result of observation and induction. There is no real connexion observed between objects, since induction is only an instinctive operation by which we pass from one fact to another. As our knowledge is only derived from experience, and all that experience presents is the arrangement of facts and phenomena in a certain order, of course there can be no necessity; and, therefore, no necessary moral or intellectual truths. Mr. Mill does not ap-

pear to shrink from this ultimate consequence. Mathematical, geometrical, and all other kinds of demonstrations, are *found* to be true from experience here; but they might be false elsewhere. There may be a universe where two and two do *not* make four; why therefore may it not be the case in other worlds that lying is a virtue and veracity a vice? Mr. Mill, we daresay, would not say this; but his principles say it for him. Nor, upon these, can there be any reason why the Comtean classification, though true in this world, may not yet be false in another. In other worlds, or in parts of our own unknown to us, there may be another Physics, another Geometry, and another Logic. If we have no guarantee of the reality of anything except as it is in our own experience, and therefore may in different space find different arrangements, why may not difference in time have a similar effect? So that even in this world there is no reason why the sciences may not be different to-morrow from what they are to-day. Who knows, indeed, if there be even now any science anywhere, if there are any two things alike, if there be anything at all; if, that is, to return to Schelling's starting-point for Metaphysics, "there be not nothing?" Mr. Mill brings us back, therefore, to the point from which Philosophy starts, with, as the result of his denial of the possibility of metaphysical principles, the annihilation of all certainty or assurance of anything whatsoever—a state of absolute Scepticism, not merely as to God, Freedom, and Immortality, but also as to whether there be anything at all anywhere or anyhow. Thus the result of Positivism, which was Materialism in France, is absolute Scepticism in England. Nor is any other result possible to a Philosophy—if its principles are carried out to their logical consequences—which denies all knowledge of causes, which disowns all sources of knowledge but external experience, and which tells us, not only that all our knowledge is relative, but that we cannot know whether anything of which we have experience, be as it is represented to us—since it is modified, and in part constituted, by our own nature.

Such barren results, however, could not satisfy Comte, whose final object was not to pull down but to build up, and who was negative and destructive only provisionally, in order to pave the way for a more stable structure than previously existed. It is probable enough that Comte himself never clearly saw the distinct sceptical consequences of his principles as they have since been exhibited by Mr. Mill, because with all his scientific ability Comte was destitute of the veriest

germ of metaphysical faculty. He felt, however, no doubt instinctively, the wants of his system, which he often denounced as barren if a halt were called at its intellectual phase and no attempt were made to develop its social consequences; and he therefore, as we have seen, traced out a Positive Metaphysic and a Positive Religion to take the place of those he supposed he had for ever overturned.

It may well seem impossible for any sane man to go on believing, whatever he may assert, that all that can be known, or that all which exists, is only a collection of relations. Why, the very word Relative is without meaning unless we conceive something to which it is related, or at best conceive that it is related to something. We cannot go on for ever tracing back an endless series of relatives that are only that and nothing more—have nothing, that is, to which they are related. Emptied of the idea of Causality, as Dr. Stirling pithily puts it, the universe and all in it is only a bundle of “outsides,” and we cannot continue believing only in “outsides.” However much we may try, we cannot empty things of all significance, and so we find that Comte himself brought back the very idea he professed to exclude, when he talked of the *invariable* order of the succession of phenomena, the constant and unchangeable laws regulating all existence. This invariability, this unchangeableness, is only another name for the difficulty explained by Causality; and which it had been alleged had been spirited away by saying that a Causal connexion was nothing more than a certain specific way in which phenomena are arranged. Keep to that, and we can say nothing whatever about what the order must be, and when we assert that it *always* has been, and therefore always must be so and so, we merely express in a different manner the difficulty sought to be avoided without reference to the idea of Cause which leads us inevitably to the First Cause, and enables us also to judge of Final Causes. In reality, the assumption of the invariable and immutable is the result of the impulse that necessitates our demand for an order, and an order having a purpose in all things. We seek, and refuse to be satisfied till we find an Ultimate or Absolute which gives the reason and explanation of all relatives. This law is operative in all spheres of our investigations. In all departments we seek an order summed in unity; therefore in moral relations we demand the law of Good, the highest moral unity—in Knowledge Truth, the highest intellectual unity—and in taste the Unity of Beauty. Everywhere then our search—a search we cannot avoid—is for Unity.

Now it is remarkable that from the first

the impulse towards Unity, towards regarding all outward things as together constituting a Whole (the *Ensemble*), was powerful in the mind, and directed all the intellectual operations, of Comte. In thus adopting what is in reality a purely metaphysical principle, and which can only be accounted for on metaphysical grounds, Comte was doubtless faithless to his own more distinctive principles. Mr. Mill is therefore so far right when, criticising Comte from the Positive stand-point, he denounces his incessant search for system and unity. Mr. Mill professes to find an explanation of this characteristic in the nature of the French character, which is certainly highly complimentary to the French. But it has its roots in our common human nature, and is peculiar to no individual nation exclusively.

It may of course be said, and said with truth, that the Unity sought for by Comte was not an external and objective Unity, but was of a merely subjective and provisional character. Therefore he was not even impelled to go so far as Mr. Herbert Spencer goes in finding the Absolute, as, for the Reason, the necessary counterpart to and explanation of the Relative. Much less did he ever seek, and find in the unity of our inner consciousness, in thought itself, the type and the pledge, as well as the explanation, of all Unity. With Comte the search for unity was instinctive, and if none such is to be found externally, it would be necessary, he said, to create a hypothetical unity by our imaginations. Comte carried out the impulse by making humanity the centre of all, and subordinating all to the inner unity of Sentiment. Both Mr. Lewes and M. Littré accuse him of having in his later years abandoned the Objective Method by which, through observation, he completed the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, for the Subjective Method which made man and human ideas the measure of all things, and even attributed objective authority to mere subjective thoughts and fancies. To this Dr. Bridges has effectively replied, that Comte from the first contemplated the use of *both* methods, and that their combination and reconciliation was the final goal of all philosophy. “The study of Man and the study of the external World,” says Comte himself, “form the twofold and eternal subject of all our philosophical conceptions. Each of these two orders of speculations may be applied to the other, and may form its point of departure. Hence spring two totally distinct, and, indeed, opposite methods of philosophising; the method which proceeds from the consideration of Man to that of the World, and that which begins with the world and ends with Man.

When arrived at full maturity, Philosophy must inevitably tend towards a general conciliation of these two antagonistic methods. But their contrast is the germ of the fundamental difference between the two great modes of speculation, theological and positive, which the mind of man has been forced successively to follow.

We confess, however, that we cannot see how, logically and really, Comte's Objective method can be regarded as an instrument for obtaining conceptions from the external point of view, any more than his Subjective method. On Comtean principles it is really impossible to draw any distinct line between them. For we have always understood that the Objective method must, through its purely relative character, and because it can only apprehend the relative, and can know nothing except what is constituted knowledge by the concurrence of the external and the internal, and their reciprocal mutual determinations, be itself Subjective. Even if we could attain external truth, we can never *know* we have done so, because we can never separate between the substance and form, the dualism which constitutes life, and the relations of which alone yield us any product. To attain this knowledge, we must have a criterion, and that can only be found in thought, and on the assumption of the truth of the necessary laws of thought. We can only therefore reconcile the Objective and Subjective, and learn their full truth and reality, by means of a Philosophical procedure which Positivism despises, but of which it tends more and more in its ultimate form to show us the indispensable necessity. But not only do we find that Comte confused his Objective method by introducing Subjective elements; we also find that his Subjective Method was partly Objective. According to the Objective Method, we have such certain knowledge of the inorganic sciences that we are able to foresee their working and effects. The phenomena and laws we cannot modify we may yet turn to use by forecasting their effects. "The final perfection of speculative effort is," says Dr. Bridges, "after having decomposed the properties of an object, and studied their laws separately, to recompose them, and predict, not empirically, but scientifically, the resultant action." But whence comes that conviction of the certainty and immutability of law which makes us confident that our prediction must be fulfilled? If our knowledge of phenomena is only that of a specific order or arrangement of facts—if we can only know, what external experience teaches us, that such and such elements have been so and so placed and arranged in the past;

how are we enabled to conclude (which must be done for our prediction) that what has been will be, that the future order will be the same as the past? If observation and the accumulation of observed facts be all we can know, as Mr. Mill has pretty well demonstrated must be the case on Positive principles, then from whence comes the necessity on which we count so surely? We *must* fall back upon Thought and the Laws of Thought for a satisfactory answer. Confidence in the invariable and immutable order of nature's laws, is grounded, of course, on the belief that there is a connexion between certain classes of phenomena *which cannot but be as it is*; for which, that is, there is a reason or cause; so that we are at once in the very heart of the causal nexus, and discern that there is a reason for the order we foresee. It is in this respect, as Leibnitz has shown, that human intelligence differs from animal. The latter expects similar events to occur in similar circumstances, simply because it has been so before. There is no reason for it in its eyes. But men see "*les liaisons des vérités*," and are not merely influenced by the similarity of experienced feeling. This reason for the connexion of certain perceptions can never come to us from sensation, the effect of which only is to cause us to expect another time the *liaison* formerly observed, although perhaps the reasons for the connexion may be no longer the same. It is characteristic of reason to dispense often with experience, and to impart to us a conviction of the absolute necessity of a certain thing or law, in place of the feeling of more or less probability that experience alone can give. Mr. Mill himself is obliged to re-introduce this idea of necessity after he had driven it forth as an intruder. Not otherwise can he explain how, from the past, we with assurance conclude to the future. For what is the "*unconditional antecedent*" to an event which cannot but follow, and which may therefore be counted upon with certainty, but the old idea of Cause?

Positivism is not entitled ever to go beyond the multitude of separate and individual facts. Yet we have seen how Comte ultimately attained a theory of progressive order and universal harmony. Instead of viewing the mere details of phenomena, he felt impelled to regard the totality of things in space and time, and to seek the reason of the interconnexion and interdependence of all things, organic and inorganic, and of the developments of human life which constitute progress. "In the science of organized beings," he said, "it is from the Totality that, by induction, we obtain the true knowledge of

the parts." As Comte advanced, he also more and more came to separate physical and chemical phenomena from vital, and to regard them as distinct. In his subordination of all things to Unity—to Human Nature as it appears from a study of History—Comte may even be said to have reduced all things under the dominance of an Idea or a Thought. Only in the Superior can we find the explanation of the Inferior—in man the explanation of nature. Yet since he sought in the moral as in the material order arrangements subjected to laws, he held he was still faithful to Positivism. "As Biology consists in the knowledge of the mutual action and reaction of organisms and of physical surroundings, philosophical history is the knowledge of the mutual action and reaction of organisms and of social surroundings." Therefore everything was, he believed, still regarded in its relations, not in its causes. Instead of explaining human life and history, either theologically or metaphysically, the founder of Positivism still only explains phenomena by phenomena. It is notable, however, that in coming back, even in appearance, to the original point of view, and making man the measure of all things, especially in more and more giving the reins to his affections and imagination, he returned, as it were, to the faith of the childhood of humanity. Indeed, he regarded Positivism as a return to Fetichism, only the Fetichism is no longer viewed as absolute, but as merely relative. Yet, although qualified in this way, it is impossible to believe that Comte himself, and his disciples—for it is impossible to human nature—hold themselves in the state of equipoise which such a belief implies. When, as the result of all his efforts and exertions, the author of the Positive philosophy came to the conclusion that Love is the secret of man and of the world; that intellect is, and ought to be, only the servant of the heart; and that as intelligence is above material existence, so are our moral and our emotional faculties above intelligence; it is impossible, we say,

to think that Comte held this in the kind of mere provisional manner spoken of, which would have been equivalent to almost not holding it at all. Although, therefore, Comte saved his consistency by professing to limit the uses and applications of the Subjective Method in the way we have seen, he yet in reality, for his own satisfaction, for the satisfaction of his heart and mind, was led back to the old stand-point which in metaphysics and theology he opposed and despised—of explaining everything by reference to man.

He was thereby brought very near to the point of view of Christianity, while, by professing to deal only with relations without any knowledge of Causes, he remained faithful to Positivism, and reconciled the latter in a certain vague manner with Religion. The practical issues were certainly in harmony with Christianity, as might have been expected from the apostle of *Altruism*, the devout and faithful student of the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*. To live for others was Comte's motto, and to adore Will and Love in all nature was the end of the worship of the Religion of Humanity. The Religion was still nominally without a God; and from the relative view of Positivism there could be no belief in immortality. To the last, amid all the devotional longings of his heart, Comte maintained his view of the relative nature of all our knowledge, and refused to see the Absolute, to which both his thoughts and affections seemed more and more to tend. Considering the direction in which he was going, it seems hardly too much to hope that, had he lived longer, he might at length have come to acknowledge that only in the development of the Infinite in human life—in the reconciliation of the Finite and Infinite in Humanity as a historical fact—can full satisfaction be found for the problems, of which he presented partial and provisional solutions; and that the Relative is inexplicable by itself, and in reality is nothing, unless there be an Absolute as the back-ground and reason of its reality.

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ART. I.—*Memoir of the Right Honourable Hugh Elliot.* By the COUNTESS OF MINTO. Edinburgh, 1868.

THE position of a diplomatist is, in some respects, less favourable to the gratification of personal ambition than that of an officer of rank in the army or the navy. The most important part of the diplomatist's work is unseen, and is unknown to the great body of his countrymen. He may convey to his Government the most ample details of his proceedings, but, in most cases, it would be inexpedient and in many injurious to the national interests to make these public. If, for example, he has succeeded in conducting, with consummate ability, to a satisfactory conclusion, discussions which threatened to produce a rupture between his own Government and that to which he is accredited, he has rendered an important service to the State; but it can rarely be desirable to make public in detail all that passed in the course of such a negotiation. It is generally more conducive to the maintenance of a good understanding between the parties, that these details should be kept out of sight, if not forgotten; but without a knowledge of these, of all the difficulties he has had to contend with, and of the manner in which he surmounted them, the diplomatist's merits cannot be duly appreciated. He must therefore be content, in most cases, even on occasions of the greatest success, to forego the popular appreciation which attends success in the other branches of the public service. Such, at least, was the position of our ambassadors and envoys in the last century.

For diplomatists, however, who have been men of mark in their generation, there may come a time, but not till they and their contemporaries have passed away, when some friendly hand, shaking the dust of many years from the papers they have left, gives a truthful picture of a man who, it may be, was known and admired at almost every court in Europe, revives the memory of his talents, accomplishments, and public services, and contributes authentic materials for the history of the times in which he lived.

This is what, in the memoir of her grandfather, Lady Minto has done with much ability and judgment, and with a candour, vivacity, and grace, that make doubly attractive the story of a life which, even in rougher hands, could not have failed to be full of interest. The available mass of papers appears to have been such as would have furnished materials for several volumes; but although the labour of selection must have been great, and often perplexing, we do not doubt that it was wise to compress the memoir into a single volume. It is to be regretted that equal self-denial has not always been experienced by those who have undertaken similar tasks. It is better for both subject and author that the readers of a Memoir or a "Correspondence" should wish the book to be longer than that they should complain of its being too long.

"With the laudable desire," says Lady Minto, "to begin at the beginning, I should gladly trace the manner in which my grandfather's earliest years were spent, but unfortunately I have no means of doing so; the oldest letter in my possession is of the date of 1762, when he was ten years old, and was living with his family at Twickenham; and in none of the subsequent letters have I found any internal evidence as to the locality which they looked upon as home. In none is there any allusion to favourite haunts, to gardens or games, to dependants or pets; nothing to show affection for home as a place. Strong family affection

has been ever a characteristic of the race, and to be together was at all times an object of tenderest longing, but where the meeting should take place seems to have been a matter of indifference.

"I therefore suppose that during the youth of the family their parents led an unsettled life, probably dividing their time between Parliamentary duties in London and visits to relations in Edinburgh, occasionally living at Lochgelly and occasionally at Minto. It is possible, too, that the home life may not have been of the kind to make itself remembered with unmixed pleasure. Sir Gilbert was a grave, highly cultivated man, immersed in politics, and, like all fathers of his time, he seems to have inspired his family with as much awe as admiration.

"Lady Elliot, clever, high-spirited, and imaginative, was not, like one who filled her place in after years,

'Blessed with a temper, whose unclouded ray,
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.'

Her preference for those of her children who most resembled herself was openly avowed, and in Isabella and Hugh, she cultivated rather than repressed the uncontrolled sensibility, the romantic impulsiveness of character, and 'high imaginings,' which, in the case of the sister, probably increased constitutional tendencies to the extent of rendering them morbid, and which in that of the brother diminished the successfulness of his career and the happiness of his life. Her eldest son Gilbert and her youngest daughter Eleanor, were not supposed by her to be of the porcelain clay of which the rest were made, and her allusions, soon after Hugh left her, to Gilbert's coldness of manner, as compared with Hugh's more demonstrative nature, is not less striking, when we find that she lived to give her entire confidence to her eldest son, and to be on terms approaching to estrangement with the younger.

"To a want therefore of home sunshine, it is possible that we may in part ascribe the fact that the letters written from home deal chiefly with news, with politics, or with advice, while those addressed there by the absent sons, are confined to matters affecting their studies and pursuits.

"From their earliest years the boys were training for the world.

"Life," says Byron, 'has no Present, but childhood is the time of life which should form an exception to the rule, a time when stores of mental as of bodily health may be laid up in days of careless enjoyment.

"At twelve years old Hugh was with his elder brother in Paris, learning French and *l'usage du monde* under the auspices of David Hume."

In 1762, Mr. Liston, afterwards Sir Robert Liston, a well-known and much respected diplomatist, became the tutor of the boys Gilbert and Hugh, with a salary of £25 a year, bed, board, and washing. Towards the end of 1764 they were sent with their tutor to Paris, where they spent

two years at the military school directed by the Abbé Choquart. "While there they made the acquaintance of Mirabeau, a boy of their own age, for whom the school of l'Abbé Choquart had been specially selected as being more like a prison than a school. No complaints of harsh treatment have, however, been recorded in the letters of the Elliots."

On their return from Paris in 1766, the boys were sent to Edinburgh, to be under the superintendence of Professor George Stuart, who, in the spring of the following year, writes, "In everything where Hugh's age admits (he was barely fifteen) he is really wonderful." And again: "I never had occasion to see two brothers so contrasted, and indeed I should find it a more difficult task to manage Hugh, were it not for the example of his brother. He is lively, agreeable, and popular. No wonder if his vivacity is now and then above his reason. As it is he needs a very sharp eye." A further account of Hugh Elliot at this time will be found in Dr. Somerville's *Life and Times*:—

"At this period of their lives," Lady Minto informs us, "Hugh got into scrapes by 'mixing too much salt with his repartees;' while Gilbert ran some danger of finding that sweets have their 'sour' too. It was surmised at home that he neglected his law-books for the society of a young lady of his acquaintance; but his defence seems to have been complete when he wrote to his mother that, 'after all, it had only made him take up Thomson's Seasons once or twice instead of his Roman History;' and he proceeds, perhaps in self-justification—"this town is proving idler every day. It is already much thinned. There are at present in Edinburgh above a thousand people perfectly idle. The journeyman tailors have for some time given up their work, insisting on higher wages. The masons and carpenters have all followed their example."

In 1768 the brothers went to Oxford, and, soon after his arrival, Hugh wrote a letter to his father, giving an account of the life there. They had been dining with Dr. Markham, who questioned them about their studies, and gave them his advice with regard to them.

"In short," says Hugh, "I think he endeavoured to recommend everything that is taught here, and dis-recommend everything which is not taught here. . . .

"We are told we must take great care never to speak upon politics, or prefer any other University to this. . . . Pray, papa, if anybody asks you how we like Oxford, don't tell them that we find fault with anything, for I never saw people so bigoted to any place in my life, and they are jealous of the least thing that can be construed against it."

Two years later both brothers were again at Paris, and Hugh writes,—“As soon as we were equipped we waited upon Mr. (Horace) Walpole, who seems to be as dry and cold a kind of gentleman as I ever saw.” They found Madame de Boufflers—Walpole’s *Idole du Temple*—at her studies in her bedroom. She said, “if she had time she would set about translating Mr. Smith’s *Moral Sentiments*. ‘Il a des idées si justes de la sympathie.’” Hugh slyly adds, “This book is now in great vogue here—this doctrine of sympathy bids fair for cutting out David Hume’s Immaterialism, especially with the ladies, ever since they heard of his marriage.”

“Madame du Deffand has told us to come to her *petits soupers* whenever we please.” This lady is well known as the correspondent of Voltaire and of Horace Walpole. Her society, we are told, was composed of all that was eminent in France, either by intellect or position. In a letter to Walpole she describes the young Elliots as very amiable, perfect in their knowledge of French, gay, gentle, well-bred, good-looking, and agreeable to every one. They were also well received by Madame Geoffrin, whose saloons were frequented by such men as Montesquieu, the *Encyclopédistes*, l’Abbé Delille, La Harpe, &c., and by Mademoiselle l’Espinasse, an authoress of some note. She was the friend of M. d’Alembert, who, in concert with Diderot and secretly assisted by Voltaire, started the *Encyclopédie*, designed to undermine religion and monarchy in France. This was then considered the most distinguished intellectual society to which a youth could obtain access in Europe, and it was sought accordingly. It was brilliant and immoral. Few of the women were considered, and probably many of them did not desire to be considered, immaculate, but they were clever and accomplished, and there has, perhaps, been no epoch in France or elsewhere, in which the destructive force of mere intellect, uncoupled with rank or wealth, and divorced from religion and morals, has been manifested in such power as at that time in Paris. The men who were the guiding lights of the society we are speaking of—the Philosophers, as they were called—Voltaire, D’Alembert, Diderot, and others of that sect, deliberately sapped the foundations of the social and political fabric of France, already damaged by vice and corruption, and prepared the ground, if they did not lay the train, for the mine which, in its explosion some years later, broke up the whole framework of society, and blew monarchy, aristocracy, morality, and religion to the winds. The political prin-

ciples which they inculcated and diffused may be inferred from the declaration attributed to Diderot, that “Mankind will never be happy and free till the last of kings has been strangled with the bowels of the last of priests,”—and France acted as if she had accepted the spirit at least of this dictum. We all know what followed. Flying from anarchy, France sought the protection of military despotism, and having drunk too deeply of military glory, reeled and fell. After a time, another outbreak of republicanism drove her to the same shelter, and under the vigorous discipline of the second empire, she now seems to be gradually recovering her sober senses.

It is worthy of remark that amongst the admirers of this Republican philosophy of Liberty and Equality, none professed greater admiration than Frederick of Prussia and Catherine of Russia, perhaps the most despotic and arbitrary sovereigns in Europe. They kept up a familiar, but, on their part, deferential correspondence with Voltaire, D’Alembert, Diderot, and other notabilities of that school, and invited them to Berlin and St. Petersburg. Voltaire, as every one knows, resigned his appointments at Paris and settled at Berlin, as the king’s friend, chamberlain, and guest. But they quarrelled, and Voltaire had the mortification to discover that his Royal friend had become tired of him, and had privately avowed his intention, as he expressed it, “when he had squeezed the lemon to throw away the rind.”

Catherine made the purchase of Voltaire’s library an occasion for conferring upon him a pecuniary benefit. She invited D’Alembert to St. Petersburg to conduct the education of her son—afterwards the Emperor Paul—and there to complete the *Encyclopédie*, which had been denounced in France; and when he, warned no doubt by Voltaire’s experience at Berlin, declined her very liberal and flattering proposals, she wrote to him a letter (November 19, 1762), in which she endeavoured to prove that it was his duty to accede to her request, adding—“In this whole letter I have argued only from what I have found in your writings: you would not contradict yourself.” She also purchased Diderot’s library, which she left with him, at the same time appointing him keeper of it with a liberal salary; and having induced him to visit St. Petersburg, she received him with the most flattering attentions. “Diderot” says a writer who had special means of obtaining accurate information, “unfolded his principles on the liberty and rights of nations with his usual enthusiasm and eloquence. The Empress seemed



to be delighted with them; but she was not at all the more disposed to put them in practice. 'M. Diderot,' said she, 'is a hundred years old in many respects; but in others he is no more than ten.' Perhaps her Majesty's private opinion was not more in favour of the wisdom of Voltaire, though she never spoke of it but with the deference due to the foremost dispenser of fame." Both the King and the Empress bestowed flatteries and largesses on the leading literary men of the day, in order that their own praises might be sounded throughout Europe; and they effected their object. They no doubt regarded the Republican Philosophy which they professed to admire in the same light as they did abstract propositions in science, which it was interesting to discuss or to hear discussed, but which had no immediate or practical bearing upon their duties as Sovereigns. They lived to take a different view of the effect of such teaching.

But the young Elliots do not appear to have been influenced by the views of the French society in which they occasionally mingled, and in the autumn of 1770 they both left Paris, the elder, Gilbert, to resume his studies at Christ Church, thereafter to engage in public life, and to become Viceroy of Corsica, Envoy Extraordinary to Vienna, President of the Board of Control, Governor-General of India, and first Earl of Minto.

The younger, Hugh, proceeded to Metz to study military science. While yet a child, he had received from General Scott of Scotstarvet a commission in the British army, in accordance with a practice then too common to be regarded as blameable. From that time he had been led to look to the army as his profession, his studies had been directed with a view to prepare him for it, and it was his own ardent desire and ambition to seek distinction in pursuing a military career. But quite unexpectedly, when he had completed his education, Lord Barrington refused to ratify the appointment. This refusal, whatever may have been the motive that dictated it, was then looked upon as a cutting insult, which was to be resented by the family and their friends; and it is perhaps not too much to say that Hugh Elliot never entirely overcame the mortification. His ardour for military distinction had become a passion. The short and brilliant essay in arms which he soon afterwards had an opportunity of making, served to inflame that passion; it continued to burn and burst forth long after he had apparently settled to his diplomatic work, and probably it never was altogether extinguished. He seems to have felt that his true vocation was military, and, although

he acquired distinction as a diplomatist, he was probably right.

In the hope that he might obtain employment in the Austrian army with the rank of captain, which had been conferred upon him with that view, he set out in 1772 for Vienna, and although he failed in his object, he gained the friendship of Lord Stormont, who, afterwards writing to a friend (not of the Elliot family), says with reference to Hugh, "The sweetness of his disposition, the manner in which the *elements are blended* in him, the variety of his accomplishments and pursuits, make him a young man so much after my heart, that I often lament in secret that I am not the father of such a son, though God knows I never was less disposed than at present to try my chance." Madame de Thun, too, who was one of the most agreeable, cultivated, and sensible women in Viennese society, said of him, years afterwards, "Such as he was at eighteen, so would I wish my son to be."

Thirsting for military employment, Elliot pushed on to Warsaw, where he was favourably received by the King, Stanislas Augustus, whose person and manner he describes as "strikingly engaging and manly." Stanislas was not a man of elevated birth; his grandfather had been steward of a small estate belonging to the Sapeiha family. He had himself accompanied the British ambassador, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, to St. Petersburg, as an unofficial secretary, had become one of the favoured lovers of the Empress Catherine, had by her been placed, with the connivance of Prussia, and almost by force of arms, upon the throne of Poland, and was now (1772) about to become the victim of her ambition.

The partition of Poland was on the eve of being perpetrated, the forces of the three Powers were closing round their prey, and the feuds and contentions of the Poles, fomented and fostered by foreign agency, made any attempt at resistance hopeless. "I never was so moved with any scene," writes Elliot to his father, "as with the first aspect of this Court. Remorse or despair get the better of the forced cheerfulness with which they endeavour to veil the approach of ruin, slavery, and oppression."

From Warsaw, Elliot set forth to join the Russian army, then employed in Moldavia against the Turks, and finding that operations were suspended, and negotiations in progress, he took the opportunity to visit Constantinople and Shumlah, where the head-quarters of the Turkish army lay. This displeased his father, who accused him of seeking amusement

rather than employment, and ordered him home. But by this time hostilities had been resumed, and Hugh Elliot, rightly considering it inconsistent with his honour to leave the army at such a moment, excused himself on that ground. In the actions that speedily occurred, the young Englishman so distinguished himself as to attract the attention not only of Generals Soltikof and Potemkin, but of Marshal Romanzow. The Marshal wrote to the British ambassador at St. Petersburg in the highest terms of Mr. Elliot's gallantry and conduct, which, he said, he had also considered it his duty to report to the Empress. M. Pouschkin, Russian ambassador in London, was desired to report to the English Government the very strong expressions of approbation with which Marshal Romanzow had mentioned the young Englishman in his despatches to his own Government, and Sir Gilbert was mollified by the high encomiums bestowed upon his son.

From Moldavia Mr. Elliot returned to Warsaw, where he received intelligence of his nomination as minister to the Court of Munich. His military life had terminated, and his diplomatic life was to begin, at the age of twenty-two.

In June 1774, he arrived at Munich, accompanied by Mr. Liston, who had been his tutor, and was now his secretary, but did not yet hold any official appointment. The young minister had little or no public business to transact with the Court of Bavaria, but Munich was a post of observation from which the intrigues and manœuvres of the greater powers could conveniently be observed and reported. Whatever his duties were, they seem to have been performed to the entire satisfaction of his Government. The Court of Bavaria appears to have been as loose and frivolous as it has been since that time. For an amusing account of it we must refer to the *Memoir*, and recommend to such as may be wearied with the lax frivolities of that mimic and miniature Versailles, to turn to the very sensible and clever letters of Madame de Thun to Elliot, which are those of a thoughtful, kind, and judicious friend.

Lady Minto has adopted the arrangement of giving alternate chapters of home and foreign intelligence, and we hardly know which is the more attractive. The letters of Lady Elliot, of the sisters, and indeed of nearly all the female correspondents, are charming, so also is much of the narrative. Let us take at random the following reference to Minto. Every one who has, or can look back to, an hereditary home, round which family reminiscences, traditions, and

affections cluster, will appreciate the current of feeling that runs through it:—

"Parliament was dissolved in October, and, before the new one had assembled, the family left Minto, none of them ever to return, except Gilbert, whose home it was to be, and Isabella, who went there once only, and for a very short period, on a visit to her brother. It does not appear that any of them, except, perhaps, Sir Gilbert himself, entertained any affection for the place, and the ladies certainly considered that going down there 'was a great breach in society.' The love of Minto, which we now guard like some hereditary spell, came in with a stranger, for Gilbert's wife was the first who is said to have 'loved Minto passionately.'

"But the Minto of those days was not the Minto of these. The sheet of water which now reflects laburnums and rhododendrons in sight of the windows, was then a narrow burn running under banks shaggy with thorns; where the flower-garden is now, stood a dismal little church in a corner dark with yews, and dreary with unkept graves; the manse, surrounded by a few untidy cottages, overlooked the little glen, and was near enough to the house for the minister to see the family as they sat at dinner in the round room on the ground-floor, known as the 'big room' by uncles and aunts, and as the 'school-room' by the children of to-day. The rocks may have been finer than when no woods hung like drapery on their sides, but from the old castle one must have looked down on muirs and heaths where now lie the woods of the Lamblairs, or the green slopes and cornfields which smile in pleasant Teviotdale.

"The green hills are possibly the only feature in the place which remain unchanged, though the village which clusters at their feet is new.

"In those days roads were few, and drains were not, and the dwellers in a land where high farming triumphs will sometimes lament the days when fences were odious and turnips undiscovered. Yet, on the whole, though sunny days may then have shown bright stretches of whin or of heather which have disappeared now, we must admit that we live on a drier soil, and in a more 'innerlie' country, and have a greater variety of cheerful pleasures than fell to the lot of our forefathers; so peace be to their ashes! even though they did not care for Minto."

In 1776 Sir Gilbert Elliot died. His eldest son Gilbert succeeded as fourth baronet, and thenceforward took an active part in public affairs. In the same year Hugh was transferred from Munich to Berlin, then, as now, one of the most important diplomatic posts in Europe. Frederick the Great was still in full vigour. He had secured his conquest of Silesia, under the guarantee of all the powers that were parties to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. He had instigated, promoted, and assisted in

the partition of Poland, and had obtained his share of that unfortunate country, and the plunder of its inhabitants. He was the greatest military genius of his time, and one of the most astute and unscrupulous statesmen. To his fame as a king and a warrior he desired to add that of a philosopher, a poet, and a wit. He was vain, arbitrary, and overbearing, capricious in his humour, and when out of humour ready to say something offensive to every one who came in his way. That he did great things, and in so far was a great man, is unquestionable; that in small things he was often coarse, mean, and insolent, is equally undeniable. He was feared by many, loved by few, and trusted by none.

The state of Europe was unsettled. France, with a feeble court, a corrupt government, shattered finances, a discontented people, and a vast amount of unemployed intellect assailing the existing institutions, was in that uneasy state which precedes and forebodes revolution. The financial and other reforms undertaken by the Emperor Joseph II. had alienated the affections of Hungary, driven the Netherlands to revolt, and produced uneasiness and discontent in the hereditary dominions of Austria. Gustavus III. had effected a revolution in Sweden, and had usurped despotic power, to which his subjects were not prepared to submit, and which his army was not disposed to sustain. The King of Denmark and Norway was in a state of imbecility, and quarrels and intrigues in the palace distracted that spirited nation, and paralysed its power, at that time not inconsiderable. Poland had been destroyed. The smaller States of Germany, overrun by contending armies, had little weight in the political scale. Italy was but a battle-field for foreign hosts. Spain had still a navy, and colonies which supplied her with gold and silver, and she might be useful as an ally; but her military power was now of small account. England was engaged in the American war, in which she suffered humiliating military disasters that damaged her reputation in Europe, though they were in some measure counterbalanced by naval victories. Russia, whose alliance with Prussia had been studiously cultivated by Frederick, and cemented by their concert in the partition of Poland, was intent upon her aggrandizement in the East,—where she was adding to her conquests from year to year at the expense of the Turks,—occupied nearer home with the affairs of Poland, harassed in the Baltic by the hostility of Sweden, and had not yet appeared in Central and Western Europe as a great military power.

Prussia, therefore, although geographically weak, was strong in the valour and reputation of her army and the genius of her King, whose Court became the centre of many intrigues and ambitious schemes. The Envoy at the Court of Frederick did not sleep on a bed of roses; and to have been selected for the post was a proof of the estimation in which Mr. Elliot was held by his Sovereign and the Cabinet.

After mentioning his arrival at Berlin, the Memoir proceeds—

"The Court to which my grandfather was now accredited was as unlike as possible that which he had just left. In place of the gay and dissipated Munich, he found a capital of regular and handsome architecture indeed, but in 'the streets of which reigned an air of dejection at noon-day, scarcely any passengers being seen except soldiers.' The only court held there was that of the Queen, the neglected wife of Frederick the Great; to her all presentations were made, and her receptions, at rare and stated intervals, were the only royal entertainments at which Berliners were called upon to assist; but so parsimonious were the habits of the Court, that the occasional glimmer of an old lamp in the staircase of the palace was sufficient to make a passer-by exclaim—'Her Majesty doubtless holds high festival to-day!' and so scanty were the provisions at the royal table, that those who had the honour of partaking of them previously fortified themselves with a repast at home. Thiébauld tells us, that on one occasion a great lady especially recommended by Her Majesty to the care of the assistants, received for her entire portion one preserved cherry!

"The fête-day of the Queen was the grand gala of the year, for then Frederick honoured her with his presence, and taking off his military boots for that day only, appeared for the space of half-an-hour in silk stockings, which, ungartered and ill-fitting, fell in folds around his legs.

"No less unlike to the splendours of Nymphenburg was the residence of the Prussian King at Potsdam, 'rather a military station than a city. Guards and hussars constituted half its inhabitants;' while the little palace of Sans Souci, a quarter of a mile off, consisted only of one range of apartments on the ground floor. 'A sandy barren soil and groves of gloomy fir gave an air of melancholy to the surrounding scenery,' says an English traveller whose words I have before quoted; and after expatiating on the evidence of military despotism apparent throughout the land, he adds—'The Prussian monarchy reminds me of a vast prison, in the centre of which appears the great keeper occupied in the care of his captives.'"

An old friend, who knew Berlin, hearing of his appointment, writes to tell him that "on y traite les ministres à la Vénitienne; la cour et la ville ont peu de communication avec eux, les personnes auxquelles ils

se lient, et les maisons qu'ils fréquentent deviennent mêmes suspectes."

Lady Minto has found "no letters from Mr. Elliot describing his first impressions of Berlin; but in the letters addressed to him there are passages which throw some light both on the reception he met with, and on his own views of the place and people.

"Thus Mr. Brydone, writing on the 2d May 1777, says,—'It gave me great pleasure to know you have met with so agreeable and so gracious a reception: I was sure, indeed, this would be the case, as you are exactly the character the king likes.' And Madame de Thun writes: —'J'ai été bien agréablement surprise de voir par votre lettre que mes alarmes sur les désagrémens que je croyais que vous trouveriez dans la société de Berlin sont inutiles, et que vous êtes si content de votre séjour; l'éloge que vous en faites, quelque pompeux qu'il soit, ne me tente cependant pas, et je vous avoue que je ne me fais pas l'idée d'une société sur laquelle la subordination s'étend, ni des agrémens d'une ville qui doit son existence au fer et au feu, encore moins d'une capitale qui est un camp; où on ne peut faire campagne gaïement.

"Vraiment si je ne savais pas combien on est charmé de passer son temps avec vous, je croirais qu'il doit y avoir à Berlin d'autres agrémens, moins hérissés de baïonnettes, de tambours, et de manœuvres, puisque Harvey, que je ne crois pas militaire aussi passionné que vous, y reste si longtemps.'

"My grandfather's military tastes had led him to form an enthusiastic admiration for the great soldier of his age, and no doubt the military manœuvres which formed the staple amusement of Berliners were peculiarly interesting to him, but as Madame de Thun shrewdly surmised, Berlin had other attractions too."

The other attractions here alluded to were those of the beautiful Mademoiselle de Krauth, "sans contredit la plus belle personne de ce pays," of whom we shall see more presently; but we must first refer to another matter.

The envoy had been but a few months in Berlin when circumstances occurred which affected unfavourably his position at that Court. Two agents from the revolted colonies in America arrived there; and the British Government, informed of their movements, and having reason to believe that Frederick had been secretly intriguing with the Americans, instructed the envoy to watch the proceedings of these "rebel agents." Their presence at Berlin, which was known to Mr. Elliot, and which in any case could not have been concealed from him, was formally announced to the British envoy by the Prussian minister, with an assurance that "the King of Prussia had too high a sense of the regal dignity to give his sanction to the rebellious colonies by receiving

their emissaries, who were therefore obliged to maintain the strictest incognito." Mr. Elliot, however, had what he considered sufficient reasons for not being satisfied that he could, in this case, rely with confidence on Frederick's "high sense of the regal dignity;" he therefore endeavoured to obtain more precise information. Offers, which he accepted, were made to obtain for him, secretly, the papers of the American agents, but, the risk being found too great, those offers came to nothing. Mr. Elliot, impatient at being thwarted, and anxious to procure evidence of the secret objects of the American emissaries to Berlin, happened to say, at his dinner-table, that he would gladly give a sum of money to any one who should bring him their papers. This was overheard by a German servant, who thereupon, without further authorization, broke into the apartments of the Americans at an hotel in which they had put up, forced open the bureau, and carried off bodily the papers it contained.

The master of the house, who had previously been tampered with unsuccessfully, instantly accused Mr. Elliot's servant of the theft, and the police were pursuing their inquiries when Mr. Elliot came forward, declared himself to be solely responsible for what had occurred, acknowledged the guilt of his servant, and admitted his own indiscretion in having expressed himself as he did. The papers were promptly restored to their owners, and Mr. Elliot submitted himself entirely to the judgment of the King of Prussia, acquitting his own Court of any share in so unjustifiable a transaction. This was, no doubt, a very judicious as well as a very proper course if the papers contained, as was believed at the time, matter that in some measure compromised the King. He could not desire that any such matter should be made public; he knew that Elliot was not a man who would shrink, if pressed too far, from defending himself or exposing the King. Frederick, however, gave a gracious answer, to the effect that he should wish the subject to be dropped, and it was dropped, at Berlin. But Mr. Elliot thought it his duty to recommend that he should be recalled, because the credit of his Court might possibly suffer from the conduct of its representative.

Mr. Liston had been sent over at once with letters explaining the circumstances. Lord Suffolk censured Mr. Elliot, attributing what had occurred to unwarrantable excess of zeal and want of discretion, advised him to "abstain from vivacities of language, and to control and discourage so criminal an activity on the part of his dependants." He

was at the same time informed that "the generous conduct of the King of Prussia" on the occasion made it unnecessary to recall him.

While Frederick informed Mr. Elliot that he wished the matter to be dropped, and was desirous that it should not be further discussed at Berlin, he held totally different language elsewhere. Mr. Eden, in a private letter, says—"When you were told that the outrage was forgiven, we had absolute proof that you were only told so, and that it was likely to be seriously resented."

Lady Minto appends to her account of this extraordinary affair a note in the following terms:—

"My attention having been called to the discrepancy between the account given in the text of this transaction and that to be found in the 6th vol. of Mr. Carlyle's *History of Frederick the Great*, I have only to say, that I have translated all but verbatim Mr. Elliot's letter on the subject to the Prince of Prussia, and have accurately copied the most important passages relating to it from Lord Suffolk's despatches and Mr. Eden's letters; and that no papers, public or private, containing any different version from that given in the text, have been preserved in the mss. of my grandfather."

On the whole, we are disposed to regard the account given in the Memoir as probably more accurate than that which Mr. Carlyle, relying on the materials he used, has given in his *Life of Frederick*. He seems to believe that this outrage was instigated or connived at by the British Government; but that view, which would in some degree exonerate Mr. Elliot, cannot be reconciled with the letters of Lord Suffolk of 1st August and of Mr. Eden of October 1777, which were strictly confidential, and have now for the first time been made public.

"From that time," we are told, "he (Mr. Elliot) never recovered the ground which he seems originally to have occupied in the king's good graces, nor does he appear to have adopted Mr. Eden's conciliatory advice, nor to have sought to regain the Royal favour by attentions and deference."

"The king condescended to '*bouler*' the young envoy—the latter affected to disregard the king—the king, growing gradually more and more hostile to England, amused himself by twitting her representative with the failures of her policy, and the unsuccessfulness of her arms; and the minister retaliated by replies, of which the sarcasm was equally delicate and sharp."

The "replies" here referred to are so characteristic of the man that they cannot be altogether omitted, and one or two of them may as well be given here as in the chronological order of their occurrence.

The recall of M. Maltzahn from London, and the appointment to that post of an "ill-conditioned fellow, merely to spite the English cabinet," gave occasion to the following repartee:—"What do they say of — in London?" asked Frederick tauntingly. "Digne représentant de Votre Majesté," replied Mr. Elliot, bowing to the ground.

"For some time the relations between England and Prussia had not been cordial, and Frederick showed his bad humour by not addressing a word to Mr. Elliot at several successive levées. Mr. Elliot was indignant, and burning to be revenged. When at length, on the arrival of intelligence that Hyder Ali had made a successful and destructive inroad into the British territories in the Carnatic, Frederick broke his long silence, asking—"M. Elliot, qui est ce Hyder Ali qui sait si bien arranger vos affaires aux Indes?" Elliot promptly replied—"Sire, c'est un vieux despote qui a beaucoup pillé ses voisins, mais qui, Dieu merci, commence à radoter." Mr. Elliot related this anecdote to my informant with much exultation, adding—"Sir, it was a revenge that Satan might have envied." And Satan's envy might have reached its acmé when the news of Hyder Ali's reverses produced an ebullition of spite from the King which gave Mr. Elliot an opening for a second and no less ready rejoinder. Commenting on the expressions of gratitude to Providence which accompanied the official narrative of Sir Eyre Coote's victory, the King remarked—"Je ne savais pas que la Providence fût de vos alliés." "Le seul, Sire, que nous ne payons pas," was the reply."

Mr. Elliot spent the year 1778 in Berlin. "The spring found him attending the death-bed of his old friend, the Lord Marischal." He was the eldest son of Lord Keith, Hereditary Earl Marischal of Scotland, whose title, which dated from the days of Malcolm Canmore, was attained, and his estates forfeited in consequence of the prominent part he took in the Jacobite "rising" of 1715. His son, however, continued to be called Lord Marischal. "Born in 1685," he had served under Marlborough, had left his native country after the failure of the Pretender's attempt in 1715, and, with some other Jacobite gentlemen, entered the service of Spain. When his younger brother, Marischal Keith, attached himself to the King of Prussia in whose service he ultimately fell, Lord Marischal also settled at Berlin. He was much respected, was employed by Frederick on important missions, and seems to have been generally loved and admired. Mr. Elliot, in a letter to his brother, passes a high encomium upon him—

"Experience gained in the school of adversity, great penetration, sound judgment, retentive memory, made him equally instructive

and entertaining. He will long be cited in this country as a model of wisdom, benevolence, and virtue. I sincerely loved and honoured him. I have just learnt that an accident destroyed lately a considerable part of his correspondence, which would have thrown great light upon the principal characters of those times, when, to use his own expression, 'we were fighting for a king and not for an empire.'"

Lady Minto mentions that a few days before his death, Lord Marischal summoned Mr. Elliot to his bedside,—"You may perhaps," he said, "have some commission to give me for Lord Chatham. I shall see him in a day or two." He knew that Lord Chatham had died a fortnight before. "If it were worth while," writes Mr. Elliot, "to form any wish concerning so indifferent a circumstance as the manner in which one would choose to take leave of a scene that flies from us, 'Que je meurs comme ce juste,' would be mine."

The successive military failures in our attempts to regain the American colonies had produced a general feeling of depression, and even of uneasiness, at home, and of satisfaction or exultation abroad. Our ally of Prussia, when it became evident that both France and Spain would take a part against us, seemed to speculate on the possibility of our downfall. "Hugh Elliot, young, spirited, and full of military ardour, had many a mortification to devour in silence while acting as England's representative at a Court of whose sentiments he thus writes to Lord Suffolk," on the 5th of June 1778:—"As to this Court, it is composed of individuals thoroughly ill-inclined to Great Britain, but too sensible of their own situation not to know that the day is perhaps not far distant when the existence of their power may depend upon its assistance." But in the midst of alarm at home and evil expectations on the Continent, he ever maintained a serene front and confident demeanour.

Thiébauld says:—

"Souvent dans la société on parlait de cette guerre à M. Elliot, et ceux qui cherchaient à lui plaire en paraissaient quelquefois effrayés, surtout après que les Français se furent déclarés pour les Américains. Jamais il ne répondait qu'en montrant une parfaite sécurité."

"Tout ce qui peut nous arriver de pire," disait-il à la fin, "c'est qu'au lieu d'être le premier peuple du monde, nous serons le second."

In July the war of the Bavarian succession broke out. Frederick, who had already commenced that rivalry with Austria for supremacy in Germany, which we have lately seen decided in favour of his successors,

appealed to arms rather than permit Austria to make good her claims to the Electorate of Bavaria, which would have given her a decided preponderance. The King of Prussia set out to join his army, carrying with him all the princes of the blood and *élite* of the male society of Berlin. "How far Mr. Elliot profited by this may be guessed by the more frequent mention in his correspondence of the fair Mademoiselle Krauth." Letters from travellers returned home inquire tenderly for "la belle des belles," or more irreverently refer to Hugh's taste for "cabbage." "Beware of Miss Cabbage," writes one, "for she is artful, and knows very well you love her." "If you feed on sprouts," says Sir J. Harris, then at St. Petersburg, "you will find them hard of digestion." But it was already too late to argue or laugh him out of his love for Krauth. In the last two years he had lost his father, his mother, his brother Aliick, his friend and "patron" Lord Suffolk, "whose kindness had never flagged," and some of his most intimate friends, and he felt the necessity of forming new ties. "M. Elliot," says Thiébauld, "était devenu éperdument amoureux de Mademoiselle Krauth," and in July 1779 he returned to England, on leave, to prepare his family for the declaration of his marriage, which had taken place privately before his departure. It was an unfortunate alliance. The lady was well-born, was reputed an heiress, and possessed acknowledged beauty; but she proved to be deficient in good sense and right feeling, and he was ultimately obliged, by her flagrant misconduct, to divorce her after the birth of her second child, which, however, did not survive. For two or three years he appears to have lived a tranquil, and, on the whole, a happy domestic life with his young and beautiful wife at Berlin, but his position at the Court was not agreeable:—

"No one can tell," wrote Mr. Elliot, "the misery of appearing in public here in moments of disgrace and defeat. In my public despatches I dwell less upon the general ill-humour of the King, and his particular dissatisfaction with England, than I might be warranted to do, were it not an ungrateful task to expose the weakness of humanity in prey to the infirmities of age and an irritable constitution. It is sufficient to say that sudden starts of passion hurry him (the King) beyond the bounds of reason. In one of these Maltzahn was recalled; and since the Chancellor's disgrace none of his Majesty's ministers count upon the stability of their places."

Frederick's temper had become abominable, and his caprice absurd:—

"Priests and academicians were made to

feel the force of the royal will. On the 30th May 1780 the first were ordered to perform a mass, and the second to assist at it, for the repose of the soul of M. de Voltaire!—a solemn satire, at which the spectators, struck with a sense of its absurdity, 'observed neither decorum nor decency.'"

In 1782 a change of Government at home, consequent on a change of policy with reference to America, was followed by the recall of Mr. Elliot from Berlin, on the alleged ground that he was not personally agreeable to the King. The rumour of his recall reached Berlin before it reached Mr. Elliot, and appears to have called forth strong expressions of regret from the Princes, and from almost every one about the Court. Even the King expressed himself in terms laudatory of Mr. Elliot. The truth appears to be that the new ministers had great difficulty in finding places for their followers, and that Mr. Fox, then at the Foreign Office, was unable to resist the importunities of his colleagues, who wanted the post at Berlin for one of their own friends. However this may be, Elliot was recalled. But Mr. Fox assured Sir Gilbert that his brother should be appointed to another diplomatic post. In July of that year the Rockingham ministry was broken up by the death of its chief, and in September Lord Grantham notified to Mr. Elliot his appointment to Copenhagen. On the 29th he writes to his sister informing her that he had accepted the appointment, which he thinks exceedingly handsome on the part of those who made it, adding, "I was very humiliatingly treated by the demigod of the blackguards."

Mr. Eden, writing to Elliot on the 8th August 1778, says, "The pretence taken for putting your talents under an extinguisher does not palliate the injury. Lord Derby wanted an employment for Mr. Stanley, who was first meant to be named but was not sufficiently skilled in languages; Lord Cholmondeley was next named, and went out with the ministry that named him; Lord Hyde is now talked of." Mr. Eden's letter concludes with some amusing gossip. "The King's situation," he says, "is undoubtedly much enfranchised. It was not ill said by H. Walpole that the crown devolved to the King of England on the death of Lord Rockingham. Hare says that his friend Fox is promoted from the service of the King of England to that of the King of Egypt (Pharaoh). Their remark on the defection of the Duke of Richmond was that his Grace would not go out with any man."

"The early part of the winter of 1782," says Lady Miuto, "found Mr. Elliot at his new

mission at Copenhagen; his wife had urged upon him so strongly the danger to her own health and that of her child, which might arise from a winter journey, that he had consented to leave her till spring under the charge and roof of her mother. A generous nature would have felt grateful for the trust implied in a compliance with her wishes on such a point, but hers was light and arid as her native sands, susceptible of the slightest impression, and of the deepest retaining no trace.

"Madame de Verelst wrote to him constantly after his departure, and always with ample details of her daughter's looks, health, etc. That her letters were scarcely of the kind likely to satisfy a sentimental disposition may be gathered from the style of a note which contains hardly anything but the following passage:—"Ma fille se porte bien, s'occupe de sa musique, et bien plus longtemps de sa toilette; je ne crois pas qu'elle vous aime comme par le passé—non; mais je me flatte qu'elle a de l'amitié pour vous; elle sentira qu'une femme n'est estimée qu'autant qu'elle est bien avec son mari."

"Mrs. Eden's hair must have stood on end if she had read the above specimen of German sentiment. Under these circumstances the winter passed. The very beginning of spring was signalized by the unfortunate events which made my grandfather's private history the nine days' wonder of half the capitals of Europe."

The time arrived when his wife should have joined him, but she positively refused to leave Berlin. The letter which intimated her determination was couched in terms which convinced him that it had been dictated, and having had from various sources intelligence of her misconduct, and reason for some uneasiness about his child, on whom her mother's fortune was settled, he set out at once from Copenhagen, travelled with unprecedented rapidity, and entering Berlin under a feigned name, got possession of his child and his wife's criminal correspondence, and with these returned to Copenhagen, having first written to the Baron Kniphausen, his wife's cousin and seducer, an insulting letter, in which he intimated his intention to return speedily to Berlin for the purpose of exacting satisfaction from the Baron. He had hazarded his appointment by leaving Copenhagen without permission, but he now demanded leave of absence to return to Berlin for the arrangement of his affairs. Meantime Kniphausen spoke big, practised pistol-shooting, and endeavoured to get a second, but for some time without success. The Baron himself was dismissed from the service of Prince Henry, and being threatened with arrest passed into Mecklenburg. There Mr. Elliot, who had searched for him at his usual residence, came up with him at three o'clock in the morning, at a small road-side inn,

and entering his room demanded instant satisfaction. This being refused, he broke his cane over the shoulders of the handsome Baron, who made no resistance, and who, even then, was in no haste to resent the insult. At length, after repeated excuses and delays on the part of the Baron, a meeting was arranged, when after firing three shots, the last of which slightly wounded Mr. Elliot, the Baron made a humble apology in writing, and therein acknowledged the falsehood of some of his previous statements. He was ostracized by the society of Berlin, and Mr. Elliot received from the Princes, Princesses, and many others, hearty congratulations on the chivalry of his conduct throughout the whole course of that distressing affair. He made arrangements for his divorce, and ultimately returned to Denmark on the best footing with his mother-in-law, Prince Henry, and all his Berlin connexions. The King of Prussia on hearing of what had occurred, exclaimed, "Was I not right when I said he would make an excellent soldier?"

"Thus again Hugh Elliot stood alone in life; his household gods lay shattered around him; the mother who would have mourned over him was gone; and though his family sorrowed for his sorrows, it was with a feeling not unmixed with congratulation at the severance of so deplorable a connexion. 'Thank God,' says Isabella, after his return from Berlin, 'you have got safely away from all those strange people.'"

At Copenhagen he was received with cordiality by those families amongst the higher ranks whose society he must have most desired to cultivate, but—

"Dispirited and suffering in body as well as in mind, he held aloof, as far as was compatible with his position, from the world around him, and occupied himself with 'his child, his books, and his thoughts.' He relates with pride the growth of his little girl's vocabulary, and the increasing intelligence of her remarks; and the 'dear pretty little Bella' becomes a prominent personage in the letters he writes and receives.

"To his family he describes himself as resuming old studies for her sake—learning that he might instruct."

But though depressed, his energy and zeal for the public service were not abated, and the high spirit, which could not endure what he considered a slight or an impertinence, flashed forth from time to time as of yore. As an instance of this we may refer to what occurred when Paul Jones, the noted pirate, having been employed in the naval service of Russia, came to Copen-

hagen, and was there received "with singular marks of distinction." He was presented to the Royal Family by the French minister, Baron la Houze, who also took him to call for the British envoy, and left their cards. The visit not being returned the French minister asked Mr. Elliot at Court, in presence of a numerous circle, if he was aware of the visit. Mr. Elliot said that he was, and requested the Baron to observe that they had not been admitted. "Why?" demanded the Baron; to which Mr. Elliot replied, "You will never be admitted to my house in such company."

In the autumn of 1783 Mirabeau fled to England, where he renewed his acquaintance with Sir Gilbert Elliot, and we cannot refrain from extracting the amusing account of their old school-fellow, which Sir Gilbert wrote to his brother Hugh:—

"I was lately agreeably surprised by a note dated *Hatton Street, Holborn*, from our old persecuted school-fellow Mirabeau, who has fled to England for safety, and has nothing but his pen to trust to for support. I found him as ardent a friend as I left him, and as little altered as possible by twenty years of life, of which six have been consumed in prison, and the rest in personal and domestic troubles. He is very much ripened in his abilities, which are really considerable, and has acquired a great store of knowledge. . . . Mirabeau is as overbearing in his conversation as awkward in his graces, as ugly and misshapen in face and person, as dirty in his dress, and withal as perfectly *suffisant*, as we remember him twenty years ago at school. I loved him, however, then, and so did you, though, as he confesses, you sometimes quarrelled with him, being always somewhat less patient in admitting extreme pretensions than me. His courage, fortitude, spirit, talents, application, and, above all, his wrongs and sufferings, should rather increase than weaken our affection for him, and I am really happy in welcoming and perhaps serving him here. I brought him with me the other day to Bath, where he made such hasty love to Harriet, whom he had little doubt of subduing in a week, and where he so totally silenced my John Bull wife, who understands a Frenchman no better than Molly housemaid, where he so scared my little boy with caressing him, so completely disposed of me from breakfast to supper, and so astonished all our friends, that I could hardly keep the peace in his favour; and if he had not been called unexpectedly to town this morning, I am sure my wife's endurance, for I cannot call it civility, would not have held out another day. He says he shall sell his estate when his father dies, settle for good in England to be naturalized, it being impossible to live in France with any sort of security. In the meantime he is writing books and pamphlets for bread."

A characteristic letter from Mirabeau to

his old friend Hugh Elliot will be found in the appendix to the Memoir; but we must return to Copenhagen, where things were in a strange condition.

The King, Christian VII., had fallen into a state of hopeless imbecility. The Queen, Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. of England, and known in Denmark as Queen Matilda, had conducted the Government, which was then a despotism, though mild, till 1772, when she was banished, and her *favourite* Struensee, who had been her physician, and had become Prime Minister, was beheaded. Thereupon the Queen-Dowager, stepmother of the King, assumed the control of affairs, and conducted them in the interest of the King of Prussia, who had won her by parsimonious presents and profuse flattery.

The Prince-Royal, afterwards Frederick VI., son of the King and the banished Matilda, was still a boy of fourteen, but possessed of remarkable self-possession, prudence, and courage for one so young, when Count Bernstorff, nephew of the former minister of that name, who had for some time maintained a secret correspondence with the Prince, unfolded to Mr. Elliot his views and plans. The existing Government had alienated the affections of the people, and the most influential men in the country were prepared to unite with the Prince to overturn it. But this could not be accomplished until after His Royal Highness had attained his legal majority, which would not be until he was sixteen. The secret was well kept, and when the time arrived, on the 14th April 1784, the Prince-Royal took his seat at the Council, and read a memorial explaining his views, which involved a total change in the Government. A second memorial prayed the King to enact that, in future, orders by himself in the Cabinet should not be valid unless countersigned by the Prince-Royal. No serious objections were made; the King signed the documents presented to him, and the desired change was effected. The party of the Queen-Dowager was, however, so much incensed, that fears were entertained for the personal safety of the Prince, and these were intimated to the British minister. Mr. Elliot had, of course, no instructions for his guidance in so unexpected a contingency; but on his own responsibility he took the manly and decided course that might have been expected from his character. He let the Prince know that should the opposite party resort to violence he should ask leave to appear openly in His Royal Highness's defence; and as a number of English ships had opportunely arrived, he had little doubt of procuring assistance from

their crews and other persons attached to him in Copenhagen. It was unnecessary, however, to have recourse to such measures. "Thanks be to God," he says, "the personal resolution, constancy, and prudence of the Prince-Royal have alone overcome every obstacle."

The Government at home expressed great satisfaction with Mr. Elliot's conduct throughout the whole of these delicate transactions. The King highly approved of the line taken by his representative. Lord Carmarthen, then at the Foreign Office, regarded the singular degree of confidence reposed in him by Count Bernstorff, from his first arrival in the country, as "a proof of the high opinion which that eminent person had conceived of Mr. Elliot's ability, judgment, and secrecy," and from many of his influential friends he received cordial congratulations. The result, which without the concurrence of the British minister could hardly have been attained, was not merely that the nephew of George III. had secured his proper position in the State,—the people of Denmark and Norway had been relieved from a rule which they disliked and despised; and the friendly relations with Denmark, to which both the Duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt attached great importance, and which had been imperilled by the policy of the Queen-Dowager, were re-established on a satisfactory footing. In 1784–5, looking to the progress of events in France, and to the condition of the north of Europe, this was a matter of no small moment.

A great part of 1785 was spent by Elliot in England, when he had several interviews with Mr. Pitt, with whose great ability he was much struck. In the following year he returned to Copenhagen, well informed as to the foreign policy of that minister, which was specially directed to the maintenance of the balance of power.

In the north, that balance had long been endangered by the ambition and the overbearing policy of Russia, to which Sweden and Denmark would doubtless have succumbed, had they not received support from other Powers, and especially from France. But in 1784–5 the condition of things in France was such as to disable the Government from taking so prominent and influential a part in the affairs of the north of Europe as it had been wont to take. It was struggling with formidable difficulties at home. To maintain the balance of power in the Baltic, which really meant to preserve the integrity and independence of Denmark, and more especially of Sweden, it was necessary that some substitute should be provided for the support which those kingdoms

had received from France, but which could no longer be relied on.

The relations of Sweden and Russia, notwithstanding occasional treaties of amity, and even of defensive alliance, had been essentially hostile in spirit since the time of Charles XII. In Russia the national feeling of animosity against the Swedes was intense, and still inveterate; the great and growing power of Russia pressed upon Sweden with a weight that was intolerable, and the insatiable craving for territorial aggrandizement that afflicted, as with a disease, the rulers of the most extensive and most sparsely peopled empire that has its capital in Europe, was a source of constant uneasiness to their weaker neighbours. Sweden especially had reason to dread the Tzars, and no less the Tzarinas, who, by successive tragical revolutions, were raised to the throne of the Muscovite Empire. Each and all of them, by open force, or by secret intrigue and corruption, had sought to break down or to undermine the power of the successors of him whom fortune deserted on the field of Poltowa. Of the Sovereigns and rightful heirs to the throne of Russia, many have been "put out of the way," so many that M. de Talleyrand hearing it alleged that the Emperor Alexander was one of these, quietly observed, "*C'est la mort naturelle de ces gens-là*;" but whoever succeeded the policy was still the same. Territorial aggrandizement still continued and continues to be, *per fas et nefas*, the policy of Russia.

The monarchy of Sweden, like that of Poland, had long been elective, and the means which had been so effectual in ruining the latter of these kingdoms were perseveringly applied to the former. Of the influential men in Sweden a large proportion were in the pay of Russia. Those who were discontented with their own Government found employment and favour at St. Petersburg, and in the early part of the reign of Gustavus III. Stackelberg and Osterman, the Russian ambassadors, who disbursed large sums for the purposes of corruption, even affected to control the deliberations of the Senate and the proceedings of the Court. Gustavus, impatient of this domineering influence, and irritated by the authority which the Senate assumed a right to exercise over his domestic affairs in subservience to that influence, determined in 1776 to make at least an attempt to free himself from this double yoke. He so far succeeded, that he broke up the Senate, dispersed the Diet, and assumed despotic power, with the concurrence and even applause of the lower orders, with whom he was exceedingly popular. This *coup-d'état* produc-

ed a burst of indignation at St. Petersburg as violent as if the King of Sweden had been a revolted vassal.

Attributing to hostile designs the collection of a Russian army on the Dneiper, while Catherine, accompanied by the Emperor Joseph II., was making her famous progress through her southern provinces, Turkey, in August 1787, declared war against Russia. Gustavus, thinking the opportunity favourable, paid more than one visit to Copenhagen with a view to induce the Prince-Royal, whose paternal aunt he had married, to enter with him into an alliance against Russia. But he failed in that object. Denmark had concluded, in July 1746,* a convention with Russia, by which they reciprocally engaged to afford each other a stipulated amount of aid by sea or land in the event of either being attacked, or threatened with attack, and Denmark, though she concealed the existence of this convention, remained faithful to her engagements.

Failing at Copenhagen, Gustavus renewed the old alliance of Sweden with the Ottoman Porte, which undertook to furnish a subsidy, payable annually, during the war, and at once advanced a considerable sum.

As soon as he was thus provided with the means, the King commenced his preparations. The activity in the arsenals of Stockholm, and the movements of troops, attracted the attention of the Russian ambassador, who demanded, but failed to obtain, a satisfactory explanation. Russia was thus fully informed of what was passing at Stockholm, and Catherine therefore returned to St. Petersburg sooner than she had intended, but nevertheless she denuded her northern provinces of troops to reinforce the army of Potemkin in the south. In 1788 the Swedish fleet put to sea, and the King, crossing the Gulf of Bothnia with a considerable force, put himself at the head of his army in Swedish Finland. The panic at St. Petersburg was great. The junior members of the imperial family were, as a matter of precaution, sent off to Moscow. Catherine herself stood firm, and made such dispositions as she could for the defence of her capital. But her reliance was not on these. She confidently predicted, and doubtless had good

* The treaty of 1773, referred to in the Memoir, merely regulated the terms of the exchange of Slesvick and Holstein for Oldenburg and Delmenhorst, and there is no reason to suppose that any secret articles were attached to it. But to the convention of 1746 there were appended secret articles, which have never, it is believed, been made public, but which it is supposed related especially to Sweden.

reason to anticipate, the defection of many of the Swedish officers. Those predictions were fulfilled. When the Swedish army came before Fredericksham, which it was ordered to attack, the officers refused to advance, and the men, under their influence, when appealed to, grounded their arms. The King was no longer safe in his own camp, and hearing at the same time that the Danes, under Prince Charles of Hesse, accompanied by the Prince-Royal, had invaded Sweden from the side of Norway, and were marching upon Gottenburg, he recrossed the Gulf of Bothnia by sea, running the risk of being captured. Finding that disaffection had spread among the upper ranks at Stockholm, he sought support from the peasants, who were much attached to him, and especially amongst the sturdy miners of Delecarlia, who on former occasions had risen in defence of their Sovereign.

Meanwhile the Swedish fleet had fought a desperate action. Russia had prepared a fleet, destined for the Mediterranean, to operate against the Turks in the Archipelago. It was ready to sail, and was therefore in readiness to encounter the Swedes, who had entered the Gulf of Finland, and approached Cronstadt. The Russian fleet was commanded by Admiral Greig, a Scotchman, and many of the ships composing it were commanded by British officers who had been thrown out of employment at home after the termination of the American war. But when the fleet was about to sail an unexpected difficulty occurred. Paul Jones had been employed by the Empress, and was to hold a high command under Admiral Greig. The British officers, with one accord, and without a single exception, went to the Russian Admiralty, refused to serve under a renegade and a pirate, and tendered their resignation. The idea of such a proceeding had never presented itself to the mind of any Russian of whatever rank, and the authorities were greatly embarrassed, but at length, finding that argument was unavailing, and seeing that the emergency was urgent, they gave way, and Paul Jones, who had made himself obnoxious on other grounds, was dismissed. The British officers suffered severely in the action, which was indecisive; but Admiral Greig, having speedily refitted at Cronstadt, resumed operations before the Swedes were prepared, and, having surprised their fleet in Sveaborg, shut them up there. The condition of the King of Sweden had thus become desperate.

It was in this unpromising state of things that Mr. Elliot set out for Stockholm to communicate personally with the King, in order, if possible, to devise means for his

preservation, and for thus giving effect to the views of his own Government. He knew that arrangements were being concerted with Prussia to maintain the balance of power in the north, and therefore to support Sweden, and that 16,000 Prussian troops were ready to enter Holstein if the Danish and Norwegian force invaded Sweden:—

"On my arrival in Sweden," writes Mr. Elliot, "after a search of eleven days I traced the King wandering from place to place, endeavouring to animate his unarmed peasants to hopeless resistance. His very couriers were ignorant of his abode. At length, exhausted with fatigue and illness, I reached the King at Carlstadt, upon the 29th of September. Here I found his carriage ready to convey him to a place of greater security; without generals, without troops, and with few attendants, he was devoid of every means of defence. The King's own words were, that 'I found him in the same situation with James the Second, when he was obliged to fly his kingdom, and abandon his crown. He was on the point of falling a victim to the ambition of Russia, the treachery of Denmark, and the factious treason of his nobility. In the sincerity of distress the King also added, 'to the mistakes of his own conduct.'"

On being assured of support from Great Britain and Prussia, Gustavus consented to adopt "all those measures which I thought most suitable to his situation." By Mr. Elliot's advice he now resolved to throw himself into Gottenburg and there make a stand. On the way thither intelligence from Berlin confirmed the assurances previously given by Mr. Elliot, and confirmed his confidence in the envoy. While the King hastened to Gottenburg, where he arrived on the 3d October, Mr. Elliot despatched a courier to the Danish camp with letters which pointed out to the Princes the danger they would incur by persevering in the course they were pursuing. This communication appears to have had some effect, for the King writes on the 4th to Baron d'Arnfeldt, "*Il faut que le courier d'Elliot ait fait impression, puisque l'on croit que les ennemis se soient arrêtés à Udevalla.*" On the 6th, Mr. Elliot joined the King in Gottenburg. While he pursued his negotiations he employed his military knowledge in strengthening the defences, "and," he says, "the voluntary offer of assistance from the gallant spirit of the English seamen, then in that harbour, ready to man the batteries under my command, would, I trust, have helped to render the Danish attack of a very doubtful issue, had those very preparations not had the more desirable effect of inducing the Prince of Hesse to treat for an armistice of eight days, in which interval the Prussian declaration arrived, and I was

confessed to have been no less the saviour of Holstein than of Gottenburg, Sweden, and its sovereign. . . . To so circumscribed a period had the distresses of the King reduced the possibility of retrieving his affairs, that had I reached Carlstadt twenty-four hours later than I did, or been less fortunate in concluding the first armistice before the expiration of forty-eight hours, Gottenburg must have fallen; and I have the authority of the King, seconded by the whole voice of the country, to say, in that case, there would have been no safety for the sovereign in his own dominions, and nothing less than a successful war, carried on by foreign powers, could have rescued Sweden from a dismemberment by Russia and Denmark."

Such a success could not be achieved without causing mortification to the parties whose plans had been frustrated, and perhaps exciting envy in the breasts of others. Mr. Elliot was accordingly assailed, and to this circumstance Lady Minto no doubt justly attributes the tone of self-assertion that is to be observed in these despatches, and which is altogether foreign to his usual style. But the King of Sweden and the Municipality of Gottenburg were profuse in their acknowledgments; the Prince of Hesse was hardly less so; the Prince-Royal of Denmark, in the presence of his officers, called him "*l'ami commun du Nord*." The Russian and Danish ministers, however, intrigued against him in England, complaining that he had outstepped his instructions; but the Duke of Leeds conveyed to him His Majesty's high approval of his proceedings, informing him that he might show the despatch to Count Bernstorff, the Danish Prime Minister; and Mr. Ewart writes from Berlin:—

"Count Herzberg (Prime Minister of Prussia) begs me to repeat to you the strongest assurances of his esteem and admiration, adding that the extraordinary ability you had displayed not only justly entitled you to the appellation of an excellent minister, but to that of a distinguished statesman, since you had acted much more in the latter capacity than in the former by having directed the whole of the operations entirely yourself.

"His Prussian Majesty, in a long conversation I had with him the other evening, paid the most flattering compliments to you, and to the whole of your conduct on this critical occasion. I don't wonder that Count Bernstorff likes you much better as a man than as a minister."

Few diplomatists have ever had an opportunity of rendering so important a service, and no one who has been fortunate enough to have that opportunity, has made better use

of it for the advancement of the public interests.

We learn from the Memoir that, "in 1790, Mr. Elliot came home on leave, and was sent by Mr. Pitt on a secret mission to Paris. Beyond the mere fact that he was so sent, the correspondence tells nothing of this mission." There is, however, we are told, one allusion, years afterwards, in the letter of a brother diplomatist, who, writing about another delicate negotiation, says, "If you could have been sent to conduct it as successfully as you did your mission to Mirabeau," *etc. etc.*

Lady Minto does not seem to have been aware that Earl Stanhope, in his *Life of Mr. Pitt*, refers to Mr. Elliot's negotiations in Paris at this time (vol. ii. p. 56), and subjoins a letter addressed to him by Mr. Pitt early in October 1790, in which that minister explains his views, and conveys minute instructions for Mr. Elliot's guidance. At page 59, *et seq.*, there will also be found extracts from what is described as a very long letter from Mr. Elliot to Mr. Pitt, reporting the course of his proceedings, and intimating his intention to set out immediately for England, for the purpose of personally communicating to Mr. Pitt what had passed between him and the Diplomatic Committee of the National Assembly, with which he had been in confidential negotiation.

There is reason to believe that the result of these negotiations had a very important influence on the discussions then pending between the British and Spanish Governments with reference to an outrage committed by the Spaniards on British subjects at Nootka Sound, and for which we had demanded redress. Had the Court of Spain been assured of the support of France, which it had been led to expect, it can hardly be doubted that it would have persevered in refusing the reparation which we had demanded, and in that case war would have been inevitable. It is evident from Mr. Pitt's letter that early in October he anticipated war, and Lord Stanhope states that the British minister (at Madrid) "became convinced that, rather than yield, the Court of Spain was resolutely bent on war. Ere long, however, the formidable fleet, far superior to the Spanish, which we had with so much expedition made ready for sea, produced a powerful effect. Nor did the Spaniards fail to notice the doubtful prospects of the promised French alliance. Rather suddenly, at last, on the 28th October, the two ministers signed a convention," *etc. etc.*

These dates are worthy of attention

Early in October, when our naval preparations were known to be nearly completed, war was believed to be imminent. On the 26th of that month, Mr. Elliot reported the satisfactory conclusion of his negotiation with the French Committee, and on the 28th of the same month the Spanish Court suddenly yielded. It is difficult to believe that these two events were not closely connected. The natural inference appears to be that the Spanish Government suddenly yielded when it became aware of the resolution of the French Diplomatic Committee not to unite with Spain in a war against England. That resolution, having virtually been adopted a considerable time before it was formally communicated to Mr. Elliot, must have been known at Madrid some days before the convention was signed, and it was the only event that could account for the sudden change in the views of the Spanish Court at the precise time when that change occurred.

• Lord Stanhope could not have known that Mr. Elliot and Mirabeau had been school-fellows, and retained the mutual feelings of kindness which had then been generated—that in fact they were old and familiar friends,—or he would not have attributed to Mr. Elliot's "very popular opinions" the familiarity of their intercourse in 1790. We are not aware that Mr. Elliot ever entertained such opinions, and certainly in the correspondence now published there is nothing that leads us to suppose that he did. Neither are we at all satisfied that he had gone to Paris solely of his own accord, though he probably desired it to be believed that he had. Lady Minto tells us, on the authority, as we suppose, of the correspondence, that he was sent by Mr. Pitt; and the first sentence of Mr. Pitt's letter is couched in such terms as would hardly have been addressed to a mere volunteer. He says, "I am extremely glad to find, by your letter, that you have succeeded so well in opening a confidential intercourse with the leaders of what appears to be the ruling party in France." This seems to imply a previous understanding that he was to endeavour to open such an intercourse. But after all, it is of little consequence whether he was sent because of his known intimacy with Mirabeau, or whether, having gone of his own accord, his intercourse with that remarkable man led to his being employed to negotiate with him and his party. There can, we think, in either case, be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Elliot rendered an important service to his country. Had he failed at Paris, the war with Spain would not have been averted, and we should, in

that case, have had war with France also. That we then escaped those evils, and obtained from Spain the reparation we demanded, was, we believe, mainly due to the diplomatic success achieved by Mr. Elliot at Paris.

We should gladly have followed Mr. Elliot's career to its close, and should especially have desired to give some account of his services at Naples before and after he accompanied the royal family in their flight to Sicily; but we have already exhausted our space, and must refer to the *Memoir* such of our readers as may be interested in the story of a Court with which the name of Nelson at that very time was so closely connected.

We cannot, however, take leave of these *Memoirs* without explaining that in following, perhaps too closely, the course of Mr. Hugh Elliot himself, we have left untouched what to many will be the most attractive part of the book—we mean that series of charming letters which, for the most part in a very lively and playful way, throw so much light on the state of public feeling and the views and proceedings of men high in the councils of the nation, during an eventful period of our history.

ART. II.—ALFRED DE MUSSET.

WE English are too apt to say that there is no true poetry in France. To a certain extent this is the case. The French language does not lend itself to those harmonious and imaginative utterances which we call poetry. It is better suited to rhetorical declamation and expository prose; the abstract terms and nasal sounds which render it unfit for verse not jarring on our sense of propriety when used in oratory or narration. Yet sometimes there arises a true poet, a real singer, in France, uniting the force and fire of Northern passion with French subtlety and logical precision. One of these was Alfred de Musset, a man whom Frenchmen of this century hold most dear, whose words they have by heart, and whose sentiments are echoed in the breasts of thousands. It is worth while to look closely at this poet, for English writers may learn much both from his excellences and defects. His language exactly embodies the thoughts and feelings which he wishes to express. It is never redundant or defective, never inverted like Tennyson's, or obscure like Browning's, or melodiously meaningless like much of Swin-

burne's. The good and bad things of the mind are shown through its thin veil with equal clearness, and there is no conscious effort to restrain the truth. Delicate shades of meaning and subtle emotions are reflected with such fullness in his verse that we seem to come into direct contact with the living spirit of the writer. At the same time, De Musset knows when to stop,—when to rein in the steed of fancy, and to check the flow of metaphor. He is never extravagant or spasmodic in expression. While reasoning on the deep problems of humanity, he avoids becoming oracular; and while abandoning himself to anguish, he maintains a perfect equability of utterance, evincing true artistic mastery. In these respects he is essentially a French poet,—logical, precise, obedient to law. Again, he has the power of expressing what by its nature is vague in feeling. Thoughts to which music alone seems capable of giving utterance are not distorted or exaggerated in his words. These eulogies are chiefly applicable to his lyrical poetry. In his prose works and dramatic sketches we find a far greater intemperance of language, spasmodic exaggeration, improbability, and extravagance of every kind, than can be paralleled by any equally artistic productions of the English Muse.

What French poets generally want, in comparison with ours, is a keen sense for nature, and a power of portraying natural objects. They cannot show a song like those of Shakespeare, a sonnet like some of Wordsworth's, or an ode like Shelley's to the Sky Lark. Both melody and freshness fail them in these compositions. Yet De Musset approaches us in this respect. He can put on canvas a fresh morning in the woods of Fontainebleau, or a rainy night in one of the close streets of Paris, or an Italian landscape full of sunlight. But the French artist achieves his end by a different process from that of the English. He does not lose himself in his subject, or catalogue its details with minute fidelity. He looks inward, copying the image stamped on the soul's retina, selecting the most prominent points, and representing them with reference to his own state of feeling. His picture is a piece of man, and all the man within us thrills while gazing on it. The touches are as few and delicate as possible. Emotion, and not description, predominates. Shelley's "Lines written in Dejection at Naples" fairly represent De Musset's mode of treating nature. He does not, as in the "Ode to the West Wind," seize some passionate idea, and carry it through all its phases, building up a fugue of gorgeous images and swift-winged thoughts, eddying

about the central subject, departing from it and returning, pouring in fresh lights, and leading the mind through labyrinths of suggestion and association. There is no such redundancy of imagination in De Musset. Again, in verisimilitude he falls far below the English poets. His stories are improbable. His characters are not like life. There is a want of coherency, and a flimsiness about his conceptions of human action, which betray national levity and defective dramatic power. The French language, as we have before remarked, is adverse to poetry; and the French people have ways of looking at things which seem to us essentially prosaic, even vulgar, from their want of earnestness and depth. They are too fond of comparing natural beauty to the silks and satins of feminine attire. Again, they talk too frequently of "Seraphin" and "Cherubin," lowering the solemnities of Christian legend to mere prettiness. We are constantly reminded by these religious allusions of the gummed lilies and gilding of a fashionable shrine, or of the pictures of St. Francis and the *Sacré Cœur* stuck into prayer-books. There is also something flimsy in their language of the passions. "Le cœur pris d'un caprice de femme," occurring in a very solemn and otherwise even sacred poem, has a Parisian hollowness and glitter which is disappointing. Their appreciation of the classical mythology again bears the same mark of pettiness. It is a pinchbeck Greek which speaks of "Les Nymphes Lascives," "Les Sylvains Moqueurs," "Vénus Astarté," "Prométhée, frère aîné de Satan," as different from true Greek as the French pictures in the Louvre are different from the Venus Victrix. The metal in all these cases when struck yields a thin and tinkling sound. De Musset shares these national defects. Of his other faults it would not be difficult to make a long list, prominent in which must stand vanity, flippancy, and a sentimental sort of sensuality. Against these we have to set reverence, tenderness, love, and the aspirations of a spirit seeking in vain for satisfaction. Such is the poet we would introduce to English readers—full of contradictions, and demanding as much of pity as he inspires of admiration.

In noticing his poems we propose to treat them rather with reference to their subjects and to the personal character of the man than as works of art. His style must be studied before it can be fully appreciated. Its beauty depends upon a limpid purity of language and exquisiteness of expression which cannot well be analysed. But great interest, independent of its form, attaches to

his poetry, as the articulate cry of a man who suffered much during a period of transition, and who truly felt whatever he expressed in words. Like Rousseau, like George Sand, like other French writers of the highest eminence, De Musset is greatest—is indeed only truly great—when he records his own emotions. The main topics, which, viewed in this light, his works suggest, are the scepticism and the aimless want of interest in life experienced by Frenchmen during the first half of this century, the Nemesis of Faith and the Nemesis of Love which brought De Musset to despair, moral corruption resulting from social anarchy and intellectual hopelessness; in all, a sorry picture, rendered tolerable by the strength and sweetness of the poet who had fallen on such disjointed days. What he says about society, the world, and God will rouse an echo in many hearts. Those who are unable to accept the old theological explanations of the world, but who are yet indisposed by education, prejudice, or want of power to receive a new system of the universe, whose hearts still yearn after the peace and æsthetical beauty of the Catholic religion, while their heads repudiate its creeds as lifeless, cannot but feel that De Musset has faithfully represented their disquietude of soul, the struggle of religious aspiration and repugnant scepticism, by which they are unnerved and rent asunder. It is curious to notice that while De Musset was singing songs of suicide, deploring the old age of the world, and weeping over crucifixes dashed in pieces by Voltaire, Auguste Comte was building up his system to explain the past, the present, and the future of mankind, and to expand a prospect of illimitable hope. The poet and the man of science lived on separately year by year. The one truly showed to us the want of the age, its beggary and emptiness. Did the other exhibit the satisfaction for which it craved? At any rate, their coincidence reminds us of the uninterrupted cycles of the world—an old age ending in despair, a new one taking up the morning song of expectation.

Louis Charles Alfred de Musset, best known as a poet by the last of his baptismal names, was the son of M. Musset Pathay, a member of an old aristocratic family which had dropped its title during the Revolution. Alfred was born at Paris on the 11th of November 1810, and died there on the 1st of May 1857. He received his education at the Collège Henri Quatre, where he was the fellow-student of the Duc de Chartres, for whom he seems to have retained through life a sentiment of loyal friendship. In the

course of his studies he distinguished himself by his general ability, and especially by his aptitude for metaphysics. Like Shelley, he was one of those subjective thinkers in whom the border-ground between philosophy and poetry can hardly be discerned. Thought and feeling are with them one faculty, the speculations of their intellect receiving colour from their sentiments, and their emotions leading them in turn to abstract meditations. The result of Alfred's early metaphysical studies may be traced throughout his poems. Their tone of decided and painful scepticism is that of one who has been convinced of the futility of metaphysics, whose faith has given way to restless speculation, but who has no power to cast aside his doubts and be content with life or some fixed system. Having impartially reviewed all the theosophies of the world, he cannot find the stamp of Divinity more clearly impressed on one than on the others. The difference between this orthodoxy and that orthodoxy, between one philosophy and another, seems to him a difference of race and age, and nothing more. All he knows is that he is unable to accept any one of them as ultimate, and satisfactory to his own reason. When his friends ask him if he is a Catholic, he answers: "To be sure; and I am also very fond of the gods Lath and Nesu. Tartak and Pimpocan appear to me incontrovertible. What do you say of Parabavastu?" and so on through a list of deities. The process of comparative analysis has yielded him a kind of theory of the history of Thought. He sees how men have passed from faith to faith, from one absorbing system to another, with intermediate periods of decay, stagnation, and despair; and he believes that it has been his lot to fall upon one of these barren ages, upon a pause amid the music of the world, an interstellar space of frost and darkness. What is past is past. He sees it all clearly, and without illusions. What is to come is still uncertain. He cannot forecast it. He is only conscious of a want, yearning impotently backward to dead creeds, and stretching blind hands forward into vacancy.

In the *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*, De Musset sketches with great power the sleep which descended upon France after the dissolution of the Empire, when children born between two battles, with the sound of trumpets in their mother's ears and the fury of conquest in their father's hearts, a febrile anxious brotherhood, were growing up to find the world at peace and no scope left for them in life. Politically speaking, De Musset had fallen on a stagnant period of relapse. The Revolution swept away old

boundaries of opinion and old modes of life: the Empire came with fresh enthusiasms, new creeds, and boundless prospects of activity: that disappeared like a dream, and France was told to settle down into the jog-trot of the past. Willingly perhaps would she have tried at least to do so; but the road was lost—blasted and broken up by gunpowder, drenched with blood and strewn with skeletons, encumbered by the blackened ruins of hearths and homes. Men like De Musset in such an age could not advance, could not retreat. They sat down in the middle of the path and wondered at the wrecks around them—wrecks of thrones, and creeds, and altars, and societies. "Who shall dare relate," exclaims De Musset, "what then was passing in the schools and colleges of France? Grown men were doubting everything, and young men were denying everything. The poets sang of despair; boys left their schools with brows serene, fresh cheeks, and blasphemy upon their lips. Their heads were full of Byron and Goethe, but their hearts, too light to wrestle and endure, withered like broken flowers. So sank the principle of death, coldly, without convulsion, from their brains into their vitals. We were not passionate for evil, but indifferent to good; instead of despair, insensibility possessed our souls. Children of fifteen sitting carelessly beneath the flowering shrubs, whiled away their time with converse fit to shake the rigid alleys of Versailles with horror. Christ's sacrament, the host, that deathless symbol of celestial love, was used for letter-wafers: children spat upon the bread of God."

In truth, France answered to the description given of the moon: the volcanoes of the Revolution had reduced it to cinders, and the breath of infidelity had frozen it to ice. There was no more air to breathe; the stillness was of death and inanition. De Musset, with strong passions and vehemence of soul, born to act, if action had been possible, but now compelled to stagnate in this wilderness, fell a hopeless prey to ennui. Ennui fixed upon his life and sucked it like a vampire. The word ennui we have appropriated in a very restricted and inadequate sense. We use it to mean a kind of yawning and uncomfortable lack of interest in life. This meaning is included in the French acceptance of the term. But their ennui is something deeper and more tragic: A sorrow which has taken the light out of life, doubts that weigh like nightmares, jealously driving its victim to despair and murder,—all these may be the sources of the torment, which in itself unnerves the body, relaxes the will, obscures the intellect, and saps the

moral nature of a man. De Musset's ennui is described in these lines:—

"Partout où, sous ces vastes cieux,
J'ai lassé mon cœur et mes yeux,
Saignant d'une éternelle plaie;
Partout où le boiteux Ennui,
Traînant ma fatigue après lui
M'a promené sur une claie;

Partout où, sans cesse altéré
De la soif d'un monde ignoré,
J'ai suivi l'ombre de mes songes;
Partout où, sans avoir vécu,
J'ai revu ce que j'avais vu,
La face humaine et ses mensonges;

Partout où, le long des chemins,
J'ai posé, mon front dans mes mains,
Et sangloté comme une femme;
Partout où j'ai, comme un mouton,
Qui laisse sa laine au buisson,
Senti se dénuer mon âme."

He here enumerates the restlessness, the unhealed wound of passion; the poet's effort to grasp, Ixion-like, at phantoms; the enduring sense of unreality in life; the misanthropy engendered by profligate courses and contact with the selfishness and treachery of sin; the causeless tears; the painfulness of an unoccupied existence, wasted by waysides and homeless—all of which are ingredients in ennui. Such lines could not have been written except in an age of stagnation and unbelief. Ennui has been reckoned among the causes of decay; we may also look at it inversely as a product of decay. The Greek and Roman languages have no word for ennui, because the thing itself, except in a restricted sense, was almost unknown to their active and healthy social life. *Tedium vitæ*, or *fastidium*, the disgust of life, has been described by two Latin poets—by Lucretius, in his celebrated lines at the end of the third book; and by Ennius, in words scarcely less memorable. But the ancients did not often feel this *tedium*, because the duties of the family, the army, and the State kept them occupied; while pleasures of the sense, heightened by physical exercises, were not esteemed dishonourable. Under the Empire politics became less active; debauchery grew tasteless and extravagant; scepticism, religious, social, and philosophical, prevailed; the disgust of life proclaimed a decaying existence. Then Christianity, taking the *tedium vitæ* in the world for granted, turned it to account, and revealed a new spring of action in a life beyond this world. We do not hear much of ennui again in its most aggravated form until the beginning of this century. In the cloisters, truly, it must have largely prevailed; and the author of the *Imitatio Christi* constantly reminds us that "a life without

a purpose is relaxed and vague and mawkish ; " but vigil, penance, fastings, prayers, and psalmody, were specifics then against all devils, blue as well as fiery. If a man had a chapel to kneel in, a priest to shrive him, and a heaven to win, he dared not talk of ennui. Goethe's "Faust," Byron, and De Musset, show it under three different aspects. A political age had passed away; the strong solvents of the Renaissance had worked deeply upon all beliefs, and Christianity began to fail in supplying a motive for action beyond the aims and objects of this world. Life itself had seemed sufficient to the Greeks and Romans, till it failed beneath them. Christianity had shown that an object placed beyond this life could react with energy upon the world we live in. But De Musset disbelieved in Christian creeds. "Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux." "I find nothing in life but anguish, tyrannous passions, treason, and regrets. The old lure held out by Christianity has no charm for me; I should like to follow it blindly, but my eyes are wide open and I see through its flimsiness." Ennui with him was now complete—not merely a *tedium vitæ*, but also a despair of anything beyond. De Musset passed his whole life like one of the doomed wretches for whom Persius wished—

"Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ."

The promises of faith hung out before him, but he could not touch them; the pleasures of life had tasted sweet when he first seized on them, but long ago had turned to ashes in his mouth. His ennui was absolute.

This digression may perhaps be pardoned, because the melancholy which we have attempted to characterize lay at the root of all De Musset's words and actions, and because it is just in this respect that his poetry so faithfully reflects the spirit of the years in which he lived. He never chose a profession or took part in politics, but tried, by stimulating passions, to create a kind of interest in life, declining gradually in power and fertility of intellect, until his sudden death by heart-disease at the age of forty-seven. Before he was eighteen he began to write poetry, and formed the acquaintance of Sainte Beuve, Victor Hugo, De Vigny, and others—the great writers who, one by one, are dying out, like stars before the day, in France. De Musset, in later life, looked back to the friends of his youth* with tender sadness. At this early period De Musset felt the influence of Delavigne and André Chenier.

* See the lines written to M. Charles Nodier—*Nouvelles Poésies*, p. 242.

As his genius developed itself and grew in strength, he seems to have been attracted to the satires of Reignier, a rugged and pithy Juvenal of the age of Henri Quatre,* whom he always held in admiration, and from whom he caught what we should call a Popian piquancy of style. Voltaire and the sceptics of the eighteenth century furnished him with a purely negative view of life. Later on he took to the study of Shakespeare and Byron. It was the fashion among the romanticists of France to admire Shakespeare, but De Musset, at any rate, did not succeed in catching his dramatic power. The comedies which he produced are French—sprightly, neat, vivid, and amusing; but his tragic sketches lack the Shakespearean coherency of action and verisimilitude of character, without maintaining the dignified monotony of the old French style. In Byron he found a more congenial spirit. Both poets wrote from and of themselves, seeing the whole world through the spectacles of their own discontent. Many traces of the study of Byron may be found scattered up and down De Musset's poetry. His "Namouna" is almost professedly an imitation of "Don Juan." But it is in nervous strength of language and logical power of thought that they most resemble one another. Superficial students may fancy that De Musset was but a French echo of our Byron. This, however, is not the case. They grew up under similar influences, and expressed a similar condition of restlessness. But their differences are manifold—as numerous as the differences between their nations. Later in life, De Musset studied Boccaccio, and wrote two charming tales, "Simone" and "Silvia," in his style, adapting it to modern uses, like Keats in "The Pot of Basil," but with more simplicity.

In 1833, De Musset had already become celebrated by the publication of *Les Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie*, *Namouna*, and *La Coupe et les Lèvres*. He had just produced "Rolla,"—"le plus passionné des poèmes," as a recent French critic styles it,—when he met George Sand. He was then the spoiled child of literature and fashion,—a handsome dandy, with light curling hair. As a member of the old nobility, he frequented the best houses in Paris, while he won the admiration of artistic coteries by the boldness of his love affairs, no less than by the beauty of his poems. At the age of twenty-three, he had run through all kinds of dissipation, and acquired an experience of life which most men never gain before they die. The friendship

* See the lines about Reignier in De Musset's "Sur la Paresse"—*Nouvelles Poésies*, p. 194.

which he formed for Mme. Dudevant was the great event of his life. They met with a desire to know each other, founded on reciprocal admiration, and became inseparable companions for a period of some months, productive of most serious results to the young poet. We need not enter into the details of their relation to each other. It is enough to remind the reader that George Sand founded her novel of *Elle et Lui* upon this passage of her life, that Alfred de Musset introduced it into his autobiographical *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*, and that Paul de Musset, his brother, wrote an answer to George Sand, entitled *Lui et Elle*. The poet's friends accused her of having ruined his life by her agitating influence, and of having forced him into dissipation by her infidelity. This accusation, however, is groundless. Besides other poems, Alfred had written "Rolla" before he met with Mme. Dudevant; and his own confessions are forcibly corroborative of this picture which she draws of him. It need scarcely be remarked to English readers how revolting was the bad taste which could induce a woman to dissect the character of her old lover, and to dress up the history of their *liaison* under the disguise of most transparent art. After a careful comparison of the three fictions we have mentioned, we believe that *Elle et Lui* and *Les Confessions*, taken together, may be fairly referred to as giving a correct picture of the poet's mind. But it is the concern of nobody to find out which book most faithfully records facts in themselves of little interest. Both artists were to blame, Alfred de Musset being, by his own confession, jealous, violent, morose, and difficult to please; while there were other causes which prevented their connexion from becoming permanent. De Musset never forgot that he was "Gentilhomme Français;" and though he lived at ease like a Bohemian among artists, he reminded them at times of his social superiority. This weakness—a kind of childish vanity fostered by the double life he led, and by the prejudices of his relatives—seems to have pursued him through his whole career. In the winter of 1843-4, Mme. Dudevant and he travelled together in Italy. De Musset fell ill at Venice of a brain-fever, and was nursed through it by his companion, whom he left in some respects an altered man, with the wound in his heart which afterwards he could not heal. After his return from Italy, as a memorial of the feelings which had there possessed him, De Musset wrote four poems, called *Les Nuits*. In these he holds communion with his Muse through the hours of a night in May, soft, tender, and melancholy; a night in December, long and

terrible and solitary; a night in August, passionately calm; a night in October, full of anguish, hatred, consolation, and forgiveness. These impassioned outpourings of the soul had the character of music. They resemble sonatas of Beethoven, expressed in words of singular elegance and dignity. Like them they seem to carry us into the stillness of the night, through which we hear the voices of the poet and the Muse audibly communing with no uncertain speech. The man himself is revealed to us with his essential griefs and aspirations and regrets; his conscious martyrdom, his vain desire to love, his recollections of an innocent industrious past, his indignation and despair. In *La nuit de Décembre* the poet tells of a form which, throughout his life, in all his wanderings, has from time to time appeared at his side. We give the verses in which he questions the Vision as to its nature, and also the Vision's reply:—

"Mais tout à coup j'ai vu dans la nuit sombre
Une forme glisser sans bruit.
Sur mon rideau j'ai vu passer une ombre;
Elle vient s'asseoir sur mon lit.
Qui donc es-tu, morne et pâle visage,
Sombre portrait vêtu de noir?
Que me veux-tu, triste oiseau de passage?
Est-ce un vain rêve? est-ce ma propre image
Que j'aperçois dans ce miroir?

Qui donc es-tu, spectre de ma jeunesse,
Pèlerin que rien n'a lassé?
Dis-moi pourquoi je te trouve sans cesse
Assis dans l'ombre où j'ai passé.
Qui donc es-tu, visiteur solitaire,
Hôte assidu de mes douleurs?
Qu'as-tu donc fait pour me suivre sur terre?
Qui donc es-tu, qui donc es-tu, mon frère,
Qui n'apparais qu'au jour des pleurs?

LA VISION.

— Ami, notre père est le tien.
Je ne suis ni l'ange gardien,
Ni le mauvais destin des hommes.
Ceux que j'aime, je ne sais pas
De quel côté s'en vont leurs pas
Sur ce peu de fange où nous sommes.

Je ne suis ni dieu ni démon,
Et tu m'as nommé par mon nom
Quand tu m'as appelé ton frère;
Où tu vas, j'y serai toujours,
Jusques au dernier de tes jours,
Où j'irai m'asseoir sur ta pierre.
Le ciel m'a confié ton cœur.
Quand tu seras dans la douleur,
Viens à moi sans inquiétude.
Je te suivrai sur le chemin;
Mais je ne puis toucher ta main,
Ami, je suis la Solitude."

With these four pieces may be joined the "Letter to Lamartine," which dwells on the same theme of passion wasted, of "invincible love" betrayed by a false woman.

The following lines, transcribed from this "Letter," will give a just notion of De Musset's power to transfigure the picture of a common city street with his own passionate anguish. The words do not bear to be translated :—

"Tel, lorsque abandonné d'une infidèle amante,
Pour la première fois j'ai connu la douleur,
Transpercé tout à coup d'une flèche sanglante,
Seul, je me suis assis dans la nuit de mon cœur.
Ce n'était pas au bord d'un lac au flot limpide,
Ni sur l'herbe fleurie au penchant des coteaux ;
Mes yeux noyés de pleurs ne voyaient que le vide,
Mes sanglots étouffés n'éveillaient point d'échos.

O'était dans une rue obscure et tortueuse
De cet immense égout qu'on appelle Paris ;
Autour de moi criait cette foule railleuse
Qui des infortunés n'entend jamais les cris.
Sur le pavé noirci les blafardes lanternes
Versaient un jour douteux plus triste que la nuit,

Et, suivant au hasard ces feux vagues et ternes,
L'homme passait dans l'ombre, allant où va le bruit.

Partout retentissait comme une joie étrange ;
O'était en février, au temps du carnaval.
Les masques avinés, se croisant dans la fange,
S'accostaient d'une injure ou d'un refrain banal.

Dieu juste ! pleurer seul par une nuit pareille !
O mon unique amour ! que vous avais-je fait ?
Vous m'aviez pu quitter, vous qui juriez la veille

Que vous étiez ma vie et que Dieu le savait !
Ah toi ! le savais-tu, froide et cruelle amie ?
Qu'à travers cette honte et cette obscurité,
J'étais là, regardant de ta lampe chérie,
Comme une étoile au ciel, la tremblante clarté ?
Non, tu n'en savais rien, je n'ai pas vu ton ombre ;

Ta main n'est pas venue entr'ouvrir ton rideau.
Tu n'as pas regardé si le ciel était sombre ;
Tu ne m'a pas cherché dans cet affreux tombeau

Lamartine ! c'est là, dans cette rue obscure,
Assis sur une borne, au fond d'un carrefour,
Les deux mains sur mon cœur, et serrant ma blessure,

Et sentant y saigner un invincible amour ;
C'est là, dans cette nuit d'horreur et de détresse

Au milieu des transports d'un peuple furieux
Qui semblait en passant crier à ma jeunesse :
'Toi qui pleures ce soir, n'a tu pas ri comme eux !'

C'est là, devant ce mur, où j'ai frappé ma tête,
Où j'ai posé deux fois le fer sur mon sein nu ;
C'est là, le croiras-tu, ohaste et noble poète,
Que de tes chants divins je me suis souvenu."

This letter, in which De Musset implored the sympathies of the elder poet, provoked from Lamartine a tardy and severe response. In 1849 he spoke of De Musset—at that time thirty-nine years old—as :—

"Enfant aux blonds cheveux, jeune homme au cœur de cire,
Dont la lèvre a le pli des larmes ou du rire
Selon que la beauté qui régnait sur tes yeux
Eut un regard hier sévère ou gracieux ;
Poétique jouet de molle poésie,
Qui prends pour passion ta vague fantaisie."

There was truth in this rebuke ; and if we choose to look only at the weak side of De Musset's genius, we must admit that Lamartine's verses have correctly analysed the greater poet's character. It is, however, an incomplete verdict, and this Lamartine confessed when, after De Musset's death, he pronounced a brilliant panegyric on his genius.

If we wish to gain a conception of De Musset's history during this portion of his life, we must seek for it in *Les Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*—a tale founded upon the events of his own life. Of his faults he was acutely conscious, reading his spirit like a book, and setting down what he there found with frightful and magnificent lucidity. He complained that two angels possessed him, one good, the other bad. Often when he lifted up his voice to bless, the evil spirit made him curse ; and when he sought for blasphemies, the angel brought him songs of love, and prayers, and hymns of triumph. He hated solitude, for it was filled with hideous phantoms and remorse ; but yet he carried it about with him, for ever lonely and for ever disappointed, seeking heaven and grovelling on earth, no friend of God, and yet disdainful of mankind. Death made him tremble ; yet his fancy dwelt upon its horrors, drawing lively images from the grave, and pondering upon the secrets of destruction. His soul thirsted for love ; yet he sought it in dry places : he saw it fly before him, and pursued it with the greater energy from his incapability of seizing it. Desire with him became a passion, and he loathed its satisfaction, passing on from aim to aim without repose. To know that anything was unattainable sufficed to make him yearn for it. He wore his vice and unbelief like badges, yet boasted he had kept the depths of his soul undefiled, and cried to God from the darkest gloom of self-reproach. His works reveal passionate love for God and man, mixed up with want of faith in either. The heart which he had tried to stifle and succeeded in corrupting, was always crying like a child for comfort, and receiving none. He indulged in excesses of all kinds to drown tormenting thoughts, and to reduce the irritation of his blood. Everything oppressed his disordered nerves. His sleep was uneasy, his days agitated, his work une-

qual. Conception made him tremble, and production cost him physical disturbances of the most painful kind. Headaches, palpitations of the heart, and spectral apparitions plagued his rest. He was one of those, to use the words of George Sand, "whom God ordains to wander in the storm and to create in anguish. His suffering and his doubt, and what he called his chastisement, were the conditions of his glory." Of all this Alfred de Musset was conscious, too conscious. Every line of his best poetry seems wrenched from him by pangs and agonies. Every aspiration is a regret. He never enjoys or hopes to enjoy, but only seems to know what joy means by some recollection of the past. What physicians call *dysæsthesia* and *hyperæsthesia* tormented him. He was the most morbid poet of a morbid age.

Many traits in the weak outline we have sketched remind us of Byron and Shelley. They suggest *Alastor* and *Manfred*. But De Musset was really different from either. We do not think that, as a poet, he was intellectually so great as either Byron or Shelley. But his personal sufferings were more acute. His scepticism was more simple. While Byron professed carelessness, and Shelley, in revolt against Christianity, invented a system of his own, De Musset plainly longed for faith and had none, loved God after his own fashion, and did not believe in Him. While Shelley dreamed of mystical affection, and Byron glowingly described his passions, De Musset told of a heart corrupted by sensuality, and unable to attain to love. He is less complex than the English poets; but his art approaches nearer to reality. We feel the man more in reading him, and are less led astray to wonder at his affectations, or to admire his imaginative powers. De Musset had a stronger sympathy for actual life than Shelley. We see this in his tales and in the verses written to his friends. He was a man of the world, not a poet living among phantoms. He surpassed both Byron and Shelley in gaiety and ease, and the power of telling a simple story. Nothing can be more lively than his comedies, more pungent than his satires, more graceful than his verses of society, or fresher than his picture of Mimi Pinson, the *grisette* of Paris.

De Musset never grew to be man. He remained a child. He never opened a new vein of poetry, but continued to regret the past and to rehandle his own subjects, so that Heinrich Heine said, "*Alfred de Musset à trente ans était un jeune homme d'un bien beau passé.*" The poet felt this of himself, and told his brother: "I am the

poet of youth; I ought to pass away in my youth like spring. I should not like to live beyond the years of Raphael, and Mozart, and the divine Malibran." This, however, he was destined to endure. He overlived his genius, and died long after he had ceased to produce what might add to his fame. His juvenility had something Greek in it. Had he been born in a proper age in the world's history he might have been an Athenian. As it was, he resembled a man trying to lead a Greek life in modern times, and striking against the stumbling-blocks of education and society. Had he really been an ancient Greek, the unaffected sensuousness of his nature would not have produced the debasement which ensues on violations of popular morality. His soul would not have been tortured by the unsolved doubts of religious scepticism. His nerves would have been calmed by exercise and soothed by the continual sight of beauty. His poetry would be like that of Theognis or Meleager, some of whose couplets seem to strike the key-note of his sentiments.

The comparison which De Musset institutes between himself and Raphael, Mozart, and Malibran, is not a little remarkable. It leads us to inquire whether the precocious development and early death of many men of genius are not necessary conditions of their existence as artists. We are apt to say what wonders Shelley, Keats, or Raphael, or Mozart, would have produced had they not been cut off in their prime! Yet De Musset furnishes us with the example of a poet who attained maturity without excelling the productions of his youth, and who survived his powers. It is also noticeable that the character of De Musset's genius was similar to that of those great men whom we have mentioned. He used his life up quickly, burned his soul out in the efforts of creation, and could not create without some previous pang of vehement and exhausting emotion. When the pains of his scepticism ended in the stagnation of indifference, and his senses had been blunted by excitement, then De Musset ceased to be a poet. There would seem to be two classes of artists—those in whom feeling predominates, whose works are wrenched from them by suffering; and those who never lose the control of reason, who calmly plan, manipulate, and labour at their fixed conceptions. Poetry with the one class is an ichor which they will not stanch, but which consumes their life away. They would rather die than cease to sing, and cannot sing without a struggle. It is their own soul which they pour forth in their poems. "Filling up," as Ennius says, "for men to drink, verses of flame